# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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#### CHAPTER XVI.

"Man Proposes; God Disposes." Johnson did not die; that he lived through the terrible strain upon his vitality showed that he had an iron constitution, the doctors said; but the had startled him out of himself; he men at the tavern shook their heads over it, and looked meaningly at each other. They had their own opinion of touched by the sunset, framed by the the matter; perhaps they knew more heavy tresses of loosened hair, was than the doctors did; the wise men might open their eyes in amazement should they choose to tell their suspicions. Johnson was kept under the influence of opiates for three days and nights; he was not left alone one moment; they fed him on Mrs. Allen's beef tea and drinks, and cared for him as though he were a baby, the men said in half whispers-him, with mus-

cles like iron and cords like an ox. Lodie daily carried the news, brief items briefly told in his measured tones as they gathered in the outer room of the tavern of an evening, or called now and then across the drenched gardens to each other, or met at the wells. And the women over their tubs, as they washed the clothes up and down, and scaped and rinsed and wrung them in clear water, leaving them to soak till the storm should be over, gossiped about "this thet hev hap'd Johnsing," and his girl, and the airs they put on since Lemuel Johnson-he who was born in the settlement years ago-had come with his girl and his gold to see that his brother should live like other folks, and was not so "no 'count an' shef'less."

Dolores, knowing nothing of these gossipings, and caring nothing for them, had she known, watched her father untiringly. She never complained of being tired; she seldom spoke.

Young Green had gone home, but he came over every day, bringing gentle messages and delicacies.

For three days Johnson lay in this stupor so like death, scarcely stir- hair falling around her, her eyes dark ring, not opening his eyes; his face as though tears were in them, her was thin and drawn, his eyes sunken lips shut close. As she turned her and hollow; his hair, a few days before so lightly sprinkled with gray, hers the weak gaze of her father. had grown suddenly white. He had aged so that his every-day companions would not know him.

Dolores saw this in silence; her thoughts were busy, but her lips were dumb. Young Green's eyes had grown wonderfully keen to note the changes of the sweet, pale face, and the shadows of the dark, wondering eyes. For he knew that he loved her. It had come upon him the first night as he stood behind her in the firelight and watched the pure face bent above the book on her knees. It had come almost like a blow at first, but full of a sweetness that was full of pain also, she was so high above him, she had never a thought of love, she had never even known what love was as others knew it in the home life. And there was a tenderness in the thought of how he-he, the first one in the world to show her what love might bewould prove to her the depth of its tenderness and holiness.

At sunset the third day the rain ceased, and the mist dragged itself brokenly across the peaks of the mountains; the hills were loud with the cry of the swollen river in the valley, and the cascades shouted aloud as they leaped the riven sides of the mountains to join the river and eat at the worn old bridge at the foot of the

The rain had ceased at last, and Dr. Dunwiddie, who sat at the bedside, his eyes intent on the face of the girl, so grave and quiet in the light of the sunset, had raised the tiny window to let in the cool wind from the west. The clouds just above the distant peaks parted in sudden relenting after three days and nights of interminable raining, and through the rent the set-



Dolores slowly raised her head. ting sun flooded the summit with a radiant glory that was dazzling.

grew softer and deeper in color, and | no one must know; they would know her lips set close as in sorrow, slowly soon enough-every one. parted in one of her rare smiles. As she turned her head the comb-an oldfashioned tortoise shell that had been her mother's-suddenly slipped from the heavy coil of her hair which, so loosened, fell in a mass of beauty,

glinting, lustrous, about her.

that moment, bringing the doctor's supper, and a half baleful glitter appeared in her eyes as she saw the two so utterly unconscious of her presence.

Dr. Dunwiddie suddenly sat erect, with his usual quiet dignity; the girl had forgotten everything but her. Her grave face, with its solemn eyes, like an exquisite Madonna, and he held his breath in admiration and mute wonder. As he noticed Mrs. Allen, however, he regained his composure, while Dolores gathered up her hair slowly, and stooped to pick up her comb. It had snapped in two.

"You two are excellent nurses," Mrs. Allen said, softly, a smile on her lips as she motioned with her head toward

Dr. Dunwiddie turned at once with a slight exclamation, and Dolores



"Your father will recover."

arose with the comb in her hand, her eyes toward the bed she met full in Only for a moment, however, for the eyes closed almost immediately as though the light hurt them, but in that moment Dolores once more faced his soul with hers.

Once more her father opened his eyes and looked first at the doctor, then at her. At the doctor's suggestion she spoke to him.

