

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Instinctively she glanced down toward the shop. The doors were open, but no one was there. The hens pecking around the doors were the only visible signs of life to her anxious eyes. Unconsciously she began pulling the strawberries with mechanical but steady fingers.

"Times is dull nough," pears to me," the woman proceeded. "First kem there want o' rain with ther gyardin' a-dryin' up spite o' the care we giv et; then as though ther warn't nough, hyar kems ther acc'dnt ter ther mare o' ther judge's son, an' any o' us likely to be ketch'd ef 'twarn't ther s'picion rests in one direction special."

It was coming. Dolores waited with bated breath. A heavy sense of guilt fell upon her; she could not meet the gaze of the eyes bent upon her, and she went on hulling the berries—waiting in silence for what she knew must come.

"An' them as knows says thyar's a great feelin' ower in ther town yander 'bout ther mare," the woman's voice struck in on the girl's thoughts, "an' says et 'pears she were worth a deal o' money, an' now nobody'd gev a copper fer her, an' they's workin' stedly to fin' out who done ther deed, an' gettin' every one theys ken ter prove thar s'picious c'rect o' a certain person."

Dolores was waiting. It was coming now, she felt certain. She crushed some of the berries in her hand in a sudden frenzy.

"Theys holdin' court a'most every day, an' workin' as though 'twere some great thing thet a critter's gone lame. But theys won't do nothin' with ther s'picious feller tell thar's mo' ground, as theys calls et, though young Green do feels pretty sartin who is ther guilty one. But theys got consid'able proof, an' there's ter be a great time ter-morrow, an' they wants yer feyther ter go ter prov thar s'picious c'rect."

It was out at last. Dolores seemed turned to stone; she neither moved nor spoke; she dared not lift her eyes from the red berries with which her fingers were dyed. Her head was whirling; there was a din in her ears as though a legion of spirits repeated and shouted in wild horror:

"Theys wants yer feyther ter go ter prove—theys wants yer feyther ter go—theys wants yer feyther—yer feyther—"

Her eyes were like those of a hunted animal, half hidden beneath their long lashes; her mind was filled with a great longing to go—to get away from the tiny room out on the mountains under the quiet heavens where the winds were free from the watching eyes.

The woman at the other side of the table arose with an injured air. She had received scarcely a word of thanks for her berries, scarcely even a show of interest in her story.

"Thyars them as takes an int'rest in thyar feller critters, an' thyars them as don't," she said, tartly; "an' thyars them as has thyar s'picion o' things."

Dolores watched the woman's tall, gaunt figure go down the worn path, her purple print dress brushing the scant grass with an indignant sweep, the cape of her sunbonnet limp and flapping over her shoulders. When she disappeared from view behind the shrubbery of the road-side Dolores put away the dish of berries and put on her gray sunbonnet to go out.

It was early afternoon. The rocky road, like a yellow thread, wound in



Waiting in Silence.

and out among the scrubby bushes and tall pines that murmured in the breeze. To the ears of the girl they kept up their monotonous sobbing about her father as though they were living things.

She was listless no longer; she walked as one who had a purpose, as one who had far to go. Her eyes looked straight before her, her lips were set in a straight, stern line.

She met no one on her way; there was little travel on the mountain; the thriving town over on the other side had connection with the world in another direction.

In all the twenty years of her life Dolores had never been over the mountain; what lay beyond it she did not know except from the rumors that drifted into them from the men who had been there—men who had strayed

in hunting, going around to the opposite mountain and returning across the town.

Sometimes when the atmosphere was heavy and the wind in the right direction, the smoke from the tall factory chimneys drifted around to the settlement and tangled in the pines like gray specters waving their shadowy banners above the scattered houses down toward the valley. Many a time Dolores had watched these smoke wreaths, and her mind had gone to the place from whence they came, and she wove from them fantastic shadows born of dreams, and she clothed them in garments of the living, and they brought her many many fancies of the life pulsing just beyond the pine peaks.

Now her mind was filled with the one subject so much discussed; she turned it over and over, viewing it on all sides; now reasoning with herself as to this or that possibility, this or that decision, but eventually returning to the first conclusion which was to her so convincing that it sent her over the mountain to the town to discover if possible the truth, and at the court was the place to learn what she wished to know—if there were any place to learn it ere the whole world should know.

