

**Lord Russell's Soldier Boy.**  
The youngest son of the late Lord Russell sailed for South Africa early in the year as a lieutenant in the Royal artillery. The occasion was marked by one of those intimate touches of family affection which excite universal sympathy. As the great troopship swung slowly from her mooring the lord chief justice, standing on the quay, failed to deprecate his son among the crowd of faces that lined the bulwarks. At last he gave a shrill whistle, using his fingers in a manner well known to schoolboys, and the evidently familiar call quickly brought young Russell to the side of the ship to wave farewell. The touch of nature evoked a hearty cheer from all who witnessed it.

**Shirt Waist Euchre Party.**  
At a Bath beach progressive euchre party the women wore white shirt waists and black skirts, the men white duck trousers and shirt waists of rainbow hues. No one was admitted in other than shirt waist attire.

**Diana's Disfigured Leg.**  
During the thunderstorm in Philadelphia a few evenings ago lightning struck a marble statue of Diana at an entrance to Fairmount park. Immediately afterward the left leg of the statue turned brown. Next morning all the coloring had disappeared except one large spot, which has so far resisted persistent scrubbing and the application of powerful acids.

**Boer Girl at Chautauqua.**  
A typical Boer young woman of the wealthier class is a student at Chautauqua, N. Y. She is Miss Carrie Rousseau, of Kenilworth, a suburb of Cape Colony, and is the daughter of a cousin of President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, and a grandniece of General Botha. She and her mother left South Africa at the outbreak of the war and have been traveling in this country since.

It is a noteworthy fact that in the state of Utah there is not one Irish Mormon.

**OMAHA AND ST. LOUIS R. R. CO.**  
HALF RATES.  
ST. LOUIS, Sept. 30th, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th.  
KANSAS CITY, Sept. 29th, 30th, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. On Aug. 21st, Sept. 4th and 18th HALF RATES (PLUS \$2.00) for round trip to most all points South. Now is the time to take your vacation. All information at Omaha & St. Louis R. R. Office, 1415 Farnam St. (Faxon HO. "EL Block"), or write Harry E. Moores, C. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

At one time the Kaiser called Victor Emmanuel III. "The wandering royal encyclopedia."

**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.

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Via Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain Route.  
To points in the West, Southwest, and Southeast at half-rates (plus \$2) for the round trip. Tickets on sale Tuesdays, September 4 and 18, October 2 and 16, November 6 and 20, and December 4 and 18, 1900. For full information, hand folders, etc., address any agent of the above lines, or H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. Agent, St. Louis, Missouri.

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WILL KEEP YOU DRY.  
Don't be fooled with a macintosh or rubber coat. If you want coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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It injures nervous system to do so. BACCO-CURO is the only cure that REALLY CURES and restores you to your normal health. BACCO-CURO is vegetable and harmless. It has cured thousands. It will cure you. At all drug stores or by mail prepaid. \$1 a box, 5 boxes \$2.50. Booklets free. Write EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., La Crosse, Wis.

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Printed in the most artistic manner from imitation engraved type on the finest Hurlbut paper. The very finest printed invitation that can be had at any price. Fifty invitations with inside and outside envelopes complete, delivered free by mail, \$2. One hundred \$3. Announcements same price. Write copy plainly. Address: HASTINGS PRINTING CO., Milton, Penn.

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A HOOD TONIC CURES HOOD CHOLERA AND PREVENTS DISEASE.  
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Best Cough Syrup in the World. One bottle cures. Sold by all druggists.

# MY HALF SISTER

xxx By ELTON HARRIS xxx

**CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)**  
"He is considered very handsome," Joyce called mischievously after Reggie's retreating figure; but whether he heard her was doubtful, and her own frank, plain face looked very grave, as she picked up her wools. "Madame is a clever woman," she argued to herself. "Henri is under her thumb—that is, he always seems to be afraid of her; and Mollie is inexperienced and impetuous. It is little more than a fortnight since she returned. Can Reggie mind already—Reggie, who does not care for girls?"

