THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XVI.

"Man Proposes; God Disposes."

Johnson did not die; that he lived through the terrible strain upon his vitality showed that he had an iron constitution, the doctors said; but the men at the tavern shook their heads over it, and looked meaningly at each other. They had their own opinion of the matter; perhaps they knew more than the doctors did; the wise men might open their eyes in amazement should they choose to tell their suspicions. Johnson was kept under the influence of opiates for three days and nights; he was not left alone one moment; they fed him on Mrs. Allen's beef tea and drinks, and cared for him as though he were a baby, the men said in half whispers—him, with muscles like iron and cords like an ox.

Lodie daily carried the news, brief items briefly told in his measured tones as they gathered in the outer room of the tavern of an evening, or called now and then across the drenched gardens to each other, or met at the wells. And the women over their tubs, as they washed the clothes up and down, and soaped and rinsed and wrung them in clear water, leaving them to soak till the storm should be over, gossiped about "this thet hev hap'd Johnsing," and his girl, and the airs they put on since Lemuel Johnson—he who was born in the settlement years ago—had come with his girl and his gold to see that his brother should live like other folks, and was not so "no 'count an' shef'less."

Dolores, knowing nothing of these gossipings, and caring nothing for them, had she known, watched her father untiringly. She never complained of being tired; she seldom spoke.

Young Green had gone home, but he came over every day, bringing gentle messages and delicacies.

For three days Johnson lay in this stupor so like death, scarcely stirring, not opening his eyes; his face was thin and drawn, his eyes sunken and hollow; his hair, a few days before so lightly sprinkled with gray, had grown suddenly white. He had aged so that his every-day companions would not know him.

Dolores saw this in silence; her thoughts were busy, but her lips were dumb. Young Green's eyes had grown wonderfully keen to note the changes of the sweet, pale face, and the shadows of the dark, wondering eyes. For he knew that he loved her. It had come upon him the first night as he stood behind her in the firelight and watched the pure face bent above the book on her knees. It had come almost like a blow at first, but full of a sweetness that was full of pain also, she was so high above him, she had never a thought of love, she had never even known what love was as others knew it in the home life. And there was a tenderness in the thought of how he—he, the first one in the world to show her what love might be—would prove to her the depth of its tenderness and holiness.

At sunset the third day the rain ceased, and the mist dragged itself brokenly across the peaks of the mountains; the hills were loud with the cry of the swollen river in the valley, and the cascades shouted aloud as they leaped the riven sides of the mountains to join the river and eat at the worn old bridge at the foot of the roadway.

The rain had ceased at last, and Dr. Dunwiddie, who sat at the bedside, his eyes intent on the face of the girl, so grave and quiet in the light of the sunset, had raised the tiny window to let in the cool wind from the west. The clouds just above the distant peaks parted in sudden relenting after three days and nights of interminable raining, and through the rent the set-

Dolores slowly raised her head.

ting sun flooded the summit with a radiant glory that was dazzling.

Dolores, as though roused by the sudden rush of the sunbeams, slowly raised her head and looked up to the radiant mountain. Her sad, dark eyes grew softer and deeper in color, and her lips set close as in sorrow, slowly parted in one of her rare smiles. As she turned her head the comb—an old-fashioned tortoise shell that had been her mother's—suddenly slipped from the heavy coil of her hair which, so loosened, fell in a mass of beauty, glinting, lustrous, about her.

The nurse softly opened the door at that moment, bringing the doctor's supper, and a half baleful glitter appeared in her eyes as she saw the two so utterly unconscious of her presence.

Dr. Dunwiddie suddenly sat erect, with his usual quiet dignity; the girl had startled him out of himself; he had forgotten everything but her. Her grave face, with its solemn eyes, touched by the sunset, framed by the heavy tresses of loosened hair, was like an exquisite Madonna, and he held his breath in admiration and mute wonder. As he noticed Mrs. Allen, however, he regained his composure, while Dolores gathered up her hair slowly, and stooped to pick up her comb. It had snapped in two.

"You two are excellent nurses," Mrs. Allen said, softly, a smile on her lips as she motioned with her head toward the bed.

