

Reading for women and all the family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued)

"All right. Don't hike into the woods and get lost though." She circled the segment of hay, climbed a low rocky point and found herself a seat on a fallen tree. Outside the lake heaved uneasily, still dotted with whitecaps whipped up by the southerly gale. At her feet surge after surge hammered the gravelly shore. Far through the woods behind her the wind whistled and hummed among swaying tops of scant fir and cedar. There was a heavy freshness in that rolling wind, an odor resinous and pungent mingled with that elusive smell of green growing stuff along the shore. Beginning where she sat, tree trunks rose in immense brown pillars, running back in great forest naves, shadowy always, floored with green moss laid in a rich, soft carpet for

Lesson in Scientific Complexion Renewing

Everyone has a beautiful skin underneath the one exposed to view. Bear that in mind and it will be easier to understand the correct principle in acquiring a lovely complexion. Nature is constantly shedding the top skin in flaky particles like dandruff, only much smaller in size, in abnormal conditions, or in advancing age, these particles are not shed as rapidly as in robust youth. The longer they remain the more soiled or faded they become—that's the immediate cause of a "bad complexion."

It has been discovered that ordinary mercurized wax, to be had at any drug store, will absorb these worrisome particles. The absorption while hastening Nature's work, goes on gradually enough to cause no inconvenience. In a week or two the transformation is complete. The fresh, healthy-hued, youthful under-skin is then wholly in evidence. You who are not satisfied with your complexion should get an ounce of mercurized wax and try this treatment. Use the wax night and morning, after washing it off mornings.—Advertisement.

Your Property---

Does it need repairs?

Is it in good shape to go through a hard winter without showing signs of depreciation?

Now is the time to make repairs.

Lumber prices have not advanced greatly. But we look for increases in price before long.

We have a good size stock of lumber on hand. Later when coal, grain, fruit and vegetables begin to move we expect serious trouble getting shipments.

United Ice & Coal Co.
Forster & Cowden Sts.

Sanpan Has Worked Wonders

says Mr. Roy French, 311 Adams street, Steelton, Pa.

"I suffered for the past year with constipation and stomach trouble, after eating would bloat and the pressure from gas caused pains under my ribs, my stomach never felt right, I was troubled a lot with headaches.

"When I awoke in the morning, I was sore all over, my eyes burned and were swollen, I felt all tucked out and often during the day felt drowsy and sleepy.

"My head and throat were clogged up, I could not reason clearly, this made me irritable and I looked upon every little thing as a big task.

"I tried all these advertised so-called great remedies but nothing helped. I then thought I would take just one more chance and try the one I had not tried, and to my surprise it straightened me out in short order.

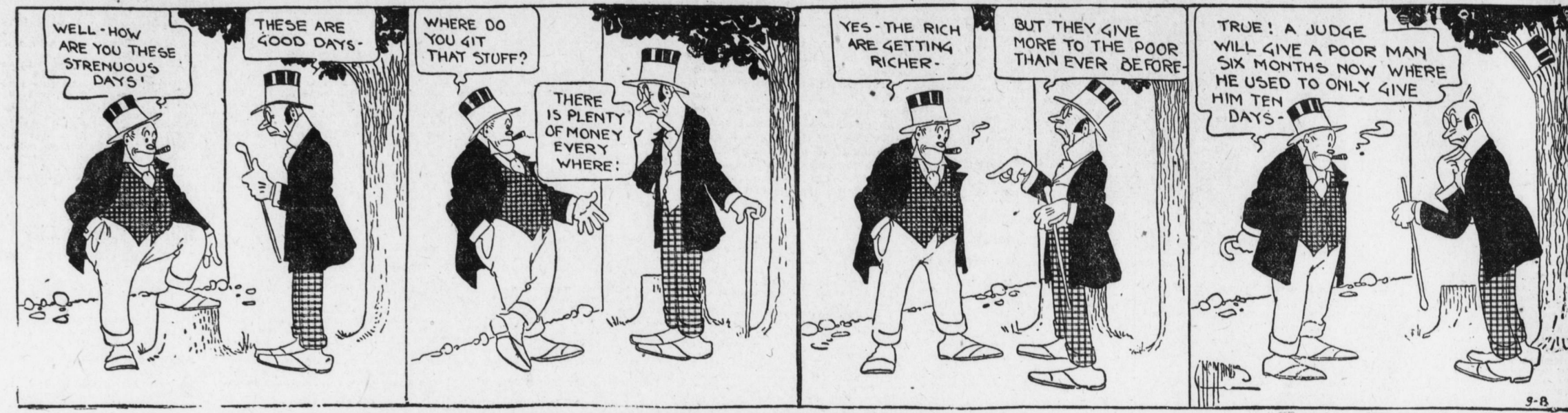
"Sanpan is the medicine that did it, it worked wonder in my case." Sanpan is being explained at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market street, Harrisburg. Sanpan man it meeting the people.—Adv.

