

# MY HALF SISTER

By ELTON HARRIS

## CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Week after week dragged on in weary sameness. No one ever came to call, sometimes there was hardly a servant in the house. Madame grew daily more silent and morose, and while she absolutely adored the ground her little French dandy of a son stepped upon, they often had fierce quarrels in private.

Madame's only amusement was reckless driving, and the sight of the mail phaeton with its fiery chestnuts tearing about the country, and madame, sitting square and grim in the driving seat, drew a familiar one round Reverton. Henri generally declined to accompany her; he had not nerve to stand it, nor had Kate; but Mollie often went, for she rather enjoyed it, and it had the great advantage of taking her out of Henri's society for a time.

"It is all very well!" exclaimed Reggie half angrily. "Let her break her own neck if it pleases her, but she has no business to break yours!"

It was a glorious spring afternoon, bright sunshine was flooding the quaint old Reverton High street, and the phaeton had no sooner drawn up with a clatter before the post office, and madame gone in, than Mr. Anstruther's tall, soldierly form appeared at the Conservative club doorway opposite, and he lost no time in coming round to Mollie's side. The groom was at the excited horses' heads, so they could talk unrestrainedly, and as Reggie's brown face was upturned to Mollie's, and his blue eyes sought hers, they were certainly making the most of their chance.

"I don't mind; she drives very well," she replied. "You never saw such strong hands as she has!"

"She drives as if she were possessed!" he retorted. "I don't like well, it is not fit for you to be whirled round the country like a tornado."

"It is better than stopping at home," Mollie answered, laughing. "You see, there is no room for Henri!"

"Henri!" said Mr. Anstruther, with a slight grimace. "One rarely sees you nowadays without that detestable little tailor's block. There, Mollie, I beg your pardon; you may like him, but you are not going to throw over your old friends for your new, are you? The matter and Joyce declare that they believe you are not allowed to come to see them. Tell me, is it true?"

"I am afraid it is, Reggie," was the response, given dolefully. "Please beg them not to think me ungrateful. It is not very nice at Chalfont, but I shall do the best."

"It is a burning shame!" he burst out hotly. "What right have they to make you unhappy? I should like to wring their necks!"

"Don't be bloodthirsty!"—and she laughed. "And I do not intend to be unhappy, especially if you will explain to Mrs. Anstruther."

"All right," replied Reggie promptly; then persuasively, "Mollie, don't you think that it is very selfish of you to wear those violets, when you see that I have none?"

"I had not thought of it in that light," she said demurely. "Poor little Kate gathered them for me."

"Suppose you see how they look in my coat?"

"Well, I don't wish to be selfish," she said, unfastening them, and leaning down to put them in his outstretched hand.

Reggie caught the hand, flowers and all, and, as he looked up into those beautiful soft grey eyes that had played such havoc with his heart, he said, with quickening breath:

"Look here, Mollie, I hate to think of you miserable; it is more than I—than any fellow can stand. Oh, bother! here she comes! I can see her feathers bobbing through the door. When shall I see you again?"

"Impossible to say, for madame and Henri seem to have taken a dislike to everyone. But don't worry, I am not miserable; at least, not very; tell Joyce."

"And Henri—do you like him? Is he a pretty good sort?" he demanded hastily.

But madame had caught sight of a pair of broad shoulders, a closely-cropped sunny head, and ere Mollie could reply she had swept out, her glance falling with equal disfavour on Reggie fastening the violets in his buttonhole, and Mollie's smiling face.

"You are making a long stay in Reverton this time, Mr. Anstruther," she said blandly, as she gathered up the reins.

"Yes, there is no place like home, and I have heaps of friends here!" he answered pleasantly, raising his hat.

"By the way, Madame Dubois, I hope the rumor I heard at the club this afternoon is true—that the police have some important clue respecting poor Mr. Darlowe's assailant?"

"For a moment madame turned her eyes with a quick, wild glance on him, her shining Mollie's shoulder of a servant's cap, but she said nothing."

"Why, Kate, how is this?" she cried. "I thought it would be nice to see the spring one mother had put on."

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have heard no such thing. How is it we have not been told—we, who have the best right to know; we, who have longed and looked for the truth to be found out all this weary year? No, I cannot believe it; I fear to hope! Look, I am quite overcome at the thought! Tell me all you know!"