Dr. Dunwiddie turned at once with a slight exclamation, and Dolores

"Your father will recover."

arose with the comb in her hand, her hair falling around her, her eyes dark as though tears were in them, her lips shut close. As she turned her eyes toward the bed she met full in hers the weak gaze of her father. Only for a moment, however, for the eyes closed almost immediately as though the light hurt them, but in that moment Dolores once more faced his soul with hers.

Once more her father opened his eyes and looked first at the doctor, then at her. At the doctor's suggestion she spoke to him.

"Father," she said, slowly, that he might understand. "Father."

But the eyes resting on her face had no gleam of pleasure at seeing her there; rather it might be said there was a flash of hatred there as in the old days. Then they drooped again and closed, and presently his breathing indicated that he slept.

"Miss Johnson," Dr. Dunwiddie said, by and by, as he sat by the window eating the supper Mrs. Allen had brought him, "I told you the other day that it was possible your father would not recover; do you remember?"

She bowed her head in acquiescence but did not speak.

"My dear Miss Johnson," the doctor's voice was grave, but there was a ring in it, a hidden note that struck her ear as unusual. "My dear Miss Johnson, I believe I am safe in saying that your father will sleep through the night a natural, quiet slumber, without the aid of opiates, and if he does he will recover. He will be lame always; he will not have quite his old strength, but he will live and be much his old self again."

The grave, attentive face at the head of the bed changed not at all, though the drawn expression disappeared from around the mouth, and the eyes were clear and level in their gaze.

For a moment Dr. Dunwiddie was uncertain whether or not the girl was glad of the news. She gave no sign, and said not a word, but stood grave, and stately, and womanly, with the shadows of the night gathering around her, stealing along the bed, across the face of the sleeper, and up and up toward her face.

Suddenly they clutched at her throat, tightening their hold, like iron bands, ever contracting, growing firmer, unyielding; a thousand iron hands were on her, a thousand elfish voices, shrill and wild and weird, filled the corners of the room, the house; filled the darkness, crowding it upon her, till it seemed as though she were suffocating, till it seemed as though she would die. Loud and weird and terrible they were to her, filling her ears, shouting of the evil that had come through hatred and malice, and of what would follow upon so evil a deed. The hands were tightening their hold, they were struggling one with another for the mastery; a dozen hands were torn from her throat only to be instantly replaced by others stronger and firmer. She caught at them, and struggled, she fought against them, but she dared not cry for help. This that she was suffering no one must know; they would know soon enough—every one.

The voices grew wilder about her; they shouted in elfish glee; their words ran in together unmeaningly except one or two close to her ear, that whispered, with deadly meaning:

"When your father is well enough to prove—to prove——"

Then slowly she came out of this babal of noises; they grew fainter and fainter, and died away among the pines; the hands about her throat relaxed. She looked around to see if she were safe; she was dazed, bewildered, but the one thought was that no one must know. Some one spoke to her, and she looked up steadily, crowding down the dumb terror in her heart. Dr. Dunwiddie was standing beside her with his hand on her arm.

"Mrs. Allen," he said, quietly, "you will take my place for a few minutes. Miss Johnson must breathe some of this pure, sweet air after the storm."

He opened the door and stepped down on the door-stone, with Dolores standing listlessly in the doorway, never showing that he had seen the flitting expression of—was it triumph?—on the woman's face as she passed into the silent bedroom.

"How pleasant everything is after the storm," said Dr. Dunwiddie, with a smile, as he entered the house a few minutes later. Adding to himself as he re-entered the room beyond:

"It was over-fatigue, and shall not happen again. And I think you will bear watching, as well as some others, Mrs. Allen."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Freaks of a Woman.

The sunlight flooded the mountains and the quiet settlement; the sky was deeply blue; the pines along the bank beside Dolores' window stirred softly in the low wind that stole down from the summit laden with spicy odors. Down in the valley the river ran riot, shouting its jubilate as it swirled under the rotten bridge and whirled in mad eddies up the coarse grass along its banks.

