THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

now better than he ever could have hyar list'nin' ter yer men talk." known from your telling, and I know he has forgotten us."

There were sweetness and solemnity in the young man's voice as he bent above the beautiful cold face that caused Dora to catch her breath in sudden comprehending of the depth of the kindly heart, as he slowly repeated, the touch on the girl's hands very tender, the light in the loving eyes entering into her very soul:

" 'There is no death. What seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the life elyslan, Whose portal we call death.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

"That Girl of Johnson's."

Dora was standing at the well at Dolores' old home with her husband, waiting for Dolores and Charlie Green, who had gone at the girl's request to the opposite mountain. It was a strange freak of Dolores', but with the usual simple acquiescence in any wish of hers they had gone, and here Dora and her husband were waiting for their return at the girl's old home.

But it was not the home of the girl's remembrance. The garden was in fine order and the fence well built; no longer did the gate swing on its rusty, rickety hinges. The enterprising chickens were scratching among the shrubs at the back of the house, but not a chicken dared show its face at the front of the neat little house where Jim Lodie and Cinthy livedthe two young pepole who had always

Dora was standing at the well watching her husband as he swung the bucket down among the cool shadows, her sweet face, grown more womanly and holding a deeper meanso she scarcely reached to his shoulwith an air that convulsed her husthat he would not let her know he understood.

"The course of true love never did run smooth-and look at that poor bucket, Hal. You are fairly beating the life out of it against the sides of the well."

"Poor thing!" said the big fellow, in a tone that implied scant sympathy for the luckless bucket. "You had better say that Charlie is eating his heart out because your cousin will not love him, Dot. Is she never going to be good to him for his faithfulness, dear? He deserves a good life and a good woman, Dora; even your cousin cannot

deny that." "Don't talk of Lorie as though she were heartless, Harry," Dora said, solftly, with one of her swift wistful perhaps a struggle that few are called glances up to his face. "Lorie is not upon to fight, that few would conlike other girls."

The other two having passed down out of the settlement, followed by the horror and mystery seeking the brokhalf scornful eyes of the men at the en bits of blue heaven through the tavern, crossed the rotten bridge over the river and ascended the opposite mountain slowly among the bent bushes and mysterious mists that held in their hiding the snares of death and the pitfalls that lay in wait-

"Thar goes thet gal o' Johnsing's." Tom Smith said, with a rough break of laughter in his deep voice. "What fer beats me holler."

feyther's grave, I reckon," joined in Hiram Sadler, coarsely, but the an- for her to speak. swering laughter on Smith's lips never passed them as Jones turned his indignant eyes upon them, removing his pipe from his lips to make reply.

"Et 'pears to me," he said, slowly, with an emphasis that hushed their of her life, all the thoughts and sor- pipes in lazy enjoyment, the men gave mirth, "thet ye might hev gained a rows and struggles, and when at last greeting with a new touch of kindlimite o' respec' an' kindly feelin' arfter she turned facing this friend, the ness that went to the heart of the all these years sence Johnsing died.



"Lorie is not like other girls." all she's done an' 's still doin' fer us I love you-give me the answer to the in the case of the animals."

ye ain't so welcome ter this tav'n as "Yes," he said, gently, "I know he is ye were. An' ye ken take et as ye dead, Dolores, but after death all will. Thet's all I've got ter speak, an' things are made straight. He knows now my mind's better'n when I sot

A flush came even through the tan of rough Sadler's face, and Smith shuffled his feet upon the gravel and knocked the ashes from his pipe as he said slowly:

"Thanke 'ee, Jones. Wes been frien's nigh onter fo'ty year, an' fer my part I ain't a-goin' ter 'low sech triffin' words ter kem atween we. Hyar's my hand on 't. I ain't mebby so onfrien'l to'rd D'lores es ye 'pear ter thenk. Wes all say thengs 't wes don't mean, an' mebby thet's ther way of us. Eh, Sadler?"

Sadler nodder his grisly head slowly. He wasn't so frank spoken as Smith nor perhaps so kind-hearted under his rough speech. Smith said many rough things, but he would have done much also.

