

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Instinctively she glanced down toward the shop. The doors were open, but no one was there. The hens pecking around the doors were the only visible signs of life to her anxious eyes.

"Times is dull 'nough," pears to me," the woman proceeded. "First kem ther want o' rain with ther gyardin' a-dryin' up spite o' the care wo giv et; then as though ther warn't 'nough, hyar kem ther acc'dat ter ther mare o' ther Judge's son, an' any o' us likely to be ketch'd o' 'twarn't thot s'picious rests in one direction special."

It was coming. Dolores waited with bated breath. A heavy sense of guilt fell upon her; she could not meet the gaze of the eyes bent upon her, and she went on hulling the berries—waiting in silence for what she knew must come.

"An' them as knows says thyar's a great feelin' over in ther town yander 'bout ther mare," the woman's voice struck in on the girl's thoughts, "an' says et 'pears she were worth a deal o' money, an' now nobody'd gev a copper fer her, an' they's workin' stiddy to fin' out who dono ther deed, an' gettin' every one theys ken ter prove thar s'picious c'rect o' a certain person."

Dolores was waiting. It was coming now, she felt certain. She crushed some of the berries in her hand in a sudden frenzy.

"Theys holdin' court, a'most every day, an' workin' as though 'twere some great thing that a critter's gone lame. But theys won't do nothin' with ther s'picious feller tell thar's mo' ground, as theys calls et, though young Green do feel pretty sartin who is ther guilty one. But theys got consid'rabile proof, an' there's ter be a great time ter-morrow, an' theys wants yer feyther ter go ter prov thar s'picious c'rect."

It was out at last. Dolores seemed turned to stone; she neither moved nor spoke; she dared not lift her eyes from the red berries with which her fingers were dyed. Her head was whirling; there was a din in her ears as though a legion of spirits repeated and shouted in wild horror.

"Theys wants yer feyther ter go ter prove—theys wants yer feyther ter go—theys wants yer feyther—yer feyther—"

Her eyes were like those of a hunted animal, half hidden beneath their long lashes; her mind was filled with a great longing to go—to get away from the tiny room out on the mountain under the quiet heavens where the winds were free from the watching eyes.

The woman at the other side of the table arose with an injured air. She had received scarcely a word of thanks for her berries, scarcely even a show of interest in her story.

"Thyars them as takes an int'rest in thyar feller critters, an' thyars them as don't," she said, tartly; "an' thyars them as has thyar s'picion o' things."

Dolores watched the woman's tall, gaunt figure go down the worn path, her purple print dress brushing the scant grass with an indignant sweep, the cape of her sunbonnet limp and flapping over her shoulders. When she disappeared from view behind the shrubbery of the road-side Dolores put away the dish of berries and put on her gray sunbonnet to go out.

It was early afternoon. The rocky road, like a yellow thread, wound in



Waiting in Silence.

and out among the scrubby bushes and tall pines that murmured in the breeze. To the ears of the girl they kept up their monotonous sobbing about her father as though they were living things.

She was listless no longer; she walked as one who had a purpose, as one who had far to go. Her eyes looked straight before her, her lips were set in a straight, stern line.

She met no one on her way; there was little travel on the mountain; the thriving town over on the other side had connection with the world in another direction.

In all the twenty years of her life Dolores had never been over the mountain; what lay beyond it she did not know except from the rumors that drifted into them from the men who had been there—men who had strayed

in hunting, going around to the opposite mountain and returning across the town.

Sometimes when the atmosphere was heavy and the wind in the right direction, the smoke from the tall factory chimneys drifted around to the settlement and tangled in the pines like gray specters waving their shadowy banners above the scattered houses down toward the valley. Many a time Dolores had watched these smoke wreaths, and her mind had gone to the place from whence they came, and she wove from them fantastic shadows born of dreams, and she clothed them in garments of the living, and they brought her many many fancies of the life pulsing just beyond the pine peaks.

Now her mind was filled with the one subject so much discussed; she turned it over and over, viewing it on all sides; now reasoning with herself as to this or that possibility, this or that decision, but eventually returning to the first conclusion which was to her so convincing that it sent her over the mountain to the town to discover if possible the truth, and at the court was the place to learn what she wished to know—if there were any place to learn it ere the whole world should know.

