



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

He got up, bathed, dressed, and went down into the hotel dining room. The waiters looked at him in amazement. Gordon ate as if nothing were the matter, apparently unaware of the excitement he was causing. He paid not the least attention to the nudging and the whispering. After he had finished breakfast, he lit a cigar, leaned back in his chair, and smoked placidly.

Presently an eruption of men poured into the room. At the head of them was Gopher Jones. Near the rear Walter Selfridge lingered modestly. He was not looking for hazardous adventure.

"What you doing here?" demanded Gopher, bristling up to Elliot.

The young man watched a smoke wreath float cellinward before he turned his mild gaze on the chief of police.

"I'm smoking."

"Don't you know we just got in from hunting you—two, posses of us been out all night?" Gopher glared savagely at the smoker.

Gordon looked distressed. "That's too bad. There's a telephone in my room, too. Why didn't you call up? I've been there all night."

"The deuce you have," exploded Jones. "And us coming the hills for you. Young man, you're mighty smart. But I want to tell you that you'll pay for this."

"Did you want me for anything in particular—or just to get up a poker game?" asked Elliot, suavely. The leader of the posse gave himself to a job of scientific profanity. He was spurred on to outdo himself because he had heard a titter or two behind him. When he had finished, he formed a procession. He, with Elliot handcuffed beside him, was at the head of it. It marched to the jail.

CHAPTER XVIII

Sheba Does Not Think So

The fingers of Sheba were busy with the embroidery upon which she worked, but her thoughts were full of the man who lay asleep on the lounge. His strong body lay at ease, relaxed.

Already health was flowing back into his veins. Beneath the tan of the thin, muscular cheeks a warmer color was beginning to creep. Soon he would be about again, vigorous and forceful, striding over obstacles to the goal he had set himself.

Sheba had sent him a check for the amount he had paid her and had refused to see him or anybody else.

Shamed and humiliated, she had kept to her room. The check had come back to her by mail.

Across the face of it he had written in his strong handwriting: "I don't wish on my bets. You can't give to me what is not mine. Do not think for an instant that I shall not marry you."

She moved to adjust a window blind and when she returned found

Bringing Up Father

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WELL—THE SUPPER IS READY—NOW TO ARRANGE PARTNERS—AMONG THE GUESTS—



WHEN WE START THE GRAND MARCH—YOU TAKE MISS JONES OUT TO SUPPER!



JIGGS—WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



I'M TAKING MISS JONES OUT TO SUPPER!!

By McManus

that his steady eyes were fixed upon her.

"You're getting better fast," she said.

"Yes."

The girl had a favor to ask of him and lest her courage fail she plunged into it.

"Mr. Macdonald, if you say the word Mr. Elliot will be released on bail. I am thinking you will be so good as to say it."

"You must know he is innocent. You must—"

"I know only what the evidence shows," he cut in, warily on his guard. "He may or may not have been one of my attackers. From the first blow I was dazed. But everything points to it that he hired—"

"Oh, no!" interrupted the Irish girl, her dark eyes shining softly. "The way of it is that he saved your life, that he fought for you, and that he is in prison because of it."

"If that is true, why doesn't he bring some proof of it?"

"Proof!" she cried scornfully. "Between friends—"

"He's no friend of mine. The man is a meddler. I despise him. The scarlet flooded her cheeks.

"And I am liking him very much," she flung back staunchly.

Macdonald looked up at the vivid flushed face and found it wholly charming. He liked her none the less because her fine eyes were hot and defiant in behalf of his rival.

"Very well," he smiled. "I'll get him out if you'll do me a good turn."

"Thank you. It's a bargain."

"Then sing to me."

"What shall I sing?"

"Sing 'Divided.'"

The long lashes veiled her soft eyes while she considered. In a way he had tricked her into singing for him a love-song she did not want to sing. But she made no protest. Swiftly she turned and slid along the bench. Her fingers touched the keys and she began.

