

MY HALF SISTER

XXX By ELTON HARRIS XXX

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Oh, I know you think us the dirt beneath your feet!" he sneered, his face livid, as he twisted his little black-moustache and glared at her with scathing admiration. "We are nothing, no, no, it is those who win laugh, oh, yes! I snap my fingers at Reversion, for which we are not good enough; but they shall accept us, though they did not my amiable uncle, when, I allow, you had no cause to love."

"I shall certainly let all Reversion know if I am made unhappy here," she answered, with a sudden flash of comprehension, under which Henri winced.

"For Mr. Barlowe, I had little spare to like him; but he is dead! he came to a terrible end! Have you any chance of discovering who killed him, or why?"

"So intent had they been in their conversation that they had been oblivious to the clang of the garden gate and the sound of wheels. As Mollie turned quickly to see Madame Dubois driving up, the horses lathered by their reckless speed, but well in hand, she did not notice that Henri's face had gone a sickly yellow, that the fingers, holding a cigarette suddenly crushed it as in a vice. Madame looked from Mollie's flushed face, to her son's pale, dark one, as she drew up, and her lips tightened; but the girl entered the house before her, and, once out of sight, dashed in her own room.

"What was she to do? she thought, as with clasped hands she paced her room. What could she do, but keep her eyes open, and bear it? She was surprised to find that she was neither frightened nor dismayed; indeed, wondering more why Mollie would think of her—Henri, whose blue eyes had given a sudden flash as that "Mollie" had caught his ear. "Yet it was a matter of relief when Madame appeared as usual in the dining room, even making a little show of affection for her, though looking pale and distraught, while Henri was deservingly polite.

"But nothing could prevent the evening being dreary and constrained, and as early as she could, she bade mother and son good night. At the far end of the large square hall was the handsome oak door of Mr. Barlowe's study, and she passed at the foot of the stairs to return it with a felling akin to awe. What scene had that closed door witnessed 13 months ago that very night? What was the secret of Leonard Barlowe's tragic death? Well indeed it was for Mollie; that the future is hidden from us; that she could not foresee the manner in which the truth would be revealed!

As she went slowly up stairs the drawing room door opened suddenly and Madame came out and walked swiftly across to the closed door, her usually stately step faltering and uneven, her face wild and haggard; but she had gone many yards Henri had slipped after her, caught her by the arm, and pulled her roughly back.

"Let me go!" she cried excitedly. "Have you not tormented me enough?—you, for whom I have borne everything, you, whom I have shielded?"

"There, don't make a fuss and rouse the place!" he said hoarsely. "For heaven's sake come back and calm yourself. What is the use of getting in a frenzy because an unfortunate event has happened in the house, and the servants say it is haunted? Come back, I say!" And the drawing room door closed again on their angry voices without either having perceived Mollie's presence on the stairs above.

She went on to her room down the dimly-lighted corridors, for Madame was economical in lights in some instances. There was a feeling of unrest and mystery abroad in the house tonight, more to be felt than described, which unconsciously influenced her. She wished she were not so young. How long it seemed since she had left her peaceful German life behind, and been plunged into a sea of difficulties; and she would not have gone back. Madame rose the thought that there was no peace in Niagara.

She took her Bible and read a chapter, trying to fix her thoughts on the words that would soon dawn, the day her Lord rose from the dead. The words of the Bible in which she was wrapped accentuated the brightness of her hair, and her lovely face shone sweet and thoughtful in the moonlight, but as she closed the book she felt a shiver that she put her arms on the toilet table and dropped her white chin into them.

All the evening her thoughts had been back with her mother—remembering her sorrows and sufferings—yet not there but running in her mind over the words she had just read. "Love your enemies." Ah! how impossible it seemed, to how many more she would have to love! Mollie had appeared in the drawing room, and she had come with her

A hasty rattling at the door handle, Kate's voice screaming, roused her, and, running to open it, she called almost fell against her, her thin little face colorless, her tiny hands grasping, as if for dear life, at the folds of her dressing gown.

