

MY HALF SISTER

By ELTON HARRIS

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Oh, I know you think us the dirt beneath your feet!" he sneered, his face livid, as he twirled his little black moustache and glared at her with unwilling admiration. "We are nothing, no no; but it is those who win laugh, oh, yes! I snap my fingers at Revertion, for which we are not good enough; but they shall accept us, though they did not my amiable uncle, whom, I allow, you had no cause to love."

"I shall certainly let all Revertion know if I am made unhappy here," she answered, with a sudden flash of comprehension, under which Henri winced. "For Mr. Barlowe, I had little cause to like him; but he is dead! he came to a terrible end! Have you any chance of discovering who killed him, or why?"

So intent had they been in their conversation that they had been oblivious to the clang of the garden gate and the sound of wheels. As Mollie turned quickly to see Madame Dubois driving up, the horses lathered by their reckless speed, but well in hand, she did not notice that Henri's face had gone a sickly yellow, that the fingers holding a cigarette suddenly crushed it as in a vice, Madame looked from Mollie's flushed face, to her son's sullen, dark one, as she drew up, and her lips tightened; but the girl entered the house before her, and once out of sight, dashed to her own room.

What was she to do? she thought, as with clenched hands she paced her room. What could she do but keep her eyes open, and bear it? She was surprised to find that she was neither frightened nor dismayed; indeed, wondering more what Reggie would think if he knew—Reggie, whose blue eyes had given a sudden flash as that "Mollie" had caught his ear. Yet it was a matter of relief when Madame appeared as usual at dinner, even making a little show of affection for her, though looking pale and distraught, while Henri was effusively polite.

But nothing could prevent the evening being dreary and constrained, and as early as she could, she bade mother and son good night. At the far end of the large square hall was the handsome oak door of Mr. Barlowe's study, and she paused at the foot of the stairs to regard it with a felling akin to awe. What scene had that closed door witnessed 12 months ago that very night? What was the secret of Leonard Barlowe's tragic death? Well indeed it was for Mollie that the future is hidden from us; that she could not foresee the manner in which the truth would be revealed!

As she went slowly up stairs the drawing room door opened suddenly and Madame came out and walked swiftly across to the closed door, her usually stately step faltering and uneven, her face wild and haggard; but ere she had gone many yards Henri had slipped after her, caught her by the arm, and pulled her roughly back.

"Let me go!" she cried excitedly. "Have you not tormented me enough?—you, for whom I have borne everything; you, whom I have shielded?"

"There, don't make a fuss and roar the place!" he said hoarsely. "For heaven's sake come back and calm yourself. What is the use of getting in a frenzy because an unfortunate event has happened in the house, and the servants say it is haunted? Come back, I say!" And the drawing room door closed again on their angry voices without either having perceived Mollie's presence on the stairs above.

She went on to her room down the dimly-lighted corridors, for Madame was economical in lights in some instances. There was a feeling of unrest and mystery abroad in the house tonight, more to be felt than described, which unconsciously influenced her. She wished she were not so young. How long it seemed since she had left her peaceful German life behind, and been plunged into a sea of difficulties; yet she would not have gone back. Unbidden rose the thought that there was no Reggie in Hanover.

She took her Bible and read a chapter, trying to fix her thoughts on the Easter day that would soon dawn, the day our Lord rose from the dead. The warm old dressing gown in which she was wrapped accentuated the brightness of her hair, and her lovely face showed sweet and thoughtful in the gas light, but as she closed the book it was with a sigh that she put her elbows on the toilet table and dropped her white chin into them.

All the evening her thoughts had been back with her mother—remembering her sorrows and sufferings—and yet there kept running in her mind also the words she had just read, "Love your enemies." Ah! how impossible it seemed; to how many more than poor little Mollie has it appeared too hard a precept to follow! But she struggled for it, asking help from above to forgive Leonard Barlowe, and endeavor to live in peace with her relatives, returning good for evil.

A hasty rattling at the door handle, Kate's voice screaming, roused her, and, running to open it, the child almost fell against her, her thin little face colorless, her tiny hands grasping, as if for dear life, at the folds of her dressing gown.