She was overcome. She had worked herself up as she proceeded, yet the girl at her side felt that the reason she gave was not the true one, and again it occurred to her that madame knew more than she had ever told; yet she might be misjudging her. Perhaps she had cared for Mr. Darlowe with something of the fierce tenderness she showed for Henri!

But she had little time to think. Madame ascertained all Reggie knew, and chatted a few minutes with self-possession; but directly she had turned the horses' heads and they were leaving Reverton behind, her face grew black as a thunder-cloud, her lips were pressed together in a thin line, and her eyes, burning with a somber fire, glanced over the horses' heads unseeingly as she urged them on.

Never did Mollie forget that drive! How much faster did she mean to go? she thought, in real terror. She was a brave girl, with nerves well under control; but it was mad—mad to tear along like this. She was absolutely obliged to hold on tight as they awayed from side to side; while, as they shaved past a heavy wagon and swept round a corner, she saw that the groom at the back was standing up in his seat, watching the road anxiously, his face chalky and white.

She tried to remonstrate once or twice, so did the man, but madame only answered impatiently, and, if possible, went faster, and it seemed a Providence indeed that the roads were quiet that afternoon. Many times Mollie glanced up at the set face beside her, lighted by a fierce look of exultation, as trees and hedges vanished from sight almost before seen, and the wind blew cold on their faces. Was she trying to drive away from her own thoughts, flying where no man pursued?

Mollie could scarcely believe her own good fortune when she once more alighted at the hall door of Chalfont, safe and sound. Kate came running to meet them, and as madame caught sight of her it evidently recalled something to her mind, for she paused and turned to Mollie with a frown.

"You seemed to be talking very earnestly with that young Anstruther," she said abruptly. "What was it about?"

"Nothing that would interest you, madame," she answered politely.

"I am your guardian, and insist upon knowing." Then, as Mollie's frank face was turned upon her, madame either remembered the old proverb about taking a horse to the water, but failing to make him drink, or that the L'Estrange were a family of soldiers, and that the fighting spirit was flashing resentfully from those gray eyes now, for she added hastily: "I know the world; you do not; and I forbid you to give flowers to gentlemen. Yes, Kate, my precious one, you should give your violets to aunts, not to your half-sister, who did not value them." And she swept away in quest of her son.

"They were hers, to do as she pleased with," the child called after her sulkily, as she hung round Mollie, and made grimaces after her retreating relative. "You see, Mollie, you ought to have given them to Henri, who is so good, so adorable, so sweet!"

"Hush! hush, Kate!" said the elder girl quickly. Angry as she was she would not encourage the child against her aunt, and she walked to the door and stood looking out into the sunshine with misty eyes. "Love thine enemies," she thought. "Overcome evil with good." Oh, it was really too hard; she could not try.

The groom's voice speaking to the gardener, who was bedding out the tulips in the borders, here came wafted towards her.

"Tomorrow I gives notice. Yes, I lose my place, sure enough; but if I sticks it, who would look to the missus and kids when I lose my life? See them 'orses all lathered up? Several times I thought we were done. We were bound to go, and the young lady, she sat as still—well, I never see her equal for pluck—and the wheels ground away."

God had been very good to her, and brought her safely through danger, thought Mollie remorsefully, and yet she had just been grumbling! Then she wondered what Reggie would have felt had they been killed; and then she saw Kate's sharp, hazel eyes watching her intently, so she took her hand and raced round the garden until they came to the swing, splendid with new ropes.

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## CHAPTER VII.

Dinner was very late that day, for Henri did not return home from a visit to the police station until long after the usual hour, and then Mollie heard him tell his mother that the rumor must have originated through some tramp being taken up with suspicious articles in his possession; but otherwise the inspector had no further clue to the perpetrator of the crime.

It was a warm night, almost sultry, and Mollie opened the long French windows and went out onto the panti-les, leaving them alone, though Henri's high tones sneering at the English police, and at madame for believing all she heard, reached her for some time.

How soft and fresh the air felt; how high above her head the myriads of stars were twinkling in the vast vaults of heaven! There was a whisper of coming summer in the little breeze that just lifted the curls on her brow, speaking of the primroses that were blooming down by the stream, the violets in the shady woods. The roof covering the panti-les was supported by iron pillars, and the scene was the same as from her bedroom window, which was just above. But Mollie never tired of it, and was standing in dreamy thought, when a voice close to her startled her.

"Ah! mademoiselle. I have found you at last. I have been looking for you everywhere!" said Henri briskly, closing the glass doors. "You enjoy the lovely night—yes?"