As she passed over the mountain and down on the other side the town lay out before her; a thriving town; smoke arose black from the towering chimneys, the whir of machinery, the rattle of wagons and din on every-day life were borne up to her as sounds of a strange land. The knowledge began to grow in her mind that the life in the slow little settlement beyond the mountain was too narrow, too shut into itself, too lacking in energy and growth. But this was a new world to her and she shrank from it, not from any foolish feeling of inferiority; such a thought could hold no room in her mind, but as a wild animal instinctively shrinks back to its natural world. Then the feeling left her; the old thought drove every fear, every other feeling away; she had come for a purpose and as yet it was not accomplished.

She passed steadily down the road looking neither to right nor left. The court house was at the farther end of the town; she had heard them say so. A long, low, white building with wide steps and a bell in the tower.

At length she came to it; she knew she was right; a long, low, white building with wide steps and a bell in the tower.

She walked up the steps and turned the handle of the door, but could not open it. This ending of her journey had not entered her head. For a moment she stood in doubt what to do. People passing on the street looked curiously at her. A boy who was sitting astride of the fence called to her that the door was locked; but if she wanted the lockup it was down around the corner.

She did not know he was laughing at her; she walked down the steps and spoke to him. She asked him where she could find the judge. She was looking at him with her straight, level glance, and he was disconcerted. The judge, he said, lived in the house on the hill; if she came down the main street she must have passed it.

Not a bit of her resolution was gone as she retraced her steps, but she walked swiftly, for it was growing late. She found it without trouble; she mounted the steps and knocked at the big door. She did not know she should ring the bell. No one came. She knocked again and louder, then again she waited. No one came. If the judge were gone where should she find him?

A step sounded on the gravel at the side of the house; she turned and faced the new-comer.

"Dolores!" exclaimed young Green, in astonishment.

A red flush crept in her face. "I want to see the judge," she said, gravely, and there was a wistfulness in the large, dark eyes raised to his for an instant that caused his heart to throb strangely while a flush also arose in his own face.

"My father? He is not at home. When the court adjourned at three he took the train to N—. If you wish to see him I am sorry. Will not I do instead? Come in, Miss Johnson; my mother would be pleased to meet you."

She was unused to being called "Miss Johnson," and scarcely heard the unfamiliar name.

He opened the door, waiting for her to pass in.

"I won't stay," she said. "The judge is not at home. I came to see the judge."

She turned down the steps, and he closed the door, following her.

"If you will not go inside, may I walk with you, Miss Johnson?" She bowed her head, and they passed up the street together in silence. That the people they passed, and whom her companion greeted, turned and looked curiously after them she did not know; had she known it would have affected her little. She came on an errand, and could not accomplish it; that thought was uppermost in her mind, blended as it always was in thinking of it, with the face and eyes of the young man beside her.

"Dolores," he said at last, when they were climbing the rough road beyond the town, unconsciously using

the name. "Dolores, why did you wish to see my father to-day? It must be something special or you would not have come. Could not I do as well?"

Some way his kindly heart was aching for her with the remembrance of that swift, wistful glance of the brown eyes into his own, and he would comfort her if he could.

She did not look at him; her gaze was fixed on the pines away on the mountain behind which the sun was setting. But he knew she heard and would answer presently.

"I came to see about the mare," she said, slowly, her eyes still fastened on the pines upon the height. Then suddenly, with a swiftness that startled him, she added:

"You know who did it? You have known from the first? Everybody knows who did it. It will be proved to-morrow beyond a doubt."

He looked at her, amazed at her vehemence.

"We hope to prove it to-morrow."



Dolores watched the woman.

he said. "We have had our suspicions from the first, and now we think them well founded. We are depending a good deal on your father; we have considerable evidence, but his will be conclusive."

She knew nothing of law or its terms; the words held a terrible meaning for her.

"It was a dastardly deed," he went on, his face darkening. "The fellow shall suffer the full penalty of the law for it. My beautiful mare that was almost human in intelligence."

