Keeping Yourself Well

HOW YOU GET SICK

Sometimes you overload your stomach with rich foods. Your life may be an active one, and thus you may care for all you eat. But a few days of inactivity show your system does not call for so much. You awake in the morning tired. Your body feels heavy; you know you are not up to the mark. Your digestion has not cared for the overload. Part of it remains. It generates gas that inflames the delicate linings. They fail to pour out the digestive fluids and protects to absorb the life-giving elements. You know something is wrong.

Your body gets weak, and soon opportunity is offered for some severe illness.

Taken in time, the indigestion would not become serious. First remove the overload; then soothe the sore membranes; then build up the weakened body. It's simple to say, but not too easy to do. You need help.

A tonic that will quicken digestion, help remove waste, soothe the soreness and arouse the system—that's just what you need.

Peruna has an enviable record in this respect. It has aided many thousands in the last century to overcome just these conditions and thereby prevent serious sickness.

The tablet form is convenient for regular administration.

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Manalin Tablets are the ideal laxative and liver tonic. They have no unpleasant effects and form no habits. 10c and 25c.

The Peruna Co. Columbus, O.

INFORMATION FOR CONTRACTORS

Sealed proposals, addressed to the County Commissioners of Queen Anne's county, and endorsed "Proposals for building a section of State Aid highway in Queen Anne's County," upon or along the Queenstown Road between Queenstown and Centreville, for a distance of about 5.4 miles; also sealed proposals endorsed "Proposals for building a section of State Aid highway through the town of Queenstown in Queen Anne's County" for a distance of 0.37 mile, will be received by the County Commissioners of Queen Anne's County, at their office, Centreville, Md., until 12 o'clock noon, of the 27th day of February, 1917, and at that time and place will be publicly opened and read.

All bids must be made upon blank forms to be obtained of the State Roads Commission at its office, 601 Garrett Building, Baltimore, Md., must give the prices proposed both in writing and in figures, and must be signed by the bidder, with his address.

Each bid is to be accompanied by a certified check for Two Hundred Dollars ($200.00), payable to the County Commissioners of Queen Anne's county, said check to be returned to the bidder unless he fails to execute the contract should it be awarded to him.

Plans can be seen and forms of specification and contract may be obtained on cash payment of One ($1.00) Dollar, at the office of the State Roads Commission, Baltimore, Md.

The County Commissioners of Queen Anne's County reserve the right to reject any and all proposals.

By order of the
County Commissioners of Queen Anne's County.
F. E. Schnepfe, Roads Engineer. F1712

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Villification tore at the other's lips until friend and enemy marveled at what Steve took in silence.

"You have begun many things in this counthry," the long tirade ended. "You came out of these woods with rags on your back and started a-bein' a gentleman when we were only b'hoys. You've made a great success at it with the ladies, we'll granut you that. But you should have stuck to your soft and lily white pastime, for when you aimed to turn this river into a gentleman's proposition you started something too big for you to finish. I'm taking it off your hands now. Can't you even talk back like a man?"

"Maybe you are right, Harrigan," Steve said. "You may be—I do not know. I have started big things and left them unfinished. But you are wrong for the rest of it, Harrigan, for I am going to finish—you!"

Like a blast of wrath O'Mara lifted and struck him. Harrigan's hands had not left his hips before he met the ground, and he was back on his feet like a bounding ball, only to go down again before the smashing impact of those blows. Caution he tried to use in rising, and they searched out his face, his chin, and drove him hither and yon. Open fighting was not the river style of fighting, and he closed this time and wrapped his gorilla arms about this fury who fought with lightning strokes to keep him off. His greater weight overbore them both. He broke away, and his hobnailed boots lashing out bit the flesh of O'Mara's temple—they tore the turf where his face had been.

There was madness in Harrigan's hideous roarings of hate, madness in his blind rushes, and his bull strength availed at first. He weathered destruction and managed to close again. This time the lighter man was ready for the scuff of those armed boots. He twisted and covered his face with his shoulder, and only his shirt ripped open to let blood stream from the rent. On their feet they rocked—to their knees! Faces grinding into the earth, they strained and broke away. And always Harrigan came back and found him blindly. Once his hairy hands searched O'Mara's face, and O'Mara's forehead went wet with the agony of fingers tearing at his eyesockets. Dropping, he escaped that gouging grip. Coming up, he caught Harrigan's chin and turned him over backward.

