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Quickly in Summer**

All the Body Responds to Action of Famous Remedy



Just as thunder shakes the ground and stirs it into action; and lightning clears the air, burns up impurities; so does S. S. S. arouse action in the blood. It is cleansed, purified and impurities are converted into substance easily and quickly eliminated.

In the winter time we get our natural purifying agency in fresh, cold, frosty air but most people spoil the effect by habits of living. And so we rely upon summer with the help of S. S. S. for it is now that the liver, lungs, kidneys and skin will be more active without the danger of severe colds.

All such troubles as pimples, boils, rash, blood rashes, eczema, acne and other forms of impure blood will be rushed out of the system and new skin will quickly replace the diseased tissue.

Get a bottle of S. S. S. today of any druggist but don't permit anyone to fool you with something claimed "just as good."

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THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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"The engine has stopped!" exclaimed Westerling, any trace of emotion in his observant imperturbability that of satisfaction that the machine was the enemy's.

Marta was thinking of the man who was about to die. She rushed down the terrace steps wildly, as if her going and her agonized prayer could avert the inevitable. The plane, descending, skimmed the garden wall and passed out of sight. She heard a thud, a crackling of braces, a ripping of cloth, but no cry.

Westerling had started after her, exclaiming, "This is a case for first aid!" while Mrs. Galland, taking the steps as fast as she could, brought up the rear. Through the gateway in the garden wall could be seen the shoulders of a young officer, a streak of red coursing down his cheek, rising from the wreck. An inarticulate sob of relief broke from Marta's throat, followed by quick gasps of breath. Captain Arthur Lanstron was looking into the startled eyes of a young girl that seemed to reflect his own emotions of the moment after having shared those he had in the air.

"I flew! I flew clear over the range, at any rate!" he said. "And I'm alive. I managed to hold her so she missed the wall and made an easy bump."

He got one foot free of the wreck and that leg was all right. She shared his elation. Then he found that the other was uninjured, just as she cried in distress.

"But your hand—oh, your hand!" His left hand hung limp from the wrist, cut, mashed and bleeding. Its nerves numbed, he had not as yet felt any pain from the injury. Now he regarded it in a kind of awakening stare of realization of a deformity to come. "Wool-gathering again!" he muttered to himself crossly.

Then, seeing that she had turned white, he thrust the disgusting thing behind his back and twinged with the movement. The pain was arriving. "It must be bandaged! I have a handkerchief!" she begged. "I'm not going to faint or anything like that!" "Only bruised—and it's the left. I am glad it was not the right," he replied. Westerling arrived and joined Marta in offers of assistance just as they heard the prolonged honk of an automobile demanding the right of way at top speed in the direction of the pass.

"Thank you, but they're coming for me," said Lanstron to Westerling as he glanced up the road.

Westerling was looking at the wreck. Lanstron, who recognized him as an officer, though in mufti, kicked a bit of the torn cloth over some apparatus to hide it. At this Westerling smiled faintly. Then Lanstron saluted as officer to officer might salute across the white posts, giving his name and receiving in return Westerling's.

They made a contrast, these two men, the colonel of the Grays, swart and sturdy, his physical vitality so evident, and the captain of the Browns, some seven or eight years the junior, bareheaded, in dishevelled fatigue uniform, his lips twitching, his slender body quivering with the pain that he could not control, while his rather bold forehead and delicate, sensitive features suggested a man of nerve and nerves who might have left experiments in a laboratory for an adventure in the air. There was a kind of challenge in their glances; the challenge of an ancient feud of their peoples; of the professional rivalry of polite duellists. Lanstron's slight figure seemed to express the weaker number of the three million soldiers of the Browns; Westerling's bulkier one, the four million five hundred thousand of the Grays.

"You had a narrow squeak and you made a very snappy recovery at the last second," said Westerling, passing a compliment across the white posts.

"That's in the line of duty for you and me, isn't it?" Lanstron replied, his voice thick with pain as he forced a smile.

There was no pose in his fortitude. He was evidently disgusted with himself over the whole business, and he turned to the group of three officers and a civilian who alighted from a big Brown army automobile as if he were prepared to have them say their worst. They seemed between the impulse of reprimanding and embracing him.

