

# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

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

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1900 by Street & Smith, In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Strayed Cow.

Dolores sat in the doorway waiting for her father's return from the tavern. He had been to the house while she was over the mountain, and had his supper. She herself had eaten nothing, for she had no appetite in spite of her walk over the mountain. She was quite idle, her hands in their old listless attitude in her lap, her dark head resting against the unpainted door post, her grave face and thoughtful eyes raised to the heavens. The moonlight falling across her face defined it clear and perfect as marble; upon the clean bare floor behind her lay her shadow long and dark.

The night was silent; the distant sound of rude singing from the tavern died away; the lights went out one after another in the long, low houses. Dolores began to wonder vaguely why her father did not come. Midnight had passed; the hours ticked away one by one on the big clock in the corner, the moon hung round and golden above the mountain peaks in the west; in the east a streak of whiter light appeared, broadened and deepened. The girl's shadow disappeared from the floor; it lay in front of her on the door stone.

The cow was cropping the grass on the roadside, her breathing deep and contented. Lodie, the next neighbor, came up the road with a bucket. His well was low in this dry weather; Johnson's well was public property at such times.

"A sheer day," he said apologetically, looking at the brindle.

Dolores roused herself, a slow thought coming to her mind. "I have been waiting for my father," she said. "Is he still at the tavern?"

Lodie held the bucket suspended half way down the well; a dull surprise was the leading expression on his face.

"Don't ye know where he went, Dolores? War'n't ye hyar when he kem up for his gun an' started ter hunt ter cow over yander on ther mountain? Ther cow is hyar; where's yer fether?"

A sudden sharp fear woke in her mind; she arose and faced Lodie, the sunlight on her head.

"If he went over on the opposite mountain to hunt Brindle and has not returned he must have lost his road, or gotten hurt, or something to keep him."

"Yes," said Lodie, slowly. "An' theys want him at ther court ter-day; ef he ain't thyar they'll kem fer him; theys swared they'd hev him, fer ther thing kyant be settled tell he goes."

He swung the bucket up on the edge of the well and passed down the road in silence, his slouching figure like a blot on the exquisite landscape.

Breakfast was ready, and Dolores went in and set the potatoes and bacon at one side of the hearth; the coffee was ready to make; she never made that till it was ready to be drank. When all was ready within she went out to the bank under the pines. The sun was high and warm, but under the pines the shadows were cool and dark; and there she waited for her father.

By and by the men of the settlement started over the mountain in groups of twos and threes. Dolores watched them go, scarce taking her eyes from them till their slouching figures faded and blended with the yellow road and the rugged paths. As they passed they asked for her father,



She arose and faced Lodie.

every one receiving the same reply.

Later, as Dolores watched, a yellow cloud of dust arose where the road and the sky seemed to meet. She watched it mechanically. As the cloud appeared and drew nearer out of it appeared a body of horsemen riding at a sharp pace down the rough road. They slackened their pace as they came up. The girl was plainly discernible in her print gown under the pines. They halted at the rickety gate, and one of them dismounted and went up the walk. He removed his hat as he drew near Dolores.

"Miss Johnson?" She hesitated a moment; the name was unfamiliar to her save as used by young Green. Then she bent her head in reply.

"Your father?" "He is not here," she said, slowly. "Where can we find him?"

"I do not know." "But we must find him." He frowned sternly; his face and voice were authoritative. "He is summoned to appear in court to-day in the Green case; the law cannot wait. Can you give us no idea where we can find him?"

"No." He returned to his companions and reported that Johnson was not there; his daughter did not know where he was. They held a consultation. If it were possible Johnson must be found and brought to court that day; law and right must not be delayed. Riding down the mountain they halted at the tavern. The tavern-keeper's wife came out to meet them.

They asked for water; she said water was scarce on the mountain,



"But we must find him."

but she could give them cider if that would do.

They replied that cider would do very well—in fact, much better than water for their purpose, for they had a rough time before them.

As they drank they asked for the host. He was away, she said, gone over the mountain to the town; a trial was being held there, had they not heard of it? Nearly every one had heard of it; it was making a stir. Folks were excited about it; there was to be a trial there, and Johnson—had they ever heard of Johnson?—was all they were waiting for to lay the guilt where it belonged; he knew more about it than most folks; some thought—

Did Johnson go? No, not that she knew of, and she would know. He went over to the opposite mountain last night to hunt his cow.

In what direction did Johnson go? She was not sure; she believed he went right down the road across the valley. There was a bridge across the river if one followed the road along the foot of the mountain a bit.

Jenkins had seen her there, and he told Johnson so at the tavern; Johnson went right over to hunt her; he took his gun in case he came across game, but that was useless unless he were luckier than usual, for Johnson was too shiftless to have luck.