"Anyone would, monsieur," Mollie replied, adding mischievously: "Surely it makes you think of Paris—the lights, music, dancing, and all that kind of thing—does it not?"

"You are laughing at me, mademoiselle," he said, with a very genuine sigh as the vision rose before him. "But tell me, would you not like to go there, see all these things—are you not tired of being here?"

"Oh, no. Why, when I was in Germany I was just longing to be home to watch the flowers come out, to ramble in the woods."

Henri shrugged his shoulders and glanced down at his dainty boots.

"Yet it is very unpleasant for you," he argued. "My mother is peculiar. She has never recovered from the shock of her brother's sudden death. Two years with her would appal me, were I a girl. And had I the chance of going to beautiful Paris, having a home of my own, a husband devoted to me, I should take it, would not you?"

"No!" said Mollie quickly, suppressing a gasp of dismay. "Besides, what good would they be to me if I were not devoted, too. I am going in"—and she moved to the window.

"Stay, do not be so cruel!" and he stepped in front of her. "You know I love, adore you. Only say, Henri, I return your ardent affection, and will be yours; and my life will be spent in making you happy."

"But I don't—I never could!" she cried, not waiting to choose her words in her hurry. "Nor do you love me, Henri, so let us say no more about it."

"I tell you I do!" protested he suddenly. "Why do you doubt me? Consent, and I will carry you to my gay Paris and teach you to love!" And he came nearer and laid a hand on her arm.

Instinctively she shrank back. His face, sat-ow and cunning, was too near to be pleasant; his black eyes were fixed, with an expression of assured triumph, on hers. Clearly to be read in them was the conviction that he, Henri Dubois, was hardly likely to be refused, that no girl could resist when he pleaded. And yet there was a certain admiration there too, which she had felt and hated for the last few weeks.

(To be Continued.)

**Killing of Pup Rolls Her.**  
Mrs. Richard Ferguson ("Grace Passmore") of the "McCarthy Mishaps" company threw a bottle at a Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville baggageman at Muncie, Ind., recently, because her pet bull pup, which she had been compelled to put in his car at Hartford City, was killed by falling parcels en route to Muncie. The man dodged, and the bottle was shattered on the side of the car. Other thespians and railroad men interfered and peace was restored. The company boarded the train at Hartford City, but the conductor refused to allow Mrs. Ferguson and another woman in the troupe to take their pets into the passenger coach. Mrs. Ferguson says her pet was worth \$10, and she has filed a claim with the company. The bottle hurled at the baggageman was used to feed the dog and was full of milk, which splashed over the trainmen in the car. Ferguson says he was astonished at his wife's poor aim, as she was once a crack baseball pitcher.

**English Were Unneighborly.**  
The Duc d'Orleans, whose sister is married to the new king of Italy's cousin and heir-presumptive, has been unable to sell York house, Twickenham. The ex-prince of France has, therefore, decided to shut the place up, save for a caretaker, for three years. Possibly he hopes in that time his curious behavior will have been forgotten by the English and that he can once more claim neighborly relations there. The Duc was recently at Marlborough. His sister, the Duchesse d'Aosta, was always a great favorite in England. She is in curious contrast to the new queen of Italy, being fair, but her royal highness is a brown-skinned, dark-eyed woman.

