



Reading for Women and all the Family



The Yukon Trail

By William MacLeod Raine

(Continued)

"Of course, I knew you would have an alibi. Have you got one to explain why you left town so suddenly the night the bank was robbed? Milton was killed after midnight. Before morning you and your friend Elliot routed out Ackroyd and bought a lot of supplies for him for a hurry-up trip. You slipped around to the corral and hit the trail right into the blizzard. Will you tell me why you were in such a hurry to get away, if it wasn't to escape from the town where you had murdered a decent old fellow who never had harmed a soul.

"Sure I'll tell you." The black eyes of the little man snapped eagerly. "I came so p. d. q. because that side partner of mine Gordon Elliot wouldn't let me wait till morning. He had a reason for leaving town that wouldn't wait a minute, one big enough to drive him right into the heart of the blizzard. Me, I tagged along."

"I can guess his reason," heered the Scotsman. "But I'd like to hear you put a name to it."

Holt grinned maliciously and waved a hand toward the girl who was pilloving the head of her lover. "The name of his reason is Sheba O'Neal, looks like."

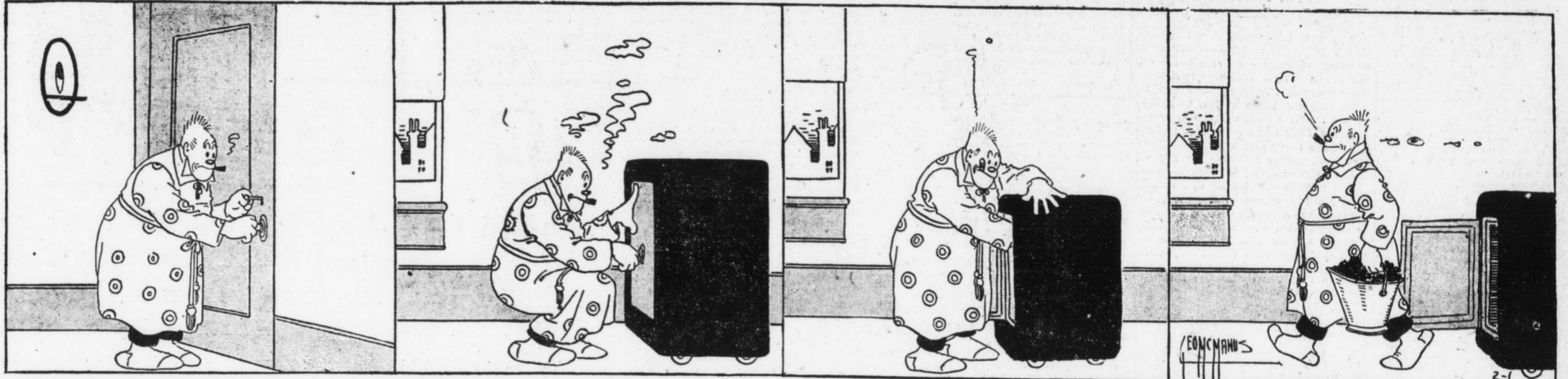
"You mean—"

The little miner took the words triumphantly out of his mouth. He leaned forward and threw them into the face of the man he hated. "It means that while you was dancing and philandering with other women, Gordon Elliot was buckin' a blizzard to save the life of the girl you both claimed to love. He was mushin' into fifty miles of frozen hell while you was fillin' up with potted grouse and champagne. Simultaneous with the lame goose and the monkey singlestep you was dancin' this lads windjammin' through white drifts. He beat you at your own game, man. You're a bear for the outdoor stuff, they tell me. You chew up a blizzard for breakfast and throttle a pack of

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus



THE FOUR OF HEARTS

A SERIAL OF YOUTH AND ROMANCE

By VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER IV

There are few more dreary experiences than that of awakening early in a large hotel, taking one's breakfast alone and boarding a train for a place where one has few acquaintances.

Such thoughts as these were uppermost in Cynthia Long's mind as she left Chicago and its familiar environs behind her on the morning after her parting from her father's old friend and lawyer.

But she was determined to make herself as comfortable as possible in the Pullman in which she had her seat. So after taking off her hat and coat, adjusting a footstool under her feet and settling herself back in a cushioned corner, she

opened her handbag and drew forth a couple of magazines.