"Let me stay with you, dear, dear Mollie!" she sobbed and sighed. "I cannot—cannot stop alone; I should die!"

It was terrible to see the nervous excitement, the fear that shook the child from head to foot, and as Mollie caught her up she only remembered that she was her mother's baby, the little sister she had tried to love. Shutting the door, she carried her to the window, pausing to wrap a rug round her, for she was in her small night gown, just as she had jumped out of bed, and shivering violently.

"Yes, yes, you shall stay with me," she said soothingly, in her round, soft voice. "But what is the matter? Where are Jane and Harriet?"

"Jane has gone; she said she was not going to stay in this house tonight for anything we could offer her. She just got the gardener's boy to take her box after dark, and went. I don't know what Aunt Clare will say, and Harriet will not sleep in my room without her."

"What! they both slept there?"

"Yes, because of the strange noises and—and things. I woke up and called out, and when I got up and felt Harriet was not there, and her blankets were gone, my heart seemed to stop beating—I could not breathe. All I thought of was you; I should be safe if I could get to you. Something passed me in the passage; I felt it brushing against me. It was a ghost, wasn't it?" And she cowered down into Mollie's arms, a pitiable object indeed.

Kate was almost beside herself, and it was long ere Mollie could calm her agitation. Inwardly the sister's heart burned with wrath against the two maids, who in their own ignorant fear had left this highly-strung child alone at such a time, after the shock of the preceding year. Seriously alarmed, she rubbed the icy little hands and feet, talking cheerfully the while, and then rocked to and fro until the breathing grew quieter, and the faxen head lay still on her shoulder, while she hummed the old lullaby which had sounded in her own drowsy ears when she was a little child.

"Mother sang that," Kate said, suddenly looking up with a faint smile. "When I found I was alone, I said all I could remember of my prayers—'Our Father' over and over again."

"I am glad of that," replied Mollie simply. "I feared you did not, Kate."

"I am a Freethinker in the daytime; but at night in the dark, when I am frightened, I always say all I can think of," said the child, with quaint innocence, all the self-importance knocked out of her for the moment by terror.

She listened very quietly when Mollie tried to show her that this was wrong, and then her thoughts went back to the last Easter eve, and she spoke of her father.

"It was very cold—oh, very!" she said reflectively. "He took me out in the dogcart, and I cried with the cold, so he was cross. I did not know he was going to die, you see, or I would have tried not to."

"But you loved him, Kate?"

"Pretty well," she responded truthfully, for she had not words to express what she was sharp enough to know—that her father had cared for her for what she had represented to him.

"When I went to the study to say good night to him, he called out he was busy, so I went away. Next morning when I awoke the snow was thick, and I heard screams and shrieks, so I jumped out of bed and ran to the top of the stairs and looked down, and all the servants were there at the study door, looking in and wringing their hands, and crying, and Aunt Clare, with her hair streaming about, calling out that they must get a doctor and send for Henri. I went further down the stairs and asked what was the matter, and they shrieked more, and said: 'Take the child away!' But I would not go until nurse called me, and she told me my father was dead. I asked what made him die, and she said: 'Want of breath.' And then heaps of people came, and there was a bequest."

"Inquest," corrected Mollie, with a shiver, the little girl's words bringing the whole scene before her with startling vividness; then, as she felt that Kate was again shuddering in her arms, she added: "But we will not think of it any more."

"I can't help it!" she moaned, trembling. "Something in black has glided up and down the passage ever since. That door is heard to open and shut when every one is in bed. All the servants know this, and won't stay. Ask them."

"Oh, Kate, this is really nonsense!" Mollie exclaimed in horror; then, drawing back the blind she pointed to the still, quiet night without, where the soft breeze was sighing through

the budding trees, the moon riding serene in the dark blue sky above. "And see, even the weather is different this year. Look at the beautiful world God has given us to live in! And if we are good He will certainly take care of us; we need fear nothing. Why, even a little sparrow cannot fall to the ground but what He sees it; and we are His children, whom the Lord Christ came to save."

Kate drank in her words with a look of old intelligence that made her seem as if she had never been a child. But as Mollie put her into bed, two slight arms were suddenly flung round the soft white throat, and she whispered with passionate fervor:

"Oh, I am glad—I am awfully glad that God has given me you for a sister, Mollie!"

