

# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"He is my father, and they will not let me in there, yet he can see ultra."

The nurse laid her hand caressingly on the girl's arm.

"Of course," she said, in a matter of fact tone. "Remember, Dolores, it is years since he has seen your father. And do you know, as soon as he is better we are going to take him over to the town so you can nurse him to your heart's content? There are pretty houses in the town, and your uncle intends buying one and furnishing it for you. There's a fine blacksmith's shop with a good business for your father, and he is to have a housekeeper and everything comfortable while you are in New York with us."

"Your uncle will be ready in a moment, and he does not like to wait; you needn't change your dress, and can wear my wrap and bonnet. Dora will fix everything when you get there. Here is her note; you have not yet read it. Shall I read it for you while you get ready?"

She stooped and picked up the note where it had fallen, talking continually, giving the girl no time to reply had she so wished.

"Dora writes such a pretty hand; they say those who draw well write well, and Dora makes charming sketches. Here is your note; it reads like her, only one misses her pretty voice."

Mrs. Allen spoke rapidly, but with not a trace of excitement; more as though she would give the girl no time to think. She unfolded the soft gray shawl, and laid it over a chair, then she opened the note with no break in the conversation, and read aloud:

"My Dear New Cousin:—Nurse Allen has told you I have come to claim you, or rather have come part way to claim you. They will not allow me to go out to-day, so father has promised me solemnly that he will bring you with him to me. Nurse Allen will take good care of him, and bring him to us by and by, and we can go over to see him when the weather is dry. Give him my love. I hope he is better, and will go to see him soon. Come to me at once; I wish you, Dolores Johnson, and can wait no longer."

"DORA."

## CHAPTER XV.

### Dolores' Reply.

Dolores listened quietly, with no sign of impatience or interest; she stood erect and silent, her eyes resting calmly on Mrs. Allen's face.

The bedroom door opened, and her uncle came out, accompanied by young Green and Dr. Dunwiddie. He noticed the wraps made ready, and spoke cheerily:

"Well my dear, are you ready? My girl will be watching for us—eh, Green? And if you are ready we will go at once."

Mrs. Allen advanced and began putting the wraps around the girl, but Dolores stepped back to avoid her, giving her a slow glance as of reproach, then she turned away from the others toward the physician who was talking earnestly to young Green at the farther window.

There was no trace of agitation in the young girl's face or manner as she

think I do not know something all my father more than you have said?"

The bedroom door opened noiselessly, and Dr. Grey came out. As he stepped into the room, closing the door behind him, Dr. Dunwiddie motioned for him to return, but he shook his head emphatically.

"He's like a log, Hal; the trump of the archangel alone could arouse him. I've stuck to him day and night like an obedient puppet; now I want a change; what's all this going on out here? What ails you people?"

Dr. Dunwiddie frowned, and his voice was almost sharp as he answered:

"There is nothing going on here to interest you, Tom, and Mr. Johnson must not be left alone one moment. If you are tired, I will take your place until—"

"Until it's over," the other interrupted. "Lord knows I wish it were well over; it's a dused bad piece of business, anyhow, and I wish I were out of it."

He was stopped by a gesture from Dr. Dunwiddie. Young Green also turned on him with flashing eyes.

Dolores seemed turning into stone; her face was whitening, and her eyes dilating; her voice sounded strange even to herself as she laid her hand on the doctor's arm as he was passing her.

"You will not go until you have answered me, Dr. Dunwiddie?"

It was more a command than a query; her eyes were full on him, and he paused instinctively.

Her uncle spoke impatiently; like all men, he disliked scenes; this girl seemed capable of getting one up at almost any moment.

"My dear Dolores," he said, "Dora is waiting for us. Why do you bother the doctors?" They know much better than we do what is best to be done. Come, like a good girl, let us go; we are only hindering the others."

"Why should I hinder them?" she asked, gravely. "They are strangers here; he is my father."

"Yes, of course," he said, brusquely. "Of course, Dolores. We all know that, but they know much better than we do what is best to be done. Dora is waiting for you—it is better in every way for us to go."

She stood erect and slender among them, her print gown falling around her to her feet, her face catching the shadows of the storm upon it.

