

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XII.

Its Effect.

A flush crept into Dolores' face, then died out, leaving her deadly white. The room grew dark around her; the roar of the storm died away—everything died away save the dim horror in her heart and an echo that grew and grew until the air throbbled and filled her ears deafeningly. What would Dora say and think if she knew—and of course she knew.

She endeavored to speak, to cry out, to struggle with them, but she was as one struck dumb and motionless with the dread words thundering in her ears weirdly their terrible meaning.

"Every one has heard of your father and could tell her of him because of the trial that was to come off—the trial—trial—your father—trial—"

"Child," the voice of the nurse sounded leagues away, scarcely distinguishable in the roar of words around her. "Child, what is the matter? Why do you say nothing? Are you not glad to know it?"

"Glad to know it—glad to know it—father—trial—know it—know it—"

The girl roused against the terror that was holding her down. She sat erect, white faced, but with a quiet dignity that hid the tumult within.

She lifted one hand and pushed back the stray soft curls from her forehead in a dazed fashion.

"Surely you have no hard feeling toward your uncle because he has not come to your father before. You can-



"Do you not wonder, child?"

not blame him. His is not like your father's life. You should be just, Dolores—just, and not judge harshly."

"His life is not like your father's life—judge harshly—judge harshly—"

"Your father could have been such another man as his brother had he so chosen. You cannot blame your uncle for your father's choice any more than you can blame your father for your uncle's choice."

"You cannot blame your uncle for your father's choice—your father's choice—"

The words rang over and over, around, above and below, out of which the half scornful voice sounded far away.

"Dora will be so disappointed; she has thought and talked of nothing but plans for you. You will have all the advantages a girl could have, and it will be your own fault, if you do not improve them. This would be the best time, too, when your father needs perfect rest and few around him. No doubt he will be glad for this chance for you, if you are not for your self."

(To be continued.)

BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY'S HILLS.

Standing Rewards for Capture of Bandits Seldom Paid by Government.

Brigands are constantly giving trouble to the Italian government, which seems rather strange in view of the fact that rewards are assured to any persons who wage a successful war against these law-breakers. According to an edict which dates back to the time when the Pope was all powerful in Italy, and which is still in force, anyone who captures a brigand alive and who hands him over to justice is entitled to a reward of \$600; anyone who kills a brigand will receive a reward of \$500; anyone who captures a brigand chief will get \$1,200, and any brigand who betrays an accomplice will be pardoned for his past crimes and will receive \$100 as an additional reward. This last reward has seldom been paid, since Italian brigands are not accustomed to betray each other.

High Living Under Charles II.

The following was considered the "best universal sauce in the world," in the days of Charles II, at least what was accounted such by the Duke of York, who was instructed to prepare it by the Spanish ambassador.

It consisted of parsley and a dry toast pounded in a mortar, with vinegar, salt and pepper.

A fashionable or cabinet dinner of the same period consisted of "a dish of marrow bones, a leg of mutton, a dish of fowl, three pullets and a dozen larks, all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of prawns and cheese."

At the same period a supper dish, when the king supped with Lady Castlemaine, was "a chine of beef roasted."

Pennies Make Dollars.

A church recently dedicated in St. Paul, and costing \$7,000, was paid for in seven-cent contributions, the novelty of the request bringing pennies from all over the country.

THE EXTRA SESSION

TO CONSIDER THE CUBAN TREATY AND THE CURRENCY.

Some Questions of High Importance Which Congress May Decide to Consider in Connection With the Proposed Reciprocity Arrangement.

It is authoritatively announced by Senator Lodge, as the result of a recent visit to Oyster Bay, that the President has fixed upon Nov. 9 as the day on which Congress will assemble in an extra session, called primarily for the approval of the Cuban treaty, which was ratified by the Senate last March, and incidentally to act upon current legislation upon the lines indicated in the views and declarations set forth in various speeches by the President. Opinion varies alike as to the wisdom of summoning Congress into extra session for these purposes, and also as to the length of time that will be required to enact the legislation that shall carry into effect the President's wishes both as to the Cuban treaty, and the improvement of our currency system. The New York Tribune thinks the session should be a short one. It says:

"The Cuban legislation indeed should take no time at all, for that is needed is a simple act modifying the tariff law in conformity with the treaty already ratified by the Senate. No question of detail calls for discussion. The simple issue is carrying out the treaty or not carrying it out. Practically every member now knows what he thinks, and the bill could properly be brought to a vote in each house at once. Any delay on the pre-emptive of discussion merely means that persons who want the treaty to fail, but do not dare face public opinion in favor of concessions to Cuba, are

nates against the sugar producers of Germany, France, Russia, Belgium, etc., and in favor of the sugar growers of Cuba?"

