



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Daviess  
Author of "The Melting of Molly"

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(Continued)

"No, please, good doctor, and goodby," I said, with a great haste, and I hurriedly packed my Nannette and the small Pierre and departed down the broad steps into the taxi with the open door.

"Your train does not leave for hours, but you can get your baggage together. Goodby," said that good doctor as he shut the door and returned to his very belated and human beings either whole or dead.

"And now, Roberta Carruthers, no longer Marquise of Grez and Bye, you are in your America, and let's see you do some hustling."

And while that very swift taxi conveyed me to the large station that is as beautiful as a cathedral I did some what I name "tail thinking." What would be the result of my womanly arrival in that state of Harpeth of my wicked uncle? Would he be forced to murder me as his letter had said? And if in his anger over the mistake he had made from my letter, written in that very belated and human handwriting, he should turn from me and the good Nannette and Pierre as well, what would I then do? All must be in my extremity for Pierre be obtained. With great energy I had been thinking, but I did not know what it was that I should do to prevent his anger when I arrived to him as a woman until suddenly the good Dr. Burns' kindness in marking the resemblance of me to my father's face, and the youth made an entry into my brain and was received with the greatest welcome by the daredevil who there resides.

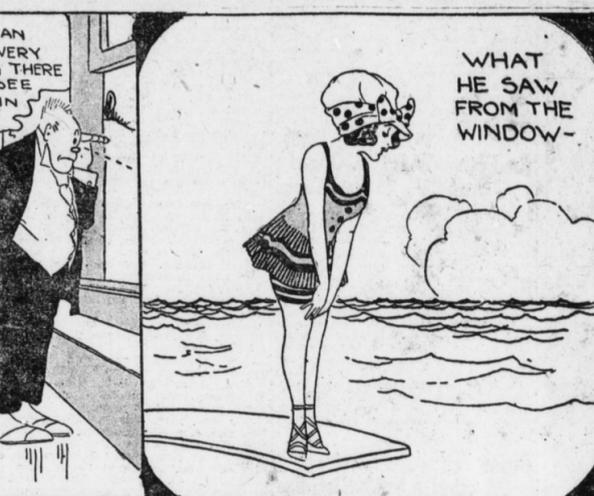
"Very well, Robert Carruthers, who is no longer the beautiful Marquise of Grez and Bye, you will be that husky nephew to your wicked uncle in the state of Harpeth whom he needs in his business. What is that you lack of a man's estate save the clothes, which you have money in your pockets to obtain after you have purchased the ticket upon the railway train?"

A decision had been made, and action upon it begun that a day and a half hour after the purchase of the ticket for the state of Harpeth had been accomplished.

As my father had taught me observation in hunting, I had remarked a large shop for the clothing of men upon the Sixth avenue near to the station. I made my way into it and by a very nice fiction of an invalid brother whom I was taking to the South of America I was able to buy for a few dollars less than was in my pocket two most interesting bags of apparel for a handsome young man of fashion. The man who assisted me to buy was of a fine large, with a head only ornamented with a drapery of gray hair around the edges, and he spoke much of what his son deemed suitable in the appearance in the prevailing mode.

"He's at tea with a lady friend this afternoon, and I wish you could have saw him when he left the store to meet her," he said as he laid the

## Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

last of the silk scarfs and hose into one of the large flat bags I had purchased and which he had packed as I selected. "He had on the match to these gray tweeds and was fitted out in lavender from the skin out. Now, what are you going to do about shoes, miss?"

"That I do not know, kind sir," I made answer, with great perplexity. "I think that the feet of my relatives are about the size of those I possess."

"Most women would wear shoes near the size of their brothers' if they didn't prefer to waddle and limp along with their feet scrouged. Go over to the shoe department and the clerk will fit you out with what you need in about two sizes larger than you wear. If they are not right you can tell just about what will be and exchange 'em by special messenger. I'll pack all this shipshape before you come back." With which direction I left the kind man and made my way to another of equal kindness.

"I have had upon my feet the shoes of my brother when in accidents while at hunting and fishing, and I think I can ascertain a good fitting pair while by lies her father the very polite young man who stood with attention and sympathy to wait upon me.

