THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

And as Dora kept to her word and drove or rode over every day when the weather was pleasant and together they wandered under the pines in many a daring place, the color of increasing heath slowly tinging the cheeks of each, while Dora's cough grew less and less frequent and violent, and an added grace and spring showed in Dolores' step, though there was a growing sadness upon her lips and a hunted look in the wide dark eyes that her friends could not understand, this woman gloried and exulted in her power to wound the girl Dora loved with a deeper, truer love than she could ever give to her, and she planned out many a subtle manner for wounding and sending her shafts deeper into the soul of the girl who was, she told herself over and over, stealing away what rightfully belonged to her.

Lemuel Johnson went often to see his brother, who grew civil to him after a while, though at first he was surly, and resented his brother's long silence and neglect. Together they talked of the future, and laid many plans to be carried out as soon as Joe was a little better.

Dr. Dunwiddie still positively affirmed that he would recover, but that this must needfully be slow, and Joe Johnson was never possessed with patience enough to bear quietly much waiting. And as the days passed Dolores waited and waited, the dread fear shut in her heart, they would come for her father from the town.

The subject of the mare was never mentioned among them; it had dropped out of the house as suddenly and completely as though death had touched it; that day Dora gave her cousin a sketch of the feeling regarding it in the town, though not one of them understood the girl's horror of it, excepting it might be the one who had seen the most of her emotion. Sometimes the girl was tempted to ask about it, but the dread of bringing down something worse upon herself and her father kept her silent to suffer alone.

But Johnson lingered along in much the same condition in spite of the interest of his friends or foes, from week to week, scarcely getting better, yet growing no worse. Dr. Dunwiddie knitted his brows and looked very grave and puzzled many a time after his visits; he did not like the appearance of things; they were going crooked; something must be done and at once. He did not wish to arouse the thought of such a thing in the minds of Johnson himself or Dolores; in fact he wished to keep it from Johnson more even than from his daughter, for he was in such an excitable state that it went much against his recovery—petulant, fault-finding, with many a word that showed his brute nature and cruelty. At or against Dolores and fate his anger and spleen were directed. Dolores was of no use—no earthly use in the world; she was without even the sense of most women, and that was little enough. Had she been a boy things might have been differ-

The men dropped in occasionally.

ent; boys were of use. And it was not enough that this ill luck of her being a girl was upon him, but he must have this added to the rest—to be laid up with not even the use of his feet or hands. Here he was, crippled, helpless, constantly in pain, scarcely able to move without pain, and there was his brother healthy, florid, a rich man, with a fine home and the comforts of life at his disposal.

And what reason was there that his brother should have the gains and he the losses? Was he not quite as deserving and capable of appreciating them as he? Fate was a powerful master, partial, and many times cruel in its decrees. Life was a pretty tough thing anyway, scarce worth the living. To lie in that hole of a room day in, day out, was growing unbearable; nothing to do but watch the bit of sky and mountain through the tiny window, the scent of the pines stealing through, or, closing his eyes, to think, think, think his narrow thoughts that never got away from the mountains, the smithy, the tavern, and the town, until he was driven nearly wild by the thoughts that no one else ever knew, though those who were with him most guessed nearer the truth.

The thin face, grown pallid with confinement, would narrow and seem to contract, the small eyes, set deep and close together, grew cruel and cunning, the coarse mouth under the scant mustache closed with sinister meaning. For hours he would lie in the same position, scarcely moving, his long hands grown bony, clutching convulsively the bed covering. And to those who watched with eyes sharpened with interest all these actions were full of meaning, and proved much that had but been guessed before.

As time went by the men at the tavern got over their stiffness and dropped in occasionally through the days, one or another, to have a chat with Johnson, but mainly to see how he bore his affliction and to know for themselves how much better off that girl of Johnson's was, since her father's brother Lemuel—he who left the settlement years before—had returned.

Many an hour in the wide, low room at the tavern, or beside the door of an evening, they discussed Johson's condition, and freely expressed their doubts and views as to his recovery in spite of Dr. Dunwiddie's assertion to the contrary. While Dr. Dunwiddie, over in the town among his friends at Judge Green's, also discussed Johnson's condition, and decided with them that it was time something was done, and done speedily, or it would be too late.

