THE GIRL HOUSE HALFWAY

A STORY OF THE PLAIN BY B. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY Copyrighted, 1908. by D. Appleton & Company, New York

CHAPTER XIX.

Bill Watson.

The sheriff of Ellisville sat in his office oiling the machinery of the law: which is to say, cleaning his revolver. There was not yet any courthouse. The sheriff was the law. Twelve new mounds on the hillside back of the Cottage Hotel showed how faithfully he had executed his duties as judge and jury since he had taken up his office at the beginning of the "cow boom" of Ellisville. His right hand had found somewhat to do, and he had done it with his might.

Ellisville was near the zenith of its bad eminence. The entire country had gone broad-horn. Money being free. whisky was not less so. The bar of the Cottage was lined perpetually. Wild men from the range rode their horses up the steps and into the barroom, demanding to be served as they sat in the saddle, as gentlemen should. Glass was too tempting to the sixshooters of these enthusiasts, and the barkeeper begged the question by stowing away the fragments of his mirror and keeping most of his bottles out of sight. More than once he was asked to hold up a bottle of whisky so that skill by shooting the neck off from the flask. The bartender was taciturn and at times glum, but his face was the only one at the bar that showed any irritation or sadness. This railroad town was a bright, new thing | furder." for the horsemen of the trail-a very joyous thing. No funeral could check their hilarity; no whisky could daunt their throats, long seared with alkali.

It was notorious that after the civil war human life was held very cheap all over America, it having been seen how small a thing is a man, how little missed may be a million men taken bodily from the population. Nowhere was life cheaper than on the frontier. and at no place on that frontier of less value than at this wicked little

The sheriff of Ellisville looked thoughtful as he tested the machinery of the law. He had a warrant for a

"Any trouble?" "Yep. Plenty."

"Who?"

"Why, it's Cal Greathouse. You know Cal. Last week he goes of west a ways, a-lookin' fer some winter range that won't be so crowded. He goes alone. Now, to-day his horse comes back, draggin' his lariat. W lowed we better come tell you. course, they ain't no horse gettin away f'm Cal Greathouse, not if he'

The sheriff fell into thought, slowly chewing at a splinter. "I'll tell you, he said at length, slowly, "I kain" very well git away right now. You go over an' git Cap Franklin. He's s good man. Pick up somebody else you want to go along with you, an then you start out on Cal's trail, near as you can git at it. You better take along that d----d Greaser o' yorn. that big Juan, fer he kin run trail like a houn'. You stop at all the outfits you come to, fer say fifty miles. Don't do nothin' more'n ask, an' then go on. If you come to a outfit that hain't seen him, an' then another outfit furder on that has seen him. you remember the one that hain't. It you don't git no track in fifty mile. some cow-puncher might prove his swing around to the southeast, an' cut the main drive trail an' see if you hear of anything thataway. If you don't git no trace by that, you better come on back in an' tell me, an' then we'll see what to do about it

"All right, Bill," said Curly, rising and taking a chew of tobacco, in which the sheriff joined him. "All light. You got any papers fer us to take along?"

"Papers?" said the sheriff contempt uously. "Papers? Hell!"

Ike Anderson was drunk-calmly. magnificently, satisfactorily drunk. It had taken time, but it was a fact accomplished. The actual state of affairs was best known to Ike Anderson himself, and not obvious to the passerby. Ike Anderson's gaze might have been hard, but it was direct. His walk was perfectly decorous and new bad man who had come up from I straight, his brain perfectly clear, his



"Any trouble?"

the Indian nations, and who had celebrated his first day in town by shooting two men who declined to get off the sidewalk, so that he could ride his horse more comfortably there.

Bill Watson, the sheriff of Ellisville, was a heavily built man, sandy haired. red-mustached, and solid. His legs were howed and his carriage awkward. He had thick, clumsy looking fingers, whose appearance belied their deftness. Bill Watson had gone through the Quantrell raid in his time. It was nothing to him when he was to be killed. Such a man is careful in his shooting, because he is careless of being shot, having therefore a vast advantage over the desperado of two or three victims, who does not yet accept the fact that his own days are numbered. The only trouble in regard to this new bad man from below was that his mental attitude on this point was much the same as that of Sheriff Bill Watson. Therefore the sheriff was extremely careful about the oiling of the cylinder.