"Did I not say," the voice was almost solemn in its grave earnestness, "that I will not leave him—ever—while he lives—not for any one?"

None of them spoke for a moment; not one of them was capable of deceiving her as she stood so grave and quiet waiting his reply. That she had a right to know, a better right than they, could not be denied. She had spoken the truth; she was a woman capable of enduring much, of suffering much; she was not a child to be put off with evasive replies.

Dr. Grey stood at the bedroom door; he had not moved since the girl spoke; she impressed him as she impressed the others. Young Green looked troubled; he started as though he would go to Dolores, and checked himself. Even Dr. Dunwiddie was somewhat disquieted; he looked beyond the girl out of the opposite window.

They waited for him to speak; the girl knew he would tell her; the others were sure he would do what was best. As his gaze left the window and he turned to Dolores, he caught the look on young Green's face. His own cleared instantly; he was himself again, grave, practical, a thorough physician and gentleman.

"My dear Miss Johnson," he said—he was grave, courteous; her eyes did not leave his face—searching, steady eyes—"when your father fell—fully twenty feet it was—he struck the ledge with great force; had he dropped it might scarcely have hurt him, though it is evident that the ledge below is rocky and the bushes scrubby and sharp; as it was, he lost his balance and slipped down suddenly with a force I wonder did not kill him outright."

"As it is, he broke both legs and an arm, besides internal injuries which cannot be determined upon at once." She watched him steadily; instinctively she knew he had not told her all. Her lips were white, and set in a straight line. Mrs. Allen crossed over and touched her hand, but she paid no heed to her; she was waiting to know the worst.

"You know how he was brought home," continued Dr. Dunwiddie. "You were the one who found him; to you he owes his life—you and Charlie. His right leg was broken below the knee; we set that and his arm yesterday, but his left leg—"

His voice was steady and grave. Mrs. Allen's face was blanching; how the girl would take it she did not know; she was used to many affecting scenes, but this was totally different.

"His left leg is broken in two places, Miss Johnson. We did not wish to tell you till the worst was over, but it is best you should know. Your father remained so long in that position in the night dampness, in his exhausted state, that we dared do nothing yesterday. We wished to save this limb if it were possible; it would be worse than folly to attempt it; it is best that it should go. Then, with careful nursing, we may bring him around all right."

Still Dolores did not move; she wished to understand it thoroughly, as yet the truth was but slowly dawning upon her.

"I thought that you were not capable of hearing the truth; I believed you were like many women; I see how mistaken I was; your friend here," with a movement of his hand and a half smile toward young Green, "tried to impress upon me that you were braver than other women, but I would not be convinced. I know now that you are brave—brave enough for this—and worse."

She understood. The truth was upon her in all the blackness of darkness. There had been little love between her and her father, but he was the only one in the world to her, and now—

"Then—he will—die—you think?" She asked it calmly, except that her lips were whiter than usual and stiff, so that the words came unevenly.

"I think that he may die, Miss Johnson, but we will hope for the best."

"You will let me nurse him?" she asked. Her face was lifted to his, and there was not a quiver of a muscle, not the trembling of the white lids fringed with the silken lashes over the steady, searching eyes.

"You shall nurse him," Dr. Dunwiddie



"Don't go in yet, Dolores," die replied, gravely, a flash of wondering admiration in his black eyes meeting hers in that comprehensive glance that showed to him the depth of this woman's soul, the marvelous strength of her self-command. Ah, indeed she should nurse him.

As he turned away toward the bedroom she started to follow him, but Mrs. Allen laid her hand upon her shoulder, and young Green crossed quickly to her side, his face softened strangely.

"Don't go in yet, Dolores—not just yet!" he said, entreatingly, bending his fair head on a level with hers, the kindly light deepening in his eyes as they met the half-dazed look in hers raised to his face. "You shall go as soon as it is best. I will let you go there now."

Her eyes searched his face, large and dark and beautiful eyes they were; she scarcely recognized him for the moment.

"Why should I not go?" she asked, gravely. "I am to nurse him; Dr. Dunwiddie has promised that I shall. Is he not my father?"

But his hand was upon her arm strong and warm and tender, and she obeyed him silently.

