

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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

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CHAPTER I.

The Girl.

The day was dreary when she was born, not only because the rain was falling in a drizzling fashion and a mist hung over the hills, but because she was born. Her mother, having a soft heart, felt all her tenderness awaking for her weak daughter, and gathered her into her arms with a half pitying caress. But her mother did not live long, and some of her friends went so far as to say that it was well she did not, for she would have spoiled the girl.

Her father—well, there was no danger of her father spoiling the girl with tenderness. He considered her birth one of the blows fate dealt him, and he said he had had many blows from fate. He said fate was against him; people said he was shiftless; they said also that there was hardly a doubt that the girl would be the same. None of the Johnsons amounted to much—at least that branch of the family. Lemuel Johnson, this man's brother, was rich, rumor said, and they did not blame him for having nothing to do with his shiftless brother. He lived in a fine house in New York; was enterprising and shrewd; how could anyone blame him for dropping this ne'er-do-well brother?

His brother thought differently. Lemuel was rich; fate had been good to him; it was but right that he should help him; it was an unheard of thing that he had never offered to help him, especially when this added burden was laid upon his already too heavily laden shoulders. Of what good to him was a girl? Girls were of little use. Had she been a boy—but she was not a boy, and she was motherless from the time she was three weeks old.

With a pathetic appreciation of the fitness of things her mother named her Dolores. And from the time she was taken from the dying mother's arms her large brown eyes, shaded by long curling lashes, looked out upon the world with a strange gravity and a knowledge of what it meant to be brought into the world unwelcome and unloved.

She seldom cried. She never cooed as other and happier babies do. And as she grew older silence grew upon her. She said little and the neighbors seldom ran in to gossip with her as they did with each other, for there was no use; she took no interest in them or their gossip; no one could talk easily with her eyes upon them. So when she grew old enough to attend to the household matters herself, they left her alone; even the children of her own age dropped her as though she had been dead.

She was an excellent cook, and kept the house well. In these things her father had no fault to find. He seldom spoke to her; if the food were well cooked he never found fault; he never praised it or her; he ate his meals in silence, and went out of the house. She saw him only at meal times; his evenings were spent at the tavern; hers were spent at home mending his clothes or doing whatever was to be done.

And to every one in the village—out of it she knew no one—she was simply "that girl of Johnson's."

CHAPTER II.

The Stranger.

When Dolores was twenty her father awoke to the fact that she was no longer a child. The knowledge of her age and comeliness came to him suddenly one day.

Johnson was a blacksmith, and young Green, whose father was judge in the town across the mountain, was riding up the valley when his mare cast a shoe, and he stopped at the shop to have it replaced.

The day was warm and sultry, and after a few minutes young Green asked for some water. Johnson sent him to the house for it, saying that Dolores would give it to him. Green returned in a few minutes. There was a strange

dreary garden a short distance up the mountain.

Dolores was standing in the doorway, her arms hanging down in front of her, her fingers clasped listlessly together. The sunlight was on her dark head; her brown eyes were looking straight before her, and there was a light in her face that fairly transformed it. Usually there was little light in her face. Her lips were parted as though she had been speaking of pleasant things.

Young Green took off his hat, and ran his fingers through his fair hair. The wrinkle of perplexity appeared and deepened between his brows.

"Johnson is she your daughter?" The blacksmith straightened up in surprise. No one had ever before



He watched her face.

asked about Dolores. With the back of his hand he wiped the drops from his grimy face.

"She my darter? Wal, I reckon. My cursed luck that she warn't a boy; boys is o' use."

A flash came into the clear blue eyes watching him. "Cursed luck! Man, you should thank your lucky star that she is a woman—and such a woman! Where did she get her learning?"

"Learnin'?" The man was bewildered; he laughed scornfully. "She ain't never had no learnin' 's far as I know. 'Thar ain't no use in learnin'—'t least I ain't never seen no use o' it. Wimmen 'specially air better off 'thout it."

Hyar's yer mare red-dy. Fine mare, she. A shillin', sir; thank 'ee." The mare was full of life and spirits, and a beautiful animal. When her master mounted she reared and plunged; her tail swept the scanty grass at the door, her long silky mane swept his face; her eyes were flashing, her nostrils dilated.

