

Reading for Women and all the Family



The Daredevil

By Maria Thompson Daviess

Author of 'The Melting of Molly'

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(Continued)

"Poor little girl! It will not be many hours now before I can say to you the things that have been growing in my heart for you since that night upon the ship," he said to me in a great tenderness as he raised my hand and bent to kiss it just as entered the great Gouverneur Faulkner and the wild Jim.

I had no the courage to gaze upon the face of my Gouverneur Faulkner but I felt its coldness strike into my body and turn it to hardness. For a second I stood as a stone; then a sudden resolve rose in me, and again that daredevil seized upon my thought. I took a piece of that white paper with caution and also a pencil and with them slipped from the room, while that wild Jim seated himself upon my lowly stool beside the table and again in the two great men were writing.

And out in the soft light that was now slowly fading from the side of the mountain because of the retirement of the sun I sat me down upon the step of the hut and wrote to my Gouverneur Faulkner this small letter.

Honored Excellency the Gouverneur Faulkner of the State of Harpeth—I go from you into the trenches of France. If your humble servant Robert has done for you any small service, I beg of you in that name that my uncle, the General Robert, and my friends never know of my dishonor of lies about my woman's estate, but believe me to die as a soldier for France, as will be the case. Make all clear for me to my Captain the Count de Lasselles. It is that all women are not lies.

ROBERTA. Marquise of Grez and Bye. Then I left that letter upon the doorstep, held in place by the weight of a stone, and very softly slipped out into the shadows of the twilight and down the mountain by the path up which that morning I had come with my beloved Gouverneur Faulkner, then my friend, and my friend.

I felt a certainty that as many as two hours would those men continue in a consulting with that wild Jim and in that time going fleetingly could gain the place where were tethered the horses before a complete darkness had come. From my room I had learned the ways of woods in hunting, and also I knew that the good Lightfoot would in darkness carry me in safety to his stall in the barn of Mr. Bud Bell, beside which stood my chery.

From there I could gain the city of Haystack in the dead hours of the night and in those dead hours depart to France after obtaining the money I had left in my desk and which I had earned by my work and would not be in the act of stealing from the state of Harpeth. Only one night and day would I be alone in the forest, and I did not care if a death should overtake me, in my body my heart was dead, and why should I desire the life of that body?

CHAPTER XVI. "You Are—Myself!"

And as I had planned I then accomplished. I discovered that Lightfoot at pasture, and I quickly had placed the saddle upon him and had turned him down the mountain to choose a safe path for both himself and me. I did not look upon those cradles of fragrant boughs in which the boy Robert had lain at rest beside his great friend, the Gouverneur Faulkner, from whom he had stolen faith and affection.

Why did not you also steal his pocketbook as he lay asleep beside you, Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye? I questioned myself with scorn and torture, as good Lightfoot crashed down from Camp Heaven into the dark night.

And on we rode, the large horse with the woman upon his back, for a long night, through fragrant thickets that caught at my riding breeches with rose tendrils fingers and under thick forests of budding trees, through whose branches of tender green and white, I saw the light looked down upon my bitter weeping with nothing of comfort, perhaps because they had grown of a great sadness of heart and mind, so many tears of women drop in the silence of a lonely night.

Then came a dawn and a moon at twilight, through which I pushed forward only pausing beside streams to allow that he drink of the water and also to throw myself down on my face and lap the cool refreshment like do all humble things. And when at last the stars were again there to leak down upon me we arrived behind the barn of that Bud Bell to find all in the house at rest. I thought of that small child in sleep in the arms of that woman, and a great sobbing came from my heart. I threw myself into my chery, after giving a supper to good Lightfoot, and fled down the long road to the distant city of Haystack that lay away in the valley like a great nest of glowworms in a glade of the leaves of darkness. And among those glowworms, I knew that more than a hundred friends to me were beginning to go into sleep with deep affection in their hearts for that Robert Carruthers whom wicked Roberta, marquise of Grez and Bye, was about to steal from them. I kept as I turned my chery through the back street and into the garage of my uncle, the General Robert. Then I paused. All was quiet in the house, and no light burned in the apartments of my beloved protector and relative. From the watch at my wrist I ascertained the hour to be half after 10 o'clock, and I knew that he was safely in cards at that club of Old Hickory, whose lists now bore the added one of another Robert Carruthers, man of honor and of the scoundrel of its founders. Also there was no light in the rear of the house in the apartment of that kind Kizzie, in whose affections I had made a large place. A dim light burned in the hall and I knew that there would find my faithful chocolate Bonbon sitting upon a chair by the great door asleep.

