

# THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Author of "At a Girl's Mercies," Etc.

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## CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Yes," he said, gently, "I know he is dead, Dolores, but after death all things are made straight. He knows now better than he ever could have 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 eternal, 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 lived—the two young people who had always had a kindly thought for its former mistress.

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 meaning in every delicate line. She stood on tiptoe to look down and follow the flight of the bucket, but even standing so she scarcely reached to his shoulder. She turned her pretty head on one side as a bird might do, and said, with an air that convulsed her husband, though there was a deeper and more tender meaning to her words that 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, softly, with one of her swift wistful glances up to his face. "Lorie is not like other girls."

The other two having passed down out of the settlement, followed by the half scornful eyes of the men, at 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 waiting.

"That goes that gal o' Johnson's," Tom Smith said, with a rough break of laughter in his deep voice. "What on her world she's goin' over yander fer beats me holler."

"Goin' ter say her prayers over her feyther's grave, I reckon," joined in Hiram Sadler, coarsely, but the answering 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 mirth, "that ye might hev gained a mite o' respect an' kindly feelin' arter all these years sence Johnson died."

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

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 in the light of the sunset.

"You deserve to suffer!" there was an intensity in his voice born from watching the suffering on her face, and from the suffering in his own soul.

"You deserve to suffer, Dolores Johnson! If there is need for your suffering how much more should I suffer who was equal with you in thinking the unkind thoughts? Come away from this terrible place, Dolores—leave all these old bitter memories here in the weird shadows and mists only fit for them, and give your life to my keeping, tell me you love me as I love you—give me the answer to the

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

She met his eyes gravely and squarely, 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 everything, 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 who 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 chasm buried at her feet in its treacherous shroud of mist, and said, softly, with a tenderness that touched him deeply:

"God is very good, Charlie. I cannot doubt his tenderness. All my life I will leave in his hands as you say—all my life, past as well as future."

Then presently she added:

"Let us go, Charlie. I leave here buried in the heart of His mountains the bitterness that has shadowed not only my life but the lives of those who love me. The mountains are His and my life is His."

But as they paused for an instant on the rotten bridge with the waters sobbing at their feet, black with the slime and smoke of the town, she laid her hand earnestly upon his arm, and lifting her grave face to his, flushing with its new tenderness, she added, 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 cruel people here who would have ruined your sweet life, and the woman who, now your uncle's wife, would 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 and passed up along the road through the settlement where the changes of her working had given an air of neatness and home life and widening of view, with its school and church and kindly touch of neighborliness; and as they passed the tavern where Jones and his comrades still sat with their pipes in lazy enjoyment, the men gave greeting with a new touch of kindness that went to the heart of the girl who had lived her twenty years among them uncared for and unloved.

And the eyes of her lover were brilliant with the depth of his thought for her, and his arm was strong to guide and guard her through any pain the future might bring, and never again could this pale, beautiful girl of Johnson's suffer alone or bear her life's burdens outside of the pale of 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 it could give no further shocks. He has, with the radium, paralyzed small fish so that they have been drowned, or at least died. In talking of this experiment, Mr. Hammer called attention to the experiments of Prof. Curie and others recently in Paris, in which guinea pigs, mice and rabbits were paralyzed and later killed by placing radium near the spinal column. "It is perfectly reasonable to suppose," said Mr. Hammer, "that people's brains might be paralyzed by putting powerful radium near their heads, say on a pillow at night, or near the spinal cord, and thus produce paralysis as in the case of the animals."

## PARTY OBLIGATIONS

### TO WHAT EXTENT ARE POLITICAL 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 provisions so far as lay in his power. The same was expected of congress, and never have the legislative and executive power broken the platform pledges.

For the first time in the history of the Republican party it is proposed to break faith with the people. In the platform adopted in 1896 the only industry singled out for specific pledge

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 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 schedule ought to be revised after presidential election. Will the American Economist be able to believe its expansive 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 Cuban 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 we were told that the Cubans would starve if Congress did not grant a heavy reduction in duties within thirty days, but the fact is Cuba has been almost entirely regenerated industrial-

ly, and her sugar crop this year bids fair to be one of the largest in her history. Let Congress bear in mind the interests of domestic producers of sugar, tobacco, cigars, early fruits, vegetables, etc., in considering the pending treaty.—American Agriculturist.

The Farmer Is Satisfied.

The slight falling off in exports seems to be giving considerable comfort to the free traders, as they welcome 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 increasing. High prices naturally have the tendency to check exports and increase imports, and exports of agricultural products will always fluctuate. But it is no argument against protection, 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, 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 demand it, and not before.—New York Times.

Right, for once. That is precisely when, and only when, the tariff will be or should be revised. When the people, being tired of prosperity, or for any other reason satisfactory to themselves, want the tariff revised, reduced or removed, they will say so, and it will be done. But until that time comes, until the people have said so, the proper thing to do is to let the tariff alone.

Helpless Without a Tariff.

Here is a little lecture on protective tariffs, from the Birmingham (Eng.) Post: "America attracts our skilled workmen by the larger wages that are possible under protection and gets, year by year, a larger helping of the limited supply of potter's clay; and so a once prosperous industry is approaching starvation point. Having no tariff, we are helpless to check these proceedings." Higher wages and the development of home industries cause no complaint in the United States.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Overdoing Things.

It is at least a curious coincidence that Michigan, the home of the sugar beet, should be selected as a field for exploiting the fascinations and allurements of Cuba as an agricultural paradise. A company has been organized in Detroit to boom things. Its prospectus and printed matter give out a high temperature. Reading the "hot stuff" about the phenomenal fertility and productivity of Cuban soil and

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 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.

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## NEXT WEEK

# THE FATAL REQUEST

### Or, FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris, Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.

## NEXT WEEK

### AMERICAN LOVE OF CHANGE.

#### It is One of the Chief of the National Characteristics.

Love of change is fast becoming an American characteristic. The reposed man or woman bids fair to be in time 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 reposed 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 become 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 Charcot.

The memory of Charcot, founder of the school of hypnotism in Paris, has been perpetuated by the chisel of his wife. The statue just erected at Le-Moulon-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.



"I am sure I want you."



COUGHT HE TO TURN THE OTHER CHEEK?



"Lorie is not like other girls."

Et do 'pear ter me 't ye might keep yer mouth shut of ye ken only say sech spiteful things. Ise only got these ter say ter ye, Sadler, an' ter ye, too, Smith—of ye kyan't say kind things o' the gal o' Johnson's arter all she's done an' 's still doin' fer us