As she did this, the letter she had received the night before caught her eye. She had laid it away in her bag with the consciousness that she would want to read it again some time. That time had come now. She needed the courage it might give her. She was uncomfortably homesick at seeing the last of the place near which she had spent all her life.

"I may some time marry and go back to Lake Forest to live," she mused. "Meanwhile I must try to learn to be content elsewhere."

She had been to New York twice with her father—once when she was a child of twelve, soon after her mother's death; the other time, when she was sixteen. Her father had been too busy to stay away from home long, or to make many social visits. He had taken his daughter with him to the Waldorf, and had dined or lunched several times with the Livingstones. Cynthia recalled these occasions now, trying to recollect just what her aunt and cousin had been like. She remembered that Dora was pretty and vivacious, and that her Aunt Amanda—Mrs. Livingston—was stately and rather conventional, yet kindly.

She had now wondered for the twentieth time if she was doing right in making her home with these relatives. It might not be easy to adjust oneself to their ways. Well, she would not be a burden upon them, for she had a sufficient income from her father's estate to dress herself well and to supply her various needs. But she was occupying a room in her uncle's house. Would she be in the way when the first novelty of her arrival had worn off?

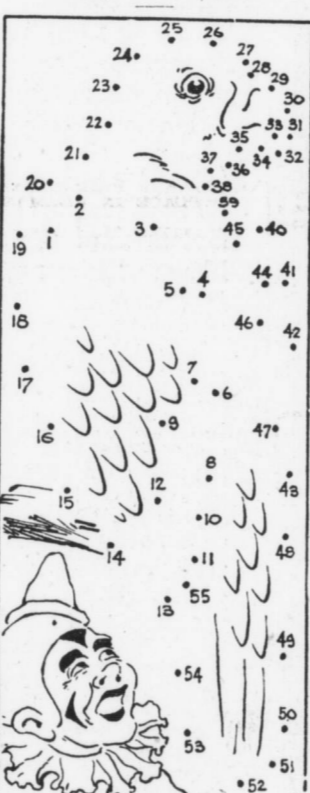
She realized with relief that she had not proposed this arrangement. It had been her uncle's idea. Her lawyer, Mr. Blake, had insisted that her father would have wished her to agree to it. That and her loneliness had moved her to do so. At any rate, the letter she had received last night had convinced her that her cousin joyfully anticipated her arrival.

A Nice Letter

She reread the letter, now slowly. "Dear Cynthia," it ran. "Of course Father and Mother have written you the proper and altogether truthful epistles of welcome to our home. I have not written, although I have been thinking a lot of and banking on your coming to live with us. It occurs to me to tell you this in a letter to reach you on your last evening before you leave Chicago. Father tells me you are to stay at a hotel that night. Mother thinks that most unusual. I think it must be rather jolly. Only I suppose you will be blue and will feel that you are leaving behind you all your old friends and everything.

"Dear, please don't be blue. Try

Daily Dot Puzzle



Five and fifty lines and you see my — from the zoo. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



9634 Dress with Panel Front, 36 to 46 bust. Price 15 cents.

This is a design that you can utilize for a variety of materials and for quite different purposes. Here, it is made of a striped challis with trimming of silk to be a simple afternoon gown. If you omit the revers and make it of a simple washable material, you will have a serviceable morning dress. You have a choice of two kinds of sleeves but the three-quarter bell sleeves are very fashionable this season and especially pretty for afternoon dresses. The knitting bag is of especial interest, for it really is a bag and apron in one. As you see it here, the apron is turned down into the bag, but when the knitting or sewing is in progress, a belt is passed around the waist and a protective apron provided. In January all sorts of pretty cotton goods will be shown and this dress would be charming made up in gingham or in any similar material.

For the medium size will be needed, 7 yards of material 27 inches wide, 5 yards 36, 4 1/2 yards 44, with 1 1/2 yards of any width for the trimming. The skirt is 2 yards and 4 inches in width at the lower edge.

The pattern No. 9634 is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

to think what good chums you and I will be. I never had a sister. I fancy Mother thought it more conventional and select to have only one youngster. Anyway, I am the only young person in this big house, and I do so often long for a girl, who will belong to me, to have good times with me. I have always wanted a sister. I want you to make believe you are one. Won't you? You will not have a chance to answer this letter, but please let me tell you all the things I am not clever enough to say.