[To Be Continued.]

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



Cumberland County Boys Go South With Company

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Aug. 25.—

Among the Cumberland county boys in Company D, who left on Monday were: Clarence W. Herman, of Mechanicsburg; Walter M. Gemmel, John E. Green, of Carlisle; David W. Lambert, John D. Enrick, Miller F. Fenicle, of Lemoyne; Paul R. Miller, Homer C. Calvert, Samuel I. Davis, of West Fairview; W. E. Pechar, Augustus C. Stanley, Henry F. Ernsweiler, of Camp Hill; John W. Snook, of White Hill; Edwin A. Killheffer, Herbert Bryson, Wormleysburg.—A double birthday celebration occurred at the Ibaen home on Wednesday, when M. E. Ibaen and small daughter, Isabel, were guests of honor at a family party.

The birthday anniversary of father and daughter came the same date. Gracing the table was a birthday cake with candles and the girl will be asked to knit a scarf. Forrester Mercer, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mercer, left on Wednesday for Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., to go into the United States officers training camp.—Mr. and Mrs. William R. Main, of East Main street, announce the birth of a son on Sunday, August 19. Mr. Main is an auditor in the Pennsylvania State Highway Department.—Chester C. Weber, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Weber, West Keller street, left for Butler where he will become a member of the State Police.—George W. Hershman, local letter carrier, was representative of Militia Lodge No. 83, Knights of Pythias, at the State convention at Gettysburg this week.—The Boy Scouts have planned to camp at Williams Grove next week, ending on September 1. The Ladies Aid Society of Grave Evangelical Church, will hold a food sale and festival in the Rescue Hook and Ladder house.—Charles Mumme and family, of Lancaster county, are visiting at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Mumma, South Market street. His sister, Mrs. M. M. Mumma, is holding a picnic to-day at Big Head wood. E. B. Dorsette, of Mansfield, is the speaker of the day.

Miss Grace Witmer and Miss Mary Witmer were visitors at Philadelphia.—E. C. Gardner, editor of the Daily Journal, was compelled to relinquish his duties this week on account of illness.—John Guswiler, of Chicago, a former resident of this place, returned for a visit to friends here.—The boys are mastering the army drills with little difficulty. New suits, signal flags, collar devices, hat cords and field glasses have been received and the corps will appear in full equipment. The following is the company's roster: David Rowe, captain; James Crawford, first lieutenant; Fred Grenoble, second lieutenant; Nowman Alexander, sergeant; Albert Close, corporal; Harry Silkmen, William Ferguson, Frank Kupples, Wilbur Fleisher, corporals; John Harshberger, Oscar Hughes, Stanley Kosiski, "Rooster" Gibboney, corporals; Russell Harmon, Barton Middlesworth, Edward Wagner, Daniel Young, corporals; Curtis Stricker.—Miss Esther Readdy has returned from a visit with relatives at Altoona.—Mrs. Haggerty, of Altoona, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Roy Buchanan.—Miss Rose Barr, of Burnham, was a visitor at the home of her uncle, Edward Barr, at the village of Miss Helen Weidensaul.—Sunday visitors at the home of Reed Bachman and Charles Arbogast were: Mr. and Mrs. William East and son, Russell; Mr. and Mrs. Pharis Hetrick, of Middle Creek; Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Bachman, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bernell and daughter, Margaret; Mrs. Mrs. Ora Underwood, of Huntingdon, was a Sunday guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Reed.—Mr. and Mrs. Orville Barger and children, of Syracuse, N. Y., are visiting here.—Mrs. Woome and sons are visiting friends at Tyrone and Altoona.—Miss Florence Gill is visiting friends at Altoona.—Mrs. Luella, are spending several days with her sister at Ellwood City.—Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Stover, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Mervin Stover and son, of Pittsburgh, are visiting their aged father, Benjamin Stover.—Mr. and Mrs. Clay Bellow and children, of Altoona, were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jacobs.

