

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Author of "A Girl's Hero," Etc.

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CHAPTER III—Continued.

That night his comrades at the tavern had told him of this; they taunted him with it; they laughed at the girl. They did not like her—not one of them. Narrow natures dislike and distrust that which they cannot understand. Young Green also had aroused his fears. Green had an education; he had asked where the girl obtained her education, therefore she must have an education. To-night he was assured of this.

He kicked the book contemptuously, and muttered, under his breath, an oath against young Green. If ever he came there again it would be a sorry day for him.

Dolores said nothing. A sudden frenzy seized him. He stooped and snatched the book from the ground. It was an old astronomy. She had been reading the book, for she preferred it to any of her mother's books, and when young Green saw it the day he was there he was much surprised, and promised to take a volume on the subject the next time he went that way.

She thanked him, and it was the first time she had thanked any one since Betsy Glenn died. That was two weeks before, and he had not come again as he said he would, but she watched for him, feeling sure that she would keep his promise to her, feeling strangely glad when she thought of him. She had perfect faith in him. Her father's face was lurid as he snatched the book from the ground. His small eyes, close set, were full of brute cruelty; the veins of his forehead were swollen. In his hands, used to wielding the heavy hammer, the book was a toy; his fingers closed over it, and in an instant it lay in shreds at her feet.

For a moment she did not comprehend what had been done; she looked from the book to him and back again. Then she arose; her face was white, and her eyes flashed. She looked at him, and he covered before her. She was tall and stately; he had never before appreciated her dignity. Now he appreciated it to the full. The book was the dearest thing in the world to her; he could have wounded her in no other way.

Mechanically he gathered up the scattered fragments and as she held out her hand for them he gave them to her without a word, without even glancing at her. For the time she was more than his daughter; her eyes were in his face, and her spirit read his. They strayed away to the mountain top veiled in haze. The fire died out of her eyes; her hands, mechanically holding the torn leaves of her book, fell listlessly at her side; her shadow lay long and dark behind her.

There was a sense of mystery about her which her father could not understand; he shrank from it and from her, and passed away up the dark



More Listless Than Usual. back heavy with the shadows of the bank that swayed in the faint breeze, and again silence fell around her.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mare. "I have come again," said young Green, laughing. He stood in the doorway of the shop, holding the black mare by the bridle.

Johnson had been sitting on a bench outside of the shop, smoking a clay pipe. As the young man spoke he arose and advanced toward the mare. "Another shoe so soon?" he queried, shortly. "Yes," said the young man, lightly. "The right shoe this time. Come, here, come, my girl!"

There was a sudden, sullen glow on Johnson's face as he took the bellows and blew the fire into a fierce blaze. He held the iron on the fire and raised the hammer. Young Green began to talk. He spoke of the dry weather and the hard roads; he told the news of the town and of the trial that was to come off at a notorious horse thief who had been attempting to steal from Johnson's shop. Johnson listened in sullen silence to the news of the town.

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By and by young Green left him and went up to the house for a drink. Johnson was not the only silent one that day. His daughter listened mutely to the young man's conversation. If anything she was even more listless than usual, though a strange color tinged her cheeks as he talked. He left the promised book with her; he had not forgotten it, he said, but had been unable to take it before. For a moment her face glowed with pleasure, and the silken lashes lifted swiftly, but fell ere their eyes could meet. She thanked him in a few simple words in her low, sweet voice; then her gaze wandered away to the hazy mountain top in the distance. He left in a few minutes, deeply disappointed in her, and yet strangely interested and puzzled. Had he mistaken her? Was she incapable of the thought he believed she possessed? Had she not, after all, the ambition to be more than an untalented village girl? Did her thought end with the blue line of the mountains and the hamlets scattered along their sides? Dolores disappointed him; he thought her so much better than she had proved herself, and yet under it all there was a sting in the thought which he did not understand, student of character as he was.

"She was positively stupid," he said regretfully. "Yet her face shows such possibilities."