Harrigan squandered his strength in drunken rushes, his breath in screams of hate. And now Steve was laughing aloud. He knew that she was watching, knew what loathing was in her eyes. And he—he was a riverman! Sobbing for air, dripping crimson from forehead and shoulder, he set himself and swung from the waist. Like a pole axed ox Harrigan stopped as he was lurching in. His mouth sagged, his eyes flew wide in a fixed and stupid stare. Then his legs folded under him and he swayed limply down. But that blast of wrath would not let him lie! It raised him and beat him down again; raised him and beat him down. By his throat Steve swung him up—by throat and buckled belt. High over his head he swung that bulk and lashed forward from his heels. And Harrigan went back to his panting followers. Twisting and spinning, his body swept Sharpe and Fallon to the ground.

Allison had not stirred, nor putty faced Wickersham, nor the girl who stood with hands at breasts. And now toward them Stephen O'Mara wheeled. His legs would fail him, and he steadied them. Blood blinded him, and he wiped it away. Swaying giddily, he managed somehow a smile.

"Wickersham, I have met the man whom you hired to fight for you," he called clearly, "and he has earned his wage. Are you man enough to step forward now and fight for yourself?"

Wickersham clucked drily in his throat and lifted an elbow to shield his face. Shrinking back behind the first shelter that chance afforded him, he put the girl between him and his fear. And then weakness seized upon that sick and swaying man, but he spoke to her—to the unspeakable horror in her eyes.

"Barbara," he called thickly. "Barbara!"

He groped toward her, and she cried out and drew back from such hands as those. Then a black wall rose before him and shut her from his sight. Pat Joe caught him as he fell.

Like huddled sheep O'Mara's men and Wickersham's watched Joe bear him up the hill. Sharpe and Fallon were bending over Harrigan, by the others he lay ignored. It was a mob without a leader until, as is the way in all crises, a new leader arose. Big Louie, stolid face no longer stolid, strode between those two factions and achieved the unknown heights for which his eyes had always hungered.

"I work for no man but is a man!" he boomed. "That bridge—she still is hold!"

Steve had bidden Hardwick Elliott watch these men if their big moment ever came. And Elliott and Allison watched now. They were sheep no longer nor malcontents nor misled tools of cunning. Like wolves they followed that nameless man who was out upon the jam. Wickersham's men were back on the river, but that bridge would continue to hold. And while they worked, while Elliott and her father watched spellbound, blindly Barbara Allison turned, with no thought of what she was doing, and walked into the brush.

The river was running clear by dusk when they raised the first hue and cry for her. It was dark when a runner bore the news to the cabin on the hillside that she was missing. And when men had been beating the woods for her for twelve hours as best they could in the dark and no word came that she was found Fat Joe no longer dared let lie in sleep his friend, whose body he had cleansed and bandaged. At daybreak Joe waked him and told him Barbara was lost. They tried to argue him, for his knees were still unsteady. Even Allison, whose jovial body seemed to have shrunk during his hours of waiting, tried to convince him that the men now looking for her would find her soon or had already found her perhaps. But he brushed them away while he was dressing. He threw off the hands that tried to detain him. And it was Steve who found her, as he had known it would be, just before a second night of dread was closing in upon her.

In circles of ever increasing radius he traveled at a fox trot, which thoughts of Fallon and Sharpe and

He Carried Her Now to That Cabin Which Stood on the Balsam Knoll.

Harrigan would not let him abandon. But he had run her down when he caught sight of her, for she fled like a wild thing before him. Floundering in a cedar swamp, soaked to the knees, little blue beferred suit heavy with black muck, he came up with her. She was kneeling, shaking with terror, face hidden by her loosened hair, when he bent over her and raised her to her feet.

"Please," she whimpered, "oh, please."

Yet when he spoke her name her head leaped back, and she recognized him instantly.

"I tried to wait," she chattered with all the voice she had left. "I tried to sit still until some one came for me, but I thought I knew the way. I tried not to listen to the noises. I remembered about the stars, and I knew I shouldn't run. But I thought you were—I thought you were."

Remembered terror choked her. Consciousness slipped away.

By the same trail which once had led him to the "city" of Morrison he carried her now to that cabin which stood on the balsam knoll in the crook of the west branch.

His head was spinning from fatigue and the throb of the jagged tear above his temple when the log building streaked white with clay chinking loomed up ahead, and yet involuntarily he stopped there a moment with his burden.

He had pictured many times a night when he should bring her there, with both of them watching the moon in the rapids and listening to the waves lipping the banks. This was not that night. That night would never be. But the rebellion and bitterness were gone from his heart. After he had removed her wet shoes and stockings and brush whipped suit and sheer black blouse and she slept the sleep of exhaustion into which she had slipped from unconsciousness without even opening her eyes he built a fire and sat before it until morning came. And when it dawned and she waked dazedly while he was preparing breakfast he had finished reconstructing many things.

