

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

Their Married Life

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The candy had come that afternoon and Helen had puzzled and thought over the card it contained until it seemed as if she had exhausted her list of friends and acquaintances several times.

Warren took the paper without speaking and looked over it hastily. The name and address had been scribbled on a card which had been tied around the box. There was an outside tin and nothing more.

The candy lay on the table in the living room, an accusing thing in its satin cover. There were at least ten pounds of tootness spread on its layers, and the card had been slipped inside the ribbon which had wrapped it.

If the candy had been sent anonymously there would have been less cause for suspicion, but the fact of there being a card enclosed that Helen knew nothing of infuriated Warren almost beyond endurance.

The thought came to her of hiding it as she heard the elevator stop. But if she hid the candy she would be making herself guilty, when as it was her duty to be sure that she needed to be ashamed of. She would tell Warren the truth and perhaps they could reason it out together.

"Hello," said Warren gaily as he came into the room and bent to kiss her. "It's been a peach of a day, hasn't it? Cool as you'd want it. How about dinner? I'm as hungry as a bear."

Helen glanced at the clock and smiled. Warren's appetite was always a source of amusement to her. "You'll have to wait another half-hour, dear. You're unusually early to-night, and I'm sure Nora won't have things ready before then."

Warren stared at Helen almost as if he doubted his own sense of hearing. Then he looked casually at the candy on the table. After all, if Helen had told him all she knew about the subject, it would be necessary to doubt the truth of what she had told him.

"All right. Hello, what's this candy? Well, Helen, you certainly have been blowing yourself up."

She had crossed over to the window and was looking down into the street with eyes that saw nothing. For the first time in her life she had found it necessary to defy Warren, and a great light had suddenly burst upon her.

"Well," he said, looking up at her, and then, "here's a card; somebody been making you a present?"

Warren was still regarding her, almost as if she had revealed a side that he had not known she possessed.

"Too late now to say that she had bought it herself, and Helen laughed as naturally as she could."

Well, who would have thought, he said finally, "that an unknown admirer would drop up for you? It's almost enough to make a husband jealous, you will admit."

"Why, yes, dear, and I don't know any more about who sent it than you do."

Helen turned around slowly. "Don't you have some candy?" she said somewhat irrelevantly, coming over to the table and looking down at the inviting rows of chocolates.

"I don't know. I suppose it is," said Helen, almost apologetically. She unconsciously adopted this manner with Warren whenever there was cause for any kind of a misunderstanding.

"We'll keep the card, so as not to forget the name," said Warren as he stooped to help Helen.

"Suppose it is? Don't you know? That's a strange thing to say. Do you mean to tell me that you have never known a man by this name and yet he sends you ten pounds of candy at once and you haven't even the decency to say that you think it funny?"

Warren stiffened suddenly, but he said nothing. He eyed the card that lay so innocently upon the table and Helen took it up and glanced at it carelessly. Inwardly she was just as curious as Warren as to the possible identity of J. Woods Atkinson.

"But, Warren, I didn't mean that at all. You frightened me when you began to talk, and I hardly knew what I said. Of course I think it strange, and, I tell you, I have never even heard of such a person."

Warren glared at her. It was plain to be seen that he did not believe her, and things were slowly but surely going from bad to worse.

"Have you got the wrapping paper? Or did you destroy that? And how did it come, by express?"

Another incident in this interesting series will appear on this page soon.

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The Columbia Electric Co. 13th and Market Streets

THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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[Continued]

The burst of shrapnel shell blinded all three actors in the scene on the crest of the knoll with its ear-splitting crack and the force of its concussion threw Stransky down beside the sergeant. Dellarme, as his vision cleared, had just time to see Stransky jerk his hand up to his temple, where there was a red spot, before another shell burst, a little to the rear. This was harmless, as a shrapnel shower of fragments and bullets carry forward from the point of explosion. But the next burst in front of the line. The doctor's period of idleness was over. One man's rifle shot up as his spine was broken by a jagged piece of shrapnel jacket. Now there were too many shells to watch them individually.

with a confirmatory gesture, which the corporal translated into the wigwag of "Correct!" The shrapnel smoke hanging over Fracasse's men appeared a heavenly blue to Dellarme's men.

"It's all right—all right, men!" Dellarme called again, assuming his cheery smile. "It takes a lot of shrapnel to kill anybody. Our batteries will soon answer!"