He was walking slowly down the narrow path to the shop, his hands clasped behind him, his fair head bent slightly forward. Dolores was watching him, but he did not know it. He never guessed of the wistful brown eyes following him down the stubby path.

Bess whinned shrilly when he came in sight. She was restless and snappish, but when he mounted and rode out of the shop she grew gentle again. As he rode away Johnson called after him that she must have gone some distance without her shoes, for her feet was tender.

Dolores watched him with her far seeing eyes as he rode up the mountain, then her gaze went down to the shop. Her father was standing in the doorway also watching the rider. He had forgotten his pipe; his face in the hazy sunlight was full of sullen hatred, and he looked capable of committing almost any act. His muttered threat of the previous evening returned to her clearly and distinctly. Her eyes widened with nameless fear. She looked up the mountain again to where the black mare was bearing her rider proudly along the yellow thread of road; she was no longer listless; her face was white, her lips quivering with excitement.

CHAPTER VI. A Neighboring Gift. "Et hev been so dry I 'lowed mebbly ther gyarding yar dedn't mount ter much, beln' as ye air up so high, so I brought ye some strawb'ries outen our gyarding, Dolores."

"Thank you; our garden didn't amount to much," Dolores said, gravely. She looked at her neighbor without a sign of interest in her face; she spoke in her usual listless manner; but under the listlessness and apparent carelessness was the consciousness like a sharp sword, that the gift was the forerunner of something to follow else than her pleasure. She emptied the berries out of the basket into a dish and stood regarding them. Mrs. Smith said afterward she looked as though she were trying

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to discover if they might be "tetched." In reality the girl did not even see them. She was wondering vaguely what the woman would say about the mare. That she had come for some purpose outside of bringing the fruit was clear to her. She waited with a stinging heart and strained ears for what the woman would say. She knew well that something must follow. That it was in regard to the mare of young Green she had not a doubt. Perhaps the suspicion in regard to the guilty party had become a fact. Perhaps this woman had come to tell her—perhaps—

(To be continued.)



Dolores Watched Him.

HABIT IN READING PAPERS. Almost Every Person Has One Part He Turns to First. "Very old persons," said an observer, "nearly always, on unfolding their newspaper, turn to the column of 'Deaths.' This is because, in the first place, they are most likely to find news of their friends there than in the column of 'Marriages,' or any other part of the paper, and because, in the second place, they are interested in death—they have it much in their minds.

"Young girls turn first to the society news and weddings, and after that to the fashions. Young men of the healthy, open-air sort, turn first to the sporting news, while boys universally turn to this page first. The actor, of course, reads the dramatic columns, and the writer the book reviews, but neither of these departments, I fancy does any part of the disinterested public consult first of all.

"The elderly gentleman of a pompous appearance reads the editorials first, while his corpulent, cheerful wife reads the recipes on the 'household' page. Some clergymen read the wills of the dead, to see what charities have been remembered with bequests. There are many people who read the crimes, the scandals and the shocking accidents first. Poets, as a rule, will not read the newspapers at all."—Philadelphia Record.

Advantages of Early Christians. Bishop Potter is telling a story of a dear old lady who recently asked him how it was that Solomon was allowed to have so many wives—not to mention the other ladies. He explained that the manners and customs of Solomon's days were different to those of the present era, whereupon she replied earnestly, "Oh, don't you think those early Christians enjoyed great privileges?"—New York Times.

Admitted His Guilt. "Do you not at times have soulful yearnings which you long to express in words but cannot?" asked the fair maid who had a leaning toward the sentimental. "Yes, I was up against something like that once," admitted the youth with the noisy tie. "I wanted to telegraph home for money and didn't have the price of a Marconi."

Strategy. "It's lucky I'm a dentist," chuckled the tall student. "Why so?" asked the friend. "Well, last night every time I kicked Clara she screamed. When the old man came down I told him I was merely trying to pull a tooth."

A Tip on Stocks. Hold on to your good stocks. This is sound counsel in windy weather. The man who has paid for his investments is not the one who is forced to sell when panic comes. It is a good time for men who have sand in their blood to chew it.

WAR DANCE ON AN "L" CAR.

