

# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The woman came to meet them as they rode up. Foam dripped from the mouths of their horses, and their heads hung listlessly, while their flanks were covered with sweat. The men dismounted and loosened the saddle girths.

Had Johnson returned? they asked her.

Not that she had heard of, she replied. Did they want Johnson? Had they been searching for him?

Yes, they replied, they wanted Johnson; he was summoned to appear in the town in the Green case; it was believed he could tell considerable about the matter; should he not appear to-day, they must wait.

What if he were dead? she asked, curiously; if he had fallen into some one of the dangerous places on the mountain?

If he were dead, they said—well, if he were dead that would put a different face upon the matter; they hoped he was not dead, for the law should not be baffled. Did she think he was dead? Had she cause to think so?

No, she knew no reason why Johnson should be dead unless he had fallen in some of the dangerous places on the mountain; they must know this, for they had been there; for her part she knew nothing about it save from what she heard those say who had been there.

They paid her liberally and rode away. Dolores was still sitting at the gate under the pines with her haggard face and idle hands, and the eyes that watched for what did not come. Johnson was not there, she said, quietly, and they never questioned her word, but instinctively lifted their hats as they rode away.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A More Thorough Search.

Dolores, worn with watching and faint from lack of food, fell asleep at the door-way, and slept the whole night through; the dawning had deepened to broad light when she waked. She bathed her face with cool water from the well and brushed her soft hair back, winding it in a heavy coil at the back of her head.

The table was set as she had left it the day before, and when she hung the kettle over the fire she took the pail and went out to milk Brindle.

Lodie came up for water; he hesitated as he saw Dolores, but she rose up bravely to meet him. She did not speak, but her eyes asked him a question.

"Her case were postponed," he said, slowly. "The judge were put out consid'rab'le, but as 't couldn't be helped he said they'd hev ter wait tell yer feyther kems."

He did not linger; he dared not linger when she was watching him. He could not tell her of the roused suspicion regarding Johnson's non-appearance. He left a full bucket on the edge of the well for her.

Dolores was unused to attention; this slight act touched her strangely; she watched him go down the road, and his slouching figure had a sort of grace in her eyes.

She arose and carried the pail in-



"I will walk," she said simply. side. Then she prepared a pot of coffee strong and clear, and drank a cupful. She fried some bacon and eggs, and ate them determinedly. She was impelled by her hidden purpose, and ate that she should have strength.

When she had finished she filled a large bottle with rich new milk, and hung it at her side with a slender rope across her shoulders; she knew that she would have need of both her hands. Then she closed the door and went down the path with a firm step.

As she pushed the ricketty gate up and fastened it with its swinging rope, and turned to go down the road, a step crunched the gravel at her side, and a familiar voice sounded in her ears, a voice that hitherto had held such sweetness to her shut as she had always been in her hard life. But she turned now with the free look lying from her face and eyes.

"Dolores!" exclaimed young Green, eagerly, a warm light in his kindly eyes as he went up to her with outstretched hands. "I came over to see about your father. You have heard nothing from him yet, Miss Johnson?"

"I shall find him to-day," she said, steadily.

For the first time he noticed the bottle at her waist and the strange, sad expression of her face. A knowledge of her errand flashed upon him. He touched her arm gently to detain her.

"You are going to find him, Miss Johnson—Dolores? You believe he is lost over on yonder mountain? What fools we were not to have thought of that before. Let me go with you; may I? What could you do should you find him?" He used no softening words to her; he knew she comprehended the possible ending to their search.

"You must ride my horse, Miss Johnson. The way is long and rough, and—"

"I will walk," she said, simply. Her lips had lost their warm red color; her wide eyes were on his face in their strange wistfulness.

"Then I will leave him at the tavern," he said, quietly, to comfort her. A group of men were around the door of the tavern as they approached and were talking over the events of the previous day. When young Green and Dolores appeared their glances were suggestive, and they listened in silence when the young man spoke.

When he finished an ominous silence fell upon them. Then Lodie arose. Of them all he was the most angular and uncouth, but among them he was nobler than they.

