

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XIV.

Bacon and Eggs.

Dolores slept, not because of young Green's wish that she should sleep, but because she was worn out from watching and anxiety, and fell into a dreamless slumber almost as soon as her head touched the pillow; and it was broad daylight when she again woke to every-day life.

She bathed her face in cold water. When she was dressed she went out to the other room.

Mrs. Allen had kindled a fire on the hearth, and the kettle was singing cheerily over the leaping flames; the coffee filled the room with fragrance. As Dolores entered she spoke pleasantly to her, noting the faint trace of color in the cheeks and the brightness of the brave dark eyes.

"Good morning, Dolores. Breakfast will be ready on the table in a moment if you are ready."

The girl looked steadily into the kindly eyes opposite, her own very searching.

"How is my father?"

"Asleep, Miss Johnson—asleep and quiet. It is the best thing for him."

Dolores turned away and went out to the entry preparing to go in the rain. Then she took the pail and went to the shed to milk Brindle. Mrs. Allen paused at the window to watch her. She was a grotesque figure striding through the storm with her father's hat on, and the boots pathetically out of place on her feet. The nurse shook her head as she went back into the room setting the dishes and preparing the bacon and eggs for the doctors beyond the closed doors.

Dolores was drenched when she reached the shed, but she minded it apparently not at all. She pushed back the shawl and drew the three-legged stool out of the corner. The streams of milk in the pail joined in with the rain against the windows. It was half gloom in the shed. When the pail was full Dolores pulled down some hay from the mow overhead and Brindle buried her broad, soft nose in it with a deep breath of content.

The girl carried the foaming milk to the house, and strained it into pans, the nurse watching her curiously. Then she prepared the feed for the chickens and went out to feed them. When she returned to the house Mrs. Allen removed her wet clothing and requested her to change her gown. Hers was so wet and draggled.

Dolores looked at her in surprise. She was in the habit of performing these duties rain or shine, and it never harmed her; rain was used to it. It might be that she was used to it was the reason why she did not mind it. The other women of the settlement did the same, and not one of them feared a wetting; they gave no thought to it; they knew nothing better: the rain came or the sun, and the work was done; doubtless the men would have been surprised had the women complained. She moved from her companion to the fire.

She said slowly, motioning toward the closed door beyond as though it were the only thought in her mind.

"They have their breakfast," Mrs. Allen said. She placed the food on the table and drew up the chairs cozily.

"Come, dear," she said, the motherly tone returning to her voice, "let us have our breakfast. I think your uncle will come over this morning in spite of the rain, and I don't want him to see such a pale little face."

"They will want their breakfast," Dolores said.

"Your uncle is coming, Dolores. I knew he would come. If Dora could not come she would send for you. She told me so herself. I am thankful he is here."

A closed carriage stopped at the gate; the team of powerful bays were covered in rubber blankets; their hoofs were heavy with mud; the body of the carriage was splashed, the wheels clogged. When the door was opened a gentleman alighted—a short, stout gentleman wrapped in a rubber coat, with high boots and a close gray cap. He struggled a moment with the rickety gate, and then hurried up the drenched walk.

Mrs. Allen tapped lightly on the bedroom door, and Charlie and Dr. Dunwiddie came out at once. They met the new-comer at the door with a few hurried words. Young Green took his coat and hat, and hung them in the entry to drip.

Dolores had not changed her position; she still stood at the dresser, the book closely clasped in her hands as though a friend. When her uncle advanced toward her she eyed him searchingly.

She was disappointed in him; there was nothing remarkable about him; he was short and stout; she did not like, short, stout men; his face was florid, his hair red.

Placing his two hands on her shoulders he turned her toward the light, eyeing her keenly.

"And this is Joe's girl," he said. She disliked him at once; her wide brown eyes met his blue ones squarely, but the eager light had died from them, they were cold and calm; he could see no farther than the surface. Her mouth, too, was straight and un-

frown wrinkled his forehead; he wished she were well out of the house.

"Glad to see you, Charlie; I was beginning to think you were called away to some urgent case. I beg your pardon, Miss Johnson."

"It is strange," Dolores said slowly. Some way everyone listened when Dolores spoke. "It is strange," she repeated, slowly and distinctly, her voice filling every corner of the long, low room. "He is my father; why can I not see him? Why does no one tell me of him? Surely I should know. They think I cannot nurse my father; do I not know his ways better than anyone else's? Why can I not see him? Even he," with a slow motion of her hand toward young Green, "puts me off when I ask about him. You can tell me if you will."

