WOMEN'S INTERESTS

WHAT HAPPENED TO JANE

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LX
(Copyright, 1916, Star Co.)

Edward Sanderson had read of the gruesome tragedy in the city papers.

At first he found it hard to believe the evidence of his own senses. As a rule he shunned the stories such as this. He had no morbid taste for the horrible. But just as he was about to turn his eyes away from the details of the murder of "a wealthy farmer up the State," the name of the place in which the crime had been committed seemed to start up out of the print and strike him.

"Milton!" he exclaimed. The name brought with it a flood of memories, and for a moment he looked out of the window of his office at the strip of blue sky that showed above the top of the brick building next door. Ah, would he ever forget? Would those bitter-sweet memories ever cease to stab and wound?

He glanced again at the paper. It would be odd if the name of the person who had been killed were one which he recalled. He thought he had forgotten everybody in Milton except the one person who had filled all his horizon. Nobody else mattered. And she was worse than dead to him.

And then he read the name of the man she had married. He was glad he was alone now, for the walls of the little office in which he was seated swam and swayed strangely. He grasped the edge of his desk with both hands and read on, his eyes wide and dark, his face pale and his breath coming fast.

Dead! Murdered! And Jane—what about Jane? He must know! He MUST know!

Preoccupation

This thought possessed him day and night. He ate little and slept less for the next few days. He knew a newspaperman who had been put on this case. Sanderson sought him out and tried to make him talk.

It was through him that he learned of the horrible suspicion that was growing in Milton. He learned, too, that perhaps the suspected wife would never be brought to trial, that she was so ill that she might die.

Of course he, Edward Sanderson, knew that it was all a hideous mistake, just as that wicked marriage had been. He had never been able to believe that Jane had sold herself—until his letters to her had come back unopened. He had sometimes wondered since her marriage if she had really known of those epistles. For he had written several times after getting back his first unopened letter, but all his communications had been returned. He had even sent Jane a note a few days before he met her and Reeves walking on Fifth avenue. When he saw her with Reeves theer he knew that she was married, and had never written to her after that.

Now, however, he must know the truth. And one day he boarded a train for Milton.

He wondered afterward how he had endured the hours spent in that journey out there and back, and the ordeal of seeing and talking to her father in the room in which he had sat and talked with her in days that were dead.

The lure of the Spring was over the land on this afternoon in early May. The buds on the fruit trees were beginning to swell. The grass was a light green; the smell of growing things was in the air. A bluebird flew over the little lawn in front of the Hardy house as Sanderson went up the path.

His talk with Ezra—now changed to a bent old man—was brief. Ned had said little by way of introduction, but had demanded bluntly what the father knew of those letters which had been returned unopened.

Ezra, never strong in character, was now too broken and subdued to resent the young man's manner and speech and made a clean breast of the whole affair, withholding nothing, softening nothing. What difference could it make? Augustus was dead — Jane might be going to die.

The Possibility

His voice broke as he spoke of this last possibility, and Sanderson laid a gentle hand on the bowed shoulders.

"Please God she'll get well!" he murmured, his throat contracting painfully.

But even as he said it he remembered what life might mean to her, what horror of anguish she might have to face. If he could only help her, could only let her know that he would believe in her in spite of the whole world.

"If there is any change, will you send me word?" he begged when he was leaving the house.

Ezra looked at him curiously, and something he saw in the frank eyes smote him as he remembered how he had deceived this man. He must have loved Jane very much, he thought weakly.

"Yes, yes, I'll let you know. I'll let you know," the father promised.

As Edward Sanderson went softly down the steps he heard a low moan from the rooms over the porch where the window was stretched wide open. He recollected that this used to be Jane's room.

A mist came to his eyes and he clenched his hands until the nails bit into the flesh. That this thing should have come to HER—the sweetest, the dearest—oh, he could not bear it!

When he had reached his own rooms and sat down to think he tried to derive some comfort in reflecting that, after all, Jane had never returned his letters to him.

She had been sacrificed to a conscienceless suitor and to a weak father.

"Between them they've crushed her, killed her — my darling! my darling!" he groaned.