Dr. Dunwiddie, standing in the door of the tavern, inhaling deep draughts of the odorous, piny air, watched Dolores with grave, intent eyes until she turned from the doorway and entered the quiet house; then he turned away and no one ever knew of what he was thinking, or the thoughts that would come of his friend over in the town who was leaving this girl in his care with the utmost confidence—the girl, he well knew, whom Charlie loved. And should he betray his trust to his friend? Should he prove a traitor? Should he let this kindly feeling for this brave, beautiful, womanly girl grow into more than merely friendly feeling, knowing of his friend's thought of the girl? Could he be capable of that? She was, to be sure, a wonderful girl, shut in by her surroundings, but growing mentally thousands of miles beyond them. She was a woman a man should be proud to own as a friend—and more—in spite of her strange, unfriendly life in the stolid little mountain settlement. But—and there was a graver line of thought, a sudden deepening of the lines of nobility around the set mouth under the black mustache—would the love of even such a woman atone in any degree for the loss of manhood, the stain of a traitor? Charlie had left in his hands the care of the girl he loved, and he would never—he straightened himself up to his full height in the low doorway and unconsciously clenched his hands—he would never betray his friend. Charlie was worthy even Dolores Johnson, and he would never be guilty of even an attempt to come between him and the woman he loved, be she though she might, a woman with the strength and depth and nobility of character which the daughter of this mountain blacksmith possessed.

Then he turned, and the face was as grave, as apparently unconcerned as usual, as Cinthy called him to join the family at the table.

Jones said among his comrades that Johnson's ill luck had brought good luck to him, for during the years he had lived there, never before had so many such men as now sought his lodging.

(To be continued.)

Appearance in Her Favor.

S. P. Langley, the aeronautical pioneer will never discuss flying machines with newspaper men, but on other topics he is not so reticent. He talked the other day about his boyhood.

"Among the memories of my boyhood," he said, "there is one odd episode that is particularly vivid. It is a conversation that I overheard one morning between two women. The women were talking about babies—their size, weight, health and so forth.

"'Why when I was a week old,' said the first woman, 'I was such a little baby that they put me in a quart pot and put the lid on over me.'

"The other woman was amazed horrified. 'And did you live?' she asked.

"'They say I did,' her friend answered.

"'Well, well, well,' exclaimed the second woman, and she glanced at the other almost doubtful."

A Nile Village.

A traveler of the upper Nile thus describes a typical native village: "The houses are built of Nile mud, each house accommodating a family of no matter of what size, the inhabitants of each village almost all related to each other, comprising sometimes several hundreds of people. Their streets are littered with filth, animals of every kind obstruct one's path, dogs growl and snarl at the appearance and intrusion of a stranger; women rush about, hiding their faces in their yashmaks lest a white man should behold their features. Flies in swarms settle on the children and lay their eggs on their eyelids, unwashed, because they believe it to be contrary to their religion to wash or remove the flies from their eyes."

FARMERS AND TARIFF

LANDS AND THEIR PRODUCTS ENHANCED IN VALUE.

Higher Prices for What the Farmer Has to Sell Have Accompanied the Prosperity Brought About by the Restoration of the Protection Policy.

It is some years now since the free trader has abandoned his wailings over the abandoned farms of New England and elsewhere. Under the most beneficent influences of the Dingley law, farm lands all over the entire country have been increasing in value, and, according to inquiries recently made by the American Agriculturist, the prices of farms throughout New England and the East have advanced from 15 to 20 per cent over the values of five years ago. In almost every state where investigations were made throughout New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, the reports show an upward average tendency of about 20 per cent, and in single instances far more. In no case were any decline in values found, and although in a few cases the reports showed no particular change in value, yet in most cases there were evidences of a gain in the price of good average farms of 5, 10, 15 and 20 per cent, and in a few instances running considerably higher. In Delaware the upward tendency has almost reached the nature of a boom.

It has always been one of the principal tenets of the protectionist that the value of farm lands and farm products are enhanced according to their proximity to a manufacturing center. The closeness to a manufacturing town is, of course, of no value unless the inhabitants of that community are earning good and continual wages. This has been the condition now for several years under our present protective tariff, and in consequence farmers have gotten better prices for their products, and their lands have enhanced in value proportionately.

