

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Author of "At a Girl's Merc's," etc.

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1920 by Street & Smith, In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XIV.

Bacon and Eggs.

Dolores slept, not because of young Green's wish that she should sleep, but because she was worn out from watching and anxiety, and fell into a dreamless slumber almost as soon as her head touched the pillow; and it was broad daylight when she again woke to every-day life.

She bathed her face in cold water. When she was dressed she went out to the other room.

Mrs. Allen had kindled a fire on the hearth, and the kettle was singing cheerily over the leaping flames; the coffee filled the room with fragrance. As Dolores entered she spoke pleasantly to her, noting the faint trace of color in the cheeks and the brightness of the brave dark eyes.

"Good morning, Dolores. Breakfast will be ready on the table in a moment if you are ready."

The girl looked steadily into the kindly eyes opposite, her own very searching.

"How is my father?"

"Asleep, Miss Johnson—asleep and quiet. It is the best thing for him."

Dolores turned away and went out to the entry preparing to go in the rain. For she took the pail and went to the shed to milk Brindle. Mrs. Allen passed at the window to watch her, though she was a grotesque figure striding through the storm with her father's hat on, and the boots pathetically out of place on her feet. The nurse shook her head as she went back into the room setting the dishes and preparing the bacon and eggs for the doctors beyond the closed doors.

Dolores was drenched when she reached the shed, but she minded it apparently not at all. She pushed back the shawl and drew the three-legged stool out of the corner. The streams of milk in the pail joined in with the rain against the windows. It was half gloom in the shed. When the pail was full Dolores pulled down some hay from the mow overhead and Brindle lurched her broad, soft nose in it with a deep breath of content.

The girl carried the foaming milk to the house, and strained it into pans, the nurse watching her curiously. Then she prepared the feed for the chickens and went out to feed them. When she returned to the house Mrs. Allen removed her wet clothing and requested her to change her gown, hers was so wet and dragged.

Dolores looked at her in surprise. She was in the habit of performing these duties rain or shine, and it never harmed her; rain was but rain. It might be that she was used to it was the reason why she did not mind it. The other women of the settlement did the same, and not one of them feared a wetting; they gave no thought to it; they knew nothing better; the rain came or the sun, and the work was done; doubtless the men would have been surprised had the women complained. She moved from her companion to the fire.

She said slowly, motioning toward the closed door beyond as though it were the only thought in her mind.

"They have their breakfast," Mrs. Allen said. She placed the food on the table and drew up the chairs cozily.

"Come, dear," she said, the motherly tone returning to her voice, "let us have our breakfast. I think your uncle will come over this morning in spite of the rain, and I don't want him to see such a pale little face. They will want their breakfast."

The voice of the nurse broke in on her thoughts. "The tone expressed great relief. Dolores' fingers instinctively tightened around the book she held.

"Your uncle is coming, Dolores. I knew he would come. If Dora could not come she would send for you. She told me so herself. I am thankful he is here."

A closed carriage stopped at the gate; the team of powerful bays were covered in rubber blankets; their hoofs were heavy with mud; the body of the carriage was splashed, the wheels clogged. When the door was opened a gentleman alighted—a short, stout gentleman wrapped in a rubber coat, with high boots and a close gray cap. He struggled a moment with the rickety gate, and then hurried up the drenched walk.

Mrs. Allen tapped lightly on the bedroom door, and Charlie and Dr. Dunwiddie came out at once. They met the new-comer at the door with a few hurried words. Young Green took his coat and hat, and hung them in the entry to drip.

Dolores had not changed her position; she still stood at the dresser, the book closely clasped in her hands as though a friend. When her uncle advanced toward her she eyed him searchingly.

She was disappointed in him; there was nothing remarkable about him; he was short and stout; she did not like, short, stout men; his face was florid, his hair red.

Placing his two hands on her shoulders he turned her toward the light, eyeing her keenly.