"Father," she said, slowly, that he might understand. "Father."

But the eyes resting on her face had no gleam of pleasure at seeing her there; rather it might be said there was a flash of hatred there as in the old days. Then they drooped again and closed, and presently his breathing indicated that he slept.

"Miss Johnson," Dr. Dunwiddie said. by and by, as he sat by the window eating the supper Mrs. Allen had brought him, "I told you the other day that it was possible your father would not recover; do you remember?" She bowed her head in acquiescence

but did not speak. "My dear Miss Johnson," the doctor's voice was grave, but there was a ring in it, a hidden note that struck her ear as unusual. "My dear Miss Johnson, I believe I am safe in saying that your father will sleep through the night a natural, quiet slumber, without the aid of opiates, and if he does he will recover. He will be lame always: he will not have quite his old

his old self again." The grave, attentive face at the head of the bed changed not at all, though the drawn expression disappeared from around the mouth, and the eyes were clear and level in their

strength, but he will live and be much

For a moment Dr. Dunwiddie was uncertain whether or not the girl was glad of the news. She gave no sign, and said not a word, but stood grave, and stately, and womanly, with the shadows of the night gathering around her, stealing along the bed. across the face of the sleeper, and up and up toward her face.

Suddenly they clutched at her throat, tightening their hold, like iron bands, ever contracting, growing firmer, unyielding; a thousand iron hands were on her, a thousand elfish voices, shrill and wild and weird, filled the corners of the room, the house; filled the darkness, crowding it upon her, till it seemed as though she were suffocating, till it seemed as though she would die. Loud and weird and terrible they were to her, filling her ears, shouting of the evil that had come through hatred and malice, and of what would follow upon so evil a deed. The hands were tightening their hold, they were struggling one with another for the mastery; a dozen hands were torn from her throat only to be instantly replaced by others itants of each village almost all re-Dolores, as though roused by the stronger and firmer. She caught at lated to each other, comprising somesudden rush of the sunbeams, slowly them, and struggled, she fought times several hundreds of people. raised her head and looked up to the against them, but she dared not cry Their streets are littered with filth, Western agriculturist to either pay off radiant mountain. Her sad, dark eyes for help. This that she was suffering animals of every kind obstruct one's

> The voices grew wilder about her; they shouted in elfish glee; their words ran in together unmeaningly except one or two close to her ear.

that whispered, with deadly meaning: to prove-to prove-"

babal of noises; they grew fainter and fainter, and died away among the FARMERS AND TARIFF pines; the hands about her throat relaxed. She looked around to see if she were safe; she was dazed, bewildered, but her one thought was that no one must know. Some one spoke crowding down the dumb terror in her heart. Dr. Dunwiddie was standing beside her with his hand on her

"Mrs. Allen," he said, quietly, "you will take my place for a few minutes. Miss Johnson must breathe some of this pure, sweet air after the storm."

He opened the door and stepped down on the door-stone, with Dolores standing listlessly in the doorway, never showing that he had seen the flitting expression of-was it triumph? -on the woman's face as she passed into the silent bedroom.

the storm," said Dr. Dunwiddie, with a smile, as he entered the house a few minutes later. Adding to himself as he re-entered the room beyond: "It was over-fatigue, and shall not

"How pleasant everything is after

happen again. And I think you will bear watching, as well as some others Mrs. Allen."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

The Freaks of a Woman.

The sunlight flooded the mountains deeply blue; the pines along the bank shouting its jubilate as it swirled un- boom. der the rotten bridge and whirled in its banks.

the quiet house; then he turned away and no one ever knew of what he was thinking, or the thoughts that would come of his friend over in the town who was leaving this girl in his care with the utmost confidence-the girl. he well know, whom Charlie loved. And should he betray his trust to his friend? Should he prove a traitor? Should he let this kindly feeling for this brave, beautiful, womanly girl grow into more than merely friendly feeling, knowing of his friend's thought of the girl? Could he be capable of that? She was, to be sure, a wonderful girl, shut in by her surroundings, but growing mentally thousands of miles beyond them. She was a woman a man should be proud to own as a friend-and more-in spite of her strange, unfriendly life in the stolid little mountain settlement. But-and there was a graver line of thought, a sudden deepening of the lines of nobility around the set mouth under the black mustache-would the love of even such a woman atone in any degree for the loss of manhood, the stain of a traitor? Charlie had left in his hands the care of the girl he loved, and he would never-he straightened himself up to his full height in the low doorway and unconsciously clenched his hands-he would never betray his friend. Charlie was worthy even Dolores Johnson, and he would to come between him and the woman he loved, be she though she might, a and nobility of character which the daughter of this mountain blacksmith

family at the table.

lodging.

