



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

It could all be explained so easily. And yet—the facts fitted like links of a chain to condemn him. He went over them one by one. The babbling tongue of Selfridge that had been common to the partners in crime; the tragedy in which he and Macdonald were the principals—his purchase of the automobile—his public meeting with two known enemies of the Scotsman, during which he had been seen to give them money—his target practice with the new revolver—the unhappy chance that had taken him out to Seven-Mile Creek Camp the very day that he had been seen to give them money—his target practice with the new revolver—even the finding of the body by him. All of these dove-tailed with the hypothesis that his partners in crime were to escape and bear the blame, while he was to bring the body back to town and assume innocence.

Paget was admitted to his cell later in the morning by Gopher Jones. He had his hands with the prisoner. Jones retired.

"Took luck, Gordon," the engineer said.

"What does Sheba think?"

"We haven't told her you have been arrested. I heard it only a little while ago."

"And Diane?"

"Yes, she knows."

"What?" demanded Gordon brusquely.

Peter looked at him in questioning surprise. "Well, what?"

"He caught the meaning of his friend's 'Try not to be an ass, Gordon.' Of course she knows the charge is ridiculous."

The chip dropped from the young man's shoulder. "Good old Diane! I might have known," he said with a new cheerfulness.

"I think you might have," agreed Peter dryly. "By the way, have you had any breakfast?"

"No, I'm hungry, come to think of it."

"I'll have something sent in from the hotel."

"How's Macdonald?"

"He's alive—and while there's life there is hope."

"Any news of the murderers?"

"Possibly. I'm going to the hills for them. They stole a packhorse from a truck gardener up the valley. It

IN FIVE MINUTES NO SICK STOMACH INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest and surest Stomach relief.

You don't know what upset your stomach—which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well don't bother. If your stomach is in a rage, if it sickens, gags and upsets, and what you just ate has fermented and turned sour; head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take a little Pape's Diapepsin to neutralize acidity and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress.

Millions of men and women to-day know that it is needless to have dyspepsia. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps the stomach sweetened, and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless antacid is Pape's Diapepsin, which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it stops food souring and sets things straight, so gently and easily, that it is really astonishing. Your stomach will digest your meals if you keep acids neutralized.—Adv.

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Blough Manufacturing Co.

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Bringing Up Father

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"WHAT TIME IS IT?"

"TEN O'CLOCK-SIR!"

"NIGHT OR MORNIN'?"

"BY GOLLY-I WISH WE LIVED NEAR THE NORTH POLE WHERE THE NIGHTS ARE SIX MONTHS LONG!"

"HOW IN THE WORLD CAN YOU SLEEP THE WAY YOU DO?"

"JUST WILL POWER!"

seems they bought an outfit for a month yesterday—said they were going prospecting."

"They talked for a few minutes longer, mainly on the question of a lawyer and the chances of getting out on bond. Peter left the prisoner in very much better spirits than he had found him."

CHAPTER XV.

"God Save You Kindly."

A nurse from the hospital had relieved Diane and Sheba at daybreak. They slept until the middle of the afternoon, then under orders from the doctor walked out to take the air. The fever of the patient was subsiding. He slept a good deal, and in the intervals between had been once or twice quite rational.

The thoughts of the cousins drew their steps toward the jail. Sheba looked at Diane.

"Will they let us pass, do you think?"

"Perhaps we can try."

Gopher Jones was not proof against the brisk confidence with which Mrs. Paget demanded admittance.

The prisoner was sitting on the bed. His heart jumped with gladness when he looked up.

Diane shook hands cheerfully.

"How is the criminal?"

"Better," he answered.

His eyes strayed to the ebullient girl in the background. They met a troubled smile, grave and sweet.

"Awfully good of you to come to see me," he told Sheba gratefully.

"How is Macdonald?"

"Better, we hope. He knew Diane this afternoon."

