

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"
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Frances whirled into the room that somehow seemed too small for her radiant loveliness. There was a wildness about her that seemed almost primitive, and Helen looked up from her writing desk entranced at what she saw. It was like reading a strange and wonderful secret document.

"I have something to tell you," Frances said softly, stooping to kiss Helen.

Helen's heart sank. It could be about only one thing to make Frances look like that, and what if it were something too horrible to think of? But no, it couldn't be that.

"Frances, is it something about Carp? You know, dear, I was with you last Spring when he was hurt, and I know how you feel about him, you have told me so often."

"Of course, and that's why I came right to you about this. O, Helen, dear, it's all right, I'm going away with him."

"Away with him," Helen repeated, almost stupidly. And so it had come at last, this thing that she had been dreading. "Where are you going?"

"Somewhere, what does it matter where we are going together, that is what counts. Aren't you happy for me?"

Helen wanted to scream "Oh, no, no, no!" But she didn't; she kept still and waited for Frances to say something more.

"Helen, I just can't think coherently, my thoughts are all in a jumble. I haven't been able to write a thing."

Helen Urges Caution.

"Aren't you afraid it will hurt your work, your freshness?" Helen ventured.

Hurt my work, of course not; it's going to bring me new insight; it will give me what I have always lacked—breadth," Frances spoke as if she saw visions, and Helen could not help but feel that there was a grandeur, a nobility about love of this kind that her own had always lacked. Suddenly the quick tears came to her eyes.

"Frances, I do want you to be happy—you know that, don't you, dear? But I can't say that I think it is right for you to do this thing. I wish you would think, dear, I know it is going to break you sometime." And then she stopped. Something in Frances' eyes silenced the words before they were spoken.

"Helen, what is it; I don't understand what you are saying. I knew that you never quite approved of Carp, but I thought you knew that there was no one else for me, and now that I can have him you don't want me to be happy?"

"But I do, Frances, but it isn't noble—it isn't big; he isn't your—he is bound to some one else, and no matter how slight that claim is, the other woman has the law on her side."

Frances stared at Helen a moment, and then she suddenly began to laugh and cry hysterically.

"But I know why you think that? You believed that I was going away with Carp without being married?"

Helen could not speak, but she nodded, and then Frances pulled Helen over to the couch and the two women had a good cry.

"I'm not going to Carp that way, dear," Frances said, softly, when the storm was over. "I am going to be his wife." She spoke the words tenderly, reverently, and Helen squeezed her hand spasmodically.

"But I know it sounds almost incredible, but you don't know Helen, what he has suffered and how worthy he is of the best in life. But he is free now, and we are going to be married."

"But Frances," Helen said softly, "if you had that other thing in mind, what happened to change you? Something must have happened."

"Something did happen, it was Anne. That girl just somehow made me want to be worthy of her friendship, Helen. Isn't she a dear?"

And Helen, remembering how she had fought against the intimacy between Anne and Frances, felt a strange twinge of conscience. If Anne had not gone to live with Frances everything might have been different, and as it was things were coming out beautifully for everyone. And yet there were some people who did not believe in a divine providence.

(Watch for the next instalment of this interesting series.)

CAPE COLLARS ARE VERY SMART

Quaint Touch Given Many a Costume by These Stylish Little Capes

By MAY MANTON



9127 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Bodice with Full Sleeves, 34 to 42 bust.
9211 With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Skirt with Pockets, 24 to 34 waist.

Unquestionably every variation of the cape makes a notable feature of the season, but perhaps there is none more interesting than the cape collar that is worn over such a bodice as this one. Here, the gown is made of French serge and the trimming is velvet with bands of fur and it makes a very smart and handsome effect, but there are various ways in which the gown could be treated.

For the medium size the blouse will require, 4 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 36, 2 3/8 yards 44, with 3/4 of a yard 20 inches wide for the collar and 4 yards of fur banding; the skirt, 5 1/2 yards 27, 4 1/2 yards 36, 3 1/2 yards 44, with 2 yards of velvet. The width at the lower edge is 3 yards and 6 inches.

The May Manton pattern of the bodice No. 9127 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust and of the skirt No. 9211 in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist.

First he had wondered whether his sudden deference was a tribute to the man or the dress suit. Now he saw it was the man. He had expected to find Bow-Wow sheepishly surveying himself in these, to him, ludicrous garments. Instead, he found John Doe wearing them with grateful enjoyment, and as no man could wear them without years of habit.

"Anything else, sir?"

"Nothing just now, thank you." A calm, even tone, one used to simple command.

Burke went in and aired the blue room.

