

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER III—Continued.

That night his comrades at the tavern had told him of this; they taunted him with it; they laughed at the girl. They did not like her—not one of them. Narrow natures dislike and distrust that which they cannot understand. Young Green also had aroused his fears. Green had an education; he had asked where the girl obtained her education, therefore she must have an education. Tonight he was assured of this.

He kicked the book contemptuously, and muttered, under his breath, an oath against young Green. If ever he came there again it would be a sorry day for him.

Dolores said nothing. A sudden frenzy seized him. He stooped and snatched the book from the ground. It was an old astronomy. She had been reading the book, for she preferred it to any of her mother's books, and when young Green saw it the day he was there he was much surprised, and promised to take a volume on the subject the next time he went that way.

She thanked him, and it was the first time she had thanked any one since Betsy Glenn died. That was two weeks before, and he had not come again as he said he would, but she watched for him, feeling sure that he would keep his promise to her, feeling strangely glad when she thought of him. She had perfect faith in him.

Her father's face was lurid as he snatched the book from the ground. His small eyes, close set, were full of brute cruelty; the veins of his forehead were swollen. In his hands, used to wielding the heavy hammer, the book was a toy; his fingers closed over it, and in an instant it lay in shreds at her feet.

For a moment she did not comprehend what had been done; she looked from the book to him and back again. Then she arose; her face was white, and her eyes flashed. She looked at him, and he covered before her. She was tall and stately; he had never before appreciated her dignity. Now he appreciated it to the full. The book was the dearest thing in the world to her; he could have wounded her in no other way.

Mechanically he gathered up the scattered fragments and as she held out her hand for them he gave them to her without a word, without even glancing at her. For the time she was more than his daughter; her eyes were on his face, and her spirit ruled his. Then they strayed away to the mountain top veiled in haze.

The fire died out of her eyes; her hands, mechanically holding the torn leaves of her book, fell listlessly at her side; her shadow lay long and dark behind her.

There was a sense of mystery about her which her father could not understand; he shrank from it and from her, and passed away up the dark



More Listless Than Usual.

bank heavy with the snows of the pines that swayed in the faint breeze, and again silence fell around her.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mare.

"I have come again," said young Green, laughing. He stood in the doorway of the shop, holding the black mare by the bridle.

Johnson had been sitting on a bench outside of the shop, smoking a clay pipe. As the young man spoke he arose and advanced toward the mare.

"Another shoe so soon?" he queried, shortly.

"Yes," said the young man, lightly. "Her right shoe this time. Come, Bess; come, my girl!"

There was a sudden, sullen glow on Johnson's face as he took the bellows and blew the fire into a fierce blaze. He laid the iron on the fire and raised the hammer.

Young Green began to talk. He spoke of the dry weather and the hard roads; he told the news of the town and of the trial that was to come off of a notorious horse thief who had been caught attempting to steal Bess. The blacksmith listened in sullen silence between the blows of the hammer.

By and by young Green left him and went up to the house for a drink. Johnson was not the only silent one that day. His daughter listened mutely to the young man's conversation. If anything she was even more listless than usual, though a strange color tinged her cheeks as he talked. He left the promised book with her; he had not forgotten it, he said, but he had been unable to take it before. For a moment her face glowed with pleasure, and the silken lashes lifted swiftly, but fell ere their eyes could meet. She thanked him in a few simple words in her low, sweet voice; then her gaze wandered away to the hazy mountain top in the distance. He left in a few minutes, deeply disappointed in her, and yet strangely interested and puzzled. Had he mistaken her? Was she incapable of the thought he believed she possessed? Had she not, after all, the ambition to be more than an untaught village girl? Did her thought end with the blue line of the mountains and the hamlets scattered along their sides?

Dolores disappointed him; he thought her so much better than she had proved herself, and yet under it all there was a sting in the thought which he did not understand, student of character as he was.

"She was positively stupid," he said regretfully. "Yet her face shows such possibilities."

He was walking slowly down the narrow path to the shop, his hands clasped behind him, his fair head bent slightly forward. Dolores was watching him, but he did not know it. He never guessed of the wistful brown eyes following him down the stately path.

Bess whinnied shrilly when he came in sight. She was restless and snappish, but when he mounted and rode out of the shop she grew gentle again. As he rode away Johnson called after him that she must have gone some distance without her shoe, for her foot was tender.