Her solemn eyes were on Dr. Dunwiddie's face; she trusted him instinctively; she knew he would tell her the truth.

"You shall see him," the doctor replied, quietly, as though it were a matter of little moment. "He is sleeping now, Miss Johnson; as soon as he wakes you shall see him. Your uncle will be here this morning, but unless your father is awake he cannot see him. Are you ready, Charlie?"

"Yes," young Green replied, his eyes on Dolores' face. He crossed over to her side as Dr. Dunwiddie left the room.

"I am glad you slept last night, Miss Johnson," he said. "I brought this, thinking you might like to read it. It is full of new facts regarding the stars—they have discovered a new star, or think they have. The wise men of science are puzzling their heads over it."

The girl's soul was in her eyes as she lifted them to his as he stood beside her, and his heart ached for her, knowing the truth to which she was shut out.

"They will not let me see my father," she said, slowly, her eyes searching his face as though to read therein why this thing should be.

He smiled reassuringly, and laid his strong hand over hers, resting upon the dresser, though a shadow was in his eyes for very pity of the tender, wondering face lifted to his.

"We are doing the best we can for your father, Dolores, and as soon as he wakes you shall see him. You believe me? I would not tell you an untruth, you know. And why should I?"

"There is no reason," she said, and the lashes drooped disappointedly over the dark eyes. "Do they think I could not bear to be told? I can nurse him as well as they, and I am willing. I believe you, but I must know."

"And I promise you," there was an intensity in his voice that caused the lashes to lift from the hidden eyes and a swift, sudden startled glance met his, "I promise you, Dolores, that you shall know. You think we are cruel, but we are trying to be kindness itself, Dolores."

He left the book of which he had spoken on the dresser, and her fingers closed over it as though it might give her strength in the absence of the stronger handclasp of her friend.

She lifted the book and clasped her two hands around it. If Dora would not do this she would not like her, but she believed that she would. All women cared for the men of their households when they needed care; there was no reason why she should be shut out from her father's room.

The voice of the nurse broke in on her thoughts. The tone expressed great relief. Dolores' fingers instinctively tightened around the book she held.

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yielding. To her his tone implied that she disappointed him; it was of no consequence to her, however, because she disliked him. But she had mistaken his meaning. As he looked at the calm, quiet face, the large dark eyes that were so clearly windows to the pure soul within, the sensitive mouth, large, but well formed, full of strong character, the slender, graceful figure in the print gown possessing a quaint dignity, the wonder grew and deepened in his mind that the brother of his recollections should have such a daughter as this—a woman one did not meet every day even in his world—a girl whose soul was purer than many of those he knew.

"And this is Joe's girl!" he repeated, slowly. "My dear, I am glad to have found you."

No one had ever yet told her a lie, and that everyone meant what was said was a matter of course. It was a new thing for anyone to be glad to see her, and she almost liked him. The words touched her strangely, but she made no reply, though her eyes softened somewhat.

"My girl sent you a message, Do-

lores. She told me to be certain to follow instructions, too; Dora is an exacting young body, I assure you. Between you two my life will be rather hard for an old fellow. I am going in to look at Joe, if I may not speak to him; when I return you will be ready, my dear."

He turned away with a pleasant laugh, and joined young Green and Dr. Dunwiddie without waiting for her reply.

She looked after him with unfriendly eyes as he stood for a moment talking with the others outside the door, but after a few words that were indistinguishable to her they opened the door and passed in, closing the door behind them. Then she arose slowly, her eyes darkening. The little scented note her uncle had given her fell unheeded at her feet. She spoke slowly, but her words were clear; there was no bitterness in her voice, only a great wonder.

(To be continued.)

WHY HE STOPPED FISHING.

Indian Had Luck in Catching Salmon, But Was Compelled to Quit.

Dr. David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, tells a story in the Philadelphia Saturday Post which goes to show that once a fisherman always a fisherman, no matter how much of an ichthyologist one may be besides. He says:

"One day in California, I had had a remarkable run of luck and that night as we sat around the camp fire I took occasion to say that my success was due to the superior tie of flies I had used."

"You may flatter yourself on the string you've brought in to-day," said an old fisherman who had joined our party, "but let me tell you, doctor, that I saw a Digger Indian catch more fish in an hour in this stream than you've landed all day with your fine flies."

