

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Dolores' heart was so sick, everything was so dark for the moment she could not see or think clearly, but she remembered with stinging distinctness.

"What shall I do?" she cried, "what shall I do? If he should die—if he should die before I have asked him to forgive me I cannot live—I could not live, I tell you, and let him die believing that."

"We will be in time, dear," he said, quietly, and she did not question it, scarcely heard the more kindly name, though the horror somehow fell away from her heart and a silence and full despair mingled with an indefinite hope rested upon her.

Not another word was uttered until they were standing at the door of the hospital. Dolores asked brokenly as she clung to his arm, unable to stand alone for the moment:

"You are sure—sure we are—in time?"

"Yes," said the young man gravely, and with steady assurance in his voice.

"Yes, Dolores. Be brave as you always are, and all will be well."

And as Dr. Dunwiddie held her hand for a moment, putting new strength into her fingers from his steady clasp, he said, cheerily:

"I am glad you are here, Miss Johnson. We will need you in the morning, but you can do nothing now and would only tire yourself to no use. We will call you when it is necessary."

"But I cannot sleep—I cannot rest until I have seen my father, Dr. Dunwiddie. May I not at least speak to him?"

"No. I must say no, Miss Johnson. Your father is quiet and in a half doze; should you see him now he would be too weak to talk to you, and it would be worse than useless."

Dolores did not think of resting or sleeping with the great weight of her injustice to her father upon her mind, but the woman who entered with them at the orders of the doctor to see that the girl should rest quietly, removed her things and induced her to lie down for a moment any way, and she slept until a light tapping on her door awoke her.

She answered the rap, a tremor in her voice, her thoughts confused and unable at first to comprehend where she was or why she was there, until the voice on the other side of the door told her to go to room 37 as soon as she was ready, and she realized what had come.

When she entered No. 37. Dr. Dunwiddie turned to her, as she approached with a quiet greeting.

"We think he wishes to see you, Miss Johnson," he said. "Speak to him, please."

She leaned over the bed with wonderful self-control; the hollow face among the pillows was pallid with the dews of death upon it; the coarse, scant hair, strayed on the pillow. Instinctively she touched it half timidly with her fingers, speaking faintly to him.

"Father," she said. "Father!"

He muttered something unintelligible.



"Father! Father!"

Without opening his eyes, her voice seeming to reach him even in his stupor. Then suddenly he started up and opened wide his eyes—brilliant they were with a swift, false light—and looked past the girl and those at the bedside, to where young Green was standing near the window away from the others.

"Ded ye get ther water?" he whispered, hoarsely. "Were ther gal thar?" Then he sank back muttering: "D'lores—D'lores? Why, she's jest D'lores—that's all."

Then, his voice rising above the hoarse, weak whisper, he called clearly with a new tone in it the name Dolores had never before heard from him—the name of her mother.

"I'm a rough ole feller, Mary," the weak, broken voice muttered faintly. "I didn't mean ter make ye cry. I told ye I warn't good 'nough fer ye."

Dr. Dunwiddie was standing beside Dolores, and unconsciously his eyes were fastened upon her face, spellbound, as were the tender eyes of her friend at the window—as were the eyes of every one for the time in the room.

"Et's a gal!" he muttered, weakly, his voice falling. "I sed most likely et'd be a gal. Jest my luck. Eft hed been a boy, now. But ef ever that

young feller kems around hyar a-puttin' notions inter her head—yes, she's purty 'nough, Mary, an' I don't blame ye, so don't cry; only et's my cursed luck thet—she—wa'n't a boy—"

The muttering ceased; the weak voice sank into silence; a faint gasp stirred the white lips, and the hollow eyes opened for an instant, all the light gone from them, and rested on the face above him; then a strange, half-livid pallor spread over his face and Dr. Dunwiddie drew the girl gently from the bedside over to the open window. He poured out some wine from a glass on a stand near, and pressed it to her lips.

"Drink it," he said sternly, and she obeyed him mechanically.