All's Well That Ends Well

By Jane McLean

When three people take it into their heads to spend a week-end vacation at the same time and in the same place, and Fate takes a hand in the game, strange things happen. The rich James Warfield packed up and sped away to the Mountain House for a few days' rest from irksome business. Miss Phyllis Graham, who up to the time that she was introduced to Mr. Warfield, had no idea that he existed, packed a steamer trunk full of pretty clothes and decided to run up to the Mountain House for over Sunday.

Little Mary Field, who had read about the Mountain House in the paper, and had written for accommodations, found that she could squeeze into the smallest room for the amount of twelve dollars for three days. So she did up her simple white organdie and packed it with some with skirts and middy blouses in her well-worn suitcase, and set out for the Mountain House, too.

Of course the first morning these three young people spent in the mountains. Miss Phyllis Graham went down to breakfast in the crispest of summer gowns. Her blonde hair shone with careful brushing, she was immaculate from her hands to her feet, and she was enormously interested in the rich James Warfield, who was eating his breakfast at a table across the room.

Neither the girl nor the man saw the little brown girl in the corner in a white sailor blouse and well cleaned canvas pumps, who gazed ecstatically out of the window and mechanically ate her elaborate breakfast.

Perhaps this story might not have been a story if Fate had not decided to take a hand. Fate generally keeps a pretty good watch on things and give people boosts just when life itself seems unfair, and so it was Fate who introduced Miss Phyllis Graham and little Mary Field to the rich James Warfield within fifteen minutes from the time breakfast was over. The hotel proprietor performed the ceremony in the case of Phyllis. He knew the girl's father, and Phyllis herself was under his wife's care while she sojourned at the Mountain House. So he made it a point of having her meet the most eligible man there, and James Warfield was not at all sorry to meet Phyllis, who was beautiful enough to satisfy any man's standards.

But no one would have taken the trouble to introduce Mary Field if Fate hadn't taken the matter into her own hands. James Warfield had his dog with him, a handsome collie, and while Mary was sitting on the wide veranda trying to decide what to do first, Ned, the collie, came up to her, looked into her brown eyes a minute, and then deliberately laid his head on the girl's knee. Mary flushed delightedly, and James Warfield, who knew that Ned

never went wrong in his choice of friends, came over and spoke to Mary lightly. "You must like dogs." "Oh, I do. But I haven't known many." "Net doesn't take to everyone. Don't you want to join the party we are getting up to drive to the Falls? We are going to start in half an hour."

"Oh, yes," Mary responded eagerly. She did not stop to realize how different she was in her sailor blouse and out-of-date skirt from the other girls who lounged about the veranda, nor that she didn't know anyone at all. She simply accepted delightedly, and James Warfield made up his mind to look out for her.

And so they started. "Who is the queer little girl you were talking to?" Phyllis chided gently, as they drove off side by side. The young people were packed into two huge carryalls and Phyllis sat next to James Warfield, while Little Mary Field was tucked away into an undesirable corner. But she was happy, the drive in the morning air filled her with delight and Ned, the collie, who had insisted upon crowding in with her, sat at her feet.

"Just a little girl who looked lonely," Warfield responded carelessly. The charm of the girl with him made him forget everything else, and he had put Mary out of his mind already. And so she was alone all day. She sat alone when they opened the picnic baskets, and although she ate the food placed before her, she began to realize that she was very much of an outsider.

And then Fate played her trump card for Mary's benefit. A huge touring car appeared down the road in a cloud of dust, and Ned who had been sitting contentedly on the grass ran out and began to bark at it. Warfield did not pay much attention, and it was not until there was a yelp of pain from the animal and the car had whizzed by and disappeared down the road, that he turned from Phyllis. "Ned, old boy."

