

# SISTER ROSE

By Wilkie Collins



"Silence! Is my coach at the door?" Very well. Get ready to accompany me. Your master will not have time to return here. He will meet me for the signing of the contract at General Berthelin's house at 2 precisely. Are there many people in the street? I can't be stared at by the mob as I go to my carriage."

Dubois hobbled peevishly to the window and looked out. "The street is almost empty, madame. Only a man with a woman on his arm admiring your carriage. They seem like decent people."

"Very well. Attend me downstairs and bring some silver with you in case those two decent people should be fit objects for charity. No orders for the coachman except that he is to go straight to the general's house."

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE party assembled at General Berthelin's to witness the signature of the marriage contract comprised, besides the persons immediately interested in the ceremony of the day, some lady friends of the bride and a few officers who had been comrades of her father. The guests were rather unequally distributed in two handsome apartments opening into each other, one the drawing room and the other the library. In the drawing room were assembled the notary, with the contract ready, the bride, the young ladies and many of General Berthelin's comrades, in the library the rest of the military guests were amusing themselves at billiards, Danville and the general walked up and down the room together, the first listening absently, the general talking with his accustomed energy and with more than his usual allowance of barrack room epigrams. The general was explaining some of the clauses in the marriage contract, though Danville was better acquainted with their full meaning than his father-in-law elect. While the old soldier was still talking a clock on the library mantel struck the hour. "Two o'clock!" exclaimed Danville. "Two o'clock and my mother not here yet! What can be delaying her?"

"Nothing," cried the general. "When did you ever know a woman to be punctual? If we wait for your mother—and she's such a rabid aristocrat that she would never forgive us for not waiting—the contract won't be signed for an hour. Never mind. Let's go on with what we were talking about. Why, Black Eyes, what's the matter?"

This question was addressed to his daughter, who at that moment hastily entered the library. "A stranger in the other room, papa, wants to see you. I suppose the servants showed him up, thinking he was one of the guests."

The general went into the drawing room. His daughter would have followed him, but Danville caught her by the hand. "Can you be hard hearted enough to leave me here alone?"

"What is to become of all my friends in the next room, you selfish man, if I stop here with you?"

"Call them in here," said Danville, taking hold of her other hand. She laughed and drew him toward the drawing room.

"Come," she cried, "and let the ladies see what a tyrant I am going to marry. Come and show them what an obstinate, unreasonable man."

Her voice suddenly failed her. Danville's hand had in an instant become cold as death. His fingers, as she felt their grasp loosen, caused a chill to run through her from head to foot. His eyes looked straight into the drawing room, fixed in an awful stare on a stranger who stood in the center of the room.

Before the girl could speak a single word her father caught Danville by the arm and pushed his daughter roughly into the library.

"Into the library?" the father cried, turning to the ladies. "Into the library, all of you, along with my daughter?"

The women, terrified, obeyed. As they hurried past him he held the notary to follow them and closed the door between the rooms.

"Stop where you are!" he shouted to the old officers, who had risen from their chairs. "Stay! I insist on it! Whatever happens, Jacques Berthelin has done nothing to be ashamed of in the presence of his old friends and companions. You have seen the beginning. Stay and see the end."

While speaking he walked into the middle of the room. He had not relaxed his hold of Danville's arm. Step by step they advanced to the place where Trudaine was standing.

"You have come into my house and asked me for my daughter in marriage, and I have given her to you," said the general, addressing Danville quietly. "You told me that your first wife and her brother were gullitoned three years ago in the time of the Terror, and I believed you. Now, look at that man—look him straight in the face. He says he is the brother of your wife and that his sister is alive. One of you has lied. Which is it?"

Danville tried to speak, but he stood tongue-tied. He tried to wrench his arm from the grasp of the old soldier's steady hand.

"Can't you look him in the face?" "Give him time," interposed one of the old soldiers. "This may be only a case of strong resemblance. Have you given proof of your identity?" turning to Trudaine.