Young Green came and stood at the back of her chair, as though to shield her from any more of life's strain, any more of the sadness that had followed her, nay, even to death. His friend, seeing the expression of his face, laid his hand gently on his arm in sudden comforting. But Dolores' hands lay in her lap like two hands of ice. She herself seemed turning into ice with no power of feeling or thought or wish. She seemed to herself in a strange half sense to have died when her father died.

CHAPTER XXII.

But Life Went On.

Her father was dead; she knew it; she accepted it in silence after the first wild return to the realization of what had come upon her. Only once, when she was alone with young Green, while they were making preparations to convey the body home, did she show any sign of emotion. She was standing at the little window in their parlor looking out upon the busy street. Dora, who had come to her upon receiving the telegram from her uncle's death, was in the inner room with Mrs. Allen and the doctors and one or two of the attendants.

Her father was dead—dead. Never before had she seen death. She knew absolutely nothing about any other life, about anything beyond the days that passed much alike to her—or had passed much alike to her until these friends came into her life. Heaven was where the stars were; her astronomy told her of God, an infinite Being, all powerful, all merciful; the Creator of all things, but farther than that she knew nothing.

Thought crowded upon thought, yet with a distinctness mingled with those strange half intelligible words of the past, that was intense suffering to her. She was in a half stupor, with her brain so active that it was wearing away her very life. Dr. Dunwiddie said that she must be aroused; she must be brought out of this state; she must be moved to tears, or to some utterance of her grief. She could not go on like this. For a year now she had been in this strained state of feeling. He turned to Dora in this time of need. She was not the pale girl who arrived at the mountain a year before; her face had filled out; her cheeks no longer bore the hectic flush, but held the soft color of advancing health, while her eyes had lost their strained look of suffering.

Dr. Dunwiddie called her over to him by the window that morning and she went to him obediently.

"Something must be done for your cousin," he said, gravely. "She is in such a state of half consciousness, her senses dulled by too much strain upon them that she is in danger of losing her mind. Go to her. You are a woman, and will know what to do."

"But I don't know what to do," she said as gravely as he had spoken. "Dr. Dunwiddie, Lorie is so different from other girls, I don't know what to say when she is like that."

"It sounds cruel," he said. "Miss Dora, but it is the only thing that can be done, and is true kindness."

"You are always kind," she said softly, and the soft eyes lifted to his were womanly eyes, and the tender, drooping face was a sweet face to him. "We will take her away from here as soon—as all is over. We return to New York next week, Dr. Dunwiddie. There is so much there to take her mind from these things; the change will be good—better than anything else, will it not?"

"You are going—so soon?" he said, and the grave voice proved the inward control of the tumult in his heart.

"Dora—Dora, will you leave me with no promise, no word of kindness, no hope that I may see you again, have you—love you? You are very kind to every one, Dora Johnson, out of the pure sweetness of your heart—be kind to me and tell me of some kindly thought."

They had forgotten for the moment the girl in the other room. Dora's hands were close up to his, Dora's tender face was lifted up to his with a half shy sweetness upon it. Dora's lips were whispering something, he scarcely knew what, only knew that Dora was giving to him the tender, sweet, womanly heart with its purity and truth—giving this into his keeping to be held, thank God, through all their lives as the sacred thing it was—a woman's tender heart.

Then, by and by—only a minute it might be, yet with a life's change to them—Dora drew away her soft, warm hands, and a new expression was on the sweet face, lifted with its tearful eyes to the face above her.

"I must go to Lorie—Harry," she whispered, and there was a tremor in her low voice born of her great happiness. "I must not forget Lorie—even now."

"Always my thoughtful, tender girl," he said, and the low spoken words brought the deeper color to the smooth cheeks and a gleam of happy light in the lifted gray eyes.