"The deities didn't know their mounting," he said gravely. "Theys might hev a'm's stepped on 'em o'thout knowin' et. Ef he hev met with an accid'ent he mayn't be able ter kem an' 'll die 'thout help kem ter 'em. Ef thet gal o' Johnson's ken go over thar ter hunt 'em, I reckon we uns ken do 't."

His slow, heavy words roused an interest in his listeners as all Green's words could not do, and they arose at once to their duty with many a word of grumbling that passed unnoticed because each understood that this was simply their way of showing the depth of their interest.

The strange party moved along the ghostly mist of the valley road and across the bridge like spirits of the mountain. The ascent was hard and toilsome, and Dolores was unused to such exertion; young Green was athletic, but he also had never so had his strength put to the proof. They paused many times to rest and recover breath. By and by Green helped Dolores. Her recent lack of food and sleep had unfitted her for such exertion. She was panting and weak, but she smiled her slow, brave smile, and shook her head when he offered to take her home if she wished. She came to find her father, she said, quietly, and she would find him; she felt certain of that.

Up in the blue space a vulture hovered; the dull flap of his wings was audible in the dead stillness and hollow below. Dolores saw him, and her eyes dilated.

"See!" she cried, her sweet, strangely penetrating voice full of terror echoing down the misty hollow. "See! Why is he there? They follow where there are wounded. He is not there for nothing."

Their eyes followed hers; her terror was reflected in their faces, used as they were to such scenes, and young Green instinctively drew her nearer himself as though to shield her from what might follow. There was nothing certain about the vulture's prey; it might be a wounded hare, a stag, or—a man! That it was something was certain; something, too, that was wounded, not dead.

They stood in silence a moment with awe-struck faces, while the bird of death hovered above them had a terrible meaning for them. Dolores clung to young Green with trembling hands in the first wild moment; she did not feel his strong arm about her; there was a look in her eyes he could never forget. Then she loosened her hold of him, and stood alone slender and stately on the brink of the yawning gulf. It was marvelous how she impressed those about her with her personality. Many a time afterward the young man was wakened in the night with the memory of her as she stood there in her utter self-forgetfulness, her feet touching the edge of the gulf opening before her, her tender face grand with its brave soul.

"I will call him," she said, gravely. "He may answer, for he is there, I know."

She leaned above the void filled in with ghostly mist and gruesome shadows; young Green's hand was upon her arm, but she did not know it. She called aloud, and her voice rang down the silence, waking the echoes from rock to rock.

"Father! Father!"

The bird of death overhead flapped his heavy wings and uttered a fierce cry as a panther might that has lost its young. They waited and listened; no sound disturbed the hush of the mountain's heart save the echoes fainting farther and farther into the mysterious depths below.

"Father! Father!"

"He did not hear," said Dolores, quietly. "Or perhaps he cannot answer. I will call again."

That he was there she did not doubt; whether dead or alive she would find him; she believed that, too. She placed her hands to her mouth,

and her voice again woke the echoes like the tones of a flute.

"Father! Father!" The vulture whirred down in front of them with its fierce cry. Then suddenly up from the depths, yet not far from them, floated a faint call half moan, half answer. They listened as though in doubt, afraid to believe lest they be mistaken. But again the faint voice sounded not far distant, but weak. Green stretched himself flat on the ground, and leaned far over the perilous edge.

About twenty feet below a sharp ledge projected, forming a flat shelf; this was covered with a tangle of shrubs and bushes. The mist hung about it like a phantom shroud, and even to Green's clear eye it was but faintly discernible. Whether or not Johnson was there, he could not tell. He called cheerily, and again the weak voice replied; the bushes below were stirred slightly, and a feeble hand appeared for an instant.

Green arose swiftly to his feet; he uncoiled the rope with swift sweeps of his muscular young arms, and fastening one end around his waist secured the other end to a sturdy sapling near. The men understood his design without words, and obeyed his orders promptly.

Dolores watched them with dilating eyes and her lips close shut, as though to stifle a cry. When she saw what



"Let me go; it is my duty."

young Green was about to do, she came forward, a world of wonder and horror and pleading in her eyes that were larger and darker than usual as they met the steady blue ones above her.

"Do not go," she said, slowly, as though the words would not come. "Let me go; it is my duty; but you—you must not risk your life for him."

