

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

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

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CHAPTER X.

The Rescue.

The arms of the men were brawny and strong; Green was light in weight and lithe as a tiger; the rope ran out slowly and steadily, slid out and down over the sharp edge of the chasm where the grasses were long and hid the sharp cut into emptiness, making a treacherous foothold. Suddenly the rope stopped running, grew slack, and Green's voice came up in a shout. Thus silence reigned again save for the rain and wind.

Moments passed; to the girl standing back motionless the moments seemed like hours. Her eyes did not move from the edge where the rope ran over. Green called again, and they began to pull the rope. Dolores' eyes widened as she watched them; her lips were apart, a flush on her cheeks. The mist grew more thick and dense, stealing up and up until it reached the edge of the chasm. It stole about the men at work at the rope and enveloped them silently; through its gray folds they looked like specters at work for all eternity, with set faces, pulling the rope in and in.

The rope came up steadily and slow and sure, then Green spoke from just below the surface.

"Stop; some of you give me a hand here. Careful. He is insensible." They obeyed him without a word. A terror was on Dolores' face; she did not move; her fingers were twisted tightly together; her lips were compressed in a straight red line.

The men were slow and careful; it was no light thing to lean over the edge of the chasm; the treacherous edge hidden in sedge might give way at any moment, but the hands of the men were slow and steady; they obeyed Green's commands as though they were powerless of self-thought. They had Johnson up on firm ground and Green after him; they laid the ignominious man on the ground with coats for pillows; they forced some cider between his teeth and chafed his brawny hands tenderly as a woman would. Two of them cut down a couple of saplings and lopped off the branches, making the body smooth; these they bound together with two cross pieces; they crossed the rope in a network back and forth. No words were uttered; they worked in silence with a grimness that was almost terrible to the watching girl.

The rain was falling steadily now, and dripped through the branches, falling on Johnson's face. His hands moved gropingly a moment; he opened his eyes and looked vacantly about him; they were hollow eyes and hungry; he recognized no one. Dolores came up shyly, offering no word of sympathy, and with a moan Johnson closed his eyes again.

"We must get him home as soon as possible," Green said, gravely, his eyes on the face of the girl standing silently beside her father. "He has been without food since the day before yesterday. He lost his way, and fell in the night when he was trying to find his way back after hunting the cow. He has been lying there on that ledge ever since too weak to make any effort to save himself, thereby doubtless saving his life, for the ledge would stand little motion."

He did not add that Johnson had broken both of his legs in the fall, and doubtless received internal injuries that must prove serious if not fatal. Dolores' eyes were on his, and he could not tell the whole of what might come.

When they had placed Johnson on the litter as comfortably as possible, Lodie offered his coat to Dolores in a short word or two and no change of face, but the girl shook her head, without speaking, though she gave him one of her rare smiles, and walked steadily down the path tangled in the treacherous bushes, half hidden in mist and rain; with Green at her side hurried in thought, though his hands were ready to reach out for her assistance whenever it was needed, and his face was almost sweet with a new touch upon it.

Dolores stood listlessly at one of the kitchen windows; she was looking out at the storm but she did not see; her ears were strained to catch the sound of voices in her father's room.

CHAPTER XI.

The Nurse's Story.

The doctors remained in that hushed room the whole of the long night through; the nurse said that they would go presently, but they did not. As darkness settled down heavily one of them came out and spoke to the nurse. Then the nurse went into the bedroom with the doctors, and the door was shut.

Once or twice young Green came out to speak a pleasant word to her of encouragement, or a message as to her father's condition; he was more quiet now, the doctors had given him

Earnest voices they were and full of a meaning she could not catch.

The road was deserted; the men had straggled up to Johnson's house when first he was brought home, but as soon as the messenger sent by Green brought the doctors from the town they ordered perfect quiet, and the men were sent away without being allowed to enter. They turned away in silence and went down the road to the tavern with its welcome fire, its cider, and comrades.

The women were forced to remain at home; they gossiped with their daughters or their kinsfolk around the great hearth fires. Their needles were busy, their spinning wheels hummed; their lives were narrow, but there was work to be done as well as food for gossip. Only Dolores was idle. She stood at window staring with unseeing eyes at the storm outside, straining her ears in vain to catch the hum of voices in her father's room. Young Green was there, and two doctors, and a woman they said was a nurse. What need was there of a nurse she asked herself. She could nurse her father.