"And this is Joe's girl," he said. She disliked him at once; her wide brown eyes met his blue ones so rarely, but the eager light had died from them, they were cold and calm; he could see no farther than the surface. Her mouth, too, was straight and un-

frown wrinkled his forehead; he wished she were well out of the house.

"Glad to see you, Charlie; I was beginning to think you were called away to some urgent case. I beg your pardon, Miss Johnson."

"It is strange," Dolores said slowly, when Dolores spoke. "It is strange," she repeated, slowly and distinctly, her voice filling every corner of the long, low room. "He is my father; why can I not see him? Why does no one tell me of him? Surely I should know. They think I cannot nurse my father; do I not know his ways better than anyone else's? Why can I not see him? Even he, with a slow motion of her hand toward young Green, 'puts me off when I ask about him. You can tell me if you will.'"

Her solemn eyes were on Dr. Dunwiddie's face; she trusted him instinctively; she knew he would tell her the truth.

"You shall see him," the doctor replied, quietly, as though it were a matter of little moment. "He is sleeping now, Miss Johnson; as soon as he wakes you shall see him. Your uncle will be here this morning, but unless your father is awake he cannot see him. Are you ready, Charlie?"

"Yes," young Green replied, his eyes on Dolores' face. He crossed over to her side as Dr. Dunwiddie left the room.

"I am glad you slept last night, Miss Johnson," he said. "I brought this, thinking you might like to read it. It is full of new facts regarding the stars—they have discovered a new star, or think they have. The wise men of science are puzzling their heads over it."

The girl's soul was in her eyes as she lifted them to his as he stood beside her, and his heart ached for her, knowing the truth to which she was shut out.

"They will not let me see my father," she said, slowly, her eyes searching his face as though to read there in why this thing should be.

He smiled reassuringly, and laid his strong hand over hers, resting upon the dresser, though a shadow was in his eyes for very pity of the tender, wondering face lifted to his.

"We are doing the best we can for your father, Dolores, and as soon as he wakes you shall see him. You believe me? I would not tell you an untruth, you know. And why should I?"

"There is no reason," she said, and the lashes drooped disappointedly over the dark eyes. "Do they think I could not bear to be told? I can nurse him as well as they, and I am willing. I believe you, but I must know."

"And I promise you," there was an intensity in his voice that caused the lashes to lift from the hidden eyes and a swift, sudden startled glance met his, "I promise you, Dolores, that you shall know. You think we are cruel, but we are trying to be kindness itself, Dolores."

He left the book of which he had spoken on the dresser, and her fingers closed over it as though it might give her strength in the absence of the stronger handclasp of her friend.

She lifted the book and clasped her two hands around it. If Dora would not do this she would not like her, but she believed that she would. All women cared for the men of their households when they needed care; there was no reason why she should be shut out from her father's room.

The voice of the nurse broke in on her thoughts. "The tone expressed great relief. Dolores' fingers instinctively tightened around the book she held.

"Your uncle is coming, Dolores. I knew he would come. If Dora could not come she would send for you. She told me so herself. I am thankful he is here."

A closed carriage stopped at the gate; the team of powerful bays were covered in rubber blankets; their hoofs were heavy with mud; the body of the carriage was splashed, the wheels clogged. When the door was opened a gentleman alighted—a short, stout gentleman wrapped in a rubber coat, with high boots and a close gray cap. He struggled a moment with the rickety gate, and then hurried up the drenched walk.

Mrs. Allen tapped lightly on the bedroom door, and Charlie and Dr. Dunwiddie came out at once. They met the new-comer at the door with a few hurried words. Young Green took his coat and hat, and hung them in the entry to drip.

Dolores had not changed her position; she still stood at the dresser, the book closely clasped in her hands as though a friend. When her uncle advanced toward her she eyed him searchingly.

She was disappointed in him; there was nothing remarkable about him; he was short and stout; she did not like, short, stout men; his face was florid, his hair red.

Placing his two hands on her shoulders he turned her toward the light, eyeing her keenly.

