## THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Author of "At a Girl's Mercy," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXII.-Continued.

now better than he ever could have hyar list'nin' ter yer men talk." known from your telling, and I know he has forgotten us."

There were sweetness and solemnity in the young man's voice as he bent above the beautiful cold face that | said, slowly: caused Dora to catch her breath in sudden comprehending of the depth of the kindly heart, as he slowly repeated, the touch on the girl's hands very tender, the light in the loving eyes entering into her very soul:

There is no death. What seems so is This life of mortal breath s but a suburb of the life elysian. Whose portal we call death.'

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

"That Girl of Johnson's." Dora was standing at the well at Dolores' old home with her husband, waiting for Dolores and Charlie Green, who had gone at the girl's request to the opposite mountain. It was a strange freak of Dolores', but with the usual simple acquiescence in any wish of hers they had gone, and here Dora and her husband were waiting for their return at the girl's old home.

But it was not the home of the girl's remembrance. The garden was in fine order and the fence well built; 'no longer did the gate swing on its rusty, rickety hinges. The enterprising chickens were scratching among the shrubs at the back of the house, but not a chicken dared show its face at the front of the neat little house where Jim Lodie and Cinthy livedthe two young penole who had always had a kindly thought for its former mistress.

Dora was standing at the well watching her husband as he swung the bucket down among the cool shadows, her sweet face, grown more womanly and holding a deeper meaning in every delicate line. She stood on tiptoe to look down and follow the flight of the bucket, but even standing so she scarcely reached to his shoulder. She turned her pretty head on one side as a bird might do, and said, with an air that convulsed her husband, though there was a deeper and hat, standing so, with his hand upon more tender meaning to her words that he would not let her know he understood.

"The course of true love never did run smooth-and look at that poor the solving of her own harsh heartbucket, Hal. You are fairly beating lessness in accusing her father when the life out of it against the sides of none other save the man at her side the well."

the luckless bucket. "You had better out because your cousin will not love her friend-all thought save an intense softly: him, Dot. Is she never going to be good to him for his faithfulness, dear? He deserves a good life and a good woman, Dora; even your cousin cannot deny that."

"Don't talk of Lorie as though she were heartless, Harry," Dora said, her arm, while she fought-and wonsolftly, with one of her swift wistful perhaps a struggle that few are called glances up to his face. "Lorie is not like other girls."

The other two having passed down out of the settlement, followed by the half scornful eyes of the men at the tavern, crossed the rotten bridge over the river and ascended the opposite height, and an indescribable grandeur mountain slowly among the bent bushes and mysterious mists that held in their hiding the snares of grave eyes as though the peace sought death and the pitfalls that lay in wait-

"Thar goes thet gal o' Johnsing's." Tom Smith said, with a rough break of laughter in his deep voice. "What en ther world she's goin' ower yander fer beats me holler."

"Goin' ter say her prayers ower her feyther's grave, I reckon," joined in Hiram Sadler, coarsely, but the answering laughter on Smith's lips never passed them as Jones turned his indignant eyes upon them, removing his pipe from his lips to make reply.

"Et 'pears to me," he said, slowly, with an emphasis that hushed their of her life, all the thoughts and sormirth, "thet ye might hev gained a mite o' respec' an' kindly feelin' arfter all these years sence Johnsing died.



"Lorie is not like other girls." all she's done ay 's still doin' fer us | 1 love you-give me the answer to the in the case of the animals."

ye ain't so welcome ter this tav'n as "Yes," he said, gently, "I know he is ye were. An' ye ken take et as ye dead, Dolores, but after death all will. Thet's all I've got ter speak, an' things are made straight. He knows now my mind's better'n when I sot

> A flush came even through the tan of rough Sadler's face, and Smith shuffled his feet upon the gravel and knocked the ashes from his pipe as he

> "Thanke 'ee, Jones, Wes been frien's nigh onter fo'ty year, an' fer my part I ain't a-goin' ter 'low sech triffin' words ter kem atween we. Hyar's my hand on 't. I ain't mebby so onfrien'l to'rd D'lores es ye 'pear ter thenk. Wes all say thengs 't wes don't mean, an' mebby thet's ther way of us. Eh

Sadler nodder bis grisly head slowly. He wasn't so frank spoken as Smith nor perhaps so kind-hearted under his rough speech. Smith said many rough things, but he would have done much also.

