

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XVI.

"Man Proposes; God Disposes."

Johnson did not die; that he lived through the terrible strain upon his vitality showed that he had an iron constitution, the doctors said; but the men at the tavern shook their heads over it, and looked meaningly at each other. They had their own opinion of the matter; perhaps they knew more than the doctors did; the wise men might open their eyes in amazement should they choose to tell their suspicions. Johnson was kept under the influence of opiates for three days and nights; he was not left alone one moment; they fed him on Mrs. Allen's beef tea and drinks, and cared for him as though he were a baby, the men said in half whispers—him, with muscles like iron and cords like an ox. Lodie daily carried the news, brief items briefly told in his measured tones as they gathered in the outer room of the tavern of an evening, or called now and then across the drenched gardens to each other, or met at the wells. And the women over their tubs, as they washed the clothes up and down, and soaped and rinsed and wrung them in clear water, leaving them to soak till the storm should be over, gossiped about "this that hev hap'd Johnson," and his girl, and the airs they put on since Lemuel Johnson—he who was born in the settlement years ago—had come with his girl and his gold to see that his brother should live like other folks, and was not so "no' count an' shes'less."

Dolores, knowing nothing of these gossipings, and caring nothing for them, had she known, watched her father untrilingly. She never complained of being tired; she seldom spoke. Young Green had gone home, but he came over every day, bringing gentle messages and delicacies. For three days Johnson lay in this stupor so like death, scarcely stirring, not opening his eyes; his face was thin and drawn, his eyes sunken and hollow; his hair, a few days before so lightly sprinkled with gray, had grown suddenly white. He had aged so that his every-day companions would not know him.

Dolores saw this in silence; her thoughts were busy, but her lips were dumb. Young Green's eyes had grown wonderfully keen to note the changes of the sweet, pale face, and the shadows of the dark, wondering eyes. For he knew that he loved her. It had come upon him the first night as he stood behind her in the freight and watched the pure face bent above the book on her knees. It had come almost like a blow at first, but full of a sweetness that was full of pain also, she was so high above him, she had never a thought of love, she had never even known what love was as others knew it in the home life. And there was a tenderness in the thought of how he—she, the first one in the world to show her what love might be—would prove to her the depth of its tenderness and holiness.

At sunset the third day the rain ceased, and the mist dragged itself brokenly across the peaks of the mountains; the hills were loud with the cry of the swollen river in the valley, and the cascades shouted aloud as they leaped the riven sides of the mountains to join the river and eat at the worn old bridge at the foot of the roadway.

The rain had ceased at last, and Dr. Dunwiddle, who sat at the bedside, his eyes intent on the face of the girl, so grave and quiet in the light of the sunset, had raised the tiny window to let in the cool wind from the west. The clouds just above the distant peaks parted in sudden relenting after three days and nights of interminable raining, and through the rent the set-

ting sun flooded the summit with a radiant glory that was dazzling. Dolores, as though roused by the sudden rush of the sunbeams, slowly raised her head and looked up to the radiant mountain. Her sad, dark eyes grew softer and deeper in color, and her lips set close as in sorrow, slowly parted in one of her rare smiles. As she turned her head the comb—an old-fashioned tortoise shell that had been her mother's—suddenly slipped from the heavy coil of her hair which, so loosened, fell in a mass of beauty, glistening, lustrous, about her.

The nurse softly opened the door at



"Your father will recover."

that moment, bringing the doctor's supper, and a half baleful glitter appeared in her eyes as she saw the two so utterly unconscious of her presence. Dr. Dunwiddle suddenly sat erect, with his usual quiet dignity; the girl had startled him out of himself; he had forgotten everything but her. Her grave face, with its solemn eyes, touched by the sunset, framed by the heavy tresses of loosened hair, was like an exquisite Madonna, and he held his breath in admiration and mute wonder. As he noticed Mrs. Allen, however, he regained his composure, while Dolores gathered up her hair slowly, and stooped to pick up her comb. It had snapped in two.

"You two are excellent nurses," Mrs. Allen said, softly, a smile on her lips as she motioned with her head toward the bed.

Dr. Dunwiddle turned at once with a slight exclamation, and Dolores

arose with the comb in her hand, her hair falling around her, her eyes dark as though tears were in them, her lips shut close. As she turned her eyes toward the bed she met full in hers the weak gaze of her father. Only for a moment, however, for the eyes closed almost immediately as though the light hurt them, but in that moment Dolores once more faced his soul with hers.

