

When Glands Swell Blood Needs Attention

Even a Sweat Gland May
Result in Severe
Consequence.



In our intricate body the use of S. S. S. for the blood has a most remarkable influence. We little realize our glandular system. It may be a tiny bulb no bigger than a pin point, and yet if a disease germ gets into it, there is a tremendous swelling. It becomes a boil, a carbuncle, it may be a "blood rash," and it may be a tumor of continuous mass, if not checked. Many of the most excruciating forms of torture begin with the swelling of tiny gland, caused by a disease germ. And it is S. S. S. that spreads throughout the blood circulation to prevent just such conditions. If there were any real stain, S. S. S. will soon put the blood in such a state of health as to overcome the tendency to glandular swellings. It is a natural medicine for the blood, just as essential to health if the blood be impure, as are the meats, fats, grains and sugars of our daily food.

It contains one ingredient the active purpose of which is to stimulate the exchange of new flesh for dead or waste matter.

Get a bottle of S. S. S. today of any druggist, and if your case is stubborn, write to the Medical Adviser, The Swift Specific Co., 103 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. This department is in charge of a noted physician.

Valuable Item for Men

Health and strength hitherto unknown will be felt surging in rich red blood through the arteries and veins; all life's greatest ambitions may be realized as never before. In the following special treatment is followed by those men, and women, too, who are sick with that most dreaded of all afflictions, nervous exhaustion, accompanied with such symptoms as extreme nervousness, insomnia, fatigue, irritability, melancholia, headaches, constipation and dyspepsia. Kidney trouble, dreadful dreams of direful disasters, timidity in venturing, a general inability to act naturally, at all times as other people do. Lack of poise and equilibrium in men is a constant source of embarrassment even when the public is not present. For the benefit of those who want a restoration to full, bounding health and all the happiness accompanying it, the following home treatment is given. It contains no opiates or habit-forming drugs whatever:

The treatment consists of (3) three-grain cadomene tablets, two to be taken at a time, to be daily prescribed and dispensed by physicians and well stocked pharmacists. Full directions for use, administration and accompanying each tube. It is claimed that these tablets possess the most wonderful tonic-invigorating powers which can soon be experienced after taking them.

Two Fairs at Half Fare; Railroad Rates Cut in Two

The railroads have greatly reduced their fares and made it possible for you to see both the San Francisco and San Diego Expositions on one ticket. By way of the Burlington Route (C. B. & Q.) you can get a railroad ticket to California and back again, only about one-half the usual price, and you can take in the incomparable Colorado scenery, including the Royal Gorge, see Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Salt Lake City on the way, stopping off at any point desired.

Return to New York and enjoy a sea trip up the coast to Port Townsend, Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane, and either Glacier National Park or Yellowstone Park—the wonders of the world.

You don't take a trip like this very often. You should see the best scenery en route and not spend any more than is necessary. Tell me what your plan is to go, how long you can stay, and let me make up an itinerary to fit your particular needs. Let me explain how and why the Burlington can serve you best. I'll be glad to do it. Write, telephone or call.

Wm. Austin, General Agent, Passen-
ger Dep'ts, C. B. & Q. R. R. Co., 836
Chestnut St., Philadelphia.—Advertisement.

This GREAT TONIC FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE

If Your Nerves are Shattered by Worry,
Overwork, Over-indulgence in Stimulants or by Excesses of Any Kind,
Begy's Nerve Aid Tablets Are What
you Need Right Away.

Mr. Begy, the well-known chemist who discovered Mustarine, the wonderful pain killer, cares not what excesses have wrecked your nerves. He guarantees Begy's Nerve Aid Tablets to stop your trembling; to restore your confidence; to drive away forgetfulness and make your mind keen and alert; to change your sluggish disposition for a vigorous, active one in two weeks, or money back.

If you have worked too hard, lived too rapidly, smoked too much or have become weak, nervous, and lost ambition because of stimulants or any excess, arouse yourself right now and get 50-cent box, the week's treatment, of Begy's Nerve Aid Tablets. Any druggist at once. Any druggist can supply you. Three days' trial treatment 10 cents, from Begy Medicine Co., Begy Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.—Advertisement.

Rheumatism in Joints Pain Disappears and Swelling Vanishes in a Few Days

That is what happens if you use Rheuma, the wonderful remedy that H. C. Kennedy and all druggists sell on the "money back if not cured" plan. There is a vast amount of rheumatism in this vicinity, and if you know any sufferer, call his attention to this generous offer.