The girl in the doorway lost her listless attitude. She came down the steps, and called to him, and her voice—peculiarly penetrating, but full of rare sweetness—sounded like a note of music on the sultry air. He smiled at her. With a tight rein and a calm word he quieted the mare, then he rode up to the girl. His voice was pleasant; to her it sounded grave and almost sweet.

"The mare is gentle as a kitten; she would not harm me for the world. It is only one of her tricks. You are as fond of animals as of astronomy, are you not, Miss Johnson?"

Her gaze had strayed down to the shop. Her father was standing in the doorway rubbing his hands on his leathern apron and watching them. The flash died out of her eyes, the flush from her face; the listlessness had returned.

His gaze involuntarily followed hers. He received no reply from her, and expected none; he understood with a rare instinct.

When he had ridden away she stood a long time at the gate. The far-away look was in her eyes as she watched the black mare and her rider until the haze from the mountain hid them from view.

When her father came into dinner he watched her as she prepared the table; he watched her as she ate. His eyes were on her constantly; she knew it, but gave no sign.

As he took up his hat to return to the shop he turned and asked, abruptly, but with little show of interest: "How old air ye, girl?"

Her large eyes looked through and through him; her gaze was steady, his wavered; her voice, too, was steady and slow:

"I am twenty, father." "Curse the girl!" he muttered, as he passed down the worn path to the shop with no haste in his slouching gait. "Curse all them wimmen! Borne fools, every one of 'em! Jest my luck that she warn't a boy; boys is o' use!"

CHAPTER III.

Her Learning.

Dolores was sitting on the door steps one evening. Her father was at the tavern as usual, and as her household duties were finished she sat in the mellow moonlight that flooded the mountain with radiance. She was no longer listless. Her lips were parted; her eyes larger and darker than usual; her face, raised to the starry heavens, was full of light. On her knees lay an old astronomy, and one slender finger marked the place of her reading.

She was lost to herself and her surroundings; she did not hear the heavy footsteps approaching along the narrow path; she saw nothing until a rough hand pulled the book from under her fingers. A deep oath smote the air.

"Curse ye!" her father muttered, between his clenched teeth. "Curse 'em as invented books an' learnin'! 'Tis is ther way ye waste yer time while

am away. Curse ye! Yer mother was fool 'nough, but ye're worse."

She rose up slowly to her full height and confronted him. Her soul was in her eyes and his shrank from it.

"Father, say what you like of me; you shall not say nothing of my mother; she is beyond your power now."

The book had slipped from his hand and fallen to the ground; he kicked it contemptuously. The flash deepened in her eye, but she had had her say, and sat down. The moonlight was on her face and hair; her shadow lay long and dark behind her.

Lavina Ketcham made a gentle wife; she gave up much for peace, and at first she had loved her husband; afterward she found out his brute nature. Her nature was fine, and she was true to him always, but love was out of the question then. He forbade her the use of her books, and in that only she would not obey him. For a nature like hers to die mentally or even stagnate was impossible. She was above him as the stars she loved were above her, and she knew it, and he knew it also; he hated her for it.

She was a school teacher, and as school teachers did not thrive that side of the mountain he offered her a home, and she accepted his offer, believing him noble because of this generous act, as women will believe of the men they love until they have been proved otherwise, when the sweet if rather blind faith in them can never return once being destroyed.

Her daughter inherited her nature only in a far higher degree. Her husband knew it, and the neighbors knew it. Never, however, did the girl's father know that her mother's books were her constant companions; that she lived in them and on them; that nearly every word of theirs was known to her by heart.

Betsy Glenn had been her mother's schoolmate and friend. Betsy Glenn taught Dolores with all the power she was capable. She had long been dead, but the seed she sowed grew and grew; some time it would ripen and bear fruit.

Had her father known of this he would have stopped it from the first. He did not know it, for he had never taken enough interest in her to know it. Had he asked her she would have told him, but he never asked.

The jealousy he had already felt toward his wife for her love of books seethed and scorched in his heart as he stood facing her daughter and his. She possessed not one of his traits; the mother's nature had deepened ten fold in his daughter.

(To Be Continued.)