But personal experience, in connection with the naval lieutenant to whom she was engaged, called loudly that a fortnight might make or mar a life, and she could not disguise from herself that Reggie had shown more interest in beautiful Mollie L'Estrange than he had ever exhibited for any woman—save his mother and herself—before.

A fresh, matter-of-fact girl, of three-and-twenty, Joyce, though fond of Mollie, was inclined to look upon her as a child, and did not give her credit for half the sense and observation she possessed.

For Mollie had learned a great deal in that past fortnight, though Reggie had not always been her teacher. She knew that the good country people round, who had been her parents' friends, while wishful to be pleasant to herself, looked askance at Madame Dubois, whose great object in life was to get into the charmed circle of their acquaintance. With this end she would drag the reluctant girl to any social gathering where she might meet them, and endeavor to force herself upon them until poor Mollie was bitterly ashamed of her; while her smothered exultation when Mrs. Anstruther did violence to her feelings by a stiff call showed Mollie more than words would have done how the residents of Chalfont House were regarded in Reverton.

Kate was a great trial to her sister; she was delicate, nervous and excitable to a degree; and, as her aunt never checked her, she was almost unbearable. All Mollie's efforts at friendship she regarded with suspicion, as made to the heiress of Chalfont, and she flew into a rage if her sister tried to reason with her, or attempted to take the part of the unfortunate daily governess who for a couple of hours each morning endeavored to teach her. Mollie was very forbearing with her, trying never to forget that she was the baby whom she had seen in her mother's arms. But she was firm also, declining to be driven about, or stand any rudeness; and Kate, finding her tempers disregarded, her imperious airs laughed at, began to treat her sister with sullen respect.

Mollie was thinking of Kate after Reggie had left her at the gate, and she walked briskly up the gravelled path, swinging her empty basket. She had promised some flowers for the church on Sunday, and wanted them also for wreaths for her parents' graves. Should she take them boldly from Chalfont, and incur her sister's wrath, or should she order them elsewhere? It seemed a shame that her mother's wreath should not be from the place she loved so well; and yet she could not bear that anything for her should be wrangled over.

There used to be a great clump of narcissi growing almost wild in a shady corner beside some laurels at the far side of the house. If Mr. Barlowe's vandal hand had spared them, she might surely have some from there; and, intent on finding out, she never paused until she suddenly found herself nearly opposite the window of that fatal study where her stepfather had met his death by an unknown hand nearly twelve months previously.

Since her return she had carefully avoided this spot; it had a nameless terror, yet fascination for her. Mrs. Barlowe's name was rarely mentioned in the house; no servant would go past the study door alone after dark. It was not only madame's herd and mean rule that caused rarely a week to pass without some of them leaving—they frightened each other; tales of things seen and heard were rife among them, and it must be owned that Mollie was not proof against the general whispering, the unspoken fear, that seemed to hang over the place, especially after dark.

She was half inclined to turn back now, even though the sun was shining and a whole colony of rooks cawing noisily in the tall trees further on. Round this very path the assassin must have stolen that bitter March night after he had done the deed, leaving the window wide open; and—why, the window was open now! Voices fell upon her ears. No one ever entered that room but Madame Dubois, though it was unlocked. Who could it be?

Taking an impetuous step forward, her eyes fell on madame herself, standing erect with one hand on the table, her face haggard and white, her thin lips drawn away from her strong white teeth, her dark eyes gleaming under

their heavy brows with a strange wild gleam; while her voice, harsh and high, came clearly towards Mollie.

"Are there no other apartments in the house but that you must come here—here—here?" she screamed. "Why do you torture me like this? Have I not enough to bear for you? Ah, me! How many mothers would have done as much?"

"Calm yourself, mother," cried a thin, ready voice. "I had merely a fancy to view the chamber where my so tender-hearted relative shuffled off this mortal coil last Easter Sunday. Where is the harm?"