"We'll spare any of them who has the luck to get this far!" whispered Stransky to his rifle. The sentence was spoken in the midst of a salvo of shrapnel cracks, which he did not hear. He heard nothing, thought nothing, except to kill.

His voice was unheard, yet its spirit it was felt. The men knew through their training that there was no use of dodging and that their best protection was an accurate fire of their own. Stransky had half risen, a new kind of savagery dawning on his features as he regained his wits. With inverted eyes he regarded the red ends of his fingers, held in line with the bridge of his nose. He felt of the wound again, now that he was less dizzy. It was only a scratch and he had been knocked down like a beef in an abattoir by an unseen enemy, on whom he could not lay hands! Deafeningly, the shrapnel jackets continued to crack with "ukung-ah-ukung-ah" as the swift breath of the shrapnel missiles spread. The guns

of one battery of that Gray regiment of artillery, each firing six 14-pound shells a minute methodically, every shell loaded with nearly two hundred projectiles, were giving their undivided attention to the knoll.

How long could his company endure this? Dellarme might well ask. He knew that he would not be expected to withdraw yet. With a sense of relief he saw Fracasse's men drop for cover at the base of the knoll and then, expectation fulfilled, he realized that rifle-fire now reinforced the enemy's shell fire. His duty was to remain while he could hold his men and a feeling toward them such as he had never felt before, which was love, sprang full-fledged into his heart as he saw how steadily they kept up their fusillade.

Half of the distance from the foot to the crest of the knoll Fracasse's men have gone in face of the hot, sizzling tornado of bullets, when there is a blast of explosions in their faces with all the chaotic and irresistible force of a volcanic eruption. Not only are they in the midst of the first lot of the Browns' shells at the shorter range, but one Gray battery has either made a mistake in cutting its fuses or struck a streak of powder below standard, and its shells burst among those whom it is aiming to assist.

Stransky, eager in response to a new passion, sprang forward into place and picked up his rifle. "If you will not have it my way, take it yours!" said the best shot in the company, as he began firing with resolute coolness.

"They have a lot of men down," said Dellarme, his glasses showing the many prostrate figures on the wheat stubble. "Steady! steady! We have plenty of batteries back in the hills. One will be in action soon."

But would one? He understood that with their smokeless powder the Gray guns could be located only by their flashes, which would not be visible unless the refraction of light were favorable. Then "thur-ee-sh-thur-ee-sh" above every other sound in a long wall! No man ever forgets the first crack of a shrapnel at close quarters, the first bullet breath on his cheek, or the first supporting shell from his side in flight that passes above him.

The ground seems rising under the feet of Fracasse's company; the air is split and racked and wrenched and torn with hideous screams of invisible demons. The men stop; they act on the uncontrollable instinct of self-preservation against an overwhelming force of nature. A few without the power of locomotion drop, faces

"That is ours!" called Dellarme. "Ours!" shouted the sergeant. "Ours!" sang the thought of every one of them.

Over the Gray batteries on the plain an explosive ball of smoke hung in the still air; then another beside it. "Thur-ee-sh — thur-ee-sh — thur-ee-sh," the screaming overhead became a gale that built a cloud of blue smoke over the offending Gray batteries—beautiful, soft blue smoke from which a spray of steel descended. There was no spotting the flashes of the Browns' guns in order to reply to them, for they were under the cover of a hill, using indirect aim as nicely and accurately as if firing pointblank. The gunners of the Gray batteries could not go on with their work under such a hail-storm; they were checkmated. They stopped firing and began moving to a new position, where their commander hoped to remain undiscovered long enough to support the 128th by losing his lightnings against the defenders at the critical moment of the next charge, which would be made as soon as Fracasse's men had been reinforced.

There was an end to the concussions and the thrashing of the air around Dellarme's men, and they had the relief of a breaking abscess in the ear. But they became more conscious of the spits of dust in front of their faces and the passing whistles of bullets. In return, they made the sections of Gray infantry in reserve rushing across the levels, leave many gray lumps behind. But Fracasse's men at the foot of the slope poured in a heavier and still heavier fire.

"Down there's where we need the shells now!" spoke the thought of Dellarme's men, which he had anticipated by a word to the signal corporal, who waved his flag one—two—three—four—five times. Come on, now, with more of your special brand of death, fire-control officer! Your own head is above the sky-line, though your guns are hidden. Five hundred yards beyond the knoll is the range! Come on!

