## THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

BY JEAN KATE LUDLUM,

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Author of "At a Cirl's Mercy," Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.-Continued.

When the meal was over Dr. Dunwiddie arose, and, as was his habit, returned to the house up the road to see to his patient's condition, and the night scarcely stirring, still as a baby. Things were going well to help on his recovery; and though it would be months before he could be able to get around, yet there was every hope and every reason to expect him to recover.

Johnson moved and opened his eyes slowly as Dr. Dunwiddie entered the proveroom. Vacant, hollow eyes they were, with a stare in them which startled clumsily. "He were a good un 'mong Dolores.

Dr. Dunwiddie was at his side instantly, but without a sign of haste. "He is used to your voice," he said to Dolores, without turning his head. "Speak to him, Miss Johnson. Say anything to him-anything you are in the habit of saying."

Dolores came no nearer the bed; she stood quietly at the window, and asked in her ordinary voice, slow, uninterested: "Are you ready for breakfast, father?"

The hollow eyes closed weakly for a moment. Mrs. Allen entered at that moment with the beef tea, and Dolores, taking the bowl from her hand, crossed over to the bedside. Johnson again opened his eyes with the old expression of distrust and dislike in them. She bent over him, and Dr. Dunwiddie raised his head a trifle gently on his arm as she put the spoon to his lips with steady hand and unmoved face. But when she offered him the second spoonful he closed his eyes and endeavored to turn aside his head, with the sullen expression on his face. Dolores bent over the bed and held the spoon steadily to his lips, as she said, in a tone that thrilled her listeners by its slow, almost stern sweetness:

"Drink this, father."

He obeyed like a child, and she fed him carefully according to the doctor's orders. Dr. Dunwiddie watched her movements wonderingly. Where did this girl get her womanly tact? Surely not from this man upon the pillows, whose face was indicative of mothing but a brute nature.

It was an exquisite morning. Mrs. Allen was with the doctor, there was no need of her there, and she went out and sat on the door-stone in the shadow of the pines. Leaning her head against the door-post her hands fell to her lap. Her eyes were intent on the mountain with a sort of hungry look in them. It had meddled so with her life-or was it the fate of the stars that crippled her father and prevented his going to court where the men were eager to have him, like the vulture on the mountain. She knew little of fate or law, but it seemed to her that the one possessed her, and the other was waiting, waiting in a terrible silence for her father to go to prove the malice prepense in the laming of the mare-a waiting that appailed her by its dogged patience.

What her neighbors thought she did not care; she had lived without them she could still live without them. Had she known how roughly they used her name she would scarcely have understood their meaning. Her mind was too pure and too high above them to comprehend the evil they would lay at her door. Lodie, among them all. was the only kind one. Not one of the woman had been near her, but the women never did come; she cared nothing about that, only there was something in her life that had not been there before and that called for companionship for the sympathy of



Delores crossed to the bedside.

r women. But Dora would come. e thought, with sudden brightness Md, and young Green who had | whisper, between panting breaths: nd to them-so kind? Did

hat as he stood before her, his hands behind his back.

"Be yer feyther gettin' on tol'rable, D'lores? I kem up hyar from the tav'n ter hear. We 'lowed he orter found that Johnson had slept through | be improvin', an' wes waitin' ter

"Who are waiting to know?" she asked, sharply. The tone was new to her, and the man was disconcerted by it. A vague fear had entered her mind in spite of Mrs. Allen's assurance that they would not come for her father until he was able to go to

"Why, jes' we uns," Lodie replied, us, was yer feyther, D'lores, an' wes jest waitin' ter know ef he is improvin'."

"Thank you, Jim Lodle, You can tell those who wish to know that my father will get well."

A flash came into Lodie's eye, a deep red rushed to his sunburned face. "I be powerful glad ter hev ye say



His face ghastly in its pallor.

thet, D'lores," he said, gravely. "An ther rest of 'em'll be glad of et, too.' She watched him shuffle down the path and along the road to the tavern. Presently two light hands were laid on her shoulders, and a soft, low voice exclaimed:

"Dolores, Dolores, I am Dora. Look up and tell me you are as glad to see me as I am to have found you. I am so glad, Dolorea."