The Eastern farmer cannot, of course, compete with the Western agriculturist in the great crops, but when the factory hands of the New England and Middle States are fully employed there is always a demand for farm produce which comes under the head of "truck farming," fully equal to the productive ability of the entire farming community of these Eastern states. In fact, the only difficulty which the New England farmer has experienced during the past two or three years has been the same as that of the Western agriculturist—namely, inability to get sufficient help to enable him to produce and harvest his products. Says the American Agriculturist of July 25:

"Slowly but surely the values of farm lands in the Eastern and New England states are improving. The evidences arrayed in the American Agriculturist's special investigation should make an impress for the betterment of the farmer's financial standing. Granted that the splendid agricultural lands of the West are most attractive propositions, yet there is no reason why the progressive farmer of the Middle and Eastern states should not be accorded due consideration from banks and business interests generally, when loans are sought for the further improvement of the farms. The testimony of our correspondents on the higher trend of values should inspire greater confidence than ever before in the merits of Eastern farming, where we have the best cash markets in the world at our doors. Land in some of our Eastern and New England states is now relatively among the best business propositions in the country."

We fully agree with the above, that the Eastern farmer is entitled to every consideration at the hands of the banks. Twenty years ago he was lending his money to build up the agricultural lands of the West. A few years of protection has enabled the Western agriculturist to either pay off his mortgage entirely, or reduce it most materially, and now the farmers of the West have money to loan, and their banks are bulging not only with the necessary currency needed in the moving crops, but to loan on good security, to even the East if it should be wanted. But our New England banks, too, and those of the Middle States are bulging with the savings of the working classes, and there is plenty of money to loan at 5 per cent on satisfactory security.

Thus it is that protection helps the financial situation, at the same time that it defends our industries and enables our great mass of citizens, whether at work on the farm or in the factory, to become independent and well-to-do. It must ever be one of the greatest reasons given in favor of a continuation of our protective policy that the benefits it bestows are widespread and universal. There is not a building up in one state or one section of the country; there is no benefit to be bestowed upon any one branch of industry; all share and share alike, and each helps the other in one great interdependent endless chain of communication. So it is that when we have work for all, then the mouths are filled and the bodies are clothed, and the houses are built, and the luxuries are consumed, taxing every productive institution in the country; taxing our transportation facilities to their utmost, and keeping busy our avenues of distribution and calling into employment our great body of clerical laborers, all, in turn, contributing by their consuming power and purchasing ability to the common weal of all. Surely such a policy, such a condition should be let alone as long as prosperity and employment continue to be at the highest level ever known, not only in this, but any other country.

Labor's Prosperity.

Statistics just published, which show the great increase in wages that has come during the year 1902 in the state of Massachusetts, are of general interest because there is no reason to regard the condition of wage-earners in that State as exceptional. It is beyond doubt an example of a condition that prevails throughout the country.

The wage-earners of Massachusetts received in 1902 from their employers the sum of $193,552,175, which was nearly sixteen millions more than their total wages in the previous year.

The average earnings of the individual workers in all industries was $459.98, which was $10.29 more than in the previous year. In six of the nine leading industries of the State more was done, either through the employment of more hands or through the putting in or more time, in 1902 and in 1901.

The fertilizing manufacturing industry shows the largest per cent. increase in the total amount of wages paid out—81.84. The shoe industry is next with an increase of 28-12 per cent. Employes of the malt distilleries command the highest wages, averaging $862 a year. Workers on models, lasts and patterns in the shoe industry are next with average yearly earnings of $740.42.

Such figures as these prove that there is little justification for the cry that has been raised frequently by agitators, that the wage-earners were not getting their share of the general prosperity.—Albany Evening Journal.

The Reason for Tariff Wars.

Protection is held responsible for tariff wars, but the action of France in imposing discriminating duties on American meats because the manufacturers of that country wish to force upon us wares which we do not want, shows where the responsibility lies. Tariff wars are entirely chargeable to the desire to push upon other people what can not be consumed at home. Protection only aims at self sufficingness. When that idea is strictly adhered to no one has a right to take offense. It is as illogical for a nation to find fault with another nation because it refuses to buy goods from it as it would be for a Kearny street shop keeper to call people who refused to buy from him hard names.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Guilty!

The Springfield Republican thinks the "high tariff is now on trial, as never before, as the great causative and saving factor in the business prosperity of the nation."

The verdict will be "Guilty." The high tariff is, without question or extenuating circumstances, "the causative and saving factor in the business prosperity of the nation."

Weakest Point.

