MY HALF SISTER

xxx By ELTON HARRIS xxx

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Mollie waited to hear no more; she was flying up stairs as fast as her trembling legs would carry her, her plan of action made on the way. There were only two servants sleeping in the house that night, their room was right at the other side; they were doubtless barricaded in it, and would scream and refuse to let Kate and herself into it until too late. She and the child would be helpless in madame's terribly strong hands did she once get hold of them, and the lock of her door was weak, so her plan seemed the only one, and there was not a moment to lose.

"Kittie, get up at once, dead, and dress as quickly as you can," she said, as she entered the room and shut and locked the door. Don't ask any questions now, and I will tell you all about it presently. Hurry!"

She spoke as quietly as she could; but the poor little girl was out of bed as soon as she had finished speaking and pulling on her clothes in silence with trembling hands. One look at Mollie had been enough. Mollie, meanwhile, dragged anything she could find against the door and opened the window quietly. Then she helped Kate into her things and, tying a shawl over her head, put her out on the sloping tiled roof of the veranda and crawled out after her.

"Now, listen, Kittie," she whispered impressively. "I am going to let myself down by one of the pillars, and when I say your name and hold out my arms you are to jump. Then we shall run as fast as we can to the White house."

"Yes, Mollie," murmured the child obediently, her eyes wide with terror.

Without waiting for hat or wrap, Mollie scrambled down, and a minute later they were speeding out on to the road.

"Some one was rattling the door handle," said Kate, as Mollie paused to open the gate.

Mollie's only answer was to take her hand again and run. It was for their lives, literally a race for their lives that they were running, she knew. Was that the clang of the gate behind them? She pulled Kate along faster, for she felt it was, and a mile was a terrible way to run.

"I must stop!" panted Kate. "Oh, Mollie, I can't run any more!"

As Mollie caught her up and hurried on with clenched teeth, she felt sure she heard footsteps on the hard road behind. Every moment she felt the poor distraught woman was gaining on them—that she could hear madame's wild voice; but she staggered on, praying as she had never prayed before for help, and that she might save Kate, her mother's baby!

But she had hardly any breath left by the time the White house gate appeared in sight; the steps were coming nearer, then wheels came rolling up—a high dog cart passed her, in which she could distinguish a well-known form.

"Reggie! Reggie!" she shrieked despairingly; and then she remembered nothing more until she found herself in the hall at the White house, Reggie's arms round her, Mrs. Anstruther's and Joyce's kind faces near, and Kate leaning against her knee, sobbing out an incoherent account of what had happened, as far as she knew.

CHAPTER X.

Madam Dubois was dangerously mad from that night, enacting over and over again the terrible deed she had committed, the combined remorse and terror of which she had gradually thrown her mind off its balance. It was found that she had broken into Mollie's room, and, discovering the window open and the room empty, had evidently pursued them down the road, for one of her shoes was found not far from the White house gates. Foiled in her attempt by the timely arrival of Reggie, she had returned and smashed everything in the room, burying the knife in Mollie's pillow.

Henri was telegraphed for, but declined to come, sending word that he was seriously ill with the shock. The general impression was that he feared to set foot in Reverton, as he had all along known more than he would allow; but nothing could be proved against him. Madame raved for him perpetually; but this one creature whom she worshipped, for whom she had stopped at no crime, coolly deserted her without the least compunction.

Never once did he write to ask about her, or did she see him again; but he quietly disappeared from knowledge, though many years afterward Mollie received begging letters at intervals from him. And it was Mollie who took compassion on her enemy, and returned good for evil by paying for her to be well cared for in an asylum, where she lingered for some years.

Being left without a guardian, her trustees were quite willing for her to accept Mrs. Anstruther's offer of a home until her marriage, an offer extended to Kate also; so everything at Chalfont was sold, and the place let, and Mollie would have been happy indeed, but for her anxiety about her little half-sister.

Poor child! She had been failing all winter, though Mollie could not see it, and as the spring advanced she grew weaker and weaker, though she suffered no pain. They were all very good to her, these kind people, bearing with the fractious irritability that she could not control. Reggie came home as often as he could, and taught Mollie to ride; while all Reverton called, anxious to show that they were glad to be friends with Colonel L'Estrange's daughter. But the little girl was never neglected or forgotten. Many an hour would good-natured Reggie carry her about in the old garden and amuse her, and she was very fond of the tall, handsome young fellow, watching him with preternaturally large eyes; but there was no one like Mollie toward the end, her first love and her last, her "very own Mollie!"

