## Der Marcon Marco THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE

STORY OF THE PLAINS BY E. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY Correlated, 1903, by B. Appleton & Company, New York - Marin Wood Was on Was on Was on Was on Was on Was

CHAPTER XIII.-Continued.

were held firm. The worst might be precipitated at any moment.

the general attention toward the upper end of the hall. The door once more group of three persons, on whom there was fixed a regard so steadfast and seen that they were strangers to all present. Of the three, one was a tall and slender man, who carried himself with that ease which, itself unconscious, causes self-consciousness in those still some generations back of it. Upon the arm of this gentleman was a lady, also tall, thin, pale, with wide, dark eyes, which now opened with surprise that was more than half shock. Lastly, with head up and eyes also wide, like those of a stag which sees some new thing, there came a young woman, whose presence was such as had never yet been seen in the

Astonished, as they might have been by no welcoming hand, ushered to no convenient seat, these three faced the long, half-lit room in the full sense of what might have been called an awkward situation. Yet they did not shuffle or cough, or talk one with another, or smile in anguish, as had others who thus faced the same ordeal. The three walked slowly, calmly, deliberately down into what must have been one of the most singular scenes they reached the head of the social rank, where sat Mrs. McDermott, the wife of the section boss and arbiter elegantiarum for all Ellisville, the genstranger-a very stiff and suspicious casion was over, wished he had not

hotel at Ellisville.

of the room. "I'm pleased to meet ye The hours grew older. At the head all this evenin'. Perhaps ye all know of the hall the musicians manifested Battersleigh, and I hope ye'll all meet more signs of their inexorable purpose. me friend Captain Franklin, at me A sad protesting squeal came from the side. We claim the inthroduction of accordion. The violins mouned, but this roof, me good friends, and we welcome everybody to the first dance at Ellisville. Ladies, yer very dutiful But again there was a transfer of servant! It's well ye're lookin', Mrs. McDermott: and Nora, gyurl, sure ve're charmin' the night. Kittle, darlopened, and there appeared a little in', how do ye do? Do ye remember Captain Franklin, all of ye? Pipe up, ye naygurs-that's right. Now, so silent that it might well have been | thin, all hands, choose yer partners fer the gr-rand march, sure, with Jerry's permission. Thank ye, Mrs. McDermott, and me arm-so.'

The sheepish figures of the musiclans now leaned together for a moment. The violins wailed in sad search for the accord, the assistant instrument less tentative. All at once the slack shoulders straightened up firmly, confidently, and then, their feet beating in unison upon the floor, their faces set, stern and relentless, the three musicians fell to the work and reeled off the opening bars.

A sigh went up from the assembly. There was a general shuffling of shoes, a wide rustling of calico. Then, slowby the spectacle before them, greeted ly, as though going to his doom, Curly arose from out the long line of the unhappy upon his side of the room. He crossed the intervening space, his limbs below the knees curiously offected, jerking his feet into half time with the tune. He bowed so low before the littlest waiter girl that his neck scarf fell forward from his chest and hung before him like a shield. "May I hev the honor, Miss Kitty?" he choked out; and as the littlest waiter hitherto witnessed in their lives. As girl rose and took his arm with a vast air of unconcern, Curly drew a long breath.

In his seat Sam writhed, but could not rise. Nora looked straight in tleman bowed and spoke some few front. It was Hank Peterson, who words, though obviously to a total led her forth, and who, after the oc-

barely by one vagrant ray of light which left the massed shades piled strongly about the heavy hair. There came upon him at that moment, as with a flood-tide of memory, all the vague longing, the restlessness, the incertitude of life which had harried him before he had come to this far land, whose swift activity had helped him to forget. Yet even here he had been unsettled, unhappy. He had missed, he had lacked-he knew not

The young woman rose, and stood out a pace or two from the shadows. She turned her face toward Franklin. He felt her gaze take in the uniform of blue, felt the stroke of mental dislike for the uniform-a dislike which he knew existed, but which he could not fathom. With a strange, halfshivering gesture the girl advanced half a step and laid her head almost upon the shoulder of the elder woman standing thus for one moment, the arms of the two unconsciously er twined, as is sometimes the way with women. Franklin approached rudeness as he looked at this attitude of the two, still puzzling, still seeking to solve this troubling problem of the

There came a shift in the music. The air swept from the merry tune into the minor from which the negro is never musically free. Then in a flash Franklin saw it all. He saw the picture. His heart stopped!