And young Green, holding Dolores warm hand closely in his to assist her up the rough, seldom trodden path under the bending boughs and ghastly mists, was thinking of the many years she had lived there in the stolld settlement with not one friend in all the world save, it might be, the rough, unspoken kindliness of Jim Lodie and Cinthy. And with his kindly eyes upon the grave, beautiful face he could but wonder how such a life could yield such a marvel of womanliness and tenderness.

It was a strange freak of hers, no doubt, this wish to once again stand upon the brink of her father's death, but how could he, loving her, dissuade her from a desire so intense as this was shown by the pleading of the dark eyes? And so they had come, and, standing in the very place where she stood years before, with the misty, mysterious gulf at her feet and the broken glimpses of blue heaven through the floating mist, a touch of grief and pleading and tenderness came over the pure, pale face that caused this man, loving her, to bow his head as one involuntarily bows the head before the chancel with the touch of an indescribable holiness brooding above. And he removed his her round arm as she stood immovable searching the terrible death below her, as though for the solving of the bitterness of her life, as though for and others with wicked intent, charged and wide eyes that hushed all other desire and longing to take her into his arms and soothe this agony of bitterness and shield her all her life long from any touch of pain, any touch of life's harshness. But he waited silently with bent head, his hand upon upon to fight, that few would conquer. Then the eyes, widened with agony, were lifted from the depths of horror and mystery seeking the broken bits of blue heaven through the mist of the tangled pines upon the and beauty gradually grew upon the lifted face and in the depths of the had been won, and the bitterness of years was buried never again to be resurrected in all the life before her,

the steady arm he held. And he waited for her to speak. All her life passed her in review as she stood there conscious even though the bitterness of this warm, kindly friend at her side-all the bitterness and pain and humiliation and struggle rows and struggles, and when at last she turned facing this friend, the change upon her face was as though an angel had touched her standing there, and life's suffering had passed from her, life's struggles and pain, and left only the touch of heavenly fingers

never again to shadow, as it had done,

the love and life of this friend beside

her. And he, guessing in part the

thoughts in her heart, made no move-

ment save a more tender hold upon

upon the eyes and mouth. One of her slow, radiant smiles broke the sadness of her face as she laid her hand upon the hand on her arm as she said softly, a new intonation even in the low voice:

"You mustn't be so good to me, Charlie; I ought to suffer alone sometimes. You cannot realize how much I deserve it."

He laid his other hand warmly over this soft hand on his arm, a new light on his face, and in his eyes that caused a sudden drooping of the face in the light of the sunset.

"You deserve to suffer!" there was an intensity in his voice born from watching the suffering on her face, and from the suffering in his own soul. You deserve to suffer. Dolores Johnson! If there is need for your suffering how much more should I suffer who was equal with you in thinking Et do 'pear ter me 't ye might keep the unkind thoughts? Come away yer mouth shet ef ye ken only say from this terrible place, Doloressech spiteful thengs. Ise only got leave all these old bitter memories these ter say ter ye, Sadler, an' ter ye, here in the weird shadows and mists | powerful radium near their heads, say too. Smith-ef ye kyan't say kind only fit for them, and give your life on a pillow at night, or near the spinal old building. During its erection our thengs o' the gal o' Johnsing's arfter to my keeping, tell me you love me as cord, and thus produce paralysis as

question I asked so long ago, Lorie, under the light of your heavens, under the tender light of your stars ere you left me for your new life and pos sible forgetfulness."

She met his eyes gravely and square ly, though the new light of tenderness was still in them as she said, slowly, with almost her old slowness:

"The happiness of a man's life does not altogether depend on the love of a woman, Charlie."

"To a great extent, darling." "But even if I should tell you 'no, you would be happy after a while, Charlie. Time beals everything."

"Not everything, Lorie." "Yes, everything," she said, decidedly. "You know that time heals everything, Charlie-even the old pain

of unforgiveness." "Hush!" he said, swiftly, and his hands on both her arms as he held her facing him, were trembling with the wish to hold her free from pain. "You are never to say such things again, dearest. Let those things pass. You have suffered enough for them, and God will lay His great tenderness over them."

