

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 him."

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 you 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. Dunwiddle. He noticed the wraps made ready, and spoke cheerily:

"Well my dear, are you ready? My girl will be watching for us—oh, 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

thought 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. Dunwiddle 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. Dunwiddle 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. Dunwiddle. 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. Dunwiddle?"

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 us—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. Dunwiddle 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. Dunwiddle. "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."

Will 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 unweavily.

"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. Dunwiddle.



"Don't go in yet, Dolores."

die replied, gravely, a flash of wondrous 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 why should nurse him.

As he turned away toward the bedroom she started to follow him, but Mrs. Allen laid her hand upon his 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. Dunwiddle 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.

"Ise gwine Noth," said the first. "Das so?" said the second.

"Yep. Ise 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 Gleasons" are growing at the rate of 130 members a month.

MOUNT VESUVIUS, WHICH IS AGAIN HURLING LAVA AND ASHES OVER ADJACENT COUNTRY



Mount Vesuvius, which is hurling immense masses of lava and ashes from a newly opened fissure, spreading terror among the inhabitants of the surrounding country, is the same old Vesuvius which buried the famous cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum at the beginning of the Christian era, and which has caused untold destruction on more than sixty occasions since that time. The mountain was a vine-clad, foliage-decked hill, whose extinct crater was a beautiful lake, until Aug. 24, 79 A. D., when almost without warning the top was blown off in a manner similar to the occurrence at Mount Pelee, and the wealthy Roman cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried in a mass of ashes. The latter city was left 100 feet beneath the surface, and is still almost unknown to the archaeologists.

SLANDER OVER THE WIRE.

If Folks Listen, Is That "The Presence and Hearing of Others."

A new point is raised by a suit filed in the circuit court of Macon, Mo. D. S. Farmer of Hart, treasurer of the Landay and Zion Telephone company, demands of B. F. Jenkins, a stockholder, \$7,500 damages for slandering him over the wire. He expects to make his case on the testimony of a number of patrons along the line who had their telephone receivers down to hear what was going on.

This is the language the treasurer accuses Jenkins of addressing to him over the wire:

"You have squandered \$300 or \$400 of the company's money, and I will make you account for it at the next meeting or I will go after your bonds."

He took pains to write the message down. The petitioner says the language was slanderous in that it charged him in the hearing of many of the patrons of the line with embezzling or stealing the funds of the telephone company.

Under the law of slander the offensive language must be used "in the presence and hearing of others." In this case it can only be charged that it was "in the hearing of others," as those who heard it were admittedly not present. Farmer's lawyers will contend that the effect was the same.

Lumber Supply Decreasing.

Estimates by conservative lumber men show that the days of lumbering in the upper peninsula of Michigan will soon be past. Before five years have passed there will be practically no timber left standing in Baraga, Houghton and Keweenaw counties large enough to make a log. Menominee county, which about ten years ago was the largest lumber producing district in the world, has lost its rank and now produces scarcely a tenth of its former amount. The mills which were located there have been moved

Virtue in Fresh Air.

While the weather is dry and warm every man, woman and child should make it his or her business to keep in the open air as much as possible, so as to derive every benefit from the ozone and sunshine. Fresh air is prophylactic. It wards off disease and kills bacteria. No person who leads an outdoor life will ever die from consumption. On the other hand, hundreds of consumptives have lived for years by keeping continually in the open, even sleeping on cots placed in tents or on piazzas.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

Wireless Plays Queer Prank.

Mrs. Langtry saw Sig. Marconi for the first time the other evening and the incident caused her to tell her own peculiar experience with wireless telegraphy.

"I had dined with a friend the night before I left London," she said, "and when we passed a vessel I telegraphed by the new method, 'The ocean does not part us.'"

"Ten days later I had a telegram back from my friend with a request to explain what it meant. It read: 'The ocean has no pants on.'"

Queer Effects of Lightning.

