

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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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; hours were spent at home



"Did ye get ter water?"
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 expression on his face, and he did not enter the shop at once; he stood in the doorway, watching the hammer fall on the glowing iron.

Green had a college education, and his friends were to a certain extent

like all other young fellows, fond of hunting and all athletic sports, but a strength like this man's he had never before seen. Green was a man, and men admire strength. The mouth was sullen under the scant gray mustache; the eyes were small, and showed a possible cruelty of nature—brute cruelty; the forehead was low and narrow. There was not an intellectual line in his face.

A wrinkle of puzzled thought appeared between the young man's brows. He turned and looked long and earnestly up the path that led to the tiny unpainted house set in its 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 asked about Dolores. With the back of his hand he wiped the drops from his grimy face.

"She my darter? Wal, I reckon. My curses 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 reddy. Fine mare, she. A shillia, 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 steadily and through him; her gaze was strong, 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 ther wimmen! Borneed 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'! Them

is ther way yo waste yer time while I 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



He watched her face.

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 tenfold in his daughter.

(To Be Continued.)

BARBER WHO WAS A KING.

Nervous Customer Jumped at Conclusion and Fled.

A queer reminiscential 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! Bughouse! 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 loped 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 dad-binged!" muttered the barber. "Now what kind o' cogs has that feller got in his conk? 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 Salvator's mile record!"—Washington Post.

The Real Cause.

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

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

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

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

Illinois News Items

State Happenings Succinctly Told by Our Special Correspondents

WIFE FLEES WITH YOUNGER MAN

Leaves Husband and Babe to Elope With a Farmhand.

Charles Gaylord of Arcola has asked the police to assist him in locating his wife, who eloped with Wallace Haypenay, a young farmhand who worked on the James Davidson farm, north of Arcola. Mrs. Gaylord not only deserted her husband, but also left behind her a 3-year-old daughter. Haypenay drove to the Gaylord home, and while Mr. Gaylord and the child were sleeping Mrs. Gaylord arose and fled with her young lover. Before the elopement Haypenay also won the good will of Miss Emma Wright of Hazel Dell, who was employed in Arcola. Upon his promise to marry her, she loaned him \$55 with which to buy furniture. When she learned what use had been made of her money she became frantic.

SUCCESSFUL LAWYER.

Earl D. Reynolds of Rockford, who has been appointed assistant attorney general for Illinois, has been a member of the Winnebago county bar for the last seven years, and is one of the most successful lawyers in that part of the state. Mr. Reynolds was born in Hancock county, Ohio. His early life was spent on the farm. After graduating from Hinsdale college



EARL D. REYNOLDS

he became superintendent of schools for North Adams, Mich., and for four years was a member of the board of examiners for teachers in Hinsdale county. His ambition had been to become a lawyer, and he entered the law department of the University of Michigan, where he graduated with high honors in 1896. Mr. Reynolds has been an active Republican and prominent in Winnebago county politics.

Expires on Excursion Steamer.

Harry Sively of Beardstown died suddenly on the excursion steamer City of Peoria. He retired early feeling in usual health, but awakened the engineer by groaning. The latter went to his bedside and found him almost choked. Physicians were summoned, but he died before they arrived.

Stenographer Takes Acid.

Miss Eva Chamness, aged 29, is dead in Marion from the effects of carbonic acid, taken with suicidal intent. Miss Chamness was a stenographer and typewriter in the office of Master in Chancery W. O. Potters, and had apparently been light-hearted and cheerful.

Surprise Causes Hemorrhage.

Mrs. Lydia E. Hoer of Quincy was greatly surprised by receiving a visit from a friend that she had not seen for twenty-five years and the excitement caused a violent hemorrhage. For several hours her life was despaired of.

Change Matrons.

Miss Minnie Paddock of Pana, who has been appointed superintendent and matron of the home for the friendless in Springfield has assumed her duties. Miss Minnie Snyder, who has held the position, has accepted a similar place at Decatur.

More Parks for Capital.