"Spare no pains nor expense, Dunwiddie," urged Lemuel Johnson, pacing up and down the pleasant parlor at Judge Green's, his hands clasped behind him, his florid face and kindly eyes full of anxiety. "Joe's got a wonderful constitution; always did have; sinews like steel when we were youngsters. This illness has been heavy to bring him down so. Surely there is some way of hastening his recovery, and we must find it—you must find it. He's got to have a fair chance for a place in life, comfortable, like other men, and not end it all that way. Why, it's death in life over yonder. It's buried in a grave large enough to turn around in, but it isn't life. No wonder he's lost all ambition staying there with everybody around him duller and more listless than he, excepting of course Dolores. She's a body one wouldn't meet always. Joe doesn't appreciate her because he's incapable of judging out of such a batch of comrades as he's got there. That Lodie's a good enough sort of man—make an intelligent man if he had a chance—but, my powers! such a life for man or woman. Where I was born, too, and not a school house or church in the place, and my own brother's child ignorant of even the catechism or the existence of God. Do your best for him, Dunwiddie; never mind the cost. Money is nothing compared to a life worth living. You start him on with a fair show of strength, and I'll do the rest. He's the only kin I have in the world—he and the girl—and the Lord knows there isn't a man in the world who wouldn't do all he could for such. Eh, Dora?"

CHAPTER XX.

A Sudden Message.

"Man alive!" exclaimed Lemuel Johnson as he stood beside his brother one morning, with Dr. Dunwiddie and Dr. Grey, explaining to him a plan by which they hoped to benefit his condition and hasten his recovery. "Man alive, Joe!" exclaimed the excitable little man, thrusting his hands into his pockets, his florid face growing redder, his eyes sparkling with indignation. "Have you no sense at all? Have you no pride, no common ambition to get well? To make a success of life? Would you rather lie here, growing less and less capable of anything, like an indolent tramp, and keep on suffering straight ahead for years maybe, when by perfect care in this hospital, or infirmary, or whatever it is, in the city something may be done for you, and you would be set up like a new man ready for any position and to build up as good a home as any man living? Why, great Scott, Joe Johnson, if you are my brother and the only one I've got, I must say I'd be ashamed to own you if you refuse."

The invalid was growing excited also. He struggled up to a sitting position, half reclining on his right arm, and glared at his brother as an infuriated animal at bay.

"Et'd be nothin' new ef ye was 'shamed o' me," he cried, the veins of his forehead swelling like cords, his small eyes glittering like serpents. "Et's no mor'n ye've done all yer life sence yer runned away ter make yer money a-many year ago. Ye left er folks ter starve fer all't ye've done fer 'em, 'tell just now when ye kem hyar ter gloat ovver me. I may be 'thout yer style o' sense, Lem Johnsing, but I hev got ther common sense 't ken tell beans when I sees 'em. Ye needn't make outen 't ye don't know what I means well's I do, or them as hev lived hyar sence theys borned. An' theys ken tell't ye left us 'thout nothin' an' outen yer life tell jest now when't ain't no use; an' es long es I've got breath 'nough left ter tell't, I'll jest say this. An' I ain't goin' ter be put in no horsepital neither where a feller ken stay forever, an' folks'd never know but he's dead an' buried, 'stead o' livin' locked up in a cell like a crim'nal an' kept thyar an' never let out. Mebby et do run in thes fam'ly ter be shef'less an' no 'count, but I hev es good sense es ye hev, Lem Johnsing, an' I ain't ter be tomfooled like a woman."

Dr. Dunwiddie laid his strong hand on his shoulder and spoke to him sharply.

"Lie down," he said, "man, and listen to us. We give you the choice. You shall have from now till to-morrow morning to consider; after that will be too late. Choose one of two alternatives: Remain just where you are, from sheer stubbornness and die, for die you must if you persist in this, and in such a slow, torturing manner as you cannot comprehend, or comply with our wishes that may doubtless be painful at first, and may even end fatally—I place it all before you, holding back—but with ten chances to one of your recovery and a long life."

Johnson's face lost its defiance and cunning; it grew livid and paled to a deathly hue. His sinister eyes were fixed on the doctor's face with an expression of cowardly terror in them. His brother's fit of violent temper he could meet with equal force, but Dr. Dunwiddie's voice and manner bore as much weight as his words which were uttered clearly and calmly, but which the man was unused to hearing, and which therefore impressed him more than they might have done otherwise, full of meaning and warning as they were.

He lay among the pillows with his face turned to the wall, motionless as though he were already dead, his sinewy right hand clutched the cov-

"Et'd be nothin' new ef ye was ashamed of me."

ering long after his brother and the doctors left, not knowing that through the half open door Dolores, from the outer room, was watching him with a face set as his own, her hands clasped passionately, her lips shut close to still the cry that rose from her heart, that found words only in a new, wild, inarticulate prayer.

"God, whom I know not, forgive him—forgive him."