"No, no, my beloved!" she answered, in a gasping voice, evidently struggling hard to recover her self-command; "but coming in suddenly and seeing a man—so near the time—!" And she clasped her hands as a visible tremor shook her from head to foot.

"Every one was out; I wanted amusing," he said. "How dusty the place is. Why not use the room?"

"Impossible!" panted she. "How can you expect it, Henri—you, who saw—I have it cleaned sometimes, but no one will do it alone, nor will they come near it until after Sunday."

"My uncle seems as much loved in death as in life." And there was a fine sneer in the young man's voice. "Now, why did you send for me in such a hurry, mother? I was having a good time in Paris—music, pretty girls!—and then you insist that I must return to this dull hole. 'Tis absolutely cruel!"

"You have no thought for your own interests. You are incorrigible!" she cried angrily. "I told you the reason plainly enough; and you spend so much money, the sooner you fall in with my intentions the better for you; then your future is assured."

"So you have dragged me away from a thousand engagements and pleasures just for this!" Mollie heard him explain grumblingly. "What is she?"

"Oh, Henri, my adored!" cried Madame Dubois, her voice vibrating with intense feeling, her eyes fixed with deep, passionate love on the other unseen occupant of the room; "I feel that at this time I must have you with me—that I must see you—to feel that your sacrifices have not been in vain—that through them you are prosperous. Is it nothing to you to be with your mother?"

What reply the son made Mollie did not hear, for, recovering from her astonishment, she stole quietly away, thankful that madame's keen glance had not fallen upon her. That Monsieur Henri Dubois had arrived before he was expected—that he had come, not because he loved his home and wished to make her acquaintance, as madame had repeatedly declared, but because she had sent him an imperative summons—was clear; but why had she done so? Nor could Mollie, having seen the mother's hard face, softened and beautiful with feeling, doubt that this invisible son, with the thin, sneering voice, was the passion of her life, the being for whom she would go through fire and water.

**CHAPTER IV.**  
It was with conflicting feelings that Mollie brushed out her sunny hair before luncheon, staring absently the while into the glass with a perplexed frown.

They were strange people, these Dubois, and she uneasily felt that she could not fathom them.

Henri's cynical tone she considered unfeeling, for Leonard Barlowe had been his uncle after all; while madame never showed the least respect for her dead brother, though any allusion to him would visibly upset her self-control. And Mollie shrewdly guessed that the extravagant affection she heaped on Kate was but on the surface.

Evidently madame had sent for her son, and there was a "she" in the case—did they mean Kate?

Already Mollie had not a very high idea of their probity, and wondered how much power they had over the child's fortune.

But she did not think of herself at the moment, except to be glad that she was no relation of theirs. And then her thoughts drifted off to Reggie, and there was a smile on her face as she flung open the door, nearly running over Kate, who was advancing consequentially down the corridor, a huge box of distinctly Parisian bonbons in her arms.

"I shall not give you one because you would not take me to get moss," she said, with solemn spitefulness, as she displayed them.

"You should have gone with pleasure had you asked nicely," returned Mollie, unruffled. "But I will not take you anywhere when you are unpleasant."

And before the irate mistress of the house could find anything bitter enough for her poor little tongue to utter, the elder girl had tossed her, and descending the stairs, entered the dining room, where Madame Dubois and her son were standing by the fire. There they stood, these aliens and strangers, giving themselves all the airs of proprietorship in the house that ought to have been quite as much her's as Kate's. Standing, too, right

under the painting of her father in full uniform that hung over the mantelpiece. It would have been removed long ago but that it had cost some hundreds of pounds, and Mr. Barlowe secretly thought, added distinction to the room.

A hot wave of indignation and wounded pride swept over Mollie. What business had these people at Chalfont using everything as their own, while she herself was but a guest; and it was a very frigid and haughty bow that she gave in the direction of Monsieur Henri Dubois when his mother introduced him.

