

MY HALF SISTER  
By ELTON HARRIS

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)  
"I wish you would, for your own sake," Mollie said gently at length, "but I must decline it. I am very sorry if you feel hurt, but when you leave here I hope you will soon forget it."  
"What you refuse!" he exclaimed indignantly. "You will not accept my marriage? You will be my enemy?"  
"I hope not, surely. But if you are my enemy I shall not be yours," she answered steadily, backing away, yet keeping an eye upon the glass doors.  
For a moment the young man stood gazing at her with more feeling in his face than she could have believed possible.  
Mollie little knew how pretty she looked, as she stood there in her white gown, with the soft dark night as a background, and the lights from the drawing room falling on her curly, ruffled hair, nor the simple dignity of the grey eyes that regarded him so fearlessly. All at once his expression changed, and grew black and fierce, distorted with evil thought.  
"So you decline," he hissed in her ear. "You think you will marry that long-legged, curly-headed scoundrel! But I shall use your mind of that idea. You will marry me, Henri Dubois. I swear it! Whether you love me or not, I will be your husband. Oh, you will soon be glad enough to escape from madame ma mere, and you can do it by me—only by me. Ah! how quiet you are! Do you hear?"  
"Yes, and so will every one else," Mollie replied, standing very erect, and saying with haughty disdain his excited face. "I have listened to you patiently, but I decline to be threatened or coerced. It may answer with some people—it never did with a L'Estrange. Let me pass."

"But I would teach you to play," Mollie said quietly.  
It was no idle threat on Kate's part, she knew. Her father's will strictly enjoined that her wishes were to be indulged, and madame happened to be in a frightful temper that day.  
"Would you like it?" demanded Kate, stopping abruptly.  
"I think it would be nice."  
"You can go on, John," she said imperiously to the man. "Anything Miss L'Estrange desires is to be done."  
It was the same in everything. Her little face would grow haggard with anxiety when Mollie drove with madame, and she had no peace until she met her on the steps; while one morning, when Mollie awoke, she heard her murmuring away to herself, and a furtive peep revealed the little maid sitting up in her frilled nightgown, nursing her knees, her flaxen curls falling thickly round her shoulders.  
"She is so pretty; look at her long, curling lashes!" she was whispering in a tone of satisfaction. "But I should love her anyhow, for she is my sister; she is my own Mollie, my very own Mollie!"  
"My own Mollie!" Just what her mother had always called her. Mollie knew better than to move or disturb the child, but from that moment she was never "my half-sister Kate" again, but the little sister her mother had left to her, to be guarded and shielded by every means in her power, to be loved and taught all that Mollie, humble in her strength, could teach her, that together they might struggle along that narrow path which leads to eternal life.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a hot August evening, and after Mollie had heard Kate's hymns and prayers—for which purpose she always went upstairs after dinner—she took a book and sat at the wide open window in preference to returning to the drawing room. She often did this now, for lately things had been worse than ever. Henri more persistent. At first Kate talked about, restless with the heat, but at length her regular breathing showed that she slept; and Mollie's book dropped unheeded, as she sat watching the harvest lightning flashing across the darkening sky.  
She was thinking of Reggie, who had been obliged to rejoin his regiment in Ireland months ago, without saying good-by to her, though he had brought Joyce up to Chalfont to call for that purpose. Madame had never mentioned this. She only heard it from Joyce later, when it seemed too late to be angry, though she was very sorry.  
She had missed him dreadfully. Reversion was not the same place somehow when there was no chance during their walks and drives of seeing his tall, upright figure swinging along, but he used to send all sorts of messages through Joyce. He would come back, and meantime, she devoted herself to Kate, who daily grew happier and more childlike. Mrs. Anstruther and Joyce did their best for her; but madame cut her off from every one, and lately they had been away, which was a great matter of regret, for it was something to feel their friendly presence near, though she was free to wander in the woods and fields with Kate in their absence.  
The scent of a cigar, chairs being dragged along the pantiles below, and voices, made her lean further out of the window. Madame and Henri were evidently sitting there! How clearly their voices were borne upwards in the still air—little they guessed how plainly! Mollie would have moved away, feeling that she ought not to listen had she not caught a few words; then she leaned forward with all her might.  
"Kate's money cannot be touched. I have got all I can—every farthing. I literally do not know where to turn for a penny." And madame's voice sounded harsh and weary. "You must marry the girl; her fortune will last you for a time. I can do nothing more yet."  
"Bah! Marry the girl!" He mimicked her angrily. "It is easy to say, but she will not have me. Truly, me mere, I have a respect for her more than I have felt for any woman before. When I look into those beautiful eyes of hers, so young, so frank, I want her as I have wanted no one else. Were she my wife I could trust her absolutely; I would even try to be a good husband."  
"You love her!" madame said jealously.  
"There, now, you will upbraid me for that!" he sneered. "But she will never have me, she adores that Anstruther; they love in English fashion. You may give up all hopes of heading the belle Mollie to our will unless you can get her away from Reversion. Come to Paris."

