

MY HALF SISTER

By ELTON HARRIS

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

It was terribly galling, but until she came of age there was no help for it. Well, the only thing to do was to make the best of things, and be as happy as circumstances would permit. But this was easier said than done; there was not a soul in Chalfont she liked or trusted, and time hung heavily on her hands, for she could not always be with the Anstruthers, even had madame allowed it, and no one else came near them. Madame, had she known it, was in rather a difficulty. She greatly valued the Anstruthers' acquaintance, making a point of stopping to speak whenever she met them in Reverton, and hoping those who kept aloof from Chalfont would observe it; but, strange to say, she had forgotten Reggie, who, indeed, was not often at home, and now Kate had aroused her suspicions she was much perplexed.

She had her own plans for Mollie and if it came to a choice between them and the Anstruthers' friendship, she must reluctantly abandon their friendship.

Mollie soon found the difference; she was never left alone for a minute. Was she going into Reverton, madame was going also, or Henri would accompany her; there was nothing he would not enjoy more.

"What do you think of Henri, Joyce?" asked Mollie the Saturday afternoon preceding Easter Sunday, when she had managed to evade both the Dubois, and taking Kate to put a wreath on their mother's grave, had gone on to the White house.

The White house was not so large as Chalfont, but it had a beautiful old garden, and the two girls were wandering up and down the sheltered paths, while Kate took a solemn, dignified ride on the old swing under the trees that had recalled to Mollie her childhood days.

"He was very pleasant the few times he has been here," Joyce responded doubtfully, pausing to look at the yellow daffodils, the sweet-scented jonquills that lifted their heads from the dark mould. "But do you like him, Mollie?"

"I am afraid not," said she, thoughtfully. "You see, Joyce dear, he acts so strangely. He pretends to me that he loves England and the country, and I know he loves nothing but his beloved Paris. Yesterday he insisted upon accompanying me for a country walk, and madam said nothing, though she was angry when Reggie went with me to get moss. I know he hated it, for he had on French patent leather boots, and really could hardly limp home; and then, as I was going upstairs, I heard him swearing awfully to himself as he pulled them off. But he paid me compliments all the time, and he tells me that he adores 'le sport,' but he does not understand a gun, and he dare not drive the chestnuts, I know. And—and I cannot help thinking that because I shall have money—"

She looked at Joyce, wistfully, and Joyce not wishing to meet those sweet gray eyes at the moment, contemplated the daffodils, while she rapidly turned over in her own mind how to answer. Reverton both said and thought a great deal about the inmates of Chalfont that it would be a great pity for Mollie to know. For good or evil she was unfortunately in Madam Dubois' care at present; therefore why make her feet more uncomfortable than was necessary.

That Henri was paying court to the heiress seemed likely enough; her fortune would be a large one to a Frenchman; and that her own darling, handsome Reggie had more than a liking for the lovely, slender girl herself was equally true. Raising her eyes from the flowers, Joyce caught sight of both young men advancing towards them, and Reggie called out:

"I have brought you a visitor, Joyce. Mollie, come and have a swing with the child, for the sake of old lang syne."

They all turned back together to the spot where Kate was slowly swinging herself to and fro. But Joyce felt far from comfortable as she stood with the young Frenchman watching the half-sisters, as Reggie's strong, brown hand on the rope sent them flying up and down—Mollie's pink-and-white face like the spring day itself; Kate's flaxen curls floating on the breeze.

It was a pretty picture enough of youth, and, perhaps, looking at two of the faces, of love. But Henri did not seem to appreciate it as he stood fiercely twisting his silky little black moustache, while his sharp black eyes roved from one to the other, and his remarks grew fewer and fewer.

"I shall have a swing put up in my grounds," announced Kate condescendingly, as they came to a full stop.

"Mother had one made near the tennis-lawn," said Mollie, pushing back her rebellious curls, and fushing her face.

"Oh, that is not good enough," retorted the child, her deep-set gray eyes fixed on her sister with cool insolence. "Chalfont is my property,

and I shall have everything done that I like."

Reggie took his hand off the ropes with a muttered exclamation that sounded not unlike "little beast," and asked Mollie to come down to look at the tennis court, and as Henri seemed determined to go also, Joyce disregarded her brother's appealing eye, and watched them off, for she had noticed the sudden flush on Mollie's face. She knew how tenderly the girl regarded everything her mother had done, and in some wrath determined to have a word with the vain-glorious owner of Chalfont, whom, indeed, she would dearly have enjoyed shaking.