Her hands were clasped fiercely, her eyes burning when she turned toward him to make reply, and for the moment he forgot all else but her face.

"And it is right!" she cried; "it is right! What if his people do suffer for it? That the name will cling to them forever? It is only right that he should suffer. It is just. It was a dastardly deed. Only—only don't come with any farther. I—had—rather go alone."

He obeyed; but followed at a distance. The road was lonely; there were no houses till she reached the settlement below. The sun had set; in the east above the opposite mountain, the full moon rode. A soft haze arose from the valley far beneath, floated and wavered noiselessly up toward the moonlight.

Up on the heights the young man stood motionless watching the girl passing from him in the moonlight. The light was full in his face. It was an earnest face and good; one to be trusted; never to prove treacherous. He watched until the girl, dimly discerned down among the shadows, paused a moment on the threshold of the bare little house, and then entered. And to him as he turned away, his thoughts in a tumult, the mysterious mist and the moonlight seemed to have swallowed her up.

(To be continued.)

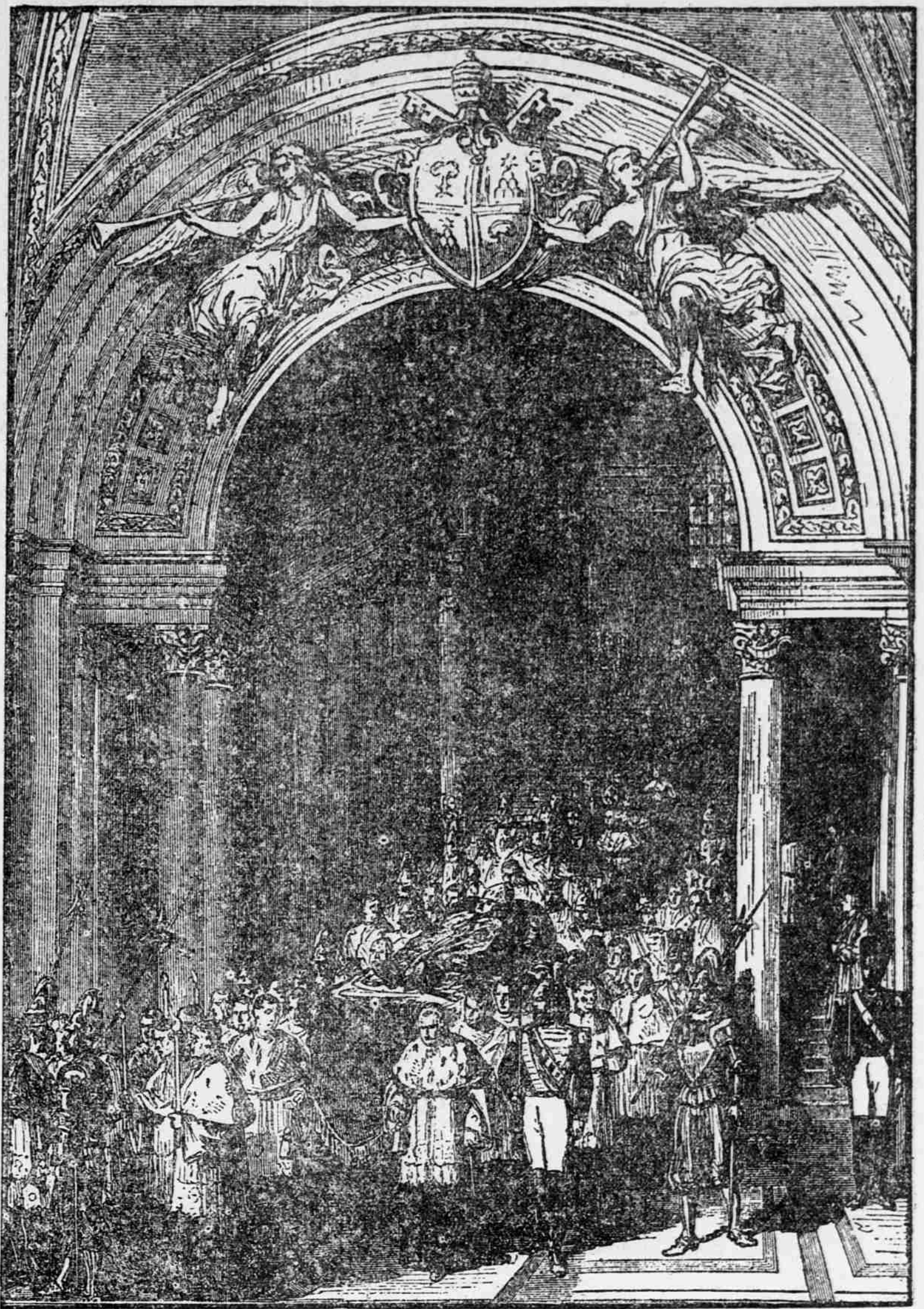
GIRLS MAKE THEIR CHOICE.

