

# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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## CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

And as Dora kept to her word and drove or rode over every day when the weather was pleasant and together they wandered under the pines in many a daring place, the color of increasing health slowly tinged the cheeks of each, while Dora's cough grew less and less frequent and violent, and an added grace and spring showed in Dolores' step, though there was a growing sadness upon her lips and a hunted look in the wide dark eyes that her friends could not understand, this woman gloried and exulted in her power to wound the girl Dora loved with a deeper, truer love than she could ever give to her, and she planned out every a subtle manner for wounding and sending her shafts deeper into the soul of the girl who was, she told herself over and over, stealing away what rightfully belonged to her.

Lemuel Johnson went often to see his brother, who grew civil to him after a while, though at first he was surly, and resented his brother's long silence and neglect. Together they talked of the future, and laid many plans to be carried out as soon as Joe was a little better.

Dr. Dunwiddie still positively affirmed that he would recover, but that this must be slowly, and Joe Johnson was never possessed with patience enough to bear quietly much waiting. And as the days passed Dolores waited and waited, the dread fear shut in her heart, they would come for her father from the town.

The subject of the mare was never mentioned among them; it had dropped out of the house as suddenly and completely as though death had touched it; that day Dora gave her cousin a sketch of the feeling regarding it in the town, though not one of them understood the girl's horror of it, excepting it might be the one who had seen the most of her emotion. Sometimes the girl was tempted to ask about it, but the dread of bringing down something worse upon herself and her father kept her silent to suffer alone.

But Johnson lingered along in much the same condition in spite of the interest of his friends or foes, from week to week, scarcely getting better, yet growing no worse. Dr. Dunwiddie knitted his brows and looked very grave and puzzled many a time after his visits; he did not like the appearance of things; they were going crooked; something must be done and at once. He did not wish to arouse the thought of such a thing in the minds of Johnson himself or Dolores; in fact he wished to keep it from Johnson more even than from his daughter, for he was in such an excitable state that it went much against his recovery—petulant, fault-finding, with many a word that showed his brute nature and cruelty. At or against Dolores and fate his anger and spleen were directed. Dolores was of no use—no earthly use in the world; she was without even the sense of most women, and that was little enough. Had she been a boy things might have been differ-

ent and close together, grew cruel and cunning, the coarse mouth under the scant mustache closed with sinister meaning. For hours he would lie in the same position, scarcely moving, his long hands grown bony, clutching convulsively the bed covering. And to those who watched with eyes sharpened with interest all these actions were full of meaning, and proved much that had but been guessed before.

As time went by the men at the tavern got over their stiffness and dropped in occasionally through the days, one or another, to have a chat with Johnson, but mainly to see how he bore his affliction and to know for themselves how much better off that girl of Johnson's was, since her father's brother Lemuel—he who left the settlement years before—had returned.

Many an hour in the wide, low room at the tavern, or beside the door of an evening, they discussed Johnson's condition, and freely expressed their doubts and views as to his recovery in spite of Dr. Dunwiddie's assertion to the contrary. While Dr. Dunwiddie, over in the town among his friends at Judge Green's, also discussed Johnson's condition, and decided with them that it was time something was done, and done speedily, or it would be too late.

"Spare no pains nor expense, Dunwiddie," urged Lemuel Johnson, pacing up and down the pleasant parlor at Judge Green's, his hands clasped behind him, his florid face and kindly eyes full of anxiety. "Joe's got a wonderful constitution; always did have; sinews like steel when we were youngsters. This illness has been heavy to bring him down so. Surely there is some way of hastening his recovery, and we must find it—you must find it. He's got to have a fair chance for a place in life, comfortable, like other men, and not end it all that way. Why, it's death in life over yonder. It's buried in a grave large enough to turn around in, but it isn't life. No wonder he's lost all ambition staying there with everybody around him duller and more listless than he, excepting of course Dolores. She's a body one wouldn't meet always. Joe doesn't appreciate her because he's incapable of judging out of such a batch of comrades as he's got there. That Lodie's a good enough sort of man—make an intelligent man if he had a chance—but, my powers! such a life for man or woman. Where I was born, too, and not a school house or church in the place, and my own brother's child ignorant of even the catechism or the existence of God. Do your best for him, Dunwiddie; never mind the cost. Money is nothing compared to a life worth living. You start him on with a fair show of strength, and I'll do the rest. He's the only kin I have in the world—he and the girl—and the Lord knows there isn't a man in the world who wouldn't do all he could for such. Eh, Dora?"

