

MY HALF SISTER

By ELTON HARRIS

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
 "I thank you, monsieur, for your offer," Mollie said gently at length, "but I must decline it. I am very sorry if you feel hurt, but when you leave here I hope you will soon forget it."
 "What, you refuse!" he exclaimed incredulously. "You will not accept my warning? You will be my enemy?"
 "I hope not, surely. But if you are my enemy I shall not be yours," she answered steadily, backing away, yet keeping an eye upon the glass doors.
 For a moment the young man stood gazing at her with more feeling in his face than she could have believed possible.
 Mollie little knew how pretty she looked, as she stood there in her white gown, with the soft dark night as a background, and the lights from the drawing room falling on her curly, ruffled head, nor the simple dignity of the grey eyes that regarded him so fearlessly. All at once his expression changed, and grew black and fierce, distorted with evil thought.
 "So you decline," he hissed in her ear. "You think you will marry that long-legged, curly-headed soldier! But disabuse your mind of that idea. You will marry me, Henri Dubois. I swear it! Whether you love me or not, I will be your husband. Oh, you will soon be glad enough to escape from madame ma mere, and you can do it by me—only by me. Ah! how quiet you are! Do you hear?"
 "Yes, and so will every one else," Mollie replied, standing very erect, and eyeing with haughty disdain his excited face. "I have listened to you patiently, but I decline to be threatened or coerced. It may answer with some people—it never did with a L'Estrange. Let me pass."
 For a moment Henri paused irresolute, glaring at her; then he gave way a step, and she was through the drawing room and half way upstairs before he could realize that he had been baffled and refused by this girl of 19.
 He had thought to reduce her to submission, and at the first threat she, usually so gentle, had turned upon him fearlessly; and he, a coward by nature, failed to recognize, what his mother dimly felt, that it was impossible to cower a spirit that rose higher whenever danger threatened.
 As for Mollie, she was angry and indignant; yet, once in her room, she could not help laughing.
 "So I am to marry Henri, who will devote his life to making me happy!" she murmured, as she brushed her hair. "It will not be a money-making profession for him. I have an idea that once he had my wretched fortune he would turn his devotion to his own amusement."
 But from that night the life at Chalfont became almost unbearable. Madame openly espoused her son's cause, saying it was strange Mollie could refuse one so handsome and devoted, for whom other girls were sighing in vain. Slowly and steadily she tried to force her into the hated engagement, implying that it would be a great relief to her mind to have her married to so estimable a young man, the only one she could countenance for her; and well Mollie knew what this latter remark meant—neither Mr. Anstruther nor any one else need expect her consent. As for Henri, he was worse than ever, following her everywhere, sullen or sentimental by turns, repeating his proposals whenever he had an opportunity; and the only friend she had in the house was her little half-sister, Kate.
 For the strange child, ever since the Easter eve when she had flown to Mollie for protection, had attached herself to her with a quiet persistence that was both amusing and touching. Every night she found her rolled up in one corner of her bed asleep, or pretending to be, and the fear of losing this privilege made her try to check this irritability that was part of her temperament, and be more amenable to the sorely-tried governess.
 This much Mollie exacted, though she would never have had the heart to enforce it, for the little one's nerves were in a terribly strained state, and Mollie's room seemed her haven of refuge. There she felt safe—there, dark or light, nothing could touch her; there she never had horrible dreams. Bad things could not come near Mollie, who was so sweet and good.
 Day by day she followed her about, at first with shy defiance, at last with unconcealed affection and a funny, motherly solicitude, and ere the roses began to bloom there was no crime so great in her eyes as to hurt Mollie.
 "What is the matter?" asked Mollie one morning, when she found her prancing about the lawn in a fury, scolding like a young virago the gardener, who was marking out a tennis court.
 "Misses says she won't have no court here," said the man helplessly, touching his cap, "and the gentleman ordered me to mark one."
 "It is my lawn; I won't allow it! He has no right to meddle, and I shall tell Aunt Clare so," she stormed.

