THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

BY JEAN KATE LUBLUM.

Author of "At a Girl's Mercy," Ric.

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CHAPTER XXI.--Continued. Dolores' heart was so sick, everything was so dark for the moment she could not see or think clearly, but she remembered with stinging distinct

"What shall I do?" she cried, "what shall I do? If he should die-if he should die before I have asked him to forgive me I cannot live-I could not live, I tell you, and let him die believing that."

"We will be in time, dear," he said, quietly, and she did not question it scarcely heard the more kindly name, though the horror somehow fell away from her heart and a silence and full despair mingled with an indefinite hope rested upon ber.

Not another word was uttered until they were standing at the door of the hospital. Dolores asked brokenly as she clung to his arm, unable to stand alone for the moment:

time?"

and with steady assurance in his voice. "Yes, Dolores. Be brave as you all herself seemed turning into ice with ways are, and all will be well."

strength into her fingers from his her father died. steady clasp, he said, cheerily: "I am glad you are here, Miss John-

son. We will need you in the morning, but you can do nothing row and would only tire yourself to no use. We will call you when it is necesжагу."

"But I cannot sleep-I cannot rest until I have seen my father, Dr. Dunwiddle. May I not at least speak to him?"

"No. I must say no, Miss Johnson. Your father is quiet and in a half doze; should you see him now he would be too weak to talk to you, and it would be worse than useless." .

Dolores did not think of resting or sleeping with the great weight of her injustice to her father upon her mind, but the woman who entered with them at the orders of the doctor to see that the girl should rest quietly, removed her things and induced her to lie down for a moment any way, and she slept until a light tapping on her door awoke her.

She answered the rap, a tremor in her voice, her thoughts confused and unable at first to comprehend where ahe was or why she was there, until the voice on the other side of the door told her to go to room 37 as soon as whe was ready, and she realized what had come.

When she entered No. 37. Dr. Dunwiddle turned to her, as she approachwith a quiet greeting.

"We think he wishes to see you, Miss Johnson," he said. "Speak to him, please."

She leaned over the bed with wondarful self-control; the hollow face smong the pillows was palifd with the down of death upon it; the coarse, meant hair, strayed on the pillow. Inatinctively she touched it half timidly with her fingers, speaking faintly to

"Father," she said. "Father!" He muttered something unintalig-



"Father!" Father!"

thle without opening his eyes, her voten seeming to reach him even in his stuper. Then suddenly he started up and opened wide his eyes-brilliant they were with a swift, false lightand looked past the girl and those at the bedside, to where young Green was standing near the window away from the others.

Thed ye get ther water?" he whishoursely. "Were ther gal Then he sank back muttering:

his voice rising above the h a new tone in it the name Dohad never before heard from he name of her mother.

a rough ole feller. Mary," the edn't mean ter make ye cry. e I warn't good 'nough fer ye." Dunwiddle was standing beside were the tender eyes of her one for the time in the young feller kems around hyar a-puttin' notions inter her head-yes, she's purty 'nough, Mary, an' I don't blame ye, so don't cry; only et's my cursed luck thet-she-wa'n't a boy-"

The muttering ceased; the weak voice sank into silence; a faint gasp stirred the white lips, and the hollow eyes opened for an instant, all the light gone from them, and rested on the face above him; then a strange, half-livid pallor spread over his face and Dr. Dunwiddie drew the girl gently from the bedside over to the open window. He poured out some wine from a glass on a stand near, and pressed it to her lips.

"Drink it," he said sternly, and she obeyed him mechanically.

Young Green came and stood at the back of her chair, as though to shield her from any more of life's strain, any more of the sadness that had followed her, nay, even to death. His friend, "You are sure sure we are in seeing the expression of his face, laid his hand gently on his arm in sudden "Yes," said the young man gravely, comforting. But Dolores' hands lay in her lap like two hands of ice. She no power of feeling or thought or And as Dr. Dunwiddie held her wish. She seemed to herself in a hand for a moment, putting new strange half sense to have died when

CHAPTER XXII.