"What am I to call you?" exclaimed madame playfully. "Is it to be cousins?"

"Certainly not, madame," she broke in quickly, with a polite smile. "I am a L'Estrange, and the only relation I have in my father's house is my half-sister Kate." And her tone clearly implied that no other would be allowed.

The elder woman's face darkened visibly; but before she could speak Henri said, with a graceful, sweeping bow:

"Mademoiselle is cruel; but I trust in time to win and deserve her friendship."

With some murmured words of assent Mollie sank into her seat, and during luncheon took as complete a survey of the young man as the fact that he was covertly trying to do the same thing of her would allow. Small, slight, dapper, with sharp, well-cut features, a sallow complexion, and quick, black eyes, he was indeed a contrast to the young officer who already held a large place in her heart.

A thorough Frenchman was Henri Dubois, both in thought and appearance, though his English was very good; and as he sat at the foot of the table caressing his small, black mustache and endeavoring to make himself agreeable, Mollie privately came to the conclusion that she disliked and distrusted him only a little less than she did his mother, and that might only be because she did not know him so well. Indeed his high voice and cynical air contrasted badly with Reggie Anstruther's hearty tones and easy, well-bred manner, though it was plain that his mother thought him perfect, and rarely took her eyes from his face.

"Where have you been this morning, Mollie?" she demanded at length, when there came a break in the conversation.

"She has been for a country walk with Mr. Anstruther. I saw her," broke in Kate's little voice, maliciously "and she would not take me."

Did a swift glance of meaning pass between mother and son? Mollie could not be quite sure, for this unprovoked attack was disconcerting enough to make her blush furiously. It was very annoying, and madame's eyes were turned upon her crimson visage with unmerciful scrutiny.

"Kate knows why I would not take her," she said, breaking the pause with a somewhat haughty ring in her young voice.

"But this Mr. Anstruther—" began madame coldly.

"I met him when I was going to gather moss, and he accompanied me"—rather defiantly.

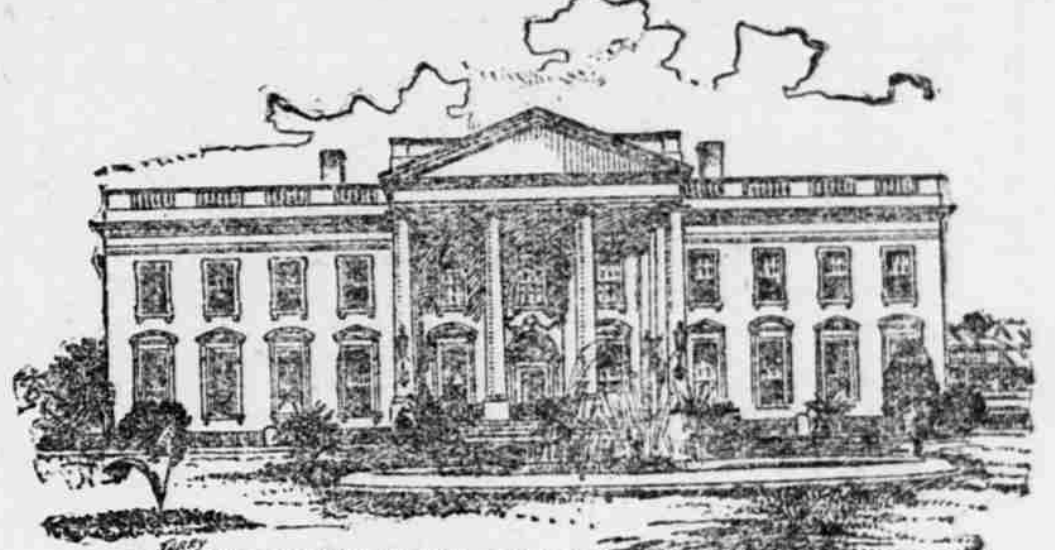
Madame's lips went into the thin line that gave such a very unpleasant expression to her face, and Mollie continued her luncheon with but a hazy notion of what was on her plate, and a vague, uncomfortable presentiment that picking moss in the bright sunshine with Reggie for a companion would not be allowed to occur again. Two or three times already, when her opinion had not agreed with madame's, she had been obliged to yield, and as the scene of the fragrant earthly moss, the flickering light through the budding branches in the shady lane, and Reggie's laughing brown face rose before her, so also did a feeling of her own helplessness in Madame Dubois' strong, shapely hands.