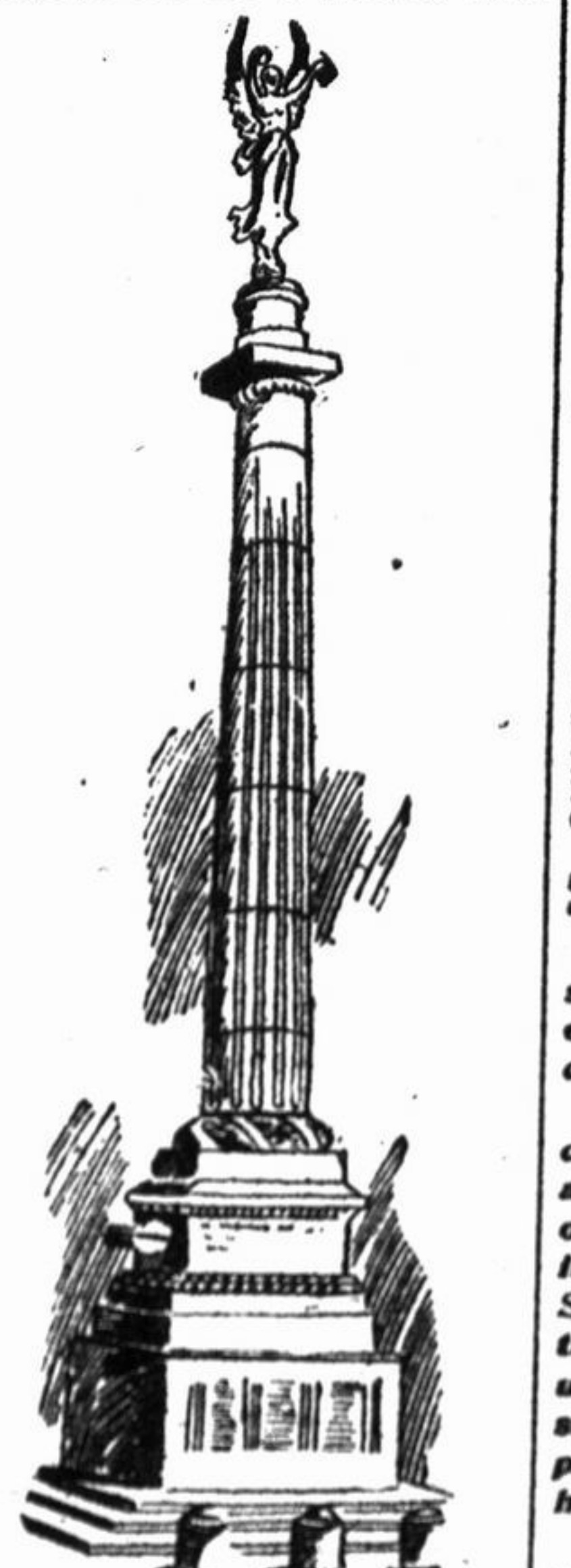
**And Women Killed by Train.**  
Mrs. Mary Bly, aged 75 years, was killed at the corner of the tracks of the road at Belmont, while she was crossing the street. She was struck by a train of coal that lay

## TRAIN WRECK IN MICHIGAN,

Five Persons Hurt on the Lake Shore Near Kalamazoo.

In a blinding snowstorm and at the point of a curve two miles south of Kalamazoo, a passenger train on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern road ran into an extra south-bound freight, which was about to take a siding at the Kalamazoo paper mill. The injured are: Mrs. James Harter of Kalamazoo, a passenger; injured about the breast and face. Charles Adams of Elkhart, a brakeman on the freight; thrown out of a car door; severe cuts in leg muscles and collar bone broken. M. J. Curtiss, baggageman on the passenger; severely cut about the neck and face. Mrs. J. Dunn of Hillsdale; injured about the face. Royden A. K. Rothermel of Kalamazoo, a passenger; cut about the face and arms.

**Manila Statue for San Francisco.**  
The battle of Manila monument committee at San Francisco has given its approval to the design submitted by George T. Brewster, the New York sculptor. The decision was reached at a meeting of the committee at the Hopkins Institute of Arts, at which



there were present Mayor James D. Phelan, Captain R. H. Fletcher, W. G. Stafford, Vanderlyn Stow, F. W. Van Sicken and Charles Hirsch. The fund available for the monument is \$35,000. It was originally meant for a Dewey monument or arch, but later it was decided to make it commemorative of the great naval victory instead of the man. The fund was started by a \$10,000 subscription by Claus Spreckles, and others subscribed \$25,000 additional. The monument will probably be erected in Union Square.

**Mission Fund of \$1,500,000.**  
The annual meeting of the general missionary committee of the Methodist Episcopal church is in session at the St. Paul M. E. church in New York. The purpose of the meeting is for the appropriation of money for missionary work for the ensuing year. The committee appropriated \$1,200,000 for the fund for the foreign and home missions. A special committee will be appointed to devise ways and means to raise \$2,000,000 for missionary work, this sum to be known as the twentieth century offering. Bishop Thoburn in India will be the chairman of the committee.

**Hurt by Explosion at Club.**  
The Keystone clubrooms at Marion, Ind., were wrecked by what is supposed to have been nitroglycerin. Five members of the club, Robert Julius, Daniel Graham, Homer Butler, George Seizemore, and Frederick Harnady, and Thamer Burden, a guest, were in the clubrooms at the time of the explosion. Burden and Seizemore were in the second story. They were both hurled across the street, and were in an unconscious condition when found, and may die.