He replied hurriedly. There was a swift flashing smile in his eyes as they met hers. It was pleasant to him that she cared for his safety, and he answered her with a swift, brave smile. He spoke to the men cheerily, but clearly and concisely; he told them to hold hard and mind their work. They were ready, and obeyed him at once, and without words.

As he turned to let himself down over the edge he looked toward Dolores. She was standing apart from them white and silent, her slender, graceful figure in its homely print gown sharply defined against the drooping pine boughs that swung low down; her brown eyes were on him with a great wonder in their depths. At the time he did not understand, but he smiled at her, and the smile was so grave and tender and steady that it seemed to her afterward when she thought of it that he had spoken.

She neither moved nor spoke; he believed that she did not see him though her eyes were on him till he disappeared over the edge, the rope making a dull whirl through the grass that stifled all thought in her mind but the possibility of danger to him.

(To be continued.)

### Source of Nervous Impulse.

The theory of Loeb and Matthews that the nervous impulse, although it brings in electricity, is far from regarding the transmission of that impulse as identical with a simple electrical current. In a medical journal, Dr. O'Brien advocates the old theory that nervous current and electrical current are identical, because, first, electricity is always present when nerves act; second, electricity is the form of force which would do the work required; third, because the terminal and central mechanisms connected with the nerves correspond to the terminal and central mechanisms connected with electrical system of communication, and do similar work in sending, receiving, relaying, switching, transforming, accumulating, retarding, distributing and translating impressions, and, fourth, because electricity, with such construction of conductors and of terminal mechanisms, is the only form of force we know of that would do all the work required.

### Vital Statistics of London.

Greater London, which includes all the suburbs, has a population of 6,581,372, an increase of just under 1,000,000 in ten years, more than half of which occurred in the "outer ring." At the ages of nineteen, twenty, twenty-one to twenty-five, and twenty-five to thirty, there are more than twice as many females as males. It is pointed out in considering the excess of females over males, account must be taken of the large number of female domestic servants who are brought into London from the country. London has 234,398 female servants, and only 15,425 men servants. London has less children than it has had for many years, but it has more people over forty-five than ever before.

## ARE LOSING INTEREST

### CUBA AND CANADA NOT EAGER FOR RECIPROCITY.

All Markets Better for Cuba Than One Market Only, While Canada Will Not Sacrifice Her Domestic Industries by Tariff Reductions.

In the following comment by the free trade Springfield Republican there is more of fact than is customary in that newspaper's discussion of tariff matters:

"Cuba is reported to be losing interest in the adoption of reciprocity by the United States. It is finding itself able to get along very tolerably without reciprocity. One of the Minnesota congressmen says the people of that state are becoming more and more concerned about reciprocity with Canada, but Canada's interest in reciprocity, under repeated rebuffs from the United States, has been declining as interest on this side has been increasing."

It is undoubtedly true that Cuba is caring less and less about reciprocity. She never really cared very much about it. The scheme of tying up Cuba with a bargain that in the long run was sure to be a bad one for her, while it was a viciously unfair and injurious bargain for the sugar and tobacco producers of the United States, originated with Havemeyer's Sugar trust. Cuba was not solicitous about the arrangement. Havemeyer was for a time successful in exploiting the idea that a moral obligation was involved on the part of the United States. Many sincere and conscientious people supported the reciprocity proposition on that ground solely. They recognized its injustice to a large and important body of domestic producers, but they felt bound to redeem a promise which they were persuaded to believe had been made at some time by somebody. They seem to have lost sight of the fact that nobody had the shadow of a right to make such a promise or the power to

Kingdom. On Monday of this week this very question was under discussion in the house of lords. The cable report says:

"The Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, said the government considered that the time had come when they should endeavor to find some means of ascertaining whether it was possible to obtain closer fiscal union with the colonies; to find some means of protecting them if they were subjected to ill-treatment in consequence of the preferential treatment they granted to the mother country, and to discover means of protecting British interests against inequitable competition."