BARBER WHO WAS A KING.

Nervous Customer Jumped at Conclusion and Fled.

A queer reminiscence gleam crept into the eyes of the barber, with the long, low, rakish forehead, as he suddenly rested his razor hand while shaving the Adam's apple of the lean, nervous-looking man in the chair.

"I was King Louis XIV. of France last night," said the barber, suddenly, the razor still poised about half an inch above the lean customer's Adam's apple.

The customer blinked and breathed hard. The shaved side of his face became nearly as white as the still lathered other side.

"Wait a minute," he said, placing a shaking hand on the barber's shaving arm. He up sat straight in the chair with a wild look, and then made a bolt for the door.

"Wow!" he yelled as he went. "What an escape! King Louis XIV! Bug-house! He wouldn't have done a thing to me—" and, with the towel streaming in the breeze and one side of his face still lathered, he hopped down the street.

The barber with the long, low, rakish forehead went to the door and stared after the galloping customer with amusement.

"Well, I'll be d-d-binged!" muttered the barber. "Now what kind o' cogs has that feller got in his cunk? I was on'y tryin' to tell him that I was King Louis XIV. at the barbers' masquerade ball last night, and look at him goin' after Salva-tor's mile record!"—Washington Post.

MR. HENNECK'S IDEA OF IT.

Well Known Saying Revised According to His Opinion.

Mrs. Henneck looked up from the paper she was writing on "The Development of Modern Slang and Its Influence Upon Our Daily Conversation."

"My dear," she said to her husband, who had come in from the kitchen to tell her that the dishes were washed and put away, "what is the conclusion of that atrociously vulgar saying which begins with 'There is a sucker born every minute'?"

"Why, Henrietta, I don't call it to mind at present."

"Surely you do, my pet. It is part of the argot of the street. They say 'There is a sucker born every minute,' and then I think the rest of it refers to what the—suckers do. But that part of it I forgot. What is it they all do?"

Hiram Henneck steeled himself for trouble, but he felt it was the chance of his life.

"Let me see," he mused. "It goes, 'There is a sucker born every minute and they all—they all—'"

"Yes, yes, dovey, I get that down."

"And they all get married!"—Chicago Tribune.

Explaining the Situation.

The Memphis Commercial Appeal explains the advance in the price of meat by an incident that recently occurred in a hotel.

"See here," said an indignant guest to the proprietor, "your waiter charged me 25 cents for a tomato. Is that right?"

"No, it isn't right," replied mine host amiably, "but that's what we charge."

The Real Cause.

Maudie—"What makes you so awfully nervous, dear?"

Clara—"Why, Fred is to have an interview with papa this afternoon."

Maudie—"Oh, and you are afraid your father will not give his consent?"

Clara—"No; I'm afraid Fred won't show up."

JEFFRIES WINS IN TENTH

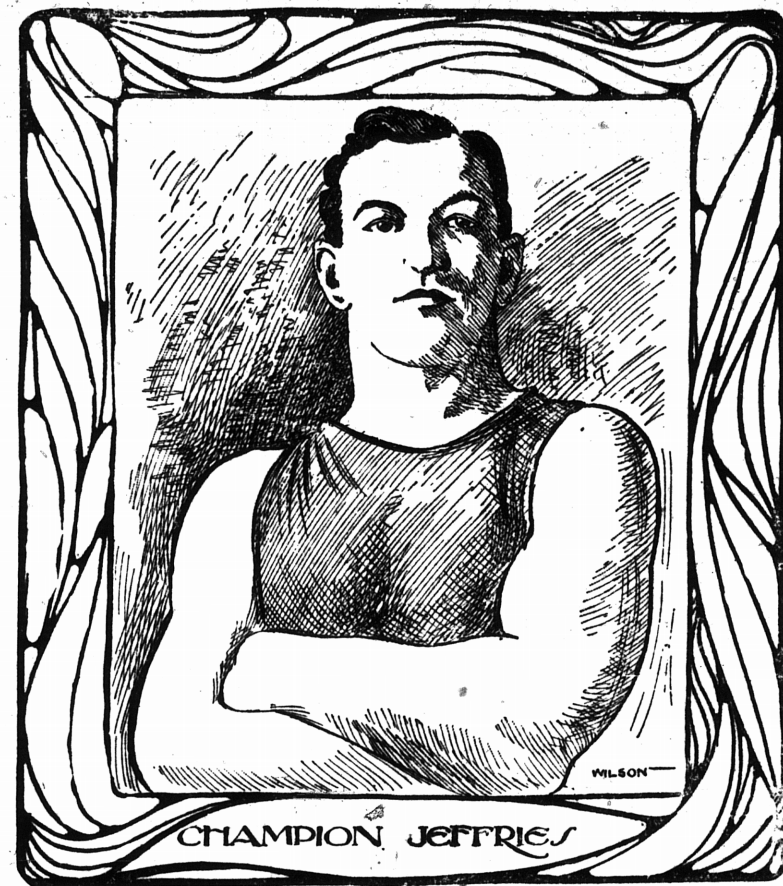
Corbett Proves No Match for the Heavyweight Pugilistic Champion in Their Fight at San Francisco—Solar Plexus Blow Decides Battle.