He finished the cleaning of his sixshooter and tossed the ciled rag into the drawer of the table where he kept the warrants. He slipped the heavy weapon into the scabbard at his right leg and saw that the string held the scabbard firmly to his trouser leg, so that he might draw the gun smoothly and without hindrance from its sheath. He was a simple, unpretentious man; not a heroic figure as he stood, his weight resting on the sides of his feet, locking out of the window down the long and wind-swept

street of Ellisville. Gradually the gaze of the sheriff focused, becoming occupied with the figure of a borseman whose steady giding seemed to have a purpose other than that of merely showing his joy in living and riding. This rider passed other riders without pausing. came up the street at a gallop until opposite the office door, where he jerked up his horse sharply and

sprang from the saddle. "Mornia', Bill," he said. "Mornin', Curly," said the sheriff pleasantly. "Lookin' for a doctor! You're ridin' perty fast."

"Nope," said Curly. "Reckon it's a shade too late for a doctor." The sheriff was gravely silent. After a while he said, quietly:

hand perfectly steady. Only, somewhere deep down in his mind there burned some little, still, blue flame of devilishness, which left lke Anderson not a human being, but a skillful, logical and murderous animai.

"This," said Ike Anderson to himself all the time, "this is little Ike Auderson, a little boy, playing. I can see the green fields, the pleasant meadows, the little brook that crossed them. I remember my mother gave me bread and milk for my supper, always. My sister washed my bare feet. when I was a little, little boy." paused and leaned one hand against a porch post, thinking. "A little, little boy," he repeated to himself.

"No, it isn't," he thought. "It's June, the sort of day when all normal Ike Anderson, growing up. He's playing tag. The boy tripped him and laughed at him, and Ike Anderson got out his knife." He cast a red eye about him.

"No, it isn't," he thought. "It's Ike Anderson, with the people chasing him. And the shotgun. Ike's growing up faster, growing right along. They all want him, but they don't get him. One, two, three, five, nine, eight, seven-I could count them al once. Ike Anderson. No mother. No sweetheart. No home, Moving, moving. But they never scared him yet -Ike Anderson. . . I never took any cattle!"

An impulse to walk seized him, and he did so, quietly, steadily, until he met a stranger, a man whose clothing bespoke his residence in another re-

"Good morning, gentle sir," said

"Good morning, friend," said the

other, smiling. "Gentle sir," said lke, "just lemme look at you watch a minute, won't composed. This volume was called a

He | you, please?" Laughingly the stranger complied. suspecting only that his odd accoster might have tarried too long over his cups. Ike took the watch in his hand, looked at it gravely for a moment, then gave it a jerk that broke the chain, and dropped it into his own

"I like it," said he simply, and passed on. The stranger followed, off with, about to use violence, but caught sight of a white-faced man, who through a | the cold."

pocket.

Ike Anderson stepped into a saloon and took a straw from a glass standing on the bar, exercising an exact and critical taste in its selection. "I'm

window vehemently beckoned him to

very thirsty," he remarked plaintively. Saying which, he shot a hole in barrel of whisky, inserted the straw, and drank lingeringly. "Thank you," he said softly, and

shot the glass of straws off the counter. "Thank you. Not after me." The whisky ran out over the floor, out of the door, over the path and into the road, but no one raised a voice in

The blue flame burned a trifle higher in Ike Anderson's brain. He was growing very much intoxicated, and therefore very quiet and very soberlooking. He did not yell and flourish his revolvers, but walked along decently, engaged in thought. He passed by the front of the Cottage Hotel. negro boy, who worked about the place, was sweeping idly at the porch door, shuffing lazily about at his employment. Ike paused and looked amiably at him for some moments. "Good morning, colored scion," he

said plessantly. "Mawnin', boss," said the negro

grinning widely. "Colored scion," said Ike, "hereafter -to oblige me-would you mind whoopin' it up with yore broom

leetle faster?" The negro scowled and muttered and the next moment sprang sprawl ing forward with a scream. Ike had shot off the heel of his shoe, in the process not sparing all of the foot. The negro swept as he had never swept before. Twice a bullet cut the floor at his feet, and at last the stick of the broom was shattered in his hand. "Colored scion," said Ike Anderson, as though in surprise, "yore broom is damaged. Kneel down and pray for another." The negro knelt and surely prayed.

On all sides swept the wide and empty streets. It was Ike Anderson's town. A red film seemed to his gaze to come over the face of things. He slipped his revolver back into the scabbard and paused again to think A quick footstep sounded on the walk behind him, and he wheeled, still purzled with the red film and the mental problem.

The sheriff stood quietly facing him. with his thumbs resting lightly in his belt. He had not drawn his own re volver. He was chewing a splinter. "Ike," said he, "throw up your hands."