# (To be continued.)

Appearance in Her Favor.

other topics he is not so reticent. Agriculturist of July 25: He talked the other day about his boy-

forth. pot and put the lid on over me.'

"'Well, well, well,' exclaimed the second woman, and she gianced at the other almost doubtful."

A Nile Village.

A traveler of the upper Nile thus describes a typical native village: "The houses are built of Nile mud, each house accommodating a family of no matter of what size, the inhabpath, dogs growl and snarl at the appearance and intrusion of a stranger; most materially, and non the business of the West have money to loan, and and saving factor in the business women rush about, hiding their faces their banks are bulging not only with prosperity of the nation." in their yashmaks lest a white man the necessary currency needed in the in swarms settle on the children and lay their eggs on their eyelids, un-"When your father is well enough washed, because they believe it to be banks, too, and those of the Middle the expense of the wage earner.—Val-The nurse softly opened the door at Then slowly she came out of this remove the flies from their eyes."

LANDS AND THEIR PRODUCTS EN-HANCED IN VALUE.

to her, and she looked up steadily. Higher Prices for What the Farmer Has to Sell Have Accompanied the Prosperity Brought About by the Restoration of the Protection Pol-

It is some years now since the free rader has abandoned his wailings over the abandoned farms of New England and elsewhere. Under the nost beneficent influences of the Ding- industry; all share and share alike, ey law, farm lands all over the en- and each helps the other in one tire country have been increasing in value, and, according to inquiries recently made by the American Agriculturist, the prices of farms throughout New England and the East have advanced from 15 to 20 per cent over the values of five years ago. In almost every state where investigations were made throughout New England, their utmost, and keeping busy our New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, the reports show an upward average tendency of about per cent, and in single instances far more. In no case were any decline in values found, and although in a few cases the reports showed no particular change in value, yet in most cases and the quiet settlement; the sky was there were evidences of a gain in the price of good average farms of 5. beside Dolores' window stirred softly 10, 15 and 20 per cent, and in a few in the low wind that stole down from instances running considerably highthe summit laden with spicy odors. er. In Delaware the upward tendency Down in the valley the river ran riot, has almost reached the nature of a

It has always been one of the princimad eddies up the coarse grass along pal tenets of the protectionist that the value of farm lands and farm Dr. Dunwiddie, standing in the door products are enhanced according to of the tavern, inhaling deep draughts their proximity to a manufacturing beyond doubt an example of a condiof the odorous, piny air, watched Do- center. The closeness to a manufaction that prevails throughout the lores with grave, intent eyes until she turing town is, of course, of no value country. turned from the doorway and entered unless the inhabitants of that com-

the working classes, and there is "I'M HERE TO STAY" plenty of money to loan at 5 per cent on satisfactory security.

Thus it is that protection helps the

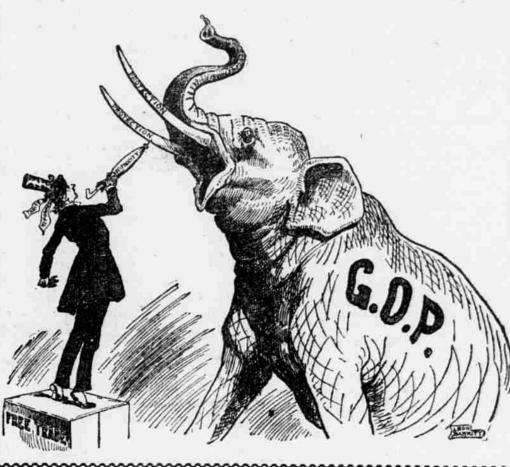
financial situation, at the same time that it defends our industries and enables our great mass of citizens, whether at work on the farm or in the factory, to become independent and well-to-do. It must ever be one of the greatest reasons given in favor of a continuation of our protective policy that the benefits it bestows are widespread and universal. There is not a building up in one state or one section of the country; there is no benefit to be bestowed upon any one branch of great interdependent endless chain of communication. So it is that when we have work for all, then the mouths are filled and the bodies are clothed. and the houses are built, and the luxuries are consumed, taxing every prodductive institution in the country: taxing our transportation facilities to avenues of distribution and calling into employment our great body of clerical laborers, all in turn, contributing by their consuming power and purchasing ability to the common weal of all. Surely such a policy, such a condition should be let alone as long as prosperity and employment continue to be at the highest level ever known, not only in this, but any other country.