"What bait did he use?" I asked.

"Live grasshoppers," replied the old man, "but he didn't impale them. From his head he would stoically pluck a hair and with it bind the struggling insect to the hook. Almost upon the instant that his bait struck the water a fish would leap for it. After landing him the Indian would calmly repeat the performance of snatching a hair from his head and affixing a fresh grasshopper to the hook."

"I became fascinated," continued the narrator. "And after the Indian had landed in quick succession a mighty string of salmon trout he suddenly stopped. I called to him to go on with the exciting sport, but he merely smiled grimly and pointed significantly to his head."

"What was the matter with his head?" I asked, said Jordan.

"He had plucked it bald," replied the old man.

Choosing Marriage Date.

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in County Donegal, Ireland, and in the Scottish districts of Kintyre and Cowal. After the marriage has been publicly announced the friends of the couple meet, at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the marriage. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness he names a date. When each guest has named a date an average is struck and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen.

English Favor Canadians.

Great efforts are being made to induce English farm laborers to settle in Canada.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS

LAND ADVANCE BRINGS RICHES

Acres Bought at \$40 Are Now Worth From \$500 to \$1,000.

The funeral of Mrs. Christina Niebur, who died at St. Mary's hospital in East St. Louis, was held to St. Henry's cemetery. Mrs. Niebur was 73 years of age and had been a resident of the section about East St. Louis all her life. She and her husband bought land several miles from the business section years ago. They farmed the tract for years, made money and bought other land. Because of the rapid growth of the city the land became very valuable, and Mrs. Niebur sold a portion of the old homestead a couple of years ago for more than the whole tract cost her. The remaining portion, which was bought for \$40 an acre, is now assessed at over \$500, and it is believed that it would bring \$1,000 per acre if placed upon the market. Mrs. Niebur was probably worth \$500,000, the majority of which was made through the advancement of real estate in and about East St. Louis. Her husband died many years ago.

CHAMPION MARKSMAN.

A Chicago boy has won the honor of being the champion marksman among the national guardsmen of three states. In the recent contest between the militiamen of Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota Henry W. Breidt of com-



HENRY W. BREIDT.

pany L, Second regiment, I. N. G., excelled all his competitors and made the highest score. Breidt defeated the other national guardsmen who participated in the contest in both long distance and skirmish shooting.

Union Comes First.

Five hundred glove makers, employed in four factories at Chicago, went on strike because the employers refused to grant demands for increased wages and to renew an agreement that expired Sept. 21. Among the manufacturers is Samuel R. Cleston, Sr., father of the president of glove makers' local union No. 4, Samuel R. Cleston. "I called the men in my father's shop out, as my union has first claim on my duty" the latter declared.

Exploding Oil Fires Train.

A passenger train crashed into a train of six loaded oil tanks standing on a side track at in the yards at Beardstown. Two of the oil tanks exploded and set fire to a mail car and two cars of horses and mules. The mail car and its contents were consumed. Some of the horses were saved, but the cars themselves were completely wrecked. The accident was due to an open switch.

Missing Merchant Is Found.

J. P. Stephens, the missing Western merchant, has been found. A telegram was received by the son at Fairbury from St. Paul, Minn., signed by Mrs. Stephens, who had gone to look him up. It is generally believed that his mind became unbalanced after drawing the money from the bank at Fairbury and that he wandered off.

To Dedicate Church.

At a meeting of the official board of the Mattson Presbyterian church it was decided to hold the services of dedication of the handsome new church, which has just been completed, Sunday, Nov. 1. Some prominent churchman will be secured to officiate at the dedication.

Teachers Elect.

The Teachers' association of the State School for Deaf-Mutes has elected the following officers: President, Miss Jane Russell; vice president, C. W. Taylor; secretary, Miss Jane Russell; vice president, C. W. Taylor; secretary, Miss Caroline Taft.

Ask Exclusion of Side Shows.

The members of the Illinois farmers' club have adopted resolutions condemning side shows at the state fair, and have requested the state board of agriculture to exclude them hereafter, because they are, as a rule indecent and immoral.

Arrests a Witness.

Charles B. Brown of Eldorado was taken to Poplar Bluff, Mo., by Joseph B. Wilson, prosecuting witness against C. R. Hayes for the murder of James Jordan near Fisk, Mo., last April. Brown is the only eyewitness to the murder.