"We haven't talked to Mr. Macdonald yet about the attack on him," Diane explained. "But he must have recognized the men. There are many footprints at the ford, showing how they moved over the ground as they fought. So he could not have been unconscious from the first blow."

"Unless they were masked he must have known them. It was light enough," agreed Elliot.

"Peter is still trying to get the officers to accept bail, but I don't think he will succeed. There is a good deal of feeling in town against you."

"Because I am supposed to be an enemy to an open Alaska, I judge."

"Mainly that. Wally Selfridge has been talking a good deal. He takes it for granted that you are guilty. We'll have to wait in patience till Mr. Macdonald speaks and clears you."

Gopher stuck his head in at the door. "You'll have to go, ladies. Time's up."

When Sheba bade the prisoner good-bye it was with a phrase of the

old Irish vernacular. "God save you kindly."

It knew the peasant's answer to the wish and gave it. "And you, too."

The girl left the prison with a mist in her eyes. Her cousin looked at her with a queer, ironic little smile of affection. To be in trouble was a sure passport to the sympathy of Sheba. Now both her lovers were in a sad way. Diane wondered which of them would gain most from this new twist of fate.

Selfridge had been shocked at the sight of Macdonald. The terrible beating and the loss of blood had sapped all the splendid, vital strength of the Scotsman. His battered head was swathed in bandages, but the white face was bruised and disfigured. The wounded man was weak as a kitten; only the steady eyes told that he was still strong and unconquered.

"I want to talk business for a minute, Miss Seewick. Will you please step out?" said Macdonald to his nurse.

She hesitated. "The doctor says—"

"Do as I say, please."

The nurse left them alone. Wally told the story of the evidence against Elliot in four sentences. His chief caught the point at once.

After Selfridge had gone, the wounded man lay silent thinking of his program. Not for a moment did he doubt that he was going to live, and his brain was already busy planning for the future. He knew now that in the violence of his anger against Elliot he had made a mistake. To have killed his rival would have been fatal to the Kamathah. He had been in the wrong and it had put him in the right. By the same cut of the cards young Elliot had been thrust down from an impregnable position to one in which he was a discredited suspect. With all this evidence to show that he had conspired against Macdonald, his report to the department would be labor lost.

[To Be Continued.]

For Women Who Worry

Worry and "the blues" are usually linked together, and in many cases are due to some functional derangement which if not corrected may lead to more serious ailments. More outdoor life, sleep, water-drinking and a few weeks' treatment with that good old-fashioned root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, will relieve and strengthen the system and work wonders for any woman. If you are prone to worry and "the blues" try it.—Adv.

DULL, SPLITTING, SICK HEADACHE

Dr. James' Headache Powders relieve at once—10 cents a package.

You take a Dr. James' Headache Powder and in just a few moments your head clears and all neuralgia and pain fades away. It's the quickest and surest relief for headache, whether dull throbbing, splitting or nerve racking. Send someone to the drug store and get a dime package now. Quit suffering—it's so needless. Be sure you get Dr. James' Headache Powders—then there will be no disappointment.—Adv.

All's Well That Ends Well

By Jane McLean

She tapped the floor with her dancing slipper and laughed lightly. Then, as she saw his disappointed face, she went still further with what she was saying.

"Really, there is no need of looking so angry about it. I'm sorry you don't like me."

"But I do—or I did," and he stopped.

"And now you no longer think I am worth while."

"Yes, I do think you're worth while. I am sure of it, that's why I can't see you so calmly."

"But what would you have me do? Carry around pails of soup to the poor, and knit on that old gray wool every day? You can see yourself how absurd it all is. Let the old women do it, and leave the pleasant things in the world to the younger women."

"But," she protested, "can't you see that it's not so much the fact of your doing it as it is your feeling as you do about it?"

Refuses to Pretend

"No, I can't see it that way at all. I think it better to be frank about it than to pretend something one doesn't feel."

