

# THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE

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

### The Hill of Dreams.

Franklin found himself swept along with a tide of affairs other than his own choosing. His grasp on the possibilities of the earliest days of this new civilization had been so full and shrewd that he needed now but to let others build the house whose foundation he had laid.

Yet ever a chill struck his soul as he thought of the lost battle at the Halfway House. There was now grass grown upon the dusty trail that once led up to the low-eaved house. The green and gray of Nature were shrouding busily the two lonely graves of those who had fought the frontier and been vanquished in that night of terror, when the old West claimed its own. The Halfway House of old was but a memory. And Mary Ellen, the stately visitor of his sleeping or his waking dreams, no longer might be seen in person at the Halfway House. Recreant, defeated, but still refusing aid, she had gone back to her land of flowers. It was Franklin's one comfort that she had never known into whose hands had passed—at a price far beyond their actual worth—the lands of the Halfway House, which had so rapidly built up for her a competency, which had cleared her of poverty, only to re-enclose her in her pride.

Under all the fantastic grimness, all the mysticism, all the discredited and riotous vagaries of his inordinate soul, Franklin possessed a saving common sense; yet it was mere freakishness which led him to accept a vagrant impulse as the controlling motive at the crucial moment of his life.

To a very few men Edward Franklin has admitted that he once dreamed of a hill topped by a little fire,

foot of the hill. There were no longer banners of dust where the wild game swept by, nor did the eye catch any line of distant horsemen. It was another day. Yet, as did the candidate of old, he left his horse at the foot of the hill and went up quite alone.

It was afternoon as he sat down. The silence and solitude folded him about, and the sun sank so fitly slow that he hardly knew, and the solemn night swept softly on. Then he built a little fire. \* \* \* In the night, after many hours, he arose and lifted up his hands. \* \* \* At the foot of the hill the pony stopped cropping grass, tossed his head, and looked up intently at the summit.

It was morning. The sun rose calm and strong. The solitary figure upon the hill sat motionless, looking out. There might have passed before him a perspective of the past, the Plains peopled with their former life; the oncoming of the white men from below; the remnant of the passing Latin race, typified in the unguided giant who, savage with savage, fought near by, one brutal force meeting another and both passing before one higher and yet more strong. To this watcher it seemed that he looked out from the halfway point of the nation, from the halfway house of a nation's irresistible development.

Franklin had taken with him a small canteen of water, but he thinking himself that as of old the young man beseeching his dream neither ate nor drank until he had his desire, he poured out the water at his side as he sat in the dark. The place was covered with small objects, bits of strews shells and beads and torn "medicine bundles"—pieces of things once held dear in earlier minds. He felt his hand fall by accident upon some small object which had been



On the Hill of Dreams.

whose smoke dipped and waved and caught him in its fold. In brief, he got into saddle and journeyed to the Hill of Dreams.

The Hill of Dreams dominated the wide and level landscape over which it had looked out through hundreds of slow, unnoted years. From it once rose the signal smokes of the red men, and here it was that many a sentinel had stood in times long before a white face was ever seen upon the Plains.

Here on the Hill of Dreams, whence the eye might sweep to the fringed sand hills on the south, east to the river many miles away, and north and west almost to the swell of the cold steppes that lead up to the Rocky Range, the red men had sometimes come to lay their leaders when their day of hunting and of war was over. Thus the place came to have extraordinary and mysterious qualities ascribed to it, on which account, in times gone by, men who were restless, troubled, disturbed, dissatisfied, came thither to fast and pray.

Hither they bore the great dead, it was upon the Hill of Dreams that his people buried White Wolf, the last great leader of the Plains tribes, who fell in the combat with the not less savage giant who came with the white men to hunt in the country near the Hill of Dreams. Since that time the power of the Plains tribes had waned, and they had scattered and passed away. The swarming white men—Visigoths, Vandals—had found out this spot for centuries held mysteriously dear to the first peoples of that country. They tore open the graves, scattered the childlike emblems, picked to pieces the little packages of furs and claws, jibing at the "medicine" which in its time had meant so much to the man who had left it there.

Toward the Hill of Dreams Franklin journeyed, because it had been written. As he traveled over the long miles he scarcely noted the fields, the fences, the flocks and herds now clinging along the path of the iron rails. He crossed the trails of the departed buffalo and of the vanishing cattle, but his mind looked only forward, and he saw these records of the past but dimly. There, on the Hill of Dreams, he knew, there was answer for him, if he sufficiently besought; that answer not yet learned in all the varying days. It seemed sure to him that he should have a sign.