"Will you make a selection and then try one pair on," he advised me.

And as I gave to him a fine description of the clothing I had purchased he brought forth in accord many wonderful boots and shoes for the riding and a walking and also for the dance. I had never observed that the shoes of men were of such an ugliness, but when one was upon my foot in place of the shoe of much beauty which I discarded both I and the young man had a fine laugh.

"Mats, they are of a great comfort," I further remarked. "And they feel about as did those of my brother, who is of a small frame."

"Well, if they are not right, send 'em back and I'll change 'em," he answered, with great interest.

After the exchange of much money between us the young man went with me to the other kind old man of the white hair, and together they made places in the two bags for "em back and I'll change 'em," he answered, with great interest.

"Just \$700 all told, and the like of that outfit couldn't be bought in any other place of style in New York for less than a thousand, miss," re-

marked to me the elderly clerk as he closed and made fast with keys the two bags. "Shall I send 'em special?"

"I'll thank you that you call a taxi for me, monsieur," I answered, and as he had mentioned a great hotel in conversation earlier that very wicked daredevil that resides within me awoke at attention with the large ears of great mischief. I felt in my pocket that there was still much gold, and the man from whom I had purchased the ticket to the state of Harpeth had assured me that the train did not depart until the hour of 8 in the evening.

It then transpired that one hour from the time that the young Mile-Grez, who had registered at that large hotel with all her luggage before you come back." With which direction I left the kind man and made my way to another of equal kindness.

Some one who had promptly told me one thing, the result was that I had a real headdress and had come to New York to visit her aunt, Mrs. Leslie Gordon, who was too sweet and too attractive for most of the fortune hunters who besieged her with invitations.

Sara was more than pretty—she had that indefinite and most desired thing called charm. But it wouldn't have made any difference whether she was pretty or not, she would have had just as many invitations to dances and lunches and dinners, and Sara, as she sat curled up in a corner of a couch in her aunt's boudoir, promptly told that lady so.

"And if you don't promise to help me out I'm going back home, and I'll never forgive you, Aunt Sophie, never," she finished, tearfully.

Now Mrs. Gordon was a real woman and she saw very quickly that something was bothering her niece. She had noticed several things of late, and most of all she had noticed that Sara had given a great deal of her time to a certain very attractive man who had absolutely nothing in the world but his salary, which was not at all large.

"What is it you want me to do, dear?" She asked meekly, after studying Sara for a while in silence.

Sara brightened. "If you'll help

## All's Well That Ends Well

### The Rich Girl Who Became Poor Temporarily tot Test a Man She Loved

BY JANE McLEAN

Sara Alden was the richest rich girl that had ever broken into the exclusive rich set of which she had become a definite element. She was a real heiress and had come to New York to visit her aunt, Mrs. Leslie Gordon, who was too sweet and too attractive for most of the fortune hunters who besieged her with invitations.

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"What is it you want me to do, dear?" She asked meekly, after studying Sara for a while in silence.

Sara brightened. "If you'll help

me, I'll tell you the truth," she said excitedly. "Oh, Aunt Sophie, I've fallen in love and I think he's in love with me, but I don't know. You see it might just be the money! And if it should be I want to know now before it's too late. You do understand, don't you?"

Aunt Sophie nodded. She was thinking to herself that it was too bad that any one as dear and desirable as Sara was could not be loved for herself alone, and if this Bruce Maynard, whom Sara had set her heart on, was as foolish and as mercenary as the rest, she would feel that a great deal of Sara's unhappiness had come about through this, the child's first visit to New York.

"Of course, my plan isn't original, but it will do, I think. I want you to help me start a rumor to the effect that dad has failed."

"But, Sara, that would never do. What would your father say?"

"Dad would tell me to go right ahead. I thought my own worth it, and I do think so, Aunt Sophie, only I want to be sure. If I never found out the truth, there would always be a doubt in my mind."