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Jas. Lett
111 N. Second St.



the wood sprites' feet. Far beyond the long gradual lower slope lifted a range of saw backed mountains, the sanctuary of wild goat and bear, and across the rolling lake lifted other mountains sheer from the water's edge, peaks rising above their pinnacles crests grazing the clouds that scudded before the south wind.

Beauty? Yes. A wild, imposing grandeur that stirred some responsive chord in her. If one only could live amid such surrounding with a contented mind, she thought, the wilderness would have compensations of its own. She had an uneasy feeling that isolation from everything that had played an important part in her life might be the least depressing factor in this new existence. She could not view the rough and ready standards of the woods with much equanimity—not as she had that day seen them set forth. These things were bound to be a part of her daily life and all the brief span of her years had gone to forming habits of speech and thought and manner diametrically opposed to what she had so far encountered.

It was too late to mourn over lost opportunities now, but she did wish there was some one thing she could do and do well, some service of value that would guarantee self support. If she could only pound a typewriter or keep a set of books or even make a passable attempt at sewing she would have felt vastly more at ease in this rude logging camp, knowing that she could leave it if she desired.

So far as she could see things she looked at them with measurable clearness, without any vain illusions

FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE

Duty Demands Robust Health

Fight to get it and keep it

Fight—fight day in and day out to prevent being overtaken by illness and to keep the body from losing its youthful appearance and buoyancy. Fight when ill-health is coming with its pallor and pains, defects and declining powers. Fight to stay its course and drive it off.

But fight intelligently. Don't fight without weapons that can win the day, for without the intelligent use of effective weapons the pallor spreads and weakness grows and a seemingly strong man or woman oftentimes becomes a prey to ill's after all.

You will not find this class of persons in the hypoferrin ranks. No unhealthy, dull, drabby, roopy persons in that line. It is a hale, hearty, robust aggregation of quick-steppers who view life in a joyous frame of mind and are physically and physically equal to any emergency. Hypoferrin stands for sound body and sound mind—it is the invigorating tonic of the times—powerful and unsurpassed as a health restorer, vitalizer and health preserver. Fight to hold the vigor of a sound body with hypoferrin or to stay the process of decay and restore health and strength—you win. This tonic of amazing, wonderful working properties has been approved by physicians as a restorer and safeguard of health. It is a thoroughly scientific preparation of the very elements necessary to tone up the stomach and nerves, to build strong, vital tissue, make pure blood, firm flesh and solid, active, tireless muscles.

Hypoferrin contains those mighty strength-producing agents, lecithin and iron pentionate, in a form best adapted to benefit the body and sell organs. Its ingredients are absolutely necessary to the blood. In nine cases out of ten a run-down condition, pallor, pale complexions that all in "feeling and frail bones" are due to lack of lecithin-iron pentionate in the system.