And what were the doctors doing there? If her father was only exhausted from exposure and lack of food why should he need two doctors? Men had been lost on the mountain before; they never needed nurses when they were brought home; their own women cared for them; she could care for her father.

When he was well enough they would send for him at the town; they were only waiting for him to prove their suspicions. The case had been adjourned; it was a pretty clear case of malle, folks said, but they were waiting for her father to prove it.

The door of the bedroom opened, and the nurse came out. She was an elderly woman with a grave face. She brought several parcels from the town. Young Green sent her a note by the man who went to fetch the doctors, and she knew what to bring. One or two of these she opened and prepared beef and broth. She spoke quietly and pleasantly to Dolores, but she found her own way about the house and seemed to fit into everything.

A sudden fear took possession of Dolores. It was sharp and appalling, and she straightened up under it as though she had received a blow. It was no exhaustion from want of food and shelter that ailed her father; something more than that brought this woman and the doctors, caused this hush of voice and footsteps, shut her from her father's presence. She spoke, and her voice was low. The woman turned quietly toward the girl.

"You spoke, Miss Johnson?" "What ails my father?" "He will be better by and by. We could not expect him to recover at once. Do not be alarmed."

Dolores repeated her question in the same low yet perfectly distinct voice; her eyes looked steadily at the woman.

"What ails my father?" The nurse was annoyed. She did not like to be questioned so pointedly; she had studied to keep her own counsel and use few words.

"Your father had a heavy fall, Miss Johnson; only the ledge saved him. His right leg was broken above the knee; the doctors have set that now; it will be better soon."

Like young Green, she would not tell the full truth. How could she tell the girl the extent of the injuries and the possible end? That one of his legs would have to be amputated; that his whole system was so shattered it would be a miracle if he lived, and though he should live he would be a cripple always? She dared not say this; she dared not look at the girl at first.

Presently Dolores spoke again, and her voice was perfectly even and slow.

"How long before he will be well?" "Impossible to tell," the woman replied gravely. "Such cases are uncertain."

"But he will get well?" "Why not? We will take good care of him."

"Do you think?" Dolores' eyes grew dark as night. "Do you think they will send for him before he can go? They are waiting for him to go to the town—for him to go to prove—"

"I know," the woman said, quietly, with perfect control over the muscles of her face. "I have heard. No, they will not send for him until he can go. You must not worry, Miss Johnson."

Dolores turned back to the window with no further remark, and silence fell over the room save for the woman's soft movements, and a hushed sound from the bedroom now and then.

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Once or twice young Green came out to speak a pleasant word to her of encouragement, or a message as to her father's condition; he was more quiet now, the doctors had given him

a narcotic. Later he was sleeping quietly; sleep was what he needed. "It is too bad it is so stormy," he said, and there was an indescribable kindness in his voice as he stood beside her at the window while the darkness was enveloping the world. "I would so like to see the stars from your windows, Dolores. Can you see Venus above the mountains when it is clear, and the moon set in the young moon's arms?"

She lifted her true eyes to his face, and a flush was coming into the pure, pale face.

"There are few I can place in the heavens," she said, slowly, "but those I know are like friends to me; I have no friends, you know. And my mother is near me when the stars are in the sky. My mother is dead. You know my mother is dead?"

"Yes," he made answer, smiling into the lifted face so near his own. "I would so like you to see my mother, Dolores. You could not fail to love her."

The girl shook her head. There was no deepening of the soft coloring of her face, no tremor of the proudly



She lifted her eyes to his face. curved red lips, no drooping of the silken lashes over the dark eyes. "I know nothing about love," she said, quietly. "I have only my father and my mother's books."

His eyes darkened suddenly, a strange tenderness came over the fair, kindly face. "After all, there is a sadness about love; perhaps it is as well, Dolores."

He turned swiftly from her, and crossing the room lighted only by the flickering fire, his figure defined in grotesque shapes upon the walls, he entered the room beyond, leaving her motionless at the darkened window, her eyes following him.

Presently she left the window also and, crossing to a shelf at the other end, took down the last book he had brought her and opened it to her favorite reading of the fables of the stars. Her eyes bent over the pages were luminous, her cheeks flushed softly. She was out of her narrow life with the infinite range of the heavens spread before her; the millions and millions of miles of space carried her mind with the thoughts far, far above the shut-in life of her mountain home and the stolid settlement that had no life but the tavern and the gossip.