Her uncle left soon after, and Mrs. Allen sent a note to Dora explaining the strange scene. Dolores said no word. She scarcely heard what was going on around her; when her uncle stooped to kiss her forehead and promised that Dora should come to her as soon as it were possible she looked through and through him; she heard his words, but they made no impression upon her; her thoughts were in the quiet room beyond the closed door.

(To be continued.)

## NO CAKE FOR HER.

Youngster Thought He Had a Grievance Against His Mother.

The late Mrs. James G. Blaine used to relate charmingly the unconscious witticisms of her sons' and daughters' childhood. She once said:

"When James, his father's namesake, was a little chap, he discussed for a long time one day the subject of wedding cakes. He made me tell him all about wedding cakes—how they are made, how they are cut, and how pieces of them are sent to the friends of brides and grooms. This last custom he was especially pleased with. He thought a piece of wedding cake made a delightful gift."

"Then he pondered for a moment. He frowned, he said:

"But, mamma, I shan't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married."

"Why not, my dear? I asked.

"Because," he said, "you didn't send me any of yours."

## Not Much Use for a Trunk.

Gen. Joseph W. Congdon, the president of the American Silk Association, was traveling some time ago in Georgia. He says that in a little Georgia town he one day heard two colored lads conversing.

"Use gwine No'th," said the first.

"Das so?" said the second.

"Yep, I've got a trunk to take wiv me, too."

"A trunk? What am a trunk for?"

"W'y to tote yuh clo's in."

"An' go naked?"

## Traveling Christians.

It is stated that "The Gideons" are growing at the rate of 130 members a month.

## MAKE GOOD CITIZENS

OF THE IMMIGRANTS WHO COME TO OUR SHORES.

This Can Be Done by Continuing Our Protection Policy, Whereby We Insure Them Work, Wages and a Higher Standard of Living.

Immigration under present conditions presents a serious problem.

No one can sit at his desk and absorb the facts that come to us in reports without appreciating the peril that threatens should hard times come to this country.

I am not an alarmist, but when I see hundreds of thousands of ignorant foreigners coming into our great cities every year I think I can realize in some degree the danger that will come from their discontent and dissatisfaction when there are no wages to be earned.—Commissioner Sargent.

"When there are no wages to be earned." What memories such a supposition brings up. It carries us back to the days of panic and idleness following the compromise tariff of 1833; it carries us back to the workless and wageless days and years between 1850 and 1860, brought on by free trade; it carries us back to the idle men and women of 1895-6, and the loss of earnings due to the free trade law of 1894.

With the experience and knowledge which we gained from these awful periods following free trade legislation, we can well appreciate the necessity of continuing our present excellent tariff law to enable us to care for these millions who are coming to our shores. We must protect them by continuing to protect our labor and industry from one end of the country to the other. It may be that some of these immigrants are of an undesirable character. It may be that better immigration laws are desirable. That is something that we must leave to the wisdom of Congress. Whatever the present law is we must accept it and face the conditions which are before us. It is protection and prosperity that invites these foreigners to our shores. They do not come

well as our industries; that we continue to maintain and build up our home market, worth more than all the markets of the world combined, and that we do not disturb the causes of the present splendid growth of industries, our splendid advancement of citizenship and our splendid standard of living, which cannot help but invite those abroad who have been struggling for a bare subsistence, and have in their natures a single spark of ambition.