Kate was looking after the retreating trio with rather a disconcerted expression, for her sharp ears had caught Reggie's remark, and she liked Reggie; her boasting had been principally to impress him with her importance.

"Every one seems to like Mollie," she said crossly. "I suppose it is because she is a L'Estrange; Jane and Harriet say so. Though I think it is horribly mean of the Reverton people not to call on us, and make such a fuss over her, for, as Jane often says, I am the heiress and mistress of Chalfont, and much richer than Mollie."

"I will tell you why every one likes Mollie," replied Joyce, regarding the stylishly arrayed little imp severely. "It is not alone because she is very pretty, but because she is always pleasant and sunny. Who ever heard Mollie say biting and unkind things on purpose to hurt people, or boasting about her possessions?"

"I suppose you mean that I do." And Kate sat still on the swing, and flung her curls back with an angry gesture.

"Yet Mollie has got some money, you know, or Aunt Clare would not make such a fuss of her. Harriet says that she is sure she means to marry her to Henri; I heard her. But Jane says that with my persition I ought to marry a title; and I intend to."

And having delivered herself of these sentiments in her high childish voice she pushed the swing off with one thin, black-silk-stockinged leg.

"Who are Jane and Harriet?" asked Joyce shortly.

"My servants."

"Oh! And when you marry this nobleman, suppose you have two dear little girls, you will naturally leave this property to the younger?"

"Certainly not; that would not be fair. I should leave the most to the elder, or divide it." Kate had begun with lofty eloquence, then she caught Joyce's eye, and, being a very quick child, saw the pit into which she had fallen, and stopped abruptly. "You think Mollie has not been properly treated? The people in Reverton think so," she ended, below her breath.

"That has nothing to do with us, Kate," Joyce said gravely. "But if you can see this, perhaps—though you are so young—you can also see how well Mollie behaves. She does not grudge you anything, though Chalfont was her home before you were born. She never says bitter things to you, yet who has the most reason? I wonder you don't love her!"

Joyce never forgot the strange old look on the little thin face, as the child glanced at her after a dead pause. There was something both sad and weird about it; she might have been a hundred, with all the cares of life on her small shoulders, and looking at her Joyce remembered with a wave of compassion that she was but 10, and, if report said true, her life had never been as other children's. She had been a tool in her father's hands from birth; she was one in her aunt's now. Spoiled from policy, neglected from want of affection, left to the care of ignorant servants, who flattered her for their own ends and filled her head with nonsense, what chance had the unfortunate little heiress had?

"Come along," she said, holding out her hand to the silent child. "I see my mother beckoning to us from the drawing room window; let us run and call the others in for some tea."

CHAPTER V.

The White House was one of the most comfortable of homes; no dissension was ever heard there. The very servants, who had been in Mrs. Anstruther's service for years, seemed to share the prevailing harmony of contentment, and took a pride in serving the family faithfully.

And Mollie could not but notice the difference as, after a somewhat quiet walk home along the country road that separated the two houses by about a mile, the gates of Chalfont had clanged to behind them, and a morose-looking maid opened the hall door.

No household could have been happy under Madame Dubois' tyrannical rule. Mollie had quite made up her mind to that; and also another point—namely: That both mother and son were to be kept at arm's length; that she was a L'Estrange, and could not—could not—stand them!

And she had walked home in a ferment of indignation because Henri, after all the rebuffs she had given him, had actually dared to call her "Mollie" before the Anstruthers and a few visitors who had come in, and assumed airs of proprietorship as he marched them home.

So as Kate skipped off after the sulky-looking maid, she turned abruptly to the young man, who was lounging in the doorway furtively watching her with a faint cynical smile in his round black eyes. She was but a school girl, this young English mees, but she was adorably pretty, with a skin—ah, such lovely white skin—what would not Celestine or Lucie give for it!

"Monsieur Dubois," she said gently, fixing her clear gray eyes upon his dark face, "now my half-sister is gone I wish to speak to you—to remind you that we are mere acquaintances, and to such I am not 'Mollie,' but Miss L'Estrange. I am sorry you have forced me to mention this. I hoped that you understood it."

