

# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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## 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. Then she took the pail and went to the shed to milk Brindle. Mrs. Allen paused at the window to watch her. 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 buried 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 draggled.

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,"



Striding through the storm.

for his niece. 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 not say I will not leave my father—ever—while he lives—not for anyone?"

By and 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 at the tavern on purpose."

Dolores spoke to him. A slight

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. Some way everyone listened 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 therein 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 would 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 squarely, 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 calm, quiet face, the large dark eyes that were so 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 indistinguishable to her they opened the door and passed in, closing the door behind them. Then she arose slowly, her eyes darkening. The little scented note her uncle had given her fell unheeded at her feet. She spoke slowly, but her words were clear; there was no bitterness in her voice, only a great wonder.

(To be continued.)

### WHY HE STOPPED FISHING.

Indian Had 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 we 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 Digger Indian catch more fish in an hour in this stream than you've landed all day with your fine flies."

"What bait did he use?" I asked.

"Live grasshoppers," replied the old man, "but he didn't impale them. From his head he would stoically pluck a pair 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, said Jordan.

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

### Choosing Marriage Date.

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in County Donegal, Ireland, and in the Scottish 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.

## FREE TRADE PLAIN

FAULT FOUND WITH BUREAU OF STATISTICS.

Yet the Figures Sent Out by the Department of Commerce and Labor Simply Show Real Conditions of the Country's Industrial Progress.

The Springfield Republican is greatly exercised over the bulletins sent out by the Bureau of Statistics, which has now been transferred from the Treasury department to the Department of Commerce and Labor. The Republican does not attempt to impugn the accuracy or truth of the information sent out, its only objection being, apparently, that the bulletins help the cause of protection by chronicling the prosperous condition of the country, as shown in both our foreign and home commerce. It says: "These government specials to the newspapers average two or three a week, and as high tariff preachers they are not excelled by anything the American Protective Tariff League is doing." That is both high praise for the department and in itself the fullest possible vindication of the wisdom of the framers of the Dingley law.

The articles sent out once or twice a week by Mr. Austin are summaries for the most part of our foreign commerce and our internal trade. They are generally actual figures, with once in a while the figures for a single month estimated, but always very conservatively. Almost since the very beginning of the government it has been thought a matter of wisdom to give to the country the fullest possible statistics concerning our trade, particularly our foreign trade. For the past half century have these figures been given out quite in detail, and there is no one but the most hope-

WANTED—A SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.



less pessimist who will not acknowledge that such information is not only instructive but almost invaluable. If, then, such figures are worth while to collect and print once a year, as is done in the "Statistical Abstract," or once a month, as is done in the "Summary of Commerce and Finance," then surely a weekly or even a daily gathering of similar figures must be both interesting and of value to all those concerned.

As regards the "promotion of the high tariff propaganda," the honest figures of the country's industrial advance during the last five years must tend to that very end. Mr. Austin does not manufacture his figures or his facts; he simply compiles and reports them, as he finds them on the official or authoritative records. As the Republican says: "These figures are spread out in specially prepared articles and mailed to the press for publication on a specified day." This is true, and a large portion of the press of the country feel deeply indebted to Mr. Austin and his associates for this work. The busy editor has neither the means nor the time to collect these figures and present them to his readers as he would like to. The Bureau of Statistics is intended for the very purpose, and the result of its work is the property of the public. The disloyal papers which do not want to publish anything reflecting credit upon their country will leave them alone; the papers who are proud of their country's record in industry as well as war publish them, or a part of them, as they see fit.

Evidently the Republican man is mad clear through because the country did not go to the demeriton bow wows during the late decline in stocks. He no doubt had his famous editorial, "I told you so," all ready, and being left high and dry by a flurry instead of a panic, he, of course, must get even somewhere, and so he goes for Mr. Austin and the "high tariff propaganda." A newspaper that finds fault with the publications of honest facts and figures calling attention to the progress of the country, either in its foreign or domestic trade, no matter from what sources or for what purpose the figures emanate and are promulgated, is not to be appeased by anything short of absolute free trade and the most panicky of panics that could possibly follow. The figures sent out from Washington to the newspapers are not like the weather reports, which are purely guess work, or the crop reports, which are not absolute, but simply estimates founded upon certain conditions. On the con-

trary, these figures of trade and commerce are actual reports of accomplishment, and for that reason cannot be considered in any way as promoting any fiscal policy. When our balance of trade is six hundred millions we are told so, and when it falls below four hundred millions we are told that. We are simply told the truth in each and every case, no matter what it is or what brought it about or what will be its effect, and every impartial, honest editor in the country, as well as every loyal reader, has nothing but thanks to express to the department and to the statistician who furnishes us with these interesting figures and facts concerning our industrial progress.

### WOULD DESTROY CONFIDENCE.

Cuban Reciprocity Treaty Would Affect Michigan Prosperity.