But long after the little one had fallen asleep, Mollie sat by her, thinking, thinking—what did it all mean?

CHAPTER VI.

Who had killed Leonard Barlowe? For days Mollie pondered over this question, and another one that would keep coming back to her—had the Dubois any private knowledge that had not been published to the world? They must have known more of Mr. Barlowe, his past life and enemies, than any outsider could possibly do. Henri had hated his uncle, she knew, yet surely he had had no hand in sending him out of the world; that could not be the meaning of madame's wild words! That he was cold-blooded and cynical to a degree about everything save himself was clear; but it was incredible that he could have committed such a crime undetected; besides, Kate said that he had been in London at the time.

She thrust the thought from her, and determined to try and think no evil—a good resolution put to a very hard test when she discovered that her freedom was gone, and that madame was always making slighting remarks upon the Anstruthers, implying that Mrs. Anstruther was a worldly mother, who had engaged her daughter to a rich man, and was now seeking an heiress for her son. About this latter, indeed, she shook her head ominously; she had heard tales of him—he was a terrible flirt, or worse.

It was in vain Mollie protested hotly that the young naval officer to whom Joyce was engaged was far from rich; that she had never heard a word against Reggie, that Mrs. Anstruther was kindness itself and had loved her mother. Madame nodded her handsome dark head mysteriously, and said her dear Mollie was very young and innocent, and all young men were not like Henri, so good and wise and trustworthy. Certainly she had plenty of opportunity of discovering these virtues in Henri, had they existed for he spent the greater part of his time hanging about her, and she grew heartily tired of him and the tales of his gay Parisian life.

Why did he not return to it? she thought wearily. Why did he stay on here, rolling his black eyes at her sentimentally, and pretending that Revertion was now more to him than Paris?

"It is because I am an heiress," she thought wrathfully, when he had accompanied her to the Anstruthers, and kept so close to her that she had been unable to have the good grumble to Joyce that would have relieved her pent-up feelings. "Oh, this hateful money! My mother's life was ruined for it, and they would ruin mine. But I am not so gentle as she; and madame will find that I have a will of my own. I think she suspects it, for sometimes I see her eyes fixed on me with such a strange expression. God forgive me if I am wrong then; but somehow I mistrust them utterly."

(To be continued.)

Made Some Queer Wagers.

Gen. Francis V. Greene's story of the queer bet made by officers at Gettysburg recalls other strange wagers. Harmon, at the Stanwix hotel, in Detroit, several years ago, bet he could hold his head submerged in a bathtub for 125 seconds without taking air. He won.

In Philadelphia some years ago a gentleman made a wager of \$100 that he could jump into water eight feet deep and undress himself completely. Any one who has ever made the attempt to remove his clothing after being thoroughly drenched to the skin, even when standing on terra firma, with plenty of room to "hop around on one leg," will at once realize the difficulty of accomplishing the feat while in the water. However, it was done in the instance noted. A chap named Curtis in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, for a wager of a horse, ran five miles in forty-one minutes, and wound up the race with a jump of eleven feet six inches. An Englishman named Head won \$5,000 by walking 600 miles in ten days, but the exertion so used him up that he never walked much afterward, either on wagers or otherwise.—New York Telegraph.

To Mount Photos on Glass.

To mount photos on glass proceed as follows: Soak four ounces of gelatine in cold water for half an hour, then place in a glass jar, adding sixteen ounces of water; put the jar in a large dish of warm water and dissolve the gelatine. When dissolved pour into a shallow tray. Have your prints rolled on a roller, albumen side out; take the print by the corners and pass rapidly through the gelatine, taking great care to avoid air bubbles. Hang up with clips to dry, and when dry squeeze carefully on to the glass. The better the quality of the glass the finer the effect.

Current Topics

The Late Gen. Palmer.

Gen. John McCauley Palmer, whose death occurred at Springfield, Ill., last week, was born in Eagle Creek, Scott county, Kentucky, on September 13, 1817. In 1832 he removed to Illinois and in 1839 settled in Carlinville. He was admitted to the bar in 1840 and was delegate to the state constitutional convention in 1847. He was a member of the state senate 1852-54, a delegate to the national Republican convention in Philadelphia in 1856, a presidential elector on the Republican ticket of 1860 and a delegate to the peace convention in Washington, February 4, 1861.