strange trembling intensity that was almost a wail.  
"There, do not begin that!" he murmured, with callous impatience. "To continue from where we started, I must have money! You have large sums for both girls."  
"You have had most of it," she retorted. "As also that large sum through your uncle's check."  
"Hush! we need not speak of that. You have been ever the best of mothers, as also the handsomest."  
"Ah, Henri, my son, you are my all!" she said, in a softened voice. "AM I want is your love, and now you would care more for this girl. Now, listen, you must marry her, for in that way I can assure your fortune. True, her fortune is not so large as Kate's, but did anything happen to the child she would have all. Kate is very delicate. Any one can see that. And it would surprise no one if, after your marriage, she did not live long."  
There was a moment's silence. The listener above started and clenched her hands. A match was struck. Henri was evidently lighting a fresh cigar. Then his high voice said lightly:  
"Ah, ma belle mere, you are clever! That is certainly to be considered. I had thought of it also!"  
They had moved into the drawing-room, and Mollie, white with wrath and dismay, crept quietly to the bed, and stood looking at the sleeping child. Poor little girl! Her whole life she had been made the center for the evil passions of others, and now a fresh danger threatened her. "Touch Kate!" thought Mollie, with beating heart, as she gently brushed the fair curls from the small thin face.  
Touch her little sister! Not while she, Mollie, could protect her. And she would never all Reversion; and she would fight them by every means in her power, before this nervous, excitable child should suffer further. Then she remembered that she herself was Kate's great safeguard, so long as she did not marry Henri. And she would die rather for the child was madame's largest source of income, and would be cared for accordingly.  
But as she sat in the garden the following afternoon she felt sick at heart. How could these people be so wicked. Lying back in an American chair, looking up into the great trees, she reflected sadly upon the terrible abuse of money.  
People would do anything for it—scheme, lie, and cheat, and what did it come to in the end? "They brought nothing into the world, neither can they carry anything out."  
She and Kate were very fond of this part of the garden. They spent all the hot afternoons there, and madame and Henri were out today, so it was very peaceful.  
Suddenly a bird in the bushes sang a few notes, then a very clear whistle followed; but it came from no bird's throat—it was a tune she knew well, but never expected to hear in the garden at Chalfont, and she sat up eagerly and looked round.  
There was Reggie, who ought to have been a hundred miles away, and a few yards off, clad in riding clothes, whip in hand, and a smile on his good-looking young face.  
"Well, what are you doing here?" she asked in amazement, with a decided accent of color. "Why, your people are away!"  
"Oh, yes; but I have just run down about the horses, you see," returned he glibly, coming quite close. "No; bother the horses. That is not it at all. So you remember the old tune, Mollie?"  
"It would be funny if I did not. You never whistle anything else."  
"But I never sang the words for you, did I? They go like this"—and in a clear mellow voice, Mr. Anstruther softly trotted them out:  
"Won't you tell me, Mollie darling, That you love none else but me? For I love you, Mollie darling— You are all the world to me."  
(To be continued.)

**THE CATTLE GROWING SITUATION.**  
The approach of winter finds a most encouraging situation among the stock growers of Nebraska. Never has there been a more liberal supply of fall pasture than exists at this time, or a better condition of flesh and health among the grazing animals of the flocks and herds. The cattle stock of the state is in fine condition to stand the cold and freezing weather which must be endured for at least ninety days in average Nebraska winters.  
The open range plan of wintering stock has given way to better care and more prepared feed. In the buffalo grass districts, where the feed cures in the ground during the fall months, the winter care of cattle and horses is an easy problem to solve, as little or no prepared feed is required in moderate weather and when the grass is not covered with snow.  
The large area of Western Nebraska called the "sand hills" is abundantly supplied with the sand variety of grasses that cure on the ground and make good winter grazing for stock. In those localities the expense of wintering animals is very light in comparison with the prepared feed districts. Nebraska has a good crop of all kinds of rough feed for wintering cattle, and the farmers in the grain growing districts, as well as in the western grazing districts, have been stocking up with the cheap stock cattle coming into the markets from the less favored localities. — World-Herald, Nov. 18, 1906.