Dolores watched him with her far seeing eyes as he rode up the mountain, then her gaze went down to the shop. Her father was standing in the doorway also watching the rider. He had forgotten his pipe; his face in the hazy sunlight was full of sullen hatred, and he looked capable of committing almost any act. His muttered threat of the previous evening returned to her clearly and distinctly. Her eyes widened with nameless fear. She looked up the mountain again to where the black mare was bearing her rider proudly along the yellow thread of road; she was no longer listless; her face was white, her lips quivering with excitement.

CHAPTER V.

Whose Was the Deed?

Dolores was waiting for something to happen. A vague terror possessed her; she could not have defined it had she tried; she did not try. Young Green's face seemed to haunt her. She watched her father continually while he was in the house, for a sort of fascination was upon her, and she could not keep her eyes from his face.

She could not explain the terror that possessed her, but her whole listless nature was aroused. She was different, and her life was somehow different, she knew not how.

The slow days passed, it seemed to her, with even more slowness than was their wont. Every morning the red sun arose out of a veil of haze from the mountain beyond the valley; every evening he sank behind the gray peaks in the west.

Nothing happened after all; life was stagnant; the sun arose and set; the haze hung more dense and thick over the mountain peaks. No rain fell; nothing happened. Nothing happened until—

One day the rumor floated across the mountain that young Green's mare, one of the choicest breed in the country, valued at what seemed to the simple villagers a fabulous sum, had gone lame. And this was discovered the morning after she was shod by Johnson.

To most of the villagers this fact meant nothing. That the one had anything to do with the other never entered their heads. They had no cause for suspicion. But to Dolores the rumor came like a blow. It seemed to her in a strange, far-away fashion that this was what she had been expecting. This was why the kindly blue eyes were always looking into hers, and the pleasant face was forever in her thoughts.

Her eyes were on her father when the news was told by one of the neighbors. A nail was driven into the mare's hoof and she was dead lame. The hostler had found it when he examined her hoof, which was not until the morning following the day Green was at the settlement. It was a hard blow to the young man, the speaker said, for he had thought as much of her as though she were a woman. Conjecture was rife as to who had done the deed. Suspicion rested particularly in one direction, and the suspicion was pretty well founded, but the young man would wait until there could be no doubt. And here the story ended.

Dolores had listened silently, as was her habit, no one noticing her. The memory of her father's words the other day returned to her with a force she could not account for.

Over and over, mingled with the memory of the black mare and her rider, the words were driven in dully, as though by the strokes of a hammer—even, distant, deafening, most terrible to the girl in the darkness.

"Ef ever that young feller kems hyar agen et'll be a sorry day fer hom!"

CHAPTER VI.

A Neighborly Gift.

"Et hev been so dry I 'lowed mebbe ther gyarding hyar dedn't 'mount ter much, bein' as ye air up so high, so I bringed ye some straw'ries outen our gyarding, Dolores."

"Thank you; our garden didn't amount to much," Dolores said, gravely. She looked at her neighbor without a sign of interest in her face; she spoke in her usual listless manner; but under the listlessness and apparent carelessness was the consciousness like a sharp sword, that the gift was the forerunner of something to follow else than her pleasure. She emptied the berries out of the basket into a dish and stood regarding them. Mrs. Smith said afterward she looked as though she were trying



Dolores Watched Him.

to discover if they might be "tetch-ed." In reality the girl did not even see them.

She was wondering vaguely what the woman would say about the mare. That she had come for some purpose outside of bringing the fruit was clear to her. She waited with a sinking heart and strained ears for what the woman would say. She knew well that something must follow. That it was in regard to the mare of young Green she had not a doubt. Perhaps the suspicion in regard to the guilty party had become a fact. Perhaps this woman had come to tell her—perhaps—

(To be continued.)

HABIT IN READING PAPERS.

Almost Every Person Has One That He Turns to First.

"Very old persons," said an observer, "nearly always, on unfolding their newspaper, turn to the column of 'Deaths.' This is because, in the first place, they are most likely to find news of their friends there than in the column of 'Marriages,' or any other part of the paper, and because, in the second place, they are interested in death—they have it much in their minds.