Your mental and physical strength and endurance depends upon a lecithin-iron pentionate laden blood; steady, dependable nerves and a healthy stomach. With these you can meet life at any angle.

This wonderful tonic, which is as perfect as science can get to nature, meets every essential demand of the human organism. It is safe and sure and a boon to run-down, worn-out men and women. Hypoferrin means a nature's own way of bringing color to the cheeks, strength to the body and keeping the vigor and buoyancy of youth. The powder and paint way of effecting beauty is not needed by hypoferrin women and girls. Their blood, filled with nature's beauty stores, creates conditions that give firmness and grace to the body and the glow of health to the cheeks.

No need of going through life sickly and always feeling miserable in this age of medical science. Join the hypoferrin ranks. It puts into you the springy snap and vigor you ought to have and puts life into your body and inspires the confidence that you confront the world on an equal footing with anyone.

Hypoferrin may be had at your druggist's or direct from us for \$1.00 per package. It is well worth the price. The Sennel Remedies Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

concerning her ability to march triumphantly over unknown fields of endeavor. Along practical lines she had everything to learn. Culture furnishes an excellent pair of wings wherewith to soar in skies of abstraction, but is a poor vehicle to carry one over rough roads. She might have remained in Philadelphia, a guest among friends. Pride forbade that. Incidentally, such an arrangement would have enabled her to stake a husband, a moneyed husband, which did not occur to her at all. There remained only to join Charlie. If his fortunes mended, well and good. Perhaps she could even help in minor ways.

But it was all so radically different—brother and all—from what she had pictured that she was filled with dismay and not a little foreboding of the future. Sufficient, however, into the day was the evil thereof, she told herself at last, and tried to make that assurance work a change of heart. She was very lonely and depressed and full of a futile wish that she were a man.

Over across the bay some one was playing an accordion, and to its strains a stout lumberjack was roaring out a song, with all his fellows joining strong in the chorus: Oh, the Saginaw Kid was a cook in a camp way up on the Ocon-to-o-o. And the cook in a camp in them old days had a — hard row to hoe!

Had a — hard row to hoe. There was a fine, rollicking air to it. The careless note in their voices, the jovial lilt of their song made her envious. They at least had their destiny, limited as it might be and cast along rude ways, largely under their own control.

Her wandering gaze at length came to rest on a tent top showing in the brush northward from the camp. She saw two canoes drawn up on the beach above the lash of the waves, two small figures playing on the gravel and sunny dogs prowling alongshore. Smoke went eddying away in the wind. An Indian camp, Miss Benton supposed.

She had an impulse to skirt the bay and view the Indian camp at closer range, a notion born of curiosity. She debated this casually, and just as she was about to rise her movement was arrested by a faint crackle in the woods behind. She looked away through the deepening shadow among the trees and saw nothing at first. But the sound was repeated at odd intervals. She sat still. Thoughts of forest animals slipped into her mind without making her afraid. At last she caught sight of a man striding through the timber, soundlessly on the thick moss, coming almost straight toward her.

He was scarcely fifty yards away. Across his shoulder he bore a reddish gray burden, and in his right hand was a gun. She did not move. Bowed slightly under the weight, the man passed within twenty feet of her, so close that she could see the sweat beads glisten on that side of his face, and saw also that the load he carried was the carcass of a deer.

Daily Dot Puzzle

18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49
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Piffle's mother-in-law is here. Fifty straight lines will show the deer. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN

They were talking it over. Uncle Ed, from Kansas, kind-hearted, but stern visaged, Aunt Eliza from Maine, the cousins from Chicago and Mrs. Weldon's only brother and his wife. There was only one person outside of the family present and she had taken no part in the discussion. She sat a little apart, in fact, and fingered the pages of a magazine as though she were not interested. She was a woman about forty, interesting looking, with a face that told of a firm grip on life, and although she pretended to take no part, she was in reality listening carefully to everything that was said.