The Springfield park board has decided to make an appropriation of \$75,000 for the purchase of park sites and improvements for the present parks. An ordinance authorizing the issuance of bonds has been passed.

Lineman Sustains Injuries.

Timothy Brown, a lineman for the Western Union Telegraph company, by a fall at Boody suffered a broken arm and severe bruises. He is in the Decatur hospital.

Carnival at Flora.

The Flora city council has granted the Business Men's league a franchise for a farmers and merchants' carnival to be held in October.

Captain Resigns.

Capt. C. E. Rudy of Mattoon has resigned the captaincy of company E, Fourth regiment, Illinois National Guard. It is probable that he will be succeeded by Howard Lytle, who is now lieutenant of the company.

Reunion of Company A.

The annual reunion of company A, 51st Illinois, was held in the K. of P. hall at Litchfield. John A. McWilliams was elected president and D. W. Manners secretary for the ensuing year.

OFFERS WIFE'S GRAVE FOR SALE

Chicago Baker Has Wedded a Second Time and Is Happy.

"I will sell at a bargain the tombstone, with the lot in which my first wife is buried, at Saint Mary's cemetery. One hundred and twenty-five dollars takes them both. Here is a good chance for speculation. The shaft and lot cost \$275. My second wife and I are as happy as big sunflowers, and we do not fear this talk of boycotting my business over the proposed sale."

In these words Roman Schmitt, a baker at 4930 Ashland avenue iterated a plan that has created a furore among the relatives of his first wife and their friends, as well as his neighbors.

Back of Schmitt's unusual and sensational proposal is declared to be the remarkable jealousy of a second wife, which is declared by neighbors to include even the love her husband bore for his dead wife.

ARDENT LOVER TAKES HIS LIFE.

His Sweetheart Felt She Had Been Called to Missionary Field.

Otto Lockhart of Cowden killed himself in one of the sleeping rooms at the home of his father. He shot himself through the heart with a shotgun and died instantly. The deed was the outcome of Lockhart's love for Miss Daisy Hunter, a young school teacher, and her refusal to marry him at once. They had been engaged for some time, but she desired to postpone the marriage, as she felt that she had been called to become a missionary to Africa. He had been at her home that evening and killed himself immediately after reaching home. Lockhart was an exemplary young man and secretary of the Free Methodist Sunday school. His father, David Lockhart, is a wealthy farmer and business man.

STRANGER GETS EASY MONEY

Forms Partnership With Peru Man, Who is Out \$150.

A man giving his name as James Hanlon and representing himself as an expert marble worker from St. Louis, entered into a partnership with O. M. Voyles of Peru for the establishment of marble works. After some stock had been received, Hanlon showed his partner a bill for \$300, supposed to be from the Hradbury marble company of St. Louis, but which Voyles now thinks Hanlon made out himself, as communication with that company discloses the fact that it had not sent out such a bill. Voyles paid over his share of the amount to Hanlon, but becoming suspicious, began to investigate. Hanlon has disappeared.

Bystander is Stabbed.

Frank Hockle of Pana, who went to Taylorville to be present at the initiation meeting of the Haymakers' lodge there returned home badly bruised and stabbed. He was standing near a merry-go-round in Taylorville when a fight started and some one struck him on the head, knocking him to the ground. He was then jumped upon and stabbed in the thigh. Hockle was an innocent bystander and had no part in the fight.

Store for Negroes.

A mass meeting of colored people was held at Bloomington to make arrangements for the opening of a large store, to carry the various kinds of merchandise and to be operated by colored people exclusively. Shares will be disposed of among the colored population.

Victim of the Law.

August Witt, who was arrested at Quincy and taken to Springfield for wife abandonment, and was released on that charge and rearrested for embezzlement, has been released and rearrested once more, this time with larceny as bailie.

Millikin Professors.

Prof. J. H. Gill of the Montana state university has been appointed to the chair of mechanical and electrical engineering in the James Millikin university at Decatur. Professor Kaesper will direct the department of music.

Forgery is Charged.

George G. Huffaker, Jr., son of George G. Huffaker of New Berlin, a wealthy stock raiser, is in jail at Springfield charged with forgery. It is alleged that he forged his father's name to a check for \$40.