**The Latest Sea Serpent.**  
A new sea serpent has just been discovered on the coast of Japan, 100 miles from Tokio. It is claimed by scientists as a coelocentate, and one of the most gigantic ever seen. It was caught by a long fishing line at a depth of 350 fathoms. It was a magnificent specimen. A large disc surmounted a long stalk which evidently fixed the animal on the sea bottom. A circle of numerous graceful tentacles hung down from the margin of the disc, while on its upper surface arose an oval tube surrounded at its base by bushy appendages and having a second circle of slender tentacles around the upper edge. The total height of the animal was 700 millimeters, and the prevailing color transparent scarlet. The specimen was entirely fresh, but not living.

**Democracy of the Press.**  
The newspaper press is the most democratic institution on earth, says a New York writer. Within the pages of a daily journal all classes come together on the same level. Fayne Moore and Mrs. Astor are mentioned in the same column. William C. Whitney and Brown, the expressman, have their portraits published side by side. Toduel Sloane, the jockey, and J. Pierpont Morgan, the financier, divide oodles of space. The convict in the penitentiary is exhibited alongside of the Christian minister of the Gospel. The bloodthirsty Boxer and the peaceable peasant of Piedmont have their say in the same style of type. A Newport cottion and a Texas lynching are equally displayed. The newspapers play no favorites. All knowledge is their forte, all news their capital stock. The red hat of the cardinal is no redder to them than the red gore that is spilled in the roped arena. The bluest blood of the revolution is treated with no more respect than the blue nose of a Cape Cod fisherman.

**American Enterprise in China.**  
An American merchant in Hongkong supplies the China coast with masts, spars and other timber. His name and property appear in the English records, but he and his business nevertheless are American. At least ten houses in Hawaii do a remunerative business with China, both exporting and importing. The American Trading Company, which usually is regarded as a Japanese house, has no agencies in China and does a large business with that land. — Los Angeles Times.

**BIRLEAD NEW-RICH.**  
Misses Pullman Car Furnishings Also Often Copied.  
"There is a man somewhere in the employ of the Pullman Palace Car company who has much to answer for," writes Edward Bok in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "He is the official who selects or decides the furnishings and hangings of the company's cars. Probably no single man in this country has the opportunity for so direct and helpful an influence in the extension of good taste in furnishings. Instead, he perpetuates upon the public furnishing schemes which even rival those which we see in the homes of the most unintelligent of the new-rich. The chief injury which the furnishings of the modern Pullman cars works is the wrong standard which is set for those who are not conversant with what is artistic. The new-rich come into these cars and accept the hideous effect as the standard of people of taste. I have been told by furnishing firms that they are often asked by those who have suddenly come into the possession of money that certain effect which they have seen in Pullman drawing room cars shall be duplicated in their homes. These people, knowing no better, accept what they see in the cars which are supposed to be patronized by people of means, as reflective of a prevailing standard. Color combinations about as inharmonious as it is possible for the mind of man to concoct, have thus been transferred to the homes of the people, and here the injury is done."

**IN PULLMAN CARS.**  
Interior Decorations Show the Most Utterly Inharmonious.  
In the October Ladies' Home Journal Edward Bok sharply criticizes the interior decorations of Pullman cars as "A Riot of Bad Taste," that is absolutely inexcusable, for "the Pullman Company," he contends, "is a rich corporation which can have what it wills. If good taste does not exist in its furnishing department, as indisputably seems to be the case, the company can and should buy it. For the same amounts now expended on these cars, effects of harmony and of truly artistic drapery could be obtained which would be a credit to the company. These cars could have an incalculable influence on the community. The new cars which the company constantly builds could, better than any other medium that I know of, be made to reflect in a panoramic manner the newest and most progressive steps made in artistic decoration and furnishing. They could be made the most effective traveling educators of the public. Instead, they are simply vehicles of the worst taste imaginable—in fact, of no taste whatever. As amazing conglomerations of the most glaring and grossest inharmonies of color, they stand absolutely supreme. They violate even the simple canons of good taste."

