

# 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 XXV.—Continued.

The sun came on, valiantly stripped bare, knowing what was to be. Still loitered rose the requiem of the wife. The sky smiled on. There was no token to strike with alarm these human beings, their faculties dulled by a thousand years of differentiation.

To the north there appeared a long, black cloud, hanging low as the trail of some far-off locomotive, new upon the land. All at once the cloud sprang up, unfurling tattered battle flags, and hurrying to meet the sun upon the zenith battle ground.

Once the wind pelted the slant snow through the interstices of the grasses upon the furry back of the cowering coyote. Now they found a new sport in driving the icy powder through the cracks of the loose board shanty, upon the stripped back of the mother huddling her sobbing children against the empty, impotent stove, perhaps wrapping her young in the worn and whitened robe of the buffalo taken years ago. For it was only the buffalo, though now departed, which held the frontier for America in this unprepared season, the Christmas of the Great Cold. The robes saved many of the children, and now and then a mother also.

The men who had no fuel did as their natures bid, some dying at the ice-bound stove and others in the open on their way for fuel. Mishap passed by but few of the remoter homes found unprepared with fuel, and Christmas day, deceitfully fair, dawned on many homes that were to be fatherless, motherless, or robbed of a first-born. Thus it was that from this, the hardest and most self-reliant population ever known on earth, there rose the heartbroken cry for comfort and for help, the frontier for the first time begging aid to hold the skirmish line.

Sam Poston came into the office



"Whoa, Jack! Whoa, Bill! Git out o' here!"

where Franklin sat on Christmas eve, listening to the clinking rattle of the hard snow on the pane. Sam was white from head to foot. His face was anxious, his habitual uncertainty and diffidence were gone.

"Cap," said he, with no prelude, "the whole country below'll be froze out. The blizzard's awful."

"I know it," said Franklin. "We must get out with help soon as we can. How far down do you think the danger line begins?"

"Well, up to three or four miles out it's thicker settled, an' most o' the folks could git into town. As fur out as thirty mile to the south, they might git a little timber yet, over on the Smoky. The worst strip is fifteen to twenty-five mile below."

Franklin felt a tightening at his heart. "About fifteen to twenty-five miles?" he said. Sam nodded. Both were silent.

"Look here, Cap," said the driver presently, "you've allus told me not to say nuthin' 'bout the folks down to the Halfway house, an' I hain't said a thing. I 'low you got jarred down there some. I know how that is. All the same, I reckon maybe you sorter have a leanin' that way still. You may be worried some—"

Franklin groaned as he sank into a chair, his face between his hands. Then he sprang up. "We must go!" he cried.

"I know it," said Sam simply. "Get ready!" exclaimed Franklin, reaching for his coat.

"What do you mean, Cap—now?" "Yes, to-night—at once."

"You d—d fool!" said Sam. "You coward!" cried Franklin. "What! Are you afraid to go out when people are freezing—when—"

Sam rose to his feet, his slow features working. "That ain't right, Cap," said he. "I know I'm scared to do some things, but I— I don't believe I'm no coward. I ain't afraid to go down there, but I won't go to-night, ner let you go, fer it's the same as death to start now. We couldn't maybe make it in the daytime, but I'm willin' to try it then. Don't you call no coward to me. It ain't right."

go some day." His words drove Franklin again to his feet, and he walked up and down, his face gone pinched and old.

At dawn the wind lulled. The clouds swept by and the sun shone for an hour over a vast landscape buried under white. Sam was ready to start, having worked half the night making runners for a sled at which his wild team snorted in the terror of unacquaintance. The sled box was piled full of robes and coal and food and liquor—all things that seemed needful and which could hurriedly be secured.

With perfect horsemanship Sam drove his team rapidly on to the south, five miles, ten miles, fifteen, the horses now warming up, but still restless and nervous, even on the way so familiar to them from their frequent journeyings. The steam of their breath enveloped the travelers in a wide, white cloud. The rude runners crushed into and over the packed drifts, or along the sandy grime where the wind had swept the earth bare of snow. In less than an hour they would see the Halfway House. They would know whether or not there was smoke.

But in less than two hours on that morning of deceit the sun was lost again. The winds piped up, the cold continued, and again there came the blinding snow, wrapping all things in its dancing, dizzy mist.