James J. Jeffries is still champion heavyweight pugilist of the world. He retained his title by defeating James J. Corbett in the tenth round of a twenty round contest at Mechanics' pavilion, San Francisco, Aug. 14.

Corbett had mapped out his plan of battle to keep at a safe distance from the champion for the first ten rounds. By doing so he hoped Jeff would become so tired he could step in, hit him at will, stay the limit, and secure the decision on points. He expected Jeff to rush at him like a wild bull, and that his neatness of foot would easily carry him out of range of the

The fight demonstrated beyond all doubt that Jeffries stands alone in his class. He showed remarkable improvement in both speed and skill. He was never in better condition. He looked lighter than usual, and the way he moved about on his feet and the frequency with which he countered Corbett's leads astonished everybody.

Jeffries was not only stronger, faster and cleverer than ever before, but he used his head to better purpose, and, although Corbett would hit him hard enough to hurt an ordinary man, Jeffries would bore right in without noticing the blows, and would deliver



CHAMPION JEFFRIES

big fellow's blows. Jeff, however, did not fight as Corbett anticipated. He did not rush at him and swing wildly, but moved fast toward him, measured his distance carefully, and did not attempt to hit unless Corbett was within distance.

Neither did Corbett fight along the lines he had announced. He did not scamper around the ring as much as was expected, but instead kept as close to his opponent as possible, thinking by so doing he would get inside of the champion's long left. These tactics were undoubtedly framed by foxy Tommy Ryan and, it transpired, were undoubtedly the best methods Corbett could adopt.

By staying in close he showed conclusively he was playing a waiting game and he could do this much better by staying close than by sprinting, as he first started to do. Jeff soon satisfied him that he was his equal, if not his superior, at this game. The big fellow's speed was a revelation. Corbett could do nothing with him for the first six rounds, when he tried to outbox him.

The end came shortly after the beginning of the tenth round, when Jeffries planted one of his terrific left

telling hits that materially helped in deciding the result of the fight.

At first Corbett was very cautious, and apparently was outpointed by Jeffries, but later in the fight he warmed up and showed some of his old-time cleverness. From the first, however, it was generally regarded as a hopeless case for Corbett. He made a gallant fight, but he never stood a show to win.

Referee Eddie Graney said after the fight that it was a great heavy-weight contest.

"Corbett was very clever, but Jeffries was almost equally so, and showed marvelous improvement. He practically outboxed Corbett during the fight, with the exception of the eighth and ninth rounds. Every blow that he landed told, and his superior weight and strength were bound to win in the end."

During the fight Corbett talked continuously to Jeffries, and to the referee made a number of facetious remarks. He was game to the end, and whenever Jeffries landed a blow would make a jesting remark. In the sixth round, during a clinch, just after Jeffries had punished him severely, he remarked to the referee:

"Watch him, Eddie; nes trying to knock me out."

Jeffries only grinned and waded into his man all the harder. Corbett's system of training was undoubtedly beneficial to him from a physical point of view, but it apparently detracted from his speed. He did not keep away from Jeffries in the manner that was anticipated, but clinched at every opportunity. He also did some clever ducking, thereby avoiding deadly blows, but all his cleverness was of no avail. He fought his fight, and when the time came Jeffries delivered the necessary blows, and established himself more firmly than ever as champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world.