"There is the proof," said Trudaine, pointing to Danville's face. Danville looked at the old soldier with a cringing gratitude and gesticulated confusedly.

"Look, Berthelin! He denies the man's identity?"

Before the general could answer, the door leading into the drawing room from the staircase was violently thrown open and Mme. Danville, her hair in disorder, her face colorless, ap-

peared, with Dubois and a group of amazed servants behind her. "For God's sake, Charles, don't sign! Come away!" she cried. "I have seen your wife!"

"And you see her brother yonder," said a firm, quiet voice. "Who is that man?" cried the general.

As Lomaque passed Mme. Danville she trembled; then, supporting herself against the wall, she looked first at her son, then at Trudaine.

"By what right have you kept the escape of my son's wife from death by the guillotine a secret from my son—an escape which his generous exertions were instrumental in effecting? By what right has your treacherous secrecy placed us in such a position before the master of this house?"

Lomaque stepped forward and held up his hand to claim attention. "Mme. Danville, I would suggest that you do not press for too public an answer to your questions."

"Pray, who are you, sir, who takes it on yourself to advise me?" she retorted haughtily. "I repeat those questions and insist on their being answered."

"Who is this man?" asked the general, addressing Trudaine and pointing at Lomaque.

"A man unworthy of credit," cried Lomaque.

"The duel took place?"

"The same day. They were both to fire together. The general's second asserts that Danville was paralyzed with fear. His own second declares that he voluntarily offered up his life in expiation for his crimes. Which account is true I do not know. It is certain that he did not discharge his pistol, that he fell at the general's first shot and that he did not speak afterward."

"And his mother?"

"The doors of her apartments are closed. Dubois guards her with jealous care. A doctor is in constant attendance, and there are reports in the house that the illness affects her mind more than her body. I could ascertain no more. But how shall we prepare your sister for this news?" concluded Lomaque, looking at the light glimmering in the partner window.

"I shall wait till the first holiday pleasure of our return has worn off and the quiet realities of the everyday life of old have resumed their way," answered Trudaine.

When they entered the house, Rose beckoned to Lomaque to sit down near her and placed pen and ink and an open letter before him.

"I have a favor to ask of you," she said, smiling.

"I hope it will not take long to grant, for I have only tonight to be with you. Tomorrow morning I must be on my way to Châlons."

"Please sign this letter and give it to me to send to the post. It was dictated by Louis and written by me, but it will not be complete till you put your name at the end of it."

"I suppose I may read it?" She nodded, and Lomaque read: "Citizen—I respectfully beg to apprise you that the commission you entrusted to me at Paris has been executed. I also beg that you accept my resignation of the place I hold in your establishment. The kindness shown me by you and your father emboldens me to hope that you will appreciate the motive of my withdrawal. Two friends who consider that they are under some obligation to me are anxious that I should pass the rest of my days in the quiet and protection of their home. I need the repose of a happy fireside, and my friends assure me that their hearts are set on establishing the old man's easy chair by their hearth."

"Accept, I beg of you, with the resignation which this letter contains, the assurance of my sincere gratitude and respect."

"To Citizen Clairfait, Silk Mercer, Châlons-sur-Marne."

Lomaque turned to Trudaine and attempted to speak. He looked up at Rose and tried to smile.

Rose dipped the pen in the ink and placed it in his hand. He bent his head over the paper. Rose put her hand caressingly on his shoulder and whispered: "Come, come! Now that I am back at home I must have my way."

Lomaque did not answer. His head sank lower as he tremblingly signed his name in faint characters.

Rose gently drew away the letter. It was bedewed with tears.

With her lips touching the old man's bowed head she breathed in benediction: "These are the last tears you shall ever shed. Louis and I will make sure of that."

"Our work here is done," said Lomaque to Trudaine. "Let us go." "My sister! Where is she?" "Make your mind easy about her. You will excuse me, I know," said General Berthelin, speaking to all present, with his hand on the library door. "I leave you. I have bad news to break to my daughter and private business to settle afterward."