"The wind's just on my right cheek," said Sam, putting up a mitten. "But where's it gone?"

"You're frozen, man!" cried Franklin. "Pull up, and let me rub your face."

"No, no, we can't stop," said Sam, catching up some snow and rubbing his white cheeks as he drove. "Keep the wind on your right cheek—we're over the Sand Run now, I think, and on the long ridge, back of the White

which looked questioningly back at him, their heads drooping, their breath freezing upon their coats in spiculae of white.

"Wait!" cried Franklin. "I know this hole! I've been here before. The team's come here for shelter—"

"Oh, it's the White Woman breaks—why, sure!" cried Sam in return. "Yes, that's where it is. We're less than half a mile from the house. Wait, now, and let me think. I've got to figure this out a while."

"It's off there," said Sam, pointing across the coulee; "but we can't get there."

"Yes, we can, old man; yes, we can!" insisted Franklin. "I'll tell you. Let me think. Good God! why can't I think? Yes—see here, you go down the bottom of this gully to the mouth of the coulee, and then we turn to the left—no, it's to the right—and you bear up along the side of the draw till you get to the ridge, and then the house is right in front of you. Listen now! The wind's northwest, and the house is west of the head of the coulee; so the mouth is east of us, and that brings the wind on the left cheek at the mouth of the coulee, and it comes more and more on the right cheek as we turn up the ridge; and it's on the front half of the right cheek when we face the house. I'm sure that's right—wait, I'll mark it out here in the snow. God! how cold it is! It must be right. Come on; come! We must try it, anyway."

"We may hit the house, Cap," said Sam calmly, "but if we miss it we'll go God knows where! Anyhow, I'm with you, an' if we don't turn up, we can't help it, an' we done our best."

"Come," cried Franklin once more. "Let's get to the mouth of the coulee. I know this place perfectly."

And so, advancing and calling, and waiting while Sam fought the stubborn horses with lash and rein out of the shelter which they coveted, Franklin led out of the flat coulee, into the wider draw, and edged up and up to the right, agonizedly repeating to himself, over and over again, the instructions he had laid down, and which the dizzy whirl of the snow mingled ever confusedly in his mind. At last they had the full gale again in their faces as they reached the level of the prairie, and cast loose for what they thought was west, fearfully, tremblingly, the voyage a quarter of a mile, the danger infinitely great; for beyond lay only the cruel plains and the bitter storm—this double northern of a woeful Christmas tide.

Once again Providence aided them, by agency of brute instinct. One of the horses threw up his head and neighed, and then both pressed forward eagerly. The low moan of penned cattle came down the wind. They crashed into a fence of lath. They passed its end—a broken, rattling end, that trailed and swept back and forth in the wind.

"It's the chicken corral," cried Sam, "an' it's down! They've been burnt!"

"Go on! Go on—burr!" shouted Franklin, bending down his head so that the gale might not quite rob him of his breath, and Sam urged on the now willing horses.

They came to the sod barn, and here they left the team that had saved them, not pausing to take them from the harness. They crept to the low and white-banked wall in which showed two windows, glazed with frost. They could see the chimney plainly, but it carried no smell of smoke. The stairway leading down to the door of the dugout was missing, the excavation which held it was drifted full of snow, and the snow bore no track of human foot. All was white and silent. It might have been a vault far in the frozen northern sea.

(To be continued.)

## ADMIRAL TOGO'S CADET DAYS.

Reminiscences of the Foremost Japanese Admiral.

A retired English naval officer, who, when a lad, was on board the training ship Worcester at the same time as the prominent Japanese Admiral Togo, tells the following reminiscences:

Togo was constantly the victim of all manner of chaff from the young Britishers on board, who called him "One-go-two-go-three-go." Disliked at first, perhaps because he was unlike his mates, he grew in popularity on account of his remarkably alert mind and agile body, until at length he became a general favorite with officers and boys.

He stood all chaff with a certain amount of bravado, unless it touched on his resemblance to the Chinese. To one fellow sailor who dubbed him a Chinaman he said with emphasis: "You wait; when I am 'the admiral' I hang you on the yardarm."

One day that Togo had his leave stopped for some small offense, "Liberty boys to go ashore" was piped, and the boys went up to him and said, "Are you to go?" "No," he replied. Immediately the youngsters got round him and pinched him for telling lies, shouting at the same time, "You are Togo!"

