

Reading for Women and all the Family

THE NEBBY NEIGHBORS

They Live Here in Harrisburg

By Sullivan

"The Insider"

By Virginia Fortune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXV
I had unthinkingly obeyed the impulse to go down to Mrs. Gore's room and ascertain what was wrong. She might be in violent pain. Yet persons in violent pain did not sob like that.

An explanation occurred to me. Perhaps the poor woman was having a nightmare. That might account for the sobbing noise.

Thus far my thoughts sped when another sound made me stop short mid-way on the stairs and listen.

It was a man's voice, protesting or warning—I could not tell which. And, low as it was, I recognized it as the voice of Mr. Brewster Norton.

I jumped instantly to the conclusion that he had just come home, and hearing the sounds of distress that had aroused me, had gone to his sister-in-law's room to ascertain what was wrong. I saw that he had closed Mrs. Gore's door behind him.

What time of night was it? As if in reply to my silent question, the great clock in the lower front hall began to ring its cathedral chime. I stood still counting the strokes. There were twelve of them. Midnight!

Perhaps I should have gone back to my room there and then. But did not. I was too anxious, too uncertain, as to what my duty was.

Then, upon the silence following the last stroke of twelve, I heard Mrs. Gore sob out:

"Oh, it's dreadful—dreadful!" "It's all that!" came the man's deep tones. "It's too dreadful to be endured. Why should?"

I lost the rest. Whatever it was, it caused Mrs. Gore to sob afresh. "I did not want to talk of this matter to-night," Mr. Norton was saying when I heard him again. "I was in hopes that you were fast asleep and would not hear me come in. I wish you had not called me as I passed your door."

"How could I sleep?" the woman demanded, her voice rising almost to a wail. "Sleep when I did not know?"

"Knowing does no good!" he interrupted. "And talking of things does less. I want to hear nothing more about it—and to mention it no more."

Her Reply Inaudible
I did not catch all of her rejoinder, for it was smothered by weeping, but she asked some question, ending with the word "danger."

"Danger!" the man repeated the word angrily. "I told you there was no immediate danger. I almost wish there was!"

"Oh, Brewster!" the woman exclaimed. "Think of Grace!" "I do think of her—and of myself," he retorted savagely. "The woman you heard me sob afresh and I heard the man urge her to silence. Then, frightened by my swift back up the stairs to my rooming, I put out my light. I crept into bed and lay trembling. I told myself that I was chilly, not frightened. But I was not. I was only pretending not to be afraid, although I did not know what I was afraid of. I was also conscious of a vague sense of shame that I had overheard that which was not intended for my ears. I should have come back up stairs as soon as I heard my employer's voice."

Still, even now, looking back, I can hardly blame myself for lingering long enough to be sure that Mrs. Gore was not ill and that no dreadful thing had happened to make her weep.

That Mr. Norton had communicated some intelligence that distinguished the widow was evident in my springing to the conclusion that it had to do with the "business" that had taken him up to Connecticut. Could it be that his financial affairs were in bad condition? Was that the "danger" Mrs. Gore had mentioned? But, no, that could not be, or he would not have said that he "almost wished" there was danger.

It was all a problem I could not solve. I tried not to think of it. Yet it was late in the evening when I heard my employer emerge softly from Mrs. Gore's room and go to his own chamber at the end of the hall. After he had gone I lay listening for sounds from below. I heard Mrs. Gore push her chair back from her reading table, thus proving to me that she had been sitting up perusing her book when Mr. Norton came home.

I heard her walk back and forth from her closet to her bureau, evidently undressing. Finally there was a complete silence that told me the poor, distressed lady had gone to bed, and, I hoped, to a dreamless sleep.

On Hand at Breakfast
In spite of the late hour at which she had retired, Mrs. Gore was at breakfast the next morning. As I have said, she had lately renounced her habit of breakfasting in her own room. I had an idea that she did not want to miss the chance to be present when her brother-in-law slept at table. I was sure that she wished to make it difficult for me to see him alone or with only Grace as a witness to our interview. She also wanted me to understand that, as he



was the head of the house, she was his assistant in the care of the home and in managing household affairs. I tried to keep all curiosity out of the glance I sent in my employer's direction as he entered the dining room that morning. But his manner was as bright and cheery as usual as he kissed Grace and shook hands with me.

