MONDAY EVENING,

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

SEPTEMBER 27, 1915.

Stordong of a property

Extend to Their Customers and Friends

Cin Invitation

To Attend An

Autumn Fashion Revue

OF LATEST MODES IN

Momento autumn apparel

Including original and striking creditons in Suits, Coats and Millinery;

exquisite street and evening Gowns; and a comprehensive showing of import

Graceful Models

Will display the various Garments

In a pleasing manner from

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday

Sentember 28, 29 and 30

3



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FIRST INSTALLMENT PROLOGUE—THE SURVIVORS

With impressiv

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the invocation.

by the Rev. A. S. Williams, pastor, a hymn and a prayer by the Rev. E. A

DR. HAWES WANTS PLACE IN PEOPLES' HEARTS

IN PEOPLES' HEARTS The Rev. Dr. Hawes, the new pastor of Market Square Presbyterian church whose installation will take place next Friday evening when two former pas-tors of the congregation, the Rev. Dr. George B. Stewart, president of the Auburn Theological Seminary and the Rev. Dr. J. Ritchle Smith, who now occupies the chair of Homiletics at Princeton Seminary, will be present and take part in the service, made a statement at the morning service yes-terday which was the subject of much pleasant comment. Among the people as they left the church, Dr. Hawes said "I don't expect to take the place of either Dr. Stewart or Dr. Smith in your hearts. I would not if I could; all I want is that you give me a place in your hearts also."

RABBI TO LECTURE

RABBI TO LECTURE The famous Jewish preacher, the Rev. H. Mashiansky, of New York City will deliver a lecture to-morrow evening at 7:30 o'clock at the Con-gregation Chisuk Emuna. Rabbi Al-bum will act as chairman. The Rev. Mr. Mashiansky is the guest of Rabbi Album of 213 Kelker street.

SAUERKRAUT MADE IN JAIL

Doylestown, Pa., Sept. 27. — Prison-ers in the county jail have turned their attention to manufacturing sauerkraut. Several hundred heads of cabbage have been contributed and Head Jailer Dinkelacher has recruit-ed a sauerkraut squad.

Eat a Square Meal and

There are hundreds of people in Har-tisburg who were not the least bit sur-prised when they read a while ago that years are ended by the survey of the years are ended by the survey in or a type state ended by the survey in the dyspepsia remedy has proved it will relieve the worst case of indigestion headache, dizziness, or the general played-out condition that afflicts every one suffering with stomach trouble Mi-o-na does not simply relieve, it almut to cure.

of cure, There is hardly a druggist but can ell you of many well-known people in his city who this remedy has restored of health, often after they have tried nany other methods of treatment with ittle or no benefit. We really belleve to other dyspepsia remedy has made so arge a percentage of cures as Mi-o-na. t is so large that dealers who have old it for years stand ready to refund he price to any customer whom it does not help.

to is so large that dealers with have cold it for years stand ready to refund the price to any customer whom it does not help. The best kind of advertising is the praise of a pleased customer, and there are hundreds to-day praising Mi-o-na divertised to do. For two what it is divertised to do. For two what it is divertised to do. For two what it is they could eat nothing without woon-lering what the result would be. Since using Mi-o-na, they eat what they want and when they want with no fear of suffering. This medicine comes in the form of a tablet and is very pleasant to take. It speedily and permanently re-leves almost all forms of stomach trou-ble and is the only one sold under a positive guarantee without any restric-tion, the refund the money if it does not relieve. You can get Mi-o-na on this basis from H. C. Kennedy, or any lead-mg druggist in Harrisburg.—Advertise-ment.

Not Fear Indigestion

CHAPTER I.

morial Methodist Episcopal Church will be placed next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. After brief exer-class and the Dox-ology, the Rev. Dr. Hiles C. Pardoe will on. An introductory Williems pastor a The Red Death. Capt. John Hardin of the Princess regarded the fast-receding coast line with unusual alarm. He shouted to Pyles, Ph. D., will follow. Lead by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Smucker, responsive reading will be preceded by an anthem his mate. reading will be preceded by an anthem by the choir, which will be augmented for the occasion. The Rev. Dr. John D. Fox will be in charge of the Scrip-ture lesson. After singing of "Amer-ica" by the audience, Col. H. C. Dem-ming, representing the Grand Army of the Republic will make an address. A talk by the Rev. Dr. A. S. Fasick, su-perintendent of the Harrisburg dis-trict, will precede the actual placing of the stone. The Rev. Robert J. Runyan will make the benediction. "Welcher," he cried, pointing aft,

"look at that. I've never seen old Pe-lee act that way before." Welcher, the mate, a surly, sallow-

faced, ill-conditioned fellow in un-kempt uniform, followed with his eyes the captain's glance. "Gee whiz," he said, "me neither." "Ben," exclaimed the captain, "she's

spitting fire. By Godfrey, that means death-death, I tell you, death." This was back in 1902. The Prin-cess, Captain Hardin's boat, was a

tramp steamer bound to New York from the city of St. Pierre, in the Island of Martinique, with a cargo of cocoa, coffee, sugar cane and cotton, and had been under way probably an hour. "You're right, captain," he returned.