Sheba paid her pledge in full. After the first two stanzas were finished she sang the last ones as well.

"An' what about the wather when I'd have ould Paddy's boat, grip the oars an' go afloat? Oh, I could find him by the light of sun or moon or star."

But there's caudher things than salt waves between us, so they are. Och anee!

Sure well I know he'll never have the heart to come to me. An' love is wild as any wave that wanders on the sea.

'Tis the same if he is near me, 'tis the same if he is far; His thoughts are hard an' ever hard between us, so they are.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

BY JANE McLEAN

Upstairs there was the quiet atmosphere that somehow or other always hangs over upstairs rooms in a country house. Mrs. Gilroy had finished dressing and she stepped out of her own room into the hall and stopped to listen. She always did this. It seemed as if the entire family stopped to listen these days.

Across the hall the door into a bedroom stood ajar, and Mrs. Gilroy went over and quietly peeped in. It was a boy's room, cheerful and sunny. A desk was placed between two windows; college flags were tacked on the walls; there were a couple of baseball bats and a tennis racket in the corner of the room, and a closet that had been purposely left open disclosed to view some well worn clothes.

Mrs. Gilroy went across to the closet, looked at an old worn out sweater, buried her face in it a moment, and then she turned and called from downstairs, quickly pulling the closet door to and went out.

"Mother, were you in Hugh's room again?" asked a sharp girl's voice.

"Mrs. Gilroy could not help smiling as she looked into Gwen's severe young face.

"You know, mother dear, the girl went on, you promised father not to worry any more."

"I know, dear, I wasn't worrying. We haven't heard from him, though, and there's been plenty of time."

Gwen slipped her warm young arm around her mother's waist and then she looked at her mother's face to fall, and the room with its cosy lamp looked bright and cheerful.

"Hello, mother."

"It was a pleasant home. 'Sit down here, mother,' said Ruth, pulling out an arm chair. Mrs. Gilroy placed her mother tenderly in it.

"Go on, father," said Ruth, finishing the article. "With a pat on his wife's arm, began to read impressively. 'Shots were bursting all around, and he could see figures dropping to clear his brain, and he lunged forward excitedly. 'Come on, fellows,' he shrieked. 'We'll make it.' The next minute they were in the German trenches."

Seeing a Vision Mrs. Gilroy looked up, his eyes kindling. They looked into those of his wife, and together they turned toward the picture of a boy in khaki that hung on the wall over the library.

"That's Hugh all over," Mr. Gilroy said softly. "It'll be doing just that. It's the fighting Gilroy blood. He's no coward, God bless him!"

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"Mother, there's a messenger coming across the meadow," she announced dramatically.

They all started up. It must be from Hugh! Messengers were few and far between here in the country. It was a telegram from Hugh.

Gwen raced to the window. "Yes," she said excitedly. "I can see him. He's bringing us word from Hugh; I just know it."

Mrs. Gilroy was white to the lips as she turned to her husband.

Independent American Council Elects Officers

Lewisberry, Pa., Jan. 12.—Lewisberry council, No. 1012, Order of Independent Americans, has elected the following officers: Councilor, Harry Rupp; vice-councilor, William D. Downs; recording secretary, H. M. Sutton; assistant recording secretary, Coover J. Breneman; financial secretary, Sylvan E. Miller; treasurer, Charles H. Brown; conductor, W. A. Myers; warden, Walter A. Zinn; inside sentinel, S. M. Fretow; junior post councilor, Glenn U. Yinger; trustee for eighteen months, Roy W. Miller.

The auditing committee audited the books for the last six months. Following is a report: Members, 117; initiated, 1; total, 118; deaths, 1; suspension, 1; total, 116; balance in treasury last year, \$124.66; receipts, \$44.71; balance in treasury, \$138.55; amount invested, \$1,686.95.

News at Last Mr. Gilroy took the envelope and cleared his throat.

"He's giving the envelope to Lizzy," he said admiringly. "You must be brave. No matter what's in it, we'll know Hugh's a hero."