It took a great deal to persuade Mrs. Gordon to agree to this plan. She finally did, and she and Sara planned the campaign together. Mrs. Gordon, once persuaded, did her part well. She suggested rather than told anything definite, but the rumor started, and gradually Sara's invitations began to fall off. The younger set, who had gone out of their way to rush Sara wild-

ly, were now just pleasantly cordial.

It was true that many of the young people still remained the same, for Sara was good fun, and was genuinely liked, but from being a creature high above the others, an heiress worth millions, she became just a good fellow, a nice girl, sure to be successful if asked anywhere, but "wasn't it a shame her father lost his money, she might have made such a brilliant match, you know."

The thing that Sara had wanted most to happen came to pass sooner than she had expected. Bruce Maynard had heard the rumor, but as it was a rumor, no one had mentioned it definitely to Sara. Bruce was different. He came to the point and asked her if it were true.

"Yes, it is true, Bruce," she said, meeting his eyes squarely.

His eyes were aglow with what was in his heart. "I don't know what you'll think of me," he went on hurriedly, "but I'm going to ask you to marry me just the same. You know that I was going to do that, didn't you?"

Sara flushed adorably and turned away. But he caught her back to him and lifted her face to his. For a moment just those hot blue eyes looked into frightened gray. Then he kissed her.

"What I was going to say," he said after an interval, "is this: Do you think you can care enough to marry me on my salary? Do you know, Sara, that it was the luckiest thing in the world that you became poor just when you did? I never should have asked you if you had stayed an heiress, and now I don't think I could take it all back if I had."

Sara gasped a little and locked her fingers tightly around Bruce's neck. "You've got to stand still while I tell you something quickly. I am just as rich as I ever was, but I wanted to be sure you didn't care. It was a plan to fool every one, but it's not going to make an difference to you, Bruce Maynard, because I won't let it. If you don't kiss me right away and tell me you love me, I'll sue you for breach of promise, and just too poor to afford that, so hurry up."

And Bruce surrendered, but not for the reason named.

## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



9462 Girl's Box Plaited Dress, 8 to 14 years. Price 15 cents.

Rose colored linen is the material shown in this frock and it is embroidered with white. The effect is a very charming and a very dainty one and since this is essentially a season of tub frocks it is very smart. You can use the model, however, for silk if you like or for pongee or for thinner and lighter washable materials. Handkerchief lawn would be pretty with the yoke portion of eyelet embroidery or you could use gingham, for the gingham are essentially fashionable this season. A plain gingham combined with plaid would be pretty or a plaid gingham trimmed with plaid.

For the 12-year size will be needed, 5 3/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 4 3/4 yards 36 inches wide.

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## "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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Helen leaned her head wearily against the back of the seat and looked out at the Long Island scenery rapidly flying past. The week-end had been lovely while it had lasted, but Helen dreaded the close apartment and the returning to the city late at night. Winifred was lying up against the window, her little figure, half asleep, and as Helen turned around she met Warren's eyes and smiled.

"I didn't we have a nice time, dear?"

Warren nodded. "Certainly did," he remarked. "Nice people, too; the kind that make you feel as if they were just like you."

"And the children were so perfectly darling to Winifred, weren't they? I don't know when the child ever smiled so much."

Warren looked down at the sleeping child.

"Too bad we missed the train," he remarked. "She ought to have been in bed long ago."

"But just once, Warren, it won't matter."

"You had a good time talking to Dorrie, didn't you?" Helen queried.

Warren nodded. "Bright child, isn't she. Likes to ask questions, and she's a youngster, shows brains."

"And Frances is a dear. Imagine that chicken knitting wash clothes for the soldiers."

Once more Warren nodded, and then conversation languished until the Pennsylvania station was reached. They alighted quickly, and returned. Tired out week-enders returning from a glimpse of green

fields and a breath of fresh air, but all thoroughly tired out. Winifred did not whine—she had been too well brought up for that—but her little legs lagged, and Helen was glad when they were settled in the subway.

She vouchsafed a remark that she hoped the apartment would be all right.

"Why shouldn't it be all right?" Warren asked briskly.

"Oh, I reason at all, dear, excepting that I can't see such a hurry. You know you weren't sure which train you could take."

Warren grunted.