Yesterday Mrs. Weldon had been buried, and Bernice, her only child, the eccentric eighteen-year-old girl, whom none of the relatives understood because she had never been in the least ruled by authority, was being discussed with much interest.

"Of course, we'll take the child back with us," Uncle Ed was saying in his bluff, hearty manner. "She'll like it out on the farm, and I'll give her a riding horse and see if we can't get some color into that white little face of hers."

"Her mother always enjoyed my house in Portland," said Aunt Eliza stiffly, although there was a world of feeling behind the words. Aunt Eliza lived alone and was often very lonely. The thought of a young girl's voice round the house somehow stirred her heart vaguely. She would really enjoy the problem of doing for Bernice, although the child was strange and unfriendly.

"Don't you think she'd be happy with other young folks?" she asked of the cousins from Chicago. "What she needs now is plenty of diversion to make her forget the past."

The woman who sat by listening to the conversation smiled faintly. The relatives were all eager to have Bernice, but would they be an encumbrance if Bernice had not been left a comfortable fortune of her own, and if the caring for her meant that it was all in the way of expenditure?

Neither the silent woman or the busy chattering relatives were conscious of the lonely little figure in the next room, the girl who crouched low over her mother's picture, and fought back the storm of tears with every bit of will power there was in her.

She wanted to storm out at them all, those men and women who cared so little about the fact that hurt her so intolerably—the awful fact that she would never see her mother again.

They were talking again, between them they were about to decide her future. Evidently what she wanted or desired made no difference at all—she was simply to be disposed of without being considered. The girl in her grief had a distorted view of things, she did not take into consideration the kindly efforts of these well-meaning people; all she wanted was to be left alone, to stay where she was and to live her life in her own way. She wondered at the dully why Miss Hemlinway was so quiet and

then there was suddenly a great patter of small talk, an obvious effort to cover an uncomfortable silence, an attempt to reconcile themselves with Bernice as to the genuineness of their offers.

"Here she is," said Uncle Ed.

"Dear child," said Aunt Eliza. "We want you to come to Chicago for a long visit," gusted one of the cousins.

Bernice raised her white face slowly, and her eyes looked almost green as she spoke.

"You are all very kind," she said, slowly, "but I am going to remain here for the present."

"Here, in this house, all alone?" gasped her mother's brother's wife, "that's impossible!"

"You seem to forget, Aunt Mabel, that it's my house, and it's my life,

and for the present I am going to stay here. Of course I should like to visit you all, but I am not going to live with any of you."

Miss Hemlinway had stopped fingering the leaves of the magazine and was listening intently.

"Don't any of you understand?" the girl burst out passionately. "I want to live my own life, surely I have a right to do that. I can't have you decide it for me, and I can't be taken off somewhere, just after she's left me for good. I want to get used to it, and I want to stay here."

Then the quiet woman spoke for the first time. "You are old enough to do as you think best, Bernice," she said in her deep contralto voice that somehow soothed the girl wonderfully. Bernice turned and met the kind eyes of this woman who had been the best friend of the woman who had died. Then her green eyes softened into gray, a little smile hovered about the girl's tense mouth.

"Thank you," she said simply "you're like her, you understand."

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"THE world cannot afford to consider peace with Germany until the people rule. The sooner the United States and her Allies tell this to the German people officially, the sooner we shall have peace. Permanent peace will follow the establishment of a Republic."

CARL W. ACKERMAN wrote the above three months ago for the title page of his new book "Germany, The Next Republic". His words were prophetic, for today the world stands in admiration of President Wilson's note with its direct appeal to the German people.

The Evening Ledger will publish exclusively in Philadelphia "Germany, The Next Republic." The first installment will appear in TODAY'S Evening Ledger, and will be continued daily thereafter.

This series of articles will help you to a full understanding of why Germany hates and fears America. It is written by a man who has had exceptional facilities for learning the real facts about Germany, and who is convinced that the goal of the United States and her Allies must be "Germany, The Next Republic."

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TODAY'S
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