Countries Where the Gentle Sex Does Its Share of Wooing.

In England, leap year is supposed to confer upon the fair sex the privilege of choosing life partners for better or for worse, but the custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The gypsies, especially in Hungary, enjoy and make a very extensive use of the right at all times, in accordance with an ancient custom. Thus a marriageable young gypsy girl in the land of the Magyars, as soon as her heart is smitten, takes good care that the smiter shall hear of the havoc he has wrought and have a chance of consoling her. With this praiseworthy object in view, she has a love letter indited, places a coin in a piece of dough, bakes it, and throws the cake and the billet doux during the night into the bedchamber of her bridegroom-elect. Then she possesses her soul in patience and awaits developments. The Burmese maiden begins her marriage campaign at a much earlier stage. In order to get together a goodly gathering of young men from whom to choose, she places a lamp in her window at night—it is known as "the lamp of love"—and entices all those youths who are candidates for the order of benedict. In sunny Andalusia, the peasant girl, whose heart has been stolen by a stalwart young husbandman, prepares a tasty pumpkin cake and sends it to his home. If he eats it—and the Andalusian girls take good care to make it highly edible—the pair are forthwith betrothed.—London Telegraph.

One factory has marketed 60,000 electrical batteries this season.

FUNERAL PROCESSION OF A POPE



The scene pictured is the funeral procession of Pope Pius IX. passing down the grand staircase of the Vatican on its way to St. Peter's, where the remains are placed in a sarcophagus and sealed up in a wall.

WOULD TAKE NO CHANCES.

May Irwin Thought Life of Cook Too Valuable to Risk.

May Irwin has a colored cook of the kind usually referred to by mistresses as "a jewel." Not long ago "mammy" was taken ill and Miss Irwin sensibly decided that the patient would be better off in a hospital than elsewhere. The cook recovered in fine shape and was about to return to her kitchen, when the doctors decided that a slight operation was advisable. "Mammy" did not like this prospect, but left it to "Miss May." The latter listened carefully to what the doctors had to say, and then gave this decision, much to the patient's delight: "No. She's too good a cook. I can't take any chances." And that same afternoon "mammy" once more reigned over her pots and pans.

Mme. Humbert's Daughter Popular.

Mlle. Eve Humbert, daughter of the woman of the phantom millions, is now said to be living in a charming little German nook in the valley of the Weser and near the green Westphalian woods. Mme. Humbert's daughter is the guest of her former German governess, a lady of some means, who has taken pity on the pupil whom she initiated into the mysteries of the Teutonic tongue and whom she taught to read Goethe, Schiller and Heine. It is said that Mlle. Eve is a great favorite with the people of the little German town, who regard her as an innocent victim, completely in ignorance of the doings of her family.

Joke on Carrie Nation.

While Mrs. Carrie Nation was buying a railroad ticket at McKeesport, Pa., the other day the agent was smoking a "stogie." She resented this and gave him a lecture to the effect that his body became impure as a result and he would not be fitted to enter heaven. While she was lecturing the ticket seller a gang of men decorated her luggage with whisky labels. She discovered it and tried to scrape them off, but had to hurry aboard the train, a walking advertisement for prominent brands of rye.

Encyclopedia of Journalism.

