

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.
Author of "At a Girl's Mercy," Etc.

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CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Dolores sat up with a dignity of bearing that silenced further words on the woman's lips.

"Do you think," she said—"does any one think that I would leave my father?"

The nurse laughed softly, with a touch of scorn in her voice.

"Do you think it would break his heart, Miss Johnson?"

Dolores was too deeply in earnest to be moved by the scornful words; afterward the words and tone came back to her distinctly.

"I would not leave my father," she said, solemnly, her large, steadfast eyes fixed disconcertingly on the quiet face opposite, "I would not leave my father—never—while he lives—not for any one."

"You may change your mind," the nurse said, lightly, rising to prepare for the night. She touched the girl's hair softly as Dora could have done, caressing the stray curls on the smooth, broad brow pilyngly.

"Go to bed, child," she said. "We'll not talk any more about that now; it is time you were getting your beauty sleep ere the clock strikes twelve."

"I would not leave my father," Dolores said, solemnly, her eyes raised to the kindly face above her. "I would not leave my father—ever—while he lives—not for any one."

"Who'd a thought," said Jones, meditatively, tipping his chair back and stretching his feet pretty well toward the smoky mantel. "Who'd a thought that big Johnson w' sinews like oak d' ever kem ter thes'?"

It was more the statement of a fact than a question; he said it to free his mind and start the ball of conversation rolling. That every one thought as he did on this subject was a matter of course. He looked around on them approvingly as though to impress them with the fact that he was with them there.

"Et's better so," said Lodie, gravely, changing his left leg over the right; "et's better so than fer him ter hev run inter hidin'."

A silence fell over them all; each thought the same; in fact they thought considerably beyond that, but not one of them dared say what was in his mind.

"Reyther onsatisfac'ry ans'rs they give us when we went ter ask 'bout hem," said big Tom Smith, dissatisfiedly, as he pushed the cat from the hearth with his foot and drew his chair up nearer the fire.

"Ther jedge's son were thar," said another big, stout man, with a malicious snort of laughter. "Ther jedge's son were thar, an' theys were too big ter speak ter sech common folks as we uns. What hev we ter do with they uns sence ther jedge's son hev took up Johnsing an' his gal."

A loud burst of laughter drowned the sobbing of the storm. Lodie alone sat quite unmoved, staring gravely into the crackling fire.

"Look a-hyar," he said, slowly, changing his right leg over the left. "Look a-hyar, men, mebb'y t' ain't sech a good joke as ye seem ter think with yer larfin' an' yer jokin'." When I helped with Johnsing tell ther doctors kem, I could see plain that t' warn't no common thing hed hap'd Johnsing. Thar he were with his two legs broke an' his arms, an' covered with bruises an' mebb'y no end o' broke bones; an' I says ter myself 't' warn't no common thing hed hap'd Johnsing. An' when ther doctors kem theys sed—I asked ther jedge's son as I were comin' out, an'

"Well, when I was done seein' ther doctors an' ther wimmen," Smith continued, "et ther jedge's house, what young Green sent me ter see, I went over ter Scrubb's on ther corner opp'sit' ther court house where some o' ther fellers was. One o' ther men thar got talkin' pretty free 'bout ther trial an' ther lamen' an' ther hull b'isness, an' one o' ther others sed ter him that he'd best keep a civil tongue in his head 'bout ther Johnsing an' his gal, fer et seems ther Lem Johnsing—him that left hyar many year ago—hev kem back ter see his brother, an' has been askin' news o' him, an' is a-findin' out all he ken 'bout him, an' special 'bout ther gal o' his. Et seems he hev got his darter with him an' she hev took a fancy ter ther gal o' Johnsing's from ther first what she hev heard all from ther jedge's son. An' et's kem out ther theys goin' ter kerri her 'way up No'th ter ther big city when theys go, an' eddicate her an' make a lady o' her. An' Lem, he hev a heap o' money, theys says ower yonder, an' he an' ther jedge's struck up a powerful frindship that may, they lowed, mebb'y prove a benefit ter Johnsing in many ways, but most special in a way t' wes all know."

"Et 'pears queer how theys kem round," Sadler said, meditatively, "but Lem Johnsing alays did hev more grit 'n most o' em. Theys a shef'less, no 'count set ennyhow, 'ceptin' him, an' ther gal worse 'n most."