He was elected colonel of the Fourteenth Illinois Volunteers in April, 1861, accompanied General John C.



GEN. JOHN M. PALMER.

Fremont in his expedition to Springfield, Mo., and was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers in December of the same year.

From 1869 to 1873 he was governor of Illinois. In 1891 he was elected United States senator and served a full term.

The Gold Democrats placed the name of Senator Palmer before the Indianapolis convention of 1896, and he was nominated on the first ballot for the presidential office.

Because of Blighted Love.

Rich, talented and finely educated, Frank D. Van Nostrand of Kingston, N. Y., has for the past twenty-five

years chosen the life of a hermit. Van Nostrand was the youngest child of Elias T. Van Nostrand, a well known Kingston contractor, who upon his death, twenty-seven years ago, left a fortune of \$100,000. At the time the Van Nostrands were living in one of the most imposing mansions in the city. The children continued to live there after their father's death until they married and only Frank remained.

Old residents say that one day, not long after the last of the family had married and left the homestead, Van Nostrand was seen moving his personal effects from the stately ancestral mansion to a small building in the rear where he has since remained. For years he has not been seen on the street in daytime and there are only a few who know the man.

Some of the old people remember a beautiful New York girl who came to spend her summers in the mountains back of Kingston. Van Nostrand owned the smartest horses in the city and he was often seen driving with this beautiful girl. He never talked about the girl and his friends believed that he regarded her name as too sacred to be spoken. For two summers this went on. Then the girl went back to New York. The next spring Frank Van Nostrand moved to his hermitage.

A War Board Likely.

Gen. William Ludlow, whose visit to Europe will probably result in the creation of a board of general managers for the war department, has been long a student of continental and insular military institutions. When he went abroad three months ago for the special purpose of inspecting foreign army methods he had already re-



GEN. WILLIAM LUDLOW.

viewed these matters with some care. Gen. Ludlow (then a colonel) was formerly military attache of the American embassy in London. In 1896 he investigated the ship canal systems of Europe and Asia and made an elaborate and valuable report to the government on this head. He is one of the most brilliant of the officers of the engineer corps, and won high distinction as an actual fighter on many fields during the war of emancipation.

A Brave Naval Officer.

Capt. Willard H. Brownson, who has been selected to command the new battleship Alabama, has an excellent record as an officer. He is 55 years old and was born in Lyons, N. Y. In 1865 he was graduated with honors from the Naval Academy and received his first assignment to the Gedney, a coast survey vessel. While in command of the Detroit, Commander Brownson had an adventure which showed his bravery and intense devotion to duty. It was in 1893 that Rear Admiral Custodeo de Mello, of one, ironclad cruiser, two torpedo boats and several merchant vessels seized the harbor of Rio Janeiro. No vessels could pass into or reach the piers in the harbor, and much distress was occasioned. A small fleet of American warships was in the neighborhood, among them the Detroit, in command of Commander Brownson. An American merchantman was also there with a cargo to discharge, but was prevented from landing by Mello's fleet. Her captain appealed to the commodore in command of the American warships, with the result that the Detroit was detailed to act as an escort to the American vessel and to see that her captain had an opportunity to discharge her cargo. Clearing decks for action and with every man at his post, Commander Brownson sent word to Admiral de Mello of what he intended to do, and then gave the command that sent the Detroit and the smaller vessel on their perilous way. Through a lane formed by the rebel navy they sailed. Some gunner of the Brazilian fleet fired a shot at the merchantman, and before the smoke had cleared away one of the big guns on the Detroit belched forth. Brownson shouted from the bridge to the Brazilian admiral that if another shot was fired he would deliver a broadside. This had the effect of scaring the Brazilians.

Ruined by Speculation.