"Is she not beautiful, Joyce?" she said one day, as she watched them set off for a ride, and they turned to nod cheerfully as the tiny, thin hand was waved from the window. "Reggie loves her very much, but not so much as I do. No one in this world can tell what Mollie has been to me."

And Joyce, softly stroking the naxen curls of the owner of Chalfont, thought of that scene in the garden the preceding spring, when the over-dressed little heiress, sitting in the swing, had spoken so differently. Truly Mollie had worked wonders!

"Everything I have is yours, Mollie," the child said with passionate devotion, one cold, spring afternoon, as the girl sat rocking her gently to and fro before the fire. "My heart, my life, everything; but who would have Chalfont if I died?"

"I should, my Kittie."

"Oh, then that is all right." And Kate nestled closer into her arms with a smile of utter contentment. "We are very happy now, Mollie, are we not? Will you sing mother's lullaby again?"

Mrs. Anstruther's face was looking very grave as she watched the child; but with the courage that always came to Mollie in her need, she began softly to sing the old nursery tune they both loved. Once Kate stirred and gave a little sigh; but Mollie went on, though to ears that heard not, for with that sigh the little girl had fallen into that sleep that knows no waking, and gone home to the Heavenly Father whom Mollie had taught her to love.

"You must not grieve too much, Mollie darling," Reggie said later, when she had cut off a long, fair curl, and they had carried the child away and laid her by her mother's side in the church yard. "Had she lived there are many things that she must have known as she grew older, which would have hurt her. She is spared much suffering."

And Mollie, remembering her darling's quick, sensitive spirit, knew it was true. She was very happy as time passed; it was impossible not to be happy with Reggie, and though the trials of life came to both as the years rolled on, nothing ever came between those two. There are no lives without trouble; but theirs they bore together, and tried to bear well, and they passed, leaving them better and stronger.

But even when children of her own lay in her arms, there was always a very tender spot in Mollie's heart for the child who was gone. And as one spring followed another, and snowdrops, primroses and daffodils came in their season, the sharp, anxious little face would rise before her. But it was never the face of "my half-sister, Kate." Leonard Barlowe's daughter, the heiress of Chalfont. She had gone long ago; it was the wistful one of the little sister who slept the last long sleep by her mother's side, who had given her the whole beautiful love of her child's heart.

The End.

Celluloid Comb Explodes.

A curious accident which recently occurred in Cincinnati warns women of a frequent danger which is little understood. A woman leaned down before an open grate, and as she did so a celluloid comb exploded with sufficient force to throw her several feet. The comb ignited, burning off most of the wearer's hair, eyebrows and lashes, and she was severely burned about the face and neck. It seemed impossible to extinguish the burning comb as long as any of it was left, and considerable effort was required to prevent the carpet and furnishings from catching fire. The fact that celluloid, whose foundation is gun cotton, is highly inflammable and explosive, seems to be little understood, and the wonder is that more injuries do not result, for many women are extremely careless when heating curling irons by a gas jet or alcohol lamp, and might very easily expose a celluloid comb to ignition. Under all ordinary circumstances, the pretty, convenient and inexpensive celluloid is innocent, but it must not be brought in contact with fire.

INSECTS AND DISEASE.

Mosquitoes Spread Yellow Fever—Experiments in Cuba.