Franklin looked out over a deserted and solitary land as he rode up to the

wetted by the wasted water. Later, in the crude light of the tiny flame which he had kindled, this lump of earth assumed, to his exalted fancy, the grim features of an Indian chieftain, wide-jawed, be-tufted, with low brow, great mouth, and lock of life's price hanging down the neck. All the fearlessness, the mournfulness, the mysticism of the Indian face was there. Franklin always said that he had worked at this unconsciously, kneading the lump between his fingers, and giving it no thought other than that it felt cooling to his hand and restful to his mind. Yet here, born ultimately of the travail of a higher mind, was a man from another time, in whose gaze sat the prescience of a coming day. The past and the future thus were bridged, as may be done only by Art, the enduring, the uncalendared, the imperishable.

Edward Franklin, a light-hearted man, rode homeward happily. The past lay correlated, and for the future there were no longer any wonderings. His dream, devoutly sought, had given peace.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### At the Gateway.

In a certain old Southern city there stands, as there has stood for many generations, and will no doubt endure for many more, a lofty mansion whose architecture dates back to a distant day. Wide and spacious, with lofty stories, with deep wings and many narrow windows, it rests far back among the ancient oaks, a stately memorial of a day when gentlemen demanded privacy and could afford it. From the iron pillars of the great gateway the white front of the house may barely be seen through avenues made by the trunks of the primeval grove. The tall white columns, reaching from gallery floor to roof without pause for the second lofty floor, give dignity to this old-time abode, which comports well with the untrimmed patriarchal oaks. Under these trees there lies, even to-day, a deep blue-grass turf which never, from the time of Boone till now, has known the touch of plowshare or the tool of any cultivation.

It was the boast of this old family that it could afford to own a portion of the earth and own it as it came from the hand of Nature. Uncaught by the whirl of things, undisturbed essentially even by the tide of the civil war, this branch of an old Southern family had lived on in station un-

affected, though with fortune perhaps impaired as had been those of many Southern families, including all the Beauchamp line.

To this strong haven of refuge had come Mary Ellen Beauchamp from the far-off Western plains, after the death of her other relatives in that venture so ill-starred. The white-haired old widow who now represented the head of the Clayton family—her kin somewhat removed, but none the less her "cousins," after the comprehensive Southern fashion—had taken Mary Ellen to her bosom, upbraiding her for ever dreaming of going into the barbarian West, and listening but little to the plea of the girl that poverty had driven her to the company of those who, like herself, were poor. Now, such had been the turn of the wheel, the girl was nearly as rich in money as her older relative, and able to assume what little of social position there remained in her ambition.

Mary Ellen was now well past twenty-seven, a tall, matured, and somewhat sad-faced woman, upon her brow written something of the sorrows and uncertainties of the homeless woman, as well as the record of a growing self-reliance. If Mary Ellen were happy or not none might say, yet surely she was dutiful and kind; and gradually, with something of the leadership she had learned in her recent life, she slipped into practical domestic command of this quiet but punctilious menage. By reason of an equal executive fitness Aunt Lucy rose in the kitchen also to full command. The Widow Clayton found her cousin Mary Ellen a stay and comfort, useful and practical to a degree unknown in the education of the Southern young lady of the time.

Of her life in the West Mary Ellen spoke but little, though never with harshness, and at times almost with wistfulness. Her history had seemed too full of change to be reality. For the future she made no plans. It seemed to her to be her fate ever to be an alien, a looker-on. The roses drooped across her lattice, and the blue grass stood cool and soft and deep beyond her window, and the kind air carried the croon of the wooing mocking bird; yet there persisted in her brain the picture of a wide, gray land, with the sound of an urgent wind singing in the short, tufted grasses, and the breath of a summons ever on the air. Out there upon the Plains it had been ever morning. Here life seemed ever sinking toward its eventide.