At Commune Du Pont, France, last week, thirty persons were shooting at a target, the shots being indicated by an electric wire, when all were struck by lightning and remained senseless some time, though nobody was killed. An examination showed that nearly all had a distinct photograph of a row of carriages just behind the target grounds. Scientists say similar effects have been produced before.

SHARP STICKS ALONG TRAIL.

How Philippine Head Hunters Retard an Enemy's Advance.

Capt. C. E. Nathorst, chief of constabulary in Lepanto-Bontoc, in a report to the War department tells the methods of warfare practiced by the Philippine head hunters.

Capt. Nathorst headed an expedition in search of five Igorotte criminals. The way led through dense forests, and as they approached Barlig they encountered thousands of sharpened bamboo sticks, which the savages had stuck in the ground at an angle of 45 degrees. The sticks were the thickest where the trails were down hill. They were hidden in the thick grass, and the feet and legs of the officers were badly lacerated.

The head hunters fed and the town was burned, while the savages threw spears at the soldiers, but without result. Capt. Nathorst got his little force out with much difficulty, for the natives studded all the trails with more of the sharpened sticks.

Odd Fellows Memorial.

The sovereign grand lodge of Odd Fellows at its seventy-eighth annual meeting in Baltimore will consider a proposition to erect in that city a \$1,000,000 memorial building. Washington lodge No. 1, of Baltimore, which was founded in April, 1819, and is the mother lodge of the country, originated the project last year. Thomas Wildey, one of the five original founders, is buried in Baltimore. The order now has 1,300,000 members and a contribution of \$1 each would raise the required sum and more, but the Baltimore members fear competition from western cities which would like to have the proposed temple built within their borders.

Important Discoveries Made.

S. J. Marsh has reached Nome after a two years' exploration trip through a hitherto unexplored wilderness south of the Arctic ocean between Colville River and the international boundary. For 128 days Marsh heard no human voice except his own. During the last eighteen days he lived on a flour diet and reached Fort Yukon considerably emaciated. Gen. Funston carried him to Nome on the transport Jeff Davis. Marsh mapped five hitherto unknown rivers and secured much valuable data. The country along the Arctic ocean was found unmineralized. Further south, toward the Koyukuk country, he prospected a highly mineralized zone.

Worthy Labor Leader.

W. J. Griggs, president of the street railway men's union of Richmond, Va., has the unique distinction of being almost the only labor leader in the country who has impoverished himself through the work in which he was engaged. When the strike of street car men began in Richmond several years ago Mr. Griggs owned several lots and a restaurant. He sold everything he had and gave most of the money to the needy men. He is one of the few members of the union who have not applied to the street railway company for reinstatement since the strike was declared off.

\$100 Bill Washed to Pulp.

Michael McCarthy of Brooklyn is bewailing the loss of \$100 which he had left in the pocket of a soiled shirt. He was afraid to leave the bill in the bank and put it in the pocket of his linen shirt.

There it remained until he gave the shirt out to be washed. He had forgotten all about the bill and it was not until he wanted another clean shirt that he remembered it.

He fumbled in the pocket for the bill, but all he could find was a few torn pieces of paper well ironed out and blurred.

NEW ALASKA FOREST RESERVE



The new forest reserve is in the Seward peninsula, and covers 6,000 square miles in the region of the waters that flow into Norton bay and Golovin Sound. The valleys of these rivers are heavily covered with spruce. The boundaries of the tract are described as follows: Beginning at the most easterly portion of the shore line of Norton bay, thence due east twenty-five miles; thence due west to the point due north of the most westerly point on the shore line of Golovin sound; thence due south to the most westerly point on the shore of Gol-

ovin sound; thence in a general eastern direction, following the northern shore line of Golovin sound, Norton sound and Norton bay to the point of beginning. The reservation is about 125 miles long in the general direction east and west along the seacoast, and from forty to sixty miles wide north and south.

The purpose of the reservation is to prevent persons from obtaining control of the timber under the Alaska homestead commutation bill recently passed. This order will give the miners the free use of the timber for mining purposes.