## CHAPTER XX.

### A Sudden Message.

"Man alive!" exclaimed Lemuel Johnson as he stood beside his brother one morning, with Dr. Dunwiddie and Dr. Grey, explaining to him a plan by which they hoped to benefit his condition and hasten his recovery. "Man alive, Joe!" exclaimed the excitable little man, thrusting his hands into his pockets, his florid face growing redder, his eyes sparkling with indignation. "Have you no sense at all? Have you no pride, no common ambition to get well? To make a success of life? Would you rather lie here, growing less and less capable of anything, like an indolent tramp, and keep on suffering straight ahead for years maybe, when by perfect care in this hospital, or infirmary, or whatever it is, in the city something may be done for you, and you would be set up like a new man ready for any position and to build up as good a home as any man living? Why, great Scott, Joe Johnson, if you are my brother and the only one I've got, I must say I'd be ashamed to own you if you refuse."

The invalid was growing excited also. He struggled up to a sitting position, half reclining on his right arm, and glared at his brother as an infuriated animal at bay.

"Et'd be nothin' new ef ye was 'shamed o' me," he cried, the veins of his forehead swelling like cords, his small eyes glittering like serpents. "Et's no mo'n ve've done all yer life sence yer ru'ned away ter make yer money a-mony year ago. Ye left er folks ter starve fer all't ye've done fer 'em, tell just now when ye kem hyar ter gloat ower me. I may be 'thout yer style o' sense, Lem Johnson, but I hev got ther common sense 't ken tell beans when I sees 'em. Ye needn't make outen 't ye don't know what I means well's I do, or them as hev lived hyar sence theys borned. An' theys ken tell't ye left us 'thout nothin' an' outen yer life tell jest now when't ain't no use; an' es long es I've got breath 'nough left ter tell't, I'll jest say this. An' I ain't goin' ter be put in no horsepital neither were a feller ken stay forever, an' folks'd never know but he's dead an' buried, 'stead o' livin' locked up in a cell like a crim'nal an' kept thyar an' never let out. Mebbe et do run in thes family ter be she'll'es an' no 'count,

but I hev es good sense es ye hev. Lem Johnson, an' I ain't ter be tomfooled like a woman."

Dr. Dunwiddie laid his strong hand on his shoulder and spoke to him sharply.

"Lie down," he said, "man, and listen to us. We give you the choice. You shall have from now till tomorrow morning to consider; after that will be too late. Choose one of two alternatives: Remain just where you are, from sheer stubbornness and die, for die you must if you persist in this, and in such a slow, torturing manner as you cannot comprehend, or comply with our wishes that may doubtless be painful at first, and may even end fatally—I place it all before you, holding back—but with ten chances to one of your recovery and a long life."

Johnson's face lost its defiance and cunning; it grew livid and paled to a deathly hue. His sinister eyes were fixed on the doctor's face with an expression of cowardly terror in them. His brother's fit of violent temper he could meet with equal force, but Dr. Dunwiddie's voice and manner bore as much weight as his words which were uttered clearly and calmly, but which the man was unused to hearing, and which therefore impressed him more than they might have done otherwise, full of meaning and warning as they were.

He lay among the pillows with his face turned to the wall, motionless as though he were already dead, his sinewy right hand clutched the cov-



"Et'd be nothin' new ef ye was 'shamed o' me."

ering long after his brother and the doctors left, not knowing that through the half open door Dolores, from the outer room, was watching him with a face set as his own, her hands clasped passionately, her lips shut close to still the cry that rose from her heart, that found words only in a new, wild, inarticulate prayer. "God, whom I know not, forgive him—forgive him."

But there was not a trace of this emotion upon her face or in her manner as she stood, a day or two after, at the west window of the library at Judge Green's, the soft brown dress Dora had fitted for her, falling gracefully around her. She held back the lace draperies with one arm leaning against the casing of the large French window, and looked like a picture, so quiet she stood, flushed from the light of the sunset above.

Dora was sitting upon the ottoman at her feet, her delicate face raised to the face above her. Dora said she could sit forever at Dolores' feet and watch her. Dolores' face was a study of which one would never tire, which one must study to understand, which one could never fully understand.

(To be continued.)

