# GIRL HOUSE

STORY OF THE PLAINS RES HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY Cassinghied, 1908. by D. Appleton & Company, New York The same of the sa

CHAPTER XIV.

Another Hour. But it seems as though I had almys known you," said Franklin, turnme again toward the tall figure at the window. There was no reply to this, either was there wavering in the attude of the head whose glossy back was turned to him at that moment.

"It was like some forgotten strain of music!" he blundered on, feeling now hopeless, how distinctly absurd was all his speech. "I surely must clways have known you, somewhere!"

Mary Ellen still gazed out of the window. In her mind there was a strangely different from this which she beheld. She recalled the green forests and the yellow farms of Louisburg, the droning bees, the broken flowers and all the details of that sodden, stricken field. With a chudder there came over her a swift resentment at meeting here, near at hand, one who had had a share in that scene of desolation.

She turned toward him slowly at length, and so far from seeming serious, her features bore the traces of a smile. "Do you know," said she, "I think I heard of a stage-driverwas taking a schoolteacher from the | to me." railroad to the schoolhouse—and he well, he said things, you know. Now, he had never seen the schoolteacher before."

all about it."

driver said something-er, like-maybe he said it was 'like forgotten music' to him."

Franklin colored. "The story was on the door jam as he entered. an absurdity, like many others about the west," he said. "But," he brightened, "the stage-driver had never een the schoolteacher before."

sime that it was like a strain of for-

wind of the girl the words were shock-

ang, rude, brutal. They brought up

gain the whole scene of the battle-

old. She shuddered, and upon her

see there fell the shadow of an ha-

"You have spoken of this before,

Captain Franklin," said she, "and if

what you say is true, and if indeed

grou did see me there at that place

can see no significance in that, ex-

cept the lesson that the world is a

wery small one. I have no recollec-

tion of meeting you. But, Captain

Franklin, had we ever really met, and

# you really eared to bring up some

pleasant thought about the meeting.

you surely would never recall the fact

Franklin felt his heart stop. He

"That was the day of all my life | ne should always long.

looked aside, his face paling as the

the saddest, the most terrible. I have

been trying ever since then to forget

the day when when my life ended-

when I lost everything, everything on

earth I had. Because of Louisburg-

why, this-Ellisville! This is the re-

mult of that day! And you refer to it

know-I could have known," he blun-

dered-"I should not be so rude as to

emphose that—ah, it was only you

that I remembered! The war is past

and gone. The world, as you say, is

very small. It was only that I was

"Ah, sir," said Mary Ellen, and her

reice now held a plaintiveness which

was the strenger from the droup of

he tenderly curving lips "ah, sir,

but you must remember! To lose your

latives, even in a war for right and

s-and the South was right!"

"that is hard enough. But for

with a flash of the eye late pen-

was not one thing or another;

s the sum of a thousand mis-

I wonder that I am alive

wonder that those of us left

at away, anywhere, as far a

Poor Franklia groaned at this. "I

L I dare not whink of it. It was

that you met me mon that day!"

even tones went on

with eagerness."

ditial sadness.

notten music'-not the first time."

was not customary for gentlemen to | Franklin was fully conscious of the

tall ladies when they mut for the first | leave-taking. Buford saw nothing out

"Music never forgotten, then!" said Franklin," said he, "I'm mighty glad

Franklin impetuously. "This is at | to meet you, sir—mighty glad. We

least not the first time we have met." | shall want you to come down and see

In any ordinary duel of small talk this | us often. It isn't very far-only about

and not been so bad an attack, yet | twenty-five miles south. They call our

now the results were something which | place the Halfway Ranch, and it's not

meither could have foreseen. To the a bad name, for it's only about half-

bled Franklin.

"You blame me as though it were personal!" broke in Franklin; but she ignored him.

"My father, my mother, my two brothers, nearly every relative I had, killed in the war or by the war-our home destroyed-our property taken by first one army and then the otheryou should not wonder if I am bitter! It was the field of Louisburg which cost me everything. I lost all-allon that day which you wish me to remember. Why, sir, if you wished me to hate you, you could do no better -and I do not wish to hate any one. I wish to have as many friends as we may, here in this new country; but for remembering-why, I can remember nothing else, day or night, but Louis-

"You stood so," said Franklin, doggedly and fatuously, "just as you did last night. You were leaning on the arm of your mother-"

Mary Ellen's eyes dilated. "It was not my mother," she said. "We were seeking for my friend, her son. I-Captain Franklin, I know of no reason why we should speak of such things at all, but it was my-I was to have been married to the man for whom we were seeking, and whom we wasn't it somewhere out west-who found! That is what Louisburg means

Franklin bowed his head between his hands and half groaned over the pain which he had cost. Then slowly and crushingly his own hurt came "Yes, I have heard of that story," home to him. In his brain he could enid Franklin. "I don't just recollect | feel the parting one by one of the strings which but now sang "It seems to me that the stage- unison. Discord, darkness, dismay, sat on all the world.