As she passed over the mountain and down on the other side the town lay out before her; a thriving town; smoke arose black from the towering chimneys, the whir of machinery, the rattle of wagons and din on every-day life were borne up to her as sounds of a strange land. The knowledge began to grow in her mind that the life in the slow little settlement beyond the mountain was too narrow, too shut into itself, too lacking in energy and growth. But this was a new world to her and she shrank from it, not from any foolish feeling of inferiority; such a thought could hold no room in her mind, but as a wild animal instinctively shrinks back to its natural world. Then the feeling left her; the old thought drove every fear, every other feeling away; she had come for a purpose and as yet it was not accomplished.

She passed steadily down the road looking neither to right nor left. The court house was at the farther end of the town; she had heard them say so. A long, low, white building with wide steps and a bell in the tower.

At length she came to it; she knew she was right; a long, low, white building with wide steps and a bell in the tower.

She walked up the steps and turned the handle of the door, but could not open it. This ending of her journey had not entered her head. For a moment she stood in doubt what to do. People passing on the street looked curiously at her. A boy who was sitting astride of the fence called to her that the door was locked; but if she wanted the lockup it was down around the corner.

She did not know he was laughing at her; she walked down the steps and spoke to him. She asked him where she could find the judge. She was looking at him with her straight, level glance, and he was disconcerted. The judge, he said, lived in the house on the hill; if she came down the main street she must have passed it.

Not a bit of her resolution was gone as she retraced her steps, but she walked swiftly, for it was growing late. She found it without trouble; she mounted the steps and knocked at the big door. She did not know she should ring the bell. No one came. She knocked again and louder, then again she waited. No one came. If the judge were gone where should she find him?

A step sounded on the gravel at the side of the house; she turned and faced the new-comer.

"Dolores!" exclaimed young Green, in astonishment.

A red flush crept in her face. "I want to see the judge," she said, gravely, and there was a wisdom in the large, dark eyes raised to his for an instant that caused his heart to throb strangely while a flush also arose in his own face.

"My father? He is not at home. When the court adjourned at three he took the train to N—. If you wish to see him I am sorry. Will not I do instead? Come in, Miss Johnson; my mother would be pleased to meet you."

She was unused to being called "Miss Johnson," and scarcely heard the unfamiliar name.

He opened the door, waiting for her to pass in.

"I won't stay," she said. "The judge is not at home. I came to see the judge."

She turned down the steps, and he closed the door, following her.

"If you will not go inside, may I walk with you, Miss Johnson?"

She bowed her head, and they passed over the street together in silence. That the people they passed, and whom her companion greeted, turned and looked curiously after them she did not know; had she known it would have affected her little. She came on an errand, and could not accomplish it; that thought was uppermost in her mind, blended as it always was in thinking of it, with the face and eyes of the young man beside her.

"Dolores," he said at last, when they were climbing the rough road beyond the town, unconsciously using

the name. "Dolores, why did you wish to see my father to-day? It must be something special or you would not have come. Could not I do as well?"

Some way his kindly heart was aching for her with the remembrance of that swift, wistful glance of the brown eyes into his own, and he would comfort her if he could.

She did not look at him; her gaze was fixed on the pines away on the mountain behind which the sun was setting. But he knew she heard and would answer presently.

"I came to see about the mare," she said, slowly, her eyes still fastened on the pines upon the height. Then suddenly, with a swiftness that startled him, she added:

"You know who did it? You have known from the first? Everybody knows who did it. It will be proved to-morrow beyond a doubt."

He looked at her, amazed at her vehemence.

"We hope to prove it to-morrow."



Dolores watched the woman.

he said. "We have had our suspicions from the first, and now we think them well founded. We are depending a good deal on your father; we have considerable evidence, but his will be conclusive."

She knew nothing of law or its terms; the words held a terrible meaning for her.

"It was a dastardly deed," he went on, his face darkening. "The fellow shall suffer the full penalty of the law for it. My beautiful mare that was almost human in intelligence."

Her hands were clasped fiercely, her eyes burning when she turned toward him to make reply, and for the moment he forgot all else but her face.

"And it is right!" she cried; "it is right! What if his people do suffer for it? That the name will cling to them forever? It is only right that he should suffer. It is just. It was a dastardly deed. Only—only don't come with me any farther. I—had—rather go alone."