"Young girls turn first to the society news and weddings, and after that to the fashions. Young men of the healthy, open-air sort, turn first to the sporting news, while boys universally turn to this page first. The actor, of course, reads the dramatic columns, and the writer the book reviews, but neither of these departments, I fancy does any part of the disinterested public consult first of all.

"The elderly gentleman of a pompous appearance reads the editorials first, while his corpulent, cheerful wife reads the recipes on the 'household' page. Some clergymen read the wills of the dead, to see what charities have been remembered with bequests. There are many people who read the crimes, the scandals and the shocking accidents first. Poets, as a rule, will not read the newspapers at all."—Philadelphia Record.

Advantages of Early Christians.

Bishop Potter is telling a story of a dear old lady who recently asked him how it was that Solomon was allowed to have so many wives—not to mention the other ladies.

He explained that the manners and customs of Solomon's days were different to those of the present era, whereupon she replied earnestly, "Oh, don't you think these early Christians enjoyed great privileges?"—New York Times.

Admitted His Guilt.

"Do you not at times have soulful yearnings which you long to express in words but cannot?" asked the fair maid who had a leaning toward the sentimental.

"Yes, I was up against something like that once," admitted the youth with the noisy tie. "I wanted to telegraph home for money and didn't have the price of a Marconi."

Strategy.

"It's lucky I'm a dentist," chuckled the tall student.

"Why so?" asked the friend.

"Well, last night every time I kissed Clara she screamed. When the old man came down I told him I was merely trying to pull a tooth."



UNCLE SAM STANDS PAT IN THE WORLD'S GAME.

GAINS ALL ONESIDED

CANADIAN IDEA OF A RECIPROcity ARRANGEMENT.

It is to Limit the Bargain to the Free Interchange of National Products, Whereby the American Farmer Would Find Himself a Loser.

The millers of St. Paul and Minneapolis favor reciprocity so they can get their wheat cheaper, and we presume other interests affected would favor reciprocity for the same reason. While declaring that they wish reciprocity because it would be an advantage to this country, the fact is they want it because it would benefit themselves. Do they pretend that this cheaper Canadian wheat, if admitted free, would benefit the American wheat grower as well as the Minnesota millers? They have not the face to make such a declaration because they know it would be laughed at. They are after cheaper wheat, not dearer, and cheaper Canadian wheat means cheap American wheat.

This is also true of oats, barley, potatoes, poultry, eggs, cheese, butter, hogs, cattle, sheep, wool, vegetables and fruits. They are all much cheaper in Canada than in the United States, and their free entry into this country would most assuredly cut down prices now paid American farmers for those staples.

Let us look at the situation as it really is. The Canadians are trying by every means in their power to build up their country and develop its resources. This is right and proper, and altogether commendable. But they find that to attract people to the great Northwestern territory from the western shores of Lake Superior to the Pacific, markets must be assured for the products they would raise. Under present conditions their market is Liverpool, and thousands of miles must be traversed by railway before a shipping port is reached, which is certainly a great handicap to the settlers who may go there, and has prevented the rapid settlement of that big country. Now, if those settlers could market their grain and live stock across the border to the United States it would be of great advantage to them financially, and settlers would flock there by the thousands. Even as it is, a good many American farmers have moved to that country, and thousands more would take advantage of its cheap lands could a market for their products be assured over the border. The cost of transporting their products to the markets of Great Britain eats up all the profits and leaves nothing for the producer.

It is to give the farmers of the Dominion a better chance that reciprocity with the United States is desired by Canadians, not to help American producers. They know quite well that the staples produced in the Canadian provinces are those that can be produced in endless quantities in this country. They also know that the cheap lands and virgin soil of the Canadian Northwest could compete advantageously with the high priced lands in the older states, more or less denuded of their original fertility.

Reciprocity, therefore, would simply mean the development of the Canadian Northwest and older provinces at the expense of American producers, and with that development would come the milling industry and competing lines of transportation that would finally rob the Minnesota miller of the advantage he would enjoy for a few years. And he would be aiding all the time in the development of his finally successful competitor.

The Canadian Northwest is so immense a country that if fairly populated it could grow all the grain required by Great Britain and the importing countries of Europe. It would be suicidal for Americans to aid in putting that country in a position to do so.—Michigan Farmer.