But Life Went On. Her father was dead; she knew it; she accepted it in silence after the first wild return to the realization of what had come upon her. Only once, when she was alone with young Green, while they were making preparations to convey the body home, did she show any sign of emotion. She was standing at the little window in their parlor looking out upon the busy street. Dora, who had come to her upon receiving the telegram of her uncle's death, was in the inner room with Mrs. Allen and the doctors and one or two of the attendants.

Her father was dead-dead. Never before had she seen death. She knew absolutely nothing about any other life, about anything beyond the days that passed much alike to her-or had passed much alike to her until these friends came into her life. Heaven was where the stars were; her astronomy told her of God, an infinite Being, all powerful, all merciful; the that she knew nothing.

Thought crowded upon thought, yet with a distinctness mingled with those strange half intelligible words of the past, that was intense suffering to her. She was in a half stupor, with her brain so active that it' was wearing away her very life. Dr. Dunwiddle said that she must be aroused: she must be brought out of this state; she must be moved to tears, or to some utterance of her grief. She could not go on like this. For a year as a woman's when he spoke. now she had been in this strained state of feeling. He turned to Dora in this time of need. She was not the pale girl who arrived at the mountain Therefore, to whom less is given less a year before; her face had filled out; | shall be required. I believe he does ner cheeks no longer bore the hectic flush, but held the soft color of advancing health, while her eyes had lost their strained look of suffering.

Dr. Dunwiddle called her over to him by the window that morning and she went to him obediently.

"Something must be done for your such a state of half consciousness, her senses dulled by too much strain upon them that she is in danger of losing her mind. Go to her. You are a woman, and will know what to do."

"But I don't know what to do," she said as gravely as he had spoken. "Dr. Dunwiddie, Lorie is so different from other girls, I don't know what to say when she is like that."

"It sounds cruel," he said. "Miss Dora, but it is the only thing that can be done, and is true kindness,

"You are always kind," she said softly, and the soft eyes lifted to his were womanly eyes, and the tender. drooping face was a sweet face to him. "We will take her away from here as soon—as—all is over. We return to New York next week, Dr. Dunwiddle. There is so much there to take her mind from these things; the change will be good—better than anything else, will it not?"

"You are going-so soon?" he said, and the grave voice proved the inward control of the tumult in his heart. "Dora-Dora, will you leave me with no promise, no word of kindness, no hope that I may see you again, have you—love you? You are very kind to every one, Dora Johnson, out of the pure sweetness of your neart—be kind to me and tell me of some kindly thought."

They had forgotten for the moment the girl in the other room. hands were close in his, Dora's tender face was lifted up to his with a half shy sweetness upon it. Dora's lips k, broken voice muttered faintly. were whispering something, he scarce of his farm and money and the maly knew what, only knew that Dora | terial advantages of a union with the was giving to him the tender, sweet. | lady of his choice, but sentiment womanly heart with its purity and truth—giving this into his keeping to sideration. After listening carefully be held, thank God, through all their lives as the sacred thing it was a the married friend asked: woman's tender heart.

Then, by and by-only a minute it light be, yet with a life's change to them Dora drew away her soft warm hands, and a new expression

"I-I must go to Lorie-Harry," she whispered, and there was a tremor in her low voice born of her great happiness. "I must not forget Lorie eveneven now."

"Always my thoughtful, tender girl," he said, and the low spoken words brought the deeper color to the smooth cheeks and a gleam of happy light in the lifted gray eyes.

She drew away from him and crossed the room to the door of the inner room, her heart beating rapturously in spite of the sadness that would come at thought of the sadness of the nobler girl in that still, empty room beyond. But in the doorway she paused and every thought left herevery thought save of the girl she had come to comfort, the brave, noble, true girl who had suffered so much and so long alone.

Young Green had just entered the room from the hall. There had been something in his manner lately that won Dora's deepest respect. The lightness that had made him such a



"How can he know?"

jolly comrade had given place to quiet humor that made him a charming companion. She had guessed, watching him, interested in him, loving Dolores as she loved her-she guessed of the thought he had for her, and she honored him loving such a girl as this grave cousin of hers, this girl so slightingly spoken of among her own neighbors because of her utter height above them, this girl whom her father had hated with his narrow hatred, this girl the personification of womanliness and truth and

Dolores turned from the window at his approach, and a sudden sharp sense of everything that had gone, everything that must come in the future, struck her like a knife. She turned to him with a bitter cry, hold-Creator of all things, but farther than | ing out her hands as though for help:

"He is dead!" she cried, and the watching girl in the doorway felt the of the agonizing voice and the agaony on the lifted pallid face. "He is dead, and he does not know I am sorryhe can never know now."