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Mrs. Alice A. Brown, Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "For seven years I suffered greatly with rheumatism in my hip; at night I was scarcely able to sleep. One bottle of Rheuma cured me."

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STORY NO. 2—INSTALLMENT
NO. 3.

WHO PAYS? WHO PAYS?

Story No. 2

The Pursuit of Pleasure The Pursuit of Pleasure

By EDWIN BLISS

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(CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.)

Had been? As his eyes caught the headline again, he suddenly found himself unable to read further for the mist of tears that sprang to his eyes. She was his daughter still.

A little smile, the attempt from Mrs. Sharpes, and he whirled angrily upon her. The woman turned away and stalked from the room, a certain defiance and aloofness to her back that was different from anything he had ever noticed marking her disappearance before.

His eyes sought the headline again, and read it through, thought it was hours before the meaning of the words fully penetrated to his brain.

Hours he sat in his chair, motionless as one dead, leaden of soul, broken of heart.

YOUNG HOSTESS PLANS BIG DINNER SURPRISE.

Rumored Mrs. James White Will Appear Tonight as Dancing Girl to Entertain Guests.

The rustle of the newspaper falling to the floor brought him to his feet, his eyes blazing with sudden resolution. He darted from the room, snatching his hat automatically from the rack, and ran out upon the street, bewildered at finding himself in the open air. Then the nature of the impulse that had brought him here caused him to move forward toward his son-in-law's residence.

A fierce fanaticism tugged at him, driving him faster, ever faster. His daughter must be saved, must be taken away from the depths into which she had fallen, dragged from the bottom with a power for evil as ever he was unable to combat. He rushed up the driveway, the gravel crunching under his feet fiercely. The butler at the door would have halted him but he brushed the startled servant aside, tossing him upon his back as the fellow persisted in opposing

Ruth Sneers at Her Husband's Love for Children.

beating, even as his arms clung tighter to the one who had come to him. Perfectly satisfied, Billie was making a closer study of this man-creature he had decided to adopt. Unwinkingly his eyes studied the face that looked down at him with such love and longing. And then, slowly, ever so slowly, his fingers crept along the great chest and a pair of rather sticky hands crept along the cheeks and finally the arms clasped about the neck, while the eyes closed gently and Billie slept.

"Well, I never saw the beat—Sam, I wish you'd look at—"

Mary caught the annoyed expression on Rita's face as she turned and spoke to her husband. He did not hear her, wrapt in his eager study of the shrubbery baby face. She felt a sudden, fierce jealousy, consciousness that she caught the expression of this man she seemed unacquainted with, this man who held a child to his breast so perfectly, with such an expression of unalloyed happiness upon his face. Something dawned upon her, with that intuition which seems given women to amend for a certain lack of logic, which her husband would never have found out—that the perfect happiness that had been hers through this man was due to the paternal instinct in him that made him delight in treating her as a child, to be humored and pampered and adored.

"Come, Jim," she said softly, striving beautifully to make her voice sympathetic, "we must hurry now."

Reluctantly he returned to Billie to the mother. Rita noticed that for a few steps he moved on tip-toe, as though fearing of waking the child.

Once she met his eyes and, like an overgrown boy, he flushed to the very roots of his hair and tried to hide the guilty expression upon his face.

Differently, yet with a certain curious firmness he led her to the library, seating her in his favorite chair and perching himself boyishly upon the arm of it, his arms about her.

"No wonder Sam got a good impression," he said finally.

She braced herself instinctively. Though he tried to make the conversation appear casual, she hurried everything he was about to say, just as she had once hurried his embarrassed preamble previous to declaring his love for her. They are two subjects all women seem from afar off, knowing no trail too desolate but may be brought into their broad highway. She nodded indifferently.

"You—you—you are the one one who has done this shameful thing," he choked.

"Repent this wickedness," he thundered. "Repent, for the Kingdom of God is at hand."

"You—you—you are the one one who has done this shameful thing," he choked.

"Repent this wickedness," he said, pointing to White.

He caught the laugh of Rita, that familiar laugh. It sounded in his ears, thundered there, maddened him. He leaped at the throat of the sneering man before him. His fingers clasped there and the impulse of the wild beast to tear and utterly destroy was also born. But with that impulse came also caution. Through the drawing room he dragged the man, heedless of the frightened cries of his daughter, her tug at his arms. Into the library he dragged his prey, shoving him viciously the while, turning the key in the lock. The voice of Rita brought him to himself and he sat down. White into the big leather chair as though he were a bit of a cushion carion. He turned to his daughter and reached out his arms to her, but a bitter laugh came from her lips as she shrank away from him. The action maddened him anew. He whirled upon White, who had risen, his face white with rage.

"You—you—you have dragged my child down!" White's

laugh was so bitter that even Rita drew closer, searching her husband's face curiously, anxiously. "Dragged her down from—what?" From what? I ask you? From a den where all life and light was excluded; from a home that had bars upon the windows. Who starved and caged her joyous spirit that she thinks of nothing but pleasure?" Who taught her anything of a woman's mission in life? Who taught her the austerities of the life of a wife or the privileges of a woman? That can be dragged down which has never been uplifted; I ask you that, you who guarded the gates of hell so zealously for others that you made prison of your home, for fear some bad minister would come to release you had no time to teach and train."

Cyrus Deane could recollect nothing of leaving the place save the sight of his daughter being disdainfully thrust aside by a bitterly smiling husband, when she would have clung to him. He had a vague impression of ripping his way through the throng of dinner guests hammering at the door he had opened. He only knew that he was very tired and very weak and sick.

He did not know he had been communing with himself throughout the night. Mrs. Sharpes could have told him. And the steady beating of his clenched fists upon his chest in rhythm to three words, repeated over and over, endlessly, tended to engrave them upon his brain.

"I have sinned—I have sinned—I have sinned," the Reverend Cyrus Deane had cried all through that long night.

III.

There was a look of triumph upon Mrs. Sharpes' vinegar face as, announcing herself into the Reverend Deane's study with a triumphant rattle of the newspaper in her hand, she stepped beside him. Slowly he turned his leaden eyes from the sermon upon which he had been working, shrinking away a bit before that expression he had come to know so well.

He was frightened of this woman, this woman who seemed to read his thoughts, his heartaches; who took such delight in probing at his wounds.

"Yes, Mrs. Sharpes?" he queried warily, as she thrust the newspaper into his hands with a waspish sweep, beside him while his eyes readily found the leader that signalled another escapade of Mrs. James White, the daughter that had been

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

DIPLOMAS FOR TWENTY-EIGHT

Columbia, Pa., June 4.—This evening the annual commencement exercises of Columbia High School will be held in the State Armory. There are twenty-eight members in the graduating class

—twenty-one girls and seven boys.

The honor pupils are Ruth Ackerman, John L. Gerfin, Harry P. Hohenadel, Jane Lee, Gretel Moore, Rose Sampson.

REUMATISM IN JOINTS

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INDICATES PASSING OF FINANCIAL DEPRESSION; NIGHT FORCES OF ELECTRICIANS ON JOB

May's unusually heavy building boom and the estimate thus far for June are considered especially significant by city officials and building contractors as particularly indicative of return of business, financially and industrially, for Harrisburg, and this view is further supported by the painters, paperhangers, electricians and other craftsmen, who have many orders on their books for late Spring and early summer work.

While the outdoor work as a rule has been delayed, some extent by the severe winter, the interior wiring, piping, and so on, has not been interrupted, and in some instances extra forces of men have had to be put on the jobs. This is especially true, for instance, of the electrical work.

"We're doing more wiring for light-

ing and cooking appliances in Harrisburg and in the towns where our lines reach than at any other time in our history," said an official of the Harrisburg Light and Power Company yesterday. "Not only has there been an extra large force of men on the job during the daylight hours, but beginning with this month we've put on a night force in order to facilitate the handling of the bulk of orders. In many instances, of course, the wiring is new, that is, is being strung in new buildings. In many cases old buildings are being put into older dwellings whose owners or tenants desire to have electric lighting or the facilities for using the many electrical appliances. For instance, we've already from 3,000 to 3,500 electric irons in service in Harrisburg alone and we've ordered another thousand. All this necessitates additional work, and that is what makes it necessary for us to keep a night force working. Furthermore, we've always found that this is the best sort of evidence of the passing of the financial depression. Folks won't put in wiring and the hundred and one other little conveniences if they don't feel financially able to do so."

CHILD TRAMPLED BY COW

Gettysburg, Pa., June 4.—Miriam Miller, 6-year-old daughter of Ernest Miller, of Hilltown, was attacked and trampled by an angry cow at the home of her grandfather while playing with

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears

the Signature of *Pat H. Fletcher*

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