Tomato Can Explodes.

While Mrs. Frances Nash was canning tomatoes at Mattson one of the cans exploded while the sealing wax was being placed on the can, and she was severely burned about the face.

POSSE FIGHTS WITH BURGLARS

Obstruction Throws Handcar in the Air, but Men Escape.

A lively battle between three negro burglars and posse of citizens occurred at Oakwood, twelve miles east of Danville. Returning excursionists surprised and routed the burglars, who were plundering William Lynch's store at Muncie. They escaped on a Big Four car, going west. A message was sent to Oakwood, and Town Clerk R. S. Pilgreen organized a posse of twelve, placed a plank, held in place by a crowbar, on the track, and hid in the bushes. The burglars evidently expected resistance, and approached the town at top speed. When they struck the obstruction the car went into the air several feet and they were pitched headlong to the ground. The posse opened fire and a running fight occurred through the village. The burglars finally disappeared in the darkness. One of the posse had an arm grazed by a bullet. Officers failed to get a trace of the robbers.

Deaths at Soldiers' Home.

The following deaths occurred at the soldiers' home at Quincy during the month of September: Louis Schmidt, company C, Seventeenth Missouri Infantry; Conrad Achmeider, company F, Tenth Illinois cavalry; Charles N. Bunker, company N, Fifteenth Illinois cavalry; Earnest L. Palmer, company G, Eighteenth Missouri infantry; William Smith, company E, Sixtieth regiment, United States army; Franklin Weeks, company K, Tenth Illinois infantry; Andrew J. Pickens, company D, 148th Illinois infantry; John Cassels, company A, 155th Illinois infantry; Francis M. Burch, company A, Thirty-second Illinois infantry; Edward F. Kellogg, company B, Fifth Michigan cavalry.

Serious Charges Against Wife.

Phineas Dunham, a brakeman of East St. Louis, has filed suit for divorce from Fannie Dunham, to whom he was married in 1892, charging her with desertion and also with attempting to kill him. He says that about two years ago, while they lived in the southern part of the city, his wife placed poison in his coffee, but luckily he failed to drink much of it. On the next day he says she ran away with another man, with whom she is now living in Sandusky, Ohio.

Plant for Mount Vernon.

The Mount Vernon agricultural works is the latest of Mount Vernon's enterprises. The buildings of the old electric light plant will be used by this company, which will manufacture all kinds of agricultural implements. The capital stock is \$5,000 and is to be increased to \$50,000. The officers are as follows: President, Kirby Smith; vice president, E. F. Wannan; secretary, J. K. Farquer; treasurer, L. G. Parry; superintendent, G. W. Baues.

Quadruplets Die.

There were born to Mr. and Mrs. Drew Bishop of Galatia, two sons and two daughters, Oct. 6. The children lived about twenty-four hours. Hundreds of people visited the home of Mr. Bishop to see the infants. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop are both hard-working people and have four children living.

Horse's Kick Is Fatal.

David Raab, uncle of Dr. E. J. Raab of Belleville, died at his home in Los Angeles, Cal., from injuries sustained by being kicked by a horse. His wife, who was Miss Augusta Trapp, daughter of Dr. Trapp, a former resident of Belleville, and two sons and two daughters survive him.

Fills Husband's Pulpit.

Mrs. John Allworth, wife of the pastor of the Congregational churches at Godfrey and Melville, near Alton, took her husband's place and preached in the Melville church. Rev. Allworth has been summoned to Ohio unexpectedly, and his wife will fill the pulpit in his absence.

Wants Damages for Lost Leg.

Suk was filed with the Circuit clerk at Cairo by Harry B. Hindman against the Chicago Mill and Lumber company for \$20,000 damages. The complainant, while in the employ of the company several months ago, was injured and lost a leg. He is 14 years old.

Pioneer Woman Dies.

Mrs. Clara Nichols, widow of Joshua Nichols of Belleville, died at her home, aged 75. She leaves the following children: Mrs. George Brown and Mr. J. T. Nichols of St. Louis, and Mrs. Charles Freeman and James Nichols of Belleville.

Church of God.

The fiftieth eldership of the church of God in Illinois held its session at Warrensburg, with Rev. J. Bernard as speaker and Rev. C. F. Rogers clerk.

Strike Is Settled.