"Look a-hyar, Sadler," Lodie said, slowly—Dolores could not have spoken slower. "Et's bein' worse'n ther beasle ter hit a man when he's down, special when yer know he kyan't live long ter bother nobody. Ef theys get hem ower ter ther town alive et'll be more'n I reckon. An' more'n that, he may be dead o' a-dyin' thes minnet while we was call o' him names an' sayin' onkind things 'bout hem. Hem an' his gal has 'nough ter think o' 'thout we uns heavin' on her an' him a lot o' hyard things t' ain't all true or kind. How'd ye like ther same 'bout ye, or yer gal, Sadler?"

The fire died down on the hearth until only a glowing heap of ashes remained. The rain and wind sobbed outside at the doors and windows, swaying the creaking sign at the door post. Suddenly the low door was thrown open, letting in a gust of hoarse east wind and showers of rain and sleet, and out of this, like a wreath of the storm, tall, grave-faced, drenched to the skin, young Green stood in their midst.

He closed the door and advanced toward the fire, removing his hat as he did so.

Jones arose at once. Jones was always ready for business; the jedge's son would pay well, no doubt; he should have the best in the house. The other men retained their positions and regarded the new-comer with no friendly eyes.

"A powerful bad storm, jedge," said Jones, good-naturedly. "Kem right up hyar by ther fire, an' get ye dry."

"Yes," Green said, pleasantly, quick to note the sullen aspect of the men around the fire. "It's a night to make

yer best foot forrard as soon as may be."

"Look a-hyar, man"—there was a wrathful gleam in the big fellow's black eyes as he arose to his feet in all his height of six feet three—"et makes no difference what ye say ter me or 'bout me, but ther next one what speaks ther gal's name like thet'll be laid outen flatter'n ever Johnsing were, an' he'll never git up agen. How'd ye like one o' us ter say ther same o' yer darter, Hiram Sadler?"

"Hi, hi!" the man exclaimed, with another burst of laughter not so loud nor so long as before. "Hi, hi! hyar's kem a champ'on fighter fer ther gal o' Johnsing's sure's ye live, Jones. Let's hev a drink outen et, ter drive all ill feelin' off. I meant no harm ter ye, Lodie, nor ther gal neither."

And the big man looked down on the speaker with steady eyes as he answered:

"Say what ye like 'bout me an' ter me, Sadler, but there frst' sech word 'bout ther gal o' Johnsing's from any o' ye'll be yer last."

And they knew he meant what he said.

CHAPTER XIII.

Around the Tavern Fire.

"I heard reyther a strange story ower yander in ther town thes mornin' when I went fer ther doctors," Tom Smith said, presently, setting down his mug of cider and wiping off his bearded lips with the back of his hand. "A strange story an' reyther more'n I think Johnsing deserves."

"He hev more'n he deserves now," Sadler said, with a leer at Lodie.

"But the story, Tom," Jones interposed, to prevent further unpleasantness. "Let's hev et at once."

"Et's 'bout Johnsing, of course," Smith said, solemnly. "Et all 'pears ter be 'bout Johnsing. A shef'less, no 'count critter ennyhow."

"Never mind 'bout thet," Jones said, seeing Lodie turn his big black eyes from the fire to the face of the speaker. "Johnsing is havin' all he ken well carry 'thout our sayin' hyard things 'bout hem. Let's hev yer story, Tom."

"Well, when I was done seein' ther doctors an' ther wimmen," Smith continued, "et ther jedge's house, what young Green sent me ter see, I went over ter Scrubb's on ther corner opp'sit' ther court house where some o' ther fellers was. One o' ther men thar got talkin' pretty free 'bout ther trial an' ther lamen' an' ther hull b'isness, an' one o' ther others sed ter him that he'd best keep a civil tongue in his head 'bout ther Johnsing an' his gal, fer et seems ther Lem Johnsing—him that left hyar many year ago—hev kem back ter see his brother, an' has been askin' news o' him, an' is a-findin' out all he ken 'bout him, an' special 'bout ther gal o' his. Et seems he hev got his darter with him an' she hev took a fancy ter ther gal o' Johnsing's from ther first what she hev heard all from ther jedge's son. An' et's kem out ther theys goin' ter kerri her 'way up No'th ter ther big city when theys go, an' eddicate her an' make a lady o' her. An' Lem, he hev a heap o' money, theys says ower yonder, an' he an' ther jedge's struck up a powerful frindship that may, they lowed, mebb'y prove a benefit ter Johnsing in many ways, but most special in a way t' wes all know."

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"A powerful bad storm, jedge," said Jones, good-naturedly. "Kem right up hyar by ther fire, an' get ye dry."

