

THAT GIRL OF JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

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

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"The deputies?" Dolores repeated slowly. The softened color and gentle expression disappeared from her face; she drew her hands away from Dora's clinging fingers; she pushed back the hair that had slipped down on her forehead. Then the deputies had been searching for her father. That was what those men were there for that morning when they stopped and asked of her where he was.

And if those men of the law came for him when he was not there, when every one knew that he was not there, and sought for him over on the opposite mountain among its dangers, would they not come at any time for him to prove their case? Might they not even insist upon taking him over to the town in spite of his condition? Unconsciously her fingers closed over the flowers in her lap, crushing them relentlessly.

Two soft hands released the flowers, and as Dora wiped away the red stains of the blossoms from her cousin's hands, she said, with a sweet laugh: "Dolores, what is the matter? See what you have done to the poor, pretty flowers—you have killed them; their blood is on your hands, and your hands have stained mine."

The effect of her words on Dolores was startling. She drew away her hands sternly and arose to her feet, clutching the door post to steady herself; her face was white, and her eyes wide and terrified. Young Green, retreating from up the mountain, heard Dora's last words and turned away with a face as pallid as Dolores'.

Dora arose quickly, and clasped her hands around her cousin's arm, raising her sweet, penitent face to hers.

"Dolores, Dolores, I did not mean that—I was only joking—I could not have meant it—I would not have said such a thing for the world—I forgot you were not used to me, and—"

The words ended in a violet fit of coughing that racked the slender frame pitifully. Raising her handkerchief to her lips she sank upon the step.

Young Green entered the house unnoticed and spoke to Mrs. Allen, who came out at once and sat down beside Dora, placing her arm around her with low, tender words of comfort.

Young Green came out with a cup of water, and Mrs. Allen thanked him with a grateful glance, but as she took it and placed it to Dora's lips she glanced at Dolores, and her glance was full of hate; while young Green himself her eyes for fear of betraying what was in his mind and heart.

"Will she lie down and rest?" asked Dolores, presently, still standing at a distance from her, speaking as though her lips were stiff.

At sound of her voice Dora opened her eyes slowly and looked up at her with a faint smile; but Mrs. Allen, without replying, motioned to Charlie, who, understanding her wish, crossed over to the bedroom and tapped lightly at once, and after a whispered word or two he went out to the girl, while young Green entered the quiet room.

Johnson lay in a stupor among the pillows, his sunken eyes closed, his cruel lips apart, showing the discolored teeth within; his short white beard was coarse and thin, and lent additional repulsiveness to the narrow face. The young man stood at the bedside looking long and earnestly at the face of the other, until the expression of wonder and horror slowly gave place to one of pity.

"Poor fellow," he said to himself; "poor fellow! Surely he has suffered



"Dolores, I did not mean that," enough already; why not leave him in peace to God and his conscience; forgive as ye would be forgiven. Friend, go in peace. Truly, I have need of forgiveness, and should not pull down the bridge over which I myself must pass. But how such a woman as she could have come from such a nature as his is a problem. My poor, tender-hearted girl, how she suffered just now and I could do nothing!"

Dr. Dunwiddie meanwhile went out to the group in the sunny doorway. His grave, dark face was full of kindness as he bent over the frail girl, and spoke to Mrs. Allen.

she attempted to rise. "Allow me, Miss Johnson."

He raised her in his arms as though she were in truth a child, and carried her to the settle between the south windows. She did not speak until Mrs. Allen brought her beef tea and fed her with tender care; then, half rising among the pillows, whiter than they, she asked faintly with a wistfulness in her eyes that sent an angry pang through the woman's heart:

"Where is—Dolores—Nurse Allen?—I—want—Dolores."

Mrs. Allen called sharply in a voice that caused Dora to look up at her in wonder:

"Come in at once, Dolores; Dora wishes you."

Dr. Dunwiddie hearing the words and catching sight of the woman's face, crossed the room and spoke to Dolores, his voice low with kindness. She started when he addressed her, and turned obediently with one swift, startled glance up into his face, and entered the room half hesitatingly.

Dora put out her hand as she crossed the room.

"Dolores!" she said, entreatingly.

Dr. Dunwiddie turned quickly away and entered the inner room where his friend was waiting for him.