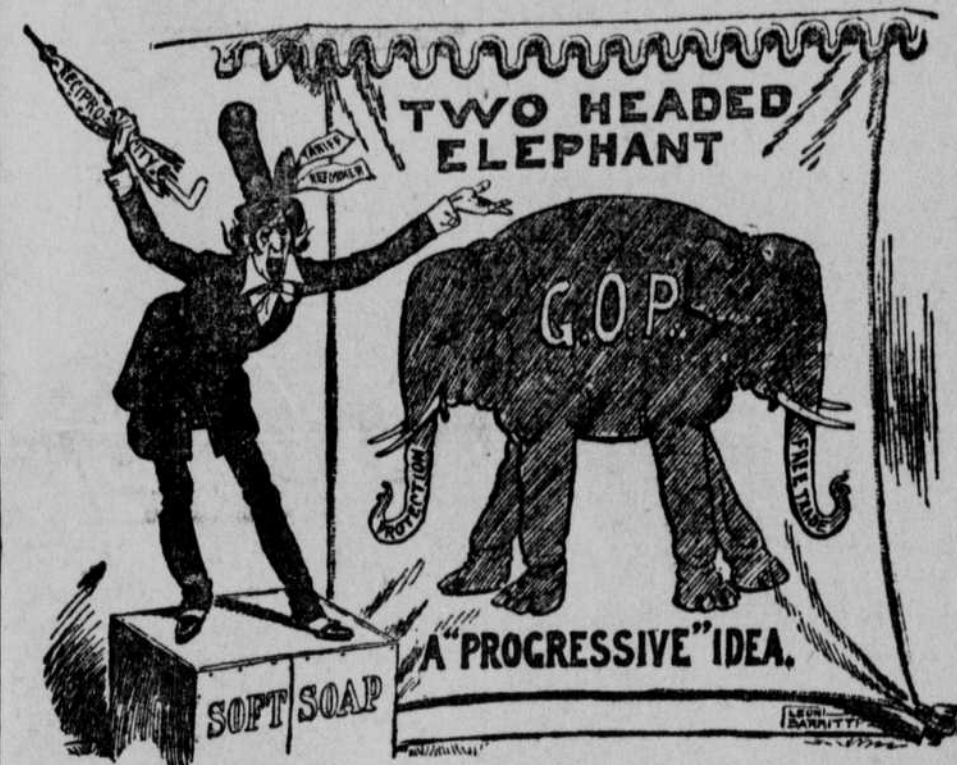
## England's Condition.

Our exports of manufactured goods to protectionist countries are steadily decreasing. Our imports of manufactured goods from these very countries are steadily rising. The protected states not only shut our goods out of the market but are shutting them out of our home market. We now import as much manufactured goods as we export to the protected states on both sides of the Atlantic. The workingman's occupation is going, and occupation is income. Capital is also going. It has been lost altogether to a large amount by the falling off of our industries, and it is further scared into seeking abroad the investments which business ceases to offer at home. That is a serious condition of affairs for all of us, and most of all for the workingman. We cannot meet it by cheapening the food, we cannot even prevent food from becoming dearer, and the country is asked to consider whether there are no means of getting more money to buy food with.—London Times.

## Nothing to Fear.

We protect our manufacturers by preserving the home market to them, and being so stimulated they are able to supply that market and have larger surpluses to send abroad. England might attempt to protect her agricultural population (considering those in her colonies), but she would still have to import food. We might doubt the efficacy of our protective system if we still had to import most of our manufactures. As it is, our food question and our manufacturing question are wholly disassociated, save as thriving manufactures make demand

## HAVING A CIRCUS ALL BY HIMSELF.



in such numbers when we are living under free trade. The same fiscal policy which invites them must protect them and enable them to gain a foothold and become profitable members of the great American army of producers and consumers.

It does not take so very long for a foreigner leaving his home where he gained an income of perhaps twenty cents a day to become a good American citizen earning ten times that amount per day. Perhaps at first the foreigner is careful of his dollars, and is not so liberal in his expenditures as the native born and those who have been citizens a number of years. But he soon begins to aim at the American standard of living, he becomes ambitious to own his own business and his own home, and to dress and eat and enjoy the same luxuries as the average American citizen throughout the country.

Our home market has most appreciably increased annually, not only by our own augmented wants, but by the increased demands of the newcomer. In but a few years the most diligent become independent, while a few join our wealthy classes. Among our millionaires to-day can be found the representatives of every nation on earth, many of whom came to our shore but a few years ago penniless. It may be that our immigration laws are too liberal, or it may be that they are too liberally administered. At the same time we have gone on now for over a century inviting the poor and the weak from abroad to this country of opportunity. There need be no fear but that the vast majority of these immigrants will in a very short time become good American citizens, law abiding, well to do, and reputable upbuilders of the nation's institutions. There may be lawless characters among them, and these much be checked with a firm hand at the first evidence of any outbreak against the country's laws and customs.