"Let me stay with you, dear, dear Mollie!" she sobbed and sighed. "I cannot—cannot stop alone; I should die!"

It was terrible to see the nervous excitement, the fear that shook the child from head to foot, and as Mollie caught her up she only remembered that she was her mother's baby, the little sister she had tried to love. Shutting the door, she carried her to the window, pausing to wrap a rug round her, for she was in her small night gown, just as she had jumped out of bed, and shivering violently.

"Yes, yes, you shall stay with me," she said soothingly, in her round, soft voice. "But what is the matter? Where are Jane and Harriet?"

"Jane has gone; she said she was not going to stay in this house tonight for anything we could offer her. She just got the gardener's boy to take her box after dark, and went. I don't know what Aunt Clara will say, and Harriet will not sleep in my room without her."

"What! they both slept there?"

"Yes, because of the strange noises and—things. I woke up and called out, and when I got up and felt Harriet was not there, and her blankets were gone, my heart seemed to stop beating—I could not breathe. All I thought of was you; I should be safe if I could get to you. Something passed me in the passage; I felt it brushing against me. It was a ghost, wasn't it?" And she covered down into Mollie's arms, a pitiable object indeed.

Kate was almost beside herself, and it was long ere Mollie could calm her agitation. Inwardly the sister's heart burned with wrath against the two maids, who in their own ignorant fear had left this highly-strung child alone at such a time, after the shock of the preceding year. Seriously alarmed, she rubbed the icy little hands and feet, talking cheerfully the while, and then rocked to and fro until the breathing grew quieter, and the frozen head lay still on her shoulder, while she hummed the old lullaby which had sounded in her own drowsy ears when she was a little child.

"Mother sang that," Kate said, suddenly looking up with a faint smile. "When I found I was alone, I said all I could remember of my prayers—'Our Father' over and over again."

"I am glad of that," replied Mollie simply. "I feared you did not, Kate."

"I am a Free-thinker in the daytime; but at night in the dark, when I am frightened, I always say all I can think of," said the child, with quaint innocence, all the self-importance knocked out of her for the moment by terror.

She listened very quietly when Mollie tried to show her that this was wrong, and then her thoughts went back to the last Easter eve, and she spoke of her father.

"It was very cold—oh, very!" she said reflectively. "He took me out in the dogcart, and I cried with the cold, so he was cross. I did not know he was going to die, you see, or I would have tried not to."

"But you loved him, Kate?"

"Pretty well," she responded truthfully, for she had not words to express what she was sharp enough to know—that her father had cared for her for what she had represented to him. "When I went to the study to say good night to him, he called out he was busy, so I went away. Next morning when I awoke the snow was thick, and I heard screams and shrieks, so I jumped out of bed and ran to the top of the stairs and looked down, and all the servants were there at the study door, looking in and wringing their hands, and crying, and Aunt Clara, with her hair streaming about, calling out that they must get a doctor and send for Henri. I went further down the stairs and asked what was the matter, and they shrieked more, and said: 'Take the child away!' But I would not go until nurse called me, and she told me my father was dead. I asked what made him die, and she said: 'Want of breath.' And then heaps of people came, and there was a hearse."

"Inquest," corrected Mollie, with a shiver, the little girl's words bringing the whole scene before her with startling vividness; then, as she felt that Kate was again shuddering in her arms, she added: "But we will not think of it any more."

"I can't help it!" she moaned, trembling. "Something in black has glided up and down the passage ever since. That door is heard to open and shut when every one is in bed. All the servants know this, and won't they ask them?"

"Oh, Kate, this is really nonsense!" Mollie exclaimed in horror; then, drawing back the blind she pointed to the still, quiet night without, where the full moon was shining, through

the budding trees, the moon riding serene in the dark blue sky above. "And so, even the weather is different this year. Look at the beautiful world God has given us to live in! And if we are good He will certainly take care of us; we need fear nothing. Why, even a little sparrow cannot fall to the ground but what He sees it; and we are His children, whom the Lord Christ came to save."

