MY HALF SISTER

XXX By ELTON HARRIS XXX

CHAPTER VIII .-- (Continued.) "Look here, Moille, will you-won't out I love you awfully. I have just an over on the chance of seeing you, nuse I could not stay away any meer. And I hate to think of you here with these people. Won't you look at me? Do!"

A most persuasive voice was Reggle's: but Mollie's eyes were fixed on the point of her shoe, and she put her hands behind her when he attempted to take them.

"Give me time to think," she whispered in a subdued tone. "I can hardly believe that you are here. How did you find me?"

"Saw the Dubois in town, but they did not see me. Rode straight on and met the little kiddle, who brought me here. Told her that I wanted to speak to you very particularly alone; and she new off and promised to keep watch If the return of the enemy," said Reg-

"Dear little Kittle!"

Won't you say, 'Dear Reggie,' too, Mollie?" he suggested, eyeing her wistfully. "I have come all the way from freland to ask you." Then, as she fashed a quick, half-emiling glance at he added. "'She who hesitates is lost; 'Silence gives consent.' How sefully these ancient copybook saymg come in in one's old age, don't

"They certainly seem to," allowed folife hesitatingly.

And as there seemed no opposition effered to the arm Reggle had stolen and her, it stayed there, while, two not being able to ait with any comfort an American case chair, they repaired to the rustic seat, and were as appy and forgetful of the world as ortal lovers could be for the next half cour, as they sat in the sunshine, in the apringtime of youth, hope, and

"Oh, Reggie-Madam Dubois!" exclaimed the girl at length. "She will mever, never consent; she means me to marry Henri."

Then we will pay Henri's country he compliment of taking French leave, my dear child," he returned gaily. But she shook her head.

"I shall be of age in 18 months," she mid shyly.

Eighteen centuries! Why, I hate to leave you here now!" "And I could not leave my poor lit-

tis Kittie," she exclaimed, raising her to his deprecatingly. "By then one she will be better, stronger. Oh, terrie, couldn't you bargain with them to give me Kittle? It would be so cruel to leave her; you cannot think low loving, how true to me the little set let" And she poured into his ear If that she had overheard that hot Reggie's face grew very pale as he

tened, and he gave a low whistle of but whatever he thought he ras too wise to make his sweetheart ore uncomfortable than she already But she had to promise that on so account would she even listen to lanri, against whom Reggle's sentiwere far from peaceful, and hat if mattery became worse she cold take refuge at the White house. whither his mother returned in a reak's time. And then Kate came runaing back to announce her aunt's re-

Oh, Reggiel" ejaculated Mollie, risme and turning very pink.

it down, child," he said calmly, agging her back to his side, and takng Kate on his knee, "Let them

Kate pushed back her curls and rehim with a frown. She was very fond of Reggie, but- He under-I the look, read the dawning jealany one coming between Mollie self, in those sharp hazel eyes, had already discovered the and as this tall, merry young meart was as tender as a girl's those he cared for, he hastened

are going to be my sister, kidne said gently. she answered, with tremb-You will take her away." he tells me she cannot be ut you, so we shall have for you to come, teo," he meansclous of the ob- to the study.

cision. She not only could not sanction the engagement, but L'Estrange must be considered quite

"I don't wish to be free," said Mollie bodly, over his shoulder. "I have given Mr. Anstruther my word, and will not break it."

"My sweet child, you are young, you do not know your own mind. Mr. Anstruther has taken advantage of finding you alone in my absence-"

"I naturally wished to find Miss L'Estrange alone," answered Reggie. haughtily.

"Oh, yes!" speered Heri, who had been standing biting his nails gloomily, in direful dismay. "It is well to pay court to the heiress, but she has protection, I-"

He paused uneasily, yet Reggie had only stooped to pick up the riding whip which he had dropped, and then looked at him. But it was enoughhe said no more, while madame, going a shade paler as she watched the two young men, aastened to close the interview.