As young Green entered the bedroom the nurse was setting things to rights for the night; she smiled at him as he entered; the two doctors were talking together in an undertone.

"Take good care of her, Mrs. Allen," he said, earnestly, "and see that she sleeps. She is completely worn out with this strain. I leave it with you to see that she is interested in things outside of this room. I will stop at the tavern to-night and be up early in the morning. Everything all right, Harry?"

(To be continued.)

READY WITH HIS ANSWER.

How Sir Harry Keppel Staggered the Governor of Algiers.

There are not many men in the British navy who were promoted more quickly than Sir Harry Keppel. He was a commodore at twenty-four, and at this early age was sent to the governor of Algiers to demand an apology from that monarch for an insult to the British flag.

Naturally the gold braid of the commodore fired the youth to deeds of daring, and, perhaps, a little bit of "side," and the high tone which he arrogated to himself upset his majesty of Algiers to such an extent that that dusky potentate cried out against the insolence of the British general for sending a "beardless boy" with such a message to him.

But young Keppel was prepared. "Were my queen," he replied, "wont to take length of beard for a test of wisdom, she would have sent your highness a he-goat."

Sentiment vs. Fact. That the advance preparation of speeches will not always conform to circumstances was made evident during a recent flag raising at an uptown public school. The young orator had been speaking for several minutes, when he advanced to the front of the platform, raised his hand with a dramatic gesture to the flag on the staff above him and shouted:

"See you flag throwing its protecting folds to the breeze of freedom!" It was a pretty sentiment, but the "breeze" didn't blow out the picture. The flag to which all eyes were turned immediately turned, hung as limp as if it had been dipped in water. —Philadelphia Press.

Indicted in Postal Cases. Washington dispatch: The federal grand jury has returned three indictments in the postal cases, involving two persons, one of them being a joint indictment. The names of the indicted persons were not made public.

Death of a Professor. Aberdeen, Scotland, cablegram: Professor Alexander Bain, formerly lord rector of the university here and for twenty years professor of logic and English literature, is dead.

FREE TRADER QUILTS CABINET

King Edward Accepts Resignation of Secretary for Scotland.

IS NAMESAKE OF THE PREMIER

Other Vacancies Are Likely Before Reconstruction Begins, After Which the Liberal Unionists Are Expected to Control the Portfolios.

London cablegram: Lord Balfour of Burleigh, secretary for Scotland in the British cabinet, and a pronounced free trader, has resigned and his resignation has been accepted by the king.

This resignation makes four vacancies in Premier Balfour's cabinet, and it is believed that several more places will be vacated before the prime minister will be able to resume the business of government with a reconstructed ministry.

To add to the premier's embarrassment, Arthur Elliott, financial secretary to the treasury, has resigned, and the king has accepted his withdrawal. Mr. Elliott did not have a seat in the cabinet, although his office is so closely associated with the ministry that he is accounted a part of the government. He succeeded William Hayes Fisher on April 10 last, when the latter resigned because of his connection with the telegraph syndicate, which was in financial difficulties.

Opposes Fiscal Revision. Lord Balfour of Burleigh is not a relative of the British prime minister, but belongs to the Bruce family. He is the sixth baron of Lisline and is 54 years of age. He is a Scottish representative peer and by family associations, having married a daughter of the fifth earl of Aberdeen, is closely connected with the Scottish peers of liberal party tendencies. He has been chairman of several royal commissions and enjoys a good reputation for administrative ability.

Though he has not been prominent in active politics, he has held cabinet rank since 1895. His opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of fiscal revision was expected from the first. As secretary for Scotland he carried out much legislation affecting the northern kingdom, especially in regard to education.

Elliott a Free Trader. Arthur Elliott was taken into the government as one of the most brilliant members of the liberal-unionist party. He is 57 years old, and for some years past has edited the Edinburgh Review. In the debates on Mr. Chamberlain's proposals last session his decided antagonism to any interference with the free trade policy of Great Britain was the subject of much comment. He is a brother of Lord Minto, the present governor general of Canada.

It is not expected that other members of the cabinet will press their resignations on account of Premier Balfour's position on the fiscal question until after his speech at Sheffield, Oct. 1, but William St. John Brodrick, who will have an audience with the king at Balmoral, will possibly resign the secretaryship of war and succeed Lord George Hamilton as secretary of state for India.