He took her hands in his, and held them close and warm in his strong clasp; his eyes were only full of a great tenderness and love and longing to comfort her; his voice was tender | seif.

"I think he does know, Dolores. believe he does know. 'To whom much is given much shall be required. know and has forgiven you-and me.

"How can he know?" she cried, and Dora's hand went out to the strong hand near her for strength, watching the lifted icy face before her, never thinking of her eavesdropping, forget ting everything but the agony of the girl. "How can he know when he is cousin," he said, gravely. "She is in | dead? When he died before I could tell him-before he could forgive me? Don't you know that my father is dead?"

(To be continued.)

The Kaiser and Art.

The Kaiser's latest role is that of champion of the painters whose pictures have been rejected by the management of the annual German art exhibition. Out of 3,000 pictures offered only 600 have been accepted, and it is alleged that the selections are due to favoritism and improper influences. It is stated that the modern impressionist school is favored at the expense of the other styles.

The painters of the 2,400 rejected pictures laid their grievances before the Emperor, and it appears that their protest has been successful. A high official in the Ministry of Education, Privy Councilor Mueller, who is chiefly responsible for the management of the art exhibition, has quitted his post. It is understood the change is due directly to the Emperor's initiative. It is probable that next year the Emperor intends to participate personally in the selection of pictures, when the impressionists, whom he abhors, will secure less prominence.

She Could Have Her Way.

James Lane Allen tells the story of an old bachelor living in Kentucky, who, having determined to get married, sought the advice of a married friend on this serious step. He spoke seemed to have no place in his conto what he had to say on the subject,

What if your tastes differed greatly? Suppose, for instance, that she liked Tennyson, and you didn't?" "Well;" responded the bachelor, "unter those circumstances, I

Murder and Suicide in Wake of Operation on Washington Woman.

GUILTY MAN TELLS OF CRIME

Discovers That He Is Under Suspicion, Writes Letters Confessing His Share in the Matter. Then Murders His Wife and Kills Himself.

Washington special: As a sequel of the death of Miss Margaret Hale on Monday last at a sanitarium at Brentwood, Md., from the results of an operation, and the arrest of Dr. Joseph V. Ohlendorf, head of the institution, on a charge of murder, Robert F. Hale killed his wife and then committed suicide. Hale left letters confessing he was responsible for the girl's death and professing repentance.

Miss Margaret Hale and Robert Hale were both employed in the government printing office. They were not related, but passed as cousins.

Gives False Certificate.

When Miss Hale died at the Brentw 'od' sanitarium Dr. Ohlendorf issued a certificate giving the cause of death as heart disease. The local authorities, however, considered the circumstances suspicious and Chief of Police Sylvester of Washington was asked to investigate, and as a result Always Half Sick are the Women Dr. Ohlendorf's arrest followed

About midnight Wednesday the local authorities received information of the arrest of Ohlendorf and two detectives called on Hale, who was known to be an intimate friend of the dead girl, for information about the case. He was in bed at the time, but dressed and received his visitors. He denied that they ever had been anything but the best of friends. He was cool and collected, and the detectives left under the impression that Hale was innocent.

Plans Murder and Suicide.

Thursday morning about 6 o'clock Hale put on a bath robe and went to the front door for the morning papers. He read the account of Miss Hale's death, including a paragraph stating that an employe of the government printing office was under suspicion and soon would be arrested. He put the paper aside, went to his desk, and wrote several letters. Then be took a drink of whisky, and, getting his revolver, returned upstairs.

Two hours later a neighbor passing by the bouse noticed the house dog sitting on the door steps howling dishot tears rush to her eyes at sound mally. The neighbor entered the house, and in a bedroom on the second floor found the bodies of Hale and his wife. There was a bullet wound in the woman's left temple and Hale had the top of his head blown off. He had lain down in bed with his wife, drawn the covers over both, and then, with one arm free, killed her and then him-

Tells of His Disgrace.

From letters left by Hale it is thought when he was downstairs be intended to kill himself only. One note reads.