He obeyed; but followed at a distance. The road was lonely; there were no houses till she reached the settlement below. The sun had set; in the east above the opposite mountain, the full moon rode. A soft haze arose from the valley far beneath, floated and wavered noiselessly up toward the moonlight.

Up on the heights the young man stood motionless watching the girl passing from him in the moonlight. The light was full in his face. It was an earnest face and good; one to be trusted; never to prove treacherous. He watched until the girl, dimly discerned down among the shadows, paused a moment on the threshold of the bare little house, and then entered. And to him as he turned away, his thoughts in a tumult, the mysterious mist and the moonlight seemed to have swallowed her up.

(To be continued.)

GIRLS MAKE THEIR CHOICE.

Countries Where the Gentle Sex Does Its Share of Wooing.

In England, leap year is supposed to confer upon the fair sex the privilege of choosing life partners for better or for worse, but the custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The gypsies, especially in Hungary, enjoy and make a very extensive use of the right at all times, in accordance with an ancient custom. Thus a marriageable young gypsy girl in the land of the Magyars, as soon as her heart is smitten, takes good care that the smiter shall hear of the havoc he has wrought and have a chance of consoling her. With this praiseworthy object in view, she has a love letter indited, places a coin in a piece of dough, bakes it, and throws the cake and the billet doux during the night into the bedchamber of her bridegroom-elect. Then she possesses her soul in patience and awaits developments. The Burmese maiden begins her marriage campaign at a much earlier stage. In order to get together a goodly gathering of young men from whom to choose, she places a lamp in her window at night—it is known as "the lamp of love"—and entices all those youths who are candidates for the order of benedict. In sunny Andalusia, the peasant girl, whose heart has been stolen by a stalwart young husbandman, prepares a tasty pumpkin cake and sends it to his home. If he eats it—and the Andalusian girls take good care to make it highly edible—the pair are forthwith betrothed.—London Telegraph.

One factory has marketed 60,000 electrical fashions this season.

Illinois News Items

State Happenings Succinctly Told by Our Special Correspondents

DEMAND FOR REGULAR SERVICE

Residents of Central City Ask for One Train a Day.

A peculiar suit is now pending in the local courts at the village of Central City, a suburb to Centralia. The Illinois Southern railway uses the tracks of the Illinois Central through Centralia and one mile north to the junction, which takes its trains through the village of Central City. One of the trackage agreements with the Illinois Central is that the Illinois Southern will do no local business between Centralia and that village. The Illinois Central has almost abandoned the place as a station for its own trains, which is resented by the people of that village. They have brought suit against the Illinois Southern to compel that company to stop its trains at that place under the state law requiring railroad companies to run one train a day each way over their own line and leased lines. The question in this case will be whether or not the trackage agreement the Illinois Central has made with the Southern will constitute a leased line.

FORTUNE IN NAME.

The possession of a rather unusual name led to the revelation of the secret of Miss Tiona King's parentage, the discovery of relatives and the inheritance of a small fortune. Miss King is aged 16 and is the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. King, well-known residents of Bloomington. She was born in Leroy. Her mother died shortly after her birth, leaving the child the name of Tiona as her only inheritance. The father



MISS TIONA KING

disappeared before the birth of the babe and has never been heard from. Recently Miss Bell Craig of Leroy noted an item in a local paper that Miss Tiona King was entertaining a few friends from Chicago. It developed that Miss Tiona was heiress to a tract of twenty-seven acres of valuable land at the edge of Kilmundy which had been willed by her grandfather to her mother and upon the latter's death to the child. It had been supposed that all the heirs were dead and the discovery of the existence of the grandchild in Bloomington created great surprise.

Woman Shoots Herself.

Alice Sample of Bloomington killed herself by firing two bullets into her breast. Despondency over love affairs is responsible. She became prominent two years ago in connection with the murder of Mrs. David Leslie by Miss Daisy Carlton. She was an intimate friend of the Carlton girl, and was with her when Mrs. Leslie was killed.

Work on Interurban.

Work of grading for the St. Louis & Springfield electric railway has started on the outskirts of Springfield. Construction superintendents say that the work of getting down the track will be pushed, and material is now being shipped. The council of Carlinville has granted a right of way through that city.

Negress Steps Off Train.