When Reggie left things were only what he had expected. Madame absolutely refused her consent, and declined to see him at Chalfont again, so far losing her temper as to utter innuendoes and insults, which she could say with impunity, as a woman, but which would certainly have brought Reggie's whip across the shoulders of her adored son.

Reggie, for his part, courteously repeated that the engagement was a fact. and would be known all over Reverton; he was sorry for her decision, but it would alter nothing, only cause a little delay. Then, after a few words with Mollie, he reluctantly tore himself away, and she heard the gate clang behind him and watched him down the road until she was blinded by her

CHAPTER IX.

"Mollie, it is so bad again!" "Is it, my pet? What can I do for you?" said a sleepy voice, as Mollie roused herself from the slumber into which she had fallen by the gide of the bed. "Kittle, it is striking 12 by the hall clock: I had no idea it was so late! I will go down to the drawing

Kate sat up in bed, looking as miserable as a child with teeth ache can look, and Mollie slipped off for the cloves, closing the door softly behind

room and get the cloves; we left them

there, and they may ease the pain a

It was Easter eve once more; not balmy and soft like last time, but colo and frosty, with a cruel east wind howling round the house, like night two years ago when Leonard Barlowe had so mysteriously met his

The months that had passed had been full of trouble and anxiety to Mollie L'Estrange, and she looked paler and thinner; but the gray eyes were as fearless and sweeter than ever. for the trials had been bravely borne, and if she could not quite love her enemies, she had at least endeavored to follow that splendid precept and return good for evil.

Henri had been away for some weeks now; at first much to her relief, but latterly she had almost wished him back, for his mother's sake. Ever since his departure she had seemed consumed with restlessness, growing daily more morose and gloomy, and breaking into fits of passion for the merest trifle, while she watched Mollie with suspicious eyes, never allowing her to see the Anstruthers, through whom alone she could hear from Reggie, for both knew that the ordinary post would not be safe.

Stealing quietly down the dark stairs, Mollie gained the drawingroom, and, possessing herself of the bottle of cloves, was returning, when as she got to the door she saw a faint light at the top of the stairs.

Who was abroad in the house this night of all others, when no servant would stir alone, when they vowed that the ghost of Mr. Barlowe walked in his haunts and a light had been seen in his study?

Drawing back against the heav plush curtains in the hall, she watched Now if you think that with beating heart as it came glimmerfolly, and we shall be the best | ing nearer, not exactly frightened, but and sister going, never jeal- with a curious awe and dread, a feelother, signify the same ing that something was going to hapmanner by a kies." And pen. A moment later, and madames touched than he liked to a lamp in her hand, a strange, dazed the little girl threw her glitter in her great black eyes swept his neck in a transport of notselessly past her and went straight

ight come in their way. The girl's first thought was to steal his group that madame, fol- | ND stairs again, her next to creep. same in sight of, across the dark hall after madame, and was her wrath. Nor was it look in at the nair-open document a night mollified when Mr. An- unthinkingly, she witnessed a night ely, and, after that froze the blood in her yeins and informed her that that she never forgot. For had she lowed her first impulse and gone apstairs, neither she nor Kate would

sitting asseep at the time of the attack. Suddenly she raised her arms holding them as if she had some heavy weapon in them, and went through the motion twice of bringing it down with terrific force on the back of some one's

It was awful to see her face as she stood there, wild, flerce, watchful, her features working convulsively as she eyed the empty chair as if it were occupied, her dark hair streaming down the light dressing gown she wore, her breath coming in heavy gasps. After a minute she began muttering to herself, and leaned over as if to examine what was in the chair: then she went to the table and turned over the papers in a strange, troubled manner, her eye ever returning to that empty chair.