The leisurely foot of Bulerd sound ed on the stair, and he knocked gaily

"Well, niece," said he, "Mrs. Buford thinks we ought to be starting back for home right soon now."

Mary Ellen rose and bowed "I don't quite understand," said Franklin as she passed to leave the Mary Ellen coldly. "In my country it | room; but perhaps neither she nor

of the way, but turned and held out

his hand. "By the way, Captain

way as good a place as you and I have

always been used to; but it's ours,

and you will be welcome there. We

shall depend on seeing you now and

"I trust we shall be friends," mum

"Friends?" said Buford cheerily, the

smiling wrinkles of his own thin

face signifying his suncerity; "why

man, here is a place where one needs

friends, and where he can have

friends. There is time enough and

room enough, and-well, you'll come,

won't you?" And Franklin, dazed and

missing all the light which had recent-

ly made glad the earth, was vaguely

conscious that he had promised to

visit the home of the girl who had

certainly given him no invitation to

come further into her life, but for

whose word of welcome he knew that

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XV.

Ellisville the Red.

night. It was not, and lo! it was.

Silently, steadily, the people came to

this rallying place, dropping in from

every corner of the stars. The long

street spun out still longer its string

of toylike wooden houses. The Cot-

tage Hotel had long since lost its key,

and day and night there went on vast

revelry among the men of the wild,

wide West, then seeing for the first

time what seemed to them the joy

Land and cattle, cattle and land.

These themes were upon the lips of

all, and in those days were topics of

peace and harmony. The cattleman

still stood for the nomadic and un-

trammeled West, the West of wild

and glorious tradition. The man who

sought for land was not yet recog-

and glory of life.

Gourdlike, Ellisville grew up in a

Day of the Cattle.

of adventures ended. For one brief, glorious season the nomed and the home dweller shook hands in amity, not pausing to consider wherein their interests might differ. For both, this was the West, the free, unbounded, illimitable, exhaustless West-Homeric, Titanic, scornful of metes, and bounds, having no scale of little things. The horizon of life was wide. There was no time for small exactness. A newspaper, so called, cost a quarter of a dollar. The postmaster gave no change when one bought a postage stamp. A shave was worth a quarter of a dollar, or a half, or a dollar, as that might be. The price of a single drink was never established, since that was something never called for. By day and by night, ceaseless, crude, barbaric, there went on a continuous carousal, which would have been joyless backed by a vitality less superb, an experience less young. Money and life—these two things we guard most sacredly in the older societies, the first most jealously, the latter with a lesser care.

The transient population of Ellisville, the cattle sellers and cattle buyers and land seekers, outnumbered three to one the resident or permanent population, which catered to this floating trade, and which supplied its commercial or professional wants. The resident one-third was the nucleus of the real Ellisville that was to be. The social compact was still in embryo. Life was very simple. It was the day of the individual, the day before the law.

With this rude setting there was to be enacted a rapid drama of material progress such as the world has never elsewhere seen: but first there must be played the wild prologue of the West, never at any time to have a more lurid scene than here at the Halfway House of a continent, at the intersection of the grand transcontinental trails, the bloody angle of the plains. Eight men in a day, a score. in a week, met death by violence. The street in the cemetery doubled before that of the town. There were more graves than houses. This superbly wasteful day, how could it presage that which was to come? In this riotous army of invasion, who could have foreseen the population which was to follow, adventurous yet tenacious, resolved first upon independence, and next upon knowledge, and then upon the fruits of knowledge? Nay, perhaps, after all, the prescience of this coming time lay over Ellisville the Red, so that it roared the more tempestuously on through its brief, brazen day.

(To be continued.)

### Czar Arrested-For a Minute.

Motorists will be amused to hear of an adventure which befell the czar when he was staying at Darmstadt a short time ago. The czar was driving in a motor car with Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia and the Grand Duke of Hesse, and, when passing through Bockenheim, a suburb of Frankfort, the car slipped on the greasy cobble-stones and came in contact with the wall of a house. Happily no harm was done, but the car had hardly been backed into the road again when a policeman stopped it and demanded the name of the owner. The czar replied "I am the Emperor of Russia," and the policeman was so taken aback that he let the car go on without taking any further steps. The czarina was much amused at the incident, and it is said that she has made the momentary arrest of the czar the subject of one of her caricatures.-London Sketch.