Yes, the cow came back; she had lost her bell; he would expect to find her by that; doubtless he would keep on hunting; he hadn't sense enough to know she would most likely come home by herself. But if he did not wish to return for reasons best known to himself—Johnson was shiftless, but he was no fool about some things.

His girl now had about as little sense as was possible. She did not even know when she was well off; she was like her mother for all the world, only worse.

As for Dolores, she seemed to like him to talk to her; she was not in the habit of talking much; she never talked with her neighbors, she felt above them; he was the judge's son, and, no doubt, she felt flattered that he took notice of her. Their men never said much to her, for they did not like her. Maybe she went over the mountain. Well, maybe she went because she wished to go. How could she answer for her? Perhaps—

Could they find Johnson if they tried? She did not know. The opposite mountain was a dangerous place; there were sharp ledges and turns and deep chasms; folks seldom ventured over there except for hunting; they had no cause to go.

Did they want Johnson? He was not in the habit of going off; he never went hunting except on their own mountain; he had no go ahead in him; he was shiftless and so was his daughter—only worse.

They had accomplished their errand and paid her liberally as they arose to go, more determined than ever to find Johnson were it a possible thing.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### The Search.

The deputies rode slowly down the mountain. The road was hard for their horses and uncertain, besides it was strange to them and strange ground was unsafe. They talked little. On leaving the tavern one of them remarked that the woman knew what she was talking about, and now they would find Johnson if such a thing were possible, for they had more reason than ever to find him.

They were along the foot of the mountain in search of the path of which the woman spoke. There was no road here as along the other mountain; a narrow line half hidden by long grass and tangled bushes straggled in and out capriciously, as though to puzzle its followers, now up the mountain side, again straying out into the valley meadows nearer the river's moaning. Above, among the pines, the blue haze was tangled, hiding all beyond; the dread mystery of the mountain clung like a garment about it.

The men rode on in silence; there was a solemnity around them that hushed all light words. The enormity of their undertaking dawned more and more upon them; to search for a man in that wilderness with the mountain's heart for his hiding place and its robe of haze for his shield was absurd. There were chasms and dangerous places, sharp turnings and winding paths, ledges hidden by haze that would swallow a man as completely as a sepulcher, and leave no trace, massive rocks overhead that a tremor of the mountain would hurl upon them. No wonder the men grew silent and allowed the horses to have their way; man could not follow the dangerous, hidden paths; only brute instinct could find the safe places.

They came at last to the path up the mountain, and the horses refused to take it until urged by whip and spur. It was a path that shielded all beyond it, as though the mountain had made a fastness that none could break. The horses tolled up slowly, slipping now and again on the treacherous ground; the tangled bushes and low boughs swept them as they passed; above the pine boughs parted enough for a man's head to pass untouched beneath. Now and again the bushes and ferns; great rocks loomed ahead and the path that seemed cut off turned sharply and wound up the mountain; again and again the horsehoofs paused on the edge of a chasm half hidden by haze, and the men with white faces held them up by main force from the ghastly depths beneath their very feet. Their voices, as they shouted in hopes of a reply had Johnson lost his way, sounded gruesome in the loneliness.

Half way up the mountain they paused and faced about. It was useless, they said, and foolish to follow the path up higher; no man would wander up there of his own free will; facing the law were preferable; one knew what to expect from it. Here death laid his traps in secret and lured his victim on; he waited at every corner and lurked near every rock; he was above, below, and before them; he reigned in the mountain's heart. If Johnson were there he might stay there; their lives were of more value than his; they would return to the town and report the utter hopelessness of the search. It would be wiser to search for him nearer home; to hide from the law showed that he was cowardly, and a coward would never come there. They would stop at the tavern and speak to the woman again; her words might be wiser than they thought. And they would speak again to that girl of Johnson's; she might be more willing to talk, and she was no fool.

(To be continued.)

## SHIRTS GROW ON TREES THERE.

That, at Least, Is the Statement of an Old Sailor.

"Shirts grow on trees where I came from," said the old sailor.

"How so, shipmate?" a pale clerk asked.

The sailor emptied his glass and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "I'm a speakin'," he said, "of the South seas. You know them islands over there?"

"Sure," said the clerk.

"Well, that's where I mean that shirts grow on trees. There's a kind of a willow tree on them islands with a soft, flexible bark. A native selects a tree with a trunk that's just a little bigger round than he is. He makes a ring with his knife around the trunk through the bark, and he makes another ring four foot below. Then, with a slit of the knife, he draws the bark off, the same as a boy does in makin' a willow whistle, and he's got a fine, durable shirt. All he needs to do is to dry it out, make two holes for the arms, and put a lacin' in the back to draw it together.