Closer fiscal union with the colonies and the vital need of discovering "means of protecting British interests against inequitable competition," such is and must be British policy. In these circumstances it is to be for a moment supposed that Canada, for the sake of enriching the manufacturers of the United States, will enter into a reciprocity arrangement that will stifle her own industries and at the same time subject British interests to a still more "inequitable competition" than that which is now complained of? Such a proceeding on Canada's part is out of the question. That is why Canada is losing interest in the reciprocity game. That is why the National Reciprocity league and its Minnesota branch, that is especially devoted to the Canadian part of the project, are wasting their time. All the facts and conditions are against any general scheme of reciprocity between Canada and the United States. There will be reciprocity when Canada becomes an integral part of the United States; not before.

### Democratic Opportunities.

Republicans believe in good money, on a gold basis. In the scheme of being unlike, it behooves the Democrats to indorse silver at the Bryan ratio. Republicans believe in protection. Therefore let the Democracy howl for free trade. Republicans believe in prosperity and have labored with success to secure this. The Democratic program, therefore, is to howl in favor

HE WILL NOT BE TEMPTED.



carry it out—that is nobody but the United States congress. There is, we believe, no pretense that congress ever made such a promise.

But the moral obligation plea so shrewdly worked up by the Sugar trust finally flattened out. For a long time past it has been patent to the dullest comprehension that there is no moral obligation in the case; merely a business deal in which a favored number of American manufacturing and commercial interests stand to get greatly the best of the arrangement, while the Cuban people outside of the sugar trust and the Tobacco and Cigar trust, are certain to be injured more by cutting themselves off from the world's markets than they would be benefited by giving to the United States a monopoly of Cuban trade. This is a view now very generally held in Cuba. It explains why Cuba is "losing interest in the adoption of reciprocity by the United States."

Similarly true is the Republican's assertion that "Canada's interest in reciprocity under repeated rebuffs from the United States, has been declining as interest on this side has been increasing." Canada has found out that the United States, even if it would consent to any sort of reciprocity, certainly would not consent to a reciprocity limited strictly to natural products. Both Canada and the United States are sellers of natural products. Neither is a buyer. Canada would have much to gain by such reciprocity. The farmers, lumbermen and fishermen of the United States would be the losers. Finding that no such juggled swap can be made, Canada has naturally lost interest in reciprocity. Nobody in Canada, possibly excepting the farming, lumber and fishing interests, favors reciprocity in manufactures. Reciprocity in manufactures would virtually kill every Canadian manufacturing industry. Reciprocity of this kind, with a preference in favor of the United States, would not fail to bitterly offend Great Britain, to say nothing of Germany, France and the rest of the world. It is doubtful whether the British government would tolerate an arrangement so unfair and so injurious to the manufacturing interests of the United

of the good old hard times with Coxey armies and soup houses. Republicans make no secret of believing in the institution miscalled "imperialism," and but partly described by the word "expansion." They want the country to grow and rejoice that it is growing. They regard the taking of the Philippines as having been a duty that to evade would have been cowardice. They assert that to keep the Philippines is the destiny of this people, and that this course is the only one consistent with honor, redounding to the credit of the United States and to the benefit of the islands. They hold that the record of the army has been clean and honorable, and that the American soldier fighting under a tropic sun does not by this act become a bandit, a thief or an assassin.

All these points are cited simply for the purpose of throwing a preserver to Democracy as it flounders in a slough of uncertainty. It is different from Republicanism now, but if it wants to increase and emphasize the difference the way is easy enough.—Tacomis Ledger.

### Essentially Democratic.

The "Iowa idea" gained all its following from those who wanted to attack the tariff as a means of hitting the trusts. The "Iowa idea" represented an effort to lower the prices of commodities that were thought to be too high. It was born when beef cattle were \$8 per hundred pounds. It voiced the sentiment of a non-producing class, purchasers, not sellers. It was a doctrine essentially Democratic, and it had to be put to death for the good of the country and the party. It was popular for a time, as free trade theories always are.—Des Moines Capital.

### True Americanism.

Senator Hanna showed his true Americanism in the matter of his daughter's wedding gown. He decided that the material should be American made and all the work connected with the construction of the garment be done in this country. He placed no limit on the expense, but stoutly affirmed that no foreign texture or foreign labor should enter into a make-up of the tresseau. Good for Marcus.—South Bend Tribune.



