

MY HALF SISTER

By ELTON HARRIS

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

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

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

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

"Yes, Mollie," murmured the child obediently, her eyes wide with terror. Without waiting for hat or wrap, Mollie scrambled down, and a minute later they were speeding out on to the road.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER X

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

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

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

Being left without a guardian, her trustees were quite willing for her to accept Mrs. Anstruther's offer of a home until her marriage, an offer extended to Kate also; so everything at Chalfont was sold and the place let,

and Mollie would have been happy indeed, but for her anxiety about her little half-sister.

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

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

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

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

"I should, my Kittle."

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

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

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

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

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

The End.

Celluloid Comb Explodes.

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

AN OCEAN WATER-SPOUT

The general understanding of a waterspout is that it is a whirlwind descending from a cloud overhanging a body of water, the wind sucking up water and drawing it to the cloud, from which it falls as a very heavy downpour of rain. Most spouts are of earth from the under side of the cloud. This column of water or vapor is supposed to be hollow and it whirls around with almost lightning rapidity. The lower end of the column, or funnel, does not drop clear to the surface of the earth, but descends toward it

of the formation the water from the cloud descends until it meets the water of the sea. After the union of the two the water of the sea probably ascends, taking the water from the cloud back with it.

It is said that many seamen believe that waterspouts may be precipitated and completely destroyed by a well-directed shot from a cannon. It is even related that upon a number of occasions this feat has been accomplished. The theory is that the concussion of the air from a heavy gunshot is so great that it overcomes entirely the force of the whirlwind and dissipates it to such an extent that the gyrating condition quite disappears. The best method of bringing about this result is to fire an explosive shell directly at the water column. If a shell with a time fuse can be thrown so much the better, especially if an expert in cutting fuses of right length for estimated distances is at hand on board the boat. A shell exploding near a spot is guaranteed to kill it so dead that it will never rise again. Upon the ocean numbers of waterspouts will sometimes rise within a comparatively short distance of each other, and when the spouts are of great size, as they sometimes are, ships in their path are in actual danger.

The same theory in regard to the destruction of waterspouts by firing shells at them is held by many in regard to the annihilation of cyclones. The project of using guns on these devastating and death-dealing storms has been seriously considered in a number of towns in the west and northwest which have been visited by disastrous cyclones. The scheme which has been broached contemplated the placing of a cannon or shell-throwing gun upon some eminence in the town and providing it with a sort of lifesaving squad of volunteers from among the citizens. Upon the approach of a storm this squad, or a part of it, would man the gun and be ready to hurl a shell at any gyrating cloud of dangerous appearance as soon as it should come within gunshot of the town. Although this project has been discussed a number of times, it has not yet been put into execution.



ONE OF NATURE'S PHENOMENA OFTEN SEEN ON THE SEA.

such nature, but they are occasionally of quite a different character. The spouts sometimes occur when no water except that in the clouds is near. In such instances a funnel-shaped mass of water or vapor descends toward the

IS REVERED BY THE YAQUIS

DEMAND FOR LOBSTERS.
Six Hundred Tons of Them Sent to Europe.

Despite the fact that the lobster is growing so scarce that the demand is now hardly met during ten months of the year and cannot be supplied in February and March, a steamer sailed from Halifax, N. S., one of the few great sources of the American market, recently, carrying to Havre 25,000 cases, weighing 600 tons and valued at over \$150,000. The foreign demand for this crustacean is increasing prodigiously, says the New York Evening Post, making still further demands upon the supply source. Three years ago lobster at 10 cents a pound was considered expensive; the cheapest price it brings today is double that sum. The reason assigned for the heavy orders from abroad is the presence of numbers of Americans in Europe at this time. It is impossible to ship live lobsters to Europe, for even in the journey from Portland, Me., to this city, from 10 to 20 per cent of those shipped in barrels—the usual way—are dead when they arrive in the markets. For export, lobsters are canned. The demand for lobsters in New York at present exceeds the supply. The reason for this is that the lobster is made the basis of one of the most delicious salads, and in the summer every one wants it. The government is trying to check the growing scarcity by enforcing strict laws regarding the size and weight, and by stocking southern and western waters. Portland, Me., produces the best and most delicate lobsters, and most of those consumed in New York, but it cannot give enough now for this market.

"I had a hot time in my incandescent wick I would like to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The inclosed money is for the price of the extinguisher. Hurry please."

Sainthood is a good deal like life insurance; one has to die in order to obtain its benefits. Yet there are exceptions to the rule as regards both. Occasionally a man receives payment upon his life insurance policy before he quits this vale of tears; occasionally there are persons who have been canonized either by pontifical decree or popular verdict, before they have been gathered to their fathers. One of the latter is Santa Teresa, the patron saint of the Yaqui Indians, a tribe now struggling to retain their homes in a wild and mountainous region of Mexico. They are having a hard time of it, and at last accounts there was immediate danger of their total extermination.

Santa Teresa is now in San Francisco. For several years she lived in the state of Sonora, and although it is there that her personality and her strange powers have been chiefly known, her name has become quite familiar in the United States, owing



chiefly to her supposed connection with the risings of the Yaquis and other Indian tribes that are in periodical revolt against the government of Mexico.—San Francisco Correspondence.

REVELING IN COIN.