By and by, when she was better, Dora sat up among the pillows, and drew Dolores down beside her, holding her hands caressingly between her own, smoothing the tense, slender fingers now and then with pathetic tenderness as though to atone or soften her careless, wounding words. She leaned her pure, pale face against the gray window casing that the soft, low wind with its subtle odor of pines should blow upon her. Her large gray eyes, grown black with a half shy love and pleading, rested on her cousin's grave face. And she did not know that the slender shred of pale blue ribbon lay safely hidden in the depths of the doctor's pocket as he re-entered the sick room beyond.

They talked long there at the cool south window, she, smaller girl, holding her cousin's hands closely in hers, telling her of the world beyond the chained mountains, of the life that throbbed and pulsed out of her sight.

Dolores listened in silence, wondering more and more how this girl could care to love her, could care to have her for her cousin.

"We will paint together, Dolores," she said, "and sew and play. You shall sing and I will accompany you on my guitar, and you shall sing and accompany yourself, for the guitar will just suit your voice; and how you would look in an old gold gown with warm colored roses about you, playing a guitar, its broad ribbon across your shoulders, your eyes—just as they are now. Oh, such a soul as there is in them at this minute, Dolores Johnson! The men will love you, and the women—must. Dolores, Dolores, I cannot wait. I wish I might take you right now."

She paused, breathless, smiling, sitting erect, holding Dolores by her two young arms, her sweet face flushed with excitement.

At that moment Dr. Dunwiddie opened the bedroom door and spoke to Mrs. Allen, and she entered with him, young Green coming out.

Dora flushed as she saw him, and she aroused from the settle, shaking her head sunnily.

"Mr. Green, I beg your pardon for detaining you—I do, indeed. Truly, I did not think."

He smiled reassuringly at her.

"It has been pleasant to me, Miss Johnson—so pleasant that I had forgotten the case on at eleven at home. It is now ten minutes of that hour, and if you will pardon my leaving you I will send the carriage for you at any time you want."

Dolores did not move or speak. The case on hand. Her ears seemed sharp to catch and hold such sentences. These words only were clear, the rest were distant and jumbled. Even when he spoke to her she seemed incapable of hearing or replying. That her silence was caused by anything he said he did not imagine, but he was growing accustomed to her silence.

"I wish I could stay with you always," Dora said softly when the young man had gone, "but I cannot leave father. Dolores, you know. You do not blame me, I am sure. And I will come over every day or whenever I can. Father would have come over with me this morning, but Judge Green wished him to be in court. They have a strange case on hand, and I am so interested in it; aren't you, Dolores? About the laming of young Mr. Green's beautiful mare, you know? I believe they have some new evidence to be heard this morning. Young Mr. Green was to have been there early to attend to some important matter before court opened, and here I have detained him."

Still Dolores did not move or speak. In a vague manner the thought presented itself to her that one of the marble gods Dora had been telling her about could scarcely be more like stone than she, and she wondered, too, in that strange half sense if these marble men and women were capable of suffering as human men and women? And Dora continued in her low voice, rising and pulling Dolores by the hand for her to follow.

"Let us go out of doors, cousin mine; it is so beautiful there with the pines and the mountains. I feel as

though God were very near in the silence of the hills, and 'to be alone with silence is to be alone with God'; but I think he is somehow nearer in the hearts of his humanity. You have not even a church here, Dolores. Why, what do you do with no church, nor schools, nor anything?"

And Dolores, driven at last to speak, asked mechanically: "Why should we have a church, and what is a church?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Time's Developments.

Johnson slowly recovered; the days passed, and the weeks, while he lingered weak and complaining. Dolores' presence annoyed him, and drove him to fits of temper, until Dr. Dunwiddie advised her to remain away from him as much as possible.

Dr. Dunwiddie regularly drove over to see Johnson once a week, and Mrs. Allen remained in the low, unpainted house in the midst of its desolate garden, filling the rooms with her presence, but daily growing more hardened toward the quiet girl who was winning Dora's affection away from her, she wished upon.



"It is so beautiful there," told herself, in excuse for her unfriendly feeling, but the girl herself, buried in other thoughts, believed it was from the kindness of her heart that she talked to her so often during the long evenings of the life outside of the quiet settlement and of the manner she would there be expected to copy, and she accepted in silence the many words of advice as to her lack of pride in allowing young Green to see so clearly her feelings toward him, and the cautioning uttered with a kindly smile or soft touch on her arm against allowing herself to be so influenced by almost an utter stranger who was kind to her only out of pity, and who could never care for her other than as the merest acquaintance, she, the daughter of the blacksmith who was waited for to prove the malice in the laming of his mare.