His Christian name being rather difficult to pronounce, Togo was told by one of the boys to shoot his god-father and godmother on his return home. "We do not shoot gods in Japan," was his reply.

Traveling Together.

"Where's that dude hunter?" "Oh, he left me to go after a bear."

"When's he coming back?" "Whenever the bear does."

Couldn't Find It.

"Why don't you appeal to his conscience?" "I'd have to locate it first, and I have no microscope."



## Your Corner

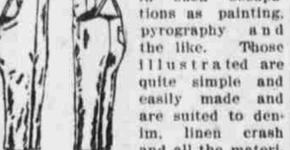
Art Enamels.

Beautiful products of the enameler's art play so important a part in our surroundings of to-day that we wonder how we ever did without them. Some of the buttons on the velvet coats, with their paste gems introduced into the midst of the enamel, are veritable works of art, and the small jeweled charms, as also the bonbonniers, all enamelled in vivid colors, are quite a revelation. Some of these represent automobiles and are filled with chocolates, or, if intended to hang on a chain, sometimes with scent.

This kind of jewelry lends itself so well to the velours surline, which can be draped like satin. In Paris velvet carries all before it, simply made in the perfection of style, which necessitates not only a good dressmaker, but handsome ornaments.

YOUTH'S OVERALLS.

Overall is essential to the neatness of the youth who is engaged in any manual pursuit, whether for pleasure or profit, just as aprons are essential to that of the girls who employ themselves about the house or in such occupations as painting, pyrography and the like. Those illustrated are quite simple and easily made and are suited to denim, linen crash and all the materials used for garments of the sort.



4683 Youth's Overalls, 10 to 16 years.

The fog portions are large enough to allow of drawing over the trousers without being uncomfortably loose. The fronts are extended to form a generous sized bib, but the back terminates at the waist line. Openings are provided at the sides which button into place and pockets are inserted in the front portions, while a patch pocket is stitched onto the right side of the back. Straps are sewed to the upper edge of the back which pass over the shoulders and are attached to the fronts by means of buttons and metal fastenings, and above the bib are supplied with buckles by means of which the length can be regulated; but these can be cut of the exact length and attached with buttons and buttonholes when preferred.

To cut these overalls for a youth of 14 years of age 2 3/4 yards of material 27 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 32 inches wide will be required.

The pattern 4683 is cut in sizes for youths of 10, 12, 14 and 16 years of age.

## THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Wide-shaped girdles are the proper waist finish.

Insertions of colored lace trim some of the sheer white blouses.

Tucks of all sorts of circular and crescent-shape design are used.

Hand work is more in evidence than ever in the fashionable wardrobe.

Stiff little hedges of foliage and flowers encircle a few of the hat crowns.

Surplice waists are to be much worn by the woman with a pretty throat.

Those printed bobbinets in big flowered designs are wonderfully attractive.

A sheaf of flowers lying on the arm is said to be the most convenient form for the bridal bouquet.

There is a tendency at present to relegate the trimming of skirts toward the middle when it is applied horizontally.

Flower Parasols.

A bewitching fad of the coming season will be the floral parasols. The foundation of these dainty creations will be chiffons, mousselines, liberties and other gauzy materials. These plain foundations, however, will be trimmed and in some instances entirely covered with artificial flowers.

A daisy parasol, for instance, will be made of green liberty silk, and will have a bow knot design of white daisies on it, with a border of the same. The parasol point will also have a mass of the daisies tied with green gauze ribbon to match the parasol proper.

An orchid parasol will have a violet chiffon foundation, and it will be simply massed with these exquisite velvety blossoms, from the wooden tip to the slender ivory handle.

Violets, pansies, carnations and all the floral favorites will figure prominently in this new fad, but, of course, such a parasol can only be carried on very dressy occasions.

Pretty Waist That May Be Made in Two Combinations—Simple and Convenient Overalls for Youth—Some Beautiful Products of the Art of the Enameler.

glass cases, which are about the size of a dollar, have a narrow frame of gold about them. The firdle is finished in front with a gold chain fringe, the ends of which have emerald, blue and gilt stones dangling from them.

This offers a suggestion to the girl who wishes to mount her favorite flower and wear it for a girdle. Real or artificial pansies mounted in this manner would make a stunning girdle.