Free trade's weakest point is that it would cheapen things for the rich at the expense of the wage earner.—Valley Mills (Tex.) Protectionist.

EVERY TOOTH A SOUND ONE.

Water Drank by Hogs.

Prof. W. A. Henry says: "We find little recorded on this subject, possibly because the matter is not considered of importance by many. In a feeding trial by the writer at the Wisconsin station a group of ten pigs divided into two lots of five each, one lot getting barley meal and the other corn meal, was fed for a period of eight weeks, with the results given below.

"The five fed on barley averaged 208 pounds at beginning of test, ate 2,832 pounds of grain, gained 601 pounds in weight, consumed 9,056 pounds of water, and required 471 pounds of grain for 100 pounds of gain. For every 100 pounds of food eaten they drank 320 pounds of water.

"The five fed on corn meal averaged 209 pounds in weight at beginning of test, ate 3,100 pounds of grain, gained 713 pounds in weight, drank 6,620 pounds of water and used 435 pounds of food in making 100 pounds of gain. For every 100 pounds of feed eaten they drank 213 pounds of water, or 107 pounds less than those fed on barley.

"The weight of water reported includes that required for soaking the meal and also that drank from a separate trough.

"It will be seen that the pigs fed corn meal consumed about two pounds of water, and the barley-fed over three pounds, for each pound of meal eaten. The pigs getting corn meal consumed over 900 pounds of water, and the barley-fed pigs 1,500 pounds, for each 100 pounds of gain in live weight. Pigs fed corn meal appear to require less water than when on other feeds."

Points on Guinea Fowls.

Guinea fowls have dark colored flesh, but it is very palatable.

In-breeding results in rendering the birds tender and reduces their size.

The young of birds given their freedom are hardy and will follow their mother as soon almost as they are out of the shell; at least they are good trampers after they are a day old. The young live on bugs and seeds discovered for them by the mothers.

In the early laying season the birds will lay their eggs anywhere, and several will deposit their eggs in the same locality. When about to sit they seek separation and lay a dozen or more eggs in a hidden nest, where they incubate them.

The guineas differ from common fowls in that the males are as anxious about the brood as is the hen, and helps take care of them during the day time, forsaking them at night.

Guinea hens and their broods forage in a body, the old males helping to keep up the laggards of the line. At night each mother collects her own brood.

The young at a very early age learn to roost in the trees, even before they can reach the branches by flying. They half fly and half run up the trunk of the tree.

Guinea eggs are very fertile and a large percentage of the birds hatched live if they are permitted to run wild with their mother.

Like the turkey, the guinea prefers the open tree top to the secure poultry house.

Treatment for Heaves.

In accordance with the request of a reader of the Farmers' Review we quote the advice for treatment of heaves from two writers:

Prof. D. McIntosh: Feed so as not to overload the stomach; allow a little hay to be eaten first, then give water and then oats. Never feed more than twelve to fourteen pounds of hay per day and fifteen pounds of oats. Boiled flaxseed mixed with a little bran at night will keep the bowels regular, besides being very nutritious. Sulphate of iron, four ounces; nitrate of potassium, four ounces; nux vomica, two ounces; divided into twenty-four doses, and one given every night in bran mash, is very useful. After this quantity has been given, skip two or three weeks and repeat. One ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic given every night in small bran mash, when the animal is at work in the spring, is very good and often enables an animal to do a good day's work, which it could not do except for the arsenic. This can be continued for a month to six weeks without any danger to the animal. Then stop for a few weeks or as long as the animal can do without it, and resume again and so on. I have treated horses in this way and they would do their work with ease for years.

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Jonathan Periam: Treatment with a view to permanent cure is generally not successful. However the ailment may be greatly ameliorated by a strict attention to the diet, which should be the reverse of that which has hitherto been given. Give nutritive food of small bulk and best quality, such as finely-cut wild hay mixed with ground oats and corn, bran and a small quantity of ground oil-cake or flaxseed meal, and slightly moistened. In summer give green or succulent food instead of hay, and in winter daily allowances of sliced carrots and other roots. Such horses should never be fed or watered immediately before use, and they should be used only for slow and easy work.—Farmers' Review.

A ton of sugar beets yields 210 pounds of refined sugar.