But there was not a trace of this emotion upon her face or in her manner as she stood, a day or two after, at the west window of the library at Judge Green's, the soft brown dress Dora had fitted for her, falling gracefully around her. She held back the lace draperies with one arm leaning against the casing of the large French window, and looked like a picture, so quiet she stood, flushed from the light of the sunset above.

Dora was sitting upon the ottoman at her feet, her delicate face raised to the face above her. Dora said she could sit forever at Dolores' feet and watch her. Dolores' face was a study of which one would never tire, which one must study to understand, which one could never fully understand.

(To be continued.)

LIFE OF KING ALFONSO.

Young Monarch Becoming Popular With His Subjects.

The young king of Spain is daily making himself more popular in San Sebastian, which may be regarded as the summer capital of Spain. Rising very early, he goes down from Miramer palace before 8 to San Sebastian beach for a swim. He takes long rides in the valleys and across the highlands of the Basque country without an escort, but he is always in uniform and is accompanied by two aids-de-camp and two palace servants. He takes great pleasure in returning the salutes of the peasantry. At midday the king attends to state business with the minister for foreign affairs. Before lunch he gives audiences and generally rides again in the afternoon, or drives his own four-in-hand with Queen Christina and his sisters sitting behind him. He takes an interest in yachting, in the rowing boat races in the bay and in pigeon-shooting. He is already a good shot and a keen sportsman. The Basques are pleased to see him interested in their national ball game, styled "juego de pelota."

Suburban Foresight.

The citizen of Drearyhurst was showing his visitor through the spacious garden in the rear of the house.

"Over there," he said, pointing with his cane, "is the turnip patch."

"You must be a good deal fonder of turnips than I am," commented the visitor.

"Oh, we don't use them on the table," his host replied. "We raise them to throw at the neighbors' chickens. They're cheaper than coal."

One Advantage.

"Is Cleveland really as slow as people say it is?" asked the Chicago man.

"It's worse," replied the Cincinnati drummer. "Why some of the residents of that village actually die of old age."

ILLINOIS NEWS

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS THROUGHOUT THE STATE

TO REDUCE THE RATE ON COAL.

Burlington Officials Seek to Secure Traffic to the West.

Traffic officials of the Burlington have under consideration the advisability of reducing coal rates from the Illinois coal fields to the Northwest. A flat rate of $1 a ton has been proposed. The Burlington now receives a great deal of eastbound traffic from the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, and the problem of furnishing westbound traffic has extended to that line as well as to the Northern transcontinental lines. Both the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific now have to haul many empties West owing to the great eastbound traffic. This through eastbound traffic has to a great extent been turned over to the Burlington at St. Paul, and that road is now compelled to haul many empty cars from Chicago to the Twin Cities. To reduce the unprofitable haul of empties is a problem that is occupying the attention of operating officials of the Burlington, and it is proposed as a remedy to inaugurate a flat rate of $1 a ton on coal from the Illinois fields.

YOUNG MAN'S DEATH A MYSTERY

Found Unconscious Back of a Saloon at Carrollton.

Ed Martin, a stepson of County Clerk Isaac Conlee, died at Carrollton from the result of a wound on the head. Martin was found unconscious back of a saloon. His right cheek and ear were bruised and a severe contusion just back of the ear indicated a heavy fall or blow. He never regained consciousness and it is not known whether his injuries were the result of accident or an assault. Martin was 25 years old and unmarried. The ear drum was broken, and internal hemorrhages caused a continual gasping and choking. Martin was a quiet, good-natured young man, and, although he had been drinking some during the evening, it is not known that he had any quarrel. There is some mystery connected with the death and it will be thoroughly investigated.

Doctors Urge Vaccination.

At the call of Mayor Kern the board of health of Belleville and most of the physicians of the city held a meeting at the city hall to discuss methods for prevention of the spread of smallpox. M. W. McQuigg, secretary of the state board of health, was present. The local physicians urged general vaccination, and offered vaccination free to all who apply. A thorough quarantine will be enforced wherever smallpox exists. All school children will have to present certificates of vaccination.

Smallpox Investigation.

Inspector E. F. Baker of the state board of health was sent by Secretary Egan to Marissa, St. Clair county, to investigate an outbreak of smallpox there. Between seventy and eighty cases of smallpox are said to exist in St. Clair county. Secretary Egan will send an inspector to Charleston, Coles county, to take measures to prevent the spread of the disease in that city, and another inspector will be sent to South Wilmington, Grundy county, where six cases are reported.

Oppose Water Meters.

A petition signed by over one hundred city water consumers has been presented to the city council of Greenville, asking that the special ordinance compelling them to put in water meters be rescinded or modified. The council will hold a meeting Thursday night to take some action on the petition.

