THE STEPSON

How He Ran Away and Made His Fortune and What Happened When He Came Back.

The night after his stepfather, Squire Halsted, whipped Harold Burr for a thing he had not done Harold ran away. No one knew it but I, and I was nobody. But I thought as much of Harold as ever a human being could think of another, and I knew that he was wronged, and I felt that Mrs. Robling had done a dreadful thing when she took Squire Halsted for her second husband and let him rule her, take possession of her money and ill use her handsome boy.

I had had my share of it, too, for while Mr. Robling lived and while she was a widow I was like a daughter of the house. But no sooner had she come back from her honeymoon trip than all that was altered. The squire looked at me coldly, and I heard him ask Mrs. Halsted who I was.

"Her mother died when she was born," Mrs. Halsted said, "and I took the baby to my own nursery, where Harold lay in the cradle."

"More fool you, my dear," said the squire.

"The father went away," said Mrs. Halsted, "and was lost at sea, so they said, and I kept the little girl."

"You must remember that she will need to earn her own bread," said the squire. "She is not a lady. Let the servants keep her in their part of the house and teach her her duties as waitress."

"Oh, Mr. Halsted!" cried the bride, "I cannot do that."

"My dear," said Mr. Halsted, "I am master here."

The poor lady was helpless. She had no longer any control of her own money. I was six years old, Harold the same age, and a terrible life we had had of it. I was very well used in the kitchen, but I felt cast down and degraded. I wore big crash aprons that covered me from head to foot instead of my pretty muslin and silk dresses. I was delicate, and waiting is hard work when your wrists are slender.

Mrs. Halsted did all she could for me. I used to hear her pleading with the squire to let her send me to a boarding school to learn to be a teacher, but he called her a "little goose," and she fancied him very wise.

But for Harold I should never have known anything, as after school he used to come to me and teach me what he had learned himself.

Cook would whisper:

"That's right, Master Harold. It's a good deed you are doing. God spare you. I was never taught to rade meself, on account of an evil minded stepfather iv me own that put me to sarvice before I could get schoolin', an' I know the loss."

And not a servant but would have waited in my place, for they said I was too small to carry dishes; but the cruel squire would have me come in to make sure that he was obeyed.

Mrs. Halsted really felt badly about it, I know. But two little girls came soon, and then a little boy, and soon she cared nothing for her own splendid boy, and why should she care for me?

But I am wandering away from the morning when Harold Robling, just eighteen that day, walked down the garden path in the gray morning light, and I with him, choking down my sobs. For now the one being I loved was going away from me perhaps forever.

It was only 5 o'clock, and no one was up. The grass was wet with dew, and there were only a few pink streaks in the sky to tell that day was coming. We did not dare to speak until we got out of hearing of the house.

"Goodby, little sister," he said; "goodby, Dora, my pet. Keep up a good heart and never forget to answer my letters." And he was off, and I went home weeping as though my heart would break.

There was a terrible time at the house when they found he was gone, and the squire swore he should never enter his doors again. But the squire's daughters, who hated Harold as their father did, though he was their own mother's child, said they were glad he was gone, and only I remembered him, I think, very long. A weak woman was Mrs. Halsted, and her husband had got her under his power. The way he managed her has always made me think that there must be something in magnetism or hypnotism. She seemed to have lost her senses or to have grown mentally blind, and he led her where he would.

Just about this time I fell very ill, and when I grew better the squire, knowing I was good at my needle, made a seamstress of me. I was ashamed to say why, but it is because I looked rather stylish and was called pretty, and so many questions were asked me by guests. As a seamstress I could stay in my upper room and work. I was so thankful for the change. Now I could read a little and be more to myself. I made the finery for the young ladies of the family, and no one troubled me.

Once, indeed, a rich old gentleman, having somehow got my story from good old cook, sought me out and made me a proposition of marriage, saying it was a shame that such an elegant woman should live as I did. But I thanked him and declined his offer. I was not unhappy now, except that I pined for news of Harold; for in all these years no word had come from him—none of those lettes he had promised.

I felt sure he was not dead, and it was very natural that he should forget to write; but my heart had no rest. He was twenty-six years old by this time, and in all that time much might have happened.

My pillow was often wet with tears from thoughts of him—fancies of what he had suffered and longing to meet him or only see him from afar but once again.

At last news came. Mrs. Halsted came running into my room wild with joy.

"News of my boy!" she said, holding a letter toward me.

"I thought you had forgotten all about him, madam," I said.

I was sorry the next moment, for she burst into tears and faltered through her sobs:

"You don't know what it is to be the wife of a man who dominates your will! I never have forgotten or ceased to regret other things." Then she wiped her eyes and said: "But, as far as Harold goes, it is all over. He has written to me. He is rich—really rich. He has made a fortune in California, and he is coming home to see me. He is in New York and will be here tomorrow. The squire is pleased; the girls are wild to see him; his little brother is delighted."