She drew away from him and crossed of the room to the door of the inner room, her heart beating rapturously in spite of the sadness that would come at thought of the sadness of the nobler girl in that still, empty room beyond. But in the doorway she paused, and every thought left her—every thought save of the girl she had come to comfort, the brave, noble true girl who had suffered so much and so long alone.

Young Green had just entered the room from the hall. There had been something in his manner lately that won Dora's deepest respect. The lightness that had made him such a

jolly comrade had given place to a quiet humor that made him a charming companion. She had guessed, watching him, interested in him, loving Dolores as she loved her—she guessed of the thought he had for her, and she honored him loving such a girl as this grave cousin of hers, this girl so slightly spoken of among her own neighbors because of her utter height above them, this girl whom her father had hated with his narrow hatred, this girl the personification of womanliness and truth and purity.

Dolores turned from the window at his approach, and a sudden sharp sense of everything that had gone, everything that must come in the future, struck her like a knife. She turned to him with a bitter cry, holding out her hands as though for help:

"He is dead!" she cried, and the watching girl in the doorway felt the hot tears rush to her eyes at sound of the agonizing voice and the agony on the lifted pallid face. "He is dead, and he does not know I am sorry—he can never know now."

He took her hands in his, and held them close and warm in his strong clasp; his eyes were only full of a great tenderness and love and longing to comfort her; his voice was tender as a woman's when he spoke.

"I think he does know, Dolores. I believe he does know. To whom much is given much shall be required. Therefore, to whom less is given less shall be required. I believe he does know and has forgiven you—and me."

"How can he know?" she cried, and Dora's hand went out to the strong hand near her for strength, watching the lifted icy face before her, never thinking of her eavesdropping, forgetting everything but the agony of the girl. "How can he know when he is dead? When he died before I could tell him—before he could forgive me? Don't you know that my father is dead?"

(To be continued.)

The Kaiser and Art.

The Kaiser's latest role is that of champion of the painters whose pictures have been rejected by the management of the annual German art exhibition. Out of 3,000 pictures offered only 600 have been accepted, and it is alleged that the selections are due to favoritism and improper influences. It is stated that the modern impressionist school is favored at the expense of the other styles.

The painters of the 2,400 rejected pictures laid their grievances before the Emperor, and it appears that their protest has been successful. A high official in the Ministry of Education, Privy Councillor Mueller, who is chiefly responsible for the management of the art exhibition, has quitted his post. It is understood the change is due directly to the Emperor's initiative. It is probable that next year the Emperor intends to participate personally in the selection of pictures, when the impressionists, whom he abhors, will secure less prominence.

She Could Have Her Way.

James Lane Allen tells the story of an old bachelor living in Kentucky, who, having determined to get married, sought the advice of a married friend on this serious step. He spoke of his farm and money and the material advantages of a union with the lady of his choice, but sentiment seemed to have no place in his consideration. After listening carefully to what he had to say on the subject, the married friend asked:

"What if your tastes differed greatly? Suppose, for instance, that she liked Tennyson, and you didn't?"

"Well," responded the bachelor, "under those circumstances, I suppose she could go there."—New York Times.

GROW FOR MANY YEARS.

Not Until Fifty Does a Man Stop Increasing His Stature.

Recent statistics have proved that man's stature increases up to the age of fifty years. This is a refutation of the former belief, according to which men stopped growing at twenty-two or twenty-three.

"Boys and girls," said a surgeon, "vary oddly in the rapidity of their growth. The fastest growth experienced in life comes between the ages of one and five. Boys and girls grow about equally here.

"From five to ten the boys outstrip the girls, but from ten to fifteen the girls outstrip the boys. At eleven and twelve the girls are the boys' superiors in height, and from ten to fifteen they are the boys' superiors in weight.

"But between sixteen and twenty the boys forge ahead, taking at that age a lead which they never again relinquish. The boys cease their perceptible growth at twenty-three; the girls cease theirs at twenty.

"From twenty-three onward to fifty, men, however, continue to grow—no observations have been made on women—though this growth is, of course, slight. They also increase slowly in weight; but from fifty to sixty their weight increases very rapidly.