This old family and the family house were accepted unquestioningly by the quiet Southern community now, as they had ever been, as a part of the aristocracy of the land, and as appurtenances thereto. The way of life had little change. The same grooms led out the horses from the stables, the same slow figures cut the grass upon the lawn. Yet no longer were the doors thrown open upon a sea of light and color. The horses were groomed and broken, but they brought no great carriage of state sweeping up the drive between the lion-headed pillars of the gateway. When Mrs. Clayton feebly sought to propose brighter ways of life for the young woman, the latter told her gently that for her, too, life was planned and done, the struggle over, and that she only asked that she might rest, and not take up again any questions for readjustment.

"You will change after a while, honey," said her protectress; but Mary Ellen only smiled. It was enough to rest here in this haven, safe from the surging seas of doubt and hope and fear, of love and self-distrust. Let it be settled. Let it be ended. For her no cavalier should ever come riding up the gravelled way, nor should lights ever set dancing again the shadows in the great dining hall over the heads of guests assembled in her honor. It was done—finished. And Mary Ellen was not yet twenty-eight.

## JAPS GIVEN TO ATHLETICS.

From Early Infancy They are Trained to Develop Their Muscles.

Considering their size the Japanese are undoubtedly the strongest people in the world. Time and again these little brown men have demonstrated their ability to endure fatigues that would break down the most sinewy Europeans. In any Japanese town one cannot walk far without being confronted by athletics in one form or another. In the streets you can rarely escape the painted and gaudily dressed tots who turn baby hand-springs, execute somersaults and do other infantile stunts in a wheedling effort to secure the "hairy foreigner's" wealth. A Japanese matsuuri were not the fair it purports without the bespangled tight-rope performance, the bamboo ladder climbing youngsters, the wrestlers, tumblers, spear-men or fencers.

So deeply rooted is the native love for the strenuous life that the national sports of other lands have been tried in Japan. The mikado, with many of the imperial family, attends the annual spring races in Yokohama, but nothing in the line of imported sports so appeals to the Japanese as cycling and baseball. Cycling clubs are scattered all over the empire, thousands of American bicycles spin across the island and the foreigners experience difficulty in keeping even a few of the records and trophies out of native hands.

The Tokio baseball team is an efficient organization and it frequently drubs the teams from other ports and cities. At the Yokohama cricket grounds excellent and sharply contested games may be witnessed occasionally between the Tokio native team and the Yokohama foreign organization.

# ILLINOIS STATE NEWS

## HAS GRUDGE AGAINST FAT MEN

### Man at Chicago Seeks to Kill Those Who Look Prosperous.

Abel Gabinska, a Russian, 24 years of age, was arrested at Chicago after he had attempted to shoot a man named Frank Adams, whom he had never seen before. He made a desperate fight, and fired several shots at the police officers who took him to the station. He declared to the police after being arrested that he had been sent to Chicago by a society in St. Louis with instruction to "kill fat and prosperous looking men." A paper found in his pocket contained the names of Mayor Carter H. Harrison and Alderman Honore H. Palmer. It cannot be definitely ascertained whether the man is demented or an anarchist.

## WILL HOLD NOVEL CELEBRATION

### Fiftieth Anniversary of Illinois Central's Arrival at Carbondale.

It has been decided to hold a big celebration at Carbondale on July 4, which will be the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Illinois Central railroad in that city. On that date fifty years ago the first train passed over the Big Muddy river. There are still residing in the city Jeff Snider, Boyd Richard, Green Williams, Sam T. Brush, Harrison Greathouse, George Greathouse, Len and Alfred Boren, John Lynn, Garrett Dillinger, Mrs. O. Glenn and Mrs. Leticia Dillinger, who were present at the celebration when the first train arrived at Carbondale.

## Lombard Confers Degrees.

The forty-ninth annual commencement of Lombard college was held at Galesburg. Degrees were conferred as follows: Bachelor of Science—Harry MacCooper, Oquawka; Preston Brown Scott, Galesburg. Bachelor of Arts—Frank G. Andreen, Woodhull; Frank Cope Ayars, La Plata, Mo.; Ethelwyn Sopria Grier, Racine, Wis.; Roy Victor Hopkins, Princetonville; Spencer Pritchard Howell, Woodhull; Jay Clinton Hurd, Maquon; Harrie Albin Jansen, Woodhull; Olin Arvin Kimble, Carbondale, Kan.; Florence Le Clerc Kober, Macomb; Elizabeth Freeman Philbrook, Racine, Wis.; Mabel Alta Sammons, Joliet; Franklin Gardner Varney, Clinton. Bachelor of Divinity—Franklin Gardner Varney, Clinton. Master of Arts—Olin Arvin Kimble, Carbondale, Kan.

