

# Reading for Women and all the Family



## BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued.)

She dressed herself, took the elevator down to the lobby, instructed the night clerk to have a maid pack her trunk and send it by express to Hopyard, care of St. Allwoods Hotel on the lake. Then she walked out to the broad-stopped carriage entrance.

A low-hung, low-hooded yellow car stood there, exhaust puffing faintly. She paid the driver, sank into the soft upholstery beside him, and the big six slid out into the street. There was no traffic. In a few minutes they were on the outskirts of the city, the long asphalt ribbon of King's way lying like a silver band between green, bushy walls.

Ninety miles of road, good, bad and indifferent, forest and farm rolling hill and swamps of Sumas prairie, lies between Vancouver and Roaring lake. At 4 in the morning, with dawn an hour old, they woke the Rosebud ferryman to cross the river. Twenty minutes after Stella was stepping stiffly out of the machine before Roaring Springs Hospital. The doctor's Chinaman was abroad in the garden. She beckoned him.

"You sabe, Mr. Benton—Charlie Benton?" she asked. "He in doctor's house?"

The Chinaman pointed across the road. "Mist Bentle obah dah," he said. "Velly much sick. Miss Bentle lib dah, all same gleen house."

Stella ran across the way. The front door of the green cottage stood wide. An electric drop light burned in the front room, though it was broad day. When she crossed the threshold she saw Linda sitting in a chair, her arms folded on the table edge, her head resting on her hands. She was asleep, and she did not raise her head till Stella shook her shoulder.

Linda Abbey had been a pretty girl, very fair, with apple blossom skin and a wonderfully expressive face. It gave Stella a shock to see her now, to gauge her suffering by the havoc it had wrought. Linda looked old, haggard, drawn. Her eyes were dull, lifeless, just as one might look who is utterly exhausted in mind and body. Oddly enough, she spoke first something irrelevant, inconsequential.

"I fell asleep," she said heavily. "What time is it?"

Stella looked at her watch. "Half past 4," she answered. "How is Charlie?" What happened to him?

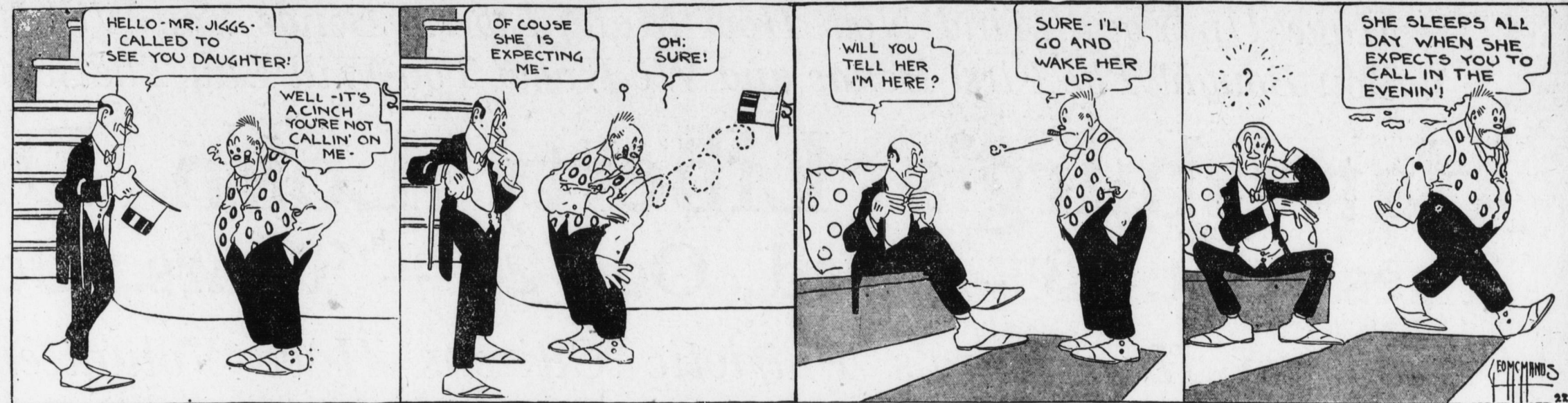
"He's caught her breath. She hadn't been prepared for that. 'Is he—is he?'—She could not utter the words.

"He'll get better. Wait." Linda rose stiffly from her seat. A door in one side of the room stood ajar. She opened it, and Stella, looking over her shoulder, saw her brother's tousled head on a pillow. A nurse

## Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



In uniform sat beside his bed. Linda closed the door silently.