## Steel Dolls.

A factory in New Jersey has gone to making steel dolls. A steel doll is an indestructible doll that some parents may fancy is the right doll to buy. tou can't yank the leg from a steel doll, nor dislocate its arms, nor twist its neck, nor dent its nose. You can have very little fun with a steel doll. I'. may do to batter the plano legs, or raise lumps on the head of your infant companion, but it can't be compared with a rag dollie for genuine comfort. Every normal child wants a doll that can be punctured and that will lose its stuffing through the punc-

A steel doll, bah! What healthy infant outside of New Jersey would care to coddle a steel doll, or put it to sleep, or dress it, or give it sugar pellets? Not one. No, indeed. The man who invented the steel doll was no friend of infantile humanity.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dumas' Love for His Porthcs.

Like Balzac, Dumas was fond of his own creations. Among them all he loved Porthos best. The great, strong vain hero was a child after his own heart. One afternoon, it is related, his son found Dumas careworn, wretched, overwhelmed.

"What has happened to you? Are you sick?" asked Dumas fils.

"No." replied Dumas pere. "Well, what is it, then?"

"I am miserable." "Why?"

"This morning I killed Porthos. Poor Porthos! Oh, what trouble I have had to make up my mind to do it! But there must be an end to all things. Yet when I saw him sink beneath the ruins, crying "It is too heavy for me!' I swear to you that I

And he wiped away a tear with the sleeve of his dressing gown.

## Blood of the Filipinos.

Ethnologists of the Smithsonian Institution have investigated the Philippines, with results that are of rare interest to science. They have called attention to the fact that in the veins of the tribes of the archipelago flows nized as the homestender, the man of the blood of all the races and varieored craft, of settled convictions, ties of mankind.

WESTERN CANADA'S RESOURCES.

Farming Very Successful. By Western or Northwest Canada is usually meant the great agricultural country west of Ontario, and north of Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana. Part of it is agricultural prairie, treeless in places, park like in others, part is genuine plains, well adapted to cattle ranches; part requires irrigation for successful tillage, most of it does not. The political divisions of this region are the Province of Manitoba and the territorial district of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabaska. At present, however, the latter is too remote for immediate practical purposes. The general character of the soil of

Western Canada is a rich, black, clay loam with a clay subsoil. Such a soil is particularly rich in food for the wheat plant. The subsoil is a clay. which retains the winter frost until it is thawed out by the warm rays of the sun and drawn upward to stimulate the growth of the young wheat, so that even in dry seasons wheat is a good crop. The clay soil also retains the heat of the sun later in the summer and assists in the early ripening of the grain. It is claimed that cultivation has the effect of increasing the temperature of the soil several degrees, as well as the air above it.

Western Canada climate is goodcold in winter, hot in summer, but with cool nights. Violent storms of any kind are rare. The rainfall is not heavy. It varies with places, but averages about 17 inches. It falls usually at the time the growing crops need it. The Department of the Interior, Ot-

tawa, Canada, has agents established at different points throughout the United States who will be pleased to forward an Atlas of Western Canada and give such other information as to railway rate, etc., as may be required.

That agriculture in Western Canada pays is shown by the number of testimonials given by farmers. The following is an extract made from a letter from a farmer near Moose Jaw:

"At the present time I own sixteen hundred acres of land, fifty horses and a large pasture fenced containing a thousand acres. These horses run out all winter and come in in the spring quite fat. A man with money judiclously expended will make a competence very shortly. I consider in the last six years the increase in the value of my land has netted me forty thousand dollars."

NOT A COLORED CHURCH.

Yet New Minister Met the Grays, Browns, Greens and Scarlets.

"While I lived in Raleigh, S. C.," said Philip W. Wiley of the government printing office, "one of the churches was about to receive a new pastor and two of the trustees of the church, associating with themselves three other members, went to the railroad station to meet him. On his arrival one of them spoke to him:

"'Rev. Mr. Black, I believe?"

"'Yes, sir.'

"'We are the committee appointed o receive you. My name is Gray.'

"'I am glad to meet you, Mr. Gray.' "'And this is Mr. Scarlett.'

"'Delighted, Mr. Scarlett.' "'And Mr. Brown."

"'Mr. Brown, I assure you this is pleasure.

"'And Mr. Green.

"'Mr. Green, permit me to grasp your hand. "'Also Mr. White."

"'Mr. White, I love to meet so Peoria, Ill. many of the brethren. But, Mr. Gray, is this a colored church to which am called to minister?"

"'Why, no!' said that gentleman, blankly. " Well, I see all the colors are rep-

resented in the committee,' said Mr. Black, 'and the idea occurred to me.' "Such was the fact, though none of them had noticed it before."-Washington Post.

ON A RANCH.