## LIFE OF KING ALFONSO.

### Young Monarch Becoming Popular With His Subjects.

The young king of Spain is daily making himself more popular in San Sebastian, which may be regarded as the summer capital of Spain. Rising very early, he goes down from Miramar palace before 8 to San Sebastian beach for a swim. He takes long rides in the valleys and across the highlands of the Basque country without an escort, but he is always in uniform and is accompanied by two aids-de-camp and two palace servants. He takes great pleasure in returning the salutes of the peasantry. At midday the king attends to state business with the minister for foreign affairs. Before lunch he gives audiences and generally rides again in the afternoon, or drives his own four-in-hand with Queen Christina and his sisters sitting behind him. He takes an interest in yachting, in the rowing boat races in the bay and in pigeon-shooting. He is already a good shot and a keen sportsman. The Basques are pleased to see him interested in their national ball game, styled "Juego de pelota."

### Suburban Foresight.

The citizen of Dreeshurst, was showing his visitor through the spacious garden in the rear of the house. "Over there," he said, pointing with his cane, "is the turnip patch."

"You must be a good deal fonder of turnips than I am," commented the visitor.

"Oh, we don't use them on the table," his host replied. "We raise them to throw at the neighbors' chickens. They're cheaper than coal."

### One Advantage.

"Is Cleveland really as slow as people say it is?" asked the Chicago man. "It's worse," replied the Cincinnati drummer. "Why some of the residents of that village actually die of old age."

## MOVING THE WHEAT

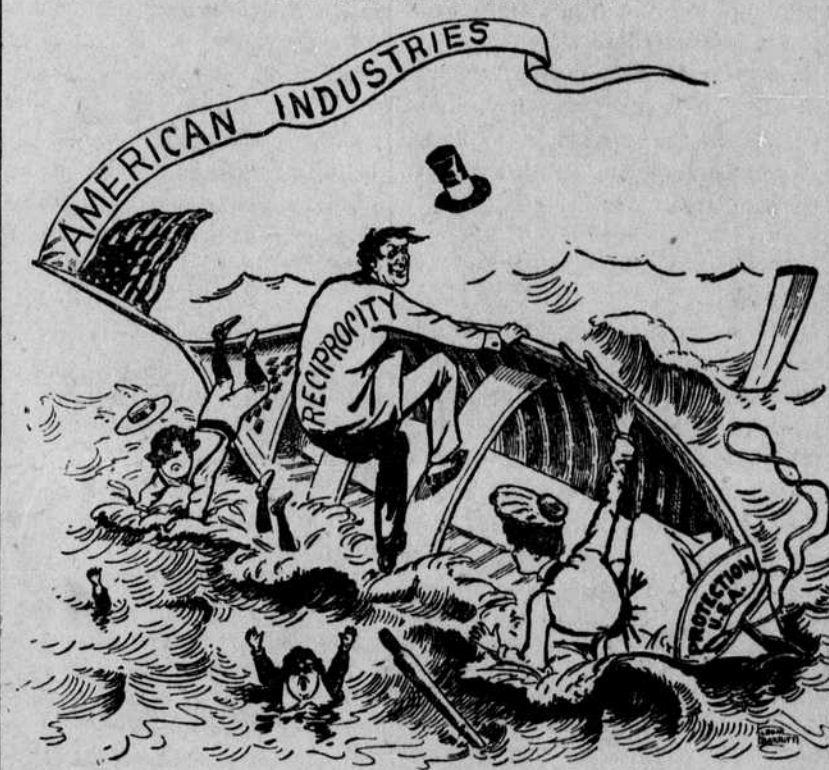
### TRANSPORTATION COST LOWERED BY PROTECTION.

As the Result of Making Our Steel Rails at Home Railway Freight Charges on Agricultural Products Have Been Reduced Over Eighty Per Cent.

The London Statist for August 15, 1903, contains a leading editorial article on Mr. Chamberlain's colonial policy of discriminating duties, from which we take the following extract: "We have seen that between 1866 and 1902 the cost of carrying wheat for export from Chicago to New York was reduced by over 80 per cent—roughly, from a little over 23d. per bushel to a little under 4½d. per bushel. In other words, during the period referred to the cost of carriage by railway over a distance of about a thousand miles was reduced 1s. 6½d. per bushel. West of Chicago the reductions were certainly not less. Hence it will be seen that during the past 40 years the reduction in the cost of land carriage has been extraordinary. Furthermore, we have seen that the cost of carriage from New York to this country was reduced 2½d. per bushel—that is to say, from 3 15-16d. to 1 7-16d. per bushel. Altogether, therefore, the cost of carrying wheat from Chicago to this country has been reduced during the past forty years from about 27d. per bushel to about 6d., or about 21d. Is there any reason to suppose that the extreme limit of reduction has been reached? We fail to see any."