6. Are we not subjecting Cuba to the risk of provoking retaliation when we compel her to discriminate in favor of manufactured products from the United States and against competing products of all other countries?"

7. If the policy of protection to all domestic labor and industry is to be abrogated or relaxed in favor of Cuban competitors, how can we refuse similar favors to other and far more important countries? And where and when will such abrogation and relaxation stop?"

FARMERS ARE PROTECTIONISTS.

Reasons Why They Favor the Republican Policy.

An esteemed Democratic exchange says that the farmers in the Second district are in favor of such a tariff reduction that it will be about equal to free trade. Our editorial friend knows better than that or he knows mighty little about Second district farmers. He will be much wiser if he will take a few days' vacation from the arduous task of guessing at public opinion and go out among these thoughtful, industrious people. He will find that a large majority of the farmers he meets are protectionists.

There is a reason why farmers are in favor of protection. They must find consumers for the surplus products of their farms in order to make a profit on their labor and investment. It is necessary that people who do not produce food have employment to enable them to buy food to consume. The protective policy of the Republican party is built on a foundation to enable labor to be employed, and this is just what American farmers want, because they feed labor. Idle labor was tried some years ago, and the value

POULTRY



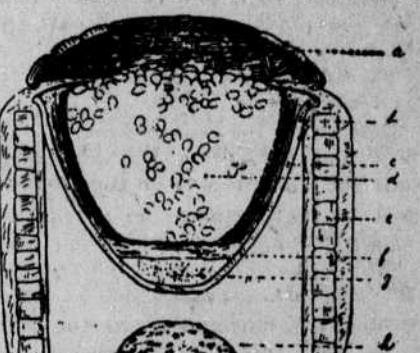
Chinese Incubators.

The Chinese have been using incubators for centuries, how many no man can tell. Hatching chicks by this means is a trade there, and certain Chinamen do nothing else, at least during the four months of the hatching season. We illustrate herewith a Chinese incubator seen from the outside, and show also a cross section of the same. Such an incubator will hold from 1,200 to 1,350 eggs. The incubator is three feet high and three feet in diameter. About 20 to 30 of



CROSS SECTION OF CHINESE INCUBATOR.

these are kept in a single room, and this room is heated by a fire of charcoal. No thermometer is used, but the heat of the eggs is ascertained by touching one or two to his eyeball. Nothing is done by rule; but the man that takes charge of the incubator plant becomes very expert in the matter of temperatures and has little trouble in keeping the heat about right. If the eggs become too hot, he airs



them; if they become too cool he covers them with warm blankets. The per cent of hatches usually runs from 60 to 70. This is very good when it is understood that it includes the infertile eggs, which are taken out and sold after a few days of incubation. Chicks are hatched out by the thousands and retailed to the villagers at from 1 to 1½ cents each. The practice of heating the whole room instead of the incubator only is one that has been followed to a small extent in this country.

The Guinea Hen.

From the Farmers' Review:—The Guinea hen is one of the most interesting fowls on the farm. She is always wide awake and lively, always on the lookout for any enemy that may appear, and when seen she is not slow to give the alarm, which oftentimes is a great protection to the other fowls. Then she is a great layer; will commence soon as it is warm in spring, and will be a regular contributor to the egg basket till fall, if not allowed to sit. They can be raised as easily as chickens and when they are raised with chickens they will be as gentle as chickens. The white Guineas are finer table fowls than the colored ones, as their flesh is of a lighter color, and their skin more yellow. I don't think any one could tell the difference between young guinea fried and a young prairie chicken, and an old one is as an old prairie chicken. When hatched with chicken hens they have to be shut up with a hen four or five days until they get used to the hen's cluck; then they can be turned out and fed the same as chickens. They are great foragers, always on the go, and catch a great many insects. If they want to go into the garden, let them go for they will not scratch up anything, and are not likely to eat anything but insects and worms.—A. Z. Copeland, Vermilion County, Illinois.

The Partridge Cochon.

The Partridge Cochon is a beautiful yet difficult fowl to breed, and in plumage is much after the pattern of the Dark Brahma, the color being red and brown, instead of the steel-grey effect of the latter. The head of male in color is bright red hackle, bright red or orange red, with a distinct black stripe down the center of each feather; saddle feathers same as hackle; breast and body rich deep black; wing bows, red; primaries, black on the inside web, with a bay edging on the outside web; secondaries black on the inside web and rich bay on the outside web, terminating with greenish-black at the end of each feather; wing coverts, greenish-black, forming a well-defined bar of that color across the wing when folded; tail, black.

The female is the prettier of the two. Her head is small and of a rich brown plumage, with a stout, well-curved beak, yellow in color. Her eyes are bay and mild in expression. The head is ornamented with a small single comb, set perfectly straight upon the head and bright red in color. The wattles are small, well rounded and fine in texture; the earlobes are well developed and are also fine in texture.