"O, he's hurt," shrieked Phyllis. "He's bleeding. Don't let him get near me. I'm afraid he'll have a fit." The other girls drew back and huddled in a heap, while the men clustered around Warfield. At least all the girls did excepting the little brown girl who had been sitting alone on the grass. She pushed her way through the crowd and took the dog's head on her lap. It was she who fixed the tourniquet about his broken leg, and who bandaged with small nimble fingers the torn flesh.

At last when the dog licked her hand feebly, she looked up and met Warfield's eyes. There was something in their depths that made him wonder what he had ever seen in Phyllis Graham's blue ones. But then James Warfield hadn't seen Fate hovering around in the background. Neither had Phyllis, nor little Mary Field.

BOHNER-ROMBERGER

Berryburg, Pa., Aug. 25.—William Bohner, of Boone, Iowa, and Miss Mary Romberger were married August 16 at Harrisburg and immediate left for their western home at Boone.—Mrs. William Lance and three children, and Joseph C. Daniel left for Philadelphia after spending two weeks' vacation at their

parental home. Miss Helen Daniel accompanied them for a two weeks' visit.—Mr. Chicora, of Philadelphia, was in town on Sunday to look up the interest of the Lutheran charge in securing a pastor.—Mrs. Kate Keboch is visiting friends at Allentown.—Mrs. M. S. Daniel visited at Hershey and Harrisburg over Sunday.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clem Koppenhaver on August 21, a daughter.—Mrs. Andrew Derr and Bertha Metzgar, of Harrisburg, are spending some time with the former's father, H. N. Witmer.

MARTIN-HEISEY WEDDING

Mount Joy, Pa., Aug. 25.—David H. Martin, of Elizabethtown, was married on Tuesday to Miss Mary E. Heisey at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. avid G. Heisey, by Bishop Amos Musser. They left on a wedding trip to Washington, D. C. Upon their return they

will go to housekeeping in their newly furnished home on South Market street, Elizabethtown.

J.S. Belsinger 212 Locust St. New Location Optometrists Opticians Eyes Examined (No Drops) Belsinger Glasses as low as \$2.

CARRY PARCELS WHEN POSSIBLE AVOID RETURNING PURCHASES. Illustration of a delivery truck and people. NATION DEMANDS MEN AND EQUIPMENT HELPING TO MEET NATION'S DEMAND.

Do Not Ask A Fighting Man To Carry Your Parcels. The United States Government makes the request of Retail Merchants and the Public at Large — "Avoid waste in labor, capital, material and equipment and thereby release when needed men and capital for the defense of this Nation." To conform to the Government's request Retail Merchants of Harrisburg will after August 15, 1917 Make but Two Deliveries to Each Home Per Day Help Harrisburg Stores Help the Government MAKE CAREFUL SELECTION A HABIT BUY ONLY THAT WHICH YOU ARE GOING TO KEEP AVOID C. O. D. PURCHASES WHENEVER POSSIBLE. A number of vacancies have already been caused in the delivery departments of the stores of this city on account of enlistments, and no doubt future enlistments and drafts will bring about a more serious shortage of men in this line of service. The Government says that the places of these men cannot be filled by taking men from occupations more vital to the conduct of war. Merchants and the Public must organize to meet this condition before it becomes acute. These Stores Are Co-operating With the United States Government and the Council of National Defense: Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart, Bowman & Company, Kaufman's Underselling Store, Doutrichs, The Globe, Rothert Company, J. H. Troup Music House, Goldsmith's, Robinson's Woman Shop, Witmer, Bair & Witmer, The Hub, Bogar, Sporting Goods, Regal Umbrella Store, Doutrichs, Crego Shoe Store, H. Marks & Son, P. G. Diener, J. H. Brenner, Paul's Shoe Store, Fackler's, Walk-Over Shoe Store, Wm. Strouse, Astrich's, Ladies' Bazaar, Salkin's Golden Rule Department Store, The Hoff Store, New Cumberland, Harrisburg Light and Power Company, Gately & Fitzgerald Supply Company, Robinson & Company.

DAILY DOT PUZZLE. The Philadelphia Dentist Is Now Located at 1 N. Market Square Over Knisely's Cigar Store. Civic Club's Second Fly-Swatting Campaign Closes Sept. 29.