

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

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Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1890 by Street & Smith, In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"He is my father, and they will not let me in there, yet he can see 'im."

The nurse laid her hand caressingly on the girl's arm.

"Of course," she said, in a matter of fact tone. "Remember, Dolores, it is years since he has seen your father. And do you know, as soon as he is better we are going to take him over to the town so you can nurse him to your heart's content? There are pretty houses in the town, and your uncle intends buying one and furnishing it for you. There's a fine blacksmith's shop with a good business for your father, and he is to have a housekeeper and everything comfortable while you are in New York with us."

"Your uncle will be ready in a moment, and he does not like to wait; you needn't change your dress, and can wear my wrap and bonnet. Dora will fix everything when you get there. Here is her note; you have not yet read it. Shall I read it for you while you get ready?"

She stooped and picked up the note where it had fallen, talking continually, giving the girl no time to reply had she so wished.

"Dora writes such a pretty hand; they say those who draw well write well, and Dora makes charming sketches. Here is your note; it reads like her, only one misses her pretty voice."

Mrs. Allen spoke rapidly, but with not a trace of excitement; more as though she would give the girl no time to think. She unfolded the soft gray shawl, and laid it over a chair, then she opened the note with no break in the conversation, and read aloud:

"My Dear New Cousin:—Nurse Allen has told you I have come to claim you, or rather have come part way to claim you. They will not allow me to go out to-day, so father has promised me solemnly that he will bring you with him to me. Nurse Allen will take good care of him, and bring him to us by and by, and we can go over to see him when the weather is dry. Give him my love. I hope he is better, and will go to see him soon. Come to me at once; I wish you, Dolores Johnson, and can wait no longer."

"DORA."

CHAPTER XV.

Dolores' Reply.

Dolores listened quietly, with no sign of impatience or interest; she stood erect and silent, her eyes resting calmly on Mrs. Allen's face.

The bedroom door opened, and her uncle came out, accompanied by young Green and Dr. Dunwiddie. He noticed the wraps made ready, and spoke cheerily:

"Well my dear, are you ready? My girl will be watching for us—eh, Green? And if you are ready we will go at once."

Mrs. Allen advanced and began putting the wraps around the girl, but Dolores stepped back to avoid her, giving her a slow glance as of reproach, then she turned away from the others toward the physician who was talking earnestly to young Green at the farther window.

There was no trace of agitation in the young girl's face or manner as she



"You can tell me if you will,"

crossed the room to the two at the small south window.

"Dr. Dunwiddie," she said, gravely. Her eyes were searching his for the truth; she never glanced at his companion.

"Dr. Dunwiddie," she continued, slowly and distinctly, "you can tell me if you will. There is no reason why I should not know the truth; is he not my father? Have I not a right to know? Do you think this is fair or just? All the other women of the settlement care for the men when there is need, there is no reason why I should not do the same if there is need, and there must be, else why are these strangers here, and why is he kept so quiet? I do not understand it, and I cannot unless you will tell me. And here is my uncle here waiting to take me away from my father, to leave him to be taken care of by strangers. I do not know my uncle; no doubt he wishes us well, but he is a stranger to me. Dora does not know," she lingered over the name—"how could she know, or I am sure she would not wish me to go; she could not wish to go; she would not do it herself—you know she would not do it herself. Do you

think I do not know something all my father more than you have said?"

The bedroom door opened noiselessly, and Dr. Grey came out. As he stepped into the room, closing the door behind him, Dr. Dunwiddie motioned for him to return, but he shook his head emphatically.

"He's like a log, Hal; the trump of the archangel alone could arouse him. I've stuck to him day and night like an obedient puppet; now I want a change; what's all this going on out here? What ails you people?"

Dr. Dunwiddie frowned, and his voice was almost sharp as he answered:

"There is nothing going on here to interest you, Tom, and Mr. Johnson must not be left alone a moment. If you are tired, I will take your place until—"

"Until it's over," the other interrupted. "Lord knows I wish it were well over; it's a dused bad piece of business, anyhow, and I wish I were out of it."

He was stopped by a gesture from Dr. Dunwiddie. Young Green also turned on him with flashing eyes.

Dolores seemed turning into stone; her face was whitening, and her eyes dilating; her voice sounded strange even to herself as she laid her hand on the doctor's arm as he was passing her.