She ran out of the room again, looking young and happy, and I sat down to my machine, swallowing a great lump that had risen in my throat.

He had not written to me. Well, I was only a servant, and he was a rich man now. They were rejoicing in his coming for that reason—the squire and his children. He was a very different person from the poor Harold Robling who went away.

"I expect he will give us lots of presents," I heard one of the girls say. "An older brother who is rich is a great thing to have. We must pet him and make him good natured."

"Oh, yes," said the other. "When girls have as stingy a father as we have a generous elder brother is a godsend."

And I—oh! if he returned in rags, begging his bread, I should have welcomed him. I cared for him, not for his money. And if he had returned poor it was I to whom he would have written, I knew well. But I tried to put the selfish thoughts away and rejoice for his sake that he had prospered, even if he had forgotten his little sister Dora.

The morrow came. As I sat at my machine I heard the sounds below that told he had arrived. I heard his mother cry out and the squire say heartily, "Welcome home, my boy!" and his sisters squeal and giggle after a way they had. Then the great drawing room doors were closed, shutting me out.

I, who loved him so dearly, went back to my room alone, uncared for, wretched! I felt as though my heart would break. I could no longer keep back my tears. Half an hour passed; then some one came to the door—a servant—who told me briefly that I was wanted in the parlor.

Trembling, quivering, feeling as I had never felt before, I obeyed the summons. I opened the drawing room door.

The squire stood before the fire, important as usual, one hand in the breast of his coat, the other waving toward me as he uttered these words:

"Dora, I have sent for you because Master Harold has returned and wishes to meet a faithful servant of the family."

But before the words were out of his mouth Harold, handsomer and larger, but the same for all that—the very Harold that I knew—rushed forward and took both my hands and bent down and kissed me.

"I told you, sir," he said, "that I wanted to see Dora, the dearest being alive to me! Such words as you utter I cannot permit you to speak as though they were mine. You have never received any of my letters, Dora, but I have guessed why."

"I never have received a letter, Harold," I answered.

"So I thought," said he. "We will not ask who kept them from you. I have no wish to quarrel with any one, but you were my only friend years ago when I went out into the world homeless and penniless, and I have come now to ask you to share with me the home that I can now offer to you."

"Share your home, Harold?" cried the squire. "The girl is not your sister. It can't be done. It would be improper!"

"I am glad, sir, that the girl is not my sister," replied Harold, "for she is the girl I want for my wife, and here, before you all, I ask her for her heart and hand, and proud shall I be if she will give them to me."

I could not answer, but he saw all I felt in my face and led me away with him.

There was no quarreling. People like the squire and his family never offend rich people, and I am the happiest woman living.

Making the Young Owl Work.

Apropos of the woodcock a certain man of deep powers of observation says that the big barn owl lays only one egg at a time and after hatching that lays another, so that the first young bird may keep the second egg warm while its mother is out foraging. Thus the entire family help in the hatching, for the head of the house is often found sitting with his mate. From three to seven eggs are laid, and, as incubation begins with the first one, we can easily understand that young birds are found in the same nest with fresh eggs. Do you know any other parents that put their children to work as soon as they are born?—New York Press.

Lost.

First Married Woman—Did your husband really lose his heart over you before you married?

Second Ditto (feelingly)—I fancy he must have done so; anyway I haven't seen anything of it since.—Exchange

ENLIGHTENED THE COURT.

A Story of Lord Morris' Daring as an Advocate.

Lord Morris possessed an almost inexhaustible fund of humor, which, it may be said, was not always appreciated in the house of lords. The following story is perhaps illustrative of his daring as an advocate rather than his qualities as a humorist: On one occasion an irritable judge interrupted him in the middle of a law argument by saying testily, "I don't understand a single word, sir, of your notice of motion."

"Not a single word?" said young Morris. "That is very unfortunate, my lord. I must endeavor to explain." Young Morris then read over the notice of motion with exaggerated emphasis, "Sir: Take notice that on April 6, or on the first opportunity thereafter, counsel on behalf of the plaintiff will apply to this honorable court for an order that," and so on. "Now, my lord, to proceed with my explanation. 'Sir.' That, my lord, is the monosyllable mode of address adopted by the solicitor for the plaintiff to the solicitor for the defendant. It is curt, my lord, and indicates that the parties are now at arm's length; but it is not discourteous, nor does it preclude the possibility of friendly private relations between the solicitors. 'Take notice.' This, your lordship will observe, is in the nature of a warning. The object is that the solicitor shall be prepared for the application, and, above all, that he shall have an opportunity to instruct and fee counsel to resist the motion. 'On April 6.' That day is now past, my lord, and therefore unavailable for the making of this motion. 'Or on the first opportunity thereafter.' That, my lord, is the present occasion. 'Counsel on behalf of the plaintiff.' That, my lord, is the humble individual who appears before you. 'Will apply to this honorable court.' That is the learned and courteous judge whom I have the honor to address. 'For an order.' That, my lord"—

But the judge had heard enough. "Go on with your motion, Mr. Morris," he said, joining in the general laughter. "I have learned my lesson."—London Law Times.