The strike at the Springfield boiler works, which has been on for four months, has been settled. Under the new agreement the boiler makers will receive 30 cents an hour, working nine hours and receiving ten hours' pay.

Brewing Company Incorporated.

Articles of incorporation were filed with the Circuit clerk by the Cairo Brewing company; capital stock, \$200,000. The incorporators are Messrs. Christopher Beck, Ernest Helfensteler and Reed Green.

POLICEMEN DO EFFECTIVE WORK

Bandits Hold Up Street Cars Outside City Limits of Aurora, Ill.

PITCHED BATTLE ON HIGHWAY

Representatives of the Law Engage in Fierce Fight With Desperados After a Chase in Trolley Car and One Robber Is Killed.

Aurora, Ill., special: Three masked robbers who held up a street car on the Riverview Park line at 10 o'clock at night were overtaken by the police after an exciting chase on an electric car shortly before midnight. In the battle which ensued one of the robbers was killed and another, it is believed, was wounded. The wounded man and the third robber succeeded in escaping, but the police are continuing the search for them.

The street car was held up just outside the southwest city limits, near the Sard Stove works. There is a switch at this point, and as the car slowed up on its way to the city three men stepped out to the side of the road and signaled it to stop.

Thinking that they were passengers who wished to go to Aurora, Motor-man Plum stopped the car and the robbers climbed aboard with revolvers in their hands. They covered Plum and Conductor Whitney and took their money and valuables. Whitney had only \$7, as there were few passengers.

Ordering the conductor and the motor-man into the car, the robbers took charge, running it as far as the stove works, where they got off and disappeared in the darkness. They made no attempt to rob the few passengers.

Pursue Bandits on Trolley.

The police were notified at once, and Patrolmen Gibson and Grass were detailed on the case. They soon heard that the bandits had boarded an electric car for Chicago, and started in pursuit on the next car. The motor-man was ordered to run at full speed, and the car plunged ahead in the darkness at the rate of forty miles an hour. Although several minutes apart on the schedule, the following car gained so much in the chase that the highwaymen were overtaken at Chicago Junction, a station three miles from this city.

Battle on Highway.

As soon as the robbers saw the rapidly moving car bearing down on them they realized that they were being pursued, and started to run. Leaping to the ground the policemen drew their revolvers, and a fusillade of shots followed, the robbers answering shot for shot. So fierce was the fire of the highwaymen that Officer Gibson was forced to take shelter behind the car to protect himself while he reloaded his gun. Grass in the meantime had emptied his revolver, and he ran into the substitution of the trolley line to get another.

Policeman Kills One.

At this moment the highwaymen started to escape, and Gibson, coming from behind the car with his revolver reloaded, shot at one of them. The man ran a few steps and fell in the weeds. When picked up it was found that he had been shot through the forehead and one eye. Blood stains on the ground indicated that another had been wounded, and the police began a search of the river bank. They found a black hat, but did not discover a trace of the fugitives.

Recognize Dead Robber.

The body of the dead robber was brought here later and was at once recognized as that of a man who was seen about Aurora. He was about 40 years old and wore a brown fedora hat, which had been purchased in Des Moines, Ia. It is believed that he laid the plans for the robbery and that the intention of the trio was to hold up the Yorkville car, which usually is heavily loaded with passengers.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP LOSES

San Francisco Refuses to Vote Bonds for Tractien Purchase.

San Francisco, Cal., dispatch: The election to decide whether the city should issue bonds for buying and running the Geary Street Cable railroad was decided against municipal ownership. The total vote cast was 25,259, of which 14,381 votes were for ownership and 10,755 against. As a two-thirds majority is required, the proposition was beaten by 6,083 votes.

The experiment in municipal ownership didn't find popular favor, as the road would have to depend upon the big United Railroad corporations to get transfers to the ferry, and above the interest on the bonds it would cost the city \$40,000 a year to operate the road.

BURNS UP MUCH KANSAS WHEAT

Prairie Fire Sweeps Great Area Bars of Vegetation.

Quinter, Kan., dispatch: A great prairie fire which started three miles north of Grainsfield, is raging in the territory north of the Saline river. Farmers and residents of Grainsfield on the south and Hoxie on the north, have kept it out of these towns and it is now traveling east toward Hill City, destroying much wheat. The wind has been blowing from the southwest and the smoke from the fire can be seen from this place. Fifteen miles distant, much wheat in the stack has been burned.