Mrs. Michael Alons, colored, was badly injured by stepping off the Jacksonville accommodation train on Plaza street, Alton. She lives in Alton, and when she recognized the town she jumped with her valise. She said to those who picked her up: "I wanted to light at Alton, and I shore lit."

Evangelical Conference.

The Southern Illinois Evangelical church conference will be held at Millstadt Sept. 9 and 10. On September 9 the forty-year anniversary of the Zion's Evangelical church of that place will also be celebrated.

Loses Two Fingers.

Ed Wilson, son of Wesley Wilson of Pana, had two fingers cut off by the sickle of a mowing machine from which he was endeavoring to clear some rubbish.

Swimmer Saves Two Lives.

Edward C. Thayer saved from drowning in Sangamon river at Decatur, Mrs. Norris of Jacksonville and her little daughter, Nellie. In doing so he broke his left arm, caused by coming in contact with a sunken log.

Mine Superintendent.

B. S. Craine of Murphysboro received notice that he had been appointed superintendent of the Chicago Fuel company's Williamson county laterals, consisting of five mines and other properties.

AFTER THE WILD CAT CONCERNS.

Attorney General Hamlin Seeks to Oust Fake Building Associations.

Attorney General Hamlin is still after the wildcat building associations doing business in Illinois. He conferred with S. A. Bethea, United States district attorney at Chicago, asking that the federal authorities look into the operation of these concerns. Mr. Bethea promised to take the question to Washington and have it considered.

"We have had fairly good results in the injunction proceedings we have started against these associations," said Mr. Hamlin, "but there are some of them still doing business. I believe the federal authorities can reach them. There are several concerns that manage to run just inside the state law, but that I am sure are violating the national laws. Mr. Bethea said he would take the question up."

BALM FOR A WOUNDED HEART.

Young Woman May Bring Suit Against Man Who Jilted Her.

Miss Freda Parks, residing east of Springfield, who went to Washington, Ind., to marry F. S. Slosson, with whom, she claims, she was engaged to be married, and whom she found had married another girl, is in consultation with attorneys and says she will bring suit for breach of promise, in which judgment will be prayed for \$10,000. She claims she was engaged to be married to Slosson next month. Miss Parks says Slosson was recently married to Miss Sue Gardner, daughter of Judge W. R. Gardner, an Indiana jurist.

Streeter Must Serve Term.

Judge Humphrey, in the United States district court at Springfield promptly decided that he had no jurisdiction in the case when Chicago attorneys appeared before him and applied for a writ of habeas corpus to produce the famous "Capt." Streeter of Chicago before the court and hear arguments why he should not be released from Joliet penitentiary. The "captain" is serving a term for manslaughter, having been convicted in Cook county. He pre-empted some land on the lake front in Chicago which was claimed by other parties, and in the fight for its possession "Capt." Streeter appeared with an armed force and ordered them to fire on the attacking party, one of the latter force being killed. Streeter, his lieutenant and members of the force were indicted for murder, Streeter getting off with a sentence for manslaughter.

Sunday-School Convention.

The forty-second annual convention of the Christian County Sunday-school association elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, M. R. Wetzel, Stonington; vice president, E. P. Rankin, Morrisonville; treasurer, J. A. Bickerdike, Millersville; superintendent of normal department, Miss Carrie Kirk, Edinburg; superintendent primary department, Miss Mabel Torrey, Taylorville. A purse of \$500 was voted to H. P. Hart, president of the state Sunday-school association, to defray his expenses to the International convention, to be held at Jerusalem next year.

High School Bonds.

The Centralia township high school board has issued a call for an election on Sept. 10 to vote on the proposition to issue a series of thirty-five bonds of \$1,000 each, bearing 4 1/2 per cent. interest, for the purpose of building a township high school. The people recently voted to issue the bonds at 4 per cent., but the capitalists refused to take them at that low rate.

Apple Growers' Delegates.

C. H. Williamson of Quincy, Dr. J. R. Lambert of Coatesburg and I. D. Sneider of Jerseyville have been appointed to represent the Mississippi valley apple growers' association at the annual convention of the American pomological society to be held in Boston, Mass., Sept. 10-11-12.

Farmer is Bankrupt.

David Shackleton, a farmer of Sullivan, filed a petition in bankruptcy in the federal court scheduling liabilities of \$2,787.50 and assets of \$1,200.