Once more her father opened his eyes and looked first at the doctor, then at her. At the doctor's suggestion she spoke to him. "Father," she said, slowly, that he might understand. "Father."

But the eyes resting on her face had no gleam of pleasure at seeing her there; rather it might be said there was a flash of hatred there as in the old days. Then they drooped again and closed, and presently his breathing indicated that he slept. "Miss Johnson," Dr. Dunwiddle said, by and by, as he sat by the window eating the supper Mrs. Allen had brought him. "I told you the other day that it was possible your father would not recover; do you remember?"

She bowed her head in acquiescence but did not speak. "My dear Miss Johnson," the doctor's voice was grave, but there was a ring in it, a hidden note that struck her ear as unusual. "My dear Miss Johnson, I believe I am safe in saying that your father will sleep through the night a natural, quiet sleeper, without the aid of opiates, and if he does he will recover. He will be lame always; he will not have quite his old strength, but he will live and be much his old self again."

The grave, attentive face at the head of the bed changed not at all, though the drawn expression disappeared from around the mouth, and the eyes were clear and level in their gaze. For a moment Dr. Dunwiddle was uncertain whether or not the girl was glad of the news. She gave no sign, and said not a word, but stood grave, and stately, and womanly with the shadows of the night gathering around her, stealing along the bed, across the face of the sleeper, and up and up toward her face.

Suddenly they clutched at her throat, tightening their hold, like iron bands, ever contracting, growing firmer, unyielding; a thousand elfish voices, shrill and wild and weird, filled the corners of the room, the house; filled the darkness, crowding it upon her, till it seemed as though she were suffocating, till it seemed as though she would die. Loud and weird and terrible they were to her, filling her ears, shouting of the evil that had come through hatred and malice, and of what would follow upon so evil a deed. The hands were tightening their hold, they were struggling one with another for the mastery; a dozen hands were torn from her throat only to be instantly replaced by others stronger and firmer. She caught at them, and struggled, she fought against them, but she dared not cry for help. This that she was suffering no one must know; they would know soon enough—every one.

The voices grew wilder about her; they shouted in elfish glee; their words ran in together meaningfully except one or two close to her ear, that whispered, with deadly meaning: "When your father is well enough to prove—to prove—"

Then slowly she came out of this

babal of noises; they grew fainter and fainter, and died away among the pines; the hands about her throat relaxed. She looked around to see if she were safe; she was dazed, bewildered, but her one thought was that no one must know. Some one spoke to her, and she looked up steadily, crowding down the dumb terror in her heart. Dr. Dunwiddle was standing beside her with his hand on her arm.

"Mrs. Allen," he said, quietly, "you will take my place for a few minutes. Miss Johnson must breathe some of this pure, sweet air after the storm."

He opened the door and stepped down on the door-stone, with Dolores standing listlessly in the doorway, never showing that he had seen the flitting expression of—was it triumph?—on the woman's face as she passed into the silent bedroom.

"How pleasant everything is after the storm," said Dr. Dunwiddle, with a smile, as he entered the house a few minutes later. Adding to himself as he re-entered the room beyond:

"It was over-fatigue, and shall not happen again. And I think you will bear watching, as well as some others, Mrs. Allen."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Freaks of a Woman.

The sunlight flooded the mountains and the quiet settlement; the sky was deep blue; the pines along the bank beside Dolores' window stirred softly in the low wind that stole down from the summit laden with spicy odors. Down in the valley the river ran riot, shouting its jubilate as it whirled in mad eddies up the coarse grass along its banks.

Dr. Dunwiddle, standing in the door of the tavern, inhaling deep draughts of the odorous, piny air, watched Dolores with grave, intent eyes until she turned from the doorway and entered the quiet house; then he turned away and no one ever knew of what he was thinking, or the thoughts that would come of his friend over in the town who was leaving this girl in his care with the utmost confidence—the girl, he well knew, whom Charlie loved. And should he betray his trust to his friend? Should he prove a traitor? Should he let this kindly feeling for this brave, beautiful, womanly girl grow into more than merely friendly feeling, knowing of his friend's thought of the girl? Could he be capable of that? She was, to be sure, a wonderful girl, shut in by her surroundings, but growing mentally thousands of miles beyond them. She was a woman a man should be proud to own as a friend—and more—in spite of her strange, unfriendly life in the stolid little mountain settlement. But—and there was a graver line of thought, a sudden deepening of the lines of nobility around the set mouth under the black mustache—would the love of even such a woman atone in any degree for the loss of manhood, the stain of a traitor? Charlie had left in his hands the care of the girl he loved, and he would never—he straightened himself up to his full height in the low doorway and unconsciously clenched his hands—he would never betray his friend. Charlie was worthy even Dolores Johnson, and he would never be guilty of even an attempt to come between him and the woman he loved, be she though she might, a woman with the strength and depth and nobility of character which the daughter of this mountain blacksmith possessed.

Then he turned, and the face was as grave, as apparently unconcerned as usual, as Cynthia called him to join the family at the table. Jones said among his comrades that Johnson's ill luck had brought good luck to him, for during the years he had lived there, never before had so many such men as now sought his lodging. (To be continued.)

Appearance in Her Favor. S. P. Langley, the aeronautical pioneer will never discuss flying machines with newspaper men, but on other topics he is not so reticent. He talked the other day about his boyhood.

"Among the memories of my boyhood," he said, "there is one odd episode that is particularly vivid. It is a conversation that I overheard one morning between two women. The women were talking about babies—their size, weight, health and so forth. "Why when I was a week old," said the first woman, "I was such a little baby that they put me in a quart pot and put the lid on over me. "The other woman was amazed and horrified. "And did you live?" she asked. "They say I did," her friend answered. "Well, well, well," exclaimed the second woman, and she glanced at the other almost doubtfully."

A Nile Village. A traveler of the upper Nile thus describes a typical native village: "The houses are built of Nile mud, each house accommodating a family of no matter of what size, the inhabitants of each village almost all related to each other, comprising sometimes several hundreds of people. Their streets are littered with filth, animals of every kind obstruct one's path, dogs growl and snarl at the appearance and intrusion of a stranger; women rush about, hiding their faces in their yashmaks lest a white man should behold their features. Flies in swarms settle on the children and lay their eggs on their eyelids, unwashed, because they believe it to be contrary to their religion to wash or remove the flies from their eyes."

ILLINOIS NEWS

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS THROUGHOUT THE STATE

FINE SEED CORN FOR RHODESIA

McLean County Sends Fine Specimens For Experiment.

On Nov. 1 there is due to arrive in south Africa a consignment of seed corn from McLean county, the first ever shipped to that country from the United States. The Rhodesian department of agriculture ordered 500 pounds, securing five varieties, and it will be experimented with and, if possible, acclimated to that country with a view of introducing it upon the farms. The seed was ordered by George Adlum, special agent for the Rhodesian department of agriculture. The best variety of pedigreed corn was demanded, with butts and tips shelled off.

FEDERATION HEAD.

Barney Cohen, who was elected president of the Illinois Federation of Labor, is a member of Cigarmakers' Union, No. 14, of Chicago and is one of the best known labor men in the state. He has held all the coveted positions in his own organization,



BARNEY COHEN

has served on the joint advisory board, and at present is a member of the executive board of the Chicago Federation of Labor. In the latter body Mr. Cohen is usually given positions on committees that have important work to do, and his ability is conceded even by union men who often find themselves opposed to his projects.

Offers Bootblack Bogus Lease.

E. E. Lauren was held for the grand jury by Judge Boyne in East St. Louis on a charge of fraud, preferred by Charles Lite, a bootblack. Lite says that he told Lauren that he might be compelled to move, as his lease had expired. Lauren returned later, he says, and informed him that he could arrange the matter for a fee of \$1, presenting Lite a supposed lease, which, it is claimed, was bogus. Lauren says he resides in Chicago.

Dies After Party.

William Colbath, aged 55, superintendent of the Belleville shoe manufacturing company, died very suddenly of heart failure at his home in Belleville. He was in his usual health and with his wife entertained several friends at his home. At 5 o'clock the next morning he awoke his wife and complained of being ill. Dr. C. H. Starker was speedily summoned, but Mr. Colbath died a few minutes after the physician arrived.

Farmer is Asphyxiated.

Robert B. Carson, aged 50 years, of Ewing, Lewis county, Mo., was found dead in bed at the Moecker hotel at Quincy. He was asphyxiated by gas, which had been turned on either by accident or with the intent to commit suicide. He was formerly a well-to-do farmer and stock dealer. A pawn ticket for his watch, 30 cents in change and receipts for paid insurance in the order of Woodmen were found in his clothes.

Riverton Coal Miners Strike.

The miners at Riverton, to the number of 200, have gone on a strike as the result of dissatisfaction that has arisen over the pit boss. The state officers have been advised as to the strike and a speedy settlement is anticipated.

County W. C. T. U.

The W. C. T. U. has perfected a county organization in Cass county, with Mrs. M. E. Maxwell as president, Mrs. Asa Kikendall secretary and Mrs. Charles McNeill treasurer. The Sunday school work will be in charge of Miss Frances Lockwood.

Depositors Lose Little.

The failure of the private banking firm of J. E. Brown & Co., in Chatsworth, is not disastrous, as at first reported, and it is now stated the depositors will realize nearly 90 per cent of their deposits.

Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at their home, west of Carlinville, Oct. 21, with a family reunion and dinner. Many of their old friends were present and the occasion was a very enjoyable one.

Paving in Taylorville.

The report of the city engineer to the city council shows that fifty-seven blocks of concrete sidewalk have been laid in Taylorville this year at a cost to the city of \$5,306.38.

HEAVY GAIN IN STATE WEALTH

Land and Personal Property Values Show Vastly Increase.

As compared with the assessment of last year an increase averaging 8 per cent has been made on the aggregate assessment of all kinds of property in Illinois. Complete returns from every county in Illinois shows the personal property assessment for 1903 aggregates \$208,741,800, an excess of \$10,359,488 over the assessment of last year. The total land assessment is \$315,493,168, or \$42,194,838 more than last year's assessment of the same class of property. The town and city lot assessment this year aggregates \$397,579,149, which is \$19,827,726 more than last year's assessment.

Comparison with the assessment of last year shows that the assessment of personal property and of town and city lots is 5 per cent greater this year than last. Greatest increase, however, is in the assessment of lands, which averages 13 per cent greater than a year ago. Complete figures on all classes of property shows an increase of 7.87 per cent over the assessment returns of a year ago.

RESCUE FAMILY OF FISHERMAN

Young Men Will Provide Shelter and Food While Necessary.

The family of John Hall, a fisherman, were rescued from starvation by Alton young men and will be provided with shelter and food as long as they require assistance. The mother says that several weeks ago her husband left home in a skiff to follow his occupation of fishing. He did not return, and because of his warm affection for his family Mrs. Hall is sure he was drowned. When found by the Alton young men, three miles up the river, the wife and five children were living in a tent, scantily clothed and with only such food as they could get from people in almost as poor circumstances as themselves. Hall was an industrious fisherman, and those who know him say they are sure he is dead, or he would have returned to care for his family.

Recovers Dog-Skin Rug.

Judge Beach in East St. Louis decided Jack Trendley to be the owner of a rug which was found in the possession of Lee Ellington, a negro. Trendley claims that the rug was worth \$400, as it was made from the pelt of a dog which cost him that sum. The dog was killed by a street car and Trendley had the pelt mounted. Some time ago he hired Ellington to clean carpets. Ellington says that Trendley was absent when he called for his pay, and as he did not wish to give credit he took the rug from the front door. Trendley reprieved it, and Ellington will now have to sue for his money in case Trendley refuses to pay him.

Shoots His Stepfather.

Edgar Story was shot and dangerously wounded by his stepson, Earl Henson, 16 years old, at Madison. It is stated that Story came home under the influence of liquor and attempted to whip the boy, who rushed into the house, and securing a revolver, fired three times at his stepfather. The shooting was done in the presence of the boy's mother. All the bullets took effect, but it is said that only one of the wounds is considered serious.

Grain Elevator Burns.

The Hargrove grain elevator in Carlinville burned, together with 1,000 bushels of wheat. The loss on the building is \$5,000, partly covered by insurance. The building caught from a spark from a passing engine. The elevator was owned by J. N. Hargrove of Virden and will be rebuilt. The Standard oil company's large tanks just across the track were saved only by box cars standing between them and the fire.

Firemen Win Strike.

The trouble between the Nashville volunteer fire department and the fire department committee of the council has been settled in an amicable manner. A conference was held between Chairman H. H. Cordes of the committee and Chief Thomas Denner of the department and the firemen granted the raise in wages they asked.