Dolores' fingers closed tightly as she looked up at the girl before herthe cousin who had come to claim her. the only one in all the world who had ever loved her since Betsy Glenn died. She was a small little lady, and neatly dressed from the wide-brimmed white hat with its drooping gray plume, to the blue ribbon around her throat, and the soft gray costume and delicate gloves. Her eyes were wide and gray, dark with excitement, soft with a touch of tears; her mouth was gentle and sweet, but the lips were colorless; her small oval face was white as death, save for a faint trace of feverish color upon either cheek.

Dolores knew nothing of the nature of Dora's disease, and to her the girl was a picture-something to look at and love and admire, but too fair to touch. Her eyes grew luminous as she looked at her. The brown eyes and the gray met. Dolores' lips parted in one of her rare smiles that transformed her face for the moment her eyes were like wells of light beautiful, unfathomable.

Young Green was standing behind Dora. During the time he had known Dolores never had she looked like that; it was a revelation to him of what she was capable. She did not s'e him; she saw nothing but Dora, and it was uncommon for women to show such marvelous depth of soul to another woman. Dora saw no one but her cousin. They did not kiss each other; they offered no endearment common to women, but Dora sat down on the doorstep beside Dolores.

"I am so happy!" she said. Dolores said nothing. Her eyes talked for her.

Young Green, with a feeling that he had no right to be there, passed unnoticed around to the rear of the house and entered through the low door of the pantry. Dr. Dunwiddie greeted him with

smile, but he did not speak, as he was busy with the bandages on Johnson's arm. On preparing one of the bandages he stepped aside, and at that moment Johnson slowly opened his eyes upon young Green's face. He was conscious, and his eyes had the old look in them excepting that it was intensified by their hollowness. His face grew ghastly in its pallor, then livid with fury; the close set eyes under the narrow forehead were wild her heart Dora and her uncle, and and bloodshot; instinctively the fin oung Green as well, until—until the gers of his right hand were feebly ere known. Then, what would | clenched as he endeavored to lift himthink or say-Dora and her self from among the pillows, unmindsie, who were honorable people, the ful of the pain, as he cried in a hoarse

> "Ye hyar? Fool, with yer-larnin' t his life for her father? an' yer books. I aweared I'd get even en he must have known |--with ye-fer te-et ever-ye-kem the not tell her himself thenk—herself beforen her feyther dustrial superlatives than any other and deed should suffer an order and another an

authority:

"Be quiet, Johnson. Not another word. Charlie, go into the other room. Mrs. Allen, help me at once: his excitement has brought on hemorrhage."

never before seen, said, with quist

As Green closed the door behind him he caught a glimpse of Johnson's face that he never forgot. It was pallid as death and ghastly with the hollow eyes. Horror and amazement mingled in his face as he noiselessly crossed the room and passed out of the house through the pantry at the rear, without disturbing the two on the door-step, and struck out among the pines beyond toward the summit where the winds were soft and the sky blue and still. He saw nothing around him clearly; his thoughts, in a tumult, were in the little bare room of the house below where the strong man, who had just been brought back from death, lay in his repulsive fit of passion; and with the mare in the stables at home, the beautiful, intelligent animal, ruined forever through a cowardly act of malice; the two blending so closely that he could not separate them, mingling with the stray words he had heard in the town of other and darker things than he had dreamed.

Then, like a touch of peace, came the thought of the two girls on the door-step, two such lovely, womanly girls, each with a noble soul, yet totally unlike, the one whose life had been set in among the grand mountains touched with their grandeur and nobility of thought and life, and to him the purest, most tender of women, the other proving her tenderness through all her life in the heart of the big city with its temptations and its evils.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Dolores and Dora.

"And you found Uncle Joe when every one else had given up the search," said Dora, softly, her eyes full of loving admiration. "How brave you are, Dolores. I would never have had the courage to do it, but then I'm not brave anyhow."

"Why shouldn't I do it?" Dolores asked quietly, turning her large eyes wonderingly upon her companion. "He is my father."

"Of course he is," Dora replied, with a nod of her bright head, untying the broad ribbons of her hat and swinging it around upon her knees. "Papa is my father, too, Dolores Johnson, and I love him; but I would never have enough courage to go off on a lonely dangerous mountain to find him if he were lost—no not if I had a dozen men to go with me. Suppose you had slipped over one of those terrible ledges Mr. Green told us about, or walked right off into a chasm when you thought you were in the path? No. I couldn't do it, ever, but I wish I were brave like you."