"Male strength increases most markedly from the age of twelve to that of nineteen; from nineteen to thirty it increases more slowly. From thirty onward it begins very slowly to decline.

"Female strength increases most rapidly from nine to nineteen; then slowly to thirty; and after thirty the decline begins."—Stray Stories.

Economize in Reading.

A French doctor affirms that the human brain is overtaxed by the professional writers. We have no consideration for the poor reader, says the Illustrated London News, but force him to labor through involved sentences, intricate spelling, much repetition and very long words. The doctor suggests that if we must use a long word like "tuberculosis" we should not inflict its appalling length upon the reader more than once, but indicate it by the initial letter "t." By this process an article might contain a large number of initial letters, and the reader would be constantly harking back to find what words begin with "p" and "q." Economy of time, says the French reformer, is most essential in reading. When you can make your meaning plainer by a diagram do not bother the public with the delicacies of your prose. I read a book lately by a professor of literature who turned much of Shakespeare into triangles and showed that one of his plots was a parallelogram. This was done, no doubt, in the interests of simplification, although the "s" of the "p" could scarcely have been apparent to a reader who chanced to be in a hurry. If you do not know what the "s" of the "p" means you had better economize your time by reading this paragraph all over again.

Alas!

"Will you let me kiss you?" They sat side by side in the gloaming, quite close to each other, yet not so close but that it might have been possible to be closer. The sun had gone down behind the western hills, and the faint shadow of twilight was beginning to suggest itself in the recesses of the hills.

He was patient. He said to himself he would wait.

She did not answer, but looked out into the clear sky and the fleecy clouds as they sailed along the horizon. Of what was she thinking, he wondered, as he sat there. But never mind what it was, he would not hurry her. He would wait.

The distant call of the owl was heard, and along the lane in the distance came a procession of cows home from the pasture.

For a long time they sat thus, in deep silence, until she turned her eyes to his, wondering, questioning.

"Well?" he asked at last. "Will you?"

And she gathered herself up and prepared to leave.

"It is too late—now!" she said.—Smart Set.

Dog Had a Purpose.

Darkey language is not always elegant or grammatical, but it sometimes has a force which is unique. Some young men were standing in Fairmount park the other evening admiring a bull dog belonging to one of their party when a small white dog appeared. The bull dog pounced upon him, and in an instant the air resounded with the howls of the dog and the voices of the men trying to rescue the smaller animal. Finally the men succeeded in extricating the victim, which immediately flew down the road, the other dog in hot pursuit.

The crowd stood watching the race with breathless attention, when a colored man shouted, "He won't ketch him! He won't ketch him! Dat adder dog's got a purpose, he shuah has."

True enough, the dog "with a purpose" escaped.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Lost Occasion.

Farewell, fair day and fading light; The clay-born here, with westward sight, Marks the huge sun now downward soar, Farewell. We wain shall meet no more.

Farewell, I watch with bursting sigh My late contented occasion die, I linger useless in my tent; Farewell, fair day, so foolishly spent!

Farewell, fair day. If any God At all consider this poor clod, He who the fair occasion sent Prepared and placed the impediment, Let him divine vengeance take— Give me to sleep, give me to wake Jirded and shod, and bid me play The hero in the coming day! —Robert Louis Stevenson.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS LESSON

Lesson IV., October 25—David's Joy over Forgiveness.—Psalm 32.

Golden Text—Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.—Psalm 32:1.

First Stanza.—Vs. 1, 2. The Theme. The Blessedness of being Forgiveness.

The Words Expressing Sin. Transgression—sin—iniquity, describing sin in different aspects. There are in the Bible nine terms for sin—debts, missing the mark, lawlessness, disobedience, transgression, fault (moral aberration), defeat, impiousness, disharmony or discord. For all these kinds of sin we need forgiveness. And there are as many words for forgiveness as for sin—forgive, remit, send away, cover up, blot out, destroy, wash away, cleanse, make them as if they had never been. "Transgression." This word in the original means breaking loose from God and the restraints of his law; hence, rebellion against him.