The nerves of some men act more quickly than those of others, and such men make the most dangerous pistol shots, when they have good digestion and long practice at the rapid drawing of the revolver, an art at that time much cultivated. Ike Anderson's mind and nerves and muscles were always lightning-like in the instantaneous rapidity of their action. The eye could scarce have followed the movement by which the revolver leaped to a level from his right-hand scabbard. He had forgotten, in his moment of study, that with his sixshooter he had fired once at the whisgy barrel, once at the glass of straws once at the negro's heel, twice at the floor, and once at the broomstick. The click on the empty shell was heard clearly at the hotel bar, distinctly ahead of the double report that followed. For, such was the sharpness of this man's mental and muscular action, he had dropped the empty revolver from his right hand and drawn the other with his left hand in time to meet the fire of the sheriff. (To be continued.)

A EULOGY ON SIN.

Woman's Declaration That It is All

Worth Living For. The Paris correspondent of the London Globe tells a curious story of a

certain English writer . . . who had always, before he came to a most disastrous end, been famous for his want of balance." This individual appears to have come by his defect naturally enough, to judge from the portrait of his mother sketched by one of his friends. The writer once took that friend to see the lady in question and this is the way in which the interview is described:

"It was a beautiful sunny day in people want to be out of doors. We went to a pretty house in London, and were ushered into a drawing rocm. the shutters and curtains of which were all carefully closed, the gas being lighted, and where there was a sickening smell of some very strong perfume. Crouched in a large chair was the most terrible looking old dame, with long, skinny hands and glittering black eyes. She gave me a claw to shake and looked at me fixedly. 'Young man,' said she, 'I don't know why you come to see an old woman like me, but I can give you some excellent advice. Remember this. There is only one thin earth worth living for, and the

A Child's Definitions. The late Frederic R. Coudert, yer and wit, had a great fondness children. He collected indefatigably the quaint sayings of children, and one of the treasures of his library seventy-nine boys. was a small manuscript volume filled with definitions that children had

dert would read from it: "Dust-Mud with the juice squeezed out of it.

"Snoring-Letting off sleep. "Apples-The bubbles that apple trees blow.

"Back biter-a mosquito. "Fan-A thing to brush the warm "Ice---Water that went to

ILLINOIS NEWS

HOW TO DEAL WITH SERVANTS | ALMA MINEWORKERS WALK OUT | WANT A SINGLE SUTE Women Lay Down Rules on How to

Improve Home Conditions. The Chicago Woman's club, after a lengthy discussion, laid down the following as seven vital rules in dealing with the servant girl problem. Answers were read from many sources as to how home life could be improved, and this is the net result as to dealing with servants:

Recognize that they are working at a trade.

Pay the experts by the hour. Let them share in the family life. Clearly define their duties. Don't order suppers after the hired girl has knocked off for the day.

Give her the best labor-saving in ventions. Cut out the talk about social superi-

ority and recognize Mary Ann as a human being belonging to the same sisterbood.

Teach ignorant mistresses that caprice doesn't go with the women who sell their time for specific duties.

The heroism of wives whose husbands only get \$9 a week was portrayed by Mrs. Ethelbert Stewart at the conference on "Woman in Modern Industrialism."

Mrs. Stewart told of women who scrubbed in the downtown office buildings till after midnight, in order to eke out the little income and rear families. Chicago, according to the speaker, has many such mothers, and their courage is greater than that of the warrior.

Union Revival Meetings. Representatives of all the evangelical churches in Springfield have held meetings and arranged for a monster united revival to be held commencing May 1, under the direction of Revs. W. E. Blederwolf and W. A. Walton with Prof. Maxwell as soloist and choir conductor. The executive committee named is as follows: F. H Littlefield, W. E. Edmunds, Rev. C C. Clark, William Schermerhorn, I H. Coleman, Revs. J. E. Lynn, J. E. Rogers, Joseph B. Rogers, W. N. Mc-Elroy, E. H. Schuey and Frank Kuhl, H. E. Barker, G. L. Colby, John F. Mendous and W. J. Horn. Prof. Louis Lehmann has been secured to form a

Quincy Y. M. C. A. At the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian association of Quincy the report of the treasurer showed that the receipts for the past year were \$3,752.99; disbursements, \$2, 928.62. When all collections shall have been made and bills paid, there will be a net balance in the treasury of \$524.37. Rev. Parker Shields conducted a special service at the meeting which was followed by musical and literary exercises. The ladies' ale society of the organization served sumptuous supper, which was attend ed by 125 guesta,

chorus of 100 voices for the occasion

Letter Carriers to Meet. M. T. Finnan of Bloomington, see retary of the Illinois association of letter carriers, has issued the call for the sixth annual convention, to be held at Oak Park Thursday, May 12 The representation for Chicago will be one delegate for each 200 carriers, and for all other cities one delegate for each office. T. H. McCann o Rockford is the state president. number of subjects of importance to the carriers of Illinois will be dis-

Change in Freight Center. It is announced in railroad circles that the freight runs on the Illinois Central between Centralia and Duquoin and Mounds and Duquoin are to be run through from Centralia to Mounds without change. This will necessitate the removal of a number of railroad families from Duquoin to

Rainfall at Nashville.