#### Labor's Prosperity.

Statistics just published, which show the great increase in wages that has come during the year 1902 in the state of Massachusetts, are of general interest because there is no reason to regard the condition of wage-earners in that State as exceptional. It is

The wage-earners of Massachusetts

EVERY TOOTH A SOUND ONE.



munity are earning good and continual | received in 1902 from their employers | morrow night again?" I whispered. "If wages. This has been the condition now for several years under our presnever be guilty of even an attempt ent protective tariff, and in consequence farmers have gotten better prices for their products, and their woman with the strength and depth lands have enhanced in value propor-

tionately. The Eastern farmer cannot, of course, compete with the Western ag-Then he turned, and the face was as riculturist in the great crops, but grave, as apparently unconcerned as when the factory hands of the New usual, as Cinthy called him to join the England and Middle States are fully employed there is always a demand Jones said among his comrades that for farm produce which comes under Johnson's ill luck had brought good the head of "truck farming," fully luck to him, for during the years he equal to the productive ability of the had lived there, never before had so entire farming community of these many such men as now sought his Eastern states. In fact, the only difficulty which the New England farmer has experienced during the past two or three years has been the same as that of the Western agriculturist-S. P. Langley, the aeronautical namely, inability to get sufficient help pioneer will never discuss flying ma- to enable him to produce and harvest chines with newspaper men, but on his products. Says the American

"Slowly but surely the values of farm lands in the Eastern and New "Among the memories of my boy- England states are improving. The hood," he said, "there is one odd evidences arrayed in the American episode that is particularly vivid. It Agriculturist's special investigation is a conversation that I overheard one should make an impress for the bettermorning between two women. The ment of the farmer's financial standwomen were talking about babies- ing. Granted that the splendid agritheir size, weight, health and so cultural lands of the West are most attractive propositions, yet there is "'Why when I was a week old.' no reason why the progressive farmer said the first woman, 'I was such a of the Middle and Eastern states little baby that they put me in a quart | should not be accorded due consideration from banks and business inter-"The other woman was amazed ests generally, when loans are sought horrified. 'And did you live?' she for the further improvement of the what can not be consumed at home. farms. The testimony of our corre- Protection only aims at self sufficing-"They say I did, her friend an spondents on the higher trend of ness. When, that idea is strictly advalues should inspire greater confi- hered to no one has a right to take dence than ever before in the merits offense. It is as illogical for a nation of Eastern farming, where we have to find fault with another nation bethe best cash markets in the world at cause it refuses to buy goods from it our doors. Land in some of our East- as it would be for a Kearny street shop ern and New England states is now keeper to call people who refused to relatively among the best business buy from him hard names .- San Franpropositions in the country."

We fully agree with the above, that the Eastern farmer is entitled to every consideration at the hands of the banks. Twenty years ago he was the "high tariff is now on trial, as lending his money to build up the never before, as the great causative agricultural lands of the West. A few and saving factor in the business prosyears of protection has enabled the perity of the nation." his mortgage entirely, or reduce it high tariff is, without question or exmost materially, and now the farmers | tenuating circumstances, "the causative moving crops, but to loan on good security, to even the East if it should contrary to their religion to wash or States are bulging with the savings of ley Mills (Tex.) Protectionist.

nearly sixteen millions more than

The average earnings of the individual workers in all industries was \$459.98, which was \$10.29 more than knew what I meant-although it wasin the previous year. In six of the n't very clear. nine leading industries of the State more was done, either through the employment of more hands or through the putting in or more time, in 1902 and in 1901.

The fertilizing manufacturing industry shows the largest per cent, increase in the total amount of wages paid out-81.84. The shoe industry is next with an increase of 28-12 per cent. Employes of the malt distilleries command the highest wages, averaging \$862 a year. Workers on models, lasts and patterns in the shoe industry are next with average yearly earnings of \$740.42.

Such figures as these prove that there is little justification for the cry that has been raised frequently by agitators, that the wage-earners were not getting their share of the general' prosperity.-Albany Evening Journal.

# The Reason for Tariff Wars.

Protection is held responsible for tariff wars, but the action of France in imposing discriminating duties on American meats because the manufacturers of that country wish to force upon us wares which we do not want, shows where the responsibility lies. Tariff wars are entirely chargeable to the desire to push upon other people cisco Chronicle.