In this great reduction in the cost of transporting the Western farmer's wheat to New York and Liverpool American steel rail makers have borne a prominent and indispensable part. In 1866 we had not commenced the manufacture of steel rails and our entire supply was obtained from Great Britain, who charged us £15 10s., or \$75.43, per ton, on board ship. This sum did not include the cost of car-

### "THE RECKLESS BOATMAN."



riage across the Atlantic or the duty. (See Fossick's History of the British Iron Trade.) In 1871 we began the policy of adequately protecting our steel rail industry, with the result that we were soon producing steel rails as good as those of Great Britain at a much lower price than her rail makers had been charging us. This price was afterward steadily reduced, so that millions of tons of American steel rails have been supplied to American railroads at less than \$25 per ton, or less than one-third the British price of 1866. Today the price is \$28, which is exactly the amount of the duty of 1871 on foreign steel rails.

But for the great reduction in the price of steel rails to American railroads during the period referred to by the Statist it would never have been possible for Western farmers to secure the low rates of transportation for their wheat that they have long enjoyed. Nor could we ever have built up our magnificent steel rail industry without the help of an adequately protective duty on foreign steel rails. We commend these indisputable facts to the consideration of our Iowa friends, who have been invited by Gov. Commins to assist him to place steel rails in the free list. It may also be worth while to consider the further fact that all Western wheat growers are protected against the competition of the wheat growers of Manitoba and other British North American provinces by a duty of 25 cents a bushel on wheat and a duty of 25 per cent on the foreign value of wheat flour.—Iron and Steel Bulletin.

### LABOR'S SHARE.

#### Tremendous Increase of Deposits in Savings Banks.

People are said to sometimes pinch themselves in order to prove that some particularly pleasurable sensation is not due to a dream.

The recent annual report of the controller of the treasury admirably serves the purpose of a pinch to assure the public that the prosperity of the country is no dream. It proves that the country is wide awake and that the pleasurable sensation of prosperity is real.

From the section of his report dealing with the funds in savings banks, it appears that there are in the United States 6,666,672 individual de-

positors, with an aggregate accumulation of \$2,750,177,000 on deposit. Taking the year 1896 as a point of comparison it appears that since that time there has been an increase in the number of depositors of 1,601,072, and an increase in the total deposits of \$843,177,000.

This exhibit shows the remarkable increase in seven years of 30 per cent in depositors and 40 per cent in total deposits.

There is no dream about all these cold millions in the banks, mostly placed there by and belonging to working people.

The total deposits in all the banks amount to about \$5,000,000,000, of which the savings fund, the money of the common people, make \$2,750,000,000—more than half. Clearly, not all the money in the country is owned by the great financiers.

This showing of money saved by the working people of the country becomes all the more remarkable when we take into consideration the prevailing high prices. Wages have not gone up in proportion to the universal increase in prices. With only a little more money to buy with, labor pays far more for all the comforts of life. Yet the savings report shows that their share in the benefits of prosperity is no small one.

Another important fact is to be gleaned from this report. Of the \$2,750,000 savings deposits the New England and Eastern States possess \$2,300,000,000, leaving only \$450,000,000—less than a sixth—for all the Central, Southern and Western States.

This proves not that the people of the Central, Southern and Western states are making less money than those of the East, but that in their younger and more thriving communities there are more inducements for investment. Throughout the great West farms are being paid for, homes are being built, natural resources are being developed and new industries established.

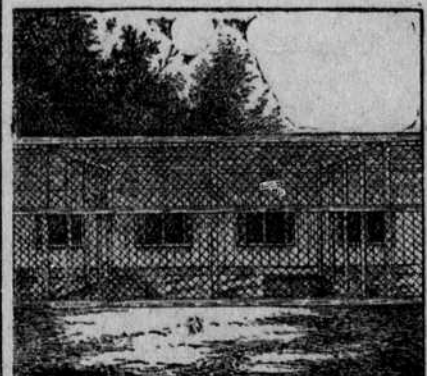
None of this can appear in a report of the controller of the treasury. But the savings thus invested are the