"I hope that you are not surprised at the result," said the oldest of the officers, a man of late middle age, rather affectionately and teasingly. He wore a single order on his breast, a plain iron cross, and the insignia of his rank was that of a field-marshal.

"Not now. I should be again, sir," said Lanstron, looking full at the field-marshal in the appeal of one asking for another chance. "I was wool-gathering. But I shall not wool-gather next time. I've got a reminder more urgent than a string tied around my finger."

"Yes, that hand needs immediate attention," said the doctor. He and another officer began helping Lanstron into the automobile.

"Good-by!" he called to the young girl, who was still watching him with big, sympathetic eyes. "I am coming back soon and land in the field, there, and when I do, I'll claim a bunch of flowers."

"Do! What fun!" she cried, as the car started.

"The field-marshal was Partow, their chief of staff?" Westerling asked. "Yes," said Mrs. Galland. "I remember when he was a young infantry offi-

cer before the last war, before he had won the iron cross and become so great. He was not of an army family—a doctor's son, but very clever and skilful."

"Getting a little old for his work!" remarked Westerling. "But apparently he is keen enough to take a personal interest in anything new."

"Wasn't it thrilling and—and terrible!" Marta exclaimed. "Yes, like war at our own door again," replied Mrs. Galland, who knew war. She had seen war raging on the pass road. "Lanstron, the young man said his name was," she resumed after a pause. "No doubt the Lanstrons of Thorbourg. An old family and many of them in the army."

"The way he refused to give in—that was fine!" said Marta.

Westerling, who had been engrossed in his own thoughts, looked up.

"Courage is the cheapest thing an army has!" he went on, glad to take a risk of that kind. The thing is, and his fingers pressed in on the palm of his hand in a pounding gesture of the forearm, "to direct and command—head work—organization!"

"If war should come again—" Marta began. Mrs. Galland nudged her. A Brown never mentioned war to an officer of the Grays; it was not at all in the accepted proprieties. But Marta rushed on: "So many would be engaged that it would be more horrible than ever."

"You cannot make omelets without breaking eggs," Westerling answered with suave finality.

"The aeroplane will take its place as an auxiliary," he went on, his mind still running on the theme of her prophecy, which the meeting with Lanstron had quickened. "But war will, as ever, be won by the bayonet that takes and holds a position. We shall have no miracle victories, no—"

There he broke off. He did not accompany Mrs. Galland and Marta back to the house, but made his adieu at the garden-gate.

"I'm sure that I shall never marry a soldier!" Marta burst out as she and her mother were ascending the steps.

CHAPTER II.

Ten Years Later.

His Excellency the chief of staff of the Grays was seldom in his office. His Excellency had years, rank, prestige. The breast of his uniform sagged with the weight of his decorations. He appeared for the army at great functions; his picture was in the shop-windows. Hedworth Westerling, the new vice-chief of staff, was content with this arrangement. His years would not permit him the supreme honor. This was for a figurehead, while he had the power.

His appointment to the staff ten years ago had given him the field he wanted, the capital itself, for the play of his abilities. His vital energy, his impressive personality, his gift for courting the influences that counted, whether man's or woman's, his astute readiness in stooping to some measure that were in keeping with the times but not with army precedent, had won for him the goal of his ambition. He had passed over the heads of older men, whom many thought his betters, rather ruthlessly. Those who would serve loyally he drew around him; those who were bitter he crowded out of his way.

In the adjoining room, occupied by Westerling, the walls were hung with the silhouettes of infantrymen, such as you see at maneuvers, in different positions of firing, crouching in shallow trenches, standing in deep trenches, or lying flat on the stomach on level earth. Another silhouette, that of an infantryman running, was peppered with white points in arms and legs and parts of the body that were not vital, to show in how many places a man may be hit with a small-caliber bullet and still survive.

In this day of universal European conception, if Westerling were to win in war it would be with five millions—five hundred thousand more than when he faced a young Brown officer over the wreck of an aeroplane—including the reserves; each man running, firing, crouching, as was the figure on the wall, and trying to give more of the white points that peppered the silhouette than he received.

