

Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued)

I'm slaving away in your old mp from daylight till dark at ark I despise, and you can't even bak decently to me," she flared. "You act like a perfect brute ely. What's the matter with you?"

Benton gnawed at a finger nail silence.

"Hang it, I guess you're right," admitted at last. "But I can't p having a grouch. I'm going to p hending on this contract, the best an do."

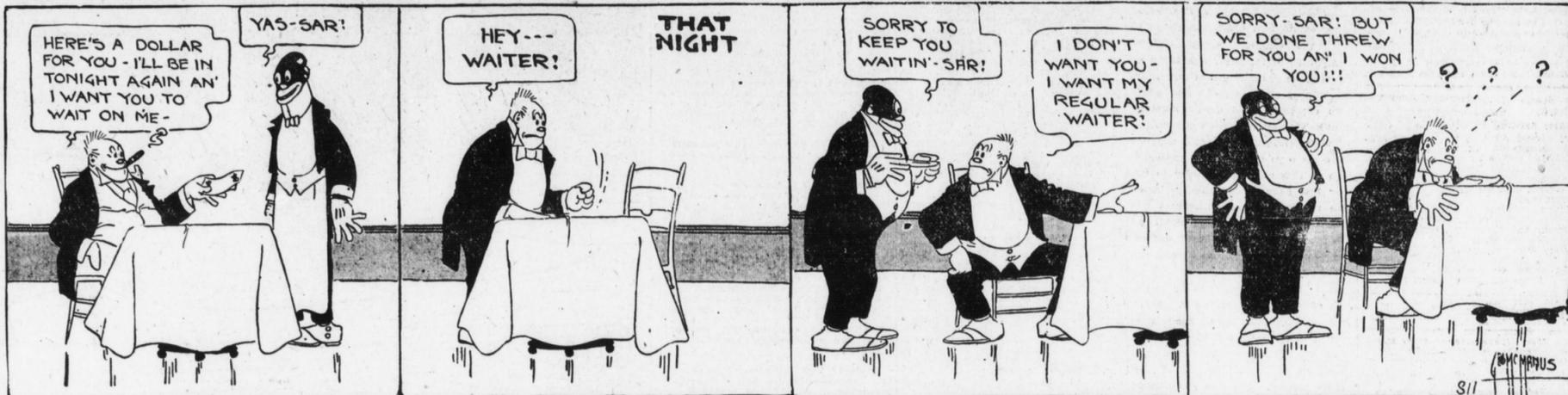
"Well," she replied tartly, "I'm to blame for that. I'm not re-nsible for your failure. Why take ur on me?"

"I don't particularly," he answered nly—"can't you see? A man gets edge when he works and sweats months and sees it all about to ne to nothing."

"So does a woman," she made nert retort.

Benton chose to ignore the in-ence. He sat a minute or two longer, he preoccupied with his prob-ems.

"Well," he said at last, "I've got get action somehow. If I could about thirty men and another key for three weeks I'd make it." He went outside. Up in the near ds the whine of the saws and the nds of chopping kept measured n. It was late in the forenoon, Stella was hard about her di-ns. Preparations. Contract or ntract, money or money, men



must eat. That fact loomed biggest on her daily schedule, left her no room to think overlong of other things. Her hurt over, she felt rather sorry for Charlie, a feeling accentuated by sight of him humped on a log in the sun, too engrossed in his perplexities to be where he normally was at that hour, in the thick edge of the logging, working harder than any of his men.

A little later she saw him put off from the float in the Chickamin's dinghy. When the crew came to dinner he had not returned. Nor was he back when they went out again at 1.

Near mid-afternoon, however, he strode into the kitchen, wearing the look of a conqueror.

"I've got it fixed," he announced. Stella looked up from a frothy mass of yellow stuff that she was stirring in a pan.

He put away his handkerchief, took up his rifle, settled his hat and strode off toward the camp. Her attention now diverted from her Siwashes, she watched him, saw him go to her brother's quarters, stand in the door a minute, then go back to the beach accompanied by Charlie.

In a minute or so he came rowing across in a skiff, threw his deer aboard and pulled away north along the shore.

She watched him lift and fall among the waves until he turned a point, rowing with strong, even strokes. Then she walked home. Benton was poring over some figures, but he pushed aside his pencil and paper when she entered.