And young Green, holding Dolores' warm hand closely in his to assist her up the rough, seldom trodden path under the bending boughs and ghastly mists, was thinking of the many years she had lived there in the stolid settlement with not one friend in all the world save, it might be, the rough, unspoken kindliness of Jim Lodie and Cinthy. And with his kindly eyes upon the grave, beautiful face he could but wonder how such a life could yield such a marvel of womanliness and

It was a strange freak of hers, no doubt, this wish to once again stand upon the brink of her father's death, but how could he, loving her, dissuade her from a desire so intense as this had a kindly thought for its former | was shown by the pleading of the dark eyes? And so they had come, and, standing in the very place where she stood years before, with the misty. mysterious gulf at her feet and the broken glimpses of blue heaven through the floating mist, a touch of erous shroud of mist, and said, softly, ing in every delicate line. She stood grief and pleading and tenderness with a tenderness that touched him on tiptoe to look down and follow the came over the pure, pale face that deeply: flight of the bucket, but even standing | caused this man, loving her, to bow his | head as one involuntarily bows the not doubt his tenderness. All my life der. She turned her pretty head on head before the chancel with the I will leave in his hands as you sayone side as a bird might do, and said, touch of an indescribable holiness all my life, past as well as future." brooding above. And he removed his Then presently she added: band, though there was a deeper and hat, standing so, with his hand upon more tender meaning to her words her round arm as she stood immova- buried in the heart of His mountains ble searching the terrible death below | the bitterness that has shadowed not her, as though for the solving of the only my life but the lives of those bitterness of her life, as though for who love me. The mountains are His the solving of her own harsh heart- and my life is His." lessness in accusing her father when none other save the man at her side on the rotten bridge with the waters and others with wicked intent, charged | sobbing at their feet, black with the him with crime. And there was an slime and smoke of the town, she laid agony dawning over the pallid face her hand earnestly upon his arm, and and wide eyes that hushed all other lifting her grave face to his, flushing thought for the time in the heart of | with its new tenderness, she added, her friend-all thought save an intense desire and longing to take her into his arms and soothe this agony of bitterness and shield her all her life long from any touch of pain, any touch of life's harshness. But he waited si-

lently with bent head, his hand upon her arm, while she fought-and wonquer. Then the eyes, widened with agony, were lifted from the depths of mist of the tangled pines upon the height, and an indescribable grandeur and beauty gradually grew upon the lifted face and in the depths of the grave eyes as though the peace sought | cruel people here who would have had been won, and the bitterness of ruined your sweet life, and the woman years was buried never again to be who, now your uncle's wife, would resurrected in all the life before her, never again to shadow, as it had done. the love and life of this friend beside on ther world she's goin' ower yander her. And he, guessing in part the thoughts in her heart, made no move-"Goin' ter say her prayers ower her ment save a more tender hold upon and passed up along the road through

> the bitterness of this warm, kindly kindly touch of neighborliness; and as and pain and humiliation and struggle and his comrades still sat with their an angel had touched her standing there, and life's suffering had passed

upon the eyes and mouth. broke the sadness of her face as she again could this pale, beautiful girl of laid her hand upon the hand on her Johnson's suffer alone or bear her arm as she said softly, a new intona- life's burdens outside of the pale of tion even in the low voice:

"You mustn't be so good to me, Charlie; I ought to suffer alone sometimes. You cannot realize how much

He laid his other hand warmly over this soft hand on his arm, a new light on his face, and in his eyes that caused a sudden drooping of the face | it could give no further shocks. He