W. C. Spencer, the Nashville weather forecaster, reports that the rainfall during the month of March was 8.25 inches. In the same month last year the precipitation was only

Miner's Life Is Baved.

William Gray, a miner employed at the Gartside mine, No. 3, near Belleville, came near bleeding to death from a wound in his right arm, caused by a chisel while he was at work.

Sues Coal Company. Frank Leonard has filed suit against the Victor Coal company of Virden for \$10,000 damages for infuries received while employed in the

mine.

More Girls Than Boys. For three months, ending March 31 there were 168 births in Jefferson county, eighty-nine being girls and

Veteran is Hurt. Huston Maybery, a veteran of the "child's dictionary," and these are civil war, aged 70, was severely hurt district are idle on account of a some of the definitions that Mr. Cou- by being struck by a street car in strike of the drivers, who have re- birthday anniversary April 6. All Upper Alton while walking on the track. He was moved to St. Joseph's hospital.

> Has His Skull Fractured. Thomas Duffy, a member of the Big Four track with his shull frue mated that fully seventy-live t

Men Are Said to Be Dissatisfied With New State Scale About 500 men walked out of the mines near ... ima, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, declaring that they

were dissatisfied with their pay and would strike for higher wages. The men further declared that there was not a single miner in the southern Illinois district who favors standing by the scale as signed by the state officers, and that a general walkout would probably take place. It was claimed by some of the men that the strike was precipitated because of the failure of the management of a mine to interpret the rules regarding work on a lower roadway in accordance with the ideas of the miners, and not on account of wages.

Pays Up Old Debte.

Henry Burmeister, formerly a farmer of near New Memphis, Clinton county, who lost a fortune in speculation, has been heard from by a number of his Belleville creditors, to whom he has been indebted ever since his disappearance, over twenty years ago. A Believille attorney received a draft for over \$500 with which to pay Burmeister's Belleville creditors, with interest. Burmeister had taken the matter of his indebtedness some weeks ago and had his attorney lear the names of his creditors and the amount of claims held against him. After leaving New Memphis, Mr. Burmeister went to Kansas, where be made another fortune.

Novel Commencement. The closing of the Hopewell school in Grand Prairie township was quite novel. The pupils and parents, all of whom are sturdy farmer folks, met at the schoolhouse on the closing day, erected a long table in the grove and served a feast to all comers, and several hundred pupils, parents and visitors partook of the good things to eat. A literary program was given by the pupils and a fine easy chair was presented to Morris Fisher, the retiring teacher.

Young Man Kills Himself. John Lawrence Stricklin, 25 years old, committed suicide at his home three miles north of Harrisburg by shooting his head off with a shotgun. Young Stricklin procured a shotgun, saying he was going hunting. Going a short distance from the house, he pulled off his shoe, placed the muzzle of the gun in his mouth and, with his toe, pulled the trigger and blew his

Student in Trouble.

head off.

Travia Elmore, a law student Ann Arbor, is in trouble at Ashland. He is charged with shooting Attorney F. C. Mortimer of Springfield, who defended the stepmother of Elmore in family quarrel. The young man is a son of Valentine Elmore, a wealthy grain dealer, and all of the people involved move in the best circles of Ashland.

Shoots Sister With Riffe. At Metcalf, in the northwest quar ter of Edgar county, Hazel, 7-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jones, was instantly killed by the aceldental discharge of a target rifle in the hands of her brother, Eddle, aged 11. The ball entered the forehead of the little girl and penetrated the brain.

Greater Virginia. The Virginia city council has passed an ordinance annexing to the city of Virginia that part of Beer's Cheston Hill addition now outside the corporate limits. The territory includes two houses belonging to Robert Maslin, with their grounds, and the Daniel Mitchell, Miles Kendall and E. B. Conover residences.