"I have disgraced myself; I have disgraced my wife, the dearest, best and noblest woman in the world. write this that all may know she is not to t.ame in any way, shape or manner for my perfidy. She is too proud; too noble, and too honorable. If I had done as she always wanted me to, the end would not be as it is-death and disgrace for me."

In a letter to his wife Hale wrote: "To Fannie: You are the best woman in the world, but unfortunately you married a degenerate. Think kindly of me sometimes, as there are few virtues that are mine. Have my remains cremated that there may be neither name nor remembrance of me. You will find all your papers in the tin box. Collect the insurance from the National Union and Equitable Life."

in view of the notes it is supposed tnat when Hale entered the bedroom his intention simply was to kill himsen, but the sight of his wife and the thought of the revelations unnerved him and made him desperate. He was a Mason, 52 years of age, and had for his restoration to good health." some property.

Convicts Escape.

Bloomington, Ill., dispatch: Joseph Smith and Frank Jones were found guilty of burglary and sentenced to the penitentiary. When the sheriff made preparations to take them to Chester, he found they had sawed the bars from their cells and escaped.

Eleven Men Are Lost.

San Rafael, Cal., special: A report comes from Marshalls that the marine inspectors who visited the wreck of the Francois Coppee pronounce the ship a total loss. No sign of any of the bodies of the eleven men still missing washing ashore.

Saves Woman, but Loses Life. San Francisco dispatch: Major J. W. McClung, who was shot while trying to save the life of Mrs. Lillian H.

bella Westerska Kwilecki, who

lector Kwilecki.

quitted on the charge of presenting

a false heir to an estate at Wroblewo,

province of Posen, has received a let-

ter of vindication written by Count

The new train which was inaugu-Colt. is dead. Alexander G. Garnett, his assailant, has not yet been apprehended and it is believed he is being hidden by his friends. Countess is Vindicated. Berlin cable: The Countess Isa-

GRATEFUL, HAPPY WOMEN



female ailments simply because the ailments are mostly due to catarrh. Catarrh is the cause of the trouble. Peruna cures the catarrh. The symptoms disappear.

Who Have Pelvic Catarrh.

Catarrh.

Catarrh of any organ, if allowed to progress, will affect the whole body. 'Catarrh without nervousness is very rare, but pelvic catarrh and nervousness go hand in hand.

What is so distressing a sight as a poor half-sick, nervous woman, suffering from the many almost unbearable symptoms of pelvic catarrh? She does not consider herself ill enough to go to bed, but she is far from being able to do her work without the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Female Weakness is Pelvic greatest exhaustion. This is a very common sight and is almost always due to pelvic catarrh. It is worse than foolish for so many women to suffer year after year with a dis-

RECOVERY AFTER YEARS OF

Miss Muriel Armitage, 36 Greenwood

"I think that a woman naturally

shrinks from making her troubles public,

but restored health has meant so much

to me that I feel for the sake of other

"I suffered for five years with uterine

irregularities, which brought on hysteria

I called on an old nurse, who advised me

Peruna cures catarrh of the pelvic

Ave., Detroit, Mich., District Organizer

SUFFERING.

in a recent letter, says :

what Peruna has done for me.

ease that can be permanently cured. Peruna cures catarrh permanently. It cures old chronic cases as well as a slight. attack, the only difference being in the length of time that it should be taken to effect a cure.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The

Gen. Dick Takes a Chance.

In the lottery of seats Gen. Dick of Congress he was one of the very Alaska, and its final settlement by the last Republicans called, and had to Alaska Boundary Commission. This take the seat in the extreme southwest | Commission, composed of three Americorner, the alternative being a seat | cans, two Canadians, and one Englishin the "Cherokee strip' on the Demo- man, eminent jurists and lawyers all, cratic side. Later in the session he met in London last September to discovered that a fairly desirable adjust this dispute. Mr. Oulahau's seat on the Republican side was va- article presents both sides of the cant, and after watching it for a question, showing the grounds each week or so applied to the sergeant-at- country had for its contention.

"If no one else with a prior claim wants that scat," he said, "I think I'll take it."

"What! take that seat!" the sergeant-at-arms fairly shouted. man, there isn't a member of the House would have it. Two members wno have occupied that seat have died within the past year."