in the light of the sunset. an intensity in his voice born from or at least died. In talking of this ex- as a party. watching the suffering on her face, periment, Mr. Hammer called attenand from the suffering in his own soul. | tion to the experiments of Prof. Curic "You deserve to suffer, Dolores John- and others recently in Paris, in which son! If there is need for your suffer- guinea pigs, mice and rabbits were that Michigan, the home of the sugar positie under protection and gets, year ing how much more should I suffer paralyzed and later killed by placing beet, should be selected as a field for by war, a larger belging of the limitwho was equal with you in thinking radium near the spinal column. "It exploiting the fascinations and allure- ed supply of potter's clay; and so a Et do 'pear ter me''t ye might keep the unkind thoughts? Come away is perfectly reasonable to suppose," ments of Cuba as an agricultural para- once prosperous industry is approachyer mouth shet ef ye ken only say from this terrible place, Dolores— said Mr. Hammer, "that people's dise. A company has been organized ing starvation point. Having no tarsech spiteful thengs. Ise only got leave all these old bitter memories brains might be paralyzed by putting in Detroit to boom things. Its pros- iff, we are helpless to check these prothese ter say ter ye, Sadle:, an' ter ye, here in the weird shadows and mists powerful radium near their heads, say pectus and printed matter give out a ceedings." Higher wages and the detoo. Smith-of ye kyan't say kind only fit for them, and give your life on a pillow at night, or near the spinal high temperature. Reading the "hot velopment of home industries cause thengs o' the gal o' Johnsing's arfter to my keeping, tell me you love me as | cord, and thus produce paralysis as | stuff" about the plenomenal fertility | no complaint in the United States .-

question I asked so long ago, Lorie, under the light of your heavens, un der the tender light of your stars ere you left me for your new life and possible forgetfulness."

She met his eyes gravely and square ly, though the new light of tenderness was still in them as she said, slowly, with almost her old slowness:

"The happiness of a man's life does not altogether depend on the love of a woman, Charlie."

"To a great extent, darling." "But even if I should tell you 'no," you would be happy after a while, Charlie. Time heals everything." "Not everything, Lorie."

"Yes, everything," she said, decidedly. "You know that time heals eyerything, Charlie-even the old pain of unforgiveness."

'Hush!" he said, swiftly, and his hands on both her arms as he held her facing him, were trembling with the wish to hold her free from pain. "You are never to say such things again, dearest. Let those things pass You have suffered enough for them, and God will lay His great tenderness over them."

She was silent a moment, as though reading his inmost thought, the lifted eyes grave and searching and tender Then she turned from the gruesome



"I am sure I want you."

"God is very good, Charlie, I can-

"Let us go, Charlie. I leave here

But as they paused for an instant softly:

"You have been so good to me always, Charlie! Are you sure-sure you do want nobody but that girl of Johnson's? I come with empty hands, you know."

He smiled into the quivering face and wide, searching eyes and he answered her, taking her two hands in his closely as though he would never again let them go from him:

"I am sure, sure that I want you. Dolores Johnson, more than any woman in God's beautiful world. Your hands may be empty hands, but they are beautiful in the work they do and have done for others, for even these have stained her hands forever for the darkening of your heart."

And what could she say? And the lights of the sunset were very tender over them as they crossed the bridge the steady arm he held. And he waited the settlement where the changes of her working had given an air of neat-All her life passed her in review as ness and home life and widening of she stood there conscious even though | view, with its school and church and friend at her side-all the bitterness they passed the tavern where Jones change upon her face was as though | girl who had lived her twenty years among them uncared for and unloved. And the eyes of her lover were brilfrom her, life's struggles and pain, and | liant with the depth of his thought left only the touch of heavenly fingers | for her, and his arm was strong to guide and guard her through any pain One of her slow, radiant smiles the future might bring, and never tenderest love.

(The End.)

Possibilities of Radium. Mr. Hammer, who was formerly a coadjutor of Edison, has produced with radium a partial paralysis of the fish known as the electric ray, so that has, with the radium, paralyzed small

PARTY OBLIGATIONS

TO WHAT EXTENT ARE POLITI-CAL PLATFORMS BINDING?

If They Are Mere Platitudes They May Be Easily Repudiated, but If They Are Pledges Ought They Not to Be Faithfully Carried Out?

Why do we frame and adopt party platforms? Are they platitudes, or are they pledges? And if the latter, are they to be broken or kept? These questions would seem to be superfluous, and yet we appear to be on the eve of breaking a distinct Republican promise, for as such a plank in a political platform is understood. The Republican party in its half century of existence has made few promises that it has not kept or attempted to keep. No matter how often Democratic pledges have been broken, the Republican legislators and executives have tried to keep faith with the majority which elected them. Going back to 1860, the Republican platform declared that "sound policy requires such an adjustment of imports as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country." Time and time again Republican platforms have declared for protection to labor and industries, sometimes in general terms, sometimes more specifically. And the president elected on those platforms was expected to carry out or preserve their The same was expected of congress, and never have the legislative and executive power broken the platform pldges.