This music, it was the wail of trumpets! These steps, ordered, measured were those of marching men. These sounds, high, commingling, they were the voices of a day gone swiftly by. These two, this one-this picture-it was not here, but upon the field of wheat and flowers that he saw it now again-that picture of grief so infinitely sad.

Franklin saw, and as he eager, half advancing, indecision and irresolution dropped from him forever. Resolved from out the shadows, wherein it had never in his most intimate self-searching taken any actual form, he saw the image of that unformulated dream which had haunted his subconsciousness so long, and which was now to haunt him openly and forever,

The morning after the first official ball in Ellisville dawned upon another

Ellisville, after the first ball, was by all the rules of the Plains admittedly a town. A sun had set, and a sun had It was another day.

To Edward Franklin the tawdry ho tel parlor on the morning after the ball was no mere four-square habitation, but a chamber of the stars. Before him, radiant, was that which he had vaguely sought. This other half of himself, with feet running far to find the missing friend, had sought him out through all the years, through all the miles, through all the spheres! This was fate, and at this thought his heart glowed, his eyes shone, his very stature seemed to increase. He wist not of Nature and her ways of attraction. He only knew that here was that Other whose hand, pathetically sought, he had hitherto missed in the darkness of the foregone days. Now, thought he, it was all happily concluded, here in this brilliant chamber of delight, this irradiant abode, this noble hall bedecked with gems and silks and stars and all the warp and woof of his many, many days dreams!

Mr. and Mrs. Buford bad for the time excused themselves by reason of Mrs. Buford's weariness, and after the easy ways of that time and place the young people found themselves alone. Thus it was that Mary Ellen, with a temporary feeling of helplessness, found herself face to face with the very man whom she at that time cared least to see.

(To be continued.)

Tricks of the Types. A friend met Whitelaw Reid, the

veteran editor of the New York Tribune, the other day and said to him: "I see you are on the advisory board of Mr. Pulitzer's new college of journalism at Columbia university. Do you expect to put an end to the typographical error?"

'The most we can hope to do," replied Mr. Reid, "is to mitigate its horhors. You can't abolish the typographical error any more than you can original sin. I remember when the prince of Wales visited this country of writing an editorial on the subject. I was young and ambitious. and thought I said some clever things. It began: 'The prince of Wales is making captivating speeches.' The next morning I picked up the paper to enjoy reading it in print. I turned to the editorial page, and this met my gaze: 'The price of Nails is making carpenters swear." - Philadelphia

Couldn't Forget His Pet Theme.

Down in Virginia, says Thomas Nelson Page, there was an old darky preacher who had preached about infant baptism morning and night until his congregation couldn't stand it any longer. They told him to preach something else or they'd have to find some one who would. He promised, and the next Sunday announced his text, "Adam, where art thou?"

"Dis, bredern, can be divided into fouh heads," began the dominie. "First, every man is somewhar. Secondly, most men am where they ain't got no bus'ness to be. Thirdly, you'd better look out or you'll be gittin' there you'self. Fo'thly, lufant baptism. Now, bredern, I guess we might's well pass by the fust three heads and come immedily to the

Commercial Museums.

fo'th, infant baptism."

