

THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE

A STORY OF THE PLAINS BY E. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY

CHAPTER XIV.

Another Hour.

"But it seems as though I had always known you," said Franklin, turning again toward the tall figure at the window. There was no reply to this, neither was there wavering in the attitude of the head whose glossy back was turned to him at that moment.

"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 other—you should not wonder if I am bitter!



"You blame me as though it were personal."

was not customary for gentlemen to tell ladies when they met for the first time that it was like a strain of forgotten music—not the first time. "Music never forgotten, then!" said Franklin impetuously. "This is at least not the first time we have met."

Franklin was fully conscious of the leave-taking. Buford saw nothing out of the way, but turned and held out his hand. "By the way, Captain Franklin," said he, "I'm mighty glad to meet you, sir—mighty glad. We shall want you to come down and see us often. It isn't very far—only about twenty-five miles south. They call our place the Halfway Ranch, and it's not a bad name, for it's only about halfway 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 then."

BOOK III.

The Day of the Cattle.

CHAPTER XV.

Ellisville the Red. Gourdlike, Ellisville grew up in a 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 Cottage Hotel had long since lost its key, and day and night there went on vast revelry among the men of the wild west, then seeing for the first time what seemed to them the joy and glory of life.

of adventures ended. For one brief, glorious season the nomad 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, limitless, exhaustless West—Homeric, Titanic, scornful of meters, 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, 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.

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 Frankfurt, the car slipped on the greasy cobblestones 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. You 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. It may do to batter the piano 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 puncture.

A steel doll, bah! What healthy infant outside of New Jersey would care to cuddle 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 Porthos.

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 fls. "No," replied Dumas per. "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 cried."

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 the blood of all the races and varieties 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.

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 to 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 a pleasure." "And Mr. Green." "Mr. Green, permit me to grasp your hand." "Also Mr. White." "Mr. White, I love to meet so many of the brethren. But, Mr. Gray, is this a colored church to which I am called to minister?" "Why, no," said that gentleman, blankly. "Well, I see all the colors are represented 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 Her. 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 pre-eminently the worst housekeeper I have ever known—poor soul, and poor me! "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 greatest 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 became 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 of. "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.

Clarence 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 recent diplomatic negotiations.

Millions in Oats.

Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 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 is generally grown in 1904 will add millions of bushels to the yield, and millions of dollars to the farmer's purse. Try it for 1904. Clover Seed Potato and Alfalfa Clover growers in America. Salzer's Speltz, Beardless Barley, Home Bullier Corn, Macaroni Wheat, Pea Oat, Billion Dollar Grass and Earliest Canes are money makers for you, Mr. Farmer. JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c 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 detrimental strain. The appearance of the eyes can often be materially improved by proper care, and the surrounding tissues and features so modified as to add greatly to the looks. Excellent information 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 Iodine is Produced. The only source of iodine 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 iodine to be marketed, in order that an exorbitant price may be maintained.

NEW RUGS FROM OLD CARPET. We make the best rug on the market from old carpet. Want agents in every county seat. The spring rush is now coming on, so don't wait, but write at once. Good for \$600.00 easy this spring. METROPOLITAN RUG WORKS, 159 So. Western Ave., Chicago.

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

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

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Miss Nettie Blackmore, Minneapolis, tells how any young woman may be permanently cured of monthly pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"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 it. 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 BLACKMORE, 28 Central Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

HAVE YOU A BABY? PHOENIX WALKING CHAIR. OUR PHOENIX Walking Chair enables the baby to learn to walk, without injury or excessive exercise. It is impossible for the child to fall and injure itself, and it enables it to walk without assistance, thus gaining confidence in itself at once. It is well made, and is provided with a sanitary cloth removable seat; it also has a table attachment which enables the baby to enjoy itself with its toys without further attention. This chair is so constructed that it prevents colds and diseases from drafts or floor germs. It will prevent enough soiled clothes to pay for itself. It is attractively made and is an ornament to any home, and baby will get more strength, comfort and enjoyment out of it than anything else you can get. "As indispensable as a cradle." MANUFACTURED ONLY BY PHOENIX CHAIR CO. SHEBOYGAN, WIS. Can only be had of your furniture dealer.

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