"In the spring of the year the shirts are gathered. Men and women both go out at that time to look for trees that fit them. These bark shirts are treated so as to be soft and flexible. They don't look bad. Gosh hanged if they look bad at all, for shirts that grow on trees."—Philadelphia Record.

## Knew the Major.

"I hear the major is coming up to spend a week with you."

"Yes, and I am fitting up a room for him to entertain his friends. I put in ten chairs and a sideboard."

"Where is the major from?"

"South Carolina."

"Then you had better put in ten sideboards and a chair."

## Out of Season.

"Why are yer so sad?" asked Dusty Dennis.

"Why," growled Sandy Pikes, "dat lady said if I'd split de wood she'd give me an old pair of shoes she promised me last winter."

"An' did she?"

"Yes, she give me a pair of snow-shoes."

## Making Macaroni.

Macaroni is made in forty different shapes and sizes. A special kind of very hard wheat is used in this manufacture.

## Lighthouse Service.

The United States lighthouse service costs \$4,500,000 a year.

## THE TARIFF BURDENS

NOBODY SEEMS ABLE TO FURNISH SPECIFICATIONS.

Easy to Assert That Industry Is Oppressed Because of Protection, But Much Easier to Prove the Blessings It Has Conferred.

Alluding to the report that the president and some others have prevailed upon Gov. Cummins to abandon "the Iowa idea," at least until after the next presidential election, the New York Evening Post says:

"It is not to be inferred that the 'Iowa idea' has undergone any change or that Gov. Cummins has retracted one jot or tittle of his own previous sayings. Nor can such changes take place while the tariff burden resting upon western industry continue to weigh upon it. Petitions from makers of agricultural implements calling for relief from the duties on iron and steel and a great variety of articles which have been monopolized by trusts are now in circulation. They will be presented to Theodore Roosevelt and to the congress of the United States as soon as the latter come together in regular or special session. They embody 'the Iowa idea,' and they will disturb the harmony of the party in many places before the delegates are elected to the next national convention."

It is a fault of free traders, in which class we do not hesitate to include Gov. Cummins, because if he had his own way he would destroy our protective policy by radically changing it for the benefit of foreigners and some selfish home interests, that they deal in generalities and carefully omit particulars. The Evening Post illustrates this trait in the above extract from its columns. What are the "tariff burdens" which now rest upon "western industry"? In what way is the west now burdened by any of the schedules of the Dingley tariff? All of them, working together, have been powerful factors in creating for this country in the six years since they have been in force the most marvelous and most general prosperity in that this country has ever known.

year 1902 to \$17,981,507, against \$16,714,308 in 1901, \$15,979,909 in 1900, \$13,594,524 in 1899, \$9,073,384 in 1898, and \$5,302,807 in 1897. To increase these exports more than three fold in five years does not look as if our agricultural implement manufacturers had been carrying many "burdens" in their export trade under the Dingley tariff.

We do not believe that the west wants the free trade policy of Grover Cleveland, or any policy approximating it, to be substituted for our present protective policy. Under this latter policy it has no "tariff burdens" to complain of—only tariff blessings to be thankful for.—Iron and Steel Bulletin.

## All Records Beaten.

We never sold so many products of American manufacture to foreign nations in one month as in the last April—the month of March and April, 1900, alone excepted.

And yet the Democratic free traders again want to tinker the tariff in order further to increase our export trade.

In 1893-7 the tariff reformers got in work in economic law which they thought would increase our foreign trade. The net result was they despoiled our domestic trade and at the same time home manufactures failed to get a foreign market such as we now have under the Dingley tariff.

On the only occasion in two generations of American politics when the Democratic party had opportunity to show for what purpose it existed, a Democratic President and congress not only failed to effect good results, but actually succeeded in bringing disaster on all American interests.

The less the Democratic tariff reformers now say about promoting our foreign trade by tariff tinkering the better, especially as under the present tariff all records are being beaten in the history of our exports, alike of manufactures and of the products of the farm.—Boston Herald.

## MAIDEN FIRST VOTERS.

Colorado Women Display Interest in the Next Presidential Contest.

A unique and interesting feature of the campaign of education inaugurated

## SEEING THINGS.



The west has abundantly shared in this prosperity. No western industry has been oppressed by the Dingley tariff; all western industries have been helped by it.

It is true that some western and eastern agricultural implement manufacturers, not satisfied with the control of the magnificent home market for their products which they have long enjoyed, and being themselves free traders, would still further increase their profits by enlarging their foreign markets through reciprocity at the expense of their own countrymen who do not make agricultural implements, but who do make other things. But these embodiments of the most brazen selfishness that the world ever knew can not truthfully say that the Dingley tariff has been a "burden" to them. It has immensely helped them, and well they know it.