Mrs. Gilroy nodded. Her face bore the look of sacrifice that is on the faces of saints.

"He's here," said Gwen dramatically. "He's giving the envelope to Lizzy."

They all stood about the room as black Lizzy came in a moment later. "This just came," she said, holding the yellow envelope gingerly. "I reckon it's from that blessed boy."

And she rolled the whites of her eyes in an impressive way.

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Funeral of G. A. R. Post Commander at Marietta

Marietta, Pa., Jan. 12.—Lieutenant William H. Child Post No. 226, Grand Army of the Republic, of Marietta, for the first time since its organization lost its post commander through death.

The funeral of Henry C. Grady, of Marietta, was held from his late home yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and it was largely attended by relatives and friends from Lancaster, Harrisburg, Columbia and other places.

Among the out-of-town friends were the Rev. J. H. Pennebecker, of Trinity Reformed Church, Columbia, and the Rev. J. W. Neiminger, of Fair Reformed Church, Lancaster. The Rev. Wilbur W. Moyer, pastor of the Marietta Reformed Church, was in charge of the funeral and the other clergymen assisted. Mr. Grady was an organizer of this church and was an elder emeritus. The Grand Army had charge of the services and held their usual ceremonies at the cemetery.

Mrs. Grady, the widow, has been seriously ill for some time and the death of Mr. Grady was due to a breakdown from worrying over the condition of his wife.

Lebanon Co.'s Last Toll Road Passes to State

Lebanon, Pa., Jan. 12.—Payment was made yesterday to the Cornwall Turnpike Company of \$6,250 by the state of Pennsylvania, and Lebanon county, in equal proportion, for the five miles of turnpike extending southward from this city to Cornwall.

The purchase of the Cornwall pike marks the passing of the last toll road in Lebanon county, where the first turnpike was built in 1815.

DR. KALBFUS TELLS OF AMERICAN FRONTIER DAYS

Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the State Game Commission, was heard by several hundred persons last night at the Technical High school auditorium in a most entertaining talk on "American Frontier Days."

It was a picture of the life of a lover of history that the weather was severe enough to keep hundreds away. Dr. Kalbfus gave a vivid and simple picture of our forefathers in their home life and other activities realistic as anything ever written.

His lecture was stimulating to a resolution to give more time to the study of one's own country in the early morning.

HELD FOR COURT ON CHARGE OF RAFFLING

The sixth arrest in an effort to break up gambling in the city, made by Detective Shuler Thursday when James Feagan, 1338 North Sixth street, and William Filling, Jr., 1335 North Sixth street, were arrested, setting up and operating a turkey raffle at the property of William Moses, 662 Verbeke street. The turkeys were to be raffled on December 20. At police court Moses said he had been told the police were "fixed."

TELLS OF INCOME TAX AT ALRICK'S MEETING

The intricacies of the income tax were explained last night at a meeting of the Alrick's Association held in the Sunday school room of the St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, Nineteenth and Market streets, by David A. Snyder, inspector of revenue for the government. After indicating the principal features of the tax the expert discussed the interesting topic of government revenues in general.

MEKINNEY-HARNISH WEDDING

Marietta, Pa., Jan. 12.—Miss Edna W. Harnish was married yesterday morning to W. E. McKinney, of West Lampeter, at the residence of the Rev. Aaron B. Harnish, of the United Brethren Church. The attendants were Miss Elizabeth Thomas and Clayton Harnish.

BUY BOILER FOR SCHOOL

The building committee of the School Board yesterday awarded a contract to Paterson & Fetters, this city, for the installation of boiler in the Webster building. The new heating equipment will cost \$421.

NEW LOCAL MANAGER

Retaining his connection with the firm of Chandler Brothers & Company, stock brokers, John W. Plowman will turn over the job of local manager to H. W. Culver, of Lancaster.

HAIR COMING OUT?

