TOM JOHNSON

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Tom Johnson by Robert L. Rogers

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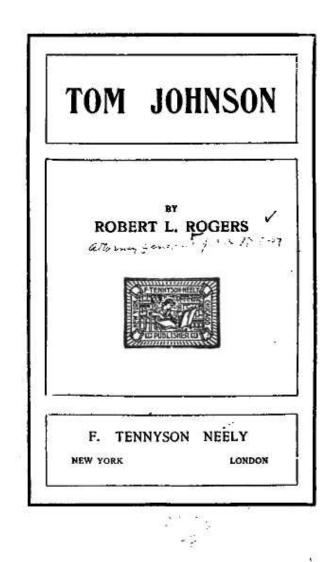
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ROBERT L. ROGERS

TOM JOHNSON

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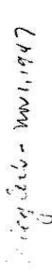
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TO MY FRIEND HENRY M. ARMISTEAD,

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OF THE LITTLE ROCK BAR, THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

TOM JOHNSON is the name of one of the characters of this story-not the only one, and to you, dear reader, he may not be the ideal one. Nevertheless, he is presented for your consideration.

There are both good and bad in this world, and Tom is one out of the common herd of bipeds that inhabit it.

When a man does right he does his duty; when he does wrong-do not always condemn him.

Tom Johnson comes to you with the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of humanity; and Katie Adams---well, but she is the woman in the case.

If Tom agrees with you, endorse him; if he differs from you---tolerate him. For which you will have the heartfelt thanks of

THE AUTHOR.

VAN BUREN, ARK., Oct. 25, 1902.

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TOM JOHNSON.

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CHAPTER I.

"No, Tom, you are wrong, there. As a general thing a man can do very well where he has been reared, and known from infancy, but there are a great many exceptions to this rule. When one settles down at home there are too many people that continue to 'ook upon him as a boy, and will never consider him a man until he has passed the meridian of life."

Thus spoke Ralph Sterling to his travelling companion.

The two young men were just returning from the University of Virginia, with their law diplomas in their pockets, and ever ready and eager to board the great ship that sails the sea of life.

There was a great contrast in these young

Tom Johnson.

men; in their looks, size—yes, in their very nature—but they were fast friends. They had just graduated in the same class, and had been inseparable during their college life.

Thomas Johnson had, in an wer to his friend's question, stated his intention of casting his lot at home—of locating in his native county-seat town in Arkansas, while Ralph was insisting on his going to Texas with him.

There was nothing more than mortal in these young men; nothing to attract the public attention; they possessed the average self-importance among young men of their age and station in life, although they were at the same time possessed of good, ordinary sense, and were hardly so egotistical as to presume that the revolving of the globe depended wholly upon how and when they should dictate that the axis should be oiled.

Tom Johnson was not what the young girl graduate would call an Apollo, nor yet a Romeo, but was simply an ordinary looking young man, and if he was in love with anything, it was the profession for which he had worked so hard to prepare himself. You would not have called

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