


"The Quality Store"



Make Your House-Cleaning EASIER

Do you know that you can take all the drudgery out of house-cleaning? There will be no more backaches — no run-down systems after this important semi-annual cleaning event if you use one of our

VACUUM SWEEPERS

Carpets and rugs need not be taken up to be cleaned. Dirt is removed from under carpets and rugs by our guaranteed Vacuum Sweepers. Very easy to run. They really get the dirt without making any dust. Let us demonstrate one for you.

Without Brush, \$6
With Brush, \$7 to \$9

L. W. COOK

SAGE TEA TURNS GRAY HAIR DARK

If Mixed With Sulphur It Darkens So Evenly That It Cannot Be Discovered



That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, streaked and looks dry, wispy and scraggy, just an application of two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the tonic; you can get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," ready to use. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color, thickness and luster of your hair and remove dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy, lustrous and abundant. — Advertisement.

Resorts

THE Marlborough-Blenheim

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

THE LEADING RESORT HOUSE OF THE WORLD

is particularly attractive, with its two blocks of ocean frontage facing south and cooled by the prevailing Southwest ocean breezes, during ATLANTIC'S GREAT SUMMER SEASON extending from

JUNE TO OCTOBER

inclusive. It has 400 private baths, each with sea water, and its exquisite music, every night throughout the year, with special solo week-end features, is justly celebrated. White service in both American and a carte dining rooms. Theatres, Rolling-chairs, Golf and other amusements in full swing.

OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT
JOSHUA WHITE & SONS COMPANY

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect June 27, 1915.

TRAINS leave Harrisburg—
For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:03, 7:52 a. m., 2:40 p. m.
For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 5:03, 7:52, 11:52 a. m., 3:40, 5:37, 7:45, 11:00 p. m.
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 1:16, 3:24, 5:30, 9:35 a. m.
For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:52 and 11:53 a. m., 2:16, 3:40, 5:37 and 6:39 p. m.
Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
J. H. TONGE. H. A. RIDGLE. G. F. A.

NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne,
AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
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Neal nodded. "I go past there," answered Neal. "I'll take you to it. Come with me."

Neal liked her—but she didn't ring true.

"This is the post office," he exclaimed at length.

Neal passed on toward the beach. He had not gone far when he heard a woman's scream. He looked back. In front of the post office a crumpled heap turned out to be the pretty woman.

"I slipped—I stumbled—something," she exclaimed, "and, oh—the pain—the pain—"

"Where?" queried the postmaster.

"My foot, my ankle," returned the young lady. "It is bad—bad."

She fell back, half fainting, in Neal's arms. The postmaster nodded to Neal.

"She was going to your mother's," Neal, he said.

"My mother's," gasped Neal. "Does she know my mother?"

The postmaster shook his head.

"She wanted a quiet place—not a boarding house, nor nothing of the kind—a quiet place for her and her old father. I gave her your mother's name. I didn't know. I thought maybe your mother might take 'em in."

Neal clutched her in his strong arms and staggered to his feet.

"I'll take you to my mother's," he said aloud; "that's where you were bound—I'm Mrs. Hardin's son."

Neal's mother, Mrs. Captain Hardin, had spent a good part of the last hour in the attic of her cozy little house. She was delving into the depths of an old leather trunk—and that meant that she was delving into the past.

At the very bottom of the trunk where she had placed them years ago, was a newspaper package, carefully tied up. She opened it and spread its contents on the lid of the trunk. They consisted of the clothing—all the clothing—of a little girl—the dress and the linen articles had turned slightly yellow—even the thirteen years had left their mark upon them.

But this was not all—there was a bag of gold—the bag of gold that the little girl had brought aboard the Princess during that day of terror back at Martinique. And pinned to the tiny dress was still the note—hastily penciled by an unknown hand:

York crook.

A telegraph boy entered with a telegram. Courtier signed for it with a gold pencil, gave the boy a quarter for a tip and opened the telegram.

"Ponto," exclaimed Mr. Napoleon Courtier, for the moment totally ignoring the presence of the crook; "look, friend Ponto. Read."

And Ponto read. It was the telegram of Miss Irene Courtier.

"At last—and after thirteen years," he said.

The crook once more seated himself and Mr. Courtier followed suit. He seized a piece of paper and wrote rapidly. He pushed the piece of paper toward the crook.

"Read that," he commanded; "it is intended for your principal."

The crook read:

Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare.

The crook nodded. "Right, bo," he commanded.

Half an hour later, on his way up Second avenue, New York, the crook was boisterously hailed by a crowd of boon companions. These boon companions were lounging in the doorway of the "Side Pocket."

"Come on, Shorty," cried one of them, catching the crook by the arm. "I'm just blowing. Come on in and have some steam."

A few minutes after they entered the place, One-Eyed Mulvaney and his gang entered the saloon. Followed a fight and a raid by the police. When it was over Shorty lay in a corner with his skull cracked.