The largest crowd that ever saw a fight in San Francisco was present at the ringside. It was estimated that the receipts were at least \$100,000. Of this the fighters got 75 per cent, which they split between them in the ratio of 75 per cent to the winner and 25 per cent to the loser. On the basis of the receipts mounting to the figure estimated Jeffries would receive as his share \$56,250 and Corbett \$18,750. This is the largest purse ever fought for by any two pugilists. The winner's end amounts to more than the entire purse of his last fight with Corbett and the loser's share is more than the ordinary winner's end.

James J. Corbett.

swings on Corbett's stomach. The man who conquered John L. Sullivan dropped to the floor in agony, and the memorable scene at Carson City, when Bob Fitzsimmons landed his solar plexus blow, was almost duplicated.

This time, however, Corbett struggled to his feet and again faced his gigantic adversary. With hardly a moment's hesitation Jeffries swung his right and again landed on Corbett's stomach. Jim dropped to the floor, and then it was all over, motioned to Referee Graney to stop the punishment.

New Vocation.

Cecil Glynn Dildgim, a wealthy Welshman, has married a London manicurist, who has shut up her shop and will devote her entire attention henceforth to paring and filing her new name.

Income From Travelers.

A single railroad company, the New York Central, received \$170,000 in fares during three summer months of 1902 on account of its Niagara business alone.

Farmers' Trust.

Five hundred farmers around Rockwell, Ia., formed a trust with \$25,000 capital for marketing their products. Last year, at an expense of \$4,000, they did a business of \$620,000 without losing a dollar.

Everything Good Is Bad.

Dr. Wiley suggests that uncooked vegetables may be dangerous because of tainted soil. It looks as if the young onion were to go, along with ice water, ice cream and all the other summer luxuries.

Battle of Fontenoy.

The battle of Fontenoy is the only large battle ever fought in which the opposing sides were equal—each 70,000 men—and the losses of victors and vanquished equal also, both being 7,500 men.

"Play Square and Don't Talk."

There would be a whole lot less trouble in the world if folks could only realize that there is but one motto to hang on the wall, "Play Square and Don't Talk."

Wireless Telegraph.

The United States signal corps will establish wireless telegraph stations at Ft. Davis, Safety Harbor, St. Michaels, Ft. Piggons, States Rapids and at Valdez, where connections will be had with the submarine cable at Puget sound.

Trouble Just Started.

The fact that a Chicago man has won a wife with a poem should not raise false hopes among the verse writers. He won't be able to support her that way.

TROUBLES OF THE ANGELS.

A Boer Expression for the Tenderfoot Bait Caster to Remember.

The trouble with the tenderfoot bait caster is that he is too strong and the boat is not a rock above water.

He puts enough muscle into the rod to send the light bait 300 yards; then the boat tips and he grabs at the gunwale with one hand to save himself and wonders why his reel overran and the line snarled. If this mishap does not happen, some other accident occurs, and he catches fewer fish than his more experienced companions.

It takes the tenderfoot bait-caster a long time to learn that bait-casting is like golf, that is, the more you press the less you do. The Boers have an expression which they use to their omen when mixed with a heavy load in the middle of a long river. They say it almost carelessly:

"It is 'Sutjes, sutjes!'" It means, "Softly does it!" and it fetches the omen every time, unless the mire runs clear down to the diamond deposit.

When the tenderfoot bait-caster learns to say "Sutjes, sutjes!" to himself he is more than half taught.—New York Sun.

A German Farmer's Case.

Rich Fountain, Mo., Aug. 17th.—Rev. Joseph Pope of this place is widely and favorably known as a clergyman who has done and is doing much for his people. He is very much beloved by everyone for the faithfulness of his pastoral work.

Rev. Mr. Pope has given for publication a statement made to him by a German farmer who is a member of his congregation. The man's name is George Hoellerer, and he has given Rev. Mr. Pope this letter:

"Last winter I suffered very much with Rheumatism. I could neither walk nor ride on horseback nor do any farm work."