"It is only what you deserve-what you deserve!" she muttered in a harsh. strained voice, addressing the chair. "You are a hard, bad man. I begged to you for mercy for my child-my son, my beloved-and you only laughed. What if he did forge your name? It was not for much. You are rolling in wealth-your wretched wife's money -and we are poor, and Henri is young and extravagant. But you shall not punish him. I helped you in the past, but that goes for nothing with such as you. You have only yourself to blame that I have taken the law into my own hands. I would die a thousand times rather than that you should expose my boy. Now you cannot say a word, and I take the proofs of his guilt and burn them!"

She went through the motionsphantomwise, yet strangely real-or taking papers and thrusting them into the grate, apparently holding them down with the weapon she thought she held, doing it all in a strange, duli calm, which her twitching face belied. For some minutes she crouched over the empty grate moaning and wringing her hands; then, when she evidently thought the papers and weapons destroyed, she rose, appeared to drag what was on the chair to the window -which she threw wide open-and, before Mollie could move, she came swiftly out of the room, and, lamp in hand, went towards the kitchen.

To describe the feelings of the horror-stricken girl watching her would be impossible. As one act after another of this terrible drama was played out before her she felt powerless to move, almost to think. All her senses were bound up in the effort to keep her trembling knees from giving way under her, for well she knew that to make the least sound might cost her her life! No need to ask again who killed Leonard Barlowe. She had been how it was done; she had seen everything-knew it was by his own sister's hand that the blow was struck.

Yet frightened as she was Mollie's courage did not desert her. She determined to see what took this wretched woman, whom she felt persuaded was mad, to the kitchen; so, with chattering teeth, she gathered her skirts together, and crept silently through the dark passages after her.

The lamplight guided her to the butler's pantry, and there stood madame. holding her hands under a tap which she had not turned on, and muttering incessantly to herself. As she wrung the imaginary water off them and rubbed them on her skirt, it occurred to Mollie, with a cold chill of fear, that she was action by action following out just what she must have done that terrible night-that it was she whom the servants took for a ghost, who had frightened Kate by brushing past her in the dark, Suddenly madame's glance fell upon some knives lying on a table, and a gleam like fire flashed into her eyes, a gleam that had neither reason nor sanity in it, only cunning and flerce exultation.

"Why not kill them both?" she muttered, standing still with a meditative look. "They are no use to Henri; the girl will not marry him; the child had better follow her father. Yes, yes: that will be best!"

(To be continued.)

DISPOSAL OF IDIOTS.

Scelety Cannot Shirk Its Responsibility for Criminals.

Now, of course it is the easiest thing in the world to pick out individual cases where this highly effective and economical plan would seem justifiable, but the obstacle which must everlastingly keep all such obstacles out in the realm of purely visionary and impossible propositions is the fact that no man, or group of men -no, nor that of angels, probablycould ever be trusted to decide that such and such a person could not be reformed, but must die. There is the cruz of the whole matter. That little word "very" which is supposed to describe the kind of vicious and criminal persons who are to be "gently and painlessly" assisted out of this world. contains the whole range of subtle, unknown and unfathomable qualities of character upon whose possibilities no human wisdom is competent to pass the final word. With Dr. McKim declaring, for example, that John Jones, aged thirty, whom he has carefully examined, is incorrigible and should be executed, and John Jones' mother. who, presumably, also knows something about him, declaring that there is that within the boy which, bad as he fa, can and may reclaim him to useful manhood—where is the judge or jury that would venture to pass upon the awful issue? Oh, not Society has