No doubt a return to free trade and idleness would bring a condition awful to contemplate. It would bring riot and war with the inevitable poverty and ruin and death which follow in the wake of a fiscal policy giving no opportunity for employment and no chance for compensation. Let us see to it, then, that we continue our present most admirable fiscal policy; that we continue to protect our men as

for the products of our soil. But in Europe these questions are inextricably mixed, and the protective tariff cannot be used in the case of either of them without seriously injuring the other.

So we really have nothing to fear in any European proposal for Tariffs of the protective kind, whether directed against the interests of the United States or in a vain endeavor to exalt some country above the station which nature has assigned her.—Kansas City Journal.

## Up Against It.

Even with a united party the Democracy is in the minority in the United States. Under the best possible conditions for itself, it would have great difficulty in making headway against the Republican party. In every aspect the situation is adverse to the Democrats. The Republican party, ever since its return to power, has governed the country wisely and successfully. The Democracy has no policy which is calculated to win the popular regard. It has no leader whom any considerable body of the American people respect. The conditions all point to a big victory for the Republicans in 1904.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## All Things to All Men.

Gov. Cummins' idea of tariff legislation is in these words: "Duties that are too low should be increased, and duties that are too high should be reduced." If that blanket doesn't cover the entire political aggregation, we can't imagine one sufficiently elastic to do the job. There's not a Republican or a Democrat, a Populist or any other brand of politician who cannot indorse such a deliverance, for it means all things to all men. Even the straight-out free trader can shelter himself under it.—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

## Good Object Lessons.

Imports for the year ending last March aggregate one billion dollars. That "robber tariff" wall was real high, but it helped Uncle Sam pay pensions, establish rural routes, improve rivers and erect public buildings, and so forth. Looking at these little things, it's a good idea to keep on letting well enough alone.—Brymer (Mo.) Comet.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII., SEPT. 25—ADSTENCE FROM EVIL.

Golden Text—"Be Not Drunk with Wine, Wherein is Excess"—Eph. 5:18—The True Life and the Evil Life Contrasted.

1. The Noble and Blessed Life in Jesus Christ.—Vs. 1, 2. 1. "Forasmuch then," referring back to 1 Peter 3:18, where it is stated that Christ suffered for the unrighteous that he might bring us to God. "As Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh." Since he has thus opened the way of salvation, of forgiveness and a new heart and new life; and since he has set you the example of doing right at any cost, even at the cost of crucifixion. "Arm yourselves, as your defense against the great enemy of yourselves and of the world."

2. "No longer . . . in the flesh to the lusts of men." The sinful desires of human nature which men naturally give indulgence to. The lusts of men here defines what is meant by the flesh. "But to the will of God which is that he should be holy." "It is in heaven." Just as Christ having died, as to the body, on the cross, was raised again to a new and glorious life, so those who crucify the passions and lusts have done it that they too may live a new and glorious life, as much beyond their former life as the resurrection life of glory is beyond the natural life of the body.

3. The Sinful Life to Be Repudiated and Forsaken.—Vs. 3, 4. 2. "The time past of our life may suffice us." We have had an abundant experience of the evil; we know the cup of bitterness with the dregs of misery; we have felt its scorpion stings, its hollowness as the apples of Sodom. We have already wasted too much of our lives in these things. It is high time to make a change. "Have wrought the will" (the desire, the inclination) "of the Gentiles, the idolaters, 4. 'Wherein they think it strange.'" It is not hard, even from our own experience, to picture to ourselves the surprise of the heathen when he found his friend refusing an invitation to a banquet, shrinking from contact with the prostitutes of Greek cities, or when there, passing the wine-cup unshared.—Cambridge Bible.

5. Temperance Applications. Strong drink leads to all vices. They flourish best under its influence. It weakens the will that would resist them, obscures the intellect, dulls the conscience, and inflames the passions. While there are very bad men who do not use intoxicating liquor, it is still true that it is closely connected with crime, and many crimes would not be committed except under its influence. It is the mother of crimes.

6. The Forces by which the New Life Can Overcome the Evil Life.—Vs. 5-11. There are two directions in which we need every power, every influence, every motive by which evil can be overcome. We need every help for our own lives and hearts, to keep us from evil, and to deliver us from its power. We need them especially against the temptations to use strong drink. It is a powerful enemy, not this appetite alone, but all forms of sinful passion and desire, that we can really conquer the appetite for strong drink.