"Come into the kitchen, where we won't make a noise," she whispered. A fire burned in the kitchen stove.

Linda sank into a willow rocker. "I'm weary as Atlas," she said. "I've been fretting for so long. Then late yesterday afternoon they brought him home to me like that. The doctor was probing for the bullet when I wired you. I was in a panic then, I think. Half past 4! How did you get here so soon? How could you? There's no train."

Stella told her. "Why should Monohan shoot him?" she broke out. "For God's sake, talk, Linda!"

There was a curious impersonality in Linda's manner, as if she stood aloof from it all, as if the fire of her vitality had burned out. She lay back her chair with eyelids drooping, speaking in dull, lifeless tones.

"Monohan shot him because Charlie came on him in the woods setting a fresh fire. They've suspected him or some one in his pay, of that, and they've been watching. There were two other men with Charlie, so there is no mistake. Monohan got away. That's all I know. Oh, but I'm tired! I've been hanging on to myself for so long. About daylight, after we knew for sure that Charlie was over the hill, something seemed to let go in me. I'm awful glad you came Stella. Can you make a cup of tea?"

Linda's head dropped over the teacup. Her eyelids blinked. "Dear," Stella said tenderly, "come and lie down. 'You're worn out.'"

"Perhaps I'd better," Linda muttered. "There's another room in there."

Stella tucked the weary girl into the bed and went back to the kitchen and sat down in the willow rocker. After another hour the nurse came out and prepared her own breakfast. Benton was in no danger, the nurse told Stella. The bullet had driven cleanly through his chest, missing as by a miracle any vital part, and lodged in the muscles of his back, whence the surgeon had removed it. Though weak from shock loss of blood, excitement he had rallied splendidly and fallen into a normal sleep, from which he was just awakening.

Benton lifted alert, recognizing eyes when Stella peeped in the bedroom door. "Hello, sis!" he greeted in

strangely subdued tones. "When did you blow in? I thought you'd deserted the sinking ship completely. Come on in."

"She winced inwardly at his words, but made no outward sign as she came up to his bedside. The nurse went out.

"Perhaps you'd better not talk?" she said.

"Oh, nonsense," he retorted feebly. "I'm all right. Sore as the mischief and weak. But I don't feel as bad as I might. Linda still asleep?"

"I think so," Stella answered. "Poor kid," he breathed. "It's been tough on her. Well, I guess it's been tough on everybody. As turned out to be some bad actor, this Monohan party. I never did like the fergar. He was a little too high handed in his smooch kid glove way. But I don't suppose he'd try to burn up a miller's Jollurs' worth of timber to satisfy a grudge. Well, he put his foot in it if proper at last. He'll get a good long jolt in the pen if the boys don't beat the constables to him and take him to pieces."

"He did start the fire then?" Stella muttered.

"I guess so," Benton replied. "At any rate, he kept it going. Did it by his lonesome too. Jack suspected that. We were watching for him as well as fighting fire. He'd come down from the head of the lake in that speed boat of his, and this time daylight caught him before he could get back to where he had her cached, after starting a string of little fires in the edge of my north limit. He had it in for me, too, you know; I batted him over the head with a pike pole here at the wharf one day this spring, so he plunked me as soon as I hollered at him. I wish he'd done it earlier in the game. We might have saved a lot of good timber. As it was, we couldn't do much. Every time the wind changed it would break out in a new place—too often to be accidental. Hand him!"

(To Be Continued)

**DIES FROM TYPHOID**

Mount Joy, Oct. 22.—John R. Swarr, of East Petersburg, died on Friday morning, from typhoid fever. This is the fifth termination of the disease from the epidemic. Mr. Swarr was a clerk for the Pennsylvania Stone, Cement and Supply Company and was twenty-six years old. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Menno P. Swarr and several brothers and sisters.

## "THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Warren, I don't feel a bit hungry. I think I'll have a club sandwich, dear."

"Well, I should say not! Here I am taking you out for dinner at a classy place, and you want to order a club sandwich."

"But Warren, I really haven't felt well to-day. I woke up feeling dizzy, and right after breakfast I had a sick headache."

"Since you've taken to drinking nothing but strong coffee for breakfast, I shouldn't wonder at all if you had a sick headache every morning. Look at me! I never used to eat anything in the morning and now I eat everything. It's simply a matter of training. I used to think I didn't feel like eating, and I simply determined to eat or know the reason why. Now I like breakfast as well as I do any meal."