"I'll take it," promptly responded the Ohio member. "I had a blamed sight rather be dead than sit where

I am." He took the scat and survived that session and the next.-Washington

Reads Like a Miracle.

Friarspoint, Miss., Nov. 30.-The Butler case still continues to be the talk of the town. Mr. G. L. Butler, the father of the little boy, says:

"The doctor said my boy had disease of the spinal cord, and treated him for two months, during which he got worse all the time. Finally the doctor told me he did not know what was the trouble. The boy would wake up during the night and say that he was dying. He would be nervous and trembling and would want to run from the house, saying he saw ugly things which frightened him. After we had tried everything else, I read an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a cure for Nervous Troubles. I purchased some and used them until he had taken altogether eight boxes when he was sound and well with not a single symptom of the old trouble. This was some months ago, and I feel sure that he is permanently cured. We owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit

A Hand to Win With.

One of the suppressed stories of the recent municipal campaign has just come out, and it is related as showing a readiness not generally credited to leader Charles F. Murphy, says the New York Times.

A district leader whose nationality inclines him to superstition seriously protested to the leader of Tammany enough to stumble upon the right hall against the name of the mayoralty candidate being printed "Geo. B. McClellan" on campaign banners.

"There be thoirteen letters in it that way,' said he. "Sure, an' ye'd better spell out the George." exclaimed Murphy. "Thirteen!" "Why, that's a full suit and every one

of them trumps!" Less Than 12 Hours to Hot Springs, Ark., Via Iron Mountain Route.

rated November 8th, leaving St. Louis 8:20 p. m., and arriving Hot Springs | result I am restored to my former per-8 a. m., makes the run in less than twelve hours, which beats all previous records between these points. Returning train leaves Hot Springs 7:30 p. m., arriving St. Louis 7:35 a. m. Thoroughly up to date equipment. For tickets and further information write any agent of the Iron Mountain Route, or H. C. Townsend,

The Alaska Boundary Question.

In the December Pearson's, Mr. Ohio has been one of the most unfor- Richard V. Oulahan gives an account tunate members of the house, having of the grounds for the recent dispute never yet secured a desirable seat. At | between the United States and Canthe beginning of the Fifty-seventh ada, regarding the coundary line of

When Your Grocer Says be does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure be is afraid to keep it until his Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 19 oz. brands.

HUMOR OF ELECTION TIMES.

Unusually Neat Retort Credited to a Spellbinder.

Congressman Slemp of Virginia told a story the other day which he says is an illustration of the retort courteous in a Virginia campaign.

According to Mr. Slemp, there were two spellbinders in a backwoods disrict named Patrick Cauley and "Old Man" Adams. They were engaged in joint debate, and Cauley, a hot-headed Irishman, had spoken pretty plainly his opinion of his opponent and the party to which Adams belonged.

When Adams rose to reply, he said slowly:

"The honorable gentleman's speech reminds me of a story about a farmer friend of mine back in the woods. It was in the days when there was a brand of bacon known as 'Cincinnati bacon,' because it was made in that city. The makers used to press all the grease out of this bacon and then soak it in water, so that its appearance was not changed.

"This friend of mine bought a wagon load of it, and a few days later a neighbor asked him how he liked it. "'Well,' said the old man, 'It looks

all right and it weighs all right, but when you come right down and try it out by frying, there is more or less fuss and sputter and sizzle and less grease than any doggoned bacon I ever seen.' "-New York Times.

"JUST RUN ACROSS"

Some People Are Lucky. Some people make an intelligent study of food and get on the right track (pure food) others are lucky way out of the difficulty just as a Phila, young woman did.

Sho says: "I had suffered terribly from nervous indigestion, everything scemed to disagree with me and I was on the point of starvation when one da. I happened to run across a demonstration of Postum Food Coffee at one of the hig stores here.

"I took a sample home and a sample of Grape-Nuts as well and there tried them again and found they agreed with me perfectly. For months I made them my main diet and as the feet health and can eat everything I want to.

"When I spoke to my physician about Grape-Nuts he said 'It is a most excellent food." Name given by Puetum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Look for the famous little book. "The Road to Wallville," in every general passenger and ticket agent, package of both Postum and Grape