She was silent a moment, as though reading his inmost thought, the lifted eyes grave and searching and tender Then she turned from the gruesome chasm buried at her feet in its treach



"I am sure I want you."

erous shroud of mist, and said, softly, with a tenderness that touched him deeply:

"God is very good, Charlie. I cannot doubt his tenderness. All my life I will leave in his hands as you sayall my life, past as well as future." Then presently she added:

"Let us go, Charlie. I leave here buried in the heart of His mountains the bitterness that has shadowed not only my life but the lives of those who love me. The mountains are His

and my life is His." But as they paused for an instant on the rotten bridge with the waters sobbing at their feet, black with the "Poor thing!" said the big fellow, in him with crime. And there was an slime and smoke of the town, she laid a tone that implied scant sympathy for agony dawning over the pallid face her hand earnestly upon his arm, and lifting her grave face to his, flushing say that Charlie is eating his heart | thought for the time in the heart of | with its new tenderness, she added.

> "You have been so good to me always, Charlie! Are you sure-sure you do want nobody but that girl of Johnson's? I come with empty hands, you know."

He smiled into the quivering face and wide, searching eyes and he answered her, taking her two hands in his closely as though he would never again let them go from him:

"I am sure, sure that I want you, Dolores Johnson, more than any woman in God's beautiful world. Your hands may be empty hands, but they are beautiful in the work they do and have done for others, for even these cruel people here who would have ruined your sweet life, and the woman who, now your uncle's wife, would have stained her hands forever for the darkening of your heart."

And what could she say? And the lights of the sunset were very tender over them as they crossed the bridge and passed up along the road through the settlement where the changes of her working had given an air of neatness and home life and widening of view, with its school and church and kindly touch of neighborliness; and as they passed the tavern where Jones and his comrades still sat with their pipes in lazy enjoyment, the men gave greeting with a new touch of kindliness that went to the heart of the girl who had lived her twenty years among them uncared for and unloved. And the eyes of her lover were brilliant with the depth of his thought for her, and his arm was strong to guide and guard her through any pats the future might bring, and never again could this pale, beautiful girl of Johnson's suffer alone or bear her life's burdens outside of the pale of tenderest love.

(The End.)

### Possibilities of Radium.

Mr. Hammer, who was formerly coadjutor of Edison, has produced with radium a partial paralysis of the fish known as the electric ray, so that it could give no further shocks. He has, with the radium, paralyzed small fish so that they have been drowned. or at least died. In talking of this experiment, Mr. Hammer called attention to the experiments of Prof. Curie and others recently in Paris, in which guinea pigs, mice and rabbits were paralyzed and later killed by placing radium near the spinal column "It is perfectly reasonable to suppose." said Mr. Hammer, "that reople's brains might be paralyzed by putting





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employe and customer; and consists of extracts taken by permission from the copyrighted letters, the lectures, notebooks and libraries of Earl M. Pratt, Oak Park, Illinois. He is hunting the chole world over for information of every day use to you, and he regrets his inability, personally to reply to contributors. So far as possible he withes to have in this space the very idea you would like to findhere. You are at liberty to send him any suggestion you may care to. His collec-tion was started in 1872 and now contains un-published information dating back to 1796, with systematic plans extending to 1953. Your short story of some example of forethought given to him may prove to be your most valuable gift to

#### Forethought can be grown like wheat after we know how.

A HUNDRED-DOLLAR DINNER.

A couple of years ago there came to me a beautifully printed invitation reading as follows: "The committee of management requests the pleasure of your company at dinner on Thursday evening. Important plans will be presented relating to the approaching celebration." I went, I saw and was conquered. The banquet was in the interest of an old debt. During the dramatic appeals and after the many courses of gastric endangerers, I remarked that I thought the friends of my department would give them a hundred dollars. The two secretaries in charge of the subject replied that they would help me if necessary get that amount.

Failure.

By experience I found my plan for getting the money did not work. One young man told me that I would be in better business if I were collecting money for the debt on his new house. Nearly every one seemed to think I was holding him up.

Then came the following: "I am instructed to write you with reference to your pledge of one hundred dollars. I shal! be glad to have an expression from you within a few days so that I may report to the committee. We are in special need of funds at present, and of course nothing would be more acceptable than the money. Very truly yours, Secretary." To which I replied: "The plan I had for getting and it is not wise for me to promise when I can pay it, though I have not