## Suspend Work on Railway.

Thus far there has been no change in situation at Okawville regarding the Southern Illinois electric railway and work is at a standstill. The contractors have not resumed work on the grading. The promoters say the cause of the present trouble is the refusal of the Cincinnati company to finance the project as it had proposed to do.

## Unusual Funeral.

The funeral of Thomas Ritchie, a Mexican war veteran, was held from his home near Decatur. There was no preacher, an old friend conducting the services, and there were no carriages or hearse, the body being carried by the pallbearers to a spot on the farm which the deceased had selected as his burial place.

## Capture Chicken Thief.

J. C. Thompson and W. E. Thompson, who live near Payson, captured a chicken thief at the point of a gun. The prisoner was taken to Quincy. He said his name was William Ross, and that he formerly lived in Missouri. He was fined \$50 and costs and sent to the house of correction for eight months.

## Couldn't Keep Secrets.

C. L. Hawkins, clerk of the Adams county grand jury, and J. W. Madison, member of the jury, were reprimanded and fined \$1 each by Judge Akers of the circuit court at Quincy for violating rules governing the jury. It is alleged that they gave out matters for publication that should have been kept secret.

## Home-coming Chairman.

J. W. Cassidy has been appointed chairman of the executive committee having charge of arrangements for the old home week celebration to be held in Quincy, October 3-10. He succeeds Col. Edwin Prince, resigned.

## Boy Disappears.

Leo Brunne, aged 14, a student in St. Francis Solanus college at Quincy, has mysteriously disappeared and nothing has been learned as to his whereabouts. He came to the college from Chicago.

## Hillsboro History Club.

The History club of Hillsboro has elected the following officers: Mrs. J. J. Frey, president; Mrs. H. K. Fink, vice president; Mrs. F. H. Brown, secretary; Mrs. E. J. Miller, treasurer.

## Returns from Jerusalem.

Capt. H. P. Hart of Taylorville, who was a delegate to the international Sunday school convention at Jerusalem, has returned home. A reception was given in his honor at the Mount Zion church.

## Names Tax Reviewers.

County Judge J. H. Forrester has appointed F. R. Hershby and W. E. Fosberry of Taylorville members of the board of tax review of Christian county. They will begin their duties July 15.

## VINDICATION FOR JUDGE HOPE.

### Indictment Against Him is Quashed When He Appears in Court.

The indictment against Judge A. W. Hope of the Alton city court, returned by the circuit court grand jury on a charge of malfeasance in office, has been dismissed by Judge Moyer of the East St. Louis city court, who has been sitting in the circuit court in Edwardsville. Judge Moyer says that no offense was committed when Judge Hope dismissed a member of the grand jury from service, and that the circuit court grand jury had no jurisdiction. Judge Hope refused to give any bond, and merely appeared in court and moved to quash the indictment. He ascribes his indictment to politics and declares that he will have an accounting.

## STATE BAR PRESIDENT.

Stephen S. Gregory, who has been elected president of the State Bar association, was the attorney who defended Prendergast, murderer of Carter H. Harrison, Sr., and succeeded in deferring the execution until after a trial establishing the prisoner's sanity. Mr. Gregory has been a member of the Chicago bar for thirty years. He was born in Unadilla, N. Y., on Nov. 16, 1849. When 9 years old he removed with his father to Madison, Wis. In 1871 he completed academic and law courses at the University of Wisconsin.

The attorney came to Chicago in 1874, and continued in practice with



STEPHEN S. GREGORY

various partners until the present firm of Gregory, Popenhausen & McNab was formed in 1900. Among the prominent cases which he has conducted was the "lake front" suit, in which he appeared before the supreme court as counsel for the city of Chicago, and the case involving the creation of the sanitary district, in which he maintained the constitutionality of the act.

Mr. Gregory is an Episcopalian and a Democrat. He has been president of the Iroquois club and the Law club. He is also a member of the Huron Mountain, the Chicago and the Lawyers' clubs and of the American and Chicago Bar associations. He resides at 32 Banks street.

## Natural Gas at Robinson.

After experimenting for several months in drilling for oil or gas by a corporation organized in Crawford county, which was without success, C. S. Jones, assistant cashier of the First National bank, of Robinson, undertook the work himself, and he has been successful in striking gas. The well is 1,000 feet deep. The pressure is reported to be 200 pounds to the square inch.