Dolores said nothing, because she had nothing to say. Dora must be a coward if she would not do that for her father; any of the women of the settlement would have done the same.

"Mr. Green told us all about you." Dora continued, "and I wished so much to get at you, but you would not come to me, and I could not come to you, and then the rain-oh, 'the rain it raineth every day, and I begun to think I would have to walt a week at least, and the things Mr. Green told me about you when he returned from here made me all the more restless and anxious to get at you, you poor

"He saved my father." Dolores said. presently. She said it slowly, as though she were forced to say it. Dora nodded.

"I know it," she said, "the man who came over for the doctors told us about it, but you saved him more than anyone else, Dolores, and you cannot deny it. They'd never have thought of going over there to look after the deputies gave up the search had it not been for you."

(To be continued.)

COLLECTING FARES IN CANADA.

Method is Practiced, But Hardly Up to Date.

"There are all kinds of ways for collecting fares on the street cars. but one that I saw recently in Canada was certainly unique if not particularly up to date," says G. M. P. Holt.

"I was taking a ride on the fourmile trolley road running between Sherbrook and Lenoxville, in Canada. The first thing that met my eye on entering the car was the sign, 'Nothing changed over \$2.' I don't see exactly why they were so particular about the matter, as it didn't strike me that the class of passengers they were carrying was that which makes a practice of carrying 10-dollar and

20-dollar bills only. "But what tickled me the most was the fare-taking that 'occurred soon after. The conductor came down the aisle carrying in his hand a curious looking arrangement that resembled a large, square 'dark lantern.' It had e handle attached which the conductor grasped, and when he shoved it toward my face and said 'fare' perceived that it had a glass front and a slit in the top where you dropped your nickel or ticket, and then you could see the same go down to bottom."-Springfield.

Union.

Pitteburg Industries. greatest electrical plans, the largest blass houses, firebrick yards, potter-ies and at the same time is the center of the world's greatest coal and TRIED TO BE TOO POLITE.

Amusing Grammatical Error of Obsequious Shopwoman.

Henry M. Alden, the editor of Harper's Monthly, once advanced the theory that half of the laughable grammatical errors made by the uneducated arise from self-consciousnessfrom trying too hard to be correct, and that these same simple people do not make so many errors when conversing easily and unaffectedly with people of their own kind. This would

seem to be true in this instance: A teacher in one of the West Side public schools the other day found that she had left her pocket notebook at home and would need one during the afternoon session. So at noon she slipped hurriedly into one of the little shops that always appear next door to a school building. The little shopwoman put on her most proper. obsequious manner when she recognized the schoolteacher. Then, as she arranged upon the counter a half dozen or more of the little books, she waved her hand with awkward grace toward the assortment and said:

"Yez kin choose yer choice!"-New York Times.

The Teacher Won.

Hinton, Ky., Nov. 2.-For over two years two of the best physicians in this part of the State have been treating Mr. E. J. Thompson, a popular local school teacher, for Diabetes. They told him that but little could be done to help him. He made up his mind to try a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills, and says:

"They saved me when the doctors ten boxes. I will always praise Dodd's Kidney Pills for the great good they have done for me."

Many people, and some physicians. is an incurable disease. Our teacher, Mr. Thompson, says it is curable, for Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him after two good physicians had treated him tor two years without success. A remedy that will cure Diabetes

will surely cure any case of Kidney Troubie.

Change of Tone.

"Talking about trusting in Providence," remarked Representative Charles Littlefield of Maine, the other day, to a group of friends in Washington, "there's an old fisherman down at my home who affords unique example. When old Capt. Eddy gets out in the swell of the heavy combers and feels his small boat tossing about roughly he will always pray:

"'Poor old skipper, poor old boat; don't blow, good Lord, don't blow." "But Capt, Eddy returning home and

once safe in the shelter of the lea is another person. Then he straightens up, squirts tobacco fuice over the trusty oars and cries:

"'Good old skipper, good old boat blow, gol dern you blow!"-New York Times

STATE OF ORTO, CITT OF TOLEDO, ! ... FRANK J. CHENKY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHEVRY & Co., doing business in the City of Tuledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of UNE IUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of 'ATARRE that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, his 5th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Stress.

She brought her little foot down with emphasis. But her obdurate husband still said

Then she brought her little head down on his shoulder with hardly any emphasis.

And she got the new dress.