"Well, dear, it may have worked all right in your case, but I've always believed that if the stomach doesn't feel like food, it oughtn't to be forced."

"And so you only drink strong coffee for breakfast, and I'll warrant you take nothing but some tea and toast for lunch, instead of eating three good, nourishing meals every day. I tell you it's all wrong."

"But Warren, I don't see why you should object to my ordering a club sandwich. You can order what you like. Please let me order what I feel like eating."

**A Former Experience.**

"But often you women have to be tempted. Now remember that time in London when you felt this way and I made you eat something nourishing? You felt better directly after you had put some food into your stomach."

Helen did remember that time. She could almost feel the bait sick sensation that she had in the taxi and the smell of the chop house Warren took her to, and the distaste she had had for the thick steak that had been served them. But it was true—she had felt better.

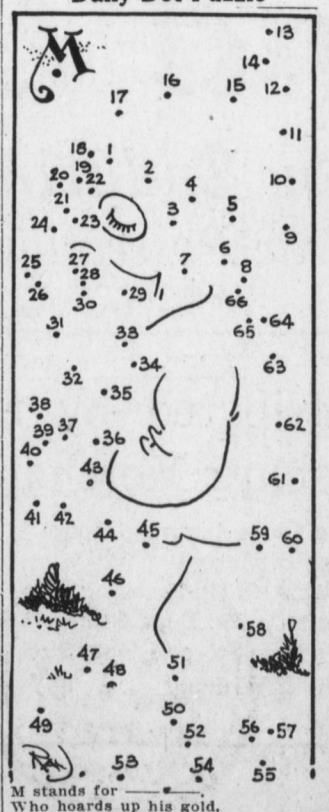
"If I remember right," Warren was saying, "you hadn't felt like any lunch that day and I had given in to you. What did you have for lunch to-day?"

"I had plenty, dear. Mary creamed the chicken that was left from last night and I really ate quite a lot."

"That's good. Well, you must try to eat something for dinner. Here comes the waiter. Remember this is a classy place and you can't order a club sandwich at dinner time and get away with it. Think of something you would like to have or let me order for you."

Helen cast her eyes down the menu. There wasn't a thing among the entrees that appealed to her in the least, and yet she hated to displease Warren. If she allowed him to order for her, she knew very well that he would order steak or something equally heavy, and she really felt too ill to tackle anything in the way of meat.

### Daily Dot Puzzle



M stands for —. Who hoards up his gold. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

## Facts About the Sugar Situation

Our Government has asked you to use sugar sparingly. We believe that the people of this country will be glad to do their part to conserve the sugar supply when they know the facts.

These facts are as follows:

More than two-thirds of the source of Europe's sugar supply is within the present battle lines. This has resulted in greatly reducing the production of sugar in Europe.

England and France and other countries have been forced to go for sugar to Cuba.

Ordinarily, nearly all of the Cuban raw sugar comes to the United States and is refined here, chiefly for home use. This is not the case now.

In view of the exceptional world demand for sugar there is no surplus, and barely enough to tide us over until the new crop comes in. The people of the New England and Atlantic Coast States should use sugar sparingly. No one should hoard or waste it.

This Company has no surplus sugar to sell. It is working with the Government to conserve the supply, and to take care of the Allies so far as possible.

Do not pay an increased retail price.

## The Franklin Sugar Refining Company

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# LIBERTY BONDS

will go into

One of America's greatest assets in this world war has proved to be the development and prosperity of the automobile industry.

The Liberty Motor, which is destined to save thousands of valuable young American lives, by giving American aircraft command of the air, was designed by automobile engineers. These motors are being built in automobile factories.

Motor Cars and Motor Trucks by the tens of thousands are now under construction for both Army and Navy use.

The continued prosperity of the automobile industry thus becomes one of the surest guarantees of American victory.

As a feeble acknowledgment of our debt to the country under whose flag and institutions such growth has been possible, and to keep faith with a public, whose patronage has built the Packard business and enabled the Packard organization to serve our country as it is serving to-day, this Company plans to devote the receipts of one whole week's Motor Carriage business to the purchase of Liberty Bonds.

This plan will enable Packard customers whose orders are received within that period to feel that they are rendering their Government high service, while at the same time providing for their own needs in the matter of transportation, and thus assisting in the relief of public transportation facilities, which are now so sorely taxed to move troops, munitions and supplies.

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