And although he was a great strong man, he was not ashamed when he broke down and sobbed like a woman.

(To Be Continued.)

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Take Salts at first sign of Bladder weakness or Kidney-Backache.

Kidney and Bladder weakness result from uric acid, says a noted authority. The kidneys filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it often remains to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread, the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again there is difficulty in avoiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it, because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is really one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, continue this for two or three days. This will neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs which then act normally again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by uric acid irritation. Jad Salts is splendid for kidneys and causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink which quickly relieves bladder trouble.—Advertisement.

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect June 27, 1915.

TRAINS leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:03, *7:52 a. m., *3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at *5:03, *7:52, *11:53 a. m., *3:40, 5:37, *7:45, *11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:16, 3:26, 6:30, 9:35 p. m.

For Dillsburg at 5:03, *7:52 and *11:53 a. m., 2:16, *3:40, 5:37 and 6:30 p. m.

*Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

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For the 10 year size will be needed, 4½ yds. of material 27 in. wide, 3½ yds. 36, 3 yds. 44 in. wide, with ⅜ yd. 27 in. wide for the collar and cuffs.

The pattern 8786 is cut in sizes from 6 to 12 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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A NOVEL

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-by.

CHAPTER II—Captain Wayne tells Alan of the failing of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday.

CHAPTER III—Judge Healey buys a picture for Alix Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employers.

CHAPTER IV—Alan and Alix meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation, which becomes serious.

CHAPTER V—At home, Nance Sterling asks Alan to go away from Alix. Alix is taken to task by Gerry, her husband, for her conduct with Alan and defies him.

CHAPTER VI—Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco.

CHAPTER VII—Alix leaves Alan on the train and goes home to find that Gerry has disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII—Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl.

CHAPTER IX—The judge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix.

CHAPTER X—The native girl takes Gerry to her home and shows him the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her.

CHAPTER XI—At Maple house Collingeford tells how he met Alan—"Ten Per Cent Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XII—Collingeford meets Alix and her baby and he gives her encouragement about Gerry.

CHAPTER XIII—Alan comes back to town but does not go home. He makes several calls in the city.

If Alan did not go to the Hill, the Hill, in certain measure, came to Alan. The next afternoon found the captain once more established in his chair in a window at the club with Alan beside him. The captain had not changed. His hair was in the same state of white insurgency, his eyes bulged in the same old way, and he still puffed when he talked. His garb was identical and awakened the usual interest in the passing gamin.

"You'll never grow old, sir," said Alan.

"Old!" said the captain. "Huh, I grew old before you were born." The captain spoke with pride. He straightened his bullet head and poised a tot of whisky with a steady hand. "What did I tell you?" he said into space.

"How's that, sir?"

"What did I tell you," repeated the captain swinging around his eyes, "about women?"

Alan flushed angrily. He had no retort for the old man. He sat sullenly silent.

The captain colored too. "That's right," he said with a surprising touch of choler. "Sulk. Every badly broken colt sulks at the grip of the bit. What you need, young man, is a touch of the whip and you're going to get it."

And then the old man revealed a surprising knowledge of words that could lash. At first Alan was indifferent, then amazed, and finally recognized himself beaten at his own game. He came out of that interview thoroughly chastened and with an altogether new respect for the old captain. No one knew better than Alan that it took a special brand of courage to whip him with words but the captain had not stopped to stuff his own ears with cotton wool before engaging the enemy. He had risked all in one liquid, stinging, overwhelming volley and he had won.

The captain's code was peculiar, to say the least, and held the passionate pilgrim in ample regard but, as he pointed out to Alan, it was a code of honor. It played a game within rules. He further remarked that the hawk was a bird of evil repute but personally he preferred him to the eagle that fouls its own nest. There were other pregnant phrases that hung in Alan's mind for some time and half awakened him to a realization of where he stood. Many a man, propped up by the sustaining atmosphere of a narrow world, has passed merciless judgment on such sins as Alan's—metal, unproved, sitting in judgment over the bar that twists in the flame. But the captain was not one of the world's confident army of the untested. He had roamed the high seas of pleasure as well as the ocean wave. Alan would have struck back at a saint but he took chastisement from the old sinner with good grace.