Lomaque and Trudaine left the house. "Your sister is waiting for you at the hotel. She knows nothing of what has passed."

"But the recognition? His mother saw her. Surely she?"

"I managed it so that she should be seen and should not see. I saw the carriage at the door and waited till the old lady came down. As she got in the carriage I walked your sister away and walked her back again as the carriage drove off. In that moment Mme. Danville and Dubois recognized Rose. Go now to your sister. Keep indoors till the night mail starts for Rouen. Resume possession of your old house and leave me here to transact the business which my employer has entrusted to me. I will find time somehow to come and bid you good-by at Rouen, though it be but for a single day. Give me your hand. There is your way; here is mine. Go back to your sister and help her to pack up for the night mail."

CHAPTER XIV.

THREE days have passed. It is evening. Rose, Trudaine and Lomaque are sitting on the bench that overlooks the winding of the Seine. The old rambling spreads before them, beautiful as ever. Sometimes one leads the conversation, sometimes another, but the past is never referred to; their talk is of the future.

Darkness steals on. Rose, requesting that her brother and Lomaque follow her, went to the house.

When she was at a safe distance, Louis asked about Danville. "Your sister is free?" Lomaque exclaimed.

"The duel took place?"

"The same day. They were both to fire together. The general's second asserts that Danville was paralyzed with fear. His own second declares that he voluntarily offered up his life in expiation for his crimes. Which account is true I do not know. It is certain that he did not discharge his pistol, that he fell at the general's first shot and that he did not speak afterward."

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THE END.

Goldsmith's Stupidity.

Goldsmith's fame was grafted upon a boyhood of wholly unrecognized capabilities. "Never was so dull a boy," was the report of the relative who first undertook to teach him his letters. At every school we hear of the "inspired idiot" of the future as a "why, thick, awkward boy," the constant fault of his companions, by whom he was thought to be "a little better than a fool." Johnson describes Goldsmith as "a plant that flowered late," and eyes during the four years of his college course few signs of genius were discoverable. But however late the flower, the root was there, and of Goldsmith it may be said in a special sense that the child was father of the man. —London Standard.

Photographer's Thought. "Now, I want you to look as if you were not having your picture taken." Customer—Then you'd better give me back the deposit I made in advance.—Life.

## The Fatal Cradle

Otherwise, the Heartrending Story of Mr. Heavysides By WILKIE COLLINS

COMPOSE your spirits to bear a pathetic story and kindly picture up in your mind as a baby five minutes old. Do I understand you to say that I am too big and too heavy to be pictured in anybody's mind as a baby? Perhaps I may be, but don't mention my weight again, if you please. My weight has been the grand misfortune of my life. It spoiled all my prospects, as you will presently hear, before I was two days old.

My story begins thirty-one years ago at 11 o'clock in the forenoon and starts with the great mistake of my first appearance in this world at sea on board the merchant ship Adventure, Captain Gillop, 500 tons burden, coppered, and carrying an experienced surgeon.

In presenting myself to you at that eventful period of my life when I was from five to ten minutes old I need not hesitate to admit that I speak on hearsay knowledge only. It is knowledge, however, that may be relied on for all that. My information comes from Captain Gillop, commander of the Adventure, who sent it to me in the form of a letter; from Mr. Jolly, experienced surgeon of the Adventure, who wrote it for me—most unfeelingly, as I think—in the shape of a humorous narrative, and from Mrs. Drabble, stewardess of the Adventure, who told me by word of mouth.

The Adventure was bound out from London to Australia. A ship of 500 tons, well loaded with cargo, doesn't offer first rate accommodation to a large number of passengers. Not that the gentlemen in the cabin had any great reason to complain. There the passage money, which was a good round sum, kept them what you call select. One or two berths in this part of the ship were even empty and going a-begging in consequence of there being only four cabin passengers. These are their names and descriptions:

Mr. Sims, a middle aged man, going out on a building speculation; Mr. Purling, a weakly young gentleman, sent on a long sea voyage for the benefit of his health, and Mr. and Mrs. Smallchild, a young married couple, with a little independence which Mr. Smallchild proposed to make a large one by sheep farming.