Kate drank in her words with a look of old intelligence that made her seem as if she had never been a child. But as Mollie put her into bed, two slight arms were suddenly flung round the soft white throat, and she whispered with passionate fervor:

"Oh, I am glad—I am awfully glad that God has given me you for a sister, Mollie!"

But long after the little one had fallen asleep, Mollie sat by her, thinking, thinking—what did it all mean?

CHAPTER VI.

Who had killed Leonard Barlowe? For days Mollie pondered over this question, and another one that would keep coming back to her—had the Dubois any private knowledge that had not been published to the world? They must have known more of Mr. Barlowe, his past life and enemies, than any outsider could possibly do. Henri had hated his uncle, she knew, yet surely he had had no hand in sending him out of the world; that could not be the meaning of Madame's wild words! That he was cold-blooded and cynical to a degree about everything save himself was clear; but it was incredible that he could have committed such a crime undetected; besides, Kate said that he had been in London at the time.

She thrust the thought from her, and determined to try and think no evil—a good resolution put to a very hard test when she discovered that her freedom was gone, and that Madame was always making slighting remarks upon the Anstruthers, implying that Mrs. Anstruther was a worldly mother, who had engaged her daughter to a rich man, and was now seeking an heiress for her son. About this latter, indeed, she shook her head ominously; she had heard tales of him—he was a terrible flirt, or worse.

It was in vain Mollie protested hotly that the young naval officer to whom Joyce was engaged was far from rich; that she had never heard a word against Reggie, that Mrs. Anstruther was kindness itself and had loved her mother. Madame nodded her handsome dark head mysteriously, and said her dear Mollie was very young and innocent, and all young men were not like Henri, so good and wise and trustworthy. Certainly she had plenty of opportunity of discovering these virtues in Henri, had they existed for he spent the greater part of his time hanging about her, and she grew heartily tired of him and the tales of his gay Parisian life.

Why did he not return to it? she thought wearily. Why did he stay on here, rolling his black eyes at her sentimentally, and pretending that Reversion was now more to him than Paris?

"It is because I am an heiress," she thought wrathfully, when he had accompanied her to the Anstruthers, and kept so close to her that she had been unable to have the good grumble to Joyce that would have relieved her pent-up feelings. "Oh, this hateful money! My mother's life was ruined for it, and they would ruin mine. But I am not so gentle as she; and Madame will find that I have a will of my own. I think she suspects it, for sometimes I see her eyes fixed on me with such a strange expression. God forgive me if I am wrong then; but somehow I mistrust them utterly."

(To be continued.)

Made Some Queer Wagers.

Gen. Francis V. Greene's story of the queer bet made by officers at Gettysburg recalls other strange wagers. Harmon, at the Stanwix hotel, in Detroit, several years ago, bet he could hold his head submerged in a bathtub for 125 seconds without taking air. He won.

In Philadelphia some years ago a gentleman made a wager of \$100 that he could jump into water eight feet deep and undress himself completely. Any one who has ever made the attempt to remove his clothing after being thoroughly drenched to the skin, even when standing on terra firma, with plenty of room to "hop around on one leg," will at once realize the difficulty of accomplishing the feat while in the water. However, it was done in the instance noted. A chap named Curtis in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, for a wager of a horse, ran five miles in forty-one minutes, and wound up the race with a jump of eleven feet six inches. An Englishman named Head won \$5,000 by walking 600 miles in ten days, but the exertion so used him up that he never walked much afterward, either on wagers or otherwise.—New York Telegraph.

To Mount Photos on Glass.

To mount photos on glass proceed as follows: Soak four ounces of gelatine in cold water for half an hour, then place in a glass jar, adding sixteen ounces of water; put the jar in a large dish of warm water and dissolve the gelatine. When dissolved pour into a shallow tray. Have your prints soiled on a roller, albumen side out; take the print by the corners and pass rapidly through the gelatine, taking great care to avoid air bubbles. Hang up with clips to dry, and when dry squeeze carefully on to the glass. The better the quality of the glass the finer the effect.

TWO MILLIONAIRES DEAD.

Mercus Daly and Henry Villard Expire the Same Day.