Alan left the captain and presented himself at the downtown offices of J. Y. Wayne & Co. They were expecting him and he was shown in to his uncle immediately, to the exasperation of several pompous, waiting clients. It was the first time that uncle and nephew had been face to face since their memorable interview at Maple House.

J. Y. Wayne was aging. He had lived hard and showed it, but there was no weakness in his age and he met Alan without compromise. He nodded toward a chair but did not offer his hand. When he spoke his voice was low and modulated to the tone of business. "I wanted to see you to tell you that you have overpaid your account with me. The balance has been put to your credit. You can see the cashier about that. I want to tell you, too, that I have made too much money myself to admire a surprising capacity in that direction in anyone else.

"Don't think that I don't appreciate the significance of your wiping out a debt which you incurred unwittingly. I can see that you had to do it because a Wayne must carry his head high in his own eyes. But—" and here J. Y.'s eyes left his nephew's expressionless face and looked vaguely into the shadows of the room. His voice took a lower key. "With all your sacrifice to pride you have failed in pride. You have not been proud in the things that count."

J. Y.'s voice fell still lower. His words hung and dropped in the silence of the room like the far-away throb of a great bell on a still night. "Yesterday Clem was crying because you had not come to the house. I try to think, Alan, that it's because Clem is there that you have not come. If I could think that—" J. Y.'s eyes came slowly back to Alan's face. A dull red was burning there. J. Y. went on. "Shame is a precious thing to a man. Different creeds—different circumstances—carry us to various lengths. Ethics are elastic today as never before but, as long as shame holds a bit of ground in a man's battlefield, he can win back to any height."

For a long minute there was silence, then on a common impulse they both arose. Alan's eyes were wide open and moist. He held out his hand and J. Y. gripped it. It was their whole farewell.

Back in his rooms Alan sat down and wrote to Clem:

Dear Clem: We are all two people. Uncle J. Y. cut his other half off about thirty years ago and left it behind. The judge has his other half locked up in a closet. He has never let it out at all. And so on, with every one of us. This sounds very funny to you now but some day when you are grown up you will catch your self looking at you and then you will understand what I mean. I am two people too. The half of me that knows you and loves you and Red Hill and that you love has been away longer than the rest of me. He only got back twenty minutes ago, and it is too late for him to come and see you because he and the rest of me are off tomorrow on another trip. But he wants you to know that he is awfully sorry to have missed you. Next time I shall bring him with me, I hope, and I'll send him to you the day we arrive.

CHAPTER XIV

There is no stronger proof of man's evolution than his adaptability—his power of attainment through the material at hand, however elementary. From the very beginning, the necessities of his new life called to Gerry's dormant instincts. For the first week he would not hear. The past loosens its tendrils slowly. He was listless and loafed restlessly about the house. The two darkies worked for his well-being, the two white women waited on him hand and foot. At first it was lulling; then it was wearying. He began to wander from the house.

But the week had not been altogether lost. He had gathered desultory but primitive information. Occasional re-occurring words began to be more than mere sounds. The girl's name was Margarita. The wrinkled little woman was her aunt, Dona Maria. The two darkies were lingering relics of slave days. They had been born here. They had gone with emancipation, but they had come back. The name of the plantation was Fazenda Flores. To them it was the world. They had wandered out of it hand in hand with liberty but they had come back because freedom was here. They needed someone to serve. Margarita had long been an orphan. The place was hers and had once been rich. But before her day water had become scarce. The place was uncared for and had fallen into its present ruin. It was well, she said, for if she had been rich suitors would have searched her out long since. She was eighteen. She had been a woman for years!

These things, some of them distinct, some only half-formed impressions, ran in Gerry's head as he wandered over the fazenda. It had once been rich, why was it not rich now? Fertility sprang to his view on every side save one. This was the gentle slope away from the river and behind the house. Even here he discovered hummocks in alignment, vague traces of the careful tilling of another time. He climbed the slope till he came to a depression running parallel to the river. It made a line and beyond that line was desert untamed. Cactus and thorn dotted its barren soil. Gerry followed the depression down to its end, then turned back and followed it up. It wandered among rocks and hillocks to a natural cleft in the banks of the great river.