Y. M. C. A. to Build.

The sale of the W. K. Abbott property as a site for the Decatur Y. M. C. A. building has been closed. The consideration was \$11,000.

Successful Revival.

Dr. Stephen Devold of Birmingham is holding a successful revival meeting at Bethlehem church near Arenzville.

Coal at Bunker Hill.

Another coal mine is being opened on the Bauser farm near Bunker Hill. The hole will be 10 by 15 feet. Tjarden & Lunsford are now operating their mine, having struck an 8-foot vein of coal at a depth of 224 feet. The coal is of excellent quality.

Lightning Kills One.

A storm passed over Mossville doing considerable damage. Lightning killed George Ponce and injured John Craw, John Eppinger and another man.

Sunday School Institute.

The Coles county Sunday-school executive committee met at Chicago and agreed to hold their annual meeting at the county seat.

PLANNING FOR MILITARY PARK

Commissioner Considers Governor Regarding Vicksburg Improvements.

Col. A. C. Matthews of Pittsfield, president pro tem. of the Illinois Vicksburg military park commission; Col. Charles R. E. Koch of Chicago, secretary, and Judge T. B. O'Leary of Jacksonville, treasurer of the same commission, held a consultation with Gov. Yates and Auditor of Public Accounts McCullough regarding the drawing of funds from the appropriation by the commission. They also consulted with Col. James S. Culver, who erected the monuments to the Illinois troops on the battlefield of Chickamauga, regarding the design and cost of the monuments and markers put up on that field. The commission has appointed a committee on design, consisting of Francis A. Riddle of Chicago, C. H. Noble of Dixon, A. C. Matthews of Pittsfield and T. B. O'Leary of Jacksonville, and a committee on location of the monuments and markers, consisting of Charles R. E. Koch of Chicago, Harvey M. Trimble of Pittsfield, C. H. Noble of Dixon and John C. Black of Chicago.

G. A. R. ADJUTANT.

Charles A. Partridge, who has been appointed adjutant general of the G. A. R. of the United States by Commander in Chief Black, is a resident of Waukegan, and one of the best-known men in the state. For several years prior to 1896 he was a member of the Republican state central committee and secretary of the organization. He has been a member of the G. A. R. almost from its inception. For many years he has been adjutant



CHARLES A. PARTRIDGE

general of the Illinois department of the G. A. R. An adjutant general now in General Black's staff, he is secretary of the national organization.

Breach of Promise Suit.

Suit for \$15,000 damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage was instituted in the circuit court at Cairo by Mrs. Nellie De Vitt against her brother-in-law, John McRea, a retired farmer living near Reesor, Ark. The two met at Cairo by appointment, and Mrs. De Vitt insisted that the marriage occur at once. To this McRea objected. Mrs. De Vitt then consulted an attorney and papers in the suit were drawn up. Later McRea was arrested on an ugly charge preferred by Mrs. De Vitt and lodged in jail. Mrs. De Vitt says that since the death of her sister, McRea's wife, some years ago, she has acted as his housekeeper. Both are past middle age.

Trips on Loose Board.

While attending the county Sunday school convention at Owaneco James Cox, aged about 60 years and one of the wealthiest residents of Pana, tripped on a loose board in the sidewalk and fell to the ground. His whole weight came upon his left hand, which was punctured near the center of the palm by a rusty nail. He had the injury dressed immediately, but his hand is in a serious condition.

To Solve Water Puzzle.

The Springfield city council has made an appropriation for the sinking of tubular wells in the Sangamon river in an effort to solve the water supply puzzle. In his report at the council meeting Comptroller Hall showed that the floating indebtedness of the city of Springfield is \$76,627.50. Of this amount \$15,070.30 is in judgments, \$42,502.67 in bills and \$14,954.53 in red warrants.

Silver Wedding.

Hon. John H. Duncan, one of the commissioners of the southern Illinois penitentiary, and wife, have celebrated their silver wedding. Mr. Duncan is ex-county superintendent of Williamson county schools, and in connection with the wedding anniversary entertained the county institute.

Condemnation Suits.

The Central Illinois Traction company has begun about fifteen condemnation suits against property along the proposed electric line between Charleston and Mattoon. The suits will be heard during the September term of the county court.

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