Left to himself, John Doe relaxed a trifle of the straightness of his shoulders and the erectness of his carriage. It had been an effort to fill his formal garments so smoothly before Burke, but the exertion had been good for him. It had helped to bring him nearer to that person whom he had been before he had become Bow-Wow of the Bowery. He walked over to the mirror, and gazed with earnest inquiry into that worn and abused countenance, as if striving to trace in it something which he vaguely remembered from long ago, a time of use, and, restless and distressed, he wandered about the rooms. The chemical counteractant which Burke had put against his meaning, yet John Doe seemed here to him, from that old life, the things which had been of automatic habit. It had not cleared his numbed mind of its paralysis.

In the library he found something at last which chained his attention; a drawing-table near the window. On the board was tacked a half finished picture, composed of many strange angling lines. They seemed to have no particular form or completion, and to the eye of one unskilled in iron-work they would have little meaning; yet John Doe seemed here by them. He returned to the board again and again, and each time his brows knotted. Two or three minutes of this was all he could stand at one sitting; the effort was as weakening as it would have been for him to carry coal. Those lines in their logical relation to each other, meant something; and a deep within John Doe there stirred an impulse, an awakening, a desire which he could not fathom.

He laid hold of the T square, and moved it up and down; he held its head firmly against the edge of the board, so that the blade, as it moved, was kept perfectly at right angles to the drawing. Only an experienced draughtsman acquires that knack. He picked up a pencil with a long, hard, sharp point, and drew a faint line along the bottom of the paper. He had seemed, to himself, to be doing this sort of thing, but he had been even with the edge of the T square blade along its full length. An inexperienced draughtsman tilts his pencil backward as he draws such a line, so that it varies from a true right angle in a long imperceptible parabola.

John Doe sat down and buried his head in his hands. Burke glanced in at him and then passed the door, but the guest sat perfectly motionless. This man was searching earnestly for his mind, for his memory, for a long-forgotten world, in which there were ambitions, and joys, and achievements worth while! No struggle for the regaining of a lost soul was ever more pathetic than this terrible battle for a lost mentality. The records graven by memory on the intricate convolutions of the brain are never entirely effaced except by death; and he they good deeds or he they bad, those deeds stalk from their hidden recesses of the scroll to confront us

THE ENEMY

—BY—
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER & LILLIAN CHESTER
Authors of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc.

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Continued.

No, Burke had not wrought this miracle. He had only supplied the setting, that discarded dress suit. At first he had wondered whether his sudden deference was a tribute to the man or the dress suit. Now he saw it was the man. He had expected to find Bow-Wow sheepishly surveying himself in these, to him, ludicrous garments. Instead, he found John Doe wearing them with grateful enjoyment, and as no man could wear them without years of habit.

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SOLDIERS GOT RELIEF FROM SORENESS

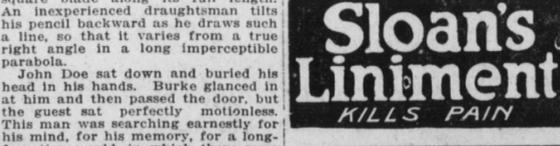
Boys on the Border Relieved Their Pains and Aches with Sloan's Liniment.

Once upon a time Norman Jones, serving in the National Guard at El Paso, returned to camp after a strenuous 15-mile hike foot-sore and leg-weary. He had not been long in active service and his shoulders, back and limbs felt the after-effects of marching.

Remembering Sloan's Liniment, Jones applied it to the sore spots and went to bed. He writes: "I arose the next morning feeling fine; in fact, I had entirely forgotten about the hike and went out for a four-hour drill in the sun as spry as ever."

Private Jones passed the experience along, and many a boy on the border relieved the agony of sprains, strains, bruises, insect bites, cramped muscles, rheumatic twinges, etc., by the use of Sloan's Liniment.

Easily applied without rubbing. At all drugists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.



The Enemy

A 7-part film based on the serial story by George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester now being published in the Harrisburg Telegraph, shown for the last time to-day at the

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perspective of lights. Out there was the world, an unquiet world. He preferred infinitely to be here. He had Mike Dowd's Sink in his memory, but that seemed a long way off, and incredible. He wandered once to the door of the library and looked in, but he shook his head and came away. That room was full of wearisome problems, problems which he meant to solve; but just now he would wait. He must have more strength.

Burke had quietly left the room. He was intensely worried by this time. Billy had been gone over twenty-four hours! He brought in a glass of whisky.

"I'll just set this on the table, sir," he remarked. "You may want it by and by," and he placed beside it a siphon of seltzer and a glass.

[To be continued.]

Legal Notices

TREASURY DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF HARRISBURG, PA.

NOTICE TO BONDHOLDERS

Notice is hereby given to the holders of the following Improvement Bonds issued by the City of Harrisburg, Pa., that the same will be redeemed at the Office of the City Treasurer on January 2, 1917, at which time interest on a said Bonds will cease.

