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away all gloominess and peevishness, and strengthen your pestered-out nerves.

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The regular \$1.00 size of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers is for sale in Harrisburg at C. T. George, 1306 N. Third St.; G. C. Potts, 1101 N. Third St.; C. M. Forney, successor to Forney & Knouse, 428 Market St.; J. H. Park, Jr., 621 Race St.; C. K. Keller, 405 Market St.; W. F. Steever, 14th and Walnut Sts.

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CUT OUT MEATS IF KIDNEYS ARE TROUBLING YOU

Uric Acid in meat excites Kidneys and Irritates the Bladder.

Noted Authority says we must flush Kidneys with Salts if Back hurts.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.—Advertisement.

What To Eat And Prevent Indigestion

Indigestion and practically all forms of stomach trouble are, nine times out of ten, due to acidity; therefore stomach sufferers should whenever possible, avoid eating food that is acid in its nature, or which by chemical action in the stomach develops acidity. Those sufferers who have been obliged to exclude from their diet all starchy, sweet or fatty food, and are trying to keep up a miserable existence on gluten products, should try a meal of any food or foods in moderate amount, taking immediately afterwards a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia in little hot or cold water. This will neutralize any acid which may be present, or which may be formed, and instead of the usual feeling of uneasiness and fullness, you will find that your food agrees with you perfectly. Bisurated magnesia is done up in the best corrective and antacid known. It has direct action on the stomach; but by neutralizing the acidity, it does more than that, and thus removing the source of the acid irritation which inflames the delicate stomach lining, it does more than could possibly be done by any drug or medicine. Do not dose an inflamed and irritated stomach with drugs but get rid of the acid—the cause of all the trouble. Get a little bisurated magnesia from your druggist, eat what you want at your next meal, take some of the bisurated magnesia as directed above and note remarkable results.—Advertisement.

Neal of the Navy

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Cata-paw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

(Copyright, 1914, by William Hamilton Osborne)

NINTH INSTALLMENT

THE YELLOW PERIL

CHAPTER XL.

The Pests of Tortuga.

The brute turned suddenly, darted forward, stretched forth a huge hand and jerked Neal from his precarious position up to the ledge—up to safety. The three stood there clinging to the side of the cliff; the brute panting with wonder, Neal and Annette panting with relief. Suddenly Annette stooped and picked up a packet that lay at her feet. She uttered a little cry of recognition—and with good cause.

It was the identifying map—part of the evidence that linked her with the lost Isle of Cinnabar.

Ten minutes later Neal flung up his hands and cheered—and with good cause. Over the brow of a hill, clambering like mad, there swarmed up through the jungle a crowd of United States marines.

Hernandez and Ponto saw them from above and with wild oaths turned and incontinently fled. The brute, obeying a sudden impulse, crept swiftly along the ledge and followed his retreating masters.

Neal and Annette ascended more cautiously and carefully. They met

The commander of the Albany lowered his glasses. He beckoned to Neal Hardin, a gunner on his ship. Neal answered the summons and saluted.

"You may inform your friend Miss Ilington and her party that in half an hour they will be set ashore at Tortuga," he directed.

Neal started off. "One moment," added the commander. "Tell Miss Ilington that I'd like to speak to her." Neal found Annette and delivered the message—and in a moment Annette was at the commander's side.

"Miss Ilington," said the commander, "without intruding, may I ask the purpose of your extensive peregrination?"

"Peregrination describes it," said Annette laughing, "and you may." She glanced about her—even there—a bit stealthily, and produced her chamois bag, and from it took the map—the old time-worn, yellow, tattered parchment map of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar. The commander glanced at it with interest.

"Hum," he said at length, "no longitude, no latitude."

Annette smiled. "Heat brings out the hidden inscription," she returned, "the latitude is there but you can't



The Brute Slowly Raised the Rock Above His Head.

the little squad of marines on the top of the cliff and joined them in the double quick toward the Aztec stronghold. They reached the clearing. The gates of the walled city were open and the walls bristled with armored Aztec warriors. The marines fixed their bayonets and made ready for a charge.