## POULTRY



### A Pigeon House.

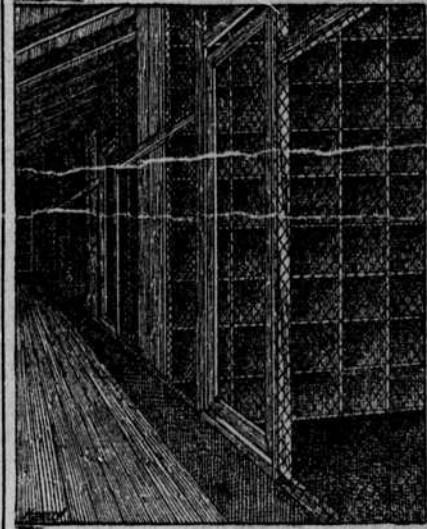
The pigeon house should be built on a well-drained site. The following suggestions as to construction are made by a government bulletin: No house should be built for more than 250 pairs, nor should more than 50 pairs be kept in each section. In our first illustration we show a house that is very serviceable. This shows a gen-



Cut 1. Pigeon House and Fly.

rear, with the yard (called the "fly"). The house is 40 feet long, 12 feet wide and 9 feet high to peak of roof. Along the north side a passageway three feet wide runs the full length. This is shown in our second illustration. The rest of the space is divided by four partitions into five pens of equal size. The pens are separated from the passageway by wire netting reaching from the floor to the roof, with a door into each pen. If the pigeon raiser has but one house he should either use one of these compartments as a room for storing feed and other supplies, picking squabs, etc., or add ten feet to the length of the building for such purposes.

Each gable near the peak has a



Cut 2. Interior of Pigeon House.

four-light window. Each section of the poultryhouse has a six-light window on the south side. All the windows slide and are covered with wire netting on the outside.

The partitions between the sections are made of inch boards running to the roof. All inside doors are of wire netting and are hung with spring hinges, so as to be self-closing to prevent the possible escape of the birds. Each pen has one of these doors, and likewise each end of the building. Both inside and outside doors should be kept securely locked.

### Poor Birds at High Prices.

Recently a man that knows told the writer that it is the practice of some poultry raisers to sell much stock not of their own raising. This is not a fair method of dealing, though it cannot be checked by law. Thus one man has a good establishment and has built up an enviable reputation. He raises some hundreds of fine birds a year, being careful to have them of good stock and highly bred. But he receives orders not for hundreds but for thousands of birds. He should decline to fill the orders for his stock after his supply is exhausted, but he does not. He sends his wagons out into the country to pick up everything he can find of the breeds he is handling. He purchases the fowls at say 50 cents each. He resells them at several dollars each, for his customers are willing to pay a good price for first-class stock. How many of the customers of this man would accept the stock sent to them if they knew it was gathered from the farms at random?

On the average farm no particular care is taken to keep the poultry stock absolutely pure. Generally pure breeds and grades run together. The result of their crossing is not always easily discernible by people not experts in the judging of fowls. A few feathers off color or a few points missing on the comb would not be noticed. Hence the ease with which such stock is sold.

The poultryman that does this kind of business is quite sure to be found out in the end, and his fine reputation and trade will disappear together. More than one man has come to this end in the poultry business. The breeding of pure blood fowls should be surrounded with every safeguard to insure their freedom from out crosses. Moreover the trusting buyer naturally supposes that his purchase have been bred and reared under ideal conditions, that they have been exposed to neither lice nor diseases. Birds collected from everywhere are likely to bring both lice and disease.

The above mentioned practice of hardly being too severely condemned, is getting money under false pretenses. Every honest dealer should do what he can to make this practice impossible.



The men dropped in occasionally.

ent; boys were of use. And it was not enough that this ill luck of her being a girl was upon him, but he must have this added to the rest—to be laid up with not even the use of his feet or hands. Here he was, crippled, helpless, constantly in pain, scarcely able to move without pain, and there was his brother healthy, florid, a rich man, with a fine home and the comforts of life at his disposal.

And what reason was there that his brother should have the gains and he the losses? Was he not quite as deserving and capable of appreciating them as he? Fate was a powerful master, partial, and many times cruel in its decrees. Life was a pretty tough thing anyway, scarce worth the living. To lie in that hole of a room day in, day out, was growing unbearable; nothing to do but watch the bit of sky and mountain through the tiny window, the scent of the pines stealing through, or, closing his eyes, to think, think, think his narrow thoughts that never got away from the mountains, the smithy, the tavern, and the town, until he was driven nearly wild by the thoughts that no one else ever knew, though those who were with him most guessed nearer the truth.

The thin face, grown pallid with confinement, would narrow and seem to contract, the small eyes, set deep