The Words Expressing Forgiveness. "Is forgiven." Literally, taken away, as a burden (see Ex. 34:7; John 1:29). The load of sin that burdens the conscience, like Cain's mark too great for him to bear, is taken away. "Covered." Hidden from sight of God and man, blotted out of the book of God's remembrance; as in an account book the name of the debtor is obliterated, and the debt canceled. If we cover them, there is no blessedness; but if God cover them, they are hid forever. "When the world forgives, it is at no pains to cover the sin." He is tolerated rather than blessed. But God covers the sin, and gives a new chance.

"Imputeth not." Not reckoned against him, as debts are in the creditor's book, to be collected in due time; removed from the docket of the court, so that the case will never be called up. "In whose spirit there is no guile," no deceitfulness. "The condition of forgiveness on man's part is absolute sincerity."

Second Stanza.—Vs. 3, 4. Vain Efforts for Peace while the Sin is Concealed. "When I kept silence." Trying to hide his sin; refusing to acknowledge it to himself, to others, or to God. "My bones" (the most solid and enduring part of his body) "waxed" (became increasingly) old. Exhausted, enfeebled, worn out. The secret sin wore him out and made him sick. "Through my roaring all the day long." The figure is drawn from the loud and unrestrained outcries of one suffering intolerable and unremitting pain. He was enduring an agony which forced from him sobs and groans that he could not stifle. And this was without cessation. There is no pain to be compared to that of a thoroughly awakened conscience.—Prof. W. H. Green.

"Thy hand was heavy upon me." God would not leave him to go on in sin. God's hand was heavy upon him in chastisement in order to bring him into a better mind, as a father chastises his child in love (Heb. 12:6-11). The consequences of sin are one measure of its greatness, and the severity of punishment showed David how abominable his sin was in God's sight. "My moisture is turned into," etc. He was like a tree or landscape dried up in a drought. These terms express either his physical sickness or the languishing of his spiritual life. All the freshness was gone from his spirit; all of the joy and delight of living was taken away; his graces faded. Unconfessed, unforgiven sin is a terrible torment, and gives to the sinner sometimes in this world a foretaste of the terrors to come. "Sin," says Prof. Vincent, "is not covered because we cover it from ourselves. God covers sin only when he frankly uncovers it."

Third Stanza.—V. 5. Peace through Confession and Forgiveness. "Acknowledged . . . not hid . . . confess." The three words expressing the completeness and thoroughness of the confession. Nothing was withheld. "True confession implies your viewing that fact (of sin) in the same light in which God views it." "And thou forgavest." God loves to forgive, and he will forgive as soon as the sinner comes to that state of mind when forgiveness will do good to him, and at least not injure others. The atonement of Christ and the condition on which forgiveness can be granted—faith in him—are to induce sinners to repent, and to prevent his forgiveness from increasing the sin of the world.

The first great need of each human being is the forgiveness of sins. A religion that cannot assure us of God's forgiveness is a vain religion.

Forgiveness is not merely the taking away of the punishment of sin, but it is restoration to the family of God, to his favor, to the enjoyment of his love, as children and heirs of God. Sin unforgiven shuts us away from God; we cannot look him in the face. We cannot feel at home and at peace in the presence of our Father.

Forgiveness does not remove all kinds of consequences of sin. But it does remove the sin itself, the love of sin, and the punishment of sin. There were, indeed, certain consequences of David's sin which repentance, no matter how deep and sincere, could not remove.

Repentance could not ward off the bitter trouble to come from his polygamous household in the death by the sword of two of his grown-up sons; it could not preserve Bathsheba's child alive; it could not bring Uriah back from the dead; it could not keep some from blaspheming the name of God (2 Sam. 12:14) down to the latest ages. There are some results of sin which even forgiveness does not remove—at least, in this world. Still, the consequences were greatly modified by his repentance.