## Win High School Honors.

The graduating class of the Cairo high school is composed of twenty-two members, thirteen girls and nine boys. The following are the winners of the honors: Valedictory, Miss Henri Tolson; salutation, Eugene Pennebaker; elocution, Katie Kessler; drawing, Mary Pope; music, Eunice Conant and Herbert Stenel; manual training, Nick Cox.

## Baptists Elect.

The executive board of the East Mount Olive Baptist association, at its meeting in Carbondale, elected the following officers: Moderator, Rev. T. A. Head; secretary, Rev. H. S. Gibson; missionary, Rev. C. C. Phillips; treasurer, Rev. H. Armstead; committee on revision of the constitution, Reverends T. J. Carr, T. A. Head, C. C. Phillips, H. S. Gibson and H. Armstead.

## Coal Company Officers.

The Hoyleton Coal and Mining company has chosen the following directors: Samuel Davis of Springfield, Frank M. Vernor of Nashville, William Breuer, Louis Krueger, Louis Wiegman, Christ Kottkamp and Herman Muentner of Hoyleton.

## Prepare for Dedication.

The congregation of the Methodist church at Centralia is making arrangements for the dedication of its new church building on June 19. The new edifice, which is now receiving its finishing touches, will cost \$30,000.

## Springfield Wine Gambling Suit.

In the case of the city of Springfield against Thomas O'Reilly for \$5,000 for alleged violation of the city's anti-gambling ordinance, the jury returned a verdict finding against the defendant in the sum of \$1,200.

# BEFORE THE PUBLIC EYE

## HE CRITICIZED THE KAISER.

Prof. Hasso offered objections to "Personal Government" at a meeting of the Pan-German congress at Luebeck by arraigning the Kaiser for his "personal government" methods and for placing a barrier of con-



PROF. ERNST HASSO

tiers between himself and the people. Prof. Hasso is noted as a statistician and student of government, and is connected with the University of Leipzig. He is the author of several books on statistical and political subjects.

## THERE TO TAKE DEGREES.

### New York University Has Arranged to Distribute Honors.

Chancellor MacCracken of the New York university announces that at the seventy-second commencement honorary degrees will be conferred upon Elihu Root, Mrs. Russell Sage and seven others. To Mr. Root, who graduated from the university's law school in 1857 and has served as president of the law school alumni, is to be given the degree of doctor of laws, and to Mrs. Sage, who is a member of the women's advisory board of the university and for many years has been president of the Emma Willard association, will be given the degree of master of letters. Justice Willard Bartlett of the appellate division of the supreme court, a graduate of the law school in 1868 and a former associate of Mr. Root in practice, is also to be honored with the degree of L.L.D.

## HONOR FOR EX-GOV. BLACK.

### New York Man Will Place President Roosevelt in Nomination.

Ex-Governor Frank S. Black of New York, who has been slated to place Mr. Roosevelt in nomination at the Chicago convention, is busily engaged preparing his speech. He recently went over with the president the principal points of the address and the attitude to be taken in support of the administration policy was agreed on. Seconding speeches will be made by



FRANK S. BLACK

representative republicans of the northwest, the south, the Pacific coast states and New England, along lines laid down by the republican manager.

## NOT HIS DAY FOR SUICIDE.

### New Jersey Man's Efforts to Find Death Frustrated.

Elmer Gilbert of Trenton, N. J., came to the conclusion that life was not worth living, so he went down to a pier by the creek and proceeded to slip quietly into the water. A stout spike sticking out from the string-piece thereupon assumed the role of life-saver. It caught in the ample basement of Elmer's trousers just as he let go with his hands, and there the would-be suicide hung, kicking vainly, his toes but a few inches from the watery grave he sought. It was a most undignified arrangement altogether, but Mr. Gilbert was unable to extricate himself. After wriggling about for some ten minutes he yelled for help and shortly he was yanked back to safety.

## President Ingalls' Quick Action.

President M. E. Ingalls of the Big Four road was passing through Champaign a few days ago, and while waiting in a railroad station for his train found the smoke from locomotives to be of almost stifling density. Learning that this was the normal condition there, he sent word to the other railroad companies using the Union road that conditions must be improved at once. Before he had done so, however, the smoke was cleared away and the train was on its way.