"You will not go until you have answered me, Dr. Dunwiddie?"

It was more a command than a query; her eyes were full on him, and he paused instinctively.

Her uncle spoke impatiently; like all men, he disliked scenes; this girl seemed capable of getting one up at almost any moment.

"My dear Dolores," he said, "Dora is waiting for us. Why do you bother the doctors?" They know much better than we do what is best to be done. Come, like a good girl, let us go; we are only hindering the others."

"Why should I hinder them?" she asked, gravely. "They are strangers here; he is my father."

"Yes, of course," he said, brusquely. "Of course, Dolores. We all know that, but they know much better than we do what is best to be done. Dora is waiting for us—it is better in every way for us to go."

She stood erect and slender among them, her print gown falling around her to her feet, her face catching the shadows of the storm upon it.

"Did I not say," the voice was almost solemn in its grave earnestness, "that I will not leave him—ever—while he lives—not for any one?"

None of them spoke for a moment; not one of them was capable of deceiving her as she stood so grave and quiet waiting his reply. That she had a right to know, a better right than they, could not be denied. She had spoken the truth; she was a woman capable of enduring much, of suffering much; she was not a child to be put off with evasive replies.

Dr. Grey stood at the bedroom door; he had not moved since the girl spoke; she impressed him as she impressed the others. Young Green looked troubled; he started as though he would go to Dolores, and checked himself. Even Dr. Dunwiddie was somewhat disquieted; he looked beyond the girl out of the opposite window.

They waited for him to speak; the girl knew he would tell her; the others were sure he would do what was best. As his gaze left the window and he turned to Dolores, he caught the look on young Green's face. His own cleared instantly; he was himself again, grave, practical, a thorough physician and gentleman.

"My dear Miss Johnson," he said—he was grave, courteous; her eyes did not leave his face—searching, steady eyes—"when your father fell—fully twenty feet it was—he struck the ledge with great force; had he dropped it might scarcely have hurt him, though it is evident that the ledge below is rocky and the bushes scrubby and sharp; as it was, he lost his balance and slipped down suddenly with a force I wonder did not kill him outright."

"As it is, he broke both legs and an arm, besides internal injuries which cannot be determined upon at once."

She watched him steadily; instinctively she knew he had not told her all. Her lips were white, and set in a straight line. Mrs. Allen crossed over and touched her hand, but she paid no heed to her; she was waiting to know the worst.

"You know how he was brought home," continued Dr. Dunwiddie. "You were the one who found him; to you he owes his life—you and Charlie. His right leg was broken below the knee; we set that and his arm yesterday, but his left leg—"

His voice was steady and grave. Mrs. Allen's face was blanching; how the girl would take it she did not know; she was used to many affecting scenes, but this was totally different.

"His left leg is broken in two places, Miss Johnson. We did not wish to tell you till the worst was over, but it is best you should know. Your father remained so long in that position in the night dampness, in his exhausted state, that we dared do nothing yesterday. We wished to save this limb if it were possible; it would be worse than folly to attempt it; it is best that it should go. Then, with careful nursing, we may bring him around all right."

Still Dolores did not move; she wished to understand it thoroughly, as yet the truth was but slowly dawning upon her.

"I thought that you were not capable of hearing the truth; I believed you were like many women; I see how mistaken I was; your friend here," with a movement of his hand and a half smile toward young Green, "tried to impress upon me that you were braver than other women, but I would not be convinced. I know now that you are brave—brave enough for this—and worse."

She understood. The truth was upon her in all the blackness of darkness. There had been little love between her and her father, but he was the only one in the world to her, and now—

"Then—he will die—you think?" She asked it calmly, except that her lips were whiter than usual and stiff, so that the words came unevenly.

"I think that he may die, Miss Johnson, but we will hope for the best."

"You will let me nurse him?" she asked. Her face was lifted to his, and there was not a quiver of a muscle, not the trembling of the white lids fringed with the silken lashes over the steady, searching eyes.

"You shall nurse him," Dr. Dunwiddie.



"Don't go in yet, Dolores," die replied, gravely, a flash of wondering admiration in his black eyes meeting hers in that comprehensive glance that showed to him the depth of this woman's soul, the marvelous strength of her self-command. Ah, indeed she should nurse him.