(To be Continued.)

**Taxpayers Squeezed by Austria.**  
The taxpayers of Galicia have many grievances against the Austrian government, says Michael Henry Dzielicki in the Chicago Record. The chief complaint is that the assessors of taxes will not admit the declaration of income drawn up by the taxpayer as what he really gets, but substitute a sum which they say he ought to get. This is flagrantly unfair and contrary to law, and makes the taxpayer liable to rates for what does not exist. When challenged as to this arbitrary proceeding the assessors answered that they had merely raised the taxes, and maintained that in order to raise an action against them the complainant would require to prove a false statement. This deprives the taxpayer of any legal remedy, except going before the commission of complaints; but, as the commission is supposed to deal with 12,900 appeals within a few weeks it can be readily seen that it cannot possibly go into the details of any case.

**Second-Story Flea.**  
The "second-story flea" has been discovered at St. Joseph. Heretofore the Michigan fleas have been all ground floor fleas and there is no record until this summer of fleas which inhabited people on the second stories of houses. William G. Haberkorn of Benton Harbor, has been bitten by one of the second story fleas, and he shows the bite to prove it. It puts him to considerable trouble to do this, but he is willing to go to that trouble when he finds doubting people. The question which puzzles him is how do the fleas get to the second story? Do they jump, walk upstairs, take the elevator, or are they carried up on people's clothing?

## PRESIDENT TYLER'S DAUGHTER, A Venerable Lady of Noble Lineage Speaks a Timely Word.



**WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.**  
"One of the most aristocratic faces seen in Washington is that of Mrs. Sempie, daughter of President Tyler. She has passed her 80th year and yet retains an exceedingly youthful complexion. Personally she is charming, and impresses one as stepping out of the European courts," so says the National Magazine, under the heading "Social Sideglances at the Capital."  
The following is a letter from this interesting lady, written from the Louise Home, Washington, D. C., to the Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, concerning their great catarrh tonic, Peruna. Mrs. Sempie writes:

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Yes, Howard, in high words low language is generally used.

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**Mark Twain Coming Home.**  
Mark Twain, who will soon return to his home in Hartford, Conn., thus answers a friend who asked him if he did not enjoy traveling: "No, I don't. I do it for the sake of my family. If I had my way I'd settle down in one spot and never move. In fact, I can't understand how any writer can be persuaded to move of his own accord. Old Bunyan was in luck when they threw him into prison. If I had been in his place they'd never have got me out."

Be loving and you will never want for love.

People who have long faces are apt to have short understandings.

**Salsbury's Talented Daughter.**  
Lady Gwendolen Cecil, the unmarried daughter who now presides over the household of Lord Salsbury, the British premier, is esteemed as one of the foremost of English mathematicians. A singularly gifted family are the Cecils. The marquis himself is a most accomplished electrician and chemist, and has been worked for an income as a subeditor. Lord Cecil, one of his sons, is counted among the best read political writers and workers in the islands.

**Kaiser Honors a Chicago Man.**  
Dr. J. H. Brewster, professor of Egyptology in the University of Chicago, has been appointed by the emperor of Germany to superintend the publication of his new Egyptian dictionary. This lexicon will enable students of Egyptology to study the hieroglyphics in the museums throughout the world. This is an excellent compliment to an American scholar.

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