The woman knew well the stories adrift in the settlement that had somehow come to her she scarcely knew how herself, and of the girl's dread of what might follow the proving of the case waiting in the town for her father's presence. That the girl had never done her harm to cause this feeling of hatred she would not believe. Had she not won Dora's heart in a fashion she could never do? Could she accept this unmerited love? Was there nothing she could do to hurt the girl in Dora's eyes? And if that were impossible—and she soon learned that it was—was it impossible for her to wound the girl herself in every way conceivable to a narrow mind.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE DARK.

German Professor Says Light Is Not Needed for Making Pictures.

The light is not needed for the printing of photographs is a discovery which has been made by Dr. Wilhelm Oswald, professor of chemistry in the University of Leipzig. He produces the required changes in the sensitized paper by the use of silver on negatives treated with a solution of peroxide of hydrogen. The presence of silver causes the elements of the solution to react against each other. In a very short time in those places where there is silver in the negative the solution will disappear; in the other spots remain. This invisible picture is then transferred to gelatine paper and finally developed by iron sulphate in solution. Caffeic acid is then applied and the result is a genuine ink picture. Dr. Oswald declares that in this method the sensitized paper will keep indefinitely and the silver can be used over any number of times. He says the process is far cheaper and quicker than any now in use, besides requiring no light. By it any design or drawing can be quickly copied.

One At A Time.

A fond father was giving advice to his young son the other day. Among other things he said: "If you try to do more than one thing at a time you can't do anything well."

"Oh, yes, I can," said the young hopeful. "I've tried. I did three things the other day, all at one time, and did 'em all well."

"How was that?" asked the father.

"Well, you see, I swung on the gate and whittled and threw a stone at Tommy Brown—and hit him, too."

Had Often Been Kicked.

"John Jones, the patient who came in a little while ago," said the attendant in the out-patient department "didn't give his occupation."

"What was the nature of his trouble?" asked the resident physician.

"Injury at the base of the spine," "Put him down as a book agent."

ILLINOIS NEWS

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS THROUGHOUT THE STATE

ALLEGED SECRETARY IS SHORT.

Building Association Official Denies Any Intent to Defraud.

A sensation was sprung at Moline by the announcement by the Moline building, savings and loan association that its secretary, J. W. Warr, is short in his accounts about \$27,000. It is learned that other alleged shortages amount to perhaps \$20,000 more. The alleged shortage was discovered several weeks ago by the state auditor. At present Warr is prostrated at his home, although he declares he is innocent of any wrong intent, and that if permitted he will repay dollar for dollar. His business, home and life insurance have been turned over to the association, but there are still said to be large amounts unaccounted for.

WOMAN PHILANTHROPIST.

Mrs. Jane McAllister, widow of John McAllister and benefactor of many northern Illinois institutions, died at her home near Waukegan after a short illness. It is believed that her death was hastened through disappointment at not being able to witness the laying of the corner stone of the new \$20,000 hospital which she donated to the city of Waukegan. The stone was laid without consulting her and when she heard of it she said it was the disappointment of her life, as she feared at her advanced age she would not live to see the hospital dedicated. That was six weeks ago, and she be-



MRS. JANE McALLISTER

came ill two weeks later, on her 85th birthday anniversary. She contributed liberally to the Presbyterian church in Waukegan and bought a manse for the pastor. Following extensive donations two years ago she was besieged with requests for aid for persons and institutions all over the country and had to employ a secretary to attend to her correspondence. Her donation of the \$20,000 hospital for Waukegan last summer was the largest bequest to the public ever made in Lake county. Mrs. McAllister was very wealthy and her fortune was amassed by hard efforts of herself and husband, she having worked for thirty years at his side in the field on their farm near Millburn, Lake county.

Pearls Near Murphysboro. Felo Gullon of Murphysboro is a young man who has profited by reading the newspapers. Recently he read of rich pearl finds in the Wabash river, and came to the conclusion that the claims in the Big Muddy ought to yield pearls as well as those of the Wabash. Accordingly, he began hunting in the river near Murphysboro, and in two weeks found about \$300 worth of pearls and slugs in clam shells taken from the Big Muddy.