As he turned away toward the bedroom she started to follow him, but Mrs. Allen laid her hand upon her shoulder, and young Green crossed quickly to her side, his face softened strangely.

"Don't go in yet, Dolores—not just yet!" he said, entreatingly, bending his fair head on a level with hers, the kindly light deepening in his eyes as they met the half-dazed look in hers raised to his face. "You shall go as soon as it is best. I will let you go there now."

Her eyes searched his face, large and dark and beautiful eyes they were; she scarcely recognized him for the moment.

"Why should I not go?" she asked, gravely. "I am to nurse him; Dr. Dunwiddie has promised that I shall. Is he not my father?"

But his hand was upon her arm strong and warm and tender, and she obeyed him silently.

Her uncle left soon after, and Mrs. Allen sent a note to Dora explaining the strange scene. Dolores said no word. She scarcely heard what was going on around her; when her uncle stooped to kiss her forehead and promised that Dora should come to her as soon as it were possible she looked through and through him; she heard his words, but they made no impression upon her; her thoughts were in the quiet room beyond the closed door.

(To be continued.)

NO CAKE FOR HER.

Youngster Thought He Had a Grievance Against His Mother.

The late Mrs. James G. Blaine used to relate charmingly the unconscious witticisms of her sons' and daughters' childhood. She once said:

"When James, his father's namesake, was a little chap, he discussed for a long time one day the subject of wedding cakes. He made me tell him all about wedding cakes—how they are made, how they are cut, and how pieces of them are sent to the friends of brides and grooms. This last custom he was especially pleased with. He thought a piece of wedding cake made a delightful gift."

"Then he pondered for a moment. He frowned. He said:

"But, mamma, I shan't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married."

"Why not, my dear?" I asked.

"Because," he said, "you didn't send me any of yours."

Not Much Use for a Trunk.

Gen. Joseph W. Congdon, the president of the American Silk Association, was traveling some time ago in Georgia. He says that in a little Georgia town he one day heard two colored lads conversing.

"Tse gwine 'No'th," said the first.

"Das so?" said the second.

"Yep. I se got a trunk to take wiv me, too."

"A trunk? What am a trunk for?"

"W'y to tote yuh clo's in."

"An' go naked?"

Traveling Christians.

It is stated that "The Glideons" are growing at the rate of 130 members a month.

MAKE GOOD CITIZENS

OF THE IMMIGRANTS WHO COME TO OUR SHORES.

This Can Be Done by Continuing Our Protection Policy, Whereby We Insure Them Work, Wages and a Higher Standard of Living.

Immigration under present conditions presents a serious problem.

No one can sit at his desk and absorb the facts that come to us in reports without appreciating the peril that threatens should hard times come to this country.

I am not an alarmist, but when I see hundreds of thousands of ignorant foreigners coming into our great cities every year I think I can realize in some degree the danger that will come from their discontent and dissatisfaction when there are no wages to be earned.—Commissioner Sargent. "When there are no wages to be earned." What memories such a supposition brings up. It carries us back to the days of panic and idleness following the compromise tariff of 1833; it carries us back to the workless and wageless days and years between 1850 and 1860, brought on by free trade; it carries us back to the idle men and women of 1895-6, and the loss of earnings due to the free trade law of 1894.

With the experience and knowledge which we gained from these awful periods following free trade legislation, we can well appreciate the necessity of continuing our present excellent tariff law to enable us to care for these millions who are coming to our shores. We must protect them by continuing to protect our labor and industry from one end of the country to the other. It may be that some of these immigrants are of an undesirable character. It may be that better immigration laws are desirable. That is something that we must leave to the wisdom of Congress. Whatever the present law is we must accept it and face the conditions which are before us. It is protection and prosperity that invites these foreigners to our shores. They do not come

well as our industries; that we continue to maintain and build up our home market, worth more than all the markets of the world combined, and that we do not disturb the causes of the present splendid growth of industries, our splendid advancement of citizenship and our splendid standard of living, which cannot help but invite those abroad who have been struggling for a bare subsistence, and have in their natures a single spark of ambition.