"You had a visitor, I see," she remarked.

"Yes, Jack Ryfe. He picked up a deer on the ridge behind here and borrowed a boat to get home."

"I saw him come out of the woods," she said. "His camp can't be far from here, is it? He only left the springs as you came in. Does he hunt deer for sport?"

"Hardly. Oh, well, I suppose it's sport for Jack, in a way. He's always piking around in the woods with a gun or a fishing rod." Benton returned. "But we kill 'em to eat mostly. It's good meat and cheap. I get one myself now and then. However, you want to keep that under your hat—about us fellows hunting—or we'll have game wardens nosing around here."

"Are you not allowed to hunt them?" she asked.

"Not in closed season. Hunting seasons from September to December."

"If it's unlawful, why break the law?" she ventured hesitatingly.

"Ten's that rather." "Oh, hosh!" Charlie derided. "A man in the woods is entitled to venison, if he's hunter enough to get it. The woods are full of deer, and a few more or less don't matter. We can't run for miles to town and back and pay famine prices for beef every two or three days when we can get it at home in the woods."

Stella digested this in silence, but it occurred to her that this mild sample of lawlessness was quite in keeping with the men and the environment. There was no policeman on the corner, no mechanism of law and order visible anywhere. The characteristic attitude of these woodsmen was of intolerance for restraint, of complete self sufficiency. It had colored her brother's point of view. She perceived that whereas all her instinct was to know the rules of the game and abide by them, he, taking his cue from his environment, inclined to break rules that proved inconvenient, even to formulate new ones to apply.

"And suppose," said she, "that a game warden should catch you or Mr. Jack Ryfe killing deer out of season?"

"We'd be hauled up and fined a hundred dollars or so," he told her. "But they don't catch us."

He shrugged his shoulders and, smiling tolerantly up her, proceeded to smoke.

Dusk was falling now, the long twilight of the northern season gradually deepening, as they sat in silence. Along the creek bank arose the evening chorus of the frogs. The air, now hushed and still, was riven every few minutes by the whirl of wings as ducks in evening flight swept by above. All the boisterous laughter and talk in the bunkhouse had died. The woods ranged gloomy and impenetrable, save only in the northwest, where a patch of sky lighted by diffused pink and gray revealed one mountain higher than its fellows standing bald against the horizon.

"Well, I guess it's time to turn in," Benton muffled a yawn. "Pleasant dreams, sis. Oh here's your purse, I used part of the bankroll. You won't have much use for money up here, anyway."

He flipped the purse across to her and sauntered into his bedroom. Stella sat gazing thoughtfully at the vast bulk of Mount Douglas a few minutes longer. Then she, too, went into the boxlike room, the bare discomfort of which chilled her merely to behold.

(To be continued.)

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

She came out of the inner office and closed the door softly. The minute she found herself alone, her hands clenched, and she sank into a chair, swallowing convulsively. Sheer fury possessed her, and the fact that she was powerless to help herself made her everyday manner of dependency and absolute calm all the more at variance with her character.

She had timed her proposal well, and she thought that she would find that she had not bothered her overmuch. She knew that Mr. Evans was a hard man to work for, but she knew that her position was unique, and she thought he realized it too. Even now she was perfectly sure that he realized it, but she had no way of proving this, for his quiet words had assured her that she was being paid all that she was worth.

The interview had taken only a few minutes.

"What can I do for you this morning, Miss Burke?" he had said turning to her in his never failing courtesy of manner.

"I should like to speak about the matter of an increase," she had said, coming to the point instantly.

He had smiled easily, and had waited for her to continue.

"I am paying you all I can afford, Miss Burke," he had said finally after she had placed the matter before him.

"But I want to advance, I have been paid the same salary nearly two years. I should like to feel that I am getting somewhere." She had protested, knowing all the time that nothing she could say would make the slightest difference.

"I believe that very few private secretaries are getting more than you are getting right now. But if you are not satisfied you are at liberty to try somewhere else." And this was what hurt the girl for worse than anything else. The fact that she had thought herself of importance in her business life was only a figment of her imagination. She had worked hard for his success and he was ready and willing to engage another secretary.

It smote the girl like a physical blow, and without another word she had turned and left the office. There had been just a few minutes of giving way when she found herself alone, but after that everything went on as usual.