Twenty years ago, it is said, the theory that is creating so much discussion today was first advanced—namely, that yellow fever is propagated by mosquitoes. Experiments have been constantly made during the past few years with a view toward confirming or exploding the theory and results tend to show that this buzzing insect is more than a mere annoyance. A number of cases where the person experimented on fell a victim to the fever might be attributed to other causes, but in several specific instances the mosquito bite gave positive inoculation. A number of experiments were carried on by the marine hospital service during the recent outbreak in Mississippi several years ago and several on the board reached the conclusion that in all probability the disease is propagated only through the bite of the insect. Many of the army physicians now in Cuba are urging that steps be taken to wipe out the yellow-fever scourge, and they are convinced that whether or not that insect alone is responsible for the spread of the disease, its part in the extension of the disease is well enough assured to warrant every attempt at extermination. This protection against the insects with a view to their extinction is proposed to be gained in several ways. In the first place the use of mosquito nets is to be insisted upon, especially in barracks and hospitals. Then every attention is to be turned to the destruction of the larvae, or young mosquitoes, commonly known as "wiggletails," by the use of petroleum on the water where they are found. Usually each community breeds its own mosquitoes, for the insect does not fly far, unless it is transported to distant places, as for instance in cars laden with tropical fruits. Each town is responsible for its own supply, which may be found in water barrels, undrained puddles and such places. Remedy for their extermination is an easy one. It is said that an application of one ounce of kerosene to each fifteen square feet of water surface once a month will not only destroy all the young, but all grown mosquitoes as well, and the application of oil does not in any way interfere with the water for laundry or even drinking purposes, providing that the supply is drawn from below the surface. These recommendations have been made for safety of the American soldiers stationed at points in Cuba and they are now being carried out.

A FEARFUL FALL.

A. F. McKenzie's Experiences on a Skyscraper Roof.

A. F. McKenzie, who spent twenty-four hours Thursday night and Friday lying in a gutter under the roof of the Masonic Temple seventeen stories above the ground, will recover and will not lose his leg as a result of his experience, says the Chicago Record. He is at the residence of his brother, 5751 Wentworth avenue, and yesterday was compelled to tell his experience over and over again to the throng of visitors who called upon him. He said:

"It was a gift from heaven that placed the newspaper within my reach to wig-wag my signal of distress, and which finally brought me assistance. I remember distinctly how I had crawled up and pulled a lath from a crevice between the tiling. Then I was wondering what I should do for a signal when a sudden gust of wind brought me a paper. As I had seen none before, it must have come down out of the heavens, whither it had been carried by the wind. Then I took my handkerchief from my pocket, tied the paper to the lath and began my signals. Twice during the night when my lips and throat were so parched I thought I would die I reached over the side of the gutter and gathered up a handful of ice and snow and ate it. When daylight came Friday I felt that if I was not rescued before noon I would die. About 10 o'clock I began my signals, and by noon they had rescued me. I expect to be about in a week or ten days."

Mrs. McKenzie and her two children were with her husband last night. McKenzie was climbing on the roof of the Masonic Temple and fell four stories down the roof. A large gutter caught him and prevented him from falling to the street. One of his legs was frozen while he lay in the gutter.

Illiteracy in Italy.

The following items are gleaned from the Annuario Italiano of 1900, an official statistical publication. In 1897 out of 458,082 individuals who were married in the 8,000 communes of Italy, only 253,000 could sign their names in the municipal registries, and thirty-seven out of every 100 recruits of that year could neither write nor read. The illiterate Italians are thus distributed throughout the kingdom: Seventy per cent in southern Italy, 66 per cent in Sicily, 65 per cent in Sardinia, 62 per cent in the Roman province, 30 per cent in Umbria and the Marches, 27 per cent in Tuscany, 42 per cent in Venetia, 20 per cent in the Genoese provinces, 18 per cent in Lombardy, and 11 per cent in Piedmont.—William Rapinet Mackenzie, in Chicago Record.

Kipling's Price for a Story.

The Publishers' Circular of London thinks that the $35,000 which Kipling receives for his new story of 60,000 words is the highest sum ever paid to an English author for a story of similar length.

Current Topics

Chicago's Third Mayor.

That the third mayor of Chicago is now alive and able occasionally to make his appearance in the streets of the city over whose destinies he once presided, seems at first thoughts to be an astonishing fact. Everybody knows, who ever stops to think, that Chicago is a very young city, but the most do not stop to think, or, anyhow, do not on this matter of Chicago's paucity of years. Measuring time by the successive mayors and their terms, it is seen that the first mayor might well be living today, and possibly not yet a very old man. But the first mayor, W. B. Ogden, was about 40 years of age when he was elected, and, though he was a remarkably robust and healthy man, he could not have been expected to live to be 103.