"Pelee" means business this trip. Death is right." A feminine ugure emerged from the

shadow of the afterhouse and rushed forward toward the bridge. Behind her, following in her wake, raced two sturdy youngsters. One of these youngsters darted past her, swarmed upon the bridge and confronted the captain and his mate.

He was Captain Hardin's boy, Neal -the only child.

The other boy was the mate's son. young Joey Welcher, sallow-faced and disagreeable like his father.

With the roar of a thousand thun-ders Pelee bellowed forth "What are we going to do, Jack?" cried the captain's young wife; "what

are we going to do?" "Do?" returned the mate, before the

captain could reply. "Put on more steam, that's what we'll do. We're well out of that hell-hole yonder. An hour and we'd have been in the thick of it. We're well out of it, I tell you." Captain Hardin applied his eye to is telescope once more. The boy his telescope once more. The boy upon his shoulder followed suit. "Welcher," said the captain bravely,

we've got to go back." CHAPTER II.

The Lost Isle.

On the same day-the day of the red death at Martinique-and but two short hours before the pilot put the helm of the tramp steamer Princess hard aport, three men sat on the veranda of a low-roofed, white-walled bungalow in St. Pierre.

One of these men was llington, a young American. He passed around a box of fragrant Martinique cheroots. He folded up some half-dozen slips of paper he had been examining and returned them to another individual who faced him from across the table.

"Senor Hernandez," exclaimed the young American, "for a week at least -half a hundred times—I have told you your credentials were satisfactory

Hernandez nodded gravely. He thrust the papers back into a pocket and tapped them significantly. "None could be better," he ex-claimed grandiloquently, "I am Her-nandez-that is all sufficient."

Suddenly the American turned and faced the third member of the coterie.

"And what," he exclaimed, "what of Ponto here?' This third individual was the range crea

nandez. "I will be careful to take small chance with you, friend Fonto," said

llington. He waved the packet to-ward Hernandez. "All in good time, senor," he said. "The important question," went on

Ilington, "is this: Who is in possession of the lost isle of Cinna-bar? It belongs to me. I have the paper title-at any rate I can obtain it, but whom must we eject when we arrive?"

"Leave that to me." said Hernan-"We shall wipe them off the face dez. of the earth-"

A screen door swung open and a native woman gaudily arrayed in green and yellow stripes, her head bound around with a strip of orangecolored linen, slipped through the door leading with her a tiny girl-a child

lost isle of Cinnabar-perhaps the princess of a principality, who knows." Manuella, her native nurse, carried her out into the narrow white and winding street, and together they half ran, half toddled down the hill.

llington resumed his own chair and once more exhibited the oilskin packet. "The contents of this packet-possibly-will indicate the whereabouts of the lost isle of Cinnabar," he said.

'Suppose we take a chance.' "Break the seal, senor," said Hernandez. Ilington started to obey-but some thing happened. With the suddenness of a jaguar

fleeing from the hunters, a man-half



Neal Hardin and the Heiress of the Lost Island.

naked—bounded upon the veranda. "For the love of God," he said, in broken French, "flee for your lives. Pelee has broken loose." Ilington, with the oilskin packet FIRE DESTROYS still in hand, sprang to the edge of the veranda and from there into the

street. He gave one look and then fell back. "By George, he's right," he shouted Look—look." "Look-Anxiously he turned his gaze down

the hill. Then with a bound he was off. In three minutes he was back clutching his little daughter, Annette, to his breast and dragging the frenzied Manuella after him. He

day With \$10,000 Loss

Walsts direct from Paris.

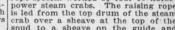
10 to 11.30 C. M.

MUSIC

MARYLAND HOTEL Oldest Hostelry on Blue Ridge Mountain Burned on Satur-

2.30 to 4 P. M.

FOURTH FLOOR



three or four years old.

The child saw Ilington and ran tumultuously toward him, clasping his huge leg with her arms. "My daughter, gentlemen," said Il-ington. "She is all I have. Her mother died when she was born and when I die she will be the heiress to the

Range Coal

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Kelley's Range Coal is not only good clean fuel but it is prepared specially to meet the peculiar demands of your range draft. All hard, all soft or mixed in any way you want it. Know your range and get the kind of coal best suited to its needs.

Talk it over with Kelley and get coal that will prove satisfactory for cooking and heating.

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VIGOR, HEALTH and YOUTH for every one are found in every drop of FRANKLIN'S WON-DER COMPOUND

DER COMPOUND You will not have to wait months or weeks to feel beneficial effects, for its wonderful qualities make themselves felt from the very first. For nervous disorders, aenemia, sleeplessness, and a generally weakened system it cannot be equaled. A bottle containing a 30-day treatment will be sent to you in a seal-ed plain package for \$1.00. FRANK-LIN WONDER REMEDY COMPANY, Harrisburg, Pa.