She began sorting the briefs and making notes on their contents. All of this work was of a private nature, and of the kind not generally entrusted to even the best of private secretaries. Once she had glanced up when Mr. Evans had come out of his private office and had gone out to lunch with Rodney Briggs. It was for this man that all the extra work had been undertaken, and it was this man that Evans wanted to do business with.

more than anything else in the world just now.

"Still rooming for old man Evans?" Asked Jimmy the office boy with delightful impudence.

She smiled. Jimmy was a good little fellow, but he did hate Mr. Evans. So did Miss Berry, the girl who worked under her and assisted her with the unimportant detail. Marion Burke wondered now why she had always taken her employer's part whenever these friendly little discussions had taken place, but she was resolved to say nothing openly, and she smiled into Jimmy's freckled face and nodded.

About four-thirty that afternoon Jimmy came into the office and asked her if she would like to see Mr. Briggs.

Marion looked up wondering if the boy was joking, but his freckled face held only friendly interest, and she asked quickly:

"Does Mr. Briggs want to see me?"

"Yup, he's out there now."

"Ask him to come right in Jimmy, please," and she rose slowly from her desk as the great man came into the room.

"How do you do—Miss Burke, isn't it?" he said in his bluff, hearty way, so different from Mr. Evans' suave smoothness. "I have a little proposition to make to you. You did most of the work that Mr. Evans is busy with now, didn't you?"

Marion nodded, wondering.



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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

Numberless costumes of this sort are being made and numberless will be in demand. The apron illustrated is one of the simplest and one of the best possible for the purpose. The cap and cuffs are protective at the same time are attractive. A sturdy material, yet not heavy, is desirable and a great many women like to make the apron of sheeting because sheeting can be obtained in width to cut without seams, but linene and long cloth and simple cotton fabrics of the sort all are good. The pocket on the front is an essentially practical and serviceable feature. Whether one is considering hospital service or home service this apron will be of inestimable value, wherever nursing is required. In the busy hospitals of Europe, it is used in place of the usual apron with sash ties that laundering may be simplified. For one reason or for another the demand for simplicity is heard on all sides.

For the apron the cap and the cuffs will be needed, 2 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards 44, or 1 3/4 yards sheeting 1 1/2 yards wide.

The pattern No. 9524 is cut in one size. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Daily Dot Puzzle

Four and sixty lines and you see a from the zoo. Draw from 1 to 2 and so on to the end.

Dangerous Gas and Acids That Hurt the Stomach--Sour the Food Cause Dyspepsia, Indigestion

Recommends A Safe Way To Treat Stomach Trouble At Home.

Many stomach sufferers who are always full of gas and whose stomachs burn with acid after nearly every meal think these things are the RESULT of indigestion when in reality they are the CAUSE. It is just as foolish to give artificial digestants such as pepsin, etc., to a stomach full of gas and acid as it would be for a man who had stepped on a tack to rub liniment on his foot without removing the tack.

Some stomachs generate too much gas and acid. Gas distends the stomach walls causing a full, bloated oppressive feeling while the acid irritates and inflames the lining of the stomach. Naturally the food ferments and sours, digestion is often delayed and stomach misery is the result. Artificial digest-



ents will push this sour, fermenting mass into the intestines and so relieve the stomach pain but the acid still remains in the stomach to generate more gas and produce more trouble at the next meal. The safe way to get rid of the acids after meals drop them for a while and instead get a few 5-grain tablets of pure bisulphated magnesium from G. A. Gorgas or any druggist and take two with each meal. Bisulphated Magnesia does not digest food but will neutralize the excessive acid in your stomach, keep the food sweet and will drive the gas and bloated right out of your body. As Magnesia is prepared in various forms be sure to get Bisulphated Magnesia for this purpose as it is not a laxative and in this refined form will not injure the stomach in any way.

JUNIATA COUNTY
FAIR September 12 to 15
SPECIAL TRAINS
PORT ROYAL Thursday, September 13

Leave Harrisburg Thursday, September 13, at 7.57 A. M., Newport 8.45 A. M., Millerstown 8.54 A. M., Thompston 9.04 A. M. Returning, leave Port Royal 5.55 P. M. for Harrisburg and intermediate stations.

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