The third mayor, Alson S. Sherman, was about 34 years old when he was elected mayor—he was born at Barre, Vt., in 1811—and consequently he is

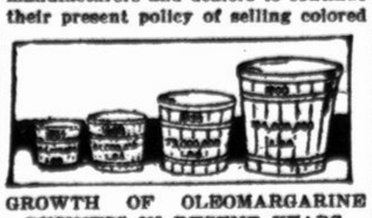
ALSON S. SHERMAN.
Third Mayor of Chicago.

now 89. He is well preserved and, always large and fine-looking, he is now truly patriarchal. He resides at Waukegan, a suburb of Chicago, and does not often visit the city, not because he is to feeble for that, but he likes the spaciousness and comforts of his semi-country home.

Growth of "Oleo" Business.

As indicating the enormous growth of the oleomargarine business in the last few years it is stated that during the last year 104,000,000 pounds of "oleo" were sold in the United States, much of it under false pretenses as genuine butter. This was a jump of 25,000,000 pounds over the sales of the previous year. During the last year also the number of oleomargarine factories in the United States has increased from seventeen to twenty-six. In thirty-two states of the Union there are now in existence laws which absolutely prohibit the manufacture of oleomargarine colored to imitate butter. Notwithstanding these laws, however, no less than 80,000,000 pounds of the imitation butter were sold in the states referred to during the last year.

In the Grout bill, now before congress, it is proposed to make the tax on oleomargarine a part of the internal revenue tax of the federal government. While the state laws are not enforced it is safe to say that the federal statute would be, as the tax would be collected at the factory. Under the provisions of the Grout bill it is not proposed to hinder or interfere with the sale of "oleo" when offered on its own merits and without any attempt to deceive people into thinking they are buying butter. With this idea in view the present tax of two cents a pound which is collected on all oleomargarine is to be reduced to one-quarter of a cent a pound on oleomargarine which is put on the market in its uncolored and natural condition. On oleomargarine which is artificially colored yellow to imitate butter the tax is to be raised, on the other hand, to ten cents a pound. This provision will make it unprofitable for manufacturers and dealers to continue their present policy of selling colored



GROWTH OF OLEOMARGARINE BUSINESS IN RECENT YEARS.

oleomargarine as butter, which is a fraud on the consumer and on the farmer and dairyman as well.

Voter Aged 88 Years.

"Uncle Jimmy" Larkin of Cawker City, Kan., has voted the whig or Republican ticket ever since the days of William Henry Harrison. Uncle Jimmy, who is a veteran of the civil war, has been confined to his room for two years and as election day approached he was much exercised for fear he should not be able to cast his vote. In the forenoon of Nov. 6 the local G. A. R. men went to his home with a chair draped in American flags. In this they carried the old man to the polls—he is 88—and Uncle Jimmy deposited what is likely to be his last presidential ballot.

Gave Away Millions.

The old lady who recently died and left President Loubet of France a legacy of $1,000,000, gave away great sums in charity during her life. On one occasion a man to whom she had given a large sum for charity said to M. Loubet: "In very deed she carries her heart in her hand." The president's ready reply was: "Impossible, my friend—her heart is too large for that, and her hand is too small."

Countess of Birmingham.

An American woman is to be the first countess of Birmingham. Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of state for the British colonies, is to be created Earl of Birmingham, and his beautiful and accomplished American wife, formerly Miss Endicott of Boston, will consequently become a countess. Almost alone among the important cities of the empire, Birmingham has been absent from the roster of the upper house of parliament, and now this neglect, according to persistent rumors in well-informed quarters, is about to be repaired by the elevation of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain to the peerage, with the title of earl of Birmingham, his American wife, daughter of President Cleveland's secretary of war, Endicott, becoming first countess of Birmingham.

Mrs. Chamberlain.

Mosaics in an Old Tomb.

A German archaeologist, Professor Jacobsthal, has just returned to Berlin from an expedition into Asia Minor, where for eighteen months he has been engaged in researches along the lines in which he is most particularly interested. He spent most of his time in eastern Armenia, in the valley of the Aras. In a lecture recently delivered in Berlin the professor says that but two of the ancient monuments in eastern Armenia are still in existence, and these two are of such highly artificial work that one cannot find its equal in any part of Asia Minor. The smaller one of these monuments used to be the mausoleum of Jusuf Ibu Kutaijr, and according to well-preserved inscription was built in 1162. It is an octagonal building, some 26 feet in diameter and about 34 feet high up to the roof. The other one is the mausoleum of Mu Mine Chatune, who was the wife of the Seldchuk prince

MAUSOLEUM OF JUSUF IBU KUTAIJR.