## Informal Talks

When sprinkling clothes use hot water. It damps clothes more evenly than cold.

Keep nickel silver bright by rubbing it with a woolen cloth dipped in spirits of ammonia.

Ermine and other white furs are easily cleaned by rubbing with a flannel cloth dipped in dry flour. It is well to first dry the fur in the oven, taking care not to brown it, and to use it while still hot.

In ironing handkerchiefs it is useful to remember that the middle should be ironed first. To iron the edges first causes the middle to swell out like a balloon and makes it difficult to iron satisfactorily. Test the iron carefully before using it. A piece of rag should be at hand for this purpose.

Misses' Blouse or Shirt Waist.

Shirt waists and shirt waist gowns grow more popular with each incoming season and are shown in almost limitless variety of material.

This pretty and stylish waist is adapted both to the gown and to wear with the odd skirt and to the entire range of fashionable fabrics. The model, however, is made of pale blue mercerized chambray, and is worn with belt and tie of blue ribbon.

The plain back with the tucked fronts are much liked, and the sleeves are the favorite ones that are snug above and full below the elbow.

The waist consists of fronts and back, the former being tucked at the shoulders and finished with a regulation box plait. The sleeves are cut in one piece each and are gathered into straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1/2 yards 21 or 27 inches wide, or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 4685 is cut in sizes for misses of 12, 14 and 16 years of age.

## Necklets of Velvet.

In toilet accessories there are many pretty notions, such as necklets of narrow velvet bands, in the new shades of yellow, green and blue. They are studded with steel, and the ends are held together at the neck by a steel motif. Waistbands or belts may be arranged in the same way.

## Dainty Centerpieces.

For those clever with the brush the latest table centers should appeal to some purpose, for now that spring is here the loveliest and most appropriate to the season are made of finest clearest muslin, hand painted, with trails of blossom in faint tints. In favor, too, are billowy centers of chiffon.

Write plainly. Fill out all blanks. Enclose 10c. Mail to E. E. Harrison & Co., 65 Plymouth Place, Chicago.

## ECRU WITH WHITE.



No combination is more fashionable than white with ecru. This stylish waist shows the ecru in repressed lace, the white in cream crepe, and is charmingly attractive. When liked, the sleeves can be made in elbow length and the yoke quite separate, so making the waist with both high and low neck and rendering it easily

convertible. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21, 2 3/4 yards 27, or 2 1/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 1/2 yards of all-over lace.

A May Manton pattern, No. 4660, sizes 32 to 40, will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.



Fancy Blouse.

Box plaits combined with tucks or shirtings are among the novelties that are genuinely attractive as well as new. This pretty waist admits of either combination and is eminently graceful and smart. The model is made of pale blue messaline satin, with yoke and cuffs of cream lace, and is tucked between the plaits, but all of the soft and pliable materials of the season are appropriate and shirtings can be substituted for the tucks whenever preferred. The drop yoke and the deep gauntlet cuffs make noteworthy features and the crushed belt is both fashionable and in harmony with the design. The back blouses slightly over the belt but can be drawn down snugly when preferred.

The waist consists of the lining, the front and backs which are arranged over it. The yoke is separate and is arranged over the waist after the sleeves are sewed in, the closing being made invisibly at the back edge of the yoke and beneath the box plait. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season and form soft full puffs above the cuffs but are tucked to fit the upper arms snugly.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21 inches wide, 3 yards 27 inches wide or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 1/2 yard of silk for belt and 1 1/2 yards of all-over lace.

The pattern 4684 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

## A Hint to the Clever Needlewoman.

The new fishnet, Arabe-tinted curtains, show mercerized applique ornamentation, which gives a stained-glass effect to the curtains when the light gleams through them. They furnish a suggestion to the clever needlewoman. Why should she not decorate fishnet with applique work of her own designing and obtain much more artistic results and at one-quarter the cost.

Readers of this paper can secure any May Manton pattern illustrated above by filling out all blanks in coupon, and mailing, with 10 cents, to E. E. Harrison & Co., 65 Plymouth Place, Chicago. Patterns will be mailed promptly.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Pattern No. \_\_\_\_\_

Waist Measure (if for skirt) \_\_\_\_\_

Bust Measure (if for waist) \_\_\_\_\_

Age (if child's or miss's pattern) \_\_\_\_\_

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