abandened it.' Trouble. When the secretary saw me he twitted me of repudiating my signature. At another time I hinted that he was using the lowest form of commercial promotion, jollying, in securing signatures. We had plenty of arguments pro and con. Finally we decided that he should write me a letter such as he thought that I should have written him, and then I should reply to it as I thought he should have written me. This is what he sent me: "Mr. Secretary: Dear Sir-I write you concerning the pledge I made to give or raise one hundred dollars toward removing the floating debt. When I made this pledge, about a year ago, I thought I had a plan whereby the amount could be easily secured. The plan has fallen through, however, and I only succeeded in getting three dollars. I comply with the conditions of my pledge and must confess somewhat to a feeling of chagrin that I have fallen so far short of meeting my obligations. I still consider myself bound to keep the agreement, however, although I am obliged to ask you to grant me an extension of time. It is impossible for me to say just when I will secure the money but as I am troubled very much about the matter you may be sure that it is my purpose to do this work at the earliest possible moment. Please tell me what you think of this, and I should also be grateful for any suggestions you may make as to how I could go about raising such a sum of money. I have not had much experience soliciting money and not being very well acquainted with your work and the reasons why business men should contribute to it, I found myself handicapped to a considerable extent. Trusting you will appreciate the spirit in which I write this letter, I remain, very truly yours."

The Other Letter.

In the sample letter I sent him there were blank spaces left for special information for me from him. The following is the complete letter: "Dear Sir-Your favor of the 6th inst. concerning your pledge of one hundred dollars to the debt fund is received. We are simply experiencing what many others have been through, and I am as anxious to assist you in making your plan to secure one hundred do!lars succeed as I am to get the one hundred dollars. In reply to your question concerning the indebtedness which now rests upon us the most of which is funded, would say this was created as follows: The present building was erected on the site of the work was interrupted and the membership greatly reduced as there were few think-what is your opinion?

building with floating bills new amounting to \$5,000 and an additional indebtedness of \$5,000 was at once incurred in the purchase of equipment. During the next two years the work was conducted on a scale commensurate with the plant. Owing to the hard times the membership was not as large as expected and there was a deficit in two years of an additional \$7 .-500. Every year since then we have paid all bills, including the interest on this indebtedness, which we are now undertaking to remove. Your understanding that the payments were due when all had been secured must have resulted from a lack of sufficient explanation, which I very much regret. The agreement in the subscription book which you signed is certainly very clear on this point. The wording of this agreement is as follows: 'We, the undersigned, hereby agree to give or raise the sums set opposite our respective names toward a fund of \$17,-500 for liquidating the entire floating indebtedness of --- and we guarantee the payment of the sums in equal installments on the following dates: While this is practically the same as a noninterest bearing note very few regard it in the same way and as a matter of fact we would not undertake to collect

privileges to offer. We entered the

by legal means in a case like this. But we need not talk about the negative side of this question; you are going to get that money and if we can help you as well as we would like to you are going to make your original plans work successfully. It is easier to get money for some things than for an old debt, which is like burying an old horse. Nevertheless it is something which ought to be done and we can never be truly successful as long as this indebtedness hangs as a millstone around our neck. There are men who like tackling difficult jobs and conquering them. Regarding the reasons why business men should subscribe to our work the following seem to me among the best: First, next to the church and the home it is a great moral force in the community, the value of whose restraining and upbuilding it is impossible to overesti-Commercial Value. Every business man should have a

part in maintaining such a work. Second it is a work of prevention, an ounces of which we are told is worth a pound of cure. Most business men prefer to give ten dollars to keep a young man from going wrong than to be taxed a hundred dollars for taking care of him after he has gone wrong. That kind of a proposition appeals to a business man. Third, it provides a suitable place for young men to spend their leisure hours. An employer of young men is not worried about the honesty, sobrlety and faithfulness of those employes who he knows are members of our work, and spend their leisure time at our building. They are anxious about the young men who patronize questionable resorts and lead a life where the temptation to live beyond one's means is often responsible for loss by theft and defalcation. These men know this and spend much money for private detectives to study the habits of their trusted employes to find out just how they spend their time and money. Finally, as to the methods of soliciting, I would say it is best to ask for what you would like and take what you can get. Most solicitors make a mistake by not asking for a large enough sum and in a way that suggests that they are extending a privilego rather than asking a favor, or perpetrating a hold-up. Try to find men who have money and who are not regret very much that I am unable to | common marks for every one with a subscription paper. It is better and more economical to cultivate a few intelligent givers for large amounts than a great number of givers for smaller sums. The whole question of getting a man to give money is an extremely difficult one. Some men seem to be naturally en-lowed for this work, but it is also clear that others can acquire it. I am confident that if you do not consider yourself in the first class you will soon be numbered among the second. Very truly yours, Secretary." What might have caused us to forever disrespect each other may on this plan of exchanging letters prove mutually helpful and encourage us to do what we want to do.

### CORRECTING ERRORS.

"Let mud dry before brushing it off from your clothing."