Bond County Farmers.

The Bond County Farmers' Institute has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, George Grube; vice president, E. P. Gracey; secretary, George O. Morris; treasurer, W. H. Taylor. All the officers live in Greenville except Mr. Gracey, who lives in Sorento.

Engineer Is Scalded.

Engineer Eugene Palmer of the Illinois Axle, Skein and Nutlock company at Pana, was severely scalded about the face while at work. He may not recover his sight.

Falls From Handcar.

William Patches, a Greek employed in construction work on the railroad west of Pana, fell from a handcar and was seriously injured.

Constable Is Convicted.

Constable George Schaffner was convicted in the Adams county court of malfeasance in office and has been refused a new trial.

Loses Both Eyes.

Harry Seeforth, aged 19, son of City Treasurer Seeforth of Decatur, has lost the sight of both eyes as the result of injuries received a few weeks ago by an accidental explosion at the asphalt plant.

Deceives His Wife.

According to a decision in the Appellate court at Springfield, Herbert C. Griswold must pay his divorced wife, Effie C., $450 per year alimony. He is charged with having deceived his wife as to his finances.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR ELECTION

Convention at Carbondale Selects Officers for the Ensuing Year.

The following are the new officers elected at the annual convention of the Christian Endeavor societies of the counties of Jackson, Perry, Williamson and Franklin held at Carbondale. President, F. E. Pope, Duquoin; vice presidents, Jackson county, Miss Hattie Tucker of Murphysboro; Williamson county, Miss Alice Kennedy of Carterville; Perry county, Miss Mary Hughey of Duquoin; Franklin county, Mrs. C. B. Huddleston of Benton; corresponding secretary and treasurer, Miss Roberta Watson of Carterville; assistant, Miss Kate Winning of Carterville; superintendent of missions, Miss Gae Corley of Murphysboro; superintendent of good citizenship, Wylie Kiel of Carbondale; superintendent of junior work, Miss Kate Beecher of De Soto.

Closes Wine Rooms.

Mayor Z. T. Baum of Pana has caused something of a panic among local saloon keepers by announcing that the wine rooms in their places of business must be discontinued. The mayor's order is based upon a provision of the city ordinances, heretofore overlooked, that the entire interior of the saloon shall be open to view from the street, unobstructed by any arrangement of the bar furniture, curtains or blinds. Though it is not alleged in any instance that the wine rooms have been used for immoral purposes, Mayor Baum holds that they are a direct violation of the ordinance and must be done away with.

Grants 'Phone Franchise.

At the meeting of the Nashville city council a franchise was granted to the Rixman telephone company of Irvington to operate a telephone system and establish a toll station. The line of the company has been completed to the city limits. The Southern Union telephone company made a protest against the granting of the franchise but its objection was overruled.

Child Is Smothered in Bed.

Coroner McCracken held an inquest on the body of the 2-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. E. Prince of East St. Louis. The child was well and hearty when it went to sleep on the previous evening in the bed with its parents, but it seems that during the night it slid down into the bed and was smothered. The jury rendered a verdict of accidental death.

Diamond in Chicken's Craw.

Mrs. B. P. Norvall of Chicago bought a chicken for dinner. Excitement prevailed in the Norvall household when it was announced that in the craw of the bird a diamond had been found. The stone was sent to a jeweler and pronounced genuine. The butcher offered to buy the gem for $20. He said that the hen had been raised on his farm at Worth, Ill.

Decatur Chamber of Commerce.

There are now 559 members of the Decatur city chamber of commerce, formed for the purpose of advancing the interests of the city. The organization has just made a loan of $4,000 at 6 per cent, thus putting at work some of the cash paid in by the stockholders. John H. Culver is the secretary and Fred E. Schroll assistant.

Burglary Is Charged.

Edward Coplau, an employe of Pawnee Bill's wild West show, was arrested at Pana by Sheriff James L. Smith and placed in jail at Salem to await the action of the grand jury. Coplau is charged with burglarizing the home of N. J. Robinett, a farmer living in the north part of the county.

To Enlarge Depot.

The Wabash passenger station at Decatur is to be greatly enlarged at the request of Supt. Clark and the people generally. When the new station was built the company did not own sufficient ground to build as large a structure as the company then desired to put up.

Pays Dearly for Quail.

County Game Warden D. A. Merry arrested Bert Bone of Greenville immediately after the latter had shot and killed a quail in violation of the state game laws. Bone was arraigned before Esquire McGowan and fined $15 and costs, the total amounting to $19.55.

Pension for Old Employe.