For a moment they stood facing each other, but her eyes never quailed before his; she had spirit and courage, this mere school girl, he recognized, yet a very evil look came into his face for a second ere he replied:

"And why for not, mademoiselle; you are my mother's ward, and that long-legged Anstruther he calls you what he please, doesn't he?"

"The Anstruthers are old family friends," she said hurriedly. "But it is not a subject to argue. I simply state my wishes, which I feel sure you will respect."

"Do not be too confident," he muttered between his teeth. "It is possible that I may resent being treated worse than this other fellow—"

"You have no right to resent anything, monsieur," she interrupted, with a haughty gesture. "I am alone here, but I can appeal to Madame Dubois, as I am in her care."

And she paused irresolutely as his mocking laugh fell upon her ear.

"Bah, mademoiselle, she lives but for me!" he said, with veiled insolence. "I am master here."

It was true Mollie's heart was beating uncomfortably fast; the prospect looked gloomy; but she had plenty of spirit, and Henri's whole manner was so detestable that her pride came to her aid and stilled her fears.

"If I am not treated with ordinary politeness, and allowed to live in peace, I shall complain to my trustees," she retorted, with flashing eyes.

"Of no use at all," he returned, with a sweeping bow. Then, coming closer and laying a small claw-like hand on her arm: "See here, Mollie, you are in my mother's power absolutely for two years, and she has an awful temper when opposed. You had better be friends with me. I, Henri Dubois, offer you my friendship."

Mollie shrank from his touch, from the sound of his thin, false voice, with unutterable loathing, realizing, poor child! with terrible distinctness that, like the man in the parable, she had fallen among thieves; then she drew back, throwing up her head with a scornful jerk, while her knees trembled so much that she leaned back against the door for support.

"You have again disregarded my wishes, monsieur. And by a great effort she spoke firmly. "I have nothing more to say." And she went down the steps into the garden.

(To be Continued.)

Reasons of French Preparations.

Lord Salisbury is not wrong when he alludes to the very unfavorable feeling toward England existing throughout the world, but to suppose that this feeling can lead to anything more unless England herself provokes it, especially to believe that this pretended explosion is to occur at any precise date, such as November of the present year, is simply idiotic and ridiculous. In any case we are sure of one thing, that France at any rate is contemplating nothing of the kind, and in the present state of the world a coalition could not be formed against England without France. It is true that for some time past we have become accustomed to contemplate the possibility of a rupture with England, and we have even made definite preparations in consequence, but we have been compelled to do this by circumstances that were not of our seeking, which we have been very reluctant to take into account.—Paris Journal des Debats.

The Sustaining Power of Bananas.

One of the most courageous marches ever taken was that of Col. Willcocks to Kumasi. We hear that during the march from Kumasi the whole party lived on bananas. On one occasion they even waded shoulder high through a river for two hours. Does anyone want a higher test of endurance on a vegetable diet than this?—The Vegetarian.

Supreme Bench Dignity Eclipsed.

That the dignity of the Supreme bench is sometimes burdensome is illustrated by a remark made by Justice Brewer to a Washington official. The justice was about to take his vacation, and he said: "I am glad I am going to a resort where I can wear one gallas, no collar, and roll up my pants."

Finest Roads in World.

Bermuda and the Bahama islands boast of the finest roads in the world. They are made of coral, and are as smooth as a dancing floor and never dirty. The coral is smoothed and pressed with rollers until it is practically solid.

Current Topics

Once \$40,000,000 Now \$4,000,000.

E. A. Davis, one of the heirs of the great Davis estate, died under distressing circumstances at the county hospital, Chicago, last week.

His death was caused by brain fever brought on by years of worry over legal complications connected with the will case and family troubles. He was only 35 years old and had a very active career ever since his boyhood. Two years ago Mrs. Davis applied for and secured a divorce from him. Their two young children were placed in the hands of a guardian, and the parting with his little ones is said to have contributed more than anything else to his mental distress and subsequent fatal illness.

The great Montana estate of his uncle, the value of which has dwindled from \$40,000,000 down to \$4,000,000, is still in the courts, and it is improbable that an early settlement will be reached. The case has been dragged



E. A. DAVIS.

along for over ten years, and though the claimants came to an amicable arrangement among themselves three years ago, the Montana courts still hold the property intact, that is, what is left of it. Hundreds of lawyers have grown rich upon the fees necessitated by keeping it in the courts.

A Gain for Gossips.