This gentleman was reported to the captain as being very good company when on shore. But the sea altered him to a certain extent. When Mr. Smallchild was not sick, he was eating and drinking, and when he was not eating and drinking he was fast asleep. As for Mrs. Smallchild, she kept her cabin from first to last. But you will hear more of her presently.

These four cabin passengers, as I have already remarked, were well enough off for their accommodation. But the miserable people in the steerage were all huddled together, men and women and children, biggedly piggedly, like sheep in a pen, except that they hadn't got the same quantity of fine fresh air to blow over them. They were artisans and farm laborers who couldn't make it out in the old country.

There was only one family among them which need be mentioned—namely, the family of the Heavysides—to wit, Simon Heavysides, intelligent and well educated, a carpenter by trade; Susan Heavysides, his wife, and seven little Heavysides, their unfortunate offspring. My father and mother and brothers and sisters, did I understand you to say? Don't be in a hurry, I recommend you to wait a little before you make quite sure of that circumstance.

Sunny weather came down on us from all points of the compass, with intervals of light, baffling winds or dead calms. By the time the Adventure had been three months out Captain Gillop's naturally sweet temper began to get soured. I leave you to say whether it was likely to be much improved by a piece of news which reached him from the region of the cabin on the morning of the ninety-first day.

"I have got some news that will rather surprise you," said Mr. Jolly, smiling and rubbing his hands.

"If it's news of a fair wind coming," grumbled the captain, "I would surprise me on board this ship, I can promise you."

"It's not exactly a fair wind coming," said Mr. Jolly. "It's another cabin passenger."

The captain looked round at the empty sea, with the land thousands of miles away and with not a ship in sight, turned sharply on the experienced surgeon, eyed him hard, changed color suddenly and asked what he meant.

"I mean there's a fifth cabin passenger coming on board," persisted Mr. Jolly, grinning from ear to ear, "introduced by Mrs. Smallchild; size, nothing to speak of; manners and customs, probably squawky."

"Do you really mean it?" asked the captain, backing away and turning paler and paler.

"Yes; I do," answered Mr. Jolly, nodding hard at him.

"Then I'll tell you what," cried Captain Gillop, suddenly flying into a violent passion, "I won't have it. The infant woman has worried me out of my life and soul already, and I won't have it. Tell her there isn't room enough for that sort of thing on board my vessel. What does she mean by taking us all in this way? Shameful! Shameful!"

"No, no," remonstrated Mr. Jolly. "Don't look at it in that light. It's her first child, poor thing. How should she know? Give her a little more experience, and I dare say."

"Where's her husband?" broke in the captain, with a threatening look. "I'll speak my mind to her husband at any rate."

The steward's mate had approached the quarter deck while the doctor was speaking. Was it a curious coincidence? This man also was grinning from ear to ear exactly like Mr. Jolly.

"You're wanted in the steerage, sir," said the steward's mate to the doctor. "A woman taken bad, name of Heavysides."

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## A GREAT FORWARD MOVEMENT.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor movement is sending circulars to the state officers asking them to take part in great forward movement for 1903. An effort is to be made to increase the number of societies in the state by ten per cent, and to add ten per cent to the roll of each society. The statement making the required increase will be presented with a banner at the International Convention in Denver, and the successful societies will be placed on the roll of honor.

There are no restrictions: Members may be active, associate or honorary; and the societies senior, intermediate or junior. Each district will be assigned its share of the work.

The plan, as announced, is to make the last week of January "Increase Week," when the strongest effort is to be made. The first Sunday in February, "Endeavor's Birthday," will be "Decision Day," a day for adding new members.

With a definite object, a ten per cent increase, and a definite time, from January first to the Denver Convention in June, Oregon will doubtless claim a banner for state work, and many societies be on the roll of honor.