AFTER LIVES MUCH ALIKE.

Both Self-Made Men—Beginning Their Careers as Poor Immigrants They Work Their Way to Great Wealth and High Station.

Marcus Daly and Henry Villard both died Monday in New York. These two men, whose careers have such a similarity, passed away within a few miles of each other, and almost at the same time. Both were born abroad, coming to this country while still boys, and both won fame and wealth in the great northwest, which they did much to develop. Both were millionaires at the time of their death, Villard leaving a fortune estimated at \$1,000,000, while Daly's wealth is believed to be fifty times that amount. Both started in life penniless and both won riches by their own personal merit and efforts. Henry Villard, noted as a newspaper man, railroad builder, and financier, was born in Germany, and ran away from home at an early age, coming to Illinois, where his first work was done as a newspaper reporter and correspondent. After working on the Tribune in Chicago he drifted to the east and later to Europe, where his qualities as a financier won him the confidence of capitalists, whose backing later permitted him to carry out some of his daring enterprises. His work did much for the progress of the Pacific coast states. He planned and carried into effect the first direct railroad to the northwest.

He also identified himself with electricity in its early days, and to his capital and perseverance is due in great part the rapid strides in that field. He furnished the money which permitted Thomas A. Edison to carry on the experiments which revolutionized the lighting system of the world. In his later years he returned to his old work, the newspaper business, and purchasing the New York Evening Post, did much for independent journalism. Three times was Henry Villard a millionaire. Twice were fortunes many times greater than the one he left wiped out in financial panics, and although each time he could have saved much of his wealth to himself he protected others in preference, paying great losses out of his own private means.

Marcus Daly, a native of Ireland, came to the United States at the age of 13 years, settling in California. His first work was at digging potatoes, and for years he earned his living as a day laborer. Gaining some money in California during the days of the gold fever, he won the confidence of some of the foremost capitalists of the state, and was sent to Montana to manage their mining interests there. Soon striking out for himself, he began his remarkable rise which left him many times a millionaire and one of the foremost men in financial and political circles in the country. Daly's long feud with William A. Clark, culminating in the ousting of the latter from the United States senate, is recent history. Clark's victory at last week's election came too late to affect his old foe, who then was on his deathbed.

Villard's chief interest in life was work for the good of his fellow-men. He was a firm advocate of civil service in its earlier days and took prominent part in other reform movements. Numberless public institutions and charities have profited by his friendship. His gifts were numerous in the land of his birth as well as in this country.

Daly had for his chief hobby the love of the racehorse. For many years his stable was one of the most famous in America. He owned many of the animals whose names have been most familiar on the tracks in this country. This sport, with politics, furnished him entertainment and a means of spending his enormous income during the last years of his life.

Marcus Daly died in his apartments in the Hotel Netherland at 8 o'clock Monday morning. Dilatation of the heart and Bright's disease of the kidneys, with resultant complications, were the immediate cause of death, though Mr. Daly's illness dated back several years. Daly's motto was: "Do yourself that which you would have done right."

Smallpox Among Shoshone Indians.

The Indian bureau has received a telegram from the Shoshone agency in Wyoming, announcing that smallpox has broken out at Lander, near the Indian reservation. Vaccine virus for 1,700 persons which the agent asks to have dispatched him immediately has been forwarded.

Colored Man Electrocuted.

Richard Gardner, colored, was electrocuted in the penitentiary at Columbus, O., at 12:05 Friday morning. He was convicted of the murder of little Ethel Long at Austin, O., on May 22.

Handles Live Wire; Is Dead.

At Milwaukee, Wis., George J. Pinter, 24 years of age, attempted to repair an electric light in front of his home, 2709 Fond du Lac avenue. He lowered the lamp and took hold of a live wire. He was killed instantly.

Woman Given Public Hospital.

Miss Mira Hershey, daughter of the late millionaire lumberman, Benjamin Hershey, of Muscatine, Ia., has purchased ground for the site of the public hospital which she will erect and donate to the city.