"I'm awfully glad you're back, Daddy!" Grace exclaimed. "Was it nice up in Connecticut?" "There was not a shadow in his clear eyes as he asked smilingly: "Who told you I was in Connecticut?" "Auntie told Tom so," she said. "Didn't she, Tom?" as the lad came into the room. "The boy did not reply, but he returned his father's greeting. I noticed that he was the only member of the family group who looked the worse for the experiences of the past twenty-four hours." (To Be Continued)

ENTERTAIN AT LYTER HOME

Dauphin, Pa., May 9.—Last evening the Mite Society of the Presbyterian Church was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. William Lyter at their home in Church street. After the regular business meeting a social time and refreshments were enjoyed by the Rev. and Mrs. Robert Fulton Stirling, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Shaffer, Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Greenwald, Dr. and Mrs. William H. Clark, Mrs. J. D. M. Reed, Mrs. Harry Reed, Mrs. Freeman C. Gerberich, Mrs. John W. Hummel, Mrs. Frank Ramsey, Miss Margaret Brooks, Miss Anne Miller, Miss Bertha Sellers, Miss Caroline Heltman, of Tintown; Miss Arne Shaffer, Miss Esther Shaffer, Russell Reed and Mr. and Mrs. William Lyter.

Daily Dot Puzzle

18 19 20 21
22 23
17 24 25
16 26 27
15 28
14 29 30
13 5 4 23
8 7 29
12 6 31
11 41 32
40 38 35
39
37
36 34 33

NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank H. Spearman
Author of Whispering Smith

(Continued.)
His hands slipped silently over her hands. He gathered her close into his arms, and his tears fell on her upturned face.
Henry De Spain, go to pieces. For once, trouble overbore him.
When he was able to speak he told Jeffrey everything. "It was my fault," he said hopelessly. "I was so crippled, so stunned, she must have thought—I see it now—that I was making ready to ride out by day-break and shoot Duke on sight. It's the price a man must pay, Jeffrey, for the ability to defend himself against this bunch of holdup men and assassins. Because they can't get me, I'm a 'gunman'—"

"No, you're not a 'gunman'." "A gunman and nothing else. That's what everybody, friends and enemies, reckon me for—a gunman. You put me here to clean out this Calabasas gang, not because of my good looks, but because I've been, so far, a fraction of a second quicker on a trigger than these double d-n crooks." Jeffrey, from behind his pipe, regarded De Spain's random talk calmly.

"I don't want to break Nan's heart," he went on moodily. "Who wouldn't? If God meant me to forget it, why did He put this mark on my face, Jeff? I did talk pretty strong to Nan about it on Music Mountain. 'I did feel, for a long time, I'd like to kill with my own hands the man that murdered my father, Jeff. My mother must have realized that her babe, if a man-child, was doomed to a life of bloodshed. I've been trying to think most of the night what she'd want me to do now. I don't know what I can do, or can't do, when I set eyes on the old scoundrel. He's got to tell the truth—that's all I say now. If he lies, afterwards, I made my mother suffer, he ought to die like a dog—no matter who he is.'"

"I don't want to break Nan's heart. What can I do? Hanging him here in Sleepy Camp? If I could do it, wouldn't he feel a whole lot. If I could see the fellow—" De Spain's hands, spread before him on the table, drew up tight. "If I could get my fingers on his throat, for a minute, and talk to him, tell him what I would want to do—Nan might be there to see and judge between us. I'd be almost willing to leave things to her to settle herself. I only want what's right. But," the oath that recorded his closing threat was collected and pitiless. "If any harm comes to that girl now from this wild tip-back among those wolves—God pity the men that put it over. I'll wipe out the whole accursed clan, if I have to swing for it right here in Sleepy Camp!" (To Be Continued.)

SCOUT TROOP ORGANIZED
Marietta, Pa., May 9.—A Boy Scout Troop has been organized at Marietta. George W. Pinkerton was chosen scoutmaster; Albert C. Reinhold, president; John P. Schock, vice-president; Charles M. Kraus, corresponding secretary; Edgar B. Ville, recording secretary; Chester W. Rudisill, treasurer.

No Prizes For Golfers; Cash Goes For Red Cross

Philadelphia, Pa., May 9.—Although golfers will hold their usual tournaments this season offers of prizes have been withheld and instead entrance fees will be devoted to the golf fund for war sufferers. This decision was reached at a meeting yesterday of the committee appointed by the Golf Association of Philadelphia. It also was decided to have the captain of each team of competitors request a voluntary contribution of \$1 from all participating players in the Philadelphia district for the war fund.

HALIFAX TEACHERS ELECTED

Halifax, Pa., May 9.—Halifax school board on Monday evening elected teachers for the next term as follows: High school, S. C. Bellzel, principal; Harry Stainy, science; Margaret R. Snyder, English. Grammar school—Vacant; fifth and sixth grades, Carrie Shoop; third and fourth grades, Marie Smith; first and second grades, Jennie Blair. The school tax has been fixed at eleven mills. Lester Enders and Miss Alma Hoffman, both of Carsonville, were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoffman, on Sunday at noon, by the Rev. J. C. Pease, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Halifax.

RED CROSS OFFICERS CHOSEN

Elizabethville, Pa., May 9.—Members of the Red Cross Society met in the school auditorium on Monday evening for the purpose of permanent organization. The meeting was in charge of temporary chairman James E. Lentz, and the following officers were chosen: President, Mrs. H. H. Hassinger; vice-president, Mrs. Chas. E. Deibler; secretary, Miss Annetta E. Romberger; treasurer, Mrs. John H. Lyter. At the next meeting various committees will be appointed and steps taken for active work.