Of What Avail?

Senator Hanna's expression of fervid faith in a protective tariff as a means of promoting prosperity seems to have jarred upon the nerves of the New York Evening Post. No freetrader likes to hear or read that kind of talk. So the Evening Post sneeringly says:

"With his praise of Mr. Roosevelt, he mingled greater praise of the high tariff. It was a miraculously perfect thing. It was the cause of all our prosperity. Of what avail was it for the Creator to give us forests and mines, until the party of protection came along and offered Americans a tariff bounty to work them?"

To be perfectly frank with our freetrade neighbor, we don't mind saying that "until the party of protection came along" the people of this country were not realizing much out of the uncut timber and the unmined ores

with which the Creator had so plentifully endowed this favored land. It was after "the party of protection came along," and not before, that labor and capital began to find work and wealth in our forests and mines. That is a fact in history.

OHIO IDEA OF THE TARIFF.

It is That Enemies of Protection Keep Hands Off.

Following the collapse of the "Iowa Idea" revision scheme, the Ohio Idea of what should be done with the protective tariff system will be received with applause. The Ohio Idea, as set forth with simplicity and force in the state platform of the Republican party, is to let well enough alone. In contrast with the Iowa Idea of tinkering with the schedules, with the "reciprocity" idea of driving wedges into the pillars of protection and with the free trade idea of tearing down the whole splendid structure on which the national prosperity rests, the Ohio Idea stands out in grateful relief.

"We oppose all attacks upon this policy (the protective tariff policy of the Republican party), whatever the pretext, as tending to bring back the disastrous days of Democratic tariff revision and free trade."

The Ohio Idea, continued, is that "changing conditions and the possible benefits of reciprocity may call for timely readjustments of schedules, but protection as a principle and as a policy must be administered by the friends of American prosperity and must not be sacrificed." The position taken by the Ohio Republicans is in full harmony with that of all but a selfish or misguided fraction of their party in the nation. Their idea, too, is that no part of the prosperity structure should be touched by the hands of other workmen than those who build it. The country just now is satisfied with its strength and earning power. There is no call for its disturbance save from the importers and shipping interests and wreckers in "high finance" and the demagogues of both parties. When the country demands a readjustment of the tariff schedules the Republican party will listen to its request. And there is no sign yet that the country is dissatisfied with prosperity. And it will be a long time, we hope and we believe, before the country either will clamor for a modification of the tariff or intrust the care of the protective system to the Democratic party.

The Ohio Republican idea of "hands off the tariff" is the idea of the Republican party and the idea of a vast majority of this prosperous and contented nation.—New York Press.

Why Eve Plucked the Apple.

Theodosia Garrison was dining out the other night, and the conversation turned upon various kinds of food. The gentleman who had taken her in to dinner, and who prided himself on knowing as much as a doctor about foodstuffs, declared that apples were excellent for the vitality of the brain because of the phosphoric acid which they contain in large quantities.

"Oh, then it is quite clear," said the poetess, "that Eve only plucked that apple to supply Adam with a few ideas."—New York Times.

Corner in Soup Bones.

It is rather mean of the Democrats to blame Cleveland for the soup houses which were in fashion during his administration. Soup bones would be cornered, no matter what Democratic free-trader or visionary tariff revisionist was elected to the presidency. Mr. Cleveland "never meant to," he was only a sure enough Democrat.—Donaldsonville (La.) Chief.

Protection Insures Prosperity.

The calamityites are peering through their pessimistic telescopes for the least sign in the break of prosperity, but in vain. Our present good times are based on a condition that is not affected by droughts, strikes or other temporary causes. So long as we are enabled by protection to do our own work, so long will we continue to be prosperous.

Actual Results.

The protective tariff policy of the Republican party has made the United States the greatest industrial nation; has added vastly to our foreign commerce, greatly increased the prosperity of the farmer, and has advanced labor to the best scale of living ever attained.—From the Ohio Republican platform.

Prices Still Declining.

Dun's index figure of prices, proportioned to consumption, was on May 1 98.561—lower than for 17 months with one exception. And yet wages are constantly advancing, much to the net advantage of the income earner who gains both ways under the splendid operation of the Dingley law.

THE SCIENCE OF BUILDING.