The Russian government will es tablish permanent commercial muse



\*From the letters and lactures on accuracy and forethought, by Earl M. Pratt, Oak Park, Illinois.

~~~~~~ For a rest time review of the daily sources of better methods. } mmmm'

The accuracy library is for co-operation in information on the

enemies of easy errors and the friends of forethought, to reduce mutually expensive mistakes of mechanical, commercial and professional people.

## Misunderstandings make many miserable, so be accurate now.

If you want to know more blame yourself. My best gains on myself have been due to respecting the suggestions of others and shouldering more than my share of the causes of trouble.

Recently I handed a man a part of an order too soon then I did not repeat it when the remainder of the order was delivered. We got mixed up and the product came out wrong and I now sit down and tell you about it. It is spilt milk, what else can I do? Yes, I can make resolutions and I have done so, but somehow my writing to you about it seems to weld the washer down on the resolutions. There is another paragraph thought to go with

A fine chance was given me to catch the mistake and correct it, but when I made an appointment on the matter for the morning I got the impression or it was permitted to grow that the appointment was of minor importance and for any time during the day. But the other party considered it so seriously that he held the work a couple hours for me to come in but I was four hours later than I should have been and the truth is I came near not calling at all. Well, that is one on me and I am supposed to be at my best when it comes to keeping appointments, After saying what I have it is better for me to add that I am not shouldering more than my share of the cause of this misunderstanding. When we made the appointment he may have been thinking about another subject from the one I I was talking about and if so that would have mixed us. My remarks would have applied to either one of two subjects we had before us. How are people to tell whether or not they are thinking about the same subject or the same side of the same subject? National wars have been started by misunderstandings.

A Common Question.

An ambitious child tried to carry three big clothes poles from their corner in the basement.

In place of getting them out the little one got them mixed with a chair. the stove, a stepladder and the celling and got penned in the corner. While others were laughing over the self-trapped youngster the latter yelled out, "What's the matter?" Employers, employes and customers

have occasions when it is in order to stop and ask, "What's the matter?" The professional worker who lets his accounts get mixed up in a way to make them useless to him has a chance to stop and inquire, "What's the matter?"

An attorney tells me that he has more trouble collecting his own accounts than he does in winning his clients' cases. "What's the trouble?" A farmer says he does not get time

to have a kitchen garden. "What's the trouble?" A nose and throat medical specialist has a bad breath of his own.

What's the trouble?" "What's the trouble?" Is the beginning of better methods, but only the beginning-after which must come

continuation and culmination. "What's the trouble?" is the beginning of systematic investigation and that leads to scientific intelli-

In place of blaming others or conditions, stop and ask questions; then follow them up and know more.

Small Audiences.

Lectures to audiences of one are my favorites. A small audience never worries me, as any one person may be able later on to introduce me to thousands. My faith in the great possibilities of the future is simply unlimited.

Yesterday a man said to me that I had better see the treasurer of their company some morning and I was there soon after 9 a. m. this morning. Two other officials were in the room with the treasurer and I gave it to

them right and left. My lecture to these three took a good part of an hour and it was on the daily sources of great individual accuracy for employer, employe and customer to reduce mutually expensive mistakes such as sickness, smashups and misunderstandings.

While this company may never encourage me a cent's worth I am a gainer by the effort because some day an audience of two thousand may give me two hundred dollars for the very three men will aid me in being useful to you in this column.



Many people have been greatly disappointed over defeat until they found hide, but the experience of stockmen that it was the greatest blessing that ever came upon them.

But though you know at the very time it is for your ultimate profit publishes the following: when the defeat occurs, you do not enjoy it. Desirable defeats are most enjoyable when looked back on from quite a distance.

Those who laugh last laugh best. of course, but during the first laugh there is generally a lack of faith in the no-knowing-when-to-be last laugh. Yet some can laugh in defeat during the enemies' laugh.

To do this, smile in defeat, requires absolute confidence in your future, or a faith in a divine solution you are unable to see to-day.

A stockholder is forced to sell his interest and against his will and he naturally feels ugly over it. But if in a few years the other stockholders lose all their money and the crowded out victim is the only one to make a cent by the disasterous enterprise. then the man who had a natural right to feel ugly has a natural right to feel good-natured.

Let me tell you that any kind of faith which helps you to smile in defeat in the belief that it is the advance agent of special success is a mighty good thing to have in your head, heart or backbone.

My collection of confessions by me chanical, commercial and professional people, contains a good many examples of final victory and one from your own life or from your observations would be highly prized and it might prove to be your best monument in time to come.

Examples of pluck when no one sees a ghost of a chance are sources of pluck which never run away from you and those who review the past in a search for such events are generally vigorously surprised over the lucky findings.