"Come as fast as the train will bring you, Cynthia, my dear. It cannot be too soon for your loving cousin-sister."

"DORA."

"She's a dear!" Cynthia decided, her eyes moist and her lips curved by a tender smile as she gazed on the landscape beyond the car windows.

Everything was bathed in the midwinter sunlight—a sunlight that was cold, yet brilliant. After all the girl mused, she was young, and all life lay before her.

A spirit of adventure stirred within her. There were going to be new experiences in her life; she was going to meet new people; perhaps, in spite of her misgivings, she would not be as homesick as she had feared.

Her father had always spoke of New York with admiration. His wife had been a New York girl. That may have accounted for his sentiments. His child, remembering this, felt a growing certainty that she might be happy in the great city toward which she was traveling.

She looked back at her loneliness of yesterday and last evening. What had wrought this change in her state of mind? It must have been the rereading of Dora Livingston's letter. Cynthia had slept better last night for having received this message. She was glad she had stopped to ask the hotel clerk if there was any mail for her.

Suddenly she remembered how, in crossing the lobby, she had dropped the letter and a young man had sprung forward and picked it up for her. She did not see where he came from. It was as if he had started up from the floor right in front of her. He had very blue

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX THE SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART

Dear Miss Fairfax:

I am drafted into the National Army. Expect my call any day. I had planned on marrying some time during the middle of next year. But it does not seem right that I should marry before going to the front. What might happen abroad in the way of injury or death may mean a great disadvantage and sacrifice to the girl I adore. The question I would like settled is: Is it right that one should continue his engagement when he realizes he may be away for two or more years; that the girl would have to deprive herself of many enjoyments during this time, and that he may be so crippled as to be unwelcome (from his own viewpoint) to the girl he loves?

Your opinion would greatly ease the mind of one who is very anxious to do what is right and best for the girl he loves.

ANXIOUS

Why will the soldier boys, to whom I feel like a loving big sister, insist on asking me this difficult question? I dare not try to settle this problem for other women. If I answer as they desire I will bring happiness—but think what infinite mischief I can work by trying to settle this grave problem for people I have never seen. This is my attitude: If I were deeply in love with a soldier boy I would want to marry him before he went over There. I would gladly take my chances—if I cared enough—that is the whole point.

With real devotion in her heart, any woman who loves the spirit and mind of her man would proudly welcome him back however he came. A lesser love might fail. Years of separation might weaken a small love. None of us can be sure of ourselves or our own loyalty. To risk

so much because of a mere infatuation is foolish. To risk it for big love is noble. The hysteria of war time makes men and women rush into situations that will make them unhappy later on. Try to be reasonably sure of yourselves—then act!

LIKE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE HE SAYS

Well-Known Civil Engineer Tells How Tanlac Vanquished His Stomach Trouble

PRaises IT HIGHLY

"I feel as if I had a new lease of life and real life at that," says R. S. Ferguson, a civil engineer of Steelton, Pa., who is well known in Harrisburg.

"I was bothered a lot by stomach trouble and constipation and nothing seemed to do me any good although I tried a lot of remedies. I said to myself one day, 'Tanlac, I feel rotten, I guess I'll give this medicine a try out and see if it's any better than the others.'"

"To my surprise it helped me right from the start off. My appetite began to come back and when I ate my stomach was ready to take care of it and I never had a sign of the gaseous trouble."

"That bad taste went out of my mouth and my breath has lost that nasty odor. It's a fine medicine for a weak stomach that's sure and I'm glad to recommend it."

Tanlac is now being introduced here at Gorgas' Drug Store.

Tanlac is also sold at the Gorgas Drug Store in the P. R. Station; in Carlisle at W. G. Stevens' Pharmacy; Elizabethtown, Albert W. Cain; Greencastle, Charles E. Carl; Middletown, Colin S. Few's Pharmacy; Waynesboro, Clarence Croff's Pharmacy; Mechanicsburg, H. F. Brunhouse.—Adv.

If your skin itches and burns, just use Resinol



If you are suffering from eczema, ringworm or similar itching, burning, unsightly skin affection, bathe the sore places with Resinol Soap and hot water, then gently apply a little Resinol Ointment. You will probably be astonished how instantly the itching stops and healing begins. In most cases the sick skin quickly becomes clear and healthy again, at very little cost.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap also clear away pimples, redness, roughness and dandruff. Sold by all druggists.

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