Exactitude Which Characterizes the Construction of Skyscrapers.

Many of the great steel structures that are being built in every city are planned and molded in some distant city—like the material for Solomon's temple of old—hundreds of miles away. It is in some rolling mill town of Pennsylvania that most of the gigantic framework for the modern skyscrapers are built. All that remains to be done is to put them together, and the building rises up like a house of blocks.

Every piece is fitted together and numbered before it is taken away from the steel mill. So exact are the measurements that not even the drilling of a hole is necessary for fitting the rivets which fasten the plates and girders together. The watchlike precision with which these parts are made was shown in the construction of one of these buildings which is now being erected in Chicago.

One of the large cross girders was missing in the framework of the second floor, and though it did not interfere with the placing of the framework on all sides and above it, the contractor was worried to know what had become of it. When the framework had grown as high as the sixth or seventh story and the missing piece had not been found around the railroad yards or heard of from any other source, he wrote to the steel mill, describing it as closely as possible, ordering that it be duplicated.

By the return mail he received the following reply:

"As ground space is more valuable in Chicago than here in the country, we are storing missing girder for you. We knew that you would need a steel derrick on that floor, and kept the girder out so you would have room. Will ship it after the remaining stories have been completed."

The mill men had figured correctly on the building hundreds of miles away, and the girder could not have been placed in position, even if it had been on the ground, on account of the derrick.

STORY OF THE GOOD BOY.

No "Honesty is the Best Policy" for Him Any More.

A newsboy picked up a \$10 bill in front of one of the big hotels yesterday. Another young artist of the brush that is black, but artistic, saw the pick-up and guessed it was money. He made a loud plea for a division.

"Halvers, or I'll squeal," he yelled.

While Red was hesitating an elderly, benevolent-looking man stepped out of the hotel and gazed at the pavement in an inquiring manner.

Red saw the man and guessed that it was his money. He impulsively ran to him and inquired: "D'd you lose somethin', mister?"

"Why, yes, little man, I just dropped a bill. Did you see it?" he replied with a winning smile.

"This it?" said the boy, extending a grimy paw in which was gripped the bill.

The other boy stood the picture of alarmed astonishment.

The old man took the bill and said: "That is it, little man. I am glad to have it, but it affords me greater pleasure to know that there is such an honest, bright boy in the lowly occupation which is your start in life. I predict that you will be a great man some day. Honesty is the greatest of virtues. Thank you, my good boy."

Red stood very still until the old man had entered the hotel. Then he said things. The things he said showed the perfection of his training in the slums. They were emphatic, but unprintable, and the end of the long sentence was "an' I t'ought I'd get half of de X and make a reppytashun for bein' honest, and beat Swipsy out o' de cut."

And Swipsy looked at him in silent scorn several seconds before he stalked away, leaving the good boy to meditate—and—swear.—Kansas City Journal.

The Colored Band.

W'en de col'd ban' comes ma'chin' down de street You kin heyah de ladies all erroun' repeat: "Ain't dey handsome? Ain't dey gran? Ain't dey splendid? Goodness, lan! W'y, dey's pu'fect 'om dey fo'heads to dey feet!"

An' sich steppin' de de music down de line 'Tain't de music by itself dat meks it fine: Hits de walkin' step by step, 'An' de keepin' time wid 'Hep.' Dat meks a common ditty soun' divine.

Oh, de white ban' play hits music, and hit's mighty good to heyah, An' it sometimes leave a ticklin' in yo' feet; But de heat goes into business 'Fu' to help erlong de cah. W'en de col'd ban' goes ma'chin' down de street, —Paul Laurence Dunbar in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Would Solve Servant Question.

A certain West Philadelphia family has an invariable rule that the children shall take turns in saying a grace before meals. This grace follows a set form, but at the Sunday dinner, when papa is at home, an extempore addition or enlargement is required.

The household had been suffering from a long succession of incompetent cooks, and the other Sunday, as the family assembled at the table, the mother lamented that she feared the dinner was spoiled, and that unless a good cook could be obtained immediately a contemplated trip to the country would have to be abandoned.

It was little Ernest's turn to say grace, and he echoed the prayer of all present:

"Bless, oh, Lord, this food for our use, and us to Thy service, for Christ's sake. And Lord, please send us a good cook before Friday."