Farmers Institute Election. The Jackson County Farmers' institute in session in Murphysboro elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, John W. Jones of Ava; vice president, Edward Worthen, Murphysboro; secretary, Ed Allen, Murphysboro; treasurer, A. J. Cross Campbell Hill.

Gifts to Shurtleff. Shurtleff college, in Upper Alton, through liberal gifts made to the institution by friends, has been enabled to make extensive improvements in its buildings, which are now being completed. Among new enterprises will be the furnishing of a larger library and a complete laboratory.

Cut Rates for Light. There is a light war on at present between the Quincy Gas and Electric Light company and the independent light and power company. The former announces that it has cut its rates to the extent of 60 per cent.

To Improve Terminals. A corps of engineers is running levels and making surveys for the Wabash Railroad company, which will spend a large amount of money for improving its terminal facilities at Quincy.

Held for Killing Dog. Patrick McManus was tried before Squire J. G. Erwin at Jerseyville and was bound over to the grand jury in the sum of \$100. McManus was charged with killing a dog owned by Mrs. Susan Kirchner of Otter Creek township.

Family Reunion. The Cice family of Arenzville held their annual reunion at the home of Julius Cice. Representatives were present from points in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and Illinois.

Hits Wife Instead of Rat. Mrs. Mary Teele of Waverly, was accidentally shot and fatally injured. She and her husband were at the corn crib hunting rats, and a discharge from the shotgun struck her full in the breast.

Fights Sunday Saloons. Bothato, east of Alton, is in the midst of a crusade against the Sunday saloon. Arrests have been made every Monday morning for several weeks on complaint of a well-known resident.

Revival Meetings. Rev. Herbert E. Frost, an evangelist, assisted by a band of city mission workers, is conducting a series of meetings at the Methodist Episcopal Church South at Alton.

GIRL CLAIMS FATHER IS CRUEL.

Says Parent Kept Her Chained and Fed Her on Bread Crusts.

A 17-year-old Chicago girl declared to the police of the West Chicago avenue station that for three weeks her father had kept her chained to the floor in his house, had fed her only on bread crusts and continually beaten her. Her cries aroused the neighbors, who caused the arrest of George Krumm. The tortured girl was Mary Krumm. She was given into the custody of Humane Officer J. E. Phelan, who took her to the Harrison street police station annex. The father was held without bail at the West Side station. Krumm asserts his innocence and says he punished the young woman for disobedience.

BALL PLAYER SAVES SINNERS.

William A. Sunday Receives \$2,100 for Converting 530 Persons.

Evangelist William A. Sunday has closed a month's union revival meeting in Carthage with 530 converts. A deep interest was created. The churches of the town were united in the movement, and the moral and spiritual awakening felt by saint and sinner alike is unparalleled in the history of the county. A free-will offering of \$2,100 was given Mr. Sunday by the people of Carthage and vicinity, the largest offering of the kind he has received. Sunday goes to Carrollton for a month's revival.

Arrest Alleged Forger.

Eugene Eikin, former secretary of the Pleasant Plains Coal Company, for whom the officers have been looking for the past seven years for forgery, was arrested in Chicago, and has been taken to Springfield. He is charged with having forged checks on Postmaster Wheeler, B. A. Lange and George Babcock. Since he left Springfield he served in the Spanish-American war, and was one of Dewey's men in the battle of Manila.

Long-Lived Family.

Henry Price, formerly of Decatur, who died at Loganport, Ind., was a member of a remarkably long-lived family. Ages of those living: H. W. Price, 81; Mrs. Ann Neyhard, Decatur, 77; B. F. Price, Decatur, 75; Mrs. M. P. Foster, Decatur, 72; J. R. Price, Decatur, 69; W. H. Price, 66; Mrs. N. M. Baker, Decatur, 62; Mrs. A. F. Hopkins, Decatur, 60; a total of 661, or an average of over 70 years.

Suit for Damages.

Jonathan McConnell has commenced proceedings in the Christian county circuit court for \$5,000 damages against W. D. Coffman of May township. The suit is based on an accident which befell McConnell's 14-year-old son through the negligence of an employe of the defendant. The boy's right leg was cut off by a mowing machine.

Falls From Horse.

While horseback riding at Greenville Miss Ava Causey fell from her saddle. She was dragged some distance, her foot catching in the stirrup, and was picked up for dead. After a while she recovered consciousness and was taken to her home, where she is now said to be in a serious condition.