Inquisitive Lobster the Cause of Much Trouble. The woman had snuggled a pet Skye terrier into an "L" car, and slipped the animal under a cross seat, where it went asleep. Presently a man carrying a small basket came in and sat beside her. He also stowed his burden under the seat. Ten minutes later the woman began to wriggle. She shook out her skirts and said in an audible whisper, "Don't be rude, Fido." Presently she turned pale, and, jerking the chain by which she held the dog cried, "Lie down, Fido! Behave yourself, sir!" Then she jumped up and began a war dance, striking at her skirts all the time. The man stared in amazement until an idea struck him. Reaching under the seat for his basket, he looked inside it, and a great light of intelligence overspread his countenance.

"Madam," said he without moving an eyelash, "when you have quite finished with my lobster will you kindly return it to me?" The jaws of the lobster were wrenched apart, while the woman blushed and the other passengers tittered.—New York Press.

A Marvelous Accomplishment. A noted New York chef, in speaking on the subject a few days ago, said: "Did you ever stop to think what it means to serve from fifty to 125 people a meal in a dining car? The necessarily small space in which the meal must be prepared, the rapid manner in which it must be served, the fact that all the time the train is running at a high rate of speed, and that the diners are moving in and out of the dining car, in the very limited space allotted for the waiters to serve the meal, all add materially to the difficulty of the situation.

"In looking over a dinner menu in use on the New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited, I was surprised to find that this dinner would cost, at any first class hotel in New York, between \$4 and \$5. Of course, all of the dishes on the menu would not likely be ordered by any one person, but the fact that each patron has the entire menu to order from is the foundation for my estimate of what the dinner would cost in New York.

"Among the dishes served on the day I examined the menu were green turtle soup, shad, fresh mushrooms, spring lamb, foie gras, fresh tomatoes, strawberry shortcake, etc."—From the Brooklyn Standard Union.

A Mere Beauty. The belle of Bogota was a slave girl of 18, so graceful and lithe that her every attitude suggested a bird just alighted from a flight through space. Her dark eyes were fringed by the longest of black lashes, and even her stained teeth could not detract from the curves of her pretty mouth. She had a self-consciousness of her own attractions and was as imperious and overbearing as any American beauty, stamping her tiny foot in rage at the photographer's lack of haste in taking her picture, and once walking away from the camera with a disdainful toss of her head. When, after much persuasion, she was induced to return, it was only to scowl sullenly at everybody with the most bewitching ill-temper, poised so lightly that the very wind seemed to sway her slender figure back and forth like a flower on its stalk.—Everybody's Magazine.

May Arbitrate Their Disputes. It is generally believed that England and France are on the point of reaching an agreement providing for the arbitration of differences independently of The Hague tribunal. Such an agreement would be no disparagement whatever to that court of arbitration, but rather an acknowledgement of its powerful influence in promoting the peace of the world. With The Hague court ready for business, the great nations will find it more difficult than ever to go to war.

Undoubtedly. "The chronic kicker," mused the west side philosopher, "is a great benefactor." "What's the answer?" queried the man who had wandered over from the north shore. "He makes a man appreciate people who are good natured," explained the philosophy dispenser.

The Summer Bath. Nothing is more refreshing or invigorating in summer than a daily bath. Use soft, tepid water and good soap. Ivory Soap is ideal for the bath; it is pure, lathers quickly and leaves the skin soft and white. The bath should be taken early in the morning or just before retiring at night. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

Facts and Figures. Tom—"I had my fortune told the other day and my fiancée broke off the engagement." Jack—"Why, is she a believer in such nonsense?" Tom—"Nonsense nothing! It was told her by a mercantile agency."

Insist on Getting It. Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 19 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money. Do you want 16 oz. instead of 19 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

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Notice Worth Heeding.