Suddenly, however, Neal held up his hands. "Listen," he exclaimed. From the unseen waters beyond there was the boom of a gun.

"It's my gun," said Neal. "I know her when she speaks—my six-inch gun."

The officer in charge of the squad held up his hand. "Halt," he commanded.

His squad halted. It was well they did. Through the open gate they could see the sun god's demoniacal countenance twisting and mounting in the red glare of the altar's flames. Across the strip of jungle they could hear the boom-boom of the gun.

Neal slapped his thigh with joy. "He's got the range already, boys," he cried. "Wait. Look—look—look."

With a mighty shout of triumph the marines leaped into the air yelling like demons themselves. They had good cause, for the gunner on the Albany had more than found the range—he had planted an exploding shell in the very middle of the sun god—and the sun god and his temple, amid shrieks from a hundred throats—burst into a thousand pieces—and disappeared.

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an optimum smuggler, comes to Tortuga, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. Subsequently in a struggle for its possession the map is torn in three parts. Hernandez, Annette and Neal each secures a portion. Annette sails on the Coromutiny, and is overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Marlinique Annette and Neal are captured and taken to a smugglers' cove to be blown up with dynamite, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges in an insurance Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sup City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines from the Albany.



Annette Ministers to the Sick.

see it—so is the longitude. I know it by heart—18 degrees 30 minutes north and 123 degrees 40 minutes west—and there, somehow, I hope to meet my father—and find his quicksilver mines."

"Pacific ocean," mused the commander, "off Mexico, Central America—South America—but not far off. There's something in my mind about that locality—what is it? I've heard talk about it somewhere. Something—I can't recall."

He returned the map. "What I desired to say, Miss Ilington," he went on, "is this—if I had my way I'd take you there. But the United States navy has other duties to perform. Yonder is Tortuga. We'll see you safe ashore—and if we find the shore isn't safe, we'll see you safe ashore some other place. I am expecting orders daily, to return. Glad to have been of service."

An hour later Annette and her party disembarked from one of the Albany's launches.

Back in the jungle, on the outskirts of the Aztec village of Corazon del Sol, a few days before, three men—accompanied by a native guide or two—had crept through the jungle toward civilization and the shore. On the second day they had reached a railway station, such as it was, and a railroad, such as it was. They found the stationmaster.

"When does the next train go?" demanded Hernandez.

The official yawned. "When she returns from Tortuga, the pestilential—possibly tomorrow afternoon."

Hernandez stamped his foot impatiently.

Hours later from a clump of trees on the outskirts of Tortuga Hernandez, Ponto and Brute peered across the bay.

Suddenly Hernandez clutched Ponto by the arm. "Look," he cried, "they come."

Through the opening in the leaves he pointed toward the wharf. Annette and her little coterie were landing on the wharf.

"Ponto," said Hernandez, "that little wildcat of a girl—she and her smooth-faced sweetheart—they have tricked us long enough. This time they shall!"

(To Be Continued.)



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Neal of the Navy

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Mt. Union Wants New Schedule of Train Service

Special to The Telegraph. Mt. Union, Pa., Oct. 28.—At the Beer's Hotel to-day an important meeting was held with the Chamber

of Commerce and W. B. Moore and J. P. Anderson, passenger train manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad with a view to getting a new schedule for Mt. Union so that men from both east and west can live in other towns and work at the industries here. It

is impossible for the men to secure rooms in Mt. Union. Citizens of the town are also anxious that the station be open for the trains arriving here at 10:17, 10:22 and 11:40 at night, as all of these trains do a heavy traffic from Mt. Union and the passengers have no place to wait for trains or to buy tickets.

PENBROOK PAVING QUESTION

Special to The Telegraph. Penbrook, Pa., Oct. 28.—The long delayed paving question will probably be brought to a head at the regular monthly meeting of the borough council to be held Monday evening in the town hall.