Accepts Call From Texas. Rev. C. W. Yates, who resigned the pastorate of the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Salem to accept call to the church at Lebanon, Ohio, has given up the charge there to accept a call to the church at Ballinger, Tex.

Goes to Anna Asylum. Mrs. Susan Worcester, wife of Merrit Worcester of Raccoon township. was adjudged insane in the county court and ordered taken to the Anna hospital for treatment.

Joint Church Concert.

A concert by the choirs of the German Evangelical churches of Nashville and Centralia will be given in the Evangelical church in Nashville Thursday, May 12.

To Extend Telephone Lines. The directors of the Farmers' Telephone Company have perfected plans to extend the company's line from Hardin south to Meppin.

Belleville Mines Idia. All of the mines of the Belleville fused to accept the scale agreed upon by the joint committees of the operators and miners at Springfield. Ac present and a sumptuous dis cording to the terms of the scale, the drivers are to receive \$2.42 a day, but the Belleville district men demand steel gang which has been working the old scale obtaining last year. The on the Big Four-Frisco cut-off meas | last year's scale was \$2.56, but the S Hillsboro, was found lying near the men were paid \$8 a day, It is eath are closed down by the s

The Illinois Butter Makers' tion, which held its regular in Lincoln, elected the officers: President, Mrs. viance of Lincoln; vice Mrs. Harriet Pumpelly of secretary and treasurer. Springer of Springfield: committee, Mrs. Lafayette Fund Shirley, Mrs. Dougless Free Heyworth, Mrs. Raphael Resent Lincoln and Mrs. Martha Daval Springfield. voted to ask the Illinois Dairyan association to allow the butter-m to be affliated with it. If the reques is granted one state exhibition will be held for both organizations.

DIES BECAUSE OF AFFEIGTION

Brother Kills Himself When Sisters Reason is Dethrened.

Louis Morris, a young man residing near Steelville, committed sujcide by shooting himself. His sister, Miss Sophronia Morris, aged 19, was have been examined for insanty the family home later in the day. became despondent on account of his sister's misfortune and ended his life While the insanity inquisition was in progress the dead body of the your man was brought home. Miss Morri was declared insane and at once the en to the state asylum at Anna.

Dispute Government Figures. Citizens of East St. Louis, ing to base their estimates on the school census and on the voting post lation, contend that the figures given out by the census bureau of Wash ington, showing the growth of Rose St. Louis to be 10 per cent since the United States consus of 1900 are fas too low. It is claimed that the real growth of the city has been fully in per cent yearly for the past three

Believes He Was Chloroformed. C. C. Funcher, a saloon keeper at East St. Louis, reported to the polls that his home was robbed of about \$1,000 in cash. He stated that when he went to bed he placed the money in his trousers pocket and then placed the garment under his head. When he awoke the pants and money were gone. He believes that he was ghloro-

Money in Town Tressury. The annual report of Supervisor George Slachetka of Bolo townsh is as follows: Amount received \$719.32; paid out, \$365.59; balance in treasury, \$327.17. Benjamin Kable, treasurer of the commission highways of Oakdale, reports the fe lowing: Receipts, \$1,166.04; expenditures, \$524.60; balance on hand, \$641.47.

To Prevent Overflows Many of the resident and land owners of the southern portion of ML Clair county have issued a call for a meeting to device plans to protect their land from overflow. It is the that the judicious use of a small canal a foot deep and allow the mater to drain off.

Sues for Husband's Death. Carrie Sanders, widow of Martin V. Sanders, who was killed by an aled tric wire, has brought suit for \$10,000 damages against the Decator rallway and light company and the Centre Union telephone company.

Farmers' Produce Company. A new farmers' produce company has been organized in East Alton Z. Silver, Charles J. Ferguson as George F. Smith. The company will erect an elevator and other building

Rebeksha to Meet. The sixth annual meeting of the Rebekah lodge, I. O. O. F. of the district will be held at Red Men's hall, Edwardsville, April 29 and 30,

Receives Fatal Injury. Andrew Foebrkalb, a farmer living east of Edwardsville, fell from a load of straw, alighting on his head and producing concussion of the brain.

Case County Farmers. The dates for the next Case coun ty farmers' institute have been fixed. It will be held at Ashland on Oct. 19. 20 and 21.

Wall-Known Grocer Dies. E. S. Gard, who died at his home in Springfield, aged 58, was can of the best known grocers in central Illinois.

Elevator Changes Hander George Barrett of Owaneon has pur chased the T. J. Lester grain cleval at Pana.

Pay Tribute to Grandets Mrs. Julia Baum, who is the ol her children, grandchildren large number of her frien