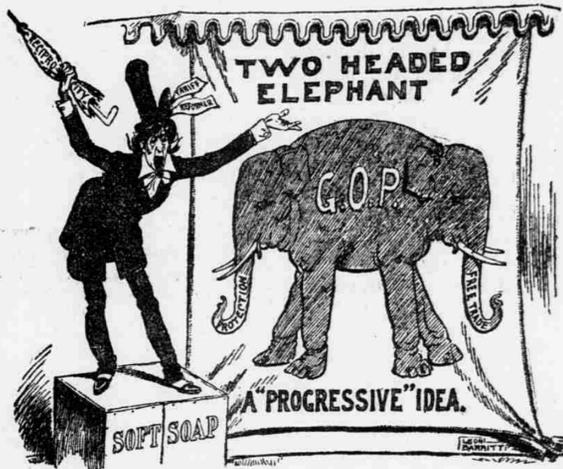
England's Condition.

Our exports of manufactured goods to protectionist countries are steadily decreasing. Our imports of manufactured goods from these very countries are steadily rising. The protected states not only shut our goods out of the market but are shutting them out of our home market. We now import as much manufactured goods as we export to the protected states on both sides of the Atlantic. The workingman's occupation is going, and occupation is income. Capital is also going. It has been lost altogether to a large amount by the falling off of our industries, and it is further scared into seeking abroad the investments which business ceases to offer at home. That is a serious condition of affairs for all of us, and most of all for the workingman. We cannot meet it by cheapening the food, we cannot even prevent food from becoming dearer, and the country is asked to consider whether there are no means of getting more money to buy food with—London Times.

Nothing to Fear.

We protect our manufacturers by preserving the home market to them, and being so stimulated they are able to supply that market and have larger surpluses to send abroad. England might attempt to protect her agricultural population (considering those in her colonies), but she would still have to import food. We might doubt the efficacy of our protective system if we still had to import most of our manufactures. As it is, our food question and our manufacturing question are wholly disassociated, save as thriving manufactures make demand

HAVING A CIRCUS ALL BY HIMSELF.



in such numbers when we are living under free trade. The same fiscal policy which invites them must protect them and enable them to gain a foothold and become profitable members of the great American army of producers and consumers.

It does not take so very long for a foreigner leaving his home where he gained an income of perhaps twenty cents a day to become a good American citizen earning ten times that amount per day. Perhaps at first the foreigner is careful of his dollars, and is not so liberal in his expenditures as the native born and those who have been citizens a number of years. But he soon begins to aim at the American standard of living, he becomes ambitious to own his own business and his own home, and to dress and eat and enjoy the same luxuries as the average American citizen throughout the country.

Our home market has most appreciably increased annually, not only by our own augmented wants, but by the increased demands of the newcomer. In but a few years the most diligent become independent, while a few join our wealthy classes. Among our millionaires to-day can be found the representatives of every nation on earth, many of whom came to our shore but a few years ago penniless. It may be that our immigration laws are too liberal, or it may be that they are too liberally administered. At the same time we have gone on now for over a century inviting the poor and the weak from abroad to this country of opportunity. There need be no fear but that the vast majority of these immigrants will in a very short time become good American citizens, law abiding, well to do, and reputable upholders of the nation's institutions. There may be lawless characters among them, and these must be checked with a firm hand at the first evidence of any outbreak against the country's laws and customs.

No doubt a return to free trade and idleness would bring a condition awful to contemplate. It would bring riot and war with the inevitable poverty and ruin and death which follow in the wake of a fiscal policy giving no opportunity for employment and no chance for compensation. Let us see to it, then, that we continue our present most admirable fiscal policy; that we continue to protect our men as

THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

CATTLE—There was a moderate run of cattle and as the demand on the part of killers was liberal the market ruled active, with prices steady to strong on all desirable grades. There was a liberal sprinkling of corn fed steers included in the receipts, but buyers took hold freely and paid steady to strong prices for everything offered. The better grades in particular commanded stronger prices. The cow market was also active and steady to strong. Buyers all seemed to be anxious for good stuff and as a result everything answering to that description was soon out of first hands. The market on steers and feeders held just about steady. There were only a few cattle in sight and the demand was not particularly brisk. Everything that arrived, though, sold without trouble at steady prices. There were several cars of western grass beef steers on sale, but they were of common quality. The prices paid, though, were fully steady and everything that would do for killers was disposed of at an early hour. Range cows were in good demand at steady to strong prices, while the few western stock cattle that arrived sold at fully steady prices.

