

Reading for Women and all the Family



Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN RYERS

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CHAPTER XIX

A Little Leaven.

The summer night stars served only to make the darkness visible along the road down the Timanyoni river and across to the mining camp of Red Butte. Smith twisted the gray roadster sharply to the left out of the road, and four miles from the turn, shut off the power and got down to continue his journey afoot.

The mine workings were tunnel-driven in the mountain-side and a crooked ore track led out to them. Smith followed the ore track until he came to the entrance, and to the lock of a small door framed in the blackening he applied a key.

It was pitch dark beyond the door and the silence was like that of the grave. Smith had brought a candle on his food-carrying visit of the day before, and, groping in his hiding place just outside of the door, he found and lighted it. There was no sign of occupancy save Jibbey's suit case lying where it had been flung on the night of the assisted disappearance.

Smith stumbled forward into the black depths and the chill of the place laid hold upon him and shook him like the premonitory shiver of an approaching ague. Insensibly he quickened his pace.

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"Jibbey!" he called; and then again, ignoring the unnerveing awe-inspiring echoes rustling like flying bats in the cavernous overpasses: "Jibbey!"

The sudden heap bestirred itself slowly and became a man sitting up to blink helplessly at the light and supping. "What's this?" he asked, "that you, Monty?" said a voice tremulous and broken, and then: "I can't see. The light blinds me. Have you come to finish the job?"

"I have come to take you out of this; to take you back with me to Brewster. Get up and come on." The victim of Smith's suddenness struggled stiffly to his feet. Never more than a physical weaver and with his natural strength wasted by a life of dissipation, the blow on the head with the pistol butt and the forty-eight hours of sharp hardship and privation had cut deeply into his scanty reserves.

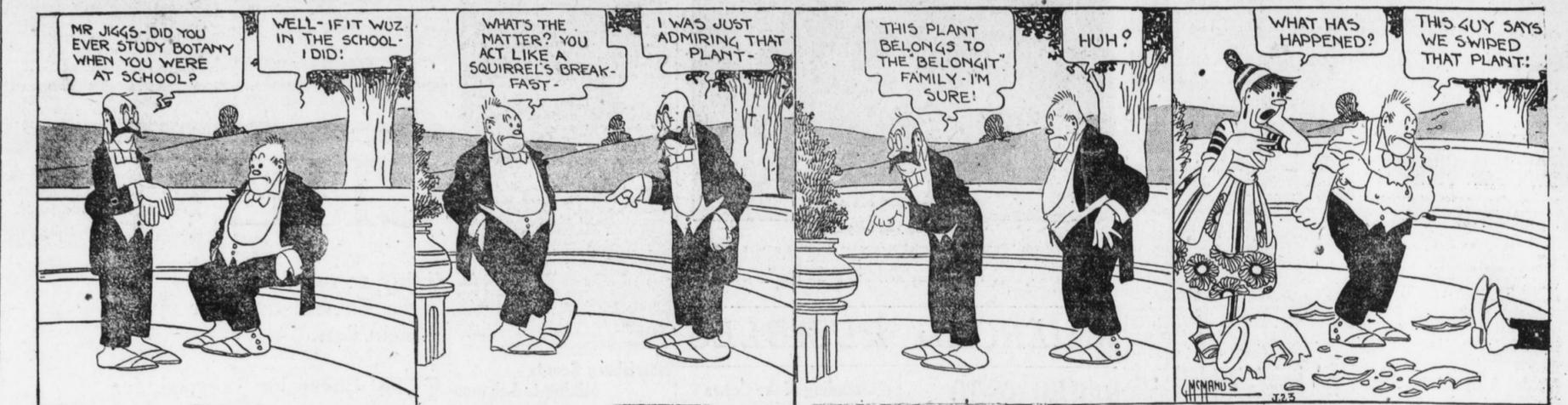
"Did—did Verda send you to do it?" he queried.

"No, she doesn't know where you are. She thinks you stopped over somewhere on your way west. Come along, if you want to go back with me."

Jibbey stumbled away a step or two and flattened himself against the cavern wall. His eyes were still staring and his lips were drawn back to show his teeth.

"Hold on a minute," he jerked out. "You're not going to wipe it all out as easy as that. You've taken my gun away from me, but I've got my two hands yet. Stick that candle in a hole in the wall and look out for yourself. I'm tell you, right now, that one or the other of us is going to stay here—and stay dead!"

"Don't be a fool!" Smith broke in. "I didn't come here to scrap with you."



make a job of it while you're about it!" shrieked the castaway, lost now to everything save the biting sense of his wrongs.