Sin is forgiven for Christ's sake, because he has by his atonement made it possible for God to be just, and yet justify (forgive) those who believe. The atonement removes the evil which would come upon the individual and upon the community if free pardon were offered to all, without this preparation and condition.

Fourth Stanza.—V. 6. David's Experience Brings Hope to All. "For this." On account of this experience of David. "Every one that is godly." "That is the object of God's gracious love, and is filled with pious affection in return"; every good man, whose general desire is to do right, and yet falls into sin, every one who seeks God's forgiveness. "In a time when thou mayest be found." Before it is too late, for there is a delay which leads to a time of not finding (Prov. 1:28). The disease may become incurable. There is a "too late" as in the case of the foolish virgins. Not that God's forgiveness fails, but man makes his own heart too hard. "Surely in the floods of great waters." The trouble, the disaster, the consciousness of guilt, the punishments for sin come like a sudden and overwhelming mountain torrent. "They shall not come nigh unto him." That is, the waters shall not reach him, because he is too far above them, in some safe shelter. God's forgiving love, shown to us in Jesus Christ, is his safety and defense.

Fifth Stanza.—V. 7. One Blessing of the Forgiveness—Safety. "Thou art my hiding place." Where the floods of trouble cannot find him. "An allusion to those rocky fortresses and crags inaccessible to an enemy, which were sought in times of danger."—Barnes. "Thou shalt preserve me from trouble." How? By forgiveness, by removing the punishment, by bringing good out of evil, by turning defeats into victories. "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance." As he was besieged on every side with troubles, so on every side there would be victories and songs to celebrate them. Wherever there had been a sin, there was a song of forgiveness; wherever a temptation, a song of deliverance; wherever an enemy, a song of victory.

Sixth Stanza.—Vs. 8, 9. Another Blessing—Guidance. "I will instruct thee." David's experience is God's text. If any go astray it is because they will not listen to God's instruction. "I will guide thee with mine eye." My look shall show you the way. I will keep watch over you; mine eye will ever be upon you, not to watch for faults, but for guidance.

"Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule." "Irrational animals, who are guided by force and not by reason."—Murphy. Sin is always irrational; to sin is to act without understanding. "Bit and bridle." Instead of noble, moral influences, God will govern men by reason, if they are willing to be so governed; by force, if they reject his words. "Lest they come near unto thee." Better as in R. V., "else they will not come near unto thee," will not be subject to your control, in harmony with your purposes.

Seventh Stanza.—Vs. 10, 11. An Exhortation. "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked," and he cannot escape them or gain the victory over them so long as he remains wicked. Evil will pursue and overtake him. "But he that trusteth in the Lord." He receives mercy, because faith or trust implies that he has forsaken and confessed his sin, hates it, and has come back to his Father an obedient child, led and saved by Jesus Christ. Therefore only those who believe can be saved. "Mercy shall compass him about." Mercy, God's loving-kindness, is around him on all sides, as the circumference of a sphere is about the center, so that in no direction can harm come to him.

"Be glad in the Lord . . . ye righteous." Not those who have never sinned, but those who, having been pardoned, are now loving and serving God. Who shall say that religion makes good people unhappy and dull?

Federal Grand Jury Indicts.

CLEVELAND, O.—The federal grand jury here returned indictments against Michael Gilbo, Percy Laubach, J. G. Lyon and David G. Armstrong, rubber manufacturers of Akron, who were recently arrested on complaint of Anthony Comstock and charged with sending contraband goods through the mails. No indictments were found against J. C. Frank and J. T. Diehm, charged with the same offense, they being completely exonerated.

Appeals for Relief Funds.

LONDON.—The archbishop of Canterbury has issued an appeal urgently representing the necessity for subscriptions to the Macedonian relief fund.

Will Be Settled Peaceably.

BERLIN.—Count Inoye, the Japanese minister, says everything in the dispute between Japan and Russia will be settled amicably.