"And this is Joe's girl," he said. She disliked him at once; her wide brown eyes met his blue ones so rarely, but the eager light had died from them, they were cold and calm; he could see no farther than the surface. Her mouth, too, was straight and un-

yielding. To her his tone implied that she disappointed him; it was of no consequence to her, however, because she disliked him. But she had mistaken his meaning. As he looked at the girl, her face, the large dark eyes that were clearly windows to the pure soul within, the sensitive mouth, large, but well formed, full of strong character, the slender, graceful figure in the print gown possessing a quaint dignity, the wonder grew and deepened in his mind that the brother of his recollections should have such a daughter as this—a woman one did not meet every day even in his world—a girl whose soul was purer than many of those he knew.

"And this is Joe's girl?" he repeated, slowly. "My dear, I am glad to have found you."

No one had ever yet told her a lie and that everyone meant what was said was a matter of course. It was a new thing for anyone to be glad to see her, and she almost liked him. The words touched her strangely, but she made no reply, though her eyes softened somewhat.

"My girl sent you a message, Do-

lores. She told me to be certain to follow instructions, too; Dora is an exacting young body, I assure you. Between you two my life will be rather hard for an old fellow. I am going in to look at Joe, if I may not speak to him; when I return you will be ready, my dear."

He turned away with a pleasant laugh, and joined young Green and Dr. Dunwiddie without waiting for her reply.

She looked after him with unfriendly eyes as he stood for a moment talking with the others outside the door, but after a few words that were indistinctly audible to her they opened the door and passed in, closing the door behind them. Then she arose slowly, her eyes darkening. The little scene told her uncle had given her some needed at her feet. She spoke softly, but her words were clear; there was no bitterness in her voice, only a great wonder.

(To be continued.)

WHY HE STOPPED FISHING.

Indian Man Luck in Catching Salmon, But Was Compelled to Quit.

Dr. David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr. university, tells a story in the Philadelphia Saturday Post which goes to show that once a fisherman always a fisherman, no matter how much of an ichthyologist one may be besides. He says:

"One day in California, I had had a remarkable run of luck and that night as I sat around the camp fire I took occasion to say that my success was due to the superior tie of flies I had used."

"You may flatter yourself on the string you've brought in to-day," said an old fisherman who had joined our party, "but let me tell you, doctor, that I saw a bigger Indian catch more fish in an hour in this stream than you've landed all day with your fine flies."

"What did he use?" I asked.

"Live grasshoppers," replied the old man, "but didn't impale them. From his head he would stoically pluck a hair and with it bind the struggling insect to the hook. Almost upon the instant that his bait struck the water a fish would leap for it. After landing him the Indian would calmly repeat the performance of snatching a hair from his head and affixing a fresh grasshopper to the hook."

"I became fascinated," continued the narrator. "And after the Indian had landed in quick succession a mighty string of salmon trout he suddenly stopped. I called to him to go on with the exciting sport, but he merely smiled grimly and pointed significantly to his head."

"What was the matter with his head?" I asked.

"He had struck it bald," replied the old man.

Choosing Marriage Date. A curious old marriage custom, called "settling," still survives in the Scotch districts of Kintyre and Cowal. After the marriage has been publicly announced the friends of the couple meet at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the marriage. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness he names a date. When each guest has named a date an average is struck and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen.

English Favor Canadians. Great efforts are being made to induce English farm laborers to settle in Canada.

THESE SOULS OF OURS.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst unlooked for, into high-
sounded deeds
With way-side beauty rife
We find within these souls of ours
Some wilt germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bears
flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.
Within the hearts of all men lie
Those promises of wider bliss
Which blossom into hopes that cannot
die
In sunny hours like this.
All that hath been majestic
In life or death since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.
—James Russell Lowell.



THREE OF A KIND

By J. W. KENNARD
Copyrighted, 1907, by The Authors Publishing Company

Miss Pringle came into her parlor at the Overmont with her head high in air—sure sign with her of a perturbed spirit and an aroused temper.

"Who do you suppose is here, C'ndy?" she asked, explosively.

"Why—I can't guess," replied the girl, slowly. "Is it anyone I know?"