FLOWER AND TREE.

A single leaf of the orange tree carefully planted will often take root and grow.

Rosin and tallow in equal parts make an excellent covering for wounds in fruit trees.

"Belting" a tree—that is, killing it by destroying the bark in a circle around the trunk—injures it for lumber.

In transplanting trees all roots that have become bruised or broken should be cut clean away behind the broken part.

A pan of water kept steaming in the stove will keep the atmosphere in good condition for the growth of house plants during the winter.

Trees should always be trimmed when young and growing in such a manner that there will be no necessity for cutting off large limbs.

Wood mold, provided it is fine and free from roots and sticks, with the addition of a little well rotted compost, makes a splendid soil for the pots or boxes in which to grow the house plants in winter.

Orchards generally produce full crops only every other year. This is because the full crop of one year so exhausts the fruit producing qualities of the soil that it is not able to make a full crop the next year.

The Biters Bit.

"See that party with the jag sitting in the corner of the car?" said a conductor who was riding to the car barns in a Zoo and Eden park car to the conductor in charge of the car.

"Yep. He's got a heavy bundle," was the answer.

"Well, take this counterfeit half dollar with you when you collect his fare. A passenger passed it on me a month ago. If he gives you a dollar, you can shove it on him."

The conductor of the car took the lead half dollar, entered the car, and the man with the jag held out a silver dollar and received the counterfeit half and 45 cents in change.

"Worked like a charm," said the conductor as he reached the platform. "Here he comes now. He wants to get off."

The drunken man wabbled to the door and unsteadily descended from the car.

"Now we'll split up," remarked the conductor of the car as he drew the dollar from his pocket. And as both of the conductors gazed at the silver dollar they gasped in unison: "We're up ag'in it! It's a counterfeit dollar."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Balegga Eating Elephant.

Stark naked savages, with long, greased plaits of hair hanging down to their shoulders, were perched on every available inch of the carcass, hacking away with knives and spears, yelling, cursing and munching, covered with blood and entrails; old men, young men, prehistoric hags, babies, one and all gorged or gorging, smearing themselves with blood, laughing and fighting. Pools of blood, strips of hide, vast bones, blocks of meat, individuals who had dined not wisely but too well lay round in bewildering confusion, and in two short hours all was finished. Nothing remained but the great gaunt ribs, like the skeleton of a ship's wreck, and a few disconsolate vultures perched thereon.—E. S. Grogan Before the Royal Geographical Society.

Queen Elizabeth was commonly spoken of as queen of Virginia. Virginia and Carolina were kingdoms under the Stuarts. Massachusetts was recognized as a "sister kingdom" by Cromwell's parliament.—London Express.

The Eagle Got the Fish.

At this junction of the thoroughfare and Island lake on a dead pine more than 100 feet high sat a white headed eagle. In the air a large fishhawk was sailing over the water looking for his dinner 200 or 300 feet below him. What penetrating orbs of vision nature has endowed this bird with! There, he gives his lightninglike shot to the water, seems almost submerged, only to reappear with a four pound pike in his talons. Slowly he rises, going toward the woods, where he hopes to enjoy his well earned meal, but he has reckoned without his host. The king of birds has been watching his every movement and, if found successful, is in readiness to exact that tribute which the stronger always demands and compels from the weak.

Almost quick as thought the eagle is pursuing the hawk, and for a little while a merry chase it is. But the eagle is the master, and the hawk instinctively feels it, as after a sudden, violent swerve, only just to evade the terrible claws of the now enraged eagle, he drops the prize and slowly flies to the other end of the lake.

There is no need for haste now, as the master was after tribute, not the hawk. Payment having been made by relinquishing valuable property, the eagle once more displays his wonderful activity by catching the pike before it strikes the water and then as leisurely to cover to gormandize.—Forest and Stream.

Under Water.

Strange acquaintances are to be made under water. H. Phelps Whitmarsh, who for a time adopted the calling of pearl fisher in Australian waters, tells this story of meeting a submarine monster:

"It was a muddy day, and everything in consequence looked blurred and exaggerated. In the yellow distance I saw an immense dark object moving slowly toward me. As it came nearer I made out a central body with several great arms, or feelers, waving rhythmically. My heart was in my mouth.