This sentence is from Spurgeon, I

believe, and as near as I can give it. My friend the desk editor of a trade magazine and the bookkeeper were just discussing correcting errors. The bookkeeper thinks you are likely to make things worse by paying attention to errors. There is certainly a right time to do it if it is to be done. The editor recently got a sarcastic letter from a man to whom he had written a polite inquiry regarding an office error. The bookkeeper thinks it is best to ignore errors all you can. If they are likely to cause trouble if not corrected it seems to me the right time and method should be found for correction. The bookkeeper says that calling attention to errors is likely to cause coolness which would not otherwise occur.

But by not correcting some errors you are likely to cause something worse than coolness. That is what I REPRESENTATION First chapters of A. L. Harris' most powerful novel

# The FATAL REQUEST Or. FOUND OUT

will be published in these columns **NEXT WEEK** 

Don't miss the beginning of this fascinating story

TONIC WAS TOO POPULAR.

Why Farmer Quit Mixing Wild Cherries and Whisky.

"The wild cherry gathering that has been in order during the past month for the purpose of making wine," remarked the old lady with a good memory, "reminds me of my childhood on my grandfather's farm. There was especial excitement at this season of the year, for wild cherry meant that he whole family, together with hired helpers, went out to the wild cherry trees either to work or enjoy the excitement. The men carried an immense sheet made for the purpose and spread it under a tree, 'an' our hired man,' as James Whitcomb Riley poetically puts it, would climb the tree ud shake from it a veritable shower of the small, dark fruit. Oh, no, it wasn't for wine. Happily, my grandfather lived in a malarial district, where a good, sharp tonic was necessary the year 'round, so these cherries were dumped into a barrel of whisky, which was presently converted into so efficacious a tonic that It's a wonder the cellar stairs weren't worn out during the winter. I must say, in justice to my grandfather, however, that, noting the effect the 'tonic' had upon his men, he not only turned his back on whisky and gave the birds carte blanche in the wild cherry trees, but he absolutely refused to sell his barley crop to a brewer, whatever this particular principle might cost him."

MEDICAL THEORY IN INDIA.

Simple Rules by Which Practitioner Was Guided.

While in the city last week, Dr. Bertha Caldwell of India told some anecdotes of the doctors of that country. One day she was riding in the cars with a Mohammedan doctor. She asked him what kind he was -an allopathist, a homeopathist, or an osteopath. He answered: "I don't know."

Dr. Caldwell asked him how he practiced and what kind of medicine he gave. Opening up a box he carried, he exhibited seven bottles containing liquids of all colors of the rainbow.

"You see," said the Mohammedan doctor, "fever makes the patient red, and then I give him red medicine. A cold makes him blue, and then I give him blue medicine. If he is bilious he is yellow, and then I give him yellow medicine." And thus he went on to the end. She remarked: "You must be a homeopathist."

"Imagine my amusement," said Dr. Caldwell, "when, on walking down the street the next day, I saw this sign in front of the doctor's door:

.........

"Gee-ul-whiz, Servant of God. "Homeopathist."

-Pittsburg Post. IN HASTE TO VERIFY ARTICLE.

But Newspaper Reporter Was Late in Arriving.

When New York reporters went to Westchester last week to ask the Rev. Dr. Richard Mattice, a Presbyterian clergyman there, whether it was true that he had resigned from a co-operative grocery store, run in connection

with his church, the clergyman said: "Yes, it is true, and I am glad you came to verify the rumor before publishing it. I had a different experience with the secular press when I started the co-operative store. One of the religious papers printed an elaborate article about the venture, with pictures. When the edition was about exhausted a reporter from the paper came to see me about it, and sat while I read the article through.

"Well," he asked, "is it correct?" "H-m, yes," I replied; "there are a few mistakes, but-"

"It is correct in substance, isn't it?" he interrupted. "You have really started a co-operative store?

"Oh, yes," I said, "that one fact is

"Well, I am glad of it," he concluded. "Our paper likes to get things straight, and goes to a great deal of trouble to verify an article. I shall be grateful if you will mention that fact to your congregation.-New York Times.

Believes in Physical Training. The duchess of Marlborough be-

lieves strongly in physical training for children and her own two sons, the marquis of Blanford and his little brother, Ivor Charles, are undergoing a course of instruction daily at Blenbeim palace.

Fortunate.

Percy-I-aw-wondah why Miss winsom is-aw-always out when I call?"

Jack-Oh, that girl was born under lucky star.