"You've put it all over me—knocked my chances with Verda Richlander and shut me up here in this hell-hole to go mad-dog crazy! If you let me get out of here alive I'll pay you back, if it's the last thing I ever do! You'll go back to Lawrenceville with the 'brat' on you! You'll—' red rage could go no farther in more words and he flung himself in a feeble fierceness upon Smith, clutching and struggling, fond waking the groomsome echoes again with frantic, meaningless maledictions.

"Smith did not strike back; wrapping the madman in a pinioning grip, he held him helpless. When it was over, and Jibbey had been released, he gave it up and left the madman against the tunnel wall, Smith groped for the candle and found and relighted it.

"Tucker," he said gently, "you are more of a man than I took you to be—a good bit more. Now that you're giving me a chance to say it, I can tell you that my 'brat' for the 'brat' doesn't figure in this at all. I'm not going to marry her, and she didn't come out here in the expectation of finding me."

"What does your figure in it?" was the dry-lipped inquiry.

"It was merely a matter of self-preservation. There are men in Brewster who would make a job of it for the information you might give them about me."

"You might have given me a hint and a chance, Monty. I'm not all dog."

"That's all past and gone. I didn't give you your chance but I'm going to give it to you now. Let's go—I'll try to try it."

"Wait a minute, if you think, because you didn't pull your gun now you come to finish the job?"

"I'm not making any conditions," Smith interposed. "Verda Richlander doted telegraph offices in Brewster, and for at least two days longer I shall always be within easy reach."

Jibbey's anger flared up once more. "You think I'll be so glad to get to some place where they sell whiskey that I'll forget all about it and let you off?"

"No, you can't knock me on the head and lock me up as if I were a yellow dog. I'll fix you!"

"The car was brought to a standstill and Jibbey got out to scramble down the river bank in the starlight. Obeying some inner prompting which he did not stop to analyze, Smith left his seat behind the wheel and walked over to the edge of the embankment where Jibbey had descended. With one pick of the roadster's suitcase, Jibbey turned the other way. Smith could see Jibbey at the foot of the slope lowering himself face downward on his propped arms to reach the water.

Then, in that instant, Jibbey, careless in his thirst, lost his balance and went headlong into the torrent.

"The Insider"

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LXVII

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Without stopping to turn on the light, I hurried across the nursery to Grace's bed. The child was sobbing loudly, and I gathered her in my arms.

"What's the matter, darling?" I asked. "What has frightened you?" "Who is it?" she gasped. "Oh, Miss Dart, Miss Dart, is it you?"

"Yes, yes, dear," I soothed. "Of course, it's I. You have had a bad dream." Then, as she clung to me, I spoke in an ordinary tone to the man who, I knew, was waiting outside the door in case he was needed.

"Mr. Parker! Will you please come in here for a moment and turn on the light so that Grace may see just where she is? She has had a dream that frightened her."

"Surely, I will," Hugh responded, and, at the sound of his strong voice, the little girl sobbed less violently. "When I was a small boy," he remarked practically as the electric light flooded the room, "I used to have nightmares that made my hair rise. That's the reason it's never snoozed now."

Grace glistened through her tears while she looked around the room as if to make sure that all was as usual. Then her eyes rested on my face, and she nestled closer to me. "I must have had an awful dream," she confessed. "I am sorry I cried like that."

"It's all right, darling," I murmured. "Now Mr. Parker is going down stairs, and I am going to stay here by you while you tell me all about it."

"Poor little kiddie," Hugh commented as he patted the fair head before leaving. "If you want any of us again, you just call and we'll all come running."

As I saw him stand there so tall and strong, with the expression on his face that he always had when he was talking to any one or anything in trouble, my heart gave a great bound of affection. How dear he was!

My glance may have told him what I was thinking, for a glad light crept into his eyes. Then, without another word, he turned and left the room."

"Frightened by a Dream" After he had gone I asked Grace again what had frightened her. "It was a dream, I guess," she said slowly. "But, with a shiver, 'it did scare me, Miss Dart.'"

"I know it did, darling," I sympathized. "I have had dreams that frightened me too, sometimes—but, after all, they are only dreams."

"Now that I regarded her closely, I noticed that she was very pale and that her breath came more rapidly than usual."

Laying my fingers on her slender wrist, I felt that the pulse was fast and irregular. I recalled that Mrs. Gore had told me that as a baby Grace had had occasional attacks of heart weakness and that her heart had never been strong. The agitation to-night had undoubtedly made it beat faster than it should. The best thing just now would be to quiet her, then go down and ask Mrs. Gore what remedy it would be well to administer should the trouble continue.

"It choked me," the child said suddenly, shuddering, putting her hand to her throat.

"What choked you?" I asked. "Yes," she whispered. "I could not see it, but I heard it, and it said, 'Hush!' and it did something to me here," touching her throat again.

Turning her toward the light, I scrutinized the white throat and neck. I knew that there would be no mark there and yet I wanted to be able to tell the child that nothing had touched her.