STOP COUGHING ! ! ! 10 MADE IN A HEALTH RESORT. THE PEPTONOL CO. E. Z. GROSS, 119 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.

was a Mexican; dark, very dark; low-browed; low-statured—and—fat. Hernandez nodded significantly. "Ponto, senor," he returned, "is as good as gold. He, too, is brave."

"Will he do as I tell him?" queried the American.

Hernandez bowed. "You tell me, senor, and I tell him. He will obey.' The American turned his back for a moment and Hernandez and Ponto exchanged significant glances. Ilington turned back to them. "It is agreed," he said, "I will take you on. To have brave men one must take a chance."

Ilington crossed the veranda and entered the living room, from there

disappearing through another door. In a moment he was back, apparently empty handed. Once more he seated himself and then drew from the hip pocket of his trousers a thin oilskin packet sealed with sealing wax. He

laid it on the table before him. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am the owner of the lost isle of Cinnabar. My forefathers held the grant direct from Spain. The lost isle of Cinna-bar is a valuable isle. Tradition has nandez close at his heels. Without it that upon it is located a quicksilver mine-an ancient mine but little worked. My mission is to seek that island, to find it and to claim it for

my own. "Where is this lost island?" queried

the Portuguese. Ilington nodded. "The secret," he returned, "lies within this packet."

to's fingers touched it.

In a flash Ponto's hand darted like a black snake across the table to clutch the packet in its grasp. The

American, for all his hugeness, was quite as agile as the fat Ponto. He snatched the packet away just as Pon-

the fringe of shore. The bay was dot-ted with small boats, laden to the gun-Ponto's eyes reddened; his face flushed suddenly. He fingered the hilt wales. The water was alive with of his knife and glanced toward Her- | swimmers.

[To be continued.]

Shrieks from a thousand throats rent the air without. Ilington glanced into the street. His face went white. Ashes, red-hot pieces of molten lava

were dropping in a shower. Ilington, who had been holding Annette, surrendered her in an instant to Manuella. He darted into an inner room and opened the safe. From this safe he took a canvas bag that jingled with the gold pieces it contained. He thrust this bag into one hip pocket of his trousers, having already secreted the oilskin packet in the other.

"Come on," he should to the group behind him. "It's death to stay here, Come on down the hill."

CHAPTER III.

Terror-Driven. All down that long steep hill-that swarming street filled with its rushing, frantic mob-lington fought his way with his back and brawny shoulders. Once, twice, he felt a stealthy hand at his hip pockets. Each time he turned swiftly to find Ponto and Her-

warning he slipped aside into a blind alley, and let the crowd slide by like a huge many-colored avalanche. When he joined the crowd again, Hernandez and his Aztec ally were ahead of him and not behind.

"To the sea-to the sea"-the voice of the multitude raised itself in agony. There was but one cry-"to the sealet me past-make room for me-to the sea-to the sea.

At a crazy little wharf Ilington twitched himself and Manuella and the child deftly to one side and let the crowd plunge on. He scanned the surface of the bay,

The Telegraph Special to Waynesboro, Pa., Sept. 27. - On

Saturday morning the Maryland hotel, one of the oldest and best known hoselries in the Blue Ridge mountains, at

Highfield, Md., owned by Benjamin Shockey, of Waynesboro, and occupied by Charles Corwell, Jr., and his sister, was totally destroyed by fire, together with most of the furniture. Along with the large three-story frame structure

the large three-story frame structure containing twenty-two bedrooms, an ottkitchen was also burned. The Corwell's were aroused from sleep by the stifting odor of smoke and they made their escape from the building after arousing several other parsons, guests at the hotel. The fire alarm was sounded by the whistles of locomotives on the Western Maryland railroad and by the anvil at Blue Ridge Summit. The loss was about \$10,000.

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King Oscar Quality Put

Harrisburg

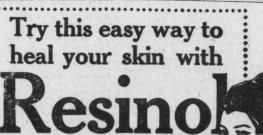
On the Smokers' Map 24 Years Ago

Harrisburg is widely known as the home of a nickel cigar made of good tobacco.

King Oscar 5c Cigars

won their reputation as a full value smoke for the money long before the civic awakening.

Regularly Good For 24 Years



If you are suffering from eczema, ring-worm or similar itching, red, unsightly skin affection, bathe the sore places with Pesinol Soap and hot water, then gently apply a little Resinol Ointment. You will be astonished how instantly the itching stops and healing begins. In most cases the skin quickly be-comes clear and healthy again, at very little coct. little coct

Resinol Ointment is so nearly flesh-colored that it can be kept on the face, hands or other e posed surface with-out attracting undue attention.

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