CUGHT HE TO TURN THE OTHER CHEEK?

the blissful sweetness of the Cuban climate, one is forced to conclude that it were better to own and cultivate a single acre of land in Cuba than to drag out a weary and profitless existence on a hundred acres in Michigan. If the half is true of what is so If the half is true of what is so flamingly set forth as to the vast sums of money to be made out of agriculture in Cuba, that island has no need of special reciprocity privileges in the American market. It not only does not need them, but, from the standpoint of the American farmer, it ought not to have them.

What Senator Hoar Said. "Senator Hoar has now said right out in meeting that the Dingley schedules ought to be revised after presidential election. Will the American Economist be able to believe its ex-

pansive ears?"-Hartford Courant. Senator Hoar has said nothing of the sort. What he said, in substance, was that the tariff should not be revised at all until the people have by their votes directed congress to undertake revision. A very different thing, is it not? Perhaps, if the Courant will read what Senator Hoar really said, it may be able to believe its strabismic eyes.-American Economist.

Let Congress Bear in Mind.

The Cuban agrarians have transmitted to President Roosevelt their thanks for his efforts in behalf of Cuban reciprocity. Well they may, for if Congress ratifies the pending treaty it will add several dollars to the Cuprovisions so far as lay in his power. | ban planter's profits on every ton of sugar he sells. As that sugar all comes to the United States market, this extra bonus will come out of the domestic consumer. Two years ago For the first time in the history of | we were told that the Cubans would the Republican party it is proposed to starve if Congress did not grant a break faith with the people. In the heavy reduction in duties within thirplatform adopted in 1896 the only in- ty days, but the fact is Cuba has been dustry singled out for specific pledge | almost entirely regenerated industrial-

AMERICAN LOVE OF CHANGE.

NEXT WEEK

THE FATAL

Or, FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris, Author of

"Mipe Own Familiar

Friend," etc.

NEXT WEEK

It Is One of the Chief of the National Characteristics.

Love of change is fast becoming an American characteristic. The repose-'ul man or woman bids fair to be in ime the most unusual of our types. We strive and strain and direct all our energies to the obtaining of something which when mastered we never

pause to enjoy. By repose is not meant idleness or indifference. These terms are too often confounded. The reposeful nature can be energetic, forceful, conscientious and laborious, but it is free from that indefinable spirit of unrest, the danger menacing our national life just now.

There is a restlessness of pleasure, too, as well as of business or daily life. The amusement must be constant and it must be constantly varied. Little children in the nursery demand the same thing in a childish way. Mother or nurse must be prepared to furnish something new each day of the week. New toys are supplied in profusion, and tired of in an hour. The liking for change is encouraged. It grows rapidly. In time it will be-

come almost incurable. It is sometimes claimed that this rapid passing from interest to interest develops the mind of the child. The theory is not upheld by the results-Little John Ruskin had a ball for his only plaything and the patterns in the carpet for his puzzles. He became a great analyst.

It lies with the mothers of growing America to make it a land of repose strong, energetic, dominant, but with a deep flowing current of rest below the mighty tide of its life. The quality is not merely desirable. It is actually essential. The truly successful career will be at the bottom a restful one.

THE TIMID MAN FLED.

Must Have Had Guilty Conscience Concealed Somewhere.

"The imperfections-some call it elasticity-of the English language are responsible for the destruction of the most beautiful specimen of night blooming cereus I ever saw," said a man the other day.

"For reasons of my own I invited a number of gentlemen prominent in local politics to my house, and for their entertainment provided a buffet lunch and appropriate liquid refreshments.

"In the course of the evening a timid looking gentleman stepped up to the buffet. He was the most unassuming man I ever saw, and I am at a loss to know what he is doing in politics. At any rate, he stepped up to get something, and following him was a well known detective. When the timid man saw the detective he drew back to make room for him, and when that gentleman observed this he laid his hand on the timid gentleman's shoulder and said, in his hoarse voice, with a well meant attempt at politeness:

"'I'm after you.'

"The timid man sprang from him, and hatless as he was, with fear depicted on every line of his face, darted across the room and vaulted through the open window into the side yard.