He was helpless in her grasp, and man-like he floundered. When she repeated what he said, it somehow sounded different. Even now, after she had said all manner of things, she made him feel more like a confounded prig than anything else. Her last remark was so true that it was absurd to argue against it. He had not expected that she would answer it that way.

He looked across at her, marching the lovely frivolous gown, the slender arms and hands, the dark gypsy face, with its crown of red-brown hair. Finally he stammered miserably, "Shall we change the subject? Don't seem to be getting anywhere."

She turned toward him. "But," she protested, "I don't like to leave it like this. I feel as though I ought to make an effort to vindicate myself."

"You're probably right about it all," he answered.

"But that wasn't what she wanted at all. 'Oh, I may not be right,' she said airily, 'but I'm frank about it. I'll start a sweater for myself if I must knit to please you. You see, I can select some bright, attractive color then.'"

His Confession

"Pat," he began, "you're getting me all wrong, and I'm getting you all wrong. Let's stop talking about it."

"No, I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll see what can be done about making me over into the kind of a woman you like best. You seem to be taking the matter so personally, one would almost think it mattered one way or another how I spend my time or what I happen to think about."

"It does," he burst out fiercely.

"It does, and that's just what hurts most."

"But why?" she said wonderingly.

"Why should you take it so personally? Innocently as the words were spoken, her wily little heart

Daily Dot Puzzle

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Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton

So many children wear short sleeves in the house throughout the entire year that this frock, just as it stands will meet almost every need, but the pattern includes long sleeves if you prefer them, also you can make the skirt without the little frilled heading at the top if you want a plainer effect. You can cut the neck square and omit the collar, too. Any simple, childlike material that can be shirred successfully is appropriate. Taffeta makes a very dressy little frock and challis and cashmere and wool materials of the sort make pretty and serviceable ones. Many of the new challis are exceedingly beautiful in color and in design and eminently childlike. The material in one that washes as perfectly as linen so that it is practical and serviceable as well.

For the 8-year size will be needed, 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 3/8 yards 36.

The pattern No. 9548 is cut in sizes from 4 to 10 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

9548 Child's Empire Dress, 4 to 10 years. Price 10 cents.

Advice to the Lovelorn

Be Kind to Her

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A few months ago I married a man who is very much attached to his mother. She is living with us; but our home is not so peaceful as I would like, for we are very jealous of each other. We had a few words lately, and she told me I could do as I pleased, but she would stay with her son. I am not happy and have often thought of leaving them, but my people object to that. I try to be agreeable, but it hurts me to see that she always has the first place in my husband's thoughts, and she is so jealous that she hates to see him kiss me, so that he never fondles me any more when she is present. Could you please advise me? She has other children with whom she could stay, but she doesn't get along with them and loves my husband most.

A. P. S.

So your husband's widowed mother loves him best of anyone on earth! Now, my dear, are you going to be so selfish that you will try to take from an old woman the love that means most to her? I want to tell you something. You are young, and she had never come to the point, and she had thought he didn't care.

"Tony," she said, leaning forward all the light mocking laughter gone from her voice, "let's go into the conservatory a moment; I want to tell you something."

He rose eagerly, but before they could escape two laughing girls bore down on them.

"Oh, here you are! Say, Pat, have you turned in your report?" If not, I have two more outfits for you. She's a wonder, Mr. Hunt. She has knitted four outfits this month, and she takes charge of the entire thing herself, besides.

Tony almost gasped, and Pat, trying to silence the girls, stood for the first time in her life utterly at a loss as to what to do next. She wanted to tell the girls to go away. She wanted to shout, "You've spoiled it all." She wanted to take Tony by the arm and get him away somewhere, anywhere at all, if they could be alone and she could make her confession. He would never tell her now. She knew him too well, and he was too strict in his ideas. He would never tolerate a girl who lied, and besides he would never take the initiative. He was notably shy with women.