Now Turcas, the assistant vice-chief of staff, and Bouchard, chief of the division of intelligence, standing on either side of Westerling's desk, awaited his decisions on certain matters which they had brought to his attention. Both were older than Westerling, Turcas by ten and Bouchard by fifteen years.

Turcas had been strongly urged in inner army circles for the place that Westerling had won, but his manner and his ability to court influence were against him. A lath of a man and stiff as a lath, pale, with thin, tightly-drawn lips, quiet, steel-gray eyes, a tracery of blue veins showing on his full temples, he suggested the ascetic no less than the soldier, while his incisive brevity of speech, flavored now and then with pungent humor, without any infection in his dry voice, was in keeping with his appearance. He arrived with the clerks in the morning and frequently remained after they were gone. As a master of detail Westerling regarded him as an invaluable assistant, with certain limitations, which were those of the pigeonhole and the treadmill.

As for Bouchard, nature had meant him to be a wheel-horse. He had never had any hope of being chief of staff.

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DAUPHIN COUNTY ROAD CONSTRUCTION

Bids Will Be Opened on Tuesday at the Capitol For Eastern Highway Betterment

Bids for eight State-aid contracts, including one for a Dauphin county road, will be opened at the State Highway Department on Tuesday. The contracts aggregate 123.5 miles.

In South Hanover and Derry townships, Dauphin county, about 3 1/2 miles of asphaltic bituminous macadam, penetration method, highway is to be constructed from Swatara station on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad to the West Hanover-South Hanover township line by the way of the road from Hanoverdale. This highway is to be completed by August 1 next.

One of the applications upon which bids will be received is for 5,200 feet of highway in Bigler township, Clearfield county, from a point near the road leading to Pine Run easterly through the village of Madera to the line between the Cornely-McCamley properties. This pavement, which is to be of brick block, of the standard width of sixteen feet, is to be completed by the first of next June. Another brick block pavement to be completed by the first of July is in West Berwick township, Columbia county, extending from the Briar Creek township line by the way of Front street to the Berwick borough line, a distance of 8,562 feet.

In Finleyville borough and Union township, Washington county, 10,050 feet of asphaltic concrete and 7,770 feet of brick block pavement is to be constructed on the road running from a point near the property of G. Crookham at the end of the improved road to the Finleyville borough line and through Finleyville borough by the way of Washington, Brownsville and Sheridan avenues to the Union township line, a total distance of about 2 1/2 miles. This road is to be completed by September 1, 1915.

Another brick block pavement to be laid will be in New Eagle borough, Washington county, where more than three-fourths of a mile is to be laid from the improved road in Carroll township along Sproul route No. 247 in a southeasterly direction. This is to be completed by the first of July. A little more than a mile of improved highway is to be built in Galeton borough, Potter county, extending from Main and West streets over West street to Union street, thence over Union street to Germania street, thence on Germania street to Fifth

Special Train Daily to Take Out Peach Shipments

Dillsburg, Pa., Aug. 28.—Four thousand baskets of peaches in one day were picked in the orchards of Levi M. Myers in Warrington township on Wednesday. On an average of two carloads of peaches a day are now being shipped from the Dillsburg station, which will continue for at least the next two weeks. The Cumberland Valley Railroad makes a special run from Mechanicsburg to Dillsburg with an engine each evening at 7.30 to take the cars out.

COSTS MONEY TO SWEAR

Lewistown, Pa., Aug. 28.—Officials of Lewistown are trying to make it one of the best towns along the main line. No carnivals with gambling devices are allowed to show here and no saloons exist in the whole county. Poker playing on the hillside and in the suburbs will be broken up and the law for swearing is to be enforced. A young man, whose name the authorities do not give, has been fined for saying fourteen swear words at 67 cents each, amounting to \$9.35. To this was added \$6.70 costs, making the total \$16.05. When the young man was arrested a brother offered resistance to Chief of Police Yeaman and he, too, was arrested, brought before the mayor and fined \$10.



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(To be continued.)