Sustains Broken Arm.

Charles Reineck, who resides west of Mascoutah, was thrown from a wagon in a runaway accident. In addition to numerous bruises one of his arms was broken.

Ball Club Incorporates.

The Springfield Baseball association has been incorporated with a capital of \$1,500. R. M. Sullivan and J. E. George are the incorporators. The association expects to have a first-class league ball team for Springfield next season.

Is Thrown From Horse.

C. W. Sellow, a prominent citizen of Mattoon, while inspecting some of his farm land in Jackson county, was thrown from his horse and seriously injured.

MAN'S BODY IS FOUND ON RAILS

Police Believe That He Was Murdered for His Money.

Mystery surrounds the death of an unknown man whose remains were found on the Chicago, Peoria & St. Paul tracks, a short distance from Springfield. Officers believe he was murdered and his body thrown across the track, but as yet no clew to the guilty parties has been found. The remains were viewed by a large crowd of people at the undertaking establishment, but Coroner Bear has been unable to determine who the unfortunate man is. In his pocket was found a picture of a woman, but she cannot be located. At the photograph gallery where the likeness was taken the woman gave her name as Miss Fisher. A search for her has been instituted. The clothes which the dead man wore were purchased at a Springfield store, and while the clerks do not know the buyer's name, they state that he had quite a sum of money when he made the purchases. This fact leads the police to believe that he was murdered.

STATE'S OLDEST MILLER.

Modestly claiming the title of "oldest miller of Illinois," William Mayers of Bloomington is daily found at his post of duty at a flour mill. He is 80 years of age and was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, in 1823. In 1846 Mr. Mayers moved to Bloomington and has lived there almost continuously since. He has been connected with the flour mills of central



WILLIAM MAYERS

Illinois for fifty-five years and has watched the development of the industry from the crude processes of the pioneer era to the modern. Mr. Mayers was an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln and swapped stories with the martyred president on many occasions on the front porch of the old America house, one of the pioneer hotels of Bloomington, and where both boarded. Although still vigorous, he feels that he has earned a rest and expects to retire shortly.

Kaskaskia Valley Line.

Articles of incorporation for the St. Louis & Kaskaskia Valley railroad, with principal office at East St. Louis, have been filed at Springfield; capital stock, \$150,000. The new road is to be constructed from an easterly direction, crossing the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern tracks at Farman station, thence in a northeasterly direction to a point on the boundary line of St. Clair county. The incorporators and first board of directors are: George W. Detharidge, Ed W. West, Jr., and Howard Heimberger of Belleville; R. E. Rombauer and Edward P. Rombauer of St. Louis.

Towerman Causes Death.

A. S. Huckstep, locomotive engineer in the service of the Wabash railway on the Chicago division, was killed at Reddick. He was on engine 539, train second 94. After Huckstep had been given the crossing the towerman suddenly changed the signals and the interlocker caused derailment. Huckstep jumped as the engine careened and his head was crushed. Fireman H. McDonald and Wm. Couple, brakeman, escaped with slight bruises.

Grading Interurban Line.

The work of grading for the interurban line between Decatur and Springfield will begin Sept. 1 and it is expected that cars will be running through to Niantic not later than December 1.

Collarbone is Fractured.

John Sheeby of Mascoutah, a driver employed in the Rentchler mine, was crushed between two cars and sustained a fracture of the collarbone.

Farm Sale.

Hon. J. Nick Perrin of Belleville sold his 100-acre farm north of Mascoutah to Frank Wolfersberger; consideration, \$11,200.

Strike at New Mine.

The miners employed at the coal mine recently opened at Greenfield walked out. They were receiving 3 cents per bushel for rosin work, and made a demand upon Solomon & Sherman, the mine owners, for an advance of 1 cent, which was refused.

Badly Hurt by Horse.

George Conover, a young son of Hon. Luther Conover of Chicago, was thrown from a horse at the residence of Howard Seibing of Virginia and perhaps fatally injured.