Something white protruded from the crook's coat pocket. The sergeant drew it out. It was a note. It read like this:

Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare.

The sergeant read it twice. Then he signaled to one of his men.

"Hey, Tim," he cried; "take this to the captain right away. There ain't a second to lose. This here's a job for the federal authorities—ask the cap to send it down to 'em at once."

CHAPTER IX.

A Stern Chase.

Miss Irene Courtier, if such were her name, rose from her couch in an upper room in the Hardin cottage with an agility that gave no hint of a disabled ankle.

At last she spied a knot in one of the floor boards. She procured a nail file from her handbag and within a few moments had removed the knot from its containing hole. Then she treated herself to a view of the room below.

She perceived that a celebration was in progress. Upon the table was a birthday cake with eighteen candles in it, and about the table were four people. Annette, the center of attraction; Neal and his mother and his foster brother, Joe Welcher.

Mrs. Hardin stepped to a cupboard and drew forth a paper bundle. She placed it on the table and by the light of the eighteen candles she unwrapped it, exhibiting to Annette Ilington and to the boys a set of childish garments, a heavy leather bag, that clinked as she laid it down, and a mysterious-looking yellow packet, sealed with red sealing wax. She unpinned from a diminutive dress a piece of paper which she read aloud.

The listener above started as the note was read. It was a strange note—it contained both a promise and a warning.

"Look," said Annette suddenly, as she examined her possessions, "here is a locket."

In it there was a picture of a man. "My father," said Annette, "I am sure it is my father. Where is he—when will he come for me?"

Suddenly Welcher started forward. "Godfrey," he cried, did you hear that?

"It's a shot from a small-bore gun," said Neal. "Come on, Joe Welcher, let's go out and see."

The shot was the indirect result of the raid upon the gangsters of the "Side Pocket."

For an hour at least a government destroyer with United States revenue officers aboard had patrolled the coast waiting for the signal arranged as per the unsigned bit of paper taken from the coat pocket of Shorty.

The signal was a flash flare. The destroyer waited for it. Suddenly an officer held up his hand.

"There, close in shore."

(To Be Continued.)

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT

Wrightsville, Oct. 1. — Mr. and Mrs. John F. Hersh, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Margaret, to Walter B. Crumbling. The ceremony was performed on July 11, by the Rev. S. J. McDowell, at Baltimore. The bride is very popular, and the groom is connected with the Wilton Manufacturing Company.



FUNERAL SERVICES ARE HELD FOR PHILIP BONGART

Philip Bongart, an ice man on Allison Hill, for 25 years died at his home 1418 Derry street Tuesday evening. He was 64 years old.

Mr. Bongart, well known to residents in that section of the city, came here in 1877. Funeral services will be held to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock at his late home, the Rev. Dr. Clayton Albert Smucker, pastor of Stevens Memorial Methodist church officiating.

TWO SENT TO PEN

Dauphin Judges Impose Two Stiff Sentences in September Quarter Sessions.

Two stiff penitentiary sentences were imposed in Dauphin county criminal sessions yesterday afternoon when George Furlong, the second convicted bigamist in two days, and Zar Walter, of Dauphin, were ordered confined in the State's prison. Furlong is the Brockton, Mass. man who married a Lykens girl while separated but not divorced from his first wife in Brockton; he got from a year and a half to two years and a half. Zar Walter, who was convicted of attacking his own 14-year-old daughter, got from three to six years.

Sentence was suspended upon Harvey Bowers and Russel Mader, two of the Lower Paxton youths who had been apprehended by State police for chicken-stealing. William D. Mero, convicted of robbing the shacks of foreigners got six months. The same sentence was handed out to Alfred Robinson and David Key for felonious assault.

PERRY VETERANS' REUNION

New Bloomfield, Pa., Oct. 1.—At a meeting in the courthouse preliminary arrangements were made for the forty-first annual reunion of the Perry County Veteran Association on Saturday, October 9. Congressman B. K. Pocht will be the orator of the day. The following committees were appointed: Entertainment, James M. Barnett and H. E. Shelby; finance, Charles H. Sniley and Emmet Clouser; decoration, George Garber, John Halman and James Stewart.

LANCASTER COUNTY DEATHS

Marietta. — Mrs. Florence Stevenson Campbell, a former resident of North Carolina, died yesterday at Hickory. North Carolina, aged about 60 years. She will be buried at Duncannon.

Marietta. — Howard R. Kahl, aged 28, a printer of Lancaster, died last evening. His wife, a son and a brother survive.

Marietta. — Mrs. Leah Altland, aged 76, one of the oldest residents of East Perlin, died last evening very suddenly. She is survived by four sons and four daughters.

TYPHOID AT SHIPPENSBURG

Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 1.—With 30 cases already reported and every day bringing fresh quarantines, Shippensburg is facing a serious epidemic of typhoid. The origin of the fever local health officers and State Department men have not yet been able to locate.