"And besides," Helen finished, "I let Mary go up to Rhinebeck with Nora and Joe and the baby. They were going to spend the week-end there. I thought it was a good thing they had done once before about Mary's day out, decided to say nothing this time. After all, that was Helen's business, and as long as the house was properly managed and he had his meals promptly, he would let Helen manage."

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out his key and they stepped into the apartment.

"Somebody must be here," Helen said, wonderingly, as she saw the lighted table lamp in the living room. The next moment Mary herself appeared in the doorway, and Winifred, tired and sleepy, ran into her kindly arms.

"Why, Mary, what are you doing home?" Helen asked, following the girl into the bedroom, where she dropped wearily into a chair.

"Oh, I got home, ma'am. I knew it was tired you'd be, and I knew my child would miss her old Mary." And she hugged Winifred, who smiled at her winsomely.

"There's a light under the dining room, ma'am," she added, as she carried Winifred off to bed. "I thought you might be hungry."

"Warren, did you hear that? Mary has fixed us something to eat. I feel as if I never could eat again after that delicious dinner."

Warren grinned.

"Oh, I think I can manage a bite," he said, good naturedly. To Warren food, whether he was hungry or not, had the power to do wonders with his disposition. Helen, laughing at him, followed him into the dining room, where she saw that Mary had brought her.

"Wasn't it nice of Mary, dear? You see it was just right when I said she was an unusual girl. I had told her not to come back until late to-night."

"Oh, she probably had a good reason of her own for coming back," Warren returned lightly. "You're too apt to thank Mary for what is no more than her duty."

"That's why she does more than she needs to," Helen was on the point of saying, but realizing that Warren was simply trying to prolong the argument she wisely kept still. (Watch for the next instalment of this interesting story.)

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### NEW MINISTER IN CHARGE

MILFORD, Pa., July 21.—The Rev. Mr. McConnell, of New Jersey, has accepted a call to the Westminster Presbyterian church of this place and will take charge as pastor about September 1. Mr. and Mrs. George K. Rodgers and daughter, Dorothy, of Crabtree, are guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rodgers and Mr. and Mrs. H. Hackenberger. — Miss Edith Etka entertained her army and navy friends at dinner on Tuesday in honor of her guest, Miss Leah, of Perry county. — Mrs. C. C. Shellenberger, of Fernmanah township, is visiting Mrs. John Washington. — Mrs. M. E. Brindley is visiting her aunt, Mrs. William Miles, at Jersey City. — Mr. John K. Robinson returned to her home after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. William Weber in Harrisburg. — Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burchfield, of Elm, and Mrs. Harvey Mann and little daughter, of Pittsburgh, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Burchfield. — Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horning, and daughter, son a very nice visit at Mansfield, Ohio. — Mr. and Mrs. John Landis, of Wichita, Kansas, spent Saturday with Frederick Espen-

### BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Duncannon, Pa., July 21.—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Zoder, of North High street, announce the birth of a son, Friday, July 13. — Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Harrington, of Harrisburg, announce the birth of a son, Saturday, July 14. Mrs. Harrington was formerly Miss Priscilla Duncan of Duncannon. — Mrs. J. Willis Mumper and two children have returned from a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Adair, at Landsburg. — Russel Noss, a member of the Taird Regiment, N. G. P., stationed at Newport, N. J., spent the week-end here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs.

George B. Noss.—Mrs. W. H. Smith visited relatives at Huntly, the forepart of the week.—Robert Valentine has gone to Baltimore, Md., where he will spend several weeks as the guest of his brother, James Valentine.—The borough public schools will open for the winter term, Monday, September 3.—Misses Annie and Nellie Berg, of Hollidaysburg, are spending several days with relatives here. — Mrs. Sally Roath and Miss Beck, of New Bloomfield, spent part of the week here as the guests of Mrs. George W. Reeder.—Miss Edna Holland has returned from a visit to relatives at Lebanon.

ENTERTAINED AT HOME  
New Cumberland, Pa., July 21.—Mr. and Mrs. William Bankert entertained a number of friends at their home on Eutaw avenue, on Thursday evening. Games and music were features of entertainment, after which refreshments were served.