Compromise Slander Suit.

The slander suit against ex-Mayor Robt. of Central, brought in the circuit court by ex-City Marshal James A. Jackson, has been settled by compromise and the matter taken from the records to the satisfaction of both parties.

To Build Reservoir.

The Illinois Southern has bought a twenty-acre tract of land adjoining Salem and the southwest and will build an extensive reservoir thereon. Work will begin immediately.

Steel Plant Reopens.

The plant of the American steel foundry at Granite City has started up in nearly all its departments. It is stated that the men will all return to work.

Woman Is Knocked Down.

Mrs. Mathilda Corbin of North Venice was struck and knocked down by a buggy while she was crossing the street, being painfully injured in the side.

Apple Growers to Meet.

The Mississippi Valley Apple Growers' association will hold a meeting in the chamber of commerce rooms in Quincy on Thursday, Nov. 12.

New Town Hall.

Ground has been broken for a new town hall at Warrensburg. The structure will cost \$2,500.

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MINISTER CHANGES HIS FAITH.

Methodist Clergyman Takes Orders in the Episcopal Church.

The venerable Bishop Seymour of Springfield, assisted by many clergymen of the Springfield diocese, officiated at a notable ceremonial at St. Matthew's Episcopal church at Bloomington. Among others confirmed was Rev. John Fairburn, late pastor of the Methodist church of Tolona and one of the best known ministers of that faith in central Illinois. He resigned from his charge, surprising his congregation by announcing that he had experienced a change of faith and had decided to join the Episcopal church. His home is in Chillicothe, Ill., and for eight years he has been occupying various Methodist charges of the state. He was a man of more than ordinary eloquence and scholarly attainments. Since retiring from the Methodist church he has been taking a course of study in his new faith under the tutelage of Rev. Wemyss Smith of Bloomington and Rev. Wyckoff of Lincoln. Following the confirmation services, when he was baptised, he will officiate as curate at Lincoln and will be formally inducted into holy orders by the synod of Springfield sometime in December. It is somewhat surprising that two other clergymen of this vicinity experienced a similar change of faith—Rev. Williams of Lexington, also a Methodist, and Rev. DeWitt Pelton, a Presbyterian minister of Bloomington—both of whom are now divines in the Episcopal faith.

HONOR FOR MASON.

William B. Carlock of Bloomington, at the fifty-third annual convocation of the Illinois Grand chapter of Royal Arch Masons, was elected master of the frat veil, and thus put in the line of promotion to the chief office of the organization. Mr. Carlock is a successful lawyer and a well-known Masonic worker. In 1901 he was grand master of the Illinois Grand Council



WM. B. CARLOCK

of Cryptic Masons, and is now on his way to a similar distinction in the Illinois governing body of the most numerous branch of higher-degree Masonry. Robert E. McKinlay of Paris, deputy grand high priest last year, succeeded Alfred A. Whipple of Quincy as grand high priest, and the remaining offices down to master of the frat veil were filled by successive promotions.

Ferryman Buys a Launch.

Brooks Bean, who for more than twenty-seven years has been ferrying people across the river at Alton and has traveled many thousands of miles in making his trips in his skiff, has decided to abandon the use of muscle as a motive power. He has bought a gasoline launch, 22 feet long by 7 feet beam, which he will use for transferring passengers. Advanced years have told so heavily on the strength of the old ferryman that he has decided to employ modern inventions.

Grants Right of Way.

The Auburn city council, which had refused to grant right of way to the Springfield and St. Louis Interurban railway, has finally granted the same by unanimous vote. The road is nearly completed from Springfield to a point just north of Auburn. The 200-foot steel bridge over Lick creek is nearly completed.

Jury Acquits Negro.

The jury at Springfield in the case of Lewis Hubbard the negro who was charged with the murder of Constable Peter Heck of Riggely May 1, returned a verdict of not guilty without leaving their seats.

Badges for Odd Fellows.

The Upper Alton lodge of Odd Fellows presented gold badges to James Moore and Charles Ferguson, two members who have been most faithful in their twenty-five years of membership.

Glassworkers Seek New Field.

Seven glassblowers, who have been employed at the Busch glass works in West Belleville, have left with their families for Kansas City, Mo. There seems to be little prospect of the Busch plant resuming work this season.

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