# Guilty!

The Springfield Republican thinks

The verdict will be "Guilty." The

# Weakest Point.

Free trade's weakest point is that it

SO COLLEGE MAN WRITES FROM KANSAS TO HIS CHUM.

Amateur Farm Hand Satisfied That There is Nothing Wrong With the Sunflower State-His Lot Fallen in Pleasant Places.

"Arrived in Kansas with the other boys safe and sound after our long ide. Surrounded by a mob of farmers as soon as we landed. I engaged with a husky individual named Suglen. He has a beard like Esmeralda's joat. It was the beard that caught ne. The farms here are immense, but he scenery is distressingly monotoaous. N. B.-There is no scenery. Sugden lives in a roomy farmhouse, with most of the fittings of civilizaion-including a very pretty daugh-

"I have found out that the old man s rich. I can't just remember how many bushels of corn and wheat and cons of hay he totals up, but it's enough to make your eyes bulge.

"Took my first lesson in Kansas field sports. Pitching hay is a little lifferent from pitching baseball, and I don't find that throwing the hammer. or tossing the shot helps me here to any marked extent. But Papa Sugden likes the looks of my muscles, and I'm glad I've kept myself in condi-

"To-day the old man wanted to send a message to the house-we were a full mile away on what he calls his south section-and I said I'd go. 'Back to-day?' laughs the foreman. I don't like the foreman-he has an exagger ated idea of his ability as a humorist. 'Back in eleven minutes,' I said. 'Honest?' cried the old man, and he pulled out his big silver watch. I nodded and was off on a steady lone. Luckily the shoes I had on were moderately light and the road was new and springy. When I reached the house there sat the pretty girl on the porch in a big easy chair, with another, easy chair beside her. And there was a little table with a pitcher and glasses-lemonade, I guess. I called out my message as I whirled about and started back. 'What's your hurry?' she cried in such a pretty voice. I was never so tempted. But I plugged ahead at my old racing gait, and there was the farmer and the foreman and all the hands standing at the roadside waiting for me. 'Ten seconds to spare,' called the old man as he snapped his big watch.

"I'm beginning to like the work and I'm sure the old man favors me. The daughter is remarkably pretty. I'll bet she's bright, too.

"We're getting acquainted. I met her this morning. 'Wellesley!' she said. 'Harvard,' said I. 'Sing?' said she. 'Yes,' said I. Porch,' said she 'Sure,' said I.

"We had a charming time on the porch last evening. She had the piano-and it's a very good planodrawn up to one of the long winds and sat outside and played. I sang all the college songs I knew-and some I scarcely knew-and the old man himself came out and applauded. 'Tothe sum of \$193,552,175, which was you like,' she answered. 'But aren't you very tired after the having?" I their total wages in the previous year. laughed. 'This rests me,' I answered. 'Besides, I believe in making hay while the sun shines.' I guess she

> "I know I'm going to like Kansas. Her name is Sadie-and she lets me call her by it.

"Sadie has said that I could ask her father-and she didn't seem the least bit worried when she said it.

"I have asked him. He stroked his beard and said, 'But we don't know anything about you.' I told him I would write at once for a recommendation. He said he noticed that when said I'd run the two miles in eleven minutes, I did it, and he guessed if I said I was all right I could prove itand, anyhow, Sadie always had her own way. So we shook hands. He's a fine old man.

"There's nothing the matter with Kansas. I'm here to stay."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# AS TO THE GRAND MARSHAL.

What Will Become of This Figure in the Coming Horseless Age? "When power-driven vehicles shall

have superseded horse-drawn vehicles entirely, as no doubt, in the not far distant future they will have done," said Mr. Gozzleton, "what will become of the grand marshal? Will anything be devised that will enable him to shine with anything like his present glory?

"Now, with a broad, bright-colored sash worn diagonally across his manly bosom, and with a dahlia-like rosette pinned upon his breast, he rides grandly at the head of the procession mounted on a horse. What would a procession be without a grand marshal, and what would a grand marshal be without a horse? And what will he do when there are no horses?

"His prospect now is dim, indeed; but let us hope that when the horseless age shall actually have come. some means will be found to preserve the glamour and the glory of the grand marshal."

# Lively Times on the Coast.

We haven't seen any sea serpants off the southern coast this summer but some few things are doing. For instance, a fisherman cut off the tail of a shark at Terminal last Saturday to such an extent that the critter bled to death. Even the most carping critic must agree that this isn't so bad for us, even if it was discouraging for the shark .- Los Angeles Times.