Dr. Reynolds, the commissioner of Health for Chicago, is sending out the following notice, which is being posted at all stations, which milk for Chicago is being shipped: "Milk cans must be clean inside and out. No matter how clean a can looks, before using it should be washed with soap suds, rinsed with clean water and then scalded. Milk shipped in dirty cans is liable to confiscation." The notice is not meant to merely scare people into being clean. It has already been backed up by acts, and in a number of cases milk arriving at the Chicago depots has been seized and poured into the sewers. This should be the fate of all dirty milk. Just as long as the consumers will buy and use dirty milk there are men that will make milk in an uncleanly manner and deliver it in dirty cans. A man that will use a dirty can in the delivery of milk is altogether likely to be careless in its production, while the man that is scrupulously clean about the delivery of milk is very likely to be equally clean in his methods of production. The Chicago officer that pours a can of dirty milk into the gutter is doing a service to the consumer and to the cleanly producer of milk in the country.

A Loss to Dairying. We are sorry to learn that Professor D. H. Otis of the Kansas Agricultural College has resigned his position there to accept a better-paying one as manager of a ranch at Oswego, Kansas. His salary there is to be \$2,400 per annum, with free house rent and several other things thrown in. A few of our colleges are paying exceedingly low salaries and are unable to hold any man that proves himself of value. A number of our colleges are paying fair salaries and are holding their expert agriculturists, but others do not seem to realize the value of a live man like Professor Otis. During the last two years we have seen quite a number of men leave their positions with colleges and go into commercial life, because in their former positions they could not make a living. We are not suggesting that high salaries be paid, but that fair salaries be the order of the day in our agricultural colleges and experiment stations. We cannot afford to lose men like Professor Otis. We doubt if this gentleman is permitted to remain very long on the ranch.

Kerosene on Pools. The inhabitants of some parts of rural New Jersey heard that the best way to get rid of mosquitoes was to put kerosene on all the pools and ponds. Some of them were so zealous in the movement that they kerosened the ponds in the cow pastures. One cow feeding in such a pasture died in great agony and a post-mortem examination was held over her. Her stomach revealed the cause of her death, which was kerosene. The farmer examined his pasture and found the water covered with the deadly oil. The other cows were taken from the pasture before they had time to drink of the water. This should act as a caution to the people engaged in the laudable work of mosquito destruction. Water that animals are likely to drink should never be made the subject of this treatment. We think the farmers living near towns and villages will have to be more and more on the lookout for this treatment of their pastures, especially if the said pastures happen to have in them stagnant pools of water.

Siberian Butter in England. Recent reports from England declare that Siberian butter is coming in such quantities that it is demoralizing the market. This butter, however shows great variation in quality. Some of it ranks with the best butters on the market, but much of it is of so low a grade that it has to go into channels where it is used otherwise than on the table of the consumer in its natural form. Its sale is, however helped by the fact that much poor Danish butter is appearing, although the good makes continue to arrive. It is surprising that Siberian butter should begin at this early day to make an impression on the international market, for the Siberians have been only at the work of shipping butter out of their country for a few years. Under government supervision their quality of butter should steadily improve, and a few years will doubtless find it an even greater factor in the English market than at present.

Indiana Dairy Meeting. Any Indiana dairymen wanting a dairy meeting held in their locality will do well to address H. E. Van Norman, secretary of the Indiana State Dairymen's Association, Lafayette, Indiana. The association is anxious to preach the gospel of dairy improvement and will arrange to hold meetings in suitable places. The vicinity of cheese factories, creameries, skimming stations or cream shipping stations are desirable localities for this work. The school-house is almost always obtainable for such meetings and should be used. It is desired to do most of this work this summer and fall, and those wishing such meetings should apply at once for dates, speakers and programs.

The word "clutch" is applied both to the sitting of eggs under the hen and to the brood hatched from them.

MANY CHILDREN ARE SICKLY. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Summer Complaint, Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists', 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, La Roy, N. Y.

Oreglia's Descendant. Giovanni Oreglia, a nephew of the Italian cardinal, is chef at the Victoria hotel in San Francisco. He has lived in this country eighteen years and says he has no desire to return to Italy.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c cigar. Made of ripe, mellow tobacco, so rich in quality that many who formerly smoked 10c cigars now smoke Lewis' "Single Binder." Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

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