"I felt sure it was an octopus. Then, when I was about to stir up the mud at my feet to avoid being seen, I discovered that the enemy was nothing more than a fellow diver. The feelers I had imagined were his arms, legs and lines.

"A shadowy giant about 12 feet high, with huge hands and a head like a small barrel, was approaching. He walked slowly, his heavy boots raising the mud behind him like a cloud of dust, and his great central eye gleamed darkly. Although I knew him to be a man, it was with difficulty that I refrained from taking to my heels. At sight of me he, too, was startled, but he quickly recovered, and we shook hands. Then we nodded, grinned, showed each other the state of our bags and parted."

A Jolly Funeral.

An Italian doctor named Louis Cortusio, who died in the eighteenth century, left some curious instructions as to the manner of his burial. This gentleman, by his will, forbade his relations to weep at his funeral on pain of being disinherited and appointed him or her who should laugh the longest and loudest the principal heir and legatee. Not a stitch of black was to be displayed either in the house in which he should die or in the church in which he should be buried. They were both to be strewn with flowers and green boughs on the day of his funeral. Instead of the tolling of bells lively music was to accompany his body to the church, and 50 minstrels were to march with the clergy sounding their flutes, trombones and trumpets. The bier was to be carried by 12 marriageable girls clothed in green, to each of whom the testator bequeathed a sum of money for her dowry. Lastly, no one in the procession was to wear black. All these orders were absolutely carried into effect.—Household Words.

Straw Horseshoes.

Straw is put to strange uses in Japan. Most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes. In their case the shoes are tied around the ankles with straw rope and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so that they form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a half penny per pair, and when they are worn out they are thrown away. Every cart has a stock of fresh new shoes tied to the horse or to the front of the cart, and in Japan it was formerly the custom to measure distance largely by the number of horseshoes it took to cover the distance. So many horseshoes made a day's journey, and the average shoe lasted for about eight miles of travel.

The Lobster.

A scientist has entered a protest against the use of the term "lobster" as an epithet implying lack of skill or courage. He says that lobsters on the Nova Scotian coast draw up in battle array and fight for hours according to thoroughbred rules, the coast being littered with claws and other evidences of dismemberment when the struggle is over.

A Heroine.

In a cemetery on the banks of the St. Lawrence river, near Prescott, is an epitaph saying that the stone was "erected to the memory of Elizabeth Richardson, who heroically defended the life of her lover by sticking a pitchfork in a mad cow's nose." The heroic Miss Richardson was 38 years old when she died.

If a man has a good scheme and makes money out of it, people call him a genius; if he loses, they call him a fool.—Chicago News.

Rascality would have a much harder row to hoe if it were not for fools waiting to be victimized.—Chicago Democrat.

ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES?

ALL CASES OF

DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

BALTIMORE, Md., March 20, 1901.

Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.

About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until [illegible] my hearing in this ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted many noted physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of Baltimore, who told me [illegible] only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would not be lessened, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I saw your advertisement, arranged with a New York firm, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises in my head ceased, and my hearing in the affected ear has been entirely restored. The cure is permanent and I feel no more [illegible]. I remain

Very truly yours,

F. A. WERMAN, 2308 Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation.

Explanations and testimonials free. YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME. [illegible]

INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 1095 COLUMBUS AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

YOU MUST NOT FORGET

That we are constantly growing in the art of making Fine Photos, and our products will always be found to embrace the

Most Artistic Ideas

and Newest Styles in Cards and Finish. We also carry a fine line of Moldings suitable for all kinds of framing.

I. M. MACY.

..TRY THE..

Daily News Job Department

..FOR..

FINE COMMERCIAL PRINTING

"You Cannot Push a Man Far Up a Tree."

You cannot drive purchasers to any particular store. You can win them by convincing arguments.

A convincing argument attractively displayed in the advertising columns of this paper will reach the eyes of hundreds of buyers in this community.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY

produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advice free. Address

ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 10-20 Plymouth Pl., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale in Norfolk, Nebraska, by Geo. B. Christoph, druggist.

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

On November 5th, and 19th, and December 3rd, and 17th, the Missouri Pacific Railway will sell tickets to certain points in the South, Southeast, and Southwest, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, plus $2.00. Final return limit 21 days from date of sale.

Fast Time and Superior Through Service. Reclining Chair Cars (seats free). Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.

For further information or land pamphlets, address, W. C. BARNES, T. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

H. C. TOWNSEND, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

C. E. STYLES, A. G. P. & T. A., Kansas City, Mo