Woman Found the Food That Fitted

A newspaper woman went out to a Colorado ranch to rest and recuperate and her experience with the food probably is worth recounting.

"The woman at the ranch was preeminently the worst housekeeper have ever known-poor soul, and poor

"I simply had to have food good and plenty of it, for I had broken down from overwork and was so weak I could not sit up over one hour at a time. I knew I could not get well unless I secured food I could easily digest and that would supply the great-

est amount of nourishment. "One day I obtained permission to go through the pantry and see what I could find. Among other things I came across a package of Grape-Nuts which I had heard of but never tried. I read the description on the package and become deeply interested, so then and there I got a saucer and some cream and tried the famous food.

"It tasted delicious to me and seemed to freshen and strengthen me greatly so I stipulated that Grape-Nuts and cream be provided each day instead of other food, and I literally lived on Grape-Nuts and cream for two or three months.

"If you could have seen how fast I got well it would have pleased and surprised you. I am now perfectly well and strong again and know exactly how I got well and that was on Grape-Nuts that furnished me a powerful food I could digest and make use

"It seems to me no brain worker can afford to overlook Grape-Nuts after my experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the miniature book, "The Road to Wellville" in each pkg.

C. L. Brownell Off to the Orient. Ofarence L. Brownell, the author of "The Heart of Japan," was among the first of the London newspaper men to be sent as a correspondent for the expected war in China between Russia and Japan. Dispatches announce his arrival at Tien-Tsin on January 14th. Mr. Brownell is equipped for his task by a knowledge of the Japanese and their language, such as few foreigners have ever obtained. He spent more than five years in Japan living right with the people. Mr. Brownell knows thoroughly the Japanese mind and he says that loyalty and devotion to a principle is a strong element in Japanese nature. Men and women are ready to sacrifice anything if a principle which they think just is involved, an observation which throws a good deal of light upon the Japanese attitude in the re cent diplomatic negotiations.

Millions in Oats.

Salzer's New National Oats yielded n 1903 in Mich., 240 bu., in Mo., 255 bu., in N. D., 310 bu., and in 30 other states from 150 to 300 bu. per acre. Now this Oat if generally grown in 1964, will add millions of bushels to the yield, and millions of dollars to the farmer's purse. Try it for 1904. Largest Seed Potato and Alfalfa Clover growers in America.

Salzer's Speltz, Beardless Barley, Home Builder Corn, Macaroni Wheat, Pea Oat, Billion Dollar Grass and Earliest Canes are money makers for you, Mr. Farmer.

JUST BEND THIS NOTICE AND 100 in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples. (W. N. U.)

The Care of the Eyes.

The eyes are the most wonderful and delicate optical instruments in the world, and there are few eyes that are not caused unnecessary and detrimen tal strain. The appearance of the eyes can often be materially improved by proper care, and the surrounding tissues and features so modified as to and greatly to the looks. Excellent in formation on the care of the eyes is given by Dr. Grace Peckham Murray in the March Delineator.

The third edition of Henry Harland's romance of Italy, "My Friend Prospero," (McClure-Phillips), is now on the press. This is a gay, buoyant and delightfully clever story, the hero a "witty Englishman," the heroine a beautiful young woman he meets in the mountains of northern Italy. The description of the love affair running through it keeps one guessing as to its termination.

Where lodine is Produced.

The only source of lodine is the nitrate of soda refineries of Chile, where it occurs as a waste product. The government, having a monopoly of the nitrate industry, permits but a small amount of the todine to be marketed. in order that an exorbitant price may be maintained.

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The New York Mail and Express says there has been an error in natural history-the Baltimore oriole turns out to be a phoenix.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 50 eigar. No other brand of cigars is so popular with the smoker. He has learned to rely upon its uniform high quality. Lewis' Factory,

Wall street does not care if it is shy on patriotism, so it is long on plunks.



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from date of sale. Never before has there been such a chance to see the Southwest in all its prosperity. One-way, recond-class tickets will be sold same days at a reduced rate. Never again will the rates be so low. GO NOW. For particulars, write or call on GEORGE MORTON.

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"Young Women: - I had frequent headaches of a severe nature, dark spots before my eyes, and at my menstrual periods I suffered untold agony. A member of the lodge advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I only scorned good advice and felt that my case was hopeless, but she kept at me until I bought a bottle and started taking I soon had the best reason in the world to change my opinion of the medicine, as each day my health improved, and finally I was entirely without pain at my menstruation periods. I am most grateful." -- NETTIE BLACE-MORE, 28 Central Ave., Minueapolis, Minn .- \$5000 forfelt if original of above letter proving genzineness cannot be produced.

If there is anything about your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She will hold your letter in strict confidence. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass.; her advice is free.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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