"Anyone you know! Humph! I should think you ought to know him; you've seen him often enough this last year to know him!"

"Not—" began Celinda, the pink roses suddenly blooming in the garden of her pretty cheek.

"Yes, 'tis, too!" snapped her aunt, "Roger Lyon! Now what d'ye think of that for downright impudence?"

"I don't really see how it is exactly impudence, auntie."

"Yes, it is impudence, and you know it is!" replied that lady, testily. "Here he has been traipsin' after me all winter—me or my money, the Lord only knows which—and no sooner do I get settled down for a quiet summer than he bobs up to spoil everything. If that ain't impudence, I'd like to know what you'd call it! I wonder how he found out where I was?"

Did the roses deepen in hue in that sweet garden? If they did, Miss Pringle didn't notice, for the shapely head was bent low.

"Perhaps he didn't know; he may just have happened to come here. You know Overmont is getting to be quite a fashionable resort nowadays."

"Happened your grandmother!" was the forcible, if not strictly elegant or entirely intelligible retort. "He knew I was here, all right. The idea of his thinking that I want him! Why, he's nothing but a boy! Not a day over twenty-one, if he's that."

And Miss Pringle, who confessed to thirty years, but was coyly reticent concerning the other ten which the family bible generously set to her credit, tossed her head in fine scorn.

"But there's just one thing that Mr. Roger Lyon has got to learn, and that in very short order," she continued. "I'm not goin' to have him snoopin' round me any longer, and I want you to tell him so, with my compliments."

"I—I—tell him so?" gasped the girl. The roses in that garden were white, ghostly white, now.

"Yes, you! Why not, I'd like to know? Somebody's got to do it, and of course I can't; so you must."

"Why, auntie, I—I couldn't do it! It's impossible! Don't ask me. Oh, indeed—I—"

"Come in!" called the older woman, as a knock sounded at the door.

"Gen'lman in Parlor A, mum," said the bell boy, presenting a card.

"Humph! Talk about—you know who, and you begin to smell brom-stone. Here is Roger Lyon's card. Now you go right down and excuse me, and give him to understand once for all that I want him to let me alone. Oh, I don't know what you shall say, raising deprecatory hands against the storm of Celinda's remonstrances.

"Say anything. Be polite, of course, but make it plain that I won't have anything to do with him."

And she fairly thrust the girl from the room.

It was a very flushed and embarrassed young lady who appeared at the door of Parlor A a few minutes later, and an equally embarrassed but eager young man who sprang to meet her.

"Why, Celinda," he stammered, "I'm so glad! I hardly dared—I hoped—"

"Yes," she replied demurely, "I know that you wanted to see auntie; but she was busy, so she sent me with a—"

"But it was you that I wanted to see," he protested. "You must have known that, only—"

"My aunt's message, Mr. Lyon, is this: she wishes me to say that you must—that is, that you must not—oh, dear! I am making a mess of it! I don't know how to say it; only you mustn't any more, you know. There!"

"Mustn't what?" he inquired gravely. "I don't quite understand."

STRANGER FROM THE SOUTH.

Starts to Explore the Wonders of Broadway and Gets in Trouble.

It was evident that a dignified stranger from the South had come to town for the first time and was exploring Broadway. He stole a glance at the flower girl on the corner and jammed his left shoulder into a Wall street banker. Both grunted. As he turned to apologize to the banker a girl in his side whirled him around, bringing him face to face with a young woman who seemed in a dreadful hurry. He sprang lightly aside to let her pass and came down on the toe of a portly Vosey street merchant, who scowled viciously, paid no attention to his "I beg your pardon, sir," and hastened on. A long beam on the head of an Italian swung round, taking the stranger's silk hat off. His quick stoop to rescue it suddenly checked the rapid progress of a member of congress, who swore softly. The impact sent Sir Dingley down toward the pavement so fast that he put one hand through the crown of his hat. Gathering in the wreck he started to straighten up, when the beam of his head caught the chin of the partner of the Park bank, putting the worthy's law out of business.