Mountaineers' Costumes. A mountaineer entered the Rutland. Vt., fair grounds the other day with six children, one of whom wore a straw hat without a brim and another

had a pair of rubbers tied on for

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constination, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms, Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Street Car Workers,

Five hundred and sixty thousand persons in the United States are de pendent upon the street cars for sup-

Deflance Starch

Though there are only 18,000,000

should be in every household, none so good besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

people in Spain, there are 35,000,000 in America speaking her tongue. cigar, made of extra quality tobacco. You

pay 10c for cigars not so good. Lewis Factory, Peoria, Ill. Who will care for mother now? Don't you worry, the old lady has

learned to hustle for herself.

All Up to Date Housekeepers man Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same

tongue,-James Bolton. Mrs. Austin's Pancake flour is best of all. A fresh supply now on hand at your

Time and tide wait for no man, but the undertaker is more obliging.

Mrs. Windlow's Scothing Syrap.
or children tecthing, sprions the grams, reduces the
minutes, allow pain, during wind tolin, the a lettle
It inn't every married couple that

HYPNOTIST ESCAPES VENGEANCE OF CROWD

Flees in Terror After Being Unable to Awake Subject Whom He Had Buried.

Lamont, S. D., dispatch: Lured by the promise of a few dollars. Ole Rasmussen, a young farmer, offered himself as subject to a traveling hypnotist, who gave an exhibition here, and consented to be hypnotized and buried. Rasmussen still lies rigid in the coffin he voluntarily entered, while his friends are scouring the country in pursuit of the hypnotist, who fled in terror after trying vainly for more than an hour to revive his subject.

The coffin containing Rasmussen was dug up from the grave in which it was buried, and the entire town flocked to the lecture-room to witness the revival of the young man.

The lecturer's first attempt failed, and so did the second, and likewise the third. Then the hypnotist began to show signs of uneasiness, but most people in the audience thought nothing of the failures, supposing them to be a part of the performance.

After repeated efforts with the same fruitless results, the lecturer became excited, lost his self-control, fainted, and fell to the platform in

Realizing the desperate situation, the audience was instantly in a state of the greatest excitement. The lecinfurlated mob, which swarmed onto held out no hope. I took in all about the platform, and would have been killed had it not been for the presence of a few cool-headed men who took charge of him, removed him to a farmhouse near by and locked him still persist in the belief that Diabetes in a bedroom, but in the midst of the uproar at the schoolhouse he regained consciousness, and, realizing the situation he was in, fled through a window.

RIBBONS WILL BE EXPENSIVE

Duty on Them Will Hereafter Be 60 Per Cent Instead of 50.

New York dispatch: Under a decision of the board of classification of tue United States general appraisers silk ribbons are to be classed for duty as "trimming," subject to a duty of 60 per cent ad valorem, and not as manufactures of silk," on which the duty is 50 per cent. The status of various kinds of silk ribbons under the tariff act has been the subject of a great deal of controversy and the opinion of the board decides that the word "trimmings" in the act is used in a general descriptive sense and covers such articles as silk ribbons. The paragraph in question covers laces, nettings, embroideries, etc., made of silk or of which silk is the material of chief value, as well as trimmings.

MURDER AFTER BENEDICTION

When Man's Foot Is Trodden On.

and ticket agent, St. Louis. Stabbing Affray at Prayer Meeting

Harrisburg, It!, dispatch: Fay Upchurch stabbed and killed William E. knine, at Long Branch, ten miles north of this city, and then leaped on his brise and made his escape. They and been at prayer meeting and while leaving the meeting Upchurch acused Rhine of stepping on his too Khine apologized, but when he started home Upchurch followed, and when some distance from the church pounced upon Rhine and stabbed him to death. A posse has been organized and a vicorous search for Uprhurch is being made. Nothing developed at the inquest to show that there had been any previous trouble between the two. The young men are both 19 years of age.

BEGIN ACTION IN BANKRUPTCY

La Crosse Cheese and Butter Company Faces Financial Trouble.

La Crosse, Wis., dispatch: Application was made before the local master in bankruptcy for the La Crosse Cheese and Butter company, to show cause why it should not be adjudicated bankrupt. The financial troubles were precipitated through an effort upon the part of the corporation to corner the cheese market in the Northwest. The firm now has stored in warehouses in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Milwaukee \$300,000 worth of cheese.

GRANTS REPRIEVE TO A NEGRO

Governor Gives James McCrea Time to Produce New Evidence.