"Does it hurt you to swallow?" I asked. "No," she said, gulping hard; "not a bit."

"Then, dear," I soothed, "I think you'd better have a little fresh air today and too much story-reading. You have been dreaming of those old Greeks that we read about, and of their fights—and that has made you think that somebody was hurting you. But nobody was, dear little girl. You know that, don't you?"

"I know that," she smiled contentedly, and held my hand too her lips. "I love you!"

"Miss Dart Is Uneasy" Already her lids were drooping drowsily over her eyes. She was forgetting her disagreeable dream in natural slumber. She would probably be asleep by the time I had finished my story.

Still I sat by her until she was so fast asleep that when I disengaged her hand from my grasp and arose from the bed, she did not stir.

I felt her pulse again. It was slower, but not yet as regular as I could wish. If Mr. Norton and Mrs. Gore were still talking in the library, they would be in the way of the attack. They had been so much engaged when the child had cried out that they had not heard her.

The sound of the front door opening and closing came to my ears. I turned out my light and went to the front window.

The clouds were breaking and the moon was shining through the rifts in them. By its light I could dimly discern the figures of Tom and Hugh strolling down the path to the gate.

It was evident that our game of cards was not to resume this evening. But first I would go down stairs and speak to my employer and his sister-in-law about my charge's irregular reaction. I must not take the responsibility upon myself of ignoring this symptom. If the little girl had been affected in this way in days gone by, there must be some reason for it, restorative that I could administer in case it was needed.

I was sure the child was not actually ill, but I was sure about her as I went softly down stairs. (To Be Continued.)

CITY PASSES ITS RED CROSS GOAL

Continued From First Page

at work on the campaign for the last two weeks and much of its success is due to his individual efforts.

An Eye-Opener The Board of Trade has passed a resolution endorsing the campaign of the Rotary Club, told the Red Cross workers of the Rotary convention in Atlanta this week. Mr. Buchanan's talk proved an eye-opener and was much enjoyed.

The campaign for Red Cross funds, so far as Harrisburg is concerned, ended with the luncheon today, but in auxiliary towns it will continue over Monday. There are in this city, however, a number of additional contributions to be reported.

Cigar Factory Girls Give When Captain Stine and his team-mates visited the cigar factory of Krause & Co., on South Cameron street, this morning they found their work already done for them. The patriotic young women of the working force there had collected \$50 from among their members and this was turned over to the committee.

Railroaders Give Freely Railroad men gave freely to the Red Cross fund. Members of the trainmen and conductors' brotherhoods on the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia and Reading lines contributed \$250, while the Philadelphia and Reading lines contributed through Captain Hillery's team.

U. S. Naval Mission in Thick of Mutiny in Russia Black Sea Fleet

Petrograd, Thursday, June 21.—No news had come through from Sebastopol up to this evening concerning Rear Admiral Gennon and the other naval members of the American mission to Russia who arrived in that town in the midst of a mutinous outbreak among the sailors of the Black Sea fleet reported in dispatches received to-day. There is no reason, however, to doubt their safety or to assume that the disorders were connected with their mission.

The government declares that no official description of the outbreak will be published for two or three days, but it is believed the worst is over. It is expected that delegates from the Petrograd Council of Workers' and Soldiers' delegates together with Minister of War and Marine Kerensky, will start for Sebastopol to-night.

The outbreak appears to have been organized by followers of the agitator Lenine, backed by extremists from Kronstadt, who arrived at Sebastopol about a week ago. No emissaries took advantage of the absence of Petrograd of the responsible leaders among the sailors of the Black Sea fleet and accused the officers of conspiring to restore the old regime.

Society's Choice For over 69 years Society Women all over the world have used it to obtain greater beauty and to keep their appearance always at its best.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream Send 10c. for Trial Size FERRIS, T. HOPKINS & SON, New York

Special Criminal Court Session Opens Monday The third special session of criminal court since last September will open on Monday, with two murder and two involuntary manslaughter cases listed. Frederick Richcreek, of Royaltown, charged with killing a junk dealer, will probably be the first to be tried. John O. Christley, held on a charge of fatally shooting his wife, will be called later in the week for trial. A number of other cases continued from March and June sessions will be heard also.

GOLDEN WEDDING OF EBERLY'S MILLS COUPLE



Carlisle, Pa., June 23.—The fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Drawbaugh, of Eberly's Mills, is being celebrated at the home of their son, John Drawbaugh, near Mechanicsburg, today. The former is a close relative of Daniel Drawbaugh, the celebrated inventor and greatly respected here. The couple were married on June 23, 1867, at Mechanicsburg by the Rev. Mr. Ahl and spent all of their married life in that section. They were married shortly after Mr. Drawbaugh was discharged from the army, he having served through the Civil War with a Pennsylvania Cavalry regiment. Ten children were born to the couple all of whom were expected to present at the celebration. They are: Elmer, Chambersburg; William, Camp Hill; John and George, of Mechanicsburg; Ralph, of Eberly's Mills; Mrs. Robert Vaden, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. W. K. Spangenberg, Camp Hill; Hazel and Mrs. George Sheaffer, Eberly's Mills. There are twenty-nine grand-children also.