"Yes," Green said, pleasantly, quick to note the sullen aspect of the men around the fire. "It's a night to make

one glad of fire and shelter. Hava you a place for me to-night, Jones?"

"Sartin, jedge. Wes alays a place fer ye an' a plate an' mug. Ye shall hev a smokin' supper ter sort o' straighten ye out, an' ye'll take o' yer things an' hev 'em dried. Hyar's a mug first ter brace ye. Et's a powerful bad night is this."

"Thank you," Green said. "You're a good-hearted host, Jones. It is pleasant to feel one is so heartily welcome."

He drew up the chair Jones placed for him, merely noticing the men in the simplest manner.

"How is Johnsing now, jedge?" Lodie asked, slowly. He was privileged to ask; was he not one of those who rescued the man?

"Unconscious," Green replied, gravely. "The doctors dare not leave him for a moment. He is in a critical state and the least movement might prove fatal."

"Have theys set his broke bones, jedge?" Sadler asked, respectfully.

"Yes," Green replied, stretching his

wet feet toward the fire and enjoying its warmth and rest after the dreary day. "They have set his right leg and his arm, but his left leg will have to be amputated near the hip."

A silence fell over them. A sort of awed silence it was, at thought of all it meant. And it was the same man who stood in their midst but three days before, powerful of muscle, with cords like an oak, vowing vengeance upon this young man who had saved his life.

"The leg should have been amputated at once, for it was in a terrible condition, but the doctors dared not do it; in his weak state it might prove fatal. To-morrow they hope to do it. His daughter knows nothing of his critical condition, and they wish her not to know. The waiting and suspense have told much on her already, and she must have no more excitement at present."

"An' he's goin' ter lose his leg?" Lodie asked, slowly. "Et's goin' ter be reyther hyard on ther gal as well as Johnsing, 'pears ter me. Who'll take care o' em, I'd like ter know?"

"They'll be taken care of," young Green replied, quietly, a touch of color in his face to hear these rough men speaking of these things in regard to such a woman as Dolores Johnson. "But it is doubtful about Johnsing having to be taken care of many days."

Mrs. Jones came to the door and spoke to him. His supper was ready if he cared to have it then.

As he arose to obey the summons Tom Smith asked, gruffly, it might be out of bravado to hide his real feelings:

"Ef Johnsing dies what 'bout ther trial ower yander, jedge?"

Green faced him with a look the men never forgot, as he replied, sharply:

"What is a mare's life to that of a man, Smith? You had best let that matter drop till this is settled."

(To be continued.)

IS HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.

Neapolitan with Most Strangely Mixed Lineage.

Beppo Bruzoni, a Neapolitan sailor, is a living proof of the fact that a man can be his own grandfather.

"I married," he said, "a widow, and she had by first husband a handsome girl named Silvietta, with whom my father fell in love and who became his second wife. Thus my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter became my mother, since she had married my father. Soon afterwards my wife gave birth to a son, who became my father's step-brother and at the same time my uncle, since he was my step-mother's brother."

"But that was not all, for in due time my father's wife also gave birth to a boy, who was my brother and also my step-son, since he was the son of my daughter. My wife was also my grandmother, and thus I was my wife's husband and at the same time her grandson. Finally, as the husband of a person's grandmother is naturally that person's grandfather, I am my own grandfather."—Household Words.

The True American Spirit.

It is a genuine refreshment to the soul nowadays to meet a man who says: "I want work and it does not matter what it is, so long as it is honest and fairly paid for!" There are men whose courage and nobility were never suspected when they were prosperous, who, when adversity came upon them, threw off their coats and pride and are working at jobs they used to give as favors to other men.—Atlanta Constitution.

IS IT AN AGREEMENT?

THE PROTECTIVE TARIFF CONSIDERED AS A CONTRACT.

Have Not the Government and the People Entered into a Covenant That All Labor and Industry Shall Enjoy the Benefits of Protection?

With satisfaction the American Economist observes the attention devoted by the New York Tribune of July 25 to the suggestion that before taking action on the pending Cuban reciprocity treaty Congress will do well to carefully consider and accurately weigh certain important arguments against the consummation of that project. The Tribune had committed itself to the opinion that there was nothing to consider in this connection; that the case was all settled and the legislation necessary to start the reciprocity wheels "should take no time at all."