Springfield, Ill., special: Gov. Yates has granted a reprieve to James Mc-Crea, the negro convicted in Peoria of murdering Policeman Murphy last June and sentenced to hang Friday. The reprieve gives McCrea until Nov. 27. Attorneys for the condemned man Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c told the governor they had new evidence in McCrea's favor.

MITCHELL FACES AN OPERATION

Miners' Leader May Have to Submit to Knife for Appendicitis.

Scranton, Pa., special: John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, is either suffering from appendicitis or is at least Half the law suits and half the wars | threatened with the disease. At preshave been brought about by the ent the doctors in attendance on him have not decided which, and have consequently postponed their decision as to the necessity of an operation.

> Former Congressman Dies. Worcester, Mass., special: Former Congresman John E. Russell died at his home in Leicester of heart disease. He was a member of the Fortysecond congress and subsequently was twice the candidate of the Dem eratic party for governor.

NEW FAST TRAIN TO TEXAS

Via Iron Mountain Route. Leaving St. Louis 8:30 a. m. for points in Texas and the Southwest. Direct connection with trains from North and East. In addition to this the Iron Mountain Route have three other trains to Texas, leaving St. Louis 2:21 p. m., 8:40 p. m. and 3:05 a. m. Through Pullman sleepers. dining cars and elegant chair cars. Twelve hours saved to California. Fastest schedules to Texas. Tourist tickets on sale the year round. Write any agent of Iron Mountain Route, or H. C. Townsend, general passenger and ticket agent. St. Louis.

English Railroad Accidents. The English Bureau of Commerce has published a report covering the railway accidents of the United Kingdom, which shows that 1,171 persons were killed, and 17,814 injured in 1902. As compared with 1901 the killed and injured were as follows: Of every 9,211,002 passengers one was killed in 1902, against one in every 9,684,414 in 1901; one was injured of every 466,700 passengers in 1902, against one in every 546,511 in 1901. The total mileage of the railways of the United Kingdom at the close of 1902 was 22,152 miles. Most of the roads

Those Flats.

have double and triple tracks.

The mother with her little 10-yearold daughter was returning to her tiny flat after a call on a friend who resided in a large house, with spacious grounds about it, says the New York turer was trampled under foot by the | Times. As she neared the house she sighed and remarked to her little daughter:

> "Dolly, when I come back home after visiting Mrs. Wallin I feel as if I

had come back to live in a hat box." Dolly gave a sigh exactly like her mother's and said dismally:

"And I feel as if I had come back ! to live in a keyhole."

Where Foxes Are Tame.

Andrew J. Howlett of Hubbardston, Mass., while going to his work the other morning, saw a half-grown fox running along beside the road. Mr. Howlett got out of the team and caught it in his hands. When going home at night another fox was seen by Mr. Howlett, which he caught in the same manner. He carried them home and has then on exhibition in a

Double Daily Through Service To California via Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route. Choice of central route through Colorado or via the True Southern Route through Texas, Arizona, etc. Through aleeper to Los Angeles. Only line operating through alceping cars, St. Louis to San Francisco. Tourist car service to California four days in the week. For rates and full information address any agent of Missouri Pacific Railway, or Iron Mountain Route, or H. C. Townsend, keneral passenger

America's Farming Area.

The total area used for farming purposes in the United States is \$41,000,-000 acres-an area larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France. Germany, Austria, Japan and the Transvaal. There are 10.438 000 persons engaged in the agricultural pursuits, while all other industries employ but 18,845,000. One-third of the people is, therefore, devoted to farm-

The Best Results in Starching can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch, besides getting 4 oz. more for same money-no cooking required.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.-Douglas Jerrold.

Why not do as they do-use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR. Sometimes a bank cashler saves up

enough to pay his running expenses.

All creameries use butter color.

Do Your Clothes Look Yellow? Then use Defiance Starch, it will keep them white-16 oz. for 10 cents.

To get back to work is sometimes the most wholesome kind of rest.

To Care a Cold in One day, Take Lexative Bromo Quinine Table's, All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 250. The mouth is not sweetened by say-

if you don't know what you want, try Mrs. Austin's Pancakes for a really good

ing honey, honey.

It raineth alike on the silk and the cotton umbrella.



It Cures Colds, Course, Sore Threat, Crosp, Info-enza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents

