



# Reading for Women and all the Family



## "The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XVII  
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After the incident just related life returned to its ordinary plane.

Mrs. Gore's manner to me combined the calm courtesy and mild interest which she had shown when I entered her brother-in-law's service. I was sure I was right in thinking that she feared she had lost instead of gaining by her exhibition of small temper and petty jealousy.

After the plain talk with Mr. Norton she had time for reflection and decision upon what course to pursue. She might antagonize Grace's father by opposing his ideas with regard to me, but it would at least maintain that prestige that had always been hers in this home.

We were now in mid-Lent. Mr. Brewster Norton was not a strict church man, so did not feel it incumbent upon him to recognize the church's demands. Mrs. Gore, however, disapproved of social functions during the penitential season, considering them "bad form at such a time."

This may have been the reason that, after the Sunday night on which two of Mr. Norton's business acquaintances and their wives were with us, no formal dinners or suppers were given for some weeks. At intervals one or two men would dine quietly with my employer, but it was not suggested that I put in an appearance upon these occasions.

I was glad this was the case. I had no desire to seem obtrusive in the house of the nominal mistress of the house, still less did I wish to vex my employer by declining to preside at his table. His request that I do this, I now fully understood, had been but a passing fancy and had died a natural death. It was well that I had attached no importance to it.

Relieved as I was that the matter had, apparently, been settled for me, yet, girl-like, I was conscious of a slight sensation of pique that what had impressed me as being of moment was, after all, nothing to the man who had spoken of it.

The Son Comes Home  
At Easter Brewster Norton's son came home for the holidays.

It was present when Mrs. Gore told Maggie that "Mr. Tom" would arrive the following day.

"It will be your duty to prepare the room and to keep it in order," she said to the maid. "Julia has already she can attend to, and now that Miss Dart looks after Miss Grace you have enough time to do more chamberwork than is usually required of you."

"Yes'm," the girl acknowledged meekly.

"I will give you the clean bed linen and towels, and I want you to let me know when you have everything ready so that I may go up and see it."

As the girl left to do her bidding, the maid sighed.

"Tom's room is on the fourth floor—above yours. Those stairs are very hard on my weak heart. Yet one cannot trust servants to get places ready unless one sees for one's self that they have done it well."

"Can't I go up and see about it for you?" I volunteered.

"Why, yes," she agreed, "I suppose

you can. I had not thought of that. You are sure you don't mind?"

"Indeed, no! I am glad to help in any way I can," I insisted.

Thus it came about that, when Maggie reported her work done, I climbed the stairs to the large room in which the young master of the house was to be lodged.

It was in one respect a typical boy's room—that is, the furniture had evidently been put here because it was too old-fashioned to appear below stairs, yet too good to be given away.

The rooms of many boys have this peculiarity. The black walnut was in good condition but ugly in design. The floor was comfortably carpeted, and the chairs were well upholstered.

But there was nothing pretty or attractive about this place. I remembered that the lad had been away from home for a number of winters. Doubtless his room at school contained some articles such as boys love, conspicuous here by their absence.

A light footfall sounded on the threshold. Grace stood there looking about her.

"Come in, dear," I urged. "Do you like this room?"

"No," she said as she did my bidding. "But I like Tom's room out at Hillcrest—the country, you know, where we go summers. That's got lots of funny things in it. This room hasn't."

Above the bed hung an oil painting—the only picture in the room. It was the head and shoulders of a woman. The execution was good and the face striking, but not at all beautiful. I stepped closer to look at it. My small companion followed in my example, slipping her hand into mine.

The eyes of the pictured woman were large and dark; the mouth was strong and proud, but not pretty; the nose was well shaped and aquiline. The hair, dark and abundant, curled in low clusters upon the forehead. Altogether the face was one not easily forgotten. As I gazed at it I noticed a peculiar quality about the eyes. They were deep set, and held mine with an intensity that was almost startling.

"Who is that?" I asked of Grace.

"I don't know," she said, shaking her head positively. "I don't think she's a pretty lady—do you, Miss Dart?"

"No," I said slowly, "perhaps she is not. I wonder if the picture belongs to Tom—your brother."