Alfred Harmsworth of the London Daily Mail, William Hill of the Westminster Gazette and Maurice Ernst of the Vienna Tageblatt are announced as editors of a new international encyclopedia of journalism, to be published in London and in the English language, but to deal with the history of the newspaper in all days and its present development. Biographical sketches of famous journalists are to be included.

ANSWER PLEASED THE POPE.

Pontiff Enjoyed Heartiness of Father Farley's Assurance.

When Pius IX died in 1878 Archbishop Farley and secretary to Cardinal McCloskey, journeyed to Rome with his eminence for the purpose of participating in the election. When the cardinal and his secretary arrived Leo had already been elected. Before leaving Rome the young priest sought an audience with his holiness, who happened at the moment to be in a mood for railery. "Cardinal McCloskey did not vote for me," said the pontiff, eyeing Father Farley with mock severity. The priest hastened to assure his holiness that it was only because he had arrived too late. "And would I have had his voice?" asked the pope. The young priest exclaimed emphatically: "You bet!" When the phrase was fully explained to Pope Leo he laughed heartily.

Ex-Senator Wolcott in Society.

Ex-Senator Wolcott of Colorado is managing his social campaign in Newport in a manner that commands admiration of the 400. He has rented an expensive "cottage" and there will play host to Lord and Lady Minto. Few more distinguished personages have visited Newport than the Canadian governor general and his wife. It is an open secret that Lord Minto is not by any means a rich man. He has two lovely young daughters, Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby, and the younger set in Newport are in hopes that they also may come to visit the Wolcotts.

Ex-Congressman Allen's Joke.

Ex-Congressman Allen of Mississippi stoutly maintains that the national capital is a fine summer resort. "I am free to declare that Washington provides more real comforts when the country is sweltering than any other city," he said to a friend. "But the thermometer does climb to great height in the summer, John," was urged. "Yes," said the Mississippian, with characteristic whimsicality, "but that has nothing to do with the case."

Britain and Her Colonies.

Sir Gilbert Parker has come forward to re-enforce Cecil Rhodes' scheme for the knitting together of higher education in English-speaking countries by calling a conference in London to discuss this and related topics. It is expected that a permanent imperial council will be formed to have supervision of these matters. The conference is to be followed by an "allied conferences dinner," at which Mr. Balfour will preside.

CARDINAL HAD SIMPLE TASTES.

Head of Roman Church in England Was Without Vanity.

The late Cardinal Vaughan was probably the handsomest and most distinguished looking of the Roman ecclesiastical hierarchy. Just as Cardinal Manning looked the learned ascetic, so Manning looked a true Roman prince of the church. But he was most simple in his tastes and habits. Several times Roman Catholic ladies presented him with costly robes, and on one occasion they presented him with a carriage. But they found that he sold their gifts and spent the money in charity. They therefore at last "lent" him robes and a carriage in order to oblige him to retain them.

Big Estate Melting Away.

Suits instituted by women are fast melting down the immense estate left by Charles Broadway Rous, the picturesque Marylander who died in New York. Within a month after his demise three such suits were instituted, two of them being successful. One woman sued on behalf of a minor boy who she claimed was the son of the millionaire clothier. She secured a verdict of \$115,000. Now another suit has been begun, this time by the widow of Charles H. B. Rous, a son of the millionaire. The estate is now in such an involved condition that it is doubtful if one-fourth of it remains to the original legatees when all the suits are settled.

Why Elliot Was Disqualified.

When Gov. Crane was chief executive of Massachusetts he was approached by a delegation of business men who asked that President Elliot be appointed one of a commission to report on the proposed construction of a dam across the Charles river. The governor demurred. "Would you mind stating your objection to President Elliot?" asked the spokesman. "Well," replied the governor, "the law says that the commission shall consist of three men. If I appointed President Elliot there would be only one."

Hear Different Calls.

Edward Davis, for several years pastor of the Central Christian church of Oakland, Cal., has forsaken the pulpit and entered upon a stage career. He has written a "play with a purpose," and will himself assume the leading role. Practically reversing this process, James Barton, a leading player in the Grand Rapids Central league baseball team, is about to discard his uniform for the robes of priesthood. He has been a professional baseball player for years, but has devoted his spare time to study.