Street Paving Bonds		Street Paving Bonds	
No.	Am't.	No.	Am't.
C 183	100	C 1258	100
C 184	100	C 1259	100
C 185	100	C 1260	100
C 186	100	C 1261	100
C 187	100	C 1262	100
C 188	100	C 1263	100
C 189	100	C 1264	100
C 190	100	C 1265	100
C 191	100	C 1266	100
C 192	100	C 1267	100
C 193	100	C 1268	100
C 194	100	C 1269	100
C 195	100	C 1270	100
C 196	100	C 1271	100
C 197	100	C 1272	100
C 198	100	C 1273	100
C 199	100	C 1274	100
C 200	100	C 1275	100
C 201	100	C 1276	100
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C 218	100	C 1293	100
C 219	100	C 1294	100
C 220	100	C 1295	100
C 221	100	C 1296	100
C 222	100	C 1297	100
C 223	100	C 1298	100
C 224	100	C 1299	100
C 225	100	C 1300	100
C 226	100	C 1301	100
C 227	100	C 1302	100
C 228	100	C 1303	100
C 229	100	C 1304	100
C 230	100	C 1305	100
C 231	100	C 1306	100
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C 249	100	C 1324	100
C 250	100	C 1325	100
C 251	100	C 1326	100
C 252	100	C 1327	100
C 253	100	C 1328	100
C 254	100	C 1329	100
C 255	100	C 1330	100
C 256	100	C 1331	100
C 257	100	C 1332	100
C 258	100	C 1333	100
C 259	100	C 1334	100
C 260	100	C 1335	100
C 261	100	C 1336	100
C 262	100	C 1337	100
C 263	100	C 1338	100
C 264	100	C 1339	100
C 265	100	C 1340	100
C 266	100	C 1341	100
C 267	100	C 1342	100
C 268	100	C 1343	100
C 269	100	C 1344	100
C 270	100	C 1345	100
C 271	100	C 1346	100
C 272	100	C 1347	100
C 273	100	C 1348	100
C 274	100	C 1349	100
C 275	100	C 1350	100
C 276	100	C 1351	100
C 277	100	C 1352	100
C 278	100	C 1353	100
C 279	100	C 1354	100
C 280	100	C 1355	100
C 281	100	C 1356	100
C 282	100	C 1357	100
C 283	100	C 1358	100
C 284	100	C 1359	100
C 285	100	C 1360	100
C 286	100	C 1361	100
C 287	100	C 1362	100
C 288	100	C 1363	100
C 289	100	C 1364	100
C 290	100	C 1365	100
C 291	100	C 1366	100
C 292	100	C 1367	100
C 293	100	C 1368	100
C 294	100	C 1369	100
C 295	100	C 1370	100
C 296	100	C 1371	100
C 297	100	C 1372	100
C 298	100	C 1373	100
C 299	100	C 1374	100
C 300	100	C 1375	100
C 301	100	C 1376	100
C 302	100	C 1377	100
C 303	100	C 1378	100
C 304	100	C 1379	100
C 305	100	C 1380	100
C 306	100	C 1381	100
C 307	100	C 1382	100
C 308	100	C 1383	100
C 309	100	C 1384	100
C 310	100	C 1385	100
C 311	100	C 1386	100
C 312	100	C 1387	100
C 313	100	C 1388	100
C 314	100	C 1389	100
C 315	100	C 1390	100
C 316	100	C 1391	100
C 317	100	C 1392	100
C 318	100	C 1393	100
C 319	100	C 1394	100
C 320	100	C 1395	100
C 321	100	C 1396	100
C 322	100	C 1397	100
C 323	100	C 1398	100
C 324	100	C 1399	100
C 325	100	C 1400	100

Harrisburg, Pa., December 19, 1916.

H. F. OVES
City Treasurer.



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You'll never really know what a fine cough syrup you can make until you prepare this famous home-made remedy. You not only save \$2 as compared with the ready-made kind, but you will also have a more effective and longer lasting remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual coughs, throat or chest colds in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly.

Get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any good drug store, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Here you have a full pint—family supply—of the most effective cough syrup that money can buy—at a cost of only 64 cents or less. It never spoils.

The prompt and positive results given by this pleasant tasting cough syrup have caused it to be used in more homes than any other remedy. It quickly loosens a dry, hoarse or tickle cough, heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. Splendid for throat, hoarseness, bronchitis, croup and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiacum and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

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HARRISBURG	2.50	6:40
Hummelstown	2.50	6:40
Swatara	2.50	6:45
Hershey	2.50	6:45
Palmira	2.50	6:54
Annville	2.50	7:52
Union	2.50	7:52
LEBANON	2.50	7:12
Avon	2.50	7:17
Prescott	2.50	7:20
Myerstown	2.40	7:2