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Dauphin Prepares to Celebrate Memorial Day

Dauphin, Pa., May 9.—Burgess John L. Porter called a meeting on Monday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall to make arrangements for Memorial Day and the following officers were elected: The Rev. J. M. Shoop, chairman; George Feaser, secretary; Miss Annie Hinkle, treasurer; committees appointed were: Music, Samuel Mawrey; program, John L. Porter; speakers, Charles E. Lebo and John L. Porter; conveyances, Walter Seiler; finances, Miss Annie Hinkle; decorations, John L. Porter, chairman. Representatives were present from the Methodist Episcopal, Lutheran and United Evangelical Sunday schools, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, No. 621; Patriotic Sons of America, Camp No. 424, and Dauphin Odd Fellows' band.

MRS. SLACK'S LETTER

To Mothers of Delicate Children
Palmyra, Pa.—"My little girl had a chronic cough and was so thin you could count her ribs and she had no appetite. Nothing we gave her seemed to help her, until one day Mrs. Nebert asked me to try Vinol, and now she is hungry all the time, her cough is gone, she is stouter and has a more healthy color. I wish every mother who has a delicate child would try Vinol."—Mrs. Alfred Slack.
We guarantee Vinol, which contains beef and cod liver peptone, iron and manganese peptonates and glycerine phosphates, to make delicate children healthy and strong.
George A. Gorgas, druggist, Kennedy's Medicine Store, 321 Market St., C. F. Kramer, Third and Broad Sts., Kitzmiller's Pharmacy, 1325 Derry St., Harrisburg. Also at the leading drug stores in all Pennsylvania towns.

"NOW LOOK AT ME" CRIES CHRIS SHUEY



"I sprained my ankle awhile ago," says Christian H. Shuey, of West Fairview, near Harrisburg, Pa. "and while that doesn't sound like much of a malady lying around the house all those weeks waiting for the strength to come back into my foot simply put me all to the bad. 'I guess it was doing nothing when I was used to an active life, but anyway I got so run down and out of condition that I didn't pick up strength worth a cent. 'Nerves went to pieces, I couldn't sleep right and I felt tired and all in all the time. Then I began to notice in the papers how this, that or the other person had been helped by Tanlac and I thought maybe I would do me some good. 'Did it? Look at me now, I'm as lively as a frog on a hot griddle and I owe a big debt of gratitude to Tanlac for building me up and putting me back on my feet.' Tanlac, the famous reconstructive tonic, is now being introduced here at Gorgas' Drug Store, where the Tanlac man is meeting the people and explaining the merits of this wonderful medicine. Tanlac is also sold in Carlisle at W. G. Stephens' Pharmacy; Elizabethtown, Albert W. Cain; Greensboro, Chas. E. Carr; Middletown, Colf S. Few's Pharmacy; Waynesboro Clarence Croft's Pharmacy.

Don't Let Spring Debility Get You Firmly in Its Grasp

Purify Your Blood and Avoid "That Tired Feeling" So General Just Now.
Sluggish blood causes what is generally termed "spring fever," that affects so many people just at this season, and everything seems all wrong to those whose system is not in perfect condition.
If you become tired easily; if your appetite is gone; if you suffer from dizziness and a general "down and out" feeling seems to pervade your system, the cause is in your blood, and you will not feel right or enjoy perfect health until it has been cleansed of all impurities.
A few bottles of S. S. S., taken just at this season, will put your system in perfect condition, and enable you to withstand the hot summer season, with its dangerous ailments. S. S. S. is recognized as the standard blood purifier, and it has been on the market for more than fifty years. It is guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains nothing but the juices from roots and herbs gathered from the forests.
S. S. S. promptly cleanses the blood of all impurities, improves the appetite, gives renewed strength and energy, and a few bottles taken now will re-vitalize the entire body and put it in tip-top shape. It is sold by druggists everywhere. You can obtain a valuable and interesting booklet by addressing Swift Specific Co., 74 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

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The Woman Who Wants to Know

What the Summer styles will be should send her name in NOW for the Summer Fashion Number of Store and Home, a style magazine which will be mailed May 25 and sent free of charge. It contains authentic fashion notes, with sketches of smart dresses and their accessories, all of which can be bought at moderate prices.
A special feature: Some lovely, inexpensive mid-Summer hats and everything needed for the vacation days, from bathing suits to dainty dance slippers.
John Wanamaker Philadelphia

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



SEED POTATOES

It is of the utmost importance to plant the best quality Seed Potatoes, grown especially for Seed purposes, free from disease, true to name, bred to yield — then you get a crop worth while — your purpose of planting is to get the crop — so do not prevent success of your very purpose by planting ordinary potatoes offered as seed potatoes — you cannot afford to risk your crop this year of all years.
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