But the Dingley tariff has not helped selfish agricultural implement manufacturers or their selfish interests in the east or west to close American iron and steel works, or helped them through reciprocity to substitute the wool of the Argentine Republic for that of American farms, or to substitute French gloves and brushes and glassware and other French products for the products of our own factories. All these and similar absent features of the Dingley tariff are not "burdens." As well say that the laws which are intended to restrain the enemies of society from the commission of crime are "burdens."

In addition to controlling the home market absolutely, and charging for their reapers and mowers and threshers and plows and cultivators such prices as they care to exact, our agricultural implement manufacturers have been steadily extending the foreign market for their products ever since the Dingley tariff became a law, as the following official figures will show. Our exports of agricultural implements amounted in the calendar

## NEED OF GOOD ROADS

BENEFIT DWELLERS IN BOTH CITY AND COUNTRY.

Little Incident That Set Farmer and Manufacturer to Thinking Along the Same Lines and Boomed the Cause of State Aided Road Building.

A few weeks ago a Maryland farmer found an automobile safely anchored in a mud hole on a country road about twenty miles from the city home of the owner. The automobilist was vigorously swearing at the mud, the farmers and the rural districts in general. After cooling down somewhat, he struck a bargain with the farmer to extricate his machine and haul it to the nearest possible road for \$3.50. When the job was finished both were in a comparatively good humor. The automobilist lit a fresh ten-cent cigar and presented the farmer one, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Why don't you farmers improve these roads?"

"Well, we do work 'em every year, but they don't seem to get any better."

"But why don't you build first-class roads and be done with it?"

"Say, Mister, you must think we're rich out here in the back woods. How much do you reckon it would cost? Not less than two or three thousand dollars a mile, I guess. That would break us up. We're taxed already as much as we can stand. If you city fellows want to go touring over these roads, I guess you'll have to get used to the mud, same as we have."

After the two had smoked in silence for half a minute the farmer cleared his throat and ventured to ask:

"Say, why don't you rich city fellows give us a lift and help us improve these roads? I've been reading some lately about state aid and government aid for the farmers in building good roads. Why don't you go in for these things? Wouldn't it be a benefit to the whole community?"

"Well," replied the automobilist, who happened to be a millionaire manufacturer, "I don't know but you are right. I hadn't thought of it in that light."

After some further discussion along this line, the two separated, each with some new ideas. The farmer had grasped the idea that the automobile, which he had always viewed with mingled feelings of scorn and amusement, might after all turn out to be a great friend of his; might, in fact, be the means of inducing the rich men of the cities to help the farmers build good country roads.

The rich city man, on the other hand, had got a glimpse of the real conditions and sentiments prevailing in the country. He realized as never before that no general improvement of the country roads could be hoped for so long as the farmers were left to work out the problem unaided. In fact, he saw the injustice of expecting them to shoulder the whole burden.

As a result of this incident, both the farmer and the automobilist are now conducting a little campaign among their neighbors in favor of state and national aid to road building.

## THE D— FOOL VOTE.

How Champ Clark Won Precinct by Daring Rejoinder.

Congressman Champ Clark usually manages to take pretty good care of himself, whatever the circumstances. During one of his campaigns in Missouri he struck an exceptionally hostile neighborhood. He had been subjected to several interruptions, and finally a burly fellow strode down to the front of the platform and said:

"Say, you're a d— fool, and everybody here knows it!"

Clark's face actually became radiant at this announcement. He leaned over, and before the bewildered spectator who had hurled the epithet could think, seized his hand and wrung it warmly. Then, facing his audience squarely, said:

"The remark of my friend here has given me renewed encouragement. If before I had any shadow of doubt as to my success, he has dispelled it, for if I poll the full d— fool vote of this precinct, I will be elected by a rousing majority."

Clark afterward said he knew he was taking long chances. But the audience went wild over the rejoinder, and the Congressman really did carry the precinct when election day rolled around.—Baltimore Herald.

## Kansas Philosopher.

The old man was sitting on the roof gazing placidly across the rushing waters.

"Washed all your fowls away?" asked the man in the boat.

"Yes, but the ducks swam," smiled the old man.

"Tore up your peach trees?"

"Don't mind it much. They said the crop would be a failure."

"But the flood! It's up to your windows!"

"Wal, them windows needed washing, anyway, stranger."

## Dreams of the Grass.

O! to lie in long grasses! O! to dream on the plain! Where the west wind sings as it passes, A weird and unceasing refrain. Where the rank grass tosses and waltzes, And the plain's rim dazzles the eye, Where hardly a silver cloud bosses The flashing steel shield of the sky!

To watch the grey gulls as they glitter Like snowflakes, and fall from on high To dip in the depths of the prairie! Where the crow's foot tosses away, Like the swirl of swift waiters in glee, To the harsh, shrill creak of the cricket, And the song of the lark and the bee! —Hamlin Garland.