QUEER OLD ENGLAND. Whose Bread Costs Extra la

One of the strangest things about the management of English restaurants," remarked a gentleman who has recently returned from a visit to London to the Washington Star, "is the custom of charging diners for every slice of bread which they eat. For instance, a day or two before my depart ure from the British capital, I, as a mark of esteem, invited several Einglish friends to dine with me at one of the most celebrated of the fashioable west end restaurants. Well, the repast was served in a private room, and everything went off splendidly until the coffee and cigar stage was reached, when I asked that my bill be brought to me. Then, to my utter astonishment, the head waiter, in the hearing of the assembled company, approached me and in a loud voice asked. 'And how many breads 'ave you 'ad, sir?' This question I could not answer, as I had not been engaged in counting the number of slices consumed, but one of my guests, who had evidently kept track of the bread, noticing my embarrassment, said in my behalf, 'Four plates.' 'Ah!' muttered the waiter, 'that's one shillin' hextra,' and after adding the amount to my bill handed it to me for inspection. Of course I paid for the bread, but I have been wondering ever since I did so why the American custom of not charging for 'the staff of life' is not introduced over there.

AN ENEMY TO DRINK.

One Weman Who Has Done a Great Deal to Put Down This Evil. Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 3.—(Special)—When the Independent Order of Good Templars of Minnesota wanted a State Organizer they chose Mrs. Laura J. Smith, of 1217 West 33d Street, this city. 'The American Anti-

Treat League also selected Mrs. Smith as National Organizer. The reason is not far to seek. This gifted woman has devoted her life to a battle against Drink and Drinking Habits. Her influence for good in Minnesota is and has been very far reaching. About two years ago however, it seemed as if this noble woman would

have to give up her philanthropic work. Severe pains in her back and under her shoulder blades, made life a burden and work impossible. Physiclans were consulted, and they prescribed for Kidney Disease. Three month's treatment however, failed to give Mrs. Smith any relief. Her husband was much exercised, and cast about him for something that would restore his good wife to health and strength. He heard of the cures of fected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and advised her to try them, which she did. She is now a well woman and says:

"Two weeks after I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, I felt much better, and at the end of seven weeks was completely cured. I have had no recurrence of the trouble, but I take a pill off and on, and find that it keeps me in good health.'

Dodd's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers at 50 cents a box. They are easily within the reach of all, and no woman can afford to suffer, when such a simple, and sure

Remedy is at hand.

To Glean Smoky Paint. Many housewives have no doubt been greatly annoyed when cleaning the paint in the kitchen to find it would look streaked and cloudy, especially if an oil or gasoline stove had been used. A very easy and satisfactory way to clean it is to go over it with kerosene oil, which removes the smoke, then wash in soapsuds, rinse it in clean water and wipe with a dry cloth; the effect is surprising.

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Pertrait of Justice Field. The widow of Supreme Justice Stephen J. Field has presented to the United States circuit court of appeals in San Francisco a finely executed oil

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portrait of the jurist.

Saltan Employs French Actors: The Sultan, who is fond of theatrical performances, has been in the habit of sending to Pera for a company of rench actors, whom he always paid

Daughing Leads to Concum Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough DO ONE THING.

Most Useful Accomplishment for

Ambitious Woman. The truly accomplished woman-are you in search of her? Well, if you expect to find her and be thoroughly satisfied with her when you do, let me tell you this, says Margaret Hannis in the St. Louis Republic: The truly accomplished woman is not the one who flits from this thing to that, doing many things fairly well, but mothing perfectly. The truly accomplished woman was wise enough long ago to write this down so it would be Impressed for all time upon her mind: "Better do one thing than dream all things." And one thing she has done. The girl of artistic temperament loves form and color, as well as music and poetry. "I will work in marb.e," she says. "and carve for myself an everlasting name." For a time she works on, and then the love of color takes possession of her, and she grows tired of the cold marble and paints pictures. As she paints she hears the song of the birds and the brooks and then to her music she flies, and following this-and a good companion to music it is—comes the desire to write verse. This she does and several very creditable little pieces find their way into print. Her family marvel at her genius, and her friends call her a most accomplished young woman. But once upon a time there came a day in the life of just such a young woman when it was forced upon her to sit down and take stock of her accomplishments. After her review she arose, not smiling, but sighing. And this was her plaint: "How much better could I do one thing well than many things indifferently. No piece of marble that I ever cut has been called 'wonderful,' no pictare that I have ever painted has been more than barely noticed by the critics, the music I have played I am certain has hardly been remembered, and where are the verses I have written?" Then it was the girl picked up her pen and said: "I will write." But there were hundreds of others writing, and far better than she could. But she bent all her energies to her task, and brought to bear upon her work the sympathy of a tender heart and the strength of a broadly taught mind, and so, after all, her dabbling was of some account, but not until there were concentration and purpose.