"I don't know," she repeated indifferently. "Come along down stairs with me."

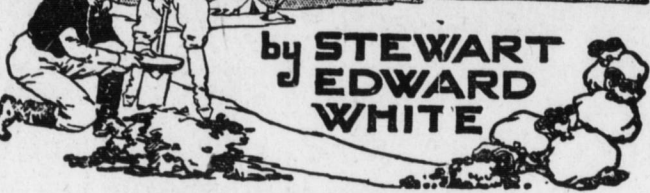
"I wanted to look about the room once more to see that all was in proper condition for the expected occupant. I wished that there was something bright and attractive about the place to welcome the boy."

As I reached the door I glanced back at the portrait over the bed. The eyes seemed still to follow me. Who could they be? "Be?"

I had thought that it might be Brewster Norton's dead wife. But of course it could not be, I now told myself. For surely, the little girl would recognize a picture of her own mother.

(To Be Continued.)

## GOLD



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(Continued.)

"Why not?" I asked curiously.

"Married, sure," replied the barkeeper briefly.

"And the glass pillars will always be here, eh, Billy?" suggested the captain. "Nevertheless I believe we'll just wander down and look her over."

"Sure," said Billy indifferently. "That's where all the rest are."

The Verandah, situated on the Plaza, was crowded to the doors. Behind the bar slaved a half dozen busy drink mixers. The girl, and a very pretty girl she was, passed the drinks over the counter and took in the dust.

We did not try to get near the bar, but after a few moments regained the street. The captain said farewell, and we hunted up by his direction the New York Tonsorial Emporium. There we had \$5 worth of various things done to us, after which we bought new clothes. The old ones we threw out into the street along with a vast collection of others contributed by our predecessors.

"Now," said Johnny, "I feel like a new man. And before we go any farther I have a little duty to perform."

"Which is?"

"Another drink at the sign of the Glass Pillars, or whatever they call the place."

"We don't want anything more to drink just now," I protested.

"Oblige me in this one treat," said Johnny in his best manner.

We entered the Arcade, as the bar was called. At once the loafers moved forward. Johnny turned to them with an engaging air of friendliness.

"Come on, boys, let's all take a drink!" he cried.

The glasses were poured. Johnny

in the evening, as Talbot had not yet returned, we wandered from one place of amusement to another. The gambling places were more numerous, more elaborate, more important than ever. Beside the usual rough looking miners and laborers, who were in the great majority, there were small groups of substantial, grave, important looking men conferring. I noticed again the contrast with the mining camp gambling halls in the matter of noise. Here was heard but the clink of coin or the dull thud of gold dust, a low murmur of conversation or an occasional full voiced exclamation.

Johnny, who could never resist the tables, was soon laying very small stakes on monte. After a time I tired of the close air and heavy smoke and slipped away. The lower part of the town was impossible on account of the mud, so I made my way out along the edge of the hills. The moon was sailing overhead. The shadows of the hills hung deep in the hollows, and

abroad a wide landscape slept in the unearthly radiance. A thousand thousand cheerful frogs piped up a chorus against the brooding moon stillness they could not quite break. After the glare of the Arcade and the feverish hum and bustle of the busy new city this still peace was almost overpowering. I felt somehow that I dared not give way to it at all once, but must admit its influence trickle by trickle until my spirit had become a little accustomed. Thus gradually I dropped into a reverie. The toil, excitement, strain, striving of the past eight or nine months fell swiftly into the background. I relaxed, and in the calm of the relaxation for the first time old memories found room.

How long I had tramped, lost in this dreaming, I did not know, but at some point I must have turned back, for I came to somewhere near the end of Sacramento street. If it could be said to have an end, to find the moon far up toward the zenith. A man overtook me, walking rapidly. I caught the gleam of a watch chain, and on a sudden impulse I turned toward him.

"Can you tell me what time it is?" I asked.

The man extended his watch in the moonlight and silently pointed to its face with the muzzle of a revolver!

"Half past 12," said he.

"Good Lord!" I cried, with a shout of laughter. "Do you take me for a robber, Talbot?"

"I don't know," said I rather blankly. "I don't believe it ever occurred to us we could write."