"But I would teach you to play," Mollie said quietly.
 It was no idle threat on Kate's part, she knew. Her father's will strictly enjoined that her wishes were to be indulged, and madame happened to be in a frightful temper that day.
 "Would you like it?" demanded Kate, stopping abruptly.
 "I think it would be nice."
 "You can go on, John," she said imperiously to the man. "Anything Miss L'Estrange desires is to be done."
 It was the same in everything. Her little face would grow haggard with anxiety when Mollie drove with madame, and she had no peace until she met her on the steps; while one morning, when Mollie awoke, she heard her murmuring away to herself, and a future peep revealed the little maid sitting up in her trilled nightgown, nursing her knees, her flaxen curls falling thickly round her shoulders.
 "She is so pretty; look at her long, curling lashes!" she was whispering in a tone of satisfaction. "But I should love her anyhow, for she is my sister; she is my own Mollie, my very own Mollie!"
 "My own Mollie!" Just what her mother had always called her. Mollie knew better than to move or disturb the child, but from that moment she was never "my half-sister Kate" again, but the little sister her mother had left to her, to be guarded and shielded by every means in her power, to be loved and taught all that Mollie, humble in her strength, could teach her, that together they might struggle along that narrow path which leads to eternal life.
 CHAPTER VIII.
 It was a hot August evening, and after Mollie had heard Kate's hymns and prayers—for which purpose she always went upstairs after dinner—she took a book and sat at the wide open window in preference to returning to the drawing room. She often did this now, for lately things had been worse than ever, Henri more persistent. At first Kate tossed about, restless with the heat, but at length her regular breathing showed that she slept; and Mollie's book dropped unheeded, as she sat watching the harvest lightning flashing across the darkening sky.
 She was thinking of Reggie, who had been obliged to rejoin his regiment in Ireland months ago, without saying good-by to her, though he had brought Joyce up to Chalfont to call for that purpose. Madame had never mentioned this. She only heard it from Joyce later, when it seemed too late to be angry, though she was very sorry.
 She had missed him dreadfully. Revertion was not the same place somehow when there was no chance during their walks and drives of seeing his tall, upright figure swinging along, but he used to send all sorts of messages through Joyce. He would come back, and meantime, she devoted herself to Kate, who daily grew happier and more childlike. Mrs. Anstruther and Joyce did their best for her; but madame cut her off from every one, and lately they had been away, for it was a great matter of regret, for it was something to feel their friendly presence near, though she was free to wander in the woods and fields with Kate in their absence.
 The scent of a cigar, chairs being dragged along the parlors below, and voices, made her lean further out of the window. Madame and Henri were evidently sitting there! How clearly their voices were borne upwards in the still air—little they guessed how plainly! Mollie would have moved away, feeling that she ought not to listen had she not caught a few words; then she leaned forward with all her might.
 "Kate's money cannot be touched. I have got all I can—every farthing. I literally do not know where to turn for a penny." And madame's voice sounded harsh and weary. "You must marry the girl; her fortune will last you for a time. I can do nothing more yet."
 "Bah! Marry the girl!" He mimicked her angrily. "It is easy to say, but she will not have me. Truly, me mere, I have a respect for her more than I have felt for any woman before. When I look into those beautiful eyes of hers, so young, so frank, I want her as I have wanted no one else. Were she my wife I could trust her absolutely; I would even try to be a good husband."
 "You love her!" madame said jealously.
 "There, now, you will upbraid me for that!" he sneered. "But she will never have me, she adores that Anstruther; they love in English fashion. You may give up all hopes of bending la belle Mollie to our will unless you can get her away from Revertion. Come to Paris."
 "I cannot. You know by your uncle's will I am obliged to live at Chalfont with Kate. Oh, if I could only get away from the place—get away!" And her voice rose with

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

LIST OF BOXER VICTIMS.