**Mathematician in Spite of Himself.**  
An Augusta correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution writes: Augusta has now a living example that mathematicians are born with the gift of quickly and accurately handling figures. He is a colored man and a laborer on the J. B. White building, by the name of Robert Gardenbir, living in Jones street, above Cumming. Robert is a middle-aged, stalwart fellow, having had very few, if any, educational advantages during his life, but when it comes to figures he is prompt and quick in his mental calculations, and rarely ever makes a mistake. Perhaps his best gift is in multiplying. As quick as you can set down figures, say, for instance, like 75 times 91, or 321 times 525, Robert has the answer for you. In several other tests he showed a most remarkable aptitude for the use of figures, using nothing but his mind, and proved to be accurate. When asked as to the principles or rules by which he accomplished these mental answers, he proved by his answers that if he had any such to go by they were beyond his explanation or demonstration. In fact, it was evident that he does not know how he does the trick. He has possessed the gift from his boyhood days. He cannot remember when he discovered his gift, but it was evident that it was before he had matured into a man.

**How Slate Pencils Are Made.**  
Slate pencils were formerly all cut from slate just as it is dug from the earth. Pencils so made were objected to on account of the grit which they contain. To overcome this difficulty, says the London Engineer, Col. D. M. Steward devised an ingenious process by which the slate is ground to a very fine powder, all grit and foreign substances removed and the powder bolted through silk cloth much in the same manner as flour is bolted. The powder is then made into a dough and this dough is subjected to a very heavy hydraulic pressure, which presses the pencils out the required shape and diameter, but in lengths of about three feet. While yet soft the pencils are cut into the desired lengths and set out to dry in the open air. After they are thoroughly dry the pencils are placed in steam baking kilns, where they receive the proper temper.

**Art and History Study Pictures.**  
Among the best publications issued are the Art Study Portfolios, semi-monthly, and the History Study Pictures, containing 10 pictures in each portfolio. The pictures in the Art Portfolios form a study of the most noted art works of the world. In the History Portfolios the pictures illustrate the leading features in History, Geography and Literature. Art Study Company, publishers, Chicago.  
**The Census of 1906.**  
A booklet giving the population of all cities of the United States of 25,000 and over according to the census of 1906, has just been issued by the Passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and a copy of it may be obtained by sending your address, with two-cent stamp to pay postage to the General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

**SEEN FROM FERRYBOAT.**  
How a Pigeon Escaped from an Eagle Which Pursued It.  
The ferryboat Piedmont, from Oakland, was about opposite Goat Island when P. H. Schlotzhauser, a pigeon fancier of Alameda, released five birds. Among them was a famous five-year-old homer, Duke of Richmond, which had proved its right to a title of nobility in more than a score of long-distance flights. It probably had never had such incentive to quick flight as was presented that day. The passengers watched the pigeons rise in the air and circle several times, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Then four of them turned toward the east, but the fifth, which proved to be the Duke of Richmond, was seen to flirt and drop toward the Piedmont. Presently the passengers made out that it was being pursued by a large bird. The birds were at an elevation of perhaps a thousand feet when the chase began, with the carrier in the lead. As if it had calculated its chances, the pigeon dropped straight for the place where its master had released it, and, landing upon the ladies' deck of the Piedmont, fluttered through the cabin door. The sea eagle was so confident of striking its prey that it did not check its flight until within ten feet of the ferryboat. Then it wheeled suddenly, and, hovering for a few minutes over the stern of the boat, winged its way back to Goat Island. In the meantime the frightened pigeon fluttered down the aisle of the cabin until it came to a passenger reading a newspaper. Then, as if asking for protection, it made up to his side and perched on the arm of his seat. There its owner found it and carried it back to its cage. It was evident that the pigeon was too wise to risk a long race with the eagle, knowing only too well that such a flight would be its last.

**Best for the Bowels.**  
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.  
**Sanitary Depots in Germany.**  
In many German villages sanitary depots have recently been established, at which private families can for a trifle borrow various things needed in a sick room, which they cannot afford to buy.  
**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.  
**Isolation in London Flats.**  
Women who live in flats in London are finding it almost impossible to employ servants, because they are so completely isolated from the outside world.