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LIBERTY LOAN IS THREE BILLION

Official Figures Show Nation Responded Whole-Heartedly

Washington, June 23.—The United States effectively answered the pro-German propagandists that there was apathy in this nation in subscribing for the Liberty Loan. The American people oversubscribed the loan to the amount of \$1,038,226,850. This was shown in the official figures made public by the Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo.

While there was no official announcement, it is known that another loan for the same amount will be negotiated by the Government next September. It is believed that those who cannot be accommodated with this loan will be asked to take care of the new one.

Nine of the Federal Reserve districts oversubscribed their allotments: three, Atlanta, Minneapolis and Kansas City, failed to meet them. Although Atlanta came to within \$3,000,000 of its allotment. The failure of these districts was attributed to the failure of the farming elements to respond to the loan.

The subscriptions by Federal Reserve districts are as follows: Boston \$322,447,600 New York 1,138,788,400 Philadelphia 232,309,250 Cleveland 286,148,700 Richmond 109,727,100 Atlanta 57,578,550 Chicago 357,196,950 St. Louis 86,124,700 Minneapolis 70,255,500 Kansas City 91,758,850 Dallas 48,948,800 San Francisco 175,623,900

More than 4,000,000 men and women of the United States subscribed for the bonds, placing this vast sum of money at the disposal of their government for the prosecution of the war," said Secretary McAdoo. "Of this number, it is estimated that 2,950,000, or 95 per cent, subscribed in amounts ranging from \$50 to \$10,000, while the number of individual subscribers to \$5,000 and over was twenty-two. Their subscriptions aggregated \$188,739,900.

Applications Close Monday For Camp at Inglenook

All applications for the boys of the city who intend to go to the Y. M. C. A. camp at Inglenook must be in the hands of the Director Monday morning, later than Monday noon. In former years it has been customary for people of this city to pay the expense of a boy who could not get out of the city otherwise. Any such offers should be made directly to Mr. Miller, who will handle all the details if the giver so desires.

Freight Deliveries to Be Half-Hour Earlier

Freight in less than carload lots must be delivered to the stations of the Pennsylvania railroad and the Reading railroads in Harrisburg, Middletown, Columbia, Coatesville, Lancaster and Downingtown before 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon to insure handling on the day of receipt.

MECHANICS TRUST COMPANY HARRISBURG, PA.

YOUR DUTY does not end with managing your property well to-day, but also includes the appointing of a well qualified Executor under your will so as to guard against bad management of your estate after your death.

As your Executor, the Mechanics Trust Company assures you of a careful and economical administration of your affairs in strict accordance with your wishes. A consultation with our officers concerning this important matter will place you under no obligation of any kind.

TRY IT AND SEE!

Lift your corns or calluses off with fingers! Doesn't hurt a bit!

A noted Cincinnati chemist discovered a new ether compound and called it freezeone and it now can be had in tiny bottles as here shown for a few cents from any drug store.

You simply apply a few drops of freezeone upon a tender corn or painful callus and instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can just lift it off with the fingers.

No pain, not a bit of soreness, either when applying freezeone or afterwards and it doesn't even irritate skin. Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes, also toughened calluses just shrivel up and lift off so easy. It is wonderful! Seems magical. It works like a charm. Genuine freezeone has a yellow label. Don't accept any except with the yellow label.

GAMPHOROLE GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF

Opens Up Clogged Nostrils. Vanishes Cold in Head and Catarrh Like Magic

Camphorole soothes and relieves catarrhal diseases and head noises. Drives out congestion without apparatus, inhalers, lotions, harmful drugs, smoke or electricity. Do not treat your cold lightly; this is pneumonia season. If you have cold in head, pain in chest; or sore throat send to nearest drug store and get a jar of Camphorole and watch how quickly it will relieve you.

Physicians recommend Camphorole for colds and catarrhal affections of the nose and throat, bronchitis, croup, asthma, stiff neck, sore muscles, lumbago, stiff joints, headache, frosted feet, rheumatism, cold in muscles, neuritis, hay fever applied to chest will check development of cold and often prevent pneumonia. At all drugists. 25c and 50c jars.—Advertisement.

Camphorole TRADE MARK 25c

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AWNINGS Place Your Order NOW! We also do general upholstery. JOS. COPLINKY 1005 NORTH THIRD ST. Both Phones

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Can you finish this picture? Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Daily Dot Puzzle

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Gratz Organizes For Red Cross With 79 Members

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