

A man never knows how much he really loves a girl until she rejects him.

A scolding wife would doubtless be successful as a railway engineer—she is always on the rail.

Eight years ago Slavation Army officers were forbidden by the authorities to say "Hallelujah" in the streets of Berlin; today the army meets nightly in twenty halls in the city.

The school children of Jersey City were the principal contributors to the Galveston relief fund there. They gave about \$1,100 in money, which is \$300 more than the mayor got from all other sources; and they also came to school laden with wearing apparel, canned fruits and vegetables, which when arranged for transportation filled eight trucks.

"Music has won more battles than gunpowder," said a great general. Certainly more flags have been taken by Sousa's band the past summer than by all our armies in the field. Nearly every city in Europe has presented Sousa with a civic banner, and his so-called "American" music has marched triumphant through camps usually half-hostile to the "States." May such peaceful victories attend "The Stars and Stripes Forever!"

A. R. Julian was a preacher at Chadron, Neb., three years ago. In the estimation of his flock he was doing good work, but was unable to reach his own ideal of what a pastor should be. Therefore he bought a newspaper, which he ran in vigorous, clean style for over two years. And now, feeling confident that his editorial experience has left him better fitted for pulpitering, he has sold his paper and will re-enter the ministry.

Nothing has been heard of Princess Chimay for a long time, but probably this is due to the fact that her domestic troubles are now at an end, and that her husband has forgiven her for her indiscreet adventures with the Hungarian gipsy Rigo. The prince and princess are now in Paris, and the last that was heard of the violinist Rigo was to the effect that he was somewhere in Africa. Photographs of the princess are no longer on sale either in Paris or Vienna, and big sums are consequently offered for the picture of her as she appeared on the Parisian variety stage.

There may be much scientific and literary sympathy between nations which are politically uncongenial. There is a current medical proverb in Europe that when a thing is verified on the banks of the Spree, as well as on the banks of the Seine, that is, when Berlin and Paris agree, there must be something in it. So much has been added to our knowledge of the physical history of the race by study and experiments in France and Germany, that the proverb is worthy to be remembered when the political relations of the two countries are in question. Moreover, it is not best for the world to emphasize the fraternizings rather than the estrangements of the nations?

A Swiss factory inspector reports that two years ago a company of workmen objected to an improved ventilating apparatus because it would breed rheumatism. This summer the same laborers refused to go to another building because it lacked that ventilating apparatus. Since these men seem to have learned a useful lesson, why not import them to America and distribute them about the country as church janitors? An Ohio minister recently had to stop his sermon while two fainting women were carried out. An investigating stranger afterward discovered that the janitor had nailed the new memorial windows so that they could not be opened, because his occasional substitute had a bad habit of trying to air the church!

A terrible drama has just been enacted at Algalba, in Murcia, a mad prophesist as its central figure. She is a young peasant woman of 24, named Teresa Guillen, who took to prophecy and preaching several months ago, and after stirring up many disorderly pilgrimages was locked up as a religious maniac. A fortnight ago she was allowed to return home, and once more crowds began to assemble, spell-bound by the impassioned ecstasy of her rharangues. She was preaching before a large concourse of people, when five gendarmes arrived to arrest her. The ignorant peasants, worked upon by the wild appeals of the sibyl, attacked the police with fury, and in the fight which ensued, four gendarmes were mortally wounded, while sixteen persons in the crowd were seriously hurt. The woman's father and brother were killed.

The people of Kansas are to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the admission of that state to the Union with an exposition to be held at Topeka, the capital of the state, in 1904. A strong organization has been formed to perfect the plans.

A new silver medal is to be issued to all ranks of all the British service actively employed during the operations in South Africa. The medal will be attached to a ribbon with an orange center, having narrow navy-blue stripes of red.

# 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 cover 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 dear.

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 to 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 Clara 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 furtive peep revealed the little maid sitting up in her frilled 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-bye 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. Reversion 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, which 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 pantries 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."

"Hah! 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 her to our will unless you can get her away from Reversion. 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 Reversion; 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 accent 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.)

**Democracy of the Press.**  
The newspaper press is the most democratic institution on earth, says a New York writer. Within the pages of a daily journal all classes come together on the same level. Fayne Moore and Mrs. Astor are mentioned in the same column. William C. Whitney and Brown, the expressman, have their portraits published side by side. Toduel Sloane, the jockey, and J. Pierpont Morgan, the financier, divide oodles of space. The convict in the penitentiary is exhibited alongside of the Christian minister of the Gospel. The bloodthirsty Boxer and the peaceable peasant of Piedmont have their say in the same style of type. A Newport cotton and a Texas lynching are equally displayed. The newspapers play no favorites. All knowledge is their forte, all news their capital stock. The red hat of the cardinal is no redder to them than the red gore that is spilled in the roped arena. The bluest blood of the revolution is treated with no more respect than the blue nose of a Cape Cod fisherman.