It is thought that the contagion began by the pollution of the water supply of the town of Mainville, where a new \$30,000 dam and reservoir have just been constructed.

TRUCK GOES OVER BANK

Waynesboro, Pa., Oct. 1.—Clyde Rose, deliveryman at the store of B. Davis, was knocked down by the automobile truck he was trying to stop at the town dump yesterday, and painfully injured. When the truck ran over the bank, Rose was carried down with it about fifteen feet and was caught under it. He was extricated by workmen nearby. The truck was badly damaged.

BENZOL PLANT COMPLETED

Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 1.—A \$100,000 benzol manufacturing plant, with a capacity of 800 gallons per day, is rapidly nearing completion at the local plant of the Lackawanna Iron and Steel Company, at Sixteenth and Forge streets. The plant will be run in conjunction with the coke ovens and the greatest part of the benzol will be manufactured from the coal gases generated there.

ASTRICH'S

Market and Fourth Streets

A Mammoth Sale of Trimmed Hats

Placing on Sale Over **THREE HUNDRED NEW HATS** Brought From Our Workrooms This Week--To Be Sold at **\$3.98, \$4.98, \$5.98**

WE WERE PRACTICALLY SOLD OUT OF TRIMMED HATS LAST SATURDAY EVENING. We worked as hard as the law permitted us this week in order to place for your selection the VERY BEST HATS WHICH THE CLOSEST FIGURING COULD PRODUCE FOR THE MONEY.

NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF OUR BUSINESS have we been able to sell hats as good at these prices. Compare our hats and prices with those shown by other stores—and use your own best judgment.

IN THE BETTER STYLES OF DRESS HATS

we excel all others in prices and variety of newest ideas—these range from \$6.98 to \$9.98—and compare in every respect with hats sold elsewhere from \$10.00 to \$15.00.

ALL YOU NEED IS ONE LOOK in our Trimmed Hat Department in order to be convinced of the truth of this announcement.

We Have the Best Showing of CHILDREN'S TRIMMED HATS in \$1.49 to \$3.98

At \$1.49 and \$1.98 an immense assortment of Velvet Hats for children from 4 to 6 years—which are worth positively \$2.50 to \$3.00.

Children's Hats at \$2.49 to \$3.49

A Marvelous Showing of FELT AND VELOUR HATS—Sailors, Crush Hats, Sport Hats, Etc., in Black, Brown, Navy, Rose, Green, Purple, Etc., at \$1.49 to \$4.98

More than twenty different styles and shapes to select from.

We never do things on a small scale in our millinery department. Nothing new ever appears on the market but you'll find it here in large variety and at lowest prices.

Girls' and Children's Felt School Hats—velvet plush and corduroy tamoshanters, crush hats, etc from 49¢ up. Try to come during day time before the assortment is broken up.

STOMACH MISERY QUICKLY VANISHES

Your money back if you want it in the way in which all the leading drug stores are selling Mi-o-na, the great dyspepsia remedy.

This is an unusual plan, but Mi-o-na has so much merit and is so almost invariably successful in relieving all forms of indigestion that the dealers run but little risk in selling under a guarantee of this kind.

Do not be miserable or make your friends miserable with your dyspepsia. Mi-o-na will help you. If it doesn't, tell your druggist that you want your money back and he will cheerfully refund it.

A change for the better will be seen from the first few doses of Mi-o-na, and its continued use will soon start you on the road to perfect digestion and enjoyment of food.

Mi-o-na has been so uniformly successful that every box is sold under a positive guarantee to refund the money if it does not relieve. What fairer proposition could be made?

You can get Mi-o-na on this money back guarantee from practically every druggist in this vicinity, including H. C. Kennedy.—Advertisement.

The Busy Store on the Busy Corner

Astrich's

Fourth and Market Sts.

Just a Word About Blouses

You probably know about our 98c and \$1.98 waists. The assortments we carry in these lines have given us a reputation for unusual quality and style at these popular prices, and though we cut profits to uphold this reputation, our increased sales prove that our policy is right.

We want the same reputation for blouses of the better kind. Our buying facilities now enable us to get the newest and most exclusive models just as soon as they leave the designing rooms—styles so unique, so bewitchingly attractive, and so correct in every detail, that they are sure to delight you.

Let us show you the waists, and style, quality and price will speak for themselves.

Smart Blouses \$5.00

Distinctive Models \$7.50 to \$15

Neal of the Navy

SHOWN IN MOVING PICTURES

COLONIAL EACH WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

Season's Greatest Movie Serial

DIES AS HE READS

Special to The Telegraph

Sunbury, Pa., Oct. 1.—William K. Fisher, a printer, died suddenly today. He was reading of the Philadelphia club's success as a pennant winner when he suffered an attack of acute indigestion and died in 10 minutes.

Try Telegraph Want Ads