A "beard" is a bunch of feathers under the throat of some breeds of chickens such as Houdans or Polish,



"It's a dreary night."

make her happy; her father considers her his richest possession, and he has many possessions.

"But Dora has consumption, and a short time ago her physician ordered for her a thorough change of air and recommended the mountains. Her father lived here when he was a child, and has a brother living here—or he supposed he was living here; he had not seen or heard of him since he started out at twelve years old to make his way in the world, leaving this brother the homestead, the patch of garden and the shop. He worked his way to New York, now at this thing, now at that. His life is a marvel to me, and Dora is never tired of listening to him when he tells of his life. He is a rich man now with his word as good as his bond; my girl is proud of her father, as well she may be.

"As to his brother, he has not forgotten him, but he lost trace of him; he leads a busy life with little time for hunting anybody's brother. Long ago, when he began to succeed, he wrote to his brother offering to help

him along if he cared to join him, but the letter was returned unopened. His brother could neither read nor write, and had no correspondence, or else was dead.

"As to Dora, she has had all the teachers and masters necessary to an excellent education; she is an exquisite musician; her touch on the piano is like magic, and her voice is soft and sweet, but she does not sing now. Her singing used to be her father's delight."

A shadow fell over the face of the nurse, and she was silent for a moment, looking into the fire with a far away expression on her face.

The bedroom door opened noiselessly, and she turned calmly in answer to Dr. Dunwiddie's summons, every trace of emotion gone. She left the room for a few minutes, and when she returned her voice and manner were quiet, as usual.

"Dora draws and paints very well," she said, resuming her seat and her story; "she teaches several children from the mission school. None of her time is idled; she has her father's ambitious spirit, and her life is full of work in spite of the fact that this disease is slowly eating her life away."

"Each one of the children loves her; she sometimes tells me, laughing, that she has so many blessings she cannot count them. To hear her talk one would never imagine the nights I have held her up in my arms that she might breathe while she coughed her beautiful life away."

Dolores leaned forward, with luminous eyes; for the time she forgot her father, and the dread awaiting for the men to come to prove the malice pre- sence in the laming of the mare. The world of which the woman told was outside of her world; it was the world of her dreams.

Silence reigned in the room for a few minutes; the nurse arose and drew the little half curtains across the windows. When all was arranged for the night, even to preparing a bed in the corner on the settee, Mrs. Allen drew her chair up to the fire again, and resumed her story.

Dolores' face was troubled—her thoughts had returned to her father, to young Green and his efforts to save her father somehow mixed with his words lately uttered, of love and its sadness; and of the trial that was to come off as soon as her father was able to go to prove— She started at sound of the nurse's voice and grew white to the lips. This did not escape the watchful eyes of the nurse. There was little that did escape her watchful eyes.

"Dora's father did not know whether or not his brother was living," she went on. "That the letter had been returned uncalled for, went to prove that he might be dead; but he knew that his brother had no friends outside of the settlement and was not in the habit of receiving letters. That he could neither read nor write still left it possible that he was living, and when Dora made known her wish to come here, to see her father's old home, arrangements were made at once. We arrived in the town over the mountain yesterday. They are stopping at Judge Green's for the present and Dora sent me here at once when Mr. Charlie wrote for help. She said it was one of God's providences; that he had arranged things for us and were only to obey."

The interest died out of Dolores' eyes. She knew nothing about God or his providences; she had never heard either except as a wandering preacher stopped at the settlement on his way through the mountains, and was jeered at by the men and listened to by only a handful of women.

The nurse leaned back so that her face was in shadow, but so that the girl's face was full in her sight.

"Dora had been in the town but a day, yet she had found out a great deal that she wished to know. Every one in the town has heard of your father. Of you no one knew much excepting Mr. Charlie. He told my girl over and over what he knew about you; she never tired of hearing and planned such pleasant things for you and your father, and knows she will love you at once."

Dolores' face was full of wonder. That any one heard of cared to hear of her strange enough, but that Dora, the beautiful, golden-haired, gray-eyed girl from the midst of the marvelous world of her dreams should love her or wish to love her was beyond her comprehension.

"Do you not wonder, child," the nurse said, slowly, "why my girl is so interested in you? Have you never thought of this uncle of yours of whom you have never heard or seen, or wondered that he never came, or let your father know he was living?"

"Yes," she replied, "I think if he is living he is happy in his life, and prefers to leave us out."

The nurse made a quick movement as of indignation. When she spoke, however, her voice was gentle, as usual.

"Your father is not like his brother, Dolores. You will not blame him when you see him, and Dora will win your heart at once, as you have already won hers. As soon as the storm is over they will come. Dora's father is your uncle, Dolores, and they came here on purpose to find you."