Since sociology has taken such a firm hold upon inquiring minds that somewhat bedraggled lady, Dame Gossip, has gained a new dignity. What used to be looked upon as idle chatter about one's neighbors is now come to be regarded in the light of scientific inquiry about social units. Those old themes, the love of dress, the love of one's neighbor, and the lack of love for one's family, which were supposed to set pivoty tongues to wagging now set lofty brains to brooding, and to accumulate items of news is a pursuit worthy of the most dignified of investigators. It is now the business of half the world to find out how the other half lives, and that old statement of Pope's that the proper study of mankind is man is today accepted in a broad sociological spirit.

Sep Winner Again at Work.

The venerable Sep Winner, despite his 73 years, is the author of a campaign song, which he expects to score as big a hit as his compositions of years ago, that have brought him fame, if not fortune. For some time his pen has been idle, but the melody in his heart could never die, and it required little stimulus to reawaken into song all the chords and harmonies that rang through his soul and found the "Mocking Bird," and other popular airs. What success may await him with his new song one can not say, but there will be hundreds of old admirers of his compositions who will welcome it on account of its author, if for no other reason. These will be interested to learn something of its writer, if only to reawaken old memories.



Sep Winner.

Death of Prince Henry.

The death of Prince Henry, who was the uncle of the Grand Duke of



PRINCE HENRY.

Hesse, removes the only male relative in direct succession to the Hessian throne. He was married morganatically, and in this way his children are precluded from succession.

Marks the Lawyer.

Judge Abraham Marks, the original of Harriet Beecher Stowe's character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is quite ill in St. Peter's hospital, Brooklyn, at the aged of 87. Judge Marks was hardly the man described by Mrs. Stowe in her famous book. Quite the reverse, in fact, for he was a war friend of Henry Ward Beecher. Uncle Tom's creator used only his name, and did so at the suggestion of her reverend brother, offered in a moment of merriment. But the name struck, and the judge's friends have never since called him in any fashion of speech except "Marks, the lawyer." Judge Marks is a courteous, learned, old-style gentleman, with a heart as tender as that of the fictional Marks was hard. He came from Virginia to New York in 1832, was a reporter on the old Star, and afterward studied law. He laid away a competence for his old age.



Judge Marks.

In the Public Eye Again.

If rumor can be relied upon, King Leopold II, of Belgium, may abdicate his throne this fall in favor of his nephew, Prince Albert, who will be married soon to Duchess Elizabeth, of Bavaria. Were it not for the fact that the retirement of King Leopold has been the subject of repeated rumors heretofore, some credence might be attached to the report which now comes from Belgium, but so frequently has the good-natured monarch of late years had occasion to contradict such reports that there are comparatively few readers who will stop to give the matter second thought. King Leopold has held the reins of government continuously since 1865. Prince Albert is the son of the late Count of Flanders, brother to the king. He succeeded to the claims of Prince Baldwin, his elder brother, who died in 1891. Leopold has three daughters, but these are disqualified by the Belgian constitution, the succession being



KING LEOPOLD.

shifted when the monarch has no male issue to the eldest brother and his heirs.

Girl Tramps Numerous.

New Jersey has come to the front with a product entirely its own. It is nothing less than the female tramp, dressed in boy's clothing and stealing rides on freight trains. She is becoming common. The other morning "James" Robinson of Philadelphia was released from the county correction farm at Trenton on payment of a \$3 fine, the money having been sent by telegraph from Philadelphia. "James" is a girl about 16 years old. She was arrested by a railroad detective and sent to the farm chained to six tramps. When captured she had a large revolver strapped to a belt around her waist, and upon being questioned promptly admitted her sex. She refused to give her name, but said she was trying to reach the home of her uncle in New Brunswick. The justice committed her to the stone quarry for thirty days in default of the \$3 fine imposed. This is the third girl tramp the detectives have arrested at the coal chutes there within a few days.

Dr. Miller's Misfortune.

Dr. George L. Miller, the veteran physician, editor and political writer of Omaha, has been suffering from a mental ailment for some time, and his disease took a violent form last week. He was taken to St. Bernard's hospital in Council Bluffs, where he will be kept until it shall be ascertained whether or not there is any hope of his ultimate recovery. Dr. Miller has been conspicuous in all movements for public good in Nebraska ever since he established the Omaha Herald in 1865. For four years he served as surveyor of the port of Omaha. Dr. Miller has been intimately acquainted with many eminent statesmen, among whom the late Horatio Seymour and the late Samuel J. Tilden were conspicuous. He is a native of Oneida county, New York, and is 73 years old.