HIS FIRST SUCCESS.

ord Russel's Rold Encounter with

Testy Judge. Master of himself, as he was at nearly all times, Lord Russell probably never appeared to better advantage than when he made his first success at the bar by persisting in a case after his leader, Edwin James, had thrown up his brief. When Russell rose to speak the judge inquired testily: "Don't you know, sir, that your leader has left the court?" Russell, without flinching, said that he did, but there were some points which he thought it was his duty to put before the jury. "Oh, go on," said the judge ironically. A few minutes later, however, he asked the younger barrister his name. "Charles Russell," was the reply, and the young lawyer went on with his argument. In the course of the speech he conquered the prejudice of the judge, who, at its close, before addressing the jury, confessed to Mr. Russell that at first he had thought him guilty of great impertinence in

Eight-Day Prayers.

putting himself forward to address the

jury after his leader had abandoned

the case, but that he had entirely jus-

tifled himself by his ability and skill.

My small friend, Marjorie, is by no means so religious as her orthodox mother would like to see her. Every night she prays for a blessing on all her kith and kin, and there are so many of them that the task is no light one. The other night she lay in bed. her prayers finished, and watched her mother wind up the big nursery clock. The sight seemed to start a new train of thought in her little brain, says a writer in the Washington Post. She sighed deeply. "Mother," she said, earnestly, "I wish to goodness I could pray eight-day prayers." Marjorie was in rather a hurry one night and skimmed through her prayer as quickly as possible. Her mother had just tucked her in and was leaving the room when the little girl hopped out of bed and knelt down again. "Oh! Lord," she said. "I clear forgot to ask you to bless grandma. Wouldn't that jar

King of Bastion—British Landmark. The history of England has at times crystallized round Portsmouth, as it is apt to crystallize round a great naval and military center. For centuries this town was the very center of all military enterprise in England, and noteworthy events seem to have crowded themselves in this little spot where the "King's Bastion" stands. For the military historian no place is so redolent of great deeds, no place so glitters with clear and definite memeries. The very names of the great men of action who have stood on this spot would fill the page; the account of their efforts, their victories and their failures would fill a volume. It is, therefore, no mere local interest which demands the preservation of these ancient works, but a natural interest. A stroke of the pen may save them; a stroke of the pen may sweep them away.-London Mail.

When one fat woman passes another e street, each of them turns and says to the man she h

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The art of putting men in the state places is the highest in the science of government, but that of finding places for the discontented the most com cult,

It is easy to recognize those who use Garfield Tea; their complexions are good for their blood is pure and they are not troubled with constination-the glow of superb health shines in their faces.

The quality of the essay is not improved by writing with a gold pen.

WHY MRS. PINKHAM

Is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would men fly to weman's aid did they but understand a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities,

and peculiar organic disturbances. Those things are known only to women, and the aid a man would give is not at his command.

To treat a case properly it is necessary to know all about it, and full information, many times, cannot be given by a woman to her family phy-



MRS. G. H. CHAPPELL.

sician. She cannot bring herself to tell everything, and the physician is at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been confiding their troubles to Mrs. Pinkham, and whose advice has brought happiness and health to countless women in the United States.

Mrs. Chappell, of Grant Park, Ill. whose portrait we publish, advises all suffering women to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice and use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as they sured her of inflammation of the ovaries and womb; she, therefore, speaks from knowledge, and her experience ought to give others confidence. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is absolutely free.



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