But as Pat looked up furtively she faced a very different looking Tony. This Tony was grinning, and he did not look at all afraid. Instead he grasped Pat by the arm and said commandingly:

"I want to talk to you, young lady. You deserve a good spanking, but I may decide to spare you at that. She's been misbehaving herself," he said to the laughing girls, "no trace of embarrassment visible in his manner."

Pat looked at him in amazement and thrilled as he bore her. She had been terribly in love with Tony before he adopted these high-handed methods, but he was more fascinating than ever this way.

HURT UNDER WALL

Three men suffered slight bruises at the Harrisburg Pipe and Pipe Bending Works yesterday, George Heberling, 19 Evergreen street, and Lloyd F. Belnau and Arthur Nelson, of Higspring. They were hurt in the tearing down of brick walls weakened by the recent fire.

Of Course He Will Go

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am a girl, and have known a young man two years my senior for

EVEN CROSS, SICK CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

Look at tongue! If feverish, bilious, constipated, take no chances

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour wastes.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomachache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul waste, the sour chills and fermenting food, the pain of the bowels and you have a well and playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest assured, giving it, because it never fails to make their little "insides" clean and sweet.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeiters sold here, so surely look and see that yours is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.—Adv.

Advice to the Lovelorn

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 22 years old, and have been going with a young man of the same age for two years. My mother now disapproves, offering by reason for my sudden change of attitude, being a character and is respectable in every way. For two years she did not object, but voiced approval and consent. I feel I am old enough to decide whom I will marry and think you will agree that I cannot help but love to assist myself. He has very good position with unusual opportunity, and spell success for him. He loves me and surely is entitled to my love, besides a real friend in many instances has proved himself to be a true friend. My mother and me, and helped us in many difficulties, which my mother now seems to ignore and forget.

GRACE.

I do not understand your mother's change of attitude, and while on general principles I heartily dislike interfering between parents and children, I think that under these circumstances you do indeed owe a square deal to the man whom you care for. If your mother will not offer any explanation for her sudden change of heart, she cannot hardly expect her whim to influence you. Either she must bring some argument to back her opinion, or she must permit you to continue in your loyal love for your sweetheart.

HEADACHE FROM A COLD? LISTEN!

"Pape's Cold Compound" ends severe colds or grippe in few hours.

Your cold will break and all gripe misery end after taking a dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until the fever is taken.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, relieves nasty discharge or nose-running, relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing your nose, and get the relief of a good sniffle. Ease your head, give your brain something else in the world gives such prompt relief as the "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store, and without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Accept no substitute.

NUXALIN

Increases strength of delicate, nervous, nervous people 100 per cent. in ten days. In ten days, \$100 forfeit if it fails to relieve. Buy in large article soon to appear in this paper. Used and highly endorsed by former United States Senators and Members of Congress, well-known physicians and former Public Health officials. Ask your doctor or druggist about it.

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GIRLS! BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR AND STOP DANDRUFF

Hair becomes charming, wavy, lustrous and thick in few moments

Every bit of dandruff disappears and hair stops coming out

For a few cents you can save your hair. In less than ten minutes you can double its beauty. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and charming as a young girl's after applying some Danderine. Also try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides cleansing, purities and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft, hair, and lots of it, surely get the small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it!

FOR THREE YEARS I SUFFERED

With Stomach Trouble, Kidneys Bothered Me

says Mrs. S. Gibson, 313 Adams street, Steelton, Pa. For three years I have been bothered with stomach trouble and nervousness. I always bloated after eating and had lots of pain and heartburn. I was very susceptible to cold in head and throat.

My kidneys bothered me and I had rheumatism in my back and limbs.

At night I did not rest well and had bad dreams. Well, a friend recommended Sanpan, and I am grateful for this advice as it worked a miracle in my case.

My stomach is O. K., nerves are quiet, sleep well, have no sign of rheumatism, my kidneys are well and I feel fine.

Sanpan is being introduced at Keller's Drug Store, 405 Market street, Harrisburg.—Adv.

--LADIES--

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