Ranks of Missionaries Sadly Depleted During the Uprising in China.
 NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—A complete list of Protestant missionaries known to have been killed from the beginning of the Boxer movement to September 5 has been received by the American Bible society from Rev. John R. Hykes, D. D., its agent in Shanghai, as follows:
 In Shan Tung, December 31, 1899—Rev. S. M. Brooks of the Church of England mission.
 In Chi Li, about June 1, 1900—Rev. H. V. Norman, Rev. C. Robinson of the Church of England mission.
 At Pao Ting Fu, June 20—Rev. F. E. Simcox, Bullion, Pa.; Mrs. Simcox, London, Pa.; three children, Dr. G. Y. Taylor, all of American Presbyterian mission, Taylorsville, Pa. July 1. Rev. H. T. Pitkin, Philadelphia; Miss A. A. Gould, Bethel, Me.; Miss M. S. Morrill, all of the American Board mission, Portland, Me.; Rev. B. Bagnall, Mrs. Bagnall, one child, Rev. William Cooper, all of the China Inland mission, England.
 At Hsiao Yi, Shansi, June 30—Miss Whitechurch, Miss Searell of the China Inland mission, England.
 Near the Yellow River (while flying from Shansi), July 15 or 16—Rev. G. McConnel, Mrs. McConnel, one child, Miss King, Miss Burton, all of the China Inland mission, England; Miss F. E. Nathan, Miss M. R. Nathan and Miss Heysman of the China Inland mission are supposed to have been with this party and to have shared their fate, but as this is not confirmed they are put in the list of missing.
 At Kiu Chou, Che Kiang, July 21 and 22—Rev. D. B. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson, two children, Miss Desmond, Miss Manchester, Rev. G. F. Ward, Miss Ward, one child, Miss Sherwood, Miss Thirgood, all of the China Inland mission, England.
 Enroute to Hankow from Shansi—Miss Rice, July 13, Mr. Saunders and child, A. Bell; July 27, Mr. Saunders' child, Jessie; August 3, Mrs. E. J. Cooper; August 6, Miss Huston; August 11, Rev. Whitehouse, Mrs. Whitehouse, all of the English Baptist mission, England; Mr. Buynon, Mrs. Buynon, three children, all of the British and Foreign B. O. E. society, England; Mr. Miller Wilson, one child, Mrs. J. Stevens, Miss M. E. Clarke, of the China Inland mission, England.
 The following is a list of the missionaries who are unaccounted for to date (September 5). It only includes those who were in the provinces most affected by the Boxer troubles, viz: Chi Li and Shansi.
 The last words from the following who were stationed in northern Shansi was May 8: Mr. S. McKee, Mrs. McKee, I. Anson, Mrs. Anson, Mrs. Aspdon, Miss M. E. Smith, Mr. Persson, Miss C. A. Larson, Miss Lundel, Miss Egvi E. Peterson, Mr. G. E. Karberg, A. Johanson, Mr. Hedlund, all of the China Inland mission, England.
 The last word from the following was June 4.—Mr. Ogren, Mrs. Ogren, Mr. Peat, Mrs. Peat, Miss Dobson, Miss Hurn, Miss E. Nathan, Miss M. R. Nathan, Miss Heysman, Mr. Young, Mrs. Young, Mr. Barnatt, Mr. Woodliffe, Dr. Hewitt, all of the China Inland mission, England.
 No word from the following has been heard: Mrs. S. Olsen, Mrs. E. Olsen, Mr. E. J. Compers and child, Mr. Lutley's children.
 Forty Crushed to Death.
 ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 9.—Five thousand pilgrims assembled at the St. Nikander monastery in the Porkhoff district for a religious festival. During the night one of the upper floors collapsed and many of those sleeping there fell upon those below. A panic was caused by a false alarm of fire and four men and thirty-six women were crushed to death, many others being seriously injured.
 Apply Torch to Mukden.
 ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 9.—The Russian general's staff has received official dispatches confirming the reported occupation of Mukden. Lieutenant General Subovitch entered the city October 1. He advanced from Old Niu Chwang on September 2 with eleven battalions of infantry, two squadrons of Cossack cavalry and forty guns, and, after fighting two engagements, routed the Chinese army on September 27.
 Census Returns Announced.
 WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Today the census bureau announced officially that the population of the state of Delaware was 184,735 in 1900, as against 168,493 in 1890. This is an increase of 10,242, or 9.6 per cent.
 The population of the District of Columbia is 278,718, as against 230,392 ten years ago, an increase of 48,326, or 20.9 per cent.
 Proclamation of Peace.
 NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—A dispatch to the Journal and Advertiser from Cape-town says: A proclamation of peace in South Africa is expected to be issued by Field Marshal Roberts on Thursday next, that being the anniversary of the declaration of war. Lord Roberts leaves at the end of the month for England to assume his new duties as commander-in-chief of the British army.
 Bubonic Plague in Wales.
 LONDON, Oct. 9.—A bacteriological examination has been made in the case of Seaman Garnet who arrived at Newcastle on September 23 on a vessel from the Rio de la Plata and went to Llandaff, Wales, where he died last Thursday, supposedly of fever. The reports show unmistakably that the disease was the bubonic plague.
 Strike is On in Denver.
 DENVER, Oct. 10.—A general suspension of the building trades in Denver is threatened as a result of a strike of the union woodworkers at the five largest planing mills in the city, which was inaugurated to put a stop to the employment of non-union men.
 As union workmen will not handle any materials from these mills while the strike continues, work will soon have to be stopped on most of the buildings in course of construction unless a settlement of the difficulty at the mills is reached.

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 "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been sick for a long time. I was taken sick with flooding. All my trouble seemed to be in the womb. I ache all the time at the lower part of the womb. The doctor says the womb is covered with ulcers. I suffer with a pain on the left side of my back over the kidney. I am fifty years old and passing through the change of life. Please advise me what to do to get relief. Would like to hear from you as soon as possible."
 Mrs. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monclova, Ohio.
 Jan. 23, 1898.
 "I have been taking your remedies, and think they have helped me a great deal. I had been in bed for ten weeks when I began taking your Vegetable Compound, but after using it for a short time I was able to be up around the house. The aching in the lower part of womb has left me. The most that troubles me now is the flooding. That is not so bad, but still there is a little every day. I am not discouraged yet, and shall continue with your medicine, for I believe it will cure me."
 Mrs. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monclova, Ohio.
 April 13, 1900.
 "I send you this letter to publish for the benefit of others. I was sick for about nine years so that I could not do my work. For three months I could not sit up long enough to have my bed made. I had five different doctors, and all said there was no help for me. My trouble was change of life. I suffered with ulceration of the womb, pain in sides, kidney and stomach trouble, backache, headache, and dizziness. I am well and strong, and feel like a new person. My recovery is a perfect surprise to everybody that knew me. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would not do without your medicine for anything. There is no need of women suffering so much if they would take your remedies, for they are a sure cure."
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 When one stops to think about the good Mrs. Johnson derived from Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine, it seems almost beyond belief; yet it is all true as stated in her three letters published above at her own request.
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\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.
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