"I took medicine from different doctors but they did not do me any good. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills procured for me by a good friend. After I had taken the first box I felt already a heap better; I was relieved of the pain and could walk and chop wood; and the contraction of my fingers began to relieve."

"Now since I have taken six more boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I feel well again and am able to do all the work on the farm."

He Had a New Job.

"The natural stolidity of the Scandinavian peoples has not been exaggerated a particle in the stories that have been told about them," said a Minnesota lumberman who was in town the other day. "During the last log-drive, a couple of my hands, Alric and Ole, Swedes, were working alone, polling out logs that had swirled into an inlet of the river and became jammed there. The noon grub call went, and Alric hiked along to the mess tent alone."

"Where's Ole," my foreman asked Alric.

"Ole," said Alric, "he quit—Ay tank he got another job."

"Ole had slipped off the log upon which he was standing and had been drowned beneath the jam, and that was Alric's way of expressing it."—Washington Star.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional medicine. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Largest Boy in the World.

In a certain Paris establishment the largest boy in the world is exhibited. His name is Anton Mochty. He weighs 150 pounds and is ten years old. His breast measures 45 inches from armpit to armpit, and his head is 22 inches in diameter. Nature gave Anton six toes on each foot and six fingers on each hand. In his village they call him "the rubber ball," on account of the rotundity of his features.

An After-Dinner Train.

Beginning August 2nd, M., K. & T., train No. 3, will leave Kansas City Union Depot at 12:25 p. m., instead of 10:35 a. m. as heretofore. This makes an elegant After-Dinner Train for Texas, giving passengers from the North and West an opportunity to lay over in Kansas City for several hours, and then resume their journey to points reached by the "Katy" in Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas.

Storks as Scavengers.

Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng to Egypt every winter there would be no living in some parts of the country, for, after every inundation, frogs appear in devastating numbers.

When Your Grocer Says he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. of the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

From a Canadian View.

Two Boer generals have purchased 100,000 acres of land for colonization purposes in Mexico. It is evident that recognition in South Africa is not advancing rapidly.

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch because they don't keep it in hand of 12 oz. b. and, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has on a used the 16 oz. pkg. Defiance Starch for same money.

A City of Vicissitudes.

Heracl holds the record of being the most often besieged of the world's cities. It has been taken and retaken over fifty times.

Why It Is the Best.

Is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

Not Cordial to Foreigners.

China and Japan have fewer foreign residents than any other countries.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

CHURCH FUNDS ARE LOST.

Treasurer of Preachers' Aid Society Embezzles \$70,000.

Willard S. Allen, treasurer of the Preachers' Aid society of the New England conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, is a confessed embezzler of nearly \$70,000. The entire fund, with the exception of about \$2,800, has disappeared. Allen now is in Canada, where he went about a week ago, fearing exposure. Allen was a man of considerable prominence in Boston. For more than forty years he was a respected resident of East



WILLARD S. ALLEN

Boston, for twenty-nine years he was clerk of the East Boston district court, for sixteen years he was a member of the Boston school committee, and for twenty-five years was a member of the Preachers' Aid society, being its treasurer since 1881.

The Preachers' Aid society was organized fifty years ago for the purpose of aiding and relieving the sick, aged and infirm members of the conference, and the needy and distressed widows and orphans of deceased members. The corporation has no capital stock.

OBJECT TO COLORED MESSENGER.

Naval Officers Refuse to Associate With Isaac Miller.

Having passed an examination which afforded entire satisfaction to his examiners, Isaac A. Miller, a colored man, has become a petty officer in the United States navy. He is listed as a carpenter's mate and assigned to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Miller is not a full blooded negro. He was born in South Carolina thirty-three years ago. When on the day after his appointment as a petty officer Miller took his place at the mess table, eight other petty officers, white men, who had taken their places but a few minutes before, got up and left. Since then they have waited until Miller finished his meal and then taken their places at the table. Miller, however, is used to eating alone and continues to go to his meals at the regular hour.

When informed of the state of affairs, Capt. Snow, of the receiving ship Columbia, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, said that his attention had not been called to the matter before, but that Miller would not be imposed upon by the other petty officers.

"Miller will have his rights, regard-