**American Enterprise in China.**  
An American merchant in Hong-kong applies the China ax to his masts, spars and other timber. His name and property appear in the English records, but he and his business nevertheless are American. At least ten houses in Hawaii do a remunerative business with China, both exporting and importing. The American Trading company, which usually is regarded as a Japanese house, has its agencies in China and does a large business with that land.—Los Angeles Times.

## FAMOUS BY ACCIDENT.

### LUCKY CHANCE WHICH CAME TO NEIL BURGESS.

Leading Lady of Farce Company Was Ill and Mr. Burgess Took Her Part, Impersonating a Woman, and Made a Hit by His Oddity.

Few people who night after night at the Park theater laugh at Neil Burgess' Abigail Prue know that but for an accident he never would have essayed the character, and there never would have been a "County Fair" or a "Widow Bedott."

The accident happened in Providence, when a lady who did leading business in farces was taken ill and, to please the manager, Neil Burgess played her part. Notwithstanding that he had a perfect horror of impersonating a woman, he made a hit and from that time on was fated, so he says, to play female characters.

Mr. Burgess is on the shady side of 50 and it was about 20 years ago that the public first discovered in him a comedian. The role which he attempted in Providence was that of the conventional old maid. Taking his orders from the stage manager, who was obliged to find a substitute for the lady here referred to at a moment's notice, Neil Burgess donned female attire, rushed on the stage and, tripping all over himself, attempted as best he could to conceal the fact that the dress was far too short. Not until he was before the footlights did it occur to him that he had forgotten every line of the text. In the spasmodic cudgeling of his brain to recall something of the part, he pressed his cheek with the tips of his fingers, simpered a little and thus unconsciously struck a pose and an expression that, in its suggestiveness of the elderly spinster's demonstrative timidity, tickled his audience.

That pose and expression was the key to Burgess' fortune. The cue it gave him made the best of by attitudinizing and dipping into the dialogue as much as he could, continuing the simpering and the gurgling until the house resounded with laughter and a hit had been made. Two or three nights later the actress recovered her health and took up her task, but the manager of the theater summarily discharged her, claiming that she was a failure.

The incident, meanwhile, had determined Burgess' future work. For a time he played female roles in farces. Then somebody wrote for him a play, and later he constructed his own "Vim," but in neither had he made money. Then it was that still another chance proved lucky for him. Among the audience who saw him play "Vim" at a Toledo theater one night was a jolly-faced man, who laughed with almost conspicuous vigor, and who, losing no time, secured an introduction to the actor.

David R. Locke was that man. The brilliant and versatile Petroleum V. Nasby had some time before that made a comedy out of Mrs. Whicher's "Widow Bedott's Papers," and Burgess came to him as a revelation. Out of their consultations came "The Widow Bedott," christened just about 20 years ago in Providence. Nasby was a partner in the venture, and traveled with the company one season. That was a remarkable tour, too. Nasby was great on visiting newspaper offices. Rarely, and then only by accident, did one of the craft escape him. Burgess, who was indiscreet enough to accompany him on some of these visits, relates that the great politico-satirist invariably drew about him a crowd of listeners while he told stories and cracked jokes, and incidentally boomed the show. On each opening night he was duly called before the curtain, and he always made a funny speech of thanks. In fact, the tour was nearly a Nasby ovation, as expensive as it was flattering.

**Collection of Teapots.**  
A Chicago woman, Mrs. Helen Crittenden Adams, is the possessor of more than 200 teapots. Mrs. Adams has been about eight years in collecting this remarkable aggregation of tea receptacles and some of her possessions are extremely valuable and unique, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. She had a friend who had spent much time in the Orient and made a large collection of teapots during her residence there. This friend Mrs. Adams to emulation.

The teapots are collected from all the four quarters of the globe and each one has an interesting history. This history their owner has set down in a book, together with the date upon which the pot came into her possession. There are larger collections in the country, but few of them possess as much historic value as do those of Mrs. Adams.

**Rock Blasting Brings Showers.**  
At the monthly meeting of the Berks County (Pennsylvania) Agricultural society, President James McGowan attributed the excellent condition of the crops in the southern portion of Berks county to the heavy blasting that is done at the Trappe rock quarries, near Hampton. Heavy charges of dynamite are used, and the reverberations are heard for miles around. The very heavy blasts are invariably followed by showers of rain, and it is the frequent showers that have helped the crops.

**Shirt-Waist Man Chased.**  
A conservative, non-progressive steer of reactionary tendencies chased a Chicago shirt-waist man through the stock yards and almost denuded him.

**Frisco Regulates Laundries.**  
At San Francisco the board of supervisors has passed an ordinance reducing the hours that laundries may be in operation each day, which is designed to reduce the hours of labor of the overworked employees of these concerns from fifteen to twelve hours.

A girl probably wants to give a man the slip when she gives him an icy stare.

The total number of emigrants to Canada for the six months ended June 30 was 24,930.

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