A kindhearted policeman took charge of the old gentleman and gave him some useful advice, which he thus jotted down in his memorandum book: "To see Broadway. Push right along as if you are trying to catch a train. Look neither to the right nor left. Don't see anybody. Don't try to get out of anybody's way. Never stop to apologize even though you knock a man in the gutter. Walk straight ahead and he will think it was his own fault. Don't lose your temper."—New York Press.

PAID FOR THEIR SERVICES.

British Statesmen Rewarded by Their Constituencies.

In former times members of the British parliament, who serve now entirely without pay, were rewarded for their services by the constituencies which they represented. However, the member took his reward more often in goods than in specie, a not surprising matter, seeing that money was not the common possession of those from whom he levied tribute. The last payment freely made of which there is record was that which Andrew Marvell received. It was a barrel or herrings. In 1677 parliament formally discontinued payment of itself, but the practice had been gradually lapsing for some time, for ten years earlier Samuel Pepys had lamented the disappearance of the paid member, "so the parliament is become a company of men unable to give account for the interest of the place they serve for." The old paid member was very much the servant of the house. He dared be absent only by permission of the speaker, on penalty of a fine equal to about \$250, in addition to the stoppage of his wages; while imprisonment was at times substituted. Further, the members who appeared at the house later than 8 a. m., and so missed prayers, were penalized, not even the speaker being exempt from the order as to attendance or payment of penalty in case of re-missness.

The Soapbox Garden.

There are gardens filled with flowers that are worth their weight in gold. There are gardens where the dainty blossoms bend, and nod, and blow in such glorious profusion that you never need be told. That a good sized fortune has been spent upon each brilliant row. Yet I know a little garden that is better than them all. Hidden in the city, where life's cross has not a crown—And the joy it brings its owner is a thing that's good to see: The little soapbox garden here in town!

In an unpretentious courtyard it is growing day by day— A row of boxes, filled with earth, and placed against the wall— And the white cords that lead up from them seem cheerily to say: To the struggling flowers, "We are here—climb up, you can not fall!" There's a white faced little cripple who watches o'er the plants, And waters them, and sings to them, And puts the soft earth down, While his eyes glow with delight when each new leaf shows itself In his little soapbox garden here in town!

It boasts no priceless blossoms, such as those we often see Displayed in rich surroundings, in the florist's window gay; But those straggly little flowers are as dear as they can be. To one who lives his life apart and plays with them all day, And though the buds he gathers may be small and overfall, Each one, I'm sure, will straighten out the deepest kind of frown, For the little cripple proudly picks and gives his flowers away From his little soapbox garden here in town!

—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Something Saved, Anyway. Senator Henry Heitfeld of Idaho tells many a good story of the days when he was a "cow puncher" on the plains of Kansas. One day he met a woman, who, in summing up her misfortunes, said: "Yes, Mr. Heitfeld, it has been a black year with us. First, we lost our baby, and then Martha died on us; then the old man himself died, and then the cow died, too, poor huzzy! But her hide brought me \$6."

—Washington Times.

Marie Corell's Nickname. At a meeting of a society of women writers in London Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin-Riggs told of the number of children in various kindergarten establishments that had been named after her. "That's nothing," said an Englishwoman. "My friend Marie Corell had a race horse named after her, and the jockey's persisted in calling it the Mory."

—Scrivener's Dairy Farmers' Insurance

—BELLows FALLS, VT



Striding through the storm. For his sleek, Dora is so anxious to see you she will doubtless send for you as she cannot come herself. Judge green will send a closed carriage, and you need not fear the rain.

Dolores' hands dropped in her lap. A feeling of indignation possessed her; her eyes were wide and steady; when she spoke her voice was low and grave. Mrs. Allen was somewhat dismayed, although apparently she took it lightly.

"Did I say I will not leave my father—while he lives—not for anyone?"

By one of the physicians came out and asked for young Green.

"We are waiting for him," he said.

"He promised to come early and staid as the purpose."

Dolores spoke to him. A slight