Her eyes went from wall to wall, frightened still and questioning at first, so he merely nodded and went outside and left her to remember alone. He returning with wood on his arm, he found recollection of much in her gaze. She was looking at the thin heeled, buttoned boots before the fireplace, the stockings and furred garments cleaned of mud and dried on the backs of chairs. A cloud of color stole up from the blanket edge at her throat to the line of her hair.

"You were wet," he explained simply, "and you were too spent to help yourself. I could not let you sleep in them."

"I understand," her answer faltered a little. "I was just thinking. I knew such things happened, but I thought it was only in books."

Drowsily she watched him bending over frying pan and coffeepot, content herself to lie and rest. But after a time, with fuller awakening, the bandage about his head claimed her attention. To her it seemed impossible that this smoothly shaven man in clean blue shirt could be the same one who had emerged from a struggle still sickeningly brutish to her. Involuntarily she shuddered a little without knowing that he watched.

"I am going to the spring for fresh water," he told her then. "There will be time for you to dress, and breakfast will be ready when I come back."

Submissive before his tone she replied that she was hungry, that she would be ready too. She had donned blouse and skirt and stockings and shoes and finished braiding her hair when he reentered. He showed her a tin basin outside filled with icy water for her face and hands. And then they sat down in silence to breakfast.

"I told you that you would find out some day," Barbara murmured finally. "I warned you you would wake suddenly and see how shallow I am."

"Waking has been no sudden thing with me. I finished with dreams a long time back, but you are what you have been always in my thoughts. It's conditions I've waked to, not you!"

With unwitting gruffness he had sometimes spoken to her, but never with such constrained vehemence.

"Why should I find fault in anything you have done or failed to do?" he demanded of both her and himself. "Why should you be apologetic or regretful? Such a thing as I had to do two days ago has held no place in your world and never could, but I can't find it in myself to be apologetic, either, because it is a part of mine. I meant to kill him—wanted to kill him—because I was certain of your scorn. That was vindictive; that was foolish for a man. But as for the rest of it—I know I may have it all to do over again any day. It was a vulgar brawl to you; to me—"

"Not just a brawl," she contradicted quickly, anxious to be understood. "Just—oh, so needlessly brutal. At first it left me only dazed and nauseated, but after I had had time to think I made myself see your side of it. You must crush insubordination. And still it seems as though there might have been a less horrible way."

"He had balked my work," he told her sternly. "He has fired upon me from cover when he dared not come out into the open. He has been taking money for his work from a man who was bent on beating me at any cost. Could I ask him please not to spoil my bridge? Is that your idea of a man's way? This is my work, and while I continue in it men who oppose me with their brains I will fight with my brain. But men who force me to meet them with fists I must beat with like weapons. There is no alternative. I have no choice—unless I quit. And that is the reason I know that this is the end for you and me! My ways would have had to be your ways, and we have learned at last what I have feared for long and long. They lie too far apart for them ever to meet.

"I promised to teach you to love me, and I've failed. And knowing that my failure is not all my own fault is not going to make it any easier for me. You've taught me loneliness. I'm never going to forget as long as I live, but I don't love you any the less for that. I dreamed big dreams for both of us." His voice was dreary of a sudden. "I promised I'd make those dreams come true, because I thought my life could be your life. I've not done so. That thing could never be. I've talked bigger than I could practice, and that is not going to help my self confidence any, but as it stands now I can earn it back. I couldn't have done that if I had married you and waked some day to find you shrinking from me. It would have killed it and my self respect, too, to have learned too late that you believed still in your own greater fineness."

"I tell you it is not that!" she cried out. "Can't I make you understand?"

"You have made me understand till I am sure," he stated. "I am no longer vexing myself with trivial things. You have been uncertain. I have seen that. You are certain now. And the fundamental thing remains unchanged. In me there is that man who once manhandled Harrigan—and you didn't want me to touch you! You don't have to tell me any more that you can't love me. When you drew away from me that was enough."

She sat and watched him put the room in order, and that hurt her more than anything else, for he would not let her help. He made her change her high heeled boots for moccasins, which he brought and laced upon her feet. But the remainder of the day it was the old Steve who helped her over the bad bits of going and talked disconsolately of many things meanwhile. And yet no longer the old Steve, who had been so entirely her own. Hers was the sad face when they entered the clearing at Thirty Mile, and a hoarse shout saluted her return. In her father's embrace she clung and wondered that she did not cry. And two pages had turned for her that day, for she sent Wickersham back his ring the same night the private car rolled down to Morrison.

Harrigan was with Archibald Wickersham when the package, unaccompanied by explanation, reached the latter in his hotel room in town.

"Go out and get him," said Wickersham. "And see that you get him for good."

(To be continued.)

AN AGED WOMAN

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