**Strange Disease Killing Cattle.**  
A herd of cattle which was shipped to Spring Valley, Ill., from Nebraska last week has become affected with a mysterious and fatal disease. The cattle, three carloads, are in a pasture on a farm owned by the Spring Valley Coal company, and are the property of Charles Nelson. Several of them are dead. A veterinary surgeon from La Salle was unable to determine what the disease is, and the state veterinarian has been sent for.

**Brings Home Lincoln's Body.**  
The transport Thomas left Nagasaki for San Francisco Nov. 16, having on board the remains of Col. Liscum, the commander of the Ninth Infantry, killed at Taku. Mrs. Liscum will be a passenger on the transport under the escort of Gen. James H. Wilson.

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## Dark as Egypt's Night.

The origin of "Dark as Egypt's night" is to be found in Exodus x:21-23. "And the Lord said unto Moses, stretch out thine hand toward heaven that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness that may be felt. And Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven, and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt for three days. They saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days; but all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings."

**You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease Free.**  
Write today to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. Makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it; 25c.

**Bright People Little Known.**  
The lasting regret that we cannot know more of the bright, sincere and genuine people of the world is increased by the fact that they are all different from each other.

**Coughing Leads to Consumption.**  
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Let every eye negotiate for itself, and trust no agent.—Shakespeare.

## There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grain, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

**Germany Patronizes American Invention.**  
The Electrical Engineer of London is authorized for the statement that the German government has just paid \$500,000 to a Chicago concern "for the patents and rights to manufacture and use the automatic telephone switch" owned by the company. The deal was made on the basis of the results obtained with a 200-instrument exchange test by the government for six months which were entirely satisfactory.

**On November 29th., 1906,**  
you will be able to enjoy Mince Pie, Plum Pudding and other good things if you use Garfield Tea now—it promotes good digestion.

Cannon are known to have been used a thousand years before Crecy. A 500-year-old magazine rifle has recently been unearthed at Nuremberg.

Each package of PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better, too.

Cattle are dumb animals, but by getting together they manage to make themselves heard.

## A Noted Knight Templar Owes His Health to Peruna

Colonel T. P. Moody, a prominent Knight Templar, is well known in every city in the United States west of Buffalo, N. Y., as a Jeweler's Auctioneer. In the city of Chicago as a prominent lodge man, being a member of the K. T.'s and also of the Masons. The cut shows Colonel Moody in the costume of the Oriental Consistory Masons, 32d degree.

In a recent letter from 5900 Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill., Mr. Moody says the following:

"For over twenty-five years I suffered from catarrh, and for over ten years I suffered from catarrh of the stomach terribly. I have taken all kinds of medicines and have been treated by all kinds of doctors, as thousands of my acquaintances are aware in different parts of the United States, where I have traveled, but the relief was only temporary, until a little over a year ago I started to take Peruna, and at the present time I am better than I have been for twenty years."

"The soreness has left my stomach entirely and I am free from indigestion and dyspepsia and will say to all who are troubled with catarrh or stomach trouble of any kind, don't put it off and suffer, but begin to take Peruna right away, and keep it up until you are cured, as you surely will be if you persevere."

"My wife, as many in the southwest can say, was troubled with a bad cough and bronchial trouble, and doctors all over the country gave her up to die, as they could do nothing more for her. She began taking Peruna with the result that she is better now than she has been in years, and her cough has almost left her entirely. The soreness has left her lungs and she is as well as she ever was in her life, with thanks, as she says, to Peruna. Yours very truly,

T. P. Moody.

Catarrh in its various forms is rapidly becoming a general curse. An undoubted remedy has been discovered by Dr. Hartman. This remedy has been thoroughly tested during the past forty years. Prominent men have come to know of its virtues, and are making public utterances on the subject. To save the country we must save the people. To save the people we must protect them from disease. The disease that is at once the most prevalent and stubborn of cure is catarrh.

If one were to make a list of the different names that have been applied to catarrh in different locations and organs, the result would be astonishing. We have often published a partial list of these names, and the surprise caused by the first publication of it to all people, both professional and non-professional, was amusing. And yet we have never enumerated all of the diseases which are classed as catarrh. It must be confessed, however, to see even this partial list drawn up in battle array is rather appalling. If the reader desires to see this list, together with a short exposition of each one, send for our free catarrh book. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.



Colonel T. P. Moody, of Chicago, had Catarrh Twenty-five Years and Was Cured by Peruna.

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