Jacob Garnier, who has been an employe in the Illinois Central shops at Centralia for forty-six years and six months as tool dresser, has been retired by the company on a pension. His monthly allowance will be $24.35.

Farmers Demand Money.

The construction work for the McKinley interurban electric road out of Decatur west has been interrupted by some farmers, who demand more money for right of way. Condemnation proceedings in court will likely be necessary.

New Storage Company.

The Mount Vernon ice and storage company, capital $25,000, has filed articles of incorporation. The incorporators are James H. Maxey, John R. Allen and G. Gale Gilbert.

CRIMINAL WILL BE EXTRADITED.

Charles Allen, Postoffice Robber, Will Be Brought Back.

Charles Allen, who was indicted with Joe Killoran, Harry Russell, Sid Yennie and Charles Carson, for the robbery of the Springfield postoffice on April 3, 1895, securing $6,000 worth of stamps and wedding presents of Postmaster Redick M. Ridgely's daughter, Mrs. Harry H. Devereux, to the amount of $1,200, will be released early in December from Dartmoor prison, England, where he is serving a term for the diamond robbery in London in which Killoran was implicated, and in which Killoran lost his leg by being shot by the police. Secretary of State Hay has issued extradition papers on the British government for the return to this country of Allen, and President Roosevelt has appointed Chief Deputy United States Marshal Edward E. Watts to present the papers to the British government and bring Allen back to Springfield. Mr. Watts will leave the latter part of the month for England. Allen, together with Killoran and Russell, escaped from the Ludlow street jail in New York, on the morning of July 5, 1903, by holding up Jailer Steeran with revolvers.

Alleged Safe-crackers in Jail.

Henry Miller and James W. Bryant, both of Chicago, who were arrested at Bunker Hill by City Marshall Herbst, were taken to the county jail in Carlinville to await the action of the grand jury. W. H. Ellers of Gillespie was present at the preliminary hearing given the prisoners, and identified some dry goods, clothing, jewelry and shoes which he missed from his store and which were in the possession of the men when arrested. They also had a quantity of powder and fuse and a diamond-pointed drill, such as is used for safe-cracking.

Work of Vandals.

Some unknown persons threw rocks at the residence of John Wall and Bernard Thieman of Quincy. At the Wall residence considerable damage was done in breaking of expensive glass. Wall is attorney for the Employers' association, and Thieman is foreman for the Central iron works, and it is thought that this attack on their homes had its source in enmity caused by the firm opposition the men had taken against strikers.

Inspects Hamburg Bay.

Congressman H. T. Rainey of Carrollton made a trip up Hamburg bay, Calhoun county, taking photographs and gathering data concerning the traffic of the bay, which he will use in his argument to induce congress to make an appropriation for the dredging of the bay. This body of water is one of the best harbors on the Mississippi river, but in late years the mouth has filled up and vessels have been shut out.

Wants $25,000 for Eye.

Alexander Nichols of East St. Louis has filed suit against the George A. Fuller company, contractors, for $25,000 damages, on account of the loss of an eye, which, he claims, was the result of the negligence of other employes of the company.

Offers $200 Reward for Negro.

Gov. Yates has offered a reward of $200 for the arrest and conviction of a colored man known as "Colonel" Ogden, who, on the night of Oct. 5, 1903, murdered Samuel Moss in Alexander county.

Suit Against Coal Company.

Mrs. Nellie Powers has instituted proceedings against the Victor Coal Mining company of Pawnee for $10,000 for the death of her husband, John Powers, who was killed by a cave-in.

To Drill for Coal.

The village of Dix is to have a coal mine. R. S. and F. O. Pershings of Tiskilwa, Ill., land owners in Rome township, expect to begin the work of drilling in a few weeks.

Wife Slayer Attempts Suicide.

A. Hickman of Champaign, a locomotive fireman, shot his wife through the head and cut his own throat. Both will probably die. They were married nine months ago.

Workman Disappears.

Lorenzo Bennett, formerly an employe in the Excelsior Stove works in Quincy, has mysteriously disappeared from his home.

Sells Share in Creamery.

George Reis has sold his interest in the O'Fallon creamery to John Munier, who will assume entire control.

Aged Man Is Active.

Decatur Greenwood, a pioneer Cass county farmer living in Oregon precinct, recently amused himself by cutting twenty-two shocks in a field of heavy corn, averaging sixty bushels to the acre. He is 83 years of age.

To Build Theater.

Ex-Mayor Henry Zeigenhein of St. Louis has decided to build a fine theater on a lot near the corner of Chouteau and St. Louis avenues, East St. Louis. Work will be commenced on the building immediately.