"The detective was puzzled for a moment, and those who had not heard the remark were mystified. It is needless to tell you that the frightened man jumped on my cereus."

Scotch Tact.

Will Carleton, the poet-author, was speaking the other day of his last interview with Gen. Grant. "I had seen him and met him on various occasions," he said, "but this was the first time I had ever had him to myself for half an hour. We talked of his famous trip around the world, and compared data concerning places we had both visited. Especially was he struck with Ayr, the birthplace of Burns, and with two of Burns' nieces, the Misses Begg. two elderly maiden ladies who lived in a cozy cottage a few miles from 'auld Kirk Alloway.' I had happened to visit them immediately after Grant was there, and they were naturally enthusiastic about the great American hero. 'When he went awa',' said one of them to me confidentially, 'he kissed my sister good-by.' But when I laughingly repeated this to the general he said, quietly, 'I kissed both of them." -New York World.

France Honors Charcet.

The memory of Charcot, founder of the school of hypnotism in Paris, has Post: "America attracts our skilled | been perpetuated by the chisel of his wife. The statue just erected at Lemolon-les-Bains is her work, done during his life, and is highly esteemed as a piece of portraiture.

New French Dramatic Critic. The important post of dramatic critic of the Paris Temps, left vacant by the death of M. Larroumet, has been given to Adolphe Brisson, the

son-in-law of Francisque Sarcey.

full dinner pails and full lunch baskets are full testimony to the efficacy of protection. When to Revise the Tariff. The fact is that the tariff will be revised when the people at the polls de-

mand it, and not before.-New York

Right, for once. That is precisely when, and only when, the tariff will be or should be revised. When the peolaw and reasserted in the platform of | or removed, they will say so, and it 1900. It remains now for the house of | will be done. But until that time representatives to complete the break- | comes, until the people have said so, | ing of the pledge, or, by refusing to the proper thing to do is to let the tariff alone.

> Helpless Without a Tariff. Here is a little lecture on protective

tari; , from the Birmingham (Eng.) It is at least a curious coincidence | wor, men by the larger wages that are and productiveness of Cuban soil and St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

was the sugar industry, and this was | ly, and her sugar crop this year bids fair to be one of the largest in her his-"The Republican party favors such | tory. Let Congress bear in mind the protection as will lead to the produc- interests of domestic producers of sugar, tobacco, cigars, early fruits,

The Farmer Is Satisfied.

seems to be giving considerable com-

fort to the free traders, as they wel-

come anything that will serve as an

argument against the Dingley law.

They do not note that the falling off

is in agricultural products, while our

exports of manufactures are increas-

ing. High prices naturally have the

crease imports, and exports of agri-

cultural products will always fluctuate.

But it is no argument against protec-

tion, when our farmers can market at

home more nearly all they produce

and at profitable prices. The table of

the prosperous American is loaded

three times a day, and full stomachs.

The slight falling off in exports

tion on American soil of all the sugar which the American people use, and | vegetables, etc., in considering the for which they pay other countries | pending treaty.-American Agriculturmore than \$100,000,000 annually." Immediately upon the election of

the declaration:

McKinley and Hobart and a Republican congress, capitalists, having faith in a Republican promise, invested their money, and farmers, having the some faith, began the cultivation of beets. The beet sugar industry year after year grew amazingly, first because the industry could be established with adequate protection, and second, because protection had been promised and it was believed it would | tendency to check exports and inbe cortinued so long as the Republi-

can party remained in power. Again, in 1900, the party declared unequivocally for protection, and again monied men and farmers of the country, having faith in that pledge. renewed their energies in the development of a domestic sugar industry. From an output of 20,000 tons a few years ago, an output of more than ten times that amount has been reached, and even though this is less than onetenth of our consumptive capacity, it is believed that in a few years more. with the knowledge and experience gained and the impetus already given, our output would reach the full amount of what we use.

And yet the president and senate have taken the first steps toward nullifying the protection given to our sugar | ple, being tired of prosperity, or for industry in accordance with promises | any other reason satisfactory to themof 1896, as embodied in the Dingley | selves, want the tariff revised, reduced confirm the action of the president and senate, to enable us to keep our pledge "You deserve to suffer!" there was fish so that they have been drowned, to our sugar industry and our honor

Overdoing Things.