It seems, however, to have discovered that there was one phase of the question worthy of at least momentary thought, for in a leading editorial article of considerable length it goes to the trouble of taking issue with the position of the Economist. The subject, to be sure, is treated in a flippant, sour and superficial manner; but it is better that it should be treated in this way than not treated at all. Among the points submitted by the Economist for consideration by Congress at the extra session to be called Nov. 9 for final action on the Cuban treaty was the following:

"Does it not involve the violation by the government of a contract of agreement with certain producing interests of the United States—namely, the Dingley tariff law?"

This suggestion, as is evident on its face, was put forward tentatively, not as an assertion of law or fact, but with a view to drawing attention to the question of moral obligation on the part of our own government toward our own people. So much has been heard as to our moral obligation toward the people of Cuba that it would seem only fair to take some account of the duty which the govern-

ment owes to those of our own producers who claim equal rights with other domestic producers to the protection guaranteed them by law. The Dingley tariff law is in the nature of a covenant between the government and the people. It is rather more than that. It is the mandate of the people framed into law and promulgated by their servants, the Senators, Representatives of the United States, Congress and the President of the United States—a mandate that must remain in full force until revoked by the people, through their servants, in the same manner and by the same process by which it was originally placed upon the statute books. The manner and the process are clearly defined in that clause of the Constitution which provides that all legislation affecting the revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives. In the case of the Cuban treaty this process has been reversed. Legislation affecting the revenue by a reduction of 20 per cent in tariff duties has originated in the Senate and now goes to the House for final concurrence. This is why the proposed amendment of the Dingley law is characterized as irregular and unconstitutional; this is why it has been suggested that the Dingley law should stand as a covenant between the government and the people until it shall have been in whole or in part abrogated by the people.

The suggestion as to equity and good faith on the part of the government toward domestic producers seems to have irritated the Tribune into a frame of mind not conducive to calm and logical discussion. It has so nettled the journal founded by Horace Greeley, Protectionist, that it employs phrases and methods of expression which are curiously similar to the vein in which free trade writers assail the doctrine and policy of protection. "The tariff is a tax," these free trade propagandists have been telling us for many years. Evidently the Tribune of to-day, unlike the Tribune of Horace Greeley's time, holds the same view. It says:

"The obligation of contract is often invoked by corporations to avoid new taxes. The franchise holders of New York are just now appealing to the Su-

preme court on that ground in their endeavors to escape taxation on the value of their franchises. It is something new, however, to find the tax laws themselves construed as a contract and therefore not subject to change, iest the constitutional rights of citizens be invaded."

It is something new, surely, to find a protectionist newspaper referring to the Dingley tariff as a "tax law" and taking no account of its operation as a protective measure. But that is not the sorest point with the Tribune. Again in the fashion of its free trade contemporaries it dips its pen into vinegar and gall and in response to the tentative suggestion as to rights under a covenant of agreement it declares:

"If the Dingley law was a contract 'with certain producing interests,' then it must have been passed in payment of some supposed debt. The 'producing interests' in question must have paid something for it."

A contract implies consideration. What 'producing interests' rendered valuable consideration which gives them a right to look on a law of the United States as a contract which the United States has no right to revise at will? What was the consideration? To whom was it rendered? What are the secret clauses which give what is on its face a mere tax law the character of a contract? 'Certain producing interests' have a contract with the United States, have they?—a contract, not that they shall be taxed only at a certain rate, or shall not be taxed at all, but that somebody else shall be taxed for their benefit? For how long does this contract run? Have the 'certain producing interests' acquired a perpetual lien on the country by the passage of a contract instrument establishing an unchangeable tax? What claim had the 'producing interests' on the lawmakers to induce the creation of such an astonishing obligation, amounting to the sale and alienation of the government's future legislative power?"

We had not supposed that any Republican newspaper would allow its zeal in behalf of tariff tinkering by reciprocity treaty to carry it so far

AN ODD INDIAN BELIEF.

Tradition Connected With the Division Into Castes.

According to the tradition of one of the tribes of India, the sun created a man and a woman at the beginning of time and this couple had twelve children. When they had all come to an age to shift for themselves the sun divided them into pairs and placed food of all kinds before them. On their choice depended the fate of their descendants. Those who took vegetables only became the ancestors of the highest caste of all, the Brahmans, while the Santals, the lowest of all castes, spring from those who chose pigs. The Kols declare that they are descended from those who took bullocks' flesh and to the sustaining power of the food of their choice the Larka, or fighting Kols, attribute their strength and fine physique. When these latter at the beginning of the last century first met English troops they were quickly impressed with the fighting powers of the strangers, and, finding that they, too, ate bullocks' flesh, the Kols paid them the great compliment of assigning them the same pair of ancestors as the Kols. But by the time eleven pairs had chosen their share of the food provided there was nothing left for the unfortunate twelfth couple, and they had to beg food from the others who had fared better. From this unlucky pair spring the Ghasis, who do not work, but support themselves on the charity and leavings of others.