## AGRICULTURE

### Geology and Agriculture.

The realm of agricultural knowledge is broadening. The farmer of to-day knows more than the farmer of the past, and the farmer of the future must be still more widely informed. New facts are entering into our agricultural problems. Geology even is taking its place in the curriculum of the learning farmer. Who would have suspected that learning about geological formations would help increase the crops on a certain farm! Yet such knowledge is proving both valuable and gratifying to the farmer. To illustrate:

The soil survey in Illinois has shown a few general types of soil, which have the same characteristics wherever they are found. This soil has been analyzed and tested by pot culture and its deficiencies noted. The farmer on such soil has only to know that he is on such soil to know also how to treat it to get the best results. Among the classes of soils so examined and analyzed we note the "unglaciated." This soil wherever found has been formed from the original rock masses without the assistance of glaciers. There is a large area of this soil in southern Illinois, comprised largely in the counties of Massac, Pulaski, Union, Alexander, Johnson, Pope and Hardin, and parts of adjoining counties. The county of Calhoun in the western part of the state and Jo Daviess county in the northwest part of the state also escaped glacial action, to their own detriment. These unglaciated soils have been found to contain an undesirable amount of acid; that is, they are very sour. They are all exceedingly deficient in nitrogen, and this nitrogen lack cannot be supplied through plants while the soil is sour, as the nodule bacteria will not live in acid soil.

But it is an easy matter to cure this acidity by the addition of lime in quantities of 500 to 1,000 pounds per acre, if the soil is plowed to a depth of six inches only. As it is necessary, to grow leguminous crops in order to put the nitrogen into the soil, the soil must be limed. Had this been known years ago, these soils would have been treated as indicated and would have been yielding profitable harvests. In fact many of these lands that sell for \$25 per acre are declared by Professor Cyril G. Hopkins to be as valuable as the lands worth \$100 per acre after they have been treated with lime and devoted for a few years to the growing of legumes. It is thus that the geologist and the chemist are placing within our reach knowledge that is to double the value of millions of acres of our farm lands.

### Kaffir Corn.

There are two varieties that Kansas farmers have found most desirable for forage—the black hulled white and the red Kaffir, says a bulletin of the Kansas station. The black hulled white has a short storky stalk, with short joints and quite numerous leaves of medium large size. The red Kaffir is from seven to ten days earlier than the white variety, but grows taller, has a smaller per cent of foliage and grows a reduced yield of grain. Kaffir corn can be sowed broadcast or drilled in rows. The latter method seems to have proven most satisfactory. It can be drilled in rows the same distance apart as corn—three to three and a half feet apart. The kernels should be drilled in, one in a place a few inches apart in the row. It can be planted with a grain drill, a one horse corn drill or a two horse corn planter with drill attachment. If the grain drill is used it is best to stop up all but two holes. The amount of seed the Kansas station finds best is one bushel to five acres, seed weighing 56 pounds per bushel. The seed should be put in about as deep as wheat. It should be cultivated same as corn, but care need be taken not to cultivate too deep as the roots early in the plant's growth reach from row to row. If the crop be desired for both grain and fodder it should be cut with a corn binder, when the seed is ripe and put into shocks. The Kansas station reports the average yield for 11 years as 46 bushels, while corn for same period averaged 34½ bushels per acre. Stock soon tire of Kaffir corn when fed alone. The feed lacks fat, is deficient in protein and has an excess of starch. Fed alone it is constituting to all farm animals. It has to be fed with laxative feeds to obtain the best results.

### Alsike Clover.

From Farmers' Review: Possibly some of our readers who own low lands may be interested in my experience with alsike clover. Eight years ago I sowed alsike and timothy on 24 acres of rye on reclaimed marsh land. It has been cut for hay each year until last season. From one-quarter to one-third of the hay was alsike and was well liked by all stock, horses, cattle and sheep. Last season we had to pasture the field with cattle and horses. The clover seemed thicker than any time before and was fine pasture. This season I have only 22 small cattle in the field of fifty acres, part wild grass. On the 24 acres of alsike it is much heavier than ever before, being almost as thick as an average red clover field, while there is considerable alsike, growing on other parts of the field where none was ever sown. It grows well on low land, even where water stands on top for two or three weeks at a time.—Oscar Dinwiddle.