Congressman Fordney writes to the American Economist as follows: Saginaw, West Side, Mich., July 25, 1903. Editor American Economist, New York. Dear Sir: Apropos to your strenuous fight for protection, and incidentally against the proposed Cuban reciprocity measure, I inclose a clipping from a local paper which goes to show what the American sugar beet and beet sugar industries may develop into if given the same chance in the future which they have had in the past. What is true of Michigan, will in time be true of other states, if confidence in the business is not destroyed by harmful legislation. It may be urged that a 20 per cent cut will not destroy the industry. That might be true, but it certainly will destroy confidence in the industry and retard its development, to say the least. And is an American congress going to strike this all important enterprise, as well as others, a body blow, simply to assist the Cuban farmer, on the surface,

### HAD A WRONG EFFECT.

Impressive Sermon Confirmed Listener in Evil Ways.

The little English vicar of Hexton, whose objection to high church ritualism brought him recently into conflict with Bishop Potter in New York, sat one day drinking a brandy and soda in the cafe of the Fifth Avenue hotel.

A group of reporters surrounded him. One of the reporters said:

"Why don't you try to down ritualism, Mr. Fillingham, with sermons rather than with violence?"

The vicar smiled. "Sermons," he said, "have an effect always, but too often this effect is the opposite one to what the sermonizer intended."

"How do you mean, sir?" the reporter asked.

"I'll illustrate to you what I mean," said the vicar. "I once had a parishioner who was a miser. For this man's benefit I preached one Sunday a strong sermon on the necessity of charity, of philanthropy—a sermon on the duty and the joy of giving. The miser, at whom I gazed often, seemed impressed."

"Next day I met him on the street. 'Well, John' I said, 'what did you think of yesterday's sermon?'"

"It moved me deeply, sir," he answered. It has brought home to me so strongly the necessity of giving aims that, honestly, sir, I've a great mind to turn beggar."—New York Tribune.

### THE ORIGIN OF "SLABSIDES."

Burroughs' Home Named After Boyhood Companion.

During dinner the other day at the residence of Mr. Burroughs, President Roosevelt turned to his venerable host and remarked:

"Burroughs, I wish I could inspire as much interest in any man as you do in me. You know, I have read all you have written, and I love to hear you talk; but I am always asking myself some new question about you. I never knew until a few years ago why you called your first book 'Wake-Robin,' and I can't see how this delightful place ever got such a name as 'Slabsides.'"

"Can't tell you, sir, exactly," Mr. Burroughs is reported to have replied. "But, when I was a youngster I knew a man whom we called 'Old Slabsides.' He was a Presbyterian minister, a tall, lank, melancholy man, and my father used to lend me out to him to cut bait when he went fishing. He had a glass eye and a chronic catarrh. One cold March day, when the fish were biting, he was greatly annoyed by having to resort almost constantly to his handkerchief. Finally he turned to me and said, 'Johnny, don't you know some nice boy I could hire on a small salary to blow my nose?'"—New York Mail and Express.

### Had Company in His Misery.

Miss Cynthia Roche, one of the most beautiful girls at Newport, the other day took a long ride with friends through the country on a motor car. Its occupants becoming thirsty, the car was stopped at a little farmhouse, and there the old farmer was very gallant. He led Miss Roche on a little tour of the estate. Among other interesting things he showed the young girl a tremendous potato patch. Over this patch he shook his head gravely. He said that all the vines in it had been ruined by a parasite. Miss Roche sympathized with the old man and murmured:

"I am sorry to see this fine field of potatoes so seriously diseased."

"Yes," said the farmer; "it is a great pity. I have only one comfort. 'What is that?' Miss Roche asked: 'Why, Thomson's field, east there; and Shannon's, on the south, are as bad, if not worse, than mine.'"

### In After Years.

Only a hand organ worn and old Played "neath my window to-day. But the tender melody upward rolled Swept the past years away.

Again I saw, youthful and bold, My love smiling love upon me. And again that fond story he told, While the notes chimed plaintively.

And as up floats that olden air The passionate tears fast fall, For listening those echoes rising there, I can still the sweet words recall.

"Only to see thee darling, Only to hear thy voice, Even its faintest whisper Would bid my heart rejoice." —Annie G. Murray in New York Herald.

### Must Pay for Their Outing.

Capt. Miles O'Reilly, a New York police officer, who has distinguished himself more than once in his chosen profession, has laid down a new rule of conduct for his men. He says that they can have a big outing they have planned providing they reach into their own pockets and pay the expense. But he says they must not sell tickets to saloon keepers, merchants and others, who might expect returns that the officers could not properly give.

### Japanese Exposition.

The only American exhibit at the Osaka (Japan) exposition is that of Oregon, whose legislature voted \$4,000 for the purpose. Canada voted \$70,000 and Austria \$40,000 to aid exhibitors, and Germany is very well represented in all lines. A syndicate of Japanese, incorporated with a cash capital of \$150,000, has purchased the Oregon exhibit.

### Discovery.

King Edward appears to have discovered that he has missed a lot by not going to Ireland oftener. For that reason he has promised to go again. A little friendliness counts a good deal with the Irish people.—Cleveland Leader.