Of Oceanic, N. J., Charles B. Foote, a prominent New York broker, is suffering physical and mental torture. He permitted his fondness for speculation to carry him to a dangerous extreme and his life is paying the penalty for his firm's ruin. Foote was the junior partner of the firm of Hatch & Foote, which has done business on Wall street for 40 years. For some time Mr. Foote has been worried. He appeared to be under a terrible mental strain. September 1 his mind broke down and paralysis followed. With his absence from the office came an investigation of his books and it was found that he had involved the firm, through unauthorized speculations, to such an extent that an assignment was necessary.

Bad Morals in Trade.

Chicago consumers complain that the grocers use colored paper bags, three times as heavy as the manilla variety, and that these paper bags are "weighed in" as groceries at the expense of the customers. A month or more ago the Chicago Federation of Labor made a protest against this weighing in of the paper bags and for a time it stopped, but the custom seems to have been revived, says the Chicago Daily News. A similar complaint, it will be remembered, was made about Sir Thomas Lipton's teas some months ago, purchasers claiming that the paper package was also "weighed in" as pure Oolong, Ceylon or whatever other brand of tea the said packages might contain. Experts even figured out quite a comfortable income to the credit of Sir Thomas from this source alone. The grocers should be straight and honest about it, continues the News in an editorial. If they cannot afford to furnish the bags free let them supply them to customers at cost and when the latter call for a pound of tea or sugar give them what they call for and not a pound of paper and sugar or paper and coffee. The item may seem small to the grocer, but the principle is there, and should be observed. Morally, it is just as much a theft as to take a penny as a pound—a distinction, however, that many people seem to overlook.

Elected an Insane Man.

The re-election of Charles A. Boutelle of Maine, to a seat in congress is an extraordinary event in politics, because of the fact that Mr. Boutelle is now an inmate of an insane asylum. Boutelle has represented the Bangor district in the house of representatives for a score of years. He has been an active man at Washington, and, as chairman of the naval committee, has been responsible, to a large extent, for the great development of the navy in recent years. The great mental strain told upon his health, and last spring



C. A. BOUTELLE.

he was a total wreck. He was taken to an asylum at Waverly, Mass., where, for a time, he was a raving maniac. In spite of this he was re-nominated by the Republicans of his district and re-elected by a great majority last week.

James R. Reid, organizer of the Old-Time Telegraphers' association, superintended the construction between Washington and Baltimore of the first telegraph line. He taught Andrew Carnegie to be an operator, and is now manager of the steelman's Scotch estates.

Minister Elected Sheriff.

Rev. Samuel F. Pearson of Portland, Me., was recently elected sheriff of Cumberland county, the best paying office in Maine, although he stands pledged to only

take \$3,000, and to cover the balance of the fees back into the county treasury. He was nominated by the Prohibitionists and was opposed by Mr. Despeaux, the Republican, and Mr. Barton, the Democratic candidates. He received 6,440 votes, Republicans and Democrats forsaking their candidates and uniting in his support. His election is taken to mean a determination on the part of the voters of Cumberland county that the prohibitory law shall be strictly enforced in that section of the state and to that enforcement Mr. Pearson stands pledged.

Romance in a Suit.

In taking steps to secure possession of \$50,000 Mrs. Mazie Winston of Chicago has astounded her friends by divulging the fact that African blood coursed in her veins. The woman is fair as any daughter of the north, with blue eyes and chestnut hair. Her father was Dorse Hamner, of a wealthy Virginia family. Dorse Hamner committed suicide, but not until he had provided in his will for his daughter, Mazie, who was born in 1873. The will was lost, but Luther Laffin Mills, the noted Chicago lawyer, who believes in the justice of Mrs. Winston's claims, will go to Virginia to secure evidence to establish them.

The Weekly Panorama.

Society Woman in Lighthouse.

For the past six years, the lighthouse keeper at Point Pinos, at Monterey, on the Pacific coast, has been Mrs. Emily S. Fish. Previous to her acceptance of the government position, Mrs. Fish, who is the widow of a former surgeon in the United States navy, lived in a beautiful massive house in Oakland which was the center of gay life

and many important social functions. The home was noted for its elegant exclusiveness, the perfection of its cuisine and the good taste of its handsome and elegantly attired mistress.

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CAPT. CAGNI.

latitude 56.33, beating Nansen's record. Only lack of food prevented Cagni from going farther north. He made many maps of hitherto unknown tracts.

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