Many of the states have tried various methods of reforming juvenile offenders and a number of the states are trying the parole method. The Chicago Record comments on the Illinois law as follows:

"The results of the first three years' operation of the juvenile court law in this state have fully justified the expectation and promise of the public-spirited citizens who secured its enactment. By common acknowledgment it is the most humane as well as the wisest piece of legislation put upon the statute books of the state for many years. Although deeply humanitarian in purpose it has solved the problem of disposing of the juvenile offenders of a great city in a practical way that assures every possible effort for their reformation and reclamation. The law was the first complete measure of its kind in any state and the best testimonial to its practical efficacy may be found in the fact that eleven states have passed similar measures."

The law has taken the bulk of children's cases from the police courts, and has done away with the cruel and unwise practice of punishing children by fines and sending them to jail if they cannot pay. In three years Judge Tutthill, who presides over the juvenile court, has heard the cases of more than 8,000 children separating them entirely from adult offenders and confirmed criminals. In the three years preceding the enactment of the law there were 1,705 children committed to the county jail. During the three years' operation of the law, 1900, 1901 and 1902, only sixty juvenile offenders were sent to jail.

In every instance where the judges find it possible to parole the child it is turned over to the personal guardianship of a "reformation officer," who relieves it from the stigma of a reformatory institution and makes the removal of the child from the jail and police stations of real value to it.

It is easy to see that the service of the probation officers is the vital factor in the success of the law. Without them the humanitarian purpose of the law would fail. There are ten women and two men proba-

tion officers to cover the fourteen probation districts of this city, who are aided by sixteen policemen detailed for that purpose. The number is not only inadequate to properly do the work, but the law makes no provision for their salaries. Their compensation for this important work must come from private contribution. The omission of this provision from the law was doubtless due to the well-founded belief that probation officers appointed through political influence would render the law useless and ineoperative.

Plans Way to Live Long.

The startling announcement of a discovery that will greatly lengthen life is made by editor O. H. Downey, of Churubusco, Ind. "I wish to state," he writes, "that Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption is the most infallible remedy that I have ever known for coughs, colds and grip. It's invaluable to people with weak lungs. Having this wonderful medicine no one need dread pneumonia or consumption. It is reliable and instant and cure certain. Bailey's Pharmacy guarantees every 50c and \$1.00 bottle, and give trial bottles free.

The editor of an exchange lived in a house located between the M. E. church and a dance hall. One evening there was a gathering at both places. It being too warm for comfort indoors, the editor sat on the veranda and took in the situation. This is what he heard: "Let us pray—all salute—we beseech thee—join hands—and draw near—circle to the left—listen to us—first forward and back—as we—sil prominence—kneel before Thee and—balance all—present our petition—grind right and left—for Christ's sake—send your partners." The editor was more than saddened at the degeneration of the village and went off and joined a baseball club in order to be neutral.

For a bad taste in the mouth take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price 25 cents. Warranted to cure. For sale by The Delta Drug Store.

The news from Berlin is that Germany is willing to agree to arbitration as a work of consideration to sentiment in the United States. Arbitration is an acceptable word, under the circumstances. This country has only peaceful and friendly feeling toward all the actors and interested parties in the Venezuelan difficulty. There are features in the surprising and extreme resort to force that are not understood in the United States. It, indeed, they are comprehended anywhere outside of the pinnacles of Berlin and London, Venezuela should pay its debts, but should its navy be destroyed and forts bombarded in collecting them, and an apology exacted in addition to payment in full? The emperor of Germany and king of England do not show to advantage in this business, and their motives are not entirely clear. Regrets are general over the discovery that Europe has two "sudden" monarchs instead of one, as heretofore supposed.

The House has voted \$500,000 to enforce the Sherman law against trusts. That is the Republican way. In Missouri it is proposed to send Trust Agent Stone to the Senate. That is the Democratic way.

## INTERESTING FACTS

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