My belief is that if you search for a useful example for the benefit of others you derive more benefit from it than if you made the hunt for selfish reasons. Some very smart men wonder why some very simple men seem to stumble into lucky discoveries and the real reason may be that they possess aggressive goodness rather than brillancy.

Social Fire Extinguishers. We should be ready at all times to

fight fire and make peace. It requires as much skill to anger as it does to bring down a dangerous animal.

When you get between two of your friends who are angry with each other and you are miserable until they become congenial again, you wish you knew more about how to do things.

Some would-be peace makers make conditions worse and get injured themselves, while others are so skillful that a few words win the angry over to each other and in a way to keep them friends.

How do the successful peacemakers go at the extinguishing of anger? First, by a quiet and intelligent self-control.

Water is a fighter of fire because it requires a very unusual heat to decompose it, so self-control is a reducer of anger, either in self or in others. because it requires a very unusual provocation to trip it up.

People get angry only when they lose their head, and if they talk a moment with some one who has a head they are given a chance to find theirs again, and if that some one knows time it certainly helps.

Where two people get to running to a third person with complaints against each other the third person has an uncomfortable time of it unless possessing ability to settle the trouble. Such troubles are frequently imaginary and an imaginary trouble may be more difficult to remove than a real one. Desire and study are sources of ability.

Balancing Helps.

When we get a thump which dims our horizon for the day, or which would naturally dim it, we should have some previous compliment handy to re-read as an antidote, but more important than this is the habit of having some previous thump ready to re view when something comes up which would naturally make us joyful.

It is more dangerous to be too happy than to be too miserable. The accuracy of being temperate in

all things includes disposition. And one source of that accuracy is to have handy the balancing helps of memory.

Memory is a great store house of wisdom from which we can order forethoughts for morning, noon and night. When we appeal to the memories of others we have the best balancing

helps ready to put to use. Some authorities would have us think that nations remember only a third of a century then have to learn everything over again by expensive experience, and that the average individual remembers about three months. same talk and my exercise with the Here is a chance for the intellectual to get a better record than the natural.



Fluid Useless for Branding.

From time to time attempts are nade to supplant the red hot branding iron by a liquid. A liquid branding material patented in New Zealand has been imported to this country and ber of western cattle men tried it and reported adversely on it. It was claimed that it would not injure the seems to be that it injures them as much as the branding iron. Relative to this matter, the Arizona station

"Hon. Will C. Barnes of Dorsey, New Mexico, formerly an Arizona cattleman, has used this same branding fluid under range conditions and expresses himself concerning its use as follows: "For the man who, like myself, has from two to three hundred calves to brand at a time, I can see no way of using it successfully.

"In branding time on my ranch we usually cut out from two to three hundred calves, put them into a lane in the corral, cutting calves into one pen and cows into another. One man grabs the calf by the right hind leg. another grabs the tail, gives a quick jerk and the calf is on his side with one man holding his hind legs and another on his neck. No sooner does he hit the ground than a man is at him with the iron, while at the same time another man marks and castrates, and this year a third man dehorned with a clipper. With two pairs of men to throw, one to run the irons, one to cut and mark, and one to dehorn, making seven men in all, we have frequently branded out ninety calves in an hour and kept it up at that clip for three or four hours,

Now I tried the branding fluid under such conditions: I first put it into a milkpan and used a cold iron. it took a long time for the fluid to penetrate the hair, and finally one vigorous calf kicked over my pan and spilled the fluid all over the legs of the man holding him. That settled the pan system, and I got a brush and painted it on. That worked all right, but took time. But the worst feature of all was that crowding three or four hundred calves into a small pen that way, they smeared and rubbed the stuff all over each other, the sides of the corral and the men's clothes.

"Branding time on a big ranch is a hurry-up period; everything is in a rush. To use the fluid means to take just about ten times as long as by the hot iron system."

## Rough Feed For Horses.

The Wyoming station has made some experiments that demonstrate the value of alfalfa hay as a horse feed, says a government report. In discussing the subject of alfalfa for horses, the California station says in effect that in regions where it is the staple crop the quantity of protein that can be supplied in green and cured alfalfa is so great that much less grain is required than when the coarse fodder consists of cereal hays only. For the Pacific coast, where cereal hays replace so largely those from meadow grasses, the station recommends a ration of alfalfa hav with wheat hay or barley hay or grain. In a recent discussion of horse feeding under local conditions the Louisiana station has pointed out the value of cowpea vine hay.