He came with a burst of screams so low in flight that they seemed to brush the back of the men's necks with a hair broom at the rate of a thousand feet a second. Having watched the result, Dellarme turned

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pressed to the ground. The rest fled toward a shoulder of the slope through the instinct that leads a hunted man in a street into an alley. In a confusion of arms and legs, pressing one on the other, no longer soldiers, only a mob, they throw themselves behind the first protection that offers itself. Fracasse also runs. He rums from the flame of a furnace door suddenly thrown open.

The Gray batteries have ceased firing; certain gunners' ears burn under the words of inquiry as to the cause of the mistake from an artillery commander. Dellarme's men are hugging the earth too close to cheer. A desire to spring up and yell may be in their hearts, but they know the danger of showing a single unnecessary inch of their craniums above the sky-line. The sounds that escape their throats are those of a winning team at a tug of war as diaphragms relax.

"[To Be Continued]"

FUNERAL OF NATHAN NELSON Special to The Telegraph Dillsburg, Pa., Sept. 16.—Funeral services of Nathan Nelson, a well-known resident of Monaghan township, who died on Saturday was held this morning. Services were conducted by the Rev. H. T. Bowersox at Fley's Church.

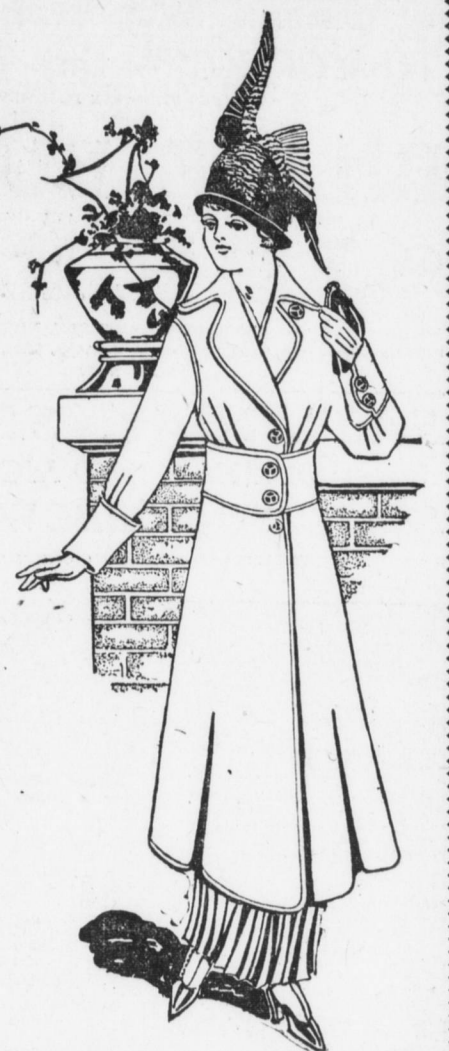
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Von Hindenberg Tells Emperor of Defeat of Russian Forces

Berlin, Sept. 16, (via Wireless to New York, via Sayville, L. I.)—It was officially announced in Berlin to-day that General Von Hindenberg had telegraphed Emperor William that the Russian army of Vilna composed of the Second, Third, Fourth, and 20th Army Corps, two reserve divisions and five divisions of cavalry have been completely defeated by the Germans. The Russian casualties were heavy.

OAKS-SNYDER WEDDING

Greencastle, Pa., Sept. 16.—Miss Bertha M. Snyder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Snyder, of Antrim township, and William H. Oaks, of State line, were united in marriage at the first United Brethren parsonage Monday evening by the pastor, the Rev. W. J. Houck. The ceremony was witnessed by the families of the bride and bridegroom. Mr. and Mrs. Oaks left for a trip to Niagara and through Ohio. In the Spring they will go to farming on the large Sniely farm.

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Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24, 1914. TRAINS leave Harrisburg: For Winchester and Martinsburg at 6:03, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m. For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 6:03, 7:50, 11:55 a. m., 3:40, 5:25, 7:40, 11:50 p. m. Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 9:40 p. m. For Dillsburg at 8:03, 7:50 and 11:55 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 6:32 and 6:30 p. m. Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. H. A. RIDDLER, G. P. A.

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