In the old colonial days Boston had an "intelligence office," which was also a clove market, as appears from a notice published in February, 1770: "The intelligence office, opposite the Golden Ball, lately kept by Benjamin Leigh, is now kept by Grant Webster. There is to be sold at said office West India and New England rum, wines of several sorts, male and female negroes, several second hand chairs," etc.

Nebraska has never raised so large a crop of lambs as this year. Texas has its largest crop for eight years.

I am sure Flax's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOM. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1900.

No man should complain if measured with his own yardstick.

ALL UP-TO-DATE PEOPLE. Use Batt's Caps for Colds. Act quickly, cure promptly. All druggists. 25 cents.

Do not fret for news, it will grow old and you will know it.

MARIAN'S PAPER.—FREE. Best Published.—FREE. J. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

A windmill costs about two cents per horse-power an hour.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Man makes a death which nature never made.—Young.

God's Cough Balm is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Life is a conundrum—and every one has to give it up.

There is no other ink "just as good" as Carter's ink. There is only one ink that is both all and that is Carter's ink. Use it.

It is better to receive a \$10 bill than a bill for \$10.

Remove the causes that make your hair brittle and gray with Foster's Hair Balm. MARIAN'S, the best cure for corns. 10c.

'Tis impious to a good man to be sad.—Young.

Baseball players; Golf players; all players cheer White's Yucca when playing.

Purity is not negative, but positive.

We refund for every medicine if FURNISH EVIDENCE that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo.

Bureaucrats in Paris have organized a bureau to spread their doctrine.

PERU TONIC

GRIPPE
COUGHS
SORE-THROAT
CROUP
HOARSENESS

MRS. GBN. LUNESTREET Says: "Besides being a good tonic Peru is an effective cure for catarrh. I recommend your remedy, Peru."

HALF ACTUAL SIZE.

ST. VITUS' DANCE

Three great and complete cures effected by Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.

LULU FERRE

CORA LEARMOUTH

GRACIE BAILEY

Mrs. J. A. Ferre, who resides near 908 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., says:

"My daughter Lulu became very ill with St. Vitus' dance over a year ago. She became so bad that she lost the use of her right arm and side, and we thought at one time she would lose her speech. Her tongue was almost paralyzed, she was so bad she could not feed herself, and at night she would get so nervous I had to sit and hold her. I tried several doctors, but they did not do her any good. I did not find anything that would help her until I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. She is now, by the use of this medicine, entirely cured."

C. H. Bailey, Esq., of Waterbury, Vt., writes:

"I am more than glad to write about my little daughter. Until a short time ago she had grown up a very delicate child and subject to sick spells lasting weeks at a time. She was very nervous, and our family doctor said we would never raise her, she was so delicate and feeble. We tried many remedies without the least good. We felt much anxiety about her, especially as no doctor could benefit her, and had great fear for her future. Learning of the wonders being done by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to give it to her. She soon commenced to improve under its use, and rapidly gained in every respect. She eats and sleeps well and her nerves are strong. The medicine has done wonders for her and it is the best we ever knew. I recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy to everybody."

Mrs. J. Learmonth, of 776 Broadway, South Boston, Mass., says:

"At ten years of age my daughter became affected with a nervous condition which soon developed into St. Vitus' dance. It was pronounced by the attending physician to be a very severe attack. The mouth would be drawn spasmodically to one side, the hands and arms were restless and constantly twitching. Her limbs also were weak; her ankles bent under her so that it was almost impossible to walk. She was so nervous that she would scream almost like a maniac and then have fits of crying. After two months' treatment without a cure, I concluded to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Three bottles entirely cured her. She is now thirteen years old, and has been well ever since, and to-day is a picture of health."

GRAIN-O

THE PURE GRAIN COFFEE

Grain-O is not a stimulant, like coffee. It is a tonic and its effects are permanent.

A successful substitute for coffee, because it has the coffee flavor that everybody likes.

Lots of coffee substitutes in the market, but only one food drink—Grain-O.

All grocers; 10c and 25c.

"VAN'S" BUCKWHEAT

Finest Flavor.

Buckwheat All Through.

Get a Package From Your Grocer.