7. We need every motive, every possible force, to overcome the evil in the community. We are warring against the principalities and powers of evil, entrenched in appetite, in customs, in selfishness, in wealth, in social life, in political ambitions, and we need every weapon of warfare which can help overcome all these, and especially the demons of intemperance.

8. The Day of Judgment. 5. "Who shall give account." No one can sin with impunity. A judgment day hangs evermore over the head of every sinner like the sword of Damocles. "The quick" are the living. This judgment came upon the world in Noah's time. It came upon the Jewish nation in two or three years after this epistle was written. There is still a judgment to come (Matt. 25). This fact is a powerful incentive to the forsaking of sin. It is a powerful motive also for patiently laboring in a good cause.

9. The Gospel. 6. "For this cause was the gospel preached." The good news of the Saviour, of forgiveness, of the love of God, of a holy heaven. To them that are dead. Past generations. "That they might be judged according to men." Punished, chastened, as other men, in the body by sickness, pain, and death, and in temporal things. And the purpose of all this was that they might "live according to God in the spirit." "That they might not be destroyed them, but to save them to a high, noble, spiritual life."

10. The Nearness of the Kingdom of God. 7. "The end of all things is at hand." Compare "our Lord's words, 'then shall the end be' (Matt. 24:14)."

11. Self-control. "Be ye therefore sober," of sound mind, of good and wise judgment, be temperate. Aristotle uses this word to express the harmony of the affections and desires with reason.

12. Watchfulness. And watch. Be temperate, collected in spirit, circumspect, especially referring to abstinence from wine and strong drink, for strong drink produces exactly the opposite frame of mind, and puts one off his guard, distorting his judgment.

13. Prayer. Taking hold of the power of God. No one is strong enough to gain the victory without the help of God, and without the consciousness of his presence and power, which comes through prayer. Especially do we need to pray for those whom we would save from the power of sin; and pray for wisdom to guide all our efforts and plans.

14. Love. 8. "Have fervent." The word implies "intense strain," "on the rack," "ceaseless." "Charity" love. The deepest, noblest, most powerful, most heavenly thing in man, and the most difficult to obtain. But even our imperfect love is our most effective weapon for overcoming the evils of the world both in ourselves and in others. Hence, "love your enemies," and the command to "overcome evil with good." "For charity (love) shall cover the multitude of sins." Bury them out of sight, slay them, and bury them.

15. Hospitality. 9. "Use hospitality . . . without grudging" or murmuring. The power of hospitality in Christian and reformatory work has not even yet been realized by the church, although much has been gained through church and Christian Endeavor societies. Every home should be a center of Christian hospitality, "given to hospitality" (Rom. 12:13). There are many students and clerks and homeless ones coming into our cities and towns, and few powers within our reach are of greater value for good than the extension of the hospitality of our Christian homes to such homeless and lonely persons. Here is a power which nearly all can use.

## Call to Duty.

For all men all life is a series of testings; every day is a judgment day. Here is some call to duty; shall we accept it or decline it? Pain comes to us; shall we fret and chafe under it, or bear it bravely and try to see its deeper meaning? Some richness of life is ours—knowledge, position, ability, money. Shall we clutch these things for ourselves or hold them in trust for the enriching of another life? No man can escape these questions, and upon his answer depends his value of the social order.



"You can tell me if you will."

crossed the room to the two at the small south window.

"Dr. Dunwiddie," she said, gravely. Her eyes were searching his for the truth; she never glanced at his companion.

"Dr. Dunwiddie," she continued, slowly and distinctly, "you can tell me if you will. There is no reason why I should not know the truth; is he not my father? Have I not a right to know? Do you think this is fair or just? All the other women of the settlement care for the men when there is need, there is no reason why I should not do the same if there is need, and there must be, else why are these strangers here, and why is he kept so quiet? I do not understand it, and I cannot unless you will tell me. And here is my uncle here waiting to take me away from my father, to leave him to be taken care of by strangers. I do not know my uncle; no doubt he wishes us well, but he is a stranger to me. Dora does not know," she lingered over the name—"how could she know, or I am sure she would not wish me to go; she could not wish to go; she would not do it herself—you know she would not do it herself. Do you