Dandruff causes a feverish irritation of the scalp, the hair roots shrink, loosen and then the hair comes out fast. To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of Danderrin, a very drug store, for a few cents, pour a little in your hand and rub it into the scalp. After several applications the hair stops coming out and you can't find any dandruff.

CRUPE VICK'S VAPORUB

Spasmodic croup is usually relieved with one application of—

BROTHER ILL IN IOWA

New Bloomfield, Pa., Jan. 12.—D. E. Emter, of Lossville, and his sister, Mrs. Charles B. Kennedy and Mrs. August Ellerman, of Spring township, left for Muscatine, Iowa. A brother is seriously ill at that place.

REDUCTION IS NOT SINFUL

The purpose of Beauty is to refine the native uncouthness of human nature. We all bow to its power. It is the only autocracy that has no nihilist shadow. Alas! this means the fat woman must serve instead of rule, for beauty in woman is a composite of both line and feature.

Thousands of fat women are beautiful of face. But they lag behind in the race for preference—because a ponderous outline dashes the favor their face has gained them.

Now, pretty fat women can reduce that fat (not the good pure-lined flesh) in a very simple way. No exercise, no dieting is necessary. Let them take one Marmola Prescription Tablet after each meal and at bedtime for a month. The fat will simply fade. No wrinkles or pouches of skin will form. The eye contour will improve. The fat will go so stealthily as it came; fade away. The health will improve. The eye contour will improve. The fat will go so stealthily as it came; fade away. The health will improve.

HAD BEEN AILING OVER FIVE YEARS

Mrs. Rebecca Jane Moss, aged 85, died near town Thursday, from pneumonia, after a short illness. Her maiden name was Spence, and her parents were among the early settlers of Marietta township. She is survived by two children.

"With Stomach—Nerves—Rheumatism,"

Says Mrs. C. Hall, 251 S. Cameron St., Harrisburg, "for five or six years I have been ailing with stomach trouble, nervousness and rheumatism."

"After eating always bloated and felt pained and irritable, felt weary and fagged out all the time, in the morning would get up with a nasty taste in mouth and was tired."

"My back and limbs ached with rheumatism, and I was stiff and sore all over. My head and throat were constantly filled up with coughs."

"I kept reading the Sanpan testimonials and thought it might help, so I started to take it, and am well, my stomach is fine, nerves are quiet, my rheumatism is gone and I feel refreshed in the morning, and do not catch cold as before."

Sanpan is being introduced at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market St., Harrisburg.

--LADIES--

you will be more than pleased to own a copy of the **Winifred Worth Crochet Book**

It contains 65 stunning designs. Yes, indeed, all new designs. Dandy for a new beginner. Has full and complete instructions HOW TO CROCHET.

Send this coupon and 15 cents in stamps or silver to the Harrisburg Telegraph, and the book will be mailed to you from the New York office of the publishers. Allow a week for its arrival.

Name _____ Address _____ City or Town _____

BAKER'S COCOA

HAS GREAT FOOD VALUE

THE food value of cocoa has been proven by centuries of use, and dietitians and physicians the world over are enthusiastic in their endorsements of it. It is said to contain more nourishment than beef, in a more readily assimilated form. The choice, however, should be a high-grade cocoa—"Baker's" of course.

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17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8
7	6	5	4	3	2	1	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

This is a season at which every one is interested in dollies. They are absolutely essential to the Christmas stocking. Here is a little costume that is very charming and quite up-to-date, yet so simple it can be made in the least little bit of time. Cashmere would be pretty for the entire costume with the collars of washable satin. It is always advisable to select material that can be washed successfully and cashmere answers that requirement but there are, of course, many cotton materials that will serve.

For the medium size will be needed, 3/4 yard of material 44 inches wide for the dress, 3/8 yard for the cape.

The pattern No. 9589 is cut in sizes 18, 22 and 26 inches. Price 10 cents.

SKATES GROUND While You Wait

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Why Bald So Young

Rub Dandruff and Itching with **Cuticura Ointment**

Shampoo with Cuticura Soap

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