Dr. Miller.

The Weekly Panorama.

New President of Purdue.

Dr. Winthrop Ellsworth Stone, who has succeeded the late James H. Smart as president of Purdue university, Lafayette, Ind., served the college as vice-president from 1892 until his election to the presidency last July. Dr. Stone is a young man, enthusiastic in educational work. Although only 38 years old he has won wide recognition by his learning and his progressiveness. He was graduated from the Massachusetts Agricultural college and later studied at Gottingen, where he received a doctor's degree. From Boston university he received the degree of bachelor of science, an honor earned by his researches in chemistry.

After completing his studies in Germany Dr. Stone was for a time connected with the chemical department of the University of Tennessee. In 1889 he left the Tennessee university to accept the chair of chemistry at Purdue university.

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Hero of Big Riots.

Police Lieutenant Edward J. Steele of Chicago, who died suddenly the other morning, took a prominent part in suppressing the Haymarket riot, his company being at the head of the column that advanced to disperse the anarchists. His clothing was riddled with bullets and he injured his wrist in clubbing one of the rioters senseless with his empty revolver. Lieutenant Steele was out for two days



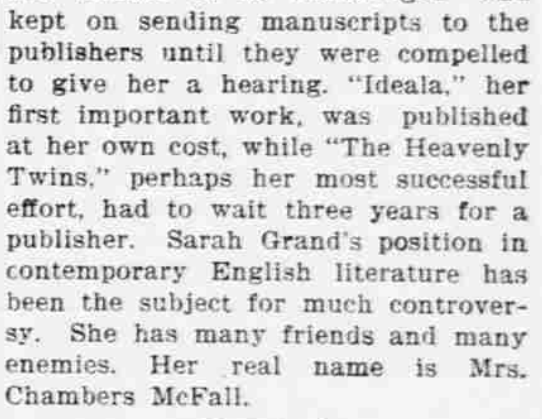
EDWARD J. STEELE.

and two nights, and nine of the twenty-four members of his company were seriously wounded.

Defends Her Works.

Sarah Grand, the novelist, who is engaged in a sharp controversy with an English clergyman as to the effects of her stories upon the minds of the young was born in Ireland. She began writing at the age of 11 and at 16 was married to an army officer with whom she traveled in Ceylon, China, Japan and Egypt. Her contributions to periodicals were at first returned with unfeeling regularity, but she refused to be discouraged and kept on sending manuscripts to the publishers until they were compelled to give her a hearing. "Ideala," her first important work, was published at her own cost, while "The Heavenly Twins," perhaps her most successful effort, had to wait three years for a publisher. Sarah Grand's position in contemporary English literature has been the subject for much controversy. She has many friends and many enemies. Her real name is Mrs. Chambers McFall.

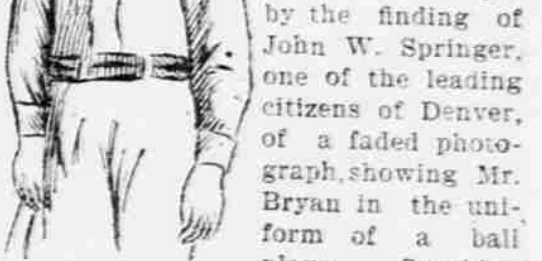
Miss Grand.



Bryan's Home Run Hit.

Back in the '80's when William J. Bryan, the standard bearer of the Democracy, was a lawyer at Jacksonville, Ill., he was a baseball enthusiast and belonged to a club there, the baseball club of Morgan county bar. Recently this fact was brought to light by the finding of John W. Springer, one of the leading citizens of Denver, of a faded photograph, showing Mr. Bryan in the uniform of a ball player. Speaking of the matter Mr. Springer says:

"The picture of Mr. Bryan was taken after the club had participated in a vigorously contested game, one of a series of charity games played at Jacksonville, in the summer of 1884. The day the picture was taken, Mr. Springer recalls that the club of which Bryan was pitcher and himself catcher had been victorious over a team made up of the best players among the town store clerks. He also recalls that victory was pulled out of defeat in the ninth inning by Bryan's home run hit."



Bryan in Base Ball costume, 1884.