Ildegis, and was built in 1186. In its form it is a ten-cornered tower, 35 feet in diameter and about 78 feet high up to the roof.

Commercialism in Salvation Army.

It appears that the struggle between God and mammon is not unknown even within the ranks of the Salvation army. Commander Booth-Tucker recently discovered that the headquarters of the organization in New York were seriously infected with the spirit of commercialism in the shape of mining stock speculation, and the stringent measures he has taken to suppress it have made a stir in Salvation Army circles not equaled since Ballington Booth's withdrawal.

The desire to lay up treasure elsewhere than in heaven is said to date from the coming of an officer recently transferred from Denver to New York. In a short time a considerable number of the officers in New York had invested in gold mining shares, and Colonel Brewer, the editor of the War Cry, became local manager for a large Seattle company. Commander Booth-Tucker, on learning this, gave the editor the choice of leaving his editorial position or giving up all commercial alliances. The editor promptly transferred his mining stock and managerial position to a friend, but it is said that many other Salvationists have been affected by the speculative spirit, and that this fact will figure in a general shake-up at the annual assembly of the council of the national staff this week.

Many Reenlistments.

Out of more than 40,000 applicants at federal navy recruiting stations during the latest governmental year only 8,123 were accepted, and of these a noteworthy percentage were re-enlistments. Man-o'-war's men nowadays must possess peculiar qualifications and knowledge, and in order to acquire these qualifications there must be schooling in actual service. Hence the value of the training vessel system, by means of which a green landsman may be turned out in six months a finished sailor for duty in ships of war.

Eagle as an Emblem.

Selected Officially by the United States in June, 1782.

The selection of the eagle as a national emblem by the United States was officially made in June, 1782. While John Adams was in England on a governmental mission, he formed the acquaintance of Sir John Prestwich, an accomplished antiquarian. Adams one day mentioned that his countrymen had not decided upon a national coat-of-arms. The baronet suggested that an escutcheon bearing thirteen vertical stripes, white and red, with the chief blue, and spangled with thirteen stars, would make a fine device, and he thought it would give it more consequence to place this shield on the breast of a displayed American eagle without supporters, as emblematic of self reliance. Meanwhile, a committee of the continental congress had been discussing the matter of a seal for the United States, and on June 13, 1782, referred the matter to its secretary, Charles Thomson, who obtained several designs from William Barton of Philadelphia. None of these was entirely satisfactory, and at last the secretary reported to congress a device which combined some of Barton's ideas with those of Sir John Prestwich, which Thomson had received from Adams. On June 20, 1782, the great seal of the United States of America, with "the escutcheon on the breast of the American eagle displayed proper, and in his dexter talon an olive branch, and in his sinister a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper," was adopted.—New York Weekly.

FROM BRYAN'S OWN CITY

Comes a Startling Story—An Open Letter That Will Cause a Sensation.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 6.—(Special.)—At No. 2115 O street, this city, is the B. & M. wallpaper house. "B. & M." are the initial letters of the proprietors, Mr. A. C. Bonsor and Mr. O. E. Myers. The senior partner, Mr Bonsor, is a well-known and highly respected citizen, and no one has ever doubted his truthfulness. It is, therefore, the pronounced opinion in Lincoln and the state generally that the significant and very strong statements made in Mr. Bonsor's letter will go unchallenged. After explaining his willingness that the matter be given the fullest possible publicity in the public interest, Mr. Bonsor proceeds:

I have suffered untold misery and pain for over ten years. My kidneys were diseased. I tried many so-called remedies, but they did me no good. I saw an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I bought some, and commenced to use them at once. I had not been taking them three days before I began to improve. For years I had not had one good night's sleep, and before the first box of the Dodd's Kidney Pills were all used, I could sleep all night without pains. I am now completely cured, and have not a pain or ache left. I cannot recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills too highly, for they are unexcelled as a kidney remedy. Yours truly,

A. C. BONSOR,
No. 2115 O street, Lincoln, Neb.

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure. 50c a box. All dealers.

North Carolina Negro Hospital.

R. J. Reynolds has given $5,000, half the amount needed for the construction and operation of a negro hospital at Winston-Salem, N. C. The negroes of the state have raised the remainder of the $10,000. The hospital will be operated in connection with the Slater Industrial school.

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LOSS OF MEMORY

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