"Where are the others? Are they with you?"

"We'll look them up," said I.

Together we walked away, arm in arm. Talbot had not changed, except that he had discarded his miner's rig and was now dressed in a rather quiet cloth suit, a small soft hat and a blue flannel shirt. The trousers he had tucked into the tops of his boots. I thought the loose, neat costume very becoming to him. After a dozen swift inquiries as to our welfare he plunged headlong into enthusiasms as to the town.

"It's the greatest city in the world!" he cried; then, catching my expression, he added, "or it's going to be. Think of it, Frank, a year ago it had less than a thousand people, and now we have at least 40,000. The new commercial wharf is nearly half a mile long and cost us a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but we raised the money in ten minutes! We're going to build two more. And Sam Brannan and a lot of us are talking of putting down plank roads. Think what that will mean! And there's no limit to what we can do in real estate! Just knock down a few of these hills to the north!"

To Be Continued

WES TEND A. A. MEETING  
The West End Athletic Association board of directors will hold their meeting to-night at the residence of their treasurer, William C. Wyckoff, 2142 North Fourth street at 8 o'clock. All members are requested to attend this meeting.

Your eyes are worthy of the best attention you can give them. Belsinger glasses can be had as low as \$2.

J. S. BELSINGER  
205 LOCUST ST.  
Optometrists  
Opp. Orpheum Theater  
Eyes Examined No Drops

## Prohibition Wins Big Victory in Beaver Co. By Judicial Decree

By Associated Press

Beaver, Pa., March 22.—Prohibition forces of Beaver county yesterday won a decided victory when Judge George A. Baldwin in a sweeping decision refused forty-one out of forty-seven applications for liquor license. The entire county will be dry except for four retail houses in Woodlawn and two in Alleghippa. The decision makes a net reduction of eleven saloons in the county.

In handing down his decision Judge Baldwin said: "The county has been experiencing a wave of prohibition recently and from the sentiment displayed the vast majority of persons do not favor the licensing of liquor in their community. I have taken this into consideration in handing down the list for the coming year."

## COLLEGE TO TRAIN OFFICERS

Washington, Pa., March 22.—The board of trustees of Washington and Jefferson College to-day approved the plan to institute military training at the college and ordered steps be taken to have a United States Army officer detailed to supervise the course. A majority of the students have pledged themselves to two years of military instruction.

## TO TAKE MILITARY CENSUS

Columbus, Ohio, March 22.—A military census of all men in Ohio between the ages of 18 and 45 years may be taken under authority of an act introduced and passed by the Ohio Senate late to-day, as an emergency measure to take effect as soon as it has passed the House. The bill was prepared by Adjutant General Wood and has the approval of Governor Cox.

## TIMELY HINTS FOR THE HOME GARDENER

Corn, Tomatoes and Eggplant

Washington, D. C., March 22.—Sweet corn, to be at its best, should be eaten within a few hours after it is picked. For its sugar content disappears very rapidly after it is removed from the garden. For this reason and because of its very general popularity it is an excellent vegetable to grow in the home garden. It should be planted on rich land and cultivated in the same manner as field corn. Beginning as soon as the soil is warm, successive plantings may be made every two or three weeks until late summer. Another method of prolonging the supply is to plant early, medium and late varieties. The seed should be planted about two inches deep, in drills three feet apart, and thinned to a single stalk every 19 to 14 inches.

The varieties recommended by the specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture are: For early corn, Golden Bantam and Adams Early, and for medium and late varieties Black Mexican or Crosby's Early, Country Gentleman, and Stowell's Evergreen. The last-named variety has the largest ears and is the most productive.

Sweet corn should be planted on rich land. The cultivation should be frequent and thorough, and all weeds should be kept down and suckers removed from around the base of the plant.

Another favorite vegetable is the tomato, which now forms one of the most important of our garden crops. In the North it is very desirable to start the plants in a house or a hotbed, and to transplant them once or twice in order to secure strong, vigorous plants by the time all danger from frost is past. Potgrown plants are especially desirable and they may be brought to the blooming period by the

time it is warm enough to plant them with safety in the garden. If the plants are not to be trained but allowed to lie on the ground, they should be set about four feet apart each way. If trimmed, and tied to stakes they may be planted in rows three feet apart and 18 inches apart in the row.