A Boston merchant of great wealth, believing that certain symptoms indicated that he would become insane, consulted a specialist, and under his advice became an inmate of a private asylum. For twelve years his recreation was the piling of gold coins and then knocking them over. At times he washed his hands in gold eagles and half-eagles. At the end of the long seclusion he returned to his counting room, and in twelve months confirmed the thoroughness of his recovery by making \$500,000. He died of yellow fever in Cuba, where he had

gone to look after his sugar plantation. A similar passion for handling gold coin is now and then exhibited by men who suddenly become rich. George Augustus Sala, in his "Life and Adventures," tells of a London journalist who speculated in railway stocks. His first venture netted him \$5,000. Drawing it in gold, he repaired to a hotel, emptied the bags of gold in the bed, and went to sleep literally in the sands of Ptolemais. The man was so crazed by his good fortune that he felt pleasure in reveling in a golden bath.

Paganini, the wonderful violinist, when he received the proceeds of his concerts—he insisted on being paid in gold—used to wash his hands in sovereigns.

A French novelist, Soule, wrote a book entitled "The Memoirs of the Devil." It took; the publisher paid him for the first volume \$10,000 in gold. The author carried the coin to his bedroom, poured it into a foot-bath and enjoyed for half an hour the excitement of moving his feet to and fro in a bath of gold coins, smoking, meanwhile, the biggest of Havanas.

Progress Promoted by Poverty. Poverty is an incentive and a discipline. If most of us were rich and had nothing to work for the world would be lazy and degenerate, softened with luxury, spoiled by lack of healthful opposition. Any condition that deprives us of hope is a condition of living death; but a poverty that makes us industrious, resolute, hardens our bodies and sharpens our wits is far from unfortunate, for it contains within itself the element of cure.

and prime among its attributes is that heaven-sent faculty of living in a future that has no offset to its perfectness—the faculty of hope.—Saturday Evening Post.

Wire Fences Conduct Lightning. Lightning has killed so many cattle while they were standing near wire fences that it is proposed to diminish the danger by means of ground wires, which will conduct the electricity into the earth.

A Vitrified Clay Church. The honor of building a temple without the sound of hammer has hitherto been held by Solomon, but the architect who designed the vitrified clay church in Chicago competes pretty closely with the learned king. There is not an inch of lumber or a nail in the whole structure. The entire ceiling is of brick and tile vaulting, the key-stones being of terra cotta, and the ribs of the arches and groins of molded brick.

It is always easier to forget bad habits than to forego them.

STEKETEE'S DRY BITTERS.

A Dutch Remedy, or How to Make Your Own Bitters.

Farmers, Laboringmen and Everybody use these Bitters for the cure of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Blood Purifier, Headache, Kidney and Liver Diseases. A perfect stomach regulator. Now is the time to use them. On receipt of 30c United States postage stamps I will send one package and receipt how to make one gallon Bitters from Stekete's Dry Bitters. A delicious flavor. Made from Imported Roots, Herbs and Berries from Holland and Germany. Be your own doctor and use these Dry Bitters. Send to Geo. G. Stekete, Grand Rapids, Mich. For sale by druggists.

When a man is as hungry as a bear he is just about as cross.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle.

Every cat has her coat and every dog has his pants.

First Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 62.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The fellow who has a boil usually gets it in the neck.

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.

In his will even the miser gives all he can.

Thoughtful people are realizing more and more the folly and danger of taking into their systems strong cathartics and poisonous drugs, and for this reason Garfield Tea—which is a mild but potent laxative, composed entirely of HERBS—has taken the highest place in the esteem of the medical profession and conservative people throughout the world. It is a positive cure for Constipation and Bile Headache.

For the rich the poverty of others is a law of nature.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

Love requited is often nothing but grateful vanity.

As a dressing and color restorer, PARKER'S HAIR BALM never fails to satisfy. HINDENBERG, the best cure for corns. 15c.

Dust covers everything except wit and feeling.

Throw physic to the dogs—if you don't want the dogs—but if you want good digestion chew Heeman's Pepsin Gum.

He who wishes to learn all his faults must become poor.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1904.

No one holds the position which he thinks he deserves.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The channel under the drawbridge to eternity never changes.

Cartier's Ink is just as cheap as poor ink and is the best ink made. Always use Cartier's.

Men seldom die for women, but women frequently die for men.

What Shall We Have for Dessert? This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers, 10 cts.

We humble ourselves before others, not for others.

Use Magnetic Starch—it has no equal.

The loafers do nothing else so they talk a great deal.

If you have not tried Magnetic Starch try it now. You will then use no other.

No one is held to strict account who lies about candidates or shows.

For starching fine linen use Magnetic Starch.

There are about 30,000 lepers in the Philippines.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

People who occupy middle seats at the theater generally come in late.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS and all lovers of good food, pure food, and food that satisfies, Wheat-O particularly appeals. It is made by a new process that eliminates all unhealthy parts of the wheat and retains the pure gluten and strength-giving parts of the grain. Ask your grocer for Wheat-O and give it a trial.

Seven feet six inches is the greatest height known to be cleared by a horse.

NEW COLONY. A new colony to "rich" homes to thousands of people, to locate in Okla. Territory, is now being organized by the founders of the New Colony, Mr. F. H. Fitzgerald, of Indianapolis, Ind., and is looking for information sent free, showing how to get good homes. Use 4 Farmers' Union.

James Grier and James Coloway, negroes, were lynched by farmers near Liberty Hill, Ga. While hunting the negroes shot recklessly into a farmer's house, frightening the white women.