Start Work on Interurban.

Work on the interurban street railway which is to be built between Mattoon and Charleston has begun. It is expected that the road will be in operation by Feb. 1.

Hurt by a Fall.

Supt. Richard Linder of the Arenzville public schools is suffering from injuries received in a fall. His place is temporarily supplied by Prof. Oren Gould of that city.

Convert Farm into Park.

Dr. S. G. Rainey and ex-Mayor Frank Schwartz of Salem are building an immense lake on their farm, which adjoins the city on the south. The lake will cover forty acres. The grounds will be cleaned of underbrush, and the farm will be converted into a park.

Quincy's First Auto Victim.

Samuel Leichenstein is the first victim of an automobile accident in Quincy. He was thrown from the vehicle while rounding a corner and had his leg broken in two places.

MOTHER LEAVES LITTLE ONES

Three Tots Are Found Half Famine on Outskirts of Belleville.

Mrs. Margaret Warf, residing near the Skellett coal mine, near Belleville, Ill., is alleged to have deserted her three children and left for parts unknown. The little ones, Myrtle, Claude and Ivy, aged 11, 5 and 3 respectively, were found in a half-famine condition. They were taken to the office of William G. Hill, overseer of the poor, and later were sent to the county farm. Mrs. Warf is a widow, her husband having been drowned in Kansas about a year ago, while employed in coal mining at Pittsburg in that state. Efforts will be made by the county authorities to locate the mother.

WOMAN DELEGATE.

Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, A. M., M. D., chosen by the Rock River electoral conference a lay delegate to the general quadrennial conference of the Methodist Episcopal church at Los Angeles next May, will be the first woman ever to be accorded a seat in the conference, the highest honor in



MRS. LUCY R. MEYER

the gift of the church to the Methodist layman. She is the principal of the Chicago training school for city, home and foreign missions, and is the wife of J. S. Meyer, the superintendent. They founded the school in 1885. Mrs. Meyer is editor of the Deaconess' Advocate. She graduated from Oberlin in 1872, her degrees being all from that college. She was born in Vermont of old New England stock, and is noted in the church as a speaker and a writer.

Charities Conference Closes.

The eighth annual conference of the Illinois state charities closed its work at Quincy and adjourned to meet in Rockford next year. The following officers were elected: John A. Brown of Decatur, president; Hanna B. Clark of Galesburg, Mrs. Emma Quinlan of Chicago and Mrs. H. T. Rainey of Carlinville, vice president; Frank D. Whipp of Springfield, secretary.

Grant's Regiment Reunion.

The annual reunion of Grant's old regiment the 21st Illinois infantry, was held at Arcola. The reunion was attended by more survivors of that regiment than any meeting held in the past ten years. The next meeting will be held at Bethany. Attorney General Hamlin addressed the veterans. A congratulatory telegram to the regiment from President Roosevelt was received.

Refuses to Prosecute.

Theodore Taylor, who was arrested near Addleville, Ill., by Deputy Sheriff Klamm of Belleville, on a charge of passing a worthless check on Nicholas Nolde, in payment for three horses, was lodged in jail at Belleville. Nolde appeared at the sheriff's office and stated that he would not prosecute Taylor and the latter was released.

Sues Her Relatives.

Mrs. Nellie V. Haynes of Jerseyville has brought suit against Mrs. Wm. Haynes and two daughters for \$25,000. The complainant alleges that her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law have alienated her husband's affections and caused a separation.

Reunion of War Prisoners.

The twenty-fourth annual session of the Illinois association of ex-prisoners of war was held at Kansas. An old-fashioned camp-fire was held, the principal speakers of the occasion being Gen. Pavey and Department Commander Benson Wood.

Sunday School Convention.

The annual county Sunday school convention will be held in the Presbyterian church in Jerseyville Nov. 3 and 4.

Poolroom is Raided.

An attempt was made by the Springfield gamblers who were recently driven out of business by City Attorney Fitzgerald to start a poolroom in Ridgely, a suburb of Springfield. Sheriff Brainerd's deputies raided the resort and it was immediately closed.

Capture Big Thief.

James Glenn stole the horse and survey belonging to Edward D. Kruse, president of the Farmers' National bank at Springfield. After an exciting chase Glenn was captured.



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