NOT A BLOOD RELATION

Death of Life's Partner Caused a Fine Distinction.

It was in one of the farming districts of New England. The young folks had banded themselves together for monthly jollifications during the winter and were about to celebrate the last dance of the season, as well as a couple of engagements which had resulted from the assemblies. Ben Hawkins, the local Pagini, and his Stradivarius had been engaged to lead them through the mazes of the country dance, and all were looking forward to the "time of their life."

But death inconsiderately claimed Mrs. Hawkins for his own on the afternoon of the eventful party. The young people gathered as arranged, but bemoaned the absence of "Ole Ben," and games were being substituted for the dancing, when lo! Hawkins and his fiddle appeared on the scene.

Great astonishment and many questions greeted the old man, but he calmly slipped his fiddle out of its green bag and as he meditatively rubbed the resin on the bow said:

"Wall, yes, Maria's gone; died this afternoon, but I reckon 'tain't no sin for me to play for you to-night, seein' she wa'n't no blood relation."

Peculiar Marriage Ceremony.

Among the Kherrias of India the marriage ceremony is quite elaborate. After many preliminaries the priest begins this singular performance: Taking a small portion of the hair of the bride and groom in turn, from the center of the forehead, he draws it down to the bridge of the nose. Then, pouring oil on the top of the head, he watches it carefully as it trickles down the portion of hair. If the oil runs straight on to the tip of the nose their future will be fortunate, but if it spreads over the forehead or trickles off on either side of the nose bad luck is sure to follow. Their fortunes told, generally to their own satisfaction, the essential and irrevocable part of the ceremony takes place. Standing up side by side, but with faces strictly averted, the bride and bridegroom mark each other's foreheads with "sindur" (vermillion). Great care is always taken that neither shall catch a glimpse of the other during this important process, which finally makes the couple man and wife.

A Canny Preacher.

Major Pond was a discreet man, but he occasionally told one celebrity a good story at the expense of another. One of his favorite stories was of an American preacher who preached in England under his management.

The sermons attracted greater audiences than either manager or preacher had expected, and at length, one night, as manager and managed sat talking upon the steps of a great London church after the delivery of a successful sermon in a neighboring hall, the dissatisfied preacher struck for higher wages, and brought such arguments to bear that the manager felt it necessary to yield.

It was a costly talk for Major Pond, but he keenly enjoyed the humor of the situation and took great pleasure in picturing the great preacher seated in the moonlight upon the cathedral step bargaining for higher pay for preaching the gospel.—New York Sun.

Snake Captures Dog.

Harry Metzger of Boston went to the Mountain Tea hills yesterday in search of mountain tea. He was accompanied by a young beagle hound. The hound became separated from Metzger and soon attracted him by its yelping. He found the hound in a small open space in the underbrush, and firmly wrapped around the animal was a large snake.

Flood Benefits One Man.

The Missouri river flood has given P. C. Nuckles of Rochepot, Mo., a new house, completely furnished. The high water drove Mr. Nuckles away from his farm, and when he returned to it he found on his land a comparatively new house, which was in good condition, despite its watery journey. There is nothing about it to indicate who the owner is.

Argument Is Wasted.

To wage earners: When a man tells you that free trade is a good thing for you, coax him into an alley and tell him he is a fool.—Davenport (Ia.) Republican.



Young Green stood in their midst.



"Look a-hyar, mau!"

he told me—theys sed Johnsing ain't long ter live, an' thet t' would be a mericle ef he even live a week. An' thar were Johnsing's gal a standin' at ther winder starin' out et ther rain, jes' es she'd stood ever sence we brought her feyther home, an' she's never moved or spoke sence. Stop yer larfin, men; 'tain't no larfin matter—thes ther hev hap'd Johnsing."

"Hev ther gal stole yer hyart fro' ye, Lodie?" asked one of the men, again starting the rough laughter. "She's a sweet gal, Jim, an' ye're welcome ter her ef ye ken get her from ther jedge's son. But ye'll hev ter be lively, man. 'Tain't ev'ry gal kin get ther son o' a jedge, an' ye'd best put