HOGS—There was a very light run of hogs and under the influence of a good local demand as well as some shipping orders the market ruled fairly active and a big nickel higher, with a good many sales 5¢ higher. The heavy hogs sold largely from \$5.20 to \$5.25, medium weights went from \$5.30 to \$5.40, while the lightweights sold from \$5.40 to \$5.50. All the early arrivals were soon disposed of, but several trains were late in arriving, which delayed the close until rather a late hour.

Quotations for grass stock: Good to choice lambs, \$4.75@5.00; fair to good lambs, \$4.25@4.75; good to choice yearlings, \$3.40@3.65; fair to good yearlings, \$3.25@3.40; good to choice wethers, \$3.10@3.35; fair to good wethers, \$3.00@3.25; good to choice ewes, \$2.40@2.85; fair to good ewes, \$2.25@2.40; feeder lambs, \$3.75@4.25; feeder yearlings, \$3.25@3.50; feeder wethers, \$3.00@3.25; feeder ewes, \$1.50@2.25.

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—The market for best beef was steady, for others weak; for quarter, antine, strong; for grass fed western steers, steady; for best cows, strong; for good stockers and feeders, steady to strong; for calves, steady; for bulls, dull; choice export and dressed beef steers, \$4.75@5.55; fair to good, \$4.10@4.75; stockers and feeders, \$2.50@4.40; western fed steers, \$2.25@4.70; Texas and Indian steers, \$2.25@3.40; Texas cows, \$1.50@2.55; native cows, \$1.50@4.00; native heifers, \$2.10@4.00; canners, \$1.10@2.25; bulls, \$2.00@2.75; calves, \$2.00@5.50.

HOGS—The market was from 5¢ to 10¢ higher; top, \$5.90; bulk of sales, \$5.45@5.67; heavy, \$5.25@5.50; mixed, packers, \$5.35@5.70; light, \$5.65@5.90; yorkers, \$5.90@5.99; pigs, \$5.50@5.58.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—The market was steady; native lambs, \$2.90@3.20; western lambs, \$2.75@3.00; fed ewes, \$2.50@2.90; Texas clipped yearlings, \$2.40 4.00; Texas clipped sheep, \$2.30@3.80; stockers and feeders \$2.00@3.40.

HILL ON COMBINATIONS.

Former New York Senator Denounces Trusts.

NYACK, N. Y.—Former Senator David B. Hill addressed 5,000 persons at the Rockland county fair in New City. Regarding combinations of capital Mr. Hill said:

"I do not find anything in holy writ which contemplates the accumulation of wealth through the instrumentality of gigantic trusts designed for the creation of monopoly in business, or anything that authorizes the watering of any stock, except live stock upon our farms, or anything that justifies the enrichment of men except through the old-fashioned and scriptural method of earning that which they shall possess. The tremendous combinations of capital which have formed in recent years whereby the prices of living have been increased; the multitude of schemes which have been devised to control the channels and avenues of trade; the unreasonable restrictions which have been imposed by statute upon our commercial freedom in the pecuniary interest of those who style themselves the captains of industry, are the modern creations of able and designing men intent upon vast and unearned riches, and are neither sanctioned by scriptural injunctions nor can they be justified by an honest and unselfish public policy."

Admits Woodmen of World.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—Acting Insurance Superintendent Vredenburg, licensed the Woodmen of the World, a fraternal insurance organization with headquarters in Omaha, to transact a fraternal insurance business in the state. When Colonel James R. B. Van Cleave was insurance superintendent he refused to grant the society a license because it had refused to comply with the requirements of the Illinois laws. The society has now complied with all these conditions.

Campbell-Bannerman Not to Retire.

LONDON—In reply to a question regarding his reported intention to retire from the leadership of the liberal party in the House of Commons, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on Thursday night telegraphed that there was "no truth whatever in the report." The report was recently published in the Edinburgh Evening News, and said his retirement was meditated on account of the continued illness of his wife.

Good Object Lessons.

Imports for the year ending last March aggregate one billion dollars. That "robber tariff" wall was real high, but it helped Uncle Sam pay pensions, establish rural routes, improve rivers and erect public buildings, and so forth. Looking at these little things, it's a good idea to keep on letting well enough alone.—Braymer (Mo.) Comet.