The outcome of the different experiments is in accordance with the observation of careful feeders, viz., that the various common coarse fodders may be fed to horses as circumstances demand. Although timothy hay is in many regions regarded as the preferable coarse feed, yet experience has shown that corn fodder, hay from wheat, barley and other cereal grains and from clover and alfalfa, may be substituted for it. That this is what might be expected is shown by a study of the composition of these feedhow to say the right word at the right | ing stuffs. They resemble one another very closely in the character and amount of nutrients they contain. Alfaifa, clover and the other leguminous hays are richer in protein than the cured grasses and cereal forage. Straw is not much fed to horses in the United States, but is a common feeding stuff in Europe. As shown by its composition and digestibility, it compares quite favorably with other coarse fodders. In accordance with the general principle, the substitution of one coarse fodder for another in a ration should always be made on a basis of composition and digestibility. rather than pound for pound.

Our Poultry.

According to the census of three years ago, the United States has 233 million chickens, 6 million turkeys, 5 million geese and 4 million ducks. The odd thousands are not given, as the millions are near enough. It will be seen that our common barnyard fowl is a good ways in the lead. In the matter of chickens, the leading state is Iowa, which is credited with 18 millions. Illinois comes next with 16 millions, and she is closely followed by Missouri with 14 millions. Ohio is also credited with 14 millions and Texas has 13 millions. Indiana, Kansas and Pennsylvania have each over 10 millions. The smallest showing was made by Alaska, which reported only 176 chickens. In the total value of poultry and eggs produced during the census year Illinois led, and was followed by Iowa and Missouri'in the order named. For the census year the value of all the eggs produced in the United States was 144 millions and of poultry products 136 millions.



"Ned, me boy, Colonel ---

stranger, who was too startled to | done so, for his wife sat till the last reply. The ladies bowed to the wife of the section boss and to the others | happen, seeing the hand of Nora laid as they came in turn. Then the three | upon another's arm, Sam sat up as one passed on a few seats apart from and beyond the other occupants of that silently, unobserved in the confusion, side of the house.

the unhappiness and suspense could where he fell violently to currying one have endured but little longer. Again the accordion protested and the fiddle wept. The cornet uttered a faint note of woe. Yet once more there was a pause in this time of joy.

Again the door was pushed open, not timidly, but flung boldly back. There stood two figures at the head of the hall and in the place of greatest light. Of these, one was tall and very thin, but upright as a shaft of pine. He was clad in dark garments; thus much might be said. His waistcoat sat high and close. At wrist and neck there showed a touch of white, and a bit of white appeared protruding at the bosom of his coat. His tread was supple and easy as that of a boy of twenty. "Ned, me boy," he whispered to his companion as they entered, "I'm self, ye're fit for the court o' St. James at a diplomats' ball."

of the compliment. Dressed in the full uniform of a captain, he looked the to sati-fy himself of their identity. picture of the young army officer of the United States. Simply, easily, much as had the little group that immediately preceded himself and friend, Franklin passed on up into the hall, between the batteries which lined the walls.

Any emergency brings forward its own remedy. The times produce the man, each war bringing forth its own generals, its heroes, its solvers of great problems. None had chosen Battersleigh to the leadership. There had been no election for master of ceremonies, nor had Battersleigh yet had time to fully realize how desperate was this strait in which these folk had name?" fallen. It appeared to him merely that, naught else to cause delay. At the center of the room he stopped, near by the head of the stern column of Battersleigh paused, making a deep and sweeping bow, and uttered the first open speech which had been

heard that evening. "Ladies and gintlemen." he sald in

upon the row. Seeing this awful thing deeply smitten with a hurt. Then, he stole away from the fateful scene There was now much tension, and and betook himself to his stable.

of the horses. "Oh, kick!" he exclaimed, getting speech in these surroundings. "Kick! I deserve it. Of all the low-down. d--n cowards that ever was borned I sure am the worst! But the gall of that feller Peterson! An' him a mar-

ried man! When Sam left the ballroom there remained no person who was able to claim acquaintance with the little group who now sat under the shadow of the swinging lamp at the lower end of the hall, and farthest from the door. The 'grand march' was over, and Battersleigh was again walking along the lines in company with his friend Franklin, before either could have been said to have noticed fully these strangers, whom no one seemed to feelin' fine the night; and as for yer know, and who sat quite apart and unengaged. Battersleigh, master of ceremonies by natural right, and com-Franklin, indeed, deserved somewhat | fortable gentleman at heart, spied out hese three, and needed but a glance

> "Sir," said Battersleigh, approaching and bowing as he addressed the stranger, "I shall make bold to introjuce meself-Battersleigh of Ellisville. sir, at your service. If I am not mistaken, you will be from below, toward the next town. I bid ye a very good welcome, and we shall all hope to see ye often, sir. We're none too many here yet, and a gintleman and his family are always welcome among gintlemen. Allow me, sir, to presint me friend Captain Franklin, Captain Ned Franklin of the -th, Illinois in the late unplisantness-Ned, me boy, Colonel-ye'll pardon me not knowin' the

"My name is Buford, sir," said the himself having arrived, there was other as he rose. "I am very glad to see you gentlemen, Colonel Battersleigh, Captain Franklin. I was so unlucky as to be of the Kentucky troops, womanhood which held the position on | sir, in the same unpleasantness. 1 the right as one entered the hall. Here | want to introduce my wife, gentlemen. and my niece. Miss Beauchamn.

Franklin really lost a part of what the speaker was saying. He was gazing at this form half hidden in the shadow, a figure with hands drooping, tonec easily distinguishable at all parts | with face upturned and just caught | ums in Paris.