(To be continued.)

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Letter List

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN the Post Office, at Harrisburg, Pa., for the week ending February 26, 1916:

Ladies' List — Miss Laura Bechtel, Mrs. Ella Fisher, Miss Serah Float, Mrs. Miss Ruth Cameron, Mrs. Katie Chase, Mrs. Ella Fisher, Miss Sarah Float, Mrs. M. E. Forster (D. L.), Ellen S. Graham, Mrs. Charl Harding, Mrs. Enna Hickman, Miss Fannie Hinton, Mrs. C. J. Holstein, Miss Lilyein Humphord, Miss Chrisme Huff, Miss Alice Jackson, Mrs. William F. Jones (D. L.), Miss R. Anna Lilly, Miss Miller, Miss Louise Morgan, Miss Mary Powells, Mrs. Emma Rediker, Mrs. Helen Rider, Mrs. W. B. Roberts, Miss Marie Smythe, Mrs. Frank Swartz, Miss Della Ulsh, Mrs. Ruth Walton, Mary Weirich, Clara Youney (D. L.).

Gentlemen's List — U. O. Beck, Ed F. Blank, Ivan Bukovisk, C. T. Cabera, C. R. Champion, Dr. I. Franklin Cohen, D. H. Coleman, Harry Dockerty, George Dohnen, Isaac Erb, Henry Evans, Thomas Fitzimmons, G. Focht, James Frick, W. P. Gallagher, H. Good, Sir W. A. Gordon, H. B. Granahan, William H. Harris, W. R. Mauch, Samuel McCormick, Geo. R. Meyer, Floyd Miller, Elmer Nace, W. D. Packer, Paul Plank, J. N. Reighter, Clinton Ross Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Runkel, I. Ruby, J. S. Sheldon, Robert Shenk, Henry C. Snowden, Jr., Elmer Snyder, Fred Stover, Bassic Sweeney (D. L.), Herman Thompson, W. M. Tomas, Jos. M. Uhler, Frank M. Walker, F. M. Watts, Richard Wilkes, Edw. Wintermyer.

Firms — Capital Shirt Co., Mercantile Collection Agency, Weigel Hardware Company.

Foreign — Georgi Camen, Paul Nornhold, Neigrei Georgie Curtu.

Persons should invariably have their mail matter addressed to their street and number, thereby insuring prompt delivery by the carriers.

FRANK C. SITES,
Postmaster.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PUPILS OF SCHOOLS TO WIN PRIZES

Dr. John J. Mullowney, of Paxtang, Pa., president of the Harrisburg Arbitration and Peace Society, announces he will give information concerning prizes offered by the Carnegie Employment for International Peace for the best problems designed to show the fact of the wastefulness of war. The object of the contest is to get the co-operation of pupils and teachers in the vital questions which the present world war has presented and it is hoped that it will help to teach the rising generation that there is a better way than war for settling international disputes.

SCHOOLMASTERS TO MEET

The tenth annual conference of the Central Pennsylvania Schoolmasters' Association wil be held Saturday morning and evening in the Technical High school. During the afternoon session the committee on essentials will present a final report supplementary to the partial report of the last session. The committee is composed of Superintendents J. C. Wagner, Carlisle; F. E. Downes, Harrisburg, and L. E. McGinnes, Steelton. The officers of the association are F. D. Keboch, president; J. J. Brehm, vice-president; J. F. Adams, secretary.

LEAVES BIG CARLISLE STORE

Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 29. — John C. Hawthorne, for fifteen years connected with the leading mercantile business here yesterday resigned his position with the Imperial Department store and left for Philadelphia, where he will engage in a similar business. He was connected with the J. W. Plank Company and the Imperial Department Store for twelve years. F. G. Royce, former assistant takes his place, and H. G. Mumma, Mechanicsburg, is assistant.

EVEN IF YOU HAD A NECK As Long As This Fellow, And Had SORE THROAT ALL THE WAY DOWN

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