Change in War Office. This transference would not arise in the present crisis but from the deep dissatisfaction of the country with the report of the commission, which practically said the administration of the war office had not really improved since the close of the war in South Africa—that is to say, that Brodrick's tenure of office had been a failure so far as the promise of reforms went.

It is predicted that Arnold-Forster, parliamentary secretary to the administration, will succeed Brodrick, but this is doubtful, as with the promotion of Anstey Chamberlain, Lord Selborne, and other favorites, it would mean that the liberal unionists would be represented numerically in the cabinet far in excess of their proportion of representation in parliament.

LATEST CASH MARKET REPORT

WHEAT. Chicago—No. 2 red, 81c. New York—No. 2 red, 81c. St. Louis—No. 2 red, 81c. Kansas City—No. 2, 79 1/2c. Minneapolis—No. 1 northern, 82 1/2c. Minneapolis—No. 1 northern, 82 1/2c. Duluth—No. 1 northern, 82c.

CORN. Chicago—No. 2, 31 1/2c. New York—No. 2, 30 1/2c. St. Louis—No. 2, 29c. Kansas City—No. 2 mixed, 28 1/2c. Peoria—No. 2, 28c.

OATS. Chicago—Standard, 28c. New York—No. 2, 28c. St. Louis—No. 2 white, 40 1/2c. Kansas City—No. 2 white, 40c.

CATTLE. Chicago—41, 39 1/2c. St. Louis—42, 40 1/2c. Kansas City—42, 39 1/2c.

HOGS. Chicago—43, 39 1/2c. St. Louis—44, 38 1/2c. Kansas City—43, 38c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS. Chicago—42, 36 1/2c. St. Louis—42, 35 1/2c. Kansas City—42, 35 1/2c.

Direct line from Chicago and Kansas City, also from Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

HOMESICKERS' EXCURSIONS. From the East, first and third Tuesdays of each month, also very low one-way rates for settlers and their families. Buy your ticket over the Santa Fe and see what the Panhandle has to offer.

Further information furnished on application. Correspondence solicited.

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CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE SOUTH.

On October 20th, the Kansas City Southern Railway (Port Arthur Route) will run a cheap excursion from Kansas City and all stations in Missouri and Kansas to Lake Charles, Shreveport, Beaumont and Port Arthur. The rate for the round trip will be \$15.00, limited to 21 days from date of sale, good to stop over on going trip at all points en route, provided final destination is reached by side of 15 days from date of sale. This exceptionally low rate, together with liberal stopover privileges allowed, should insure a great crowd, especially in view of the fact that this is the most delightful season of the year to visit the South-land. Similar low rates will probably be placed in effect from points north and east of Kansas City. Ask your ticket agent.

Every effort will be made by the company to secure the safety and comfort of its patrons. All inquiries relative to desirable locations to visit or other information will be cheerfully furnished. Address either S. G. Warner, G. P. & T. A., E. E. Roemer, T. P. & I. A., or J. H. Morris, T. P. & I. A., Kansas City, Mo.

Not Sanguine. "What do you think the result of a national American theater would be?"

"Merely to create an appetite for more," answered the cold-blooded manager. "One national theater couldn't possibly accommodate all the unproduced plays."

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles. Itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles positively cured, or money refunded. ALLEN'S DISCOVERY FOR PILES, a new discovery that absolutely cures all kinds of Piles. Prepared for Piles only. All Drug Stores, 50c. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address Leck Box 852, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Difference as He Saw It. "What is the difference between a violinist and a fiddler?"

"The difference," answered the concert manager, "is enormous; any where from \$500 to \$5,000 a week."

Those Who Have Tried It will use no other. Defiance Cold Water Starch has no equal in Quality. Quality—16c for 10c. Other brands contain only 12c.

London harness-makers and carriage builders are suffering loss of trade by the growing popularity of the motor car.

Money refunded for each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES if unsatisfactory.

More than 8,000,000 of the 13,500,000 people of Mexico do not work.

Smokers find Lewis' "Single Binder" straight cigar better quality than most of the brands. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

An overdose of the good things of life is apt to make men pessimistic.

Iowa Farms \$4 Per Acre Cash, balance a crop this fall. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

Most powerful is he who has himself in his own power—Seneca.

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