In common with all plants grown in a house, hotbed, or cold frame, tomatoes require to be hardened off before planting in the garden. By this process the plants are gradually acclimated to the effects of the sun and wind, so that they will stand transplanting to the open ground. Hardening off is usually accomplished by ventilating freely, and by reducing the amount of water applied to the plant bed. The bed, however, should not become so dry that the plants will wilt or become seriously checked in their growth. After a few days it will be possible to leave the plants uncovered during the entire day and on mild nights.

Eggplant is started and handled in the same way as the tomato. It is, perhaps, less widely known, but is rapidly becoming a popular vegetable. The soil best adapted for its production is a fine, rich sandy loam, well drained. The plants should be set in rows three feet apart and two feet apart in the row. Free cultivation is desirable and the plants should be kept growing rapidly. On the other hand, many growers believe that fresh stable manure should not be used for eggplants, and that the land should not contain unfermented vegetable matter to any large extent. A dozen good, healthy plants should supply enough for the average-sized family throughout the season.

HELD QUILTING BEE  
New Cumberland, Pa., March 22.—Members of the Ladies Aid Society of the Church of God met at the home of Mrs. Jacob Lefever in Bridge street yesterday afternoon and had a quilting bee. The quilts will be sold for the benefit of the church.

## DAILY DOT PUZZLES

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19

This is little Miss Corinne. Help her find her way from one to two and so on to the end.

MUSTEROLE—QUICK RELIEF! NO BLISTER!

It Soothes and Relieves Like a Mustard Plaster Without the Burn or Sting

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made with the oil of mustard. It does all the work of the old-fashioned mustard plaster—does it better and does not blister. You do not have to bother with a cloth. You simply rub it on—and usually the pain is gone!

Many doctors and nurses use Musterole and recommend it to their patients. They will gladly tell you what relief it gives from sore throat, bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

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THOMAS P. MORAN  
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YOUNG MEN'S BUSINESS INSTITUTE



The Man Silently Pointed to Its Face With the Muzzle of a Revolver.

raised his. The others followed suit. Then all drained them simultaneously and set down the empty glasses.

"And now," went on Johnny in the same cheerful, friendly tone, "let's all pay for them!"

The loafers stared at him a moment. One growled menacingly, but fell silent under his clear glance. One or two others forced a laugh. Under Johnny's compelling eye they all paid. Billy, behind the bar, watched with sardonic amusement. When Johnny proffered his dust the barkeeper thrust it back.

"My treat here," said he briefly.

"But"—objected Johnny.

"It's a privilege."

"If you put it that way, I thank you, sir," said Johnny in his grandest manner, and we walked out. "Those buds made me tired," was his only comment to us. "Now let's go hunt up Talbot. I'll bet my extinct toothbrush that he's a well known citizen around here."

Johnny's extinct toothbrush was perfectly safe. The first man of whom we inquired told us where our friend lived and added the gratuitous information that the Ward block was nearing completion. We looked up the hotel, a new one on Montgomery street. The clerk spoke with respect of Talbot and told us we would probably find him at one of the several places of business he mentioned or at the Ward block. We thanked him and went direct to the Ward block first. All of us confessed to a great desire to see that building.

It was to be a three story brick structure and was situated at one corner of the Plaza. We gazed upon it with appropriate awe, for we were accustomed to logs and canvas, and to some extent we were able to realize what imported bricks and the laying of them meant. The foreman told us that Talbot had gone out "Mission way" with Sam Brannan and some others to look at some property and would not be back until late.

Johnny and I spent the rest of the afternoon wandering about. Yank retired to the soft chairs of one of the numerous gambling places. His broken leg would not stand so much tramping.



ADAMS BlackJack CHEWING GUM TABLETS  
GOOD FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

The Licorice Gum  
PAULINE FREDERICK, One of the real stars of the Photo Drama, says: "I have found that an irritated throat is quickly relieved by the licorice in Adams Black Jack Chewing Gum. It tastes good, too."  
Pauline Frederick