**SEVERE HEADACHES**  
of any kind are caused by disordered Kidneys. Look out also for backache, scalding urine, dizziness and brick-dust or other sediment in urine which has been allowed to stand. Heed these warnings before it is too late.  
\$50 reward will be paid for a case of backache, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, loss of vitality, incipient kidney, bladder and urinary disorders, that cannot be cured by MORROW'S KID-NE-IDS  
The great scientific discovery for shattered nerves and thin impoverished blood. GREG, ANDERSON, HAZEN AND WILSON'S MORROW'S KID-NE-IDS  
people cured by Kid-Ne-oids. In writing them please enclose stamped addressed envelope.  
Mr. Jas. V. Kinney, 23 W. Whelling St., Lancaster, O.  
Mr. C. A. Sewell, 208 N. Columbus St., Lancaster, O.  
L. F. Coffey, Brother Anderson, Ind.  
Leonard Whitwell, 212 W. Kirkwood Ave., Birmingham, Ind.  
Solomon Sawyer, Jackson St., Bruff, Ind.  
R. G. Green, Grand Ave., Washington, D. C.  
Mrs. C. A. Sewell, Wilson Ave. & 2nd St., Bowling Green, Ky.  
Mrs. W. E. Linton, 11 1/2 St., Free-So-Lee St. Mrs. Linton's Kid-Ne-oids are not only for Yellow Tablets and sell at drug stores a box at drug stores.  
Send \$50 to G. C. Morrow.



**A PROMINENT LADY**  
Speaks in Highest Terms of Peruna as a Catarrh Cure.  
Mrs. M. A. Theatro, member Beacon Lodge, Iola Lodge; also member of Woman's Relief Corps, writes the following letter from 1838 Jackson street, Minneapolis, Minn.:  
Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Gentlemen—"As a remedy for catarrh I can cheerfully recommend Peruna. I have been troubled with chronic catarrh for over six years. I had tried several remedies without relief. A lodge friend advised me to try Peruna, and I began to use it faithfully before each meal. Since then I have always kept it in the house. I am now in better health than I have been in over twenty years, and I feel sure my catarrh is permanently cured.  
Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. As soon as Peruna removes systemic catarrh the digestion becomes good, nerves strong, and trouble vanishes. Peruna strengthens weak nerves, not by temporarily stimulating them, but by removing the cause of weak nerves—systemic catarrh. This is the only cure that lasts. Remove the cause; nature will do the rest. Peruna removes the cause.  
Address The Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a book treating of Catarrh in its different phases and stages, also a book entitled "Health and Beauty," written especially for women.

**Best for the Bowels.**  
No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.  
**Sanitary Depots in Germany.**  
In many German villages sanitary depots have recently been established, at which private families can for a trifle borrow various things needed in a sick room, which they cannot afford to buy.  
**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.  
**Isolation in London Flats.**  
Women who live in flats in London are finding it almost impossible to employ servants, because they are so completely isolated from the outside world.

**SEVERE HEADACHES**  
  
of any kind are caused by disordered Kidneys. Look out also for backache, scalding urine, dizziness and brick-dust or other sediment in urine which has been allowed to stand. Heed these warnings before it is too late.  
\$50 reward will be paid for a case of backache, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, loss of vitality, incipient kidney, bladder and urinary disorders, that cannot be cured by MORROW'S KID-NE-IDS  
The great scientific discovery for shattered nerves and thin impoverished blood. GREG, ANDERSON, HAZEN AND WILSON'S MORROW'S KID-NE-IDS  
people cured by Kid-Ne-oids. In writing them please enclose stamped addressed envelope.  
Mr. Jas. V. Kinney, 23 W. Whelling St., Lancaster, O.  
Mr. C. A. Sewell, 208 N. Columbus St., Lancaster, O.  
L. F. Coffey, Brother Anderson, Ind.  
Leonard Whitwell, 212 W. Kirkwood Ave., Birmingham, Ind.  
Solomon Sawyer, Jackson St., Bruff, Ind.  
R. G. Green, Grand Ave., Washington, D. C.  
Mrs. C. A. Sewell, Wilson Ave. & 2nd St., Bowling Green, Ky.  
Mrs. W. E. Linton, 11 1/2 St., Free-So-Lee St. Mrs. Linton's Kid-Ne-oids are not only for Yellow Tablets and sell at drug stores a box at drug stores.  
Send \$50 to G. C. Morrow.