

**MEALS WILL FIT!  
NO INDIGESTION,  
GAS OR ACIDITY**

Eat without fear of sourness, heartburn, belching or dyspepsia.

The moment "Pape's Diapiesin" reaches the stomach all distress goes.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or you feel bloated after eating and you believe it is the food which fills you; if what little you eat lays like a lump of lead on your stomach; if there is difficulty in breathing after eating; eructations of sour, undigested food and acid, heartburn, brass or a belching of gas, you can make up your mind that you need something to stop food fermentation and cure indigestion.

To make every bite of food you eat aid in the nourishment and strength of your body, you must rid your stomach of poisons, excessive acid and stomach gas which sours your entire meal—interferes with digestion and causes so many sufferers of dyspepsia, sick headache, biliousness, constipation, griping, etc. Your case is no different—you are a stomach sufferer, though you may call it by some other name; your real and only trouble is that which you eat does not digest but quickly ferments and sours, producing almost any unhealthy condition.

A case of Pape's Diapiesin will cost fifty cents at any pharmacy here, and will convince any stomach sufferer five minutes after taking a single dose that fermentation and sour stomach is causing the misery of indigestion.

No matter if you call your trouble catarrh of the stomach, nervousness or gastritis, or by any other name—all you need to remember that instant relief is waiting at any drug store the moment you decide to begin its use.

Pape's Diapiesin will regulate any out of order stomach within five minutes, and digest promptly, without any fuss or discomfort all of any kind of food you eat.—Advertisement.

**FEED MUST BE AS THE LAW DIRECTS**

Secretary Patton Makes Important Change in Guarantee Ruling

An important change in the methods of guaranteeing the thousands of tons of cattle feeds which are sold annually throughout the agricultural regions of Pennsylvania has been suggested to the manufacturers and dealers in a circular issued to-day from the State Department of Agriculture, which has been so much in use, is contrary to the requirements of Keystone State law.

For years the State has been striving to drive out of the markets cattle feeds which do not contain foodstuffs and numerous arrests have been made for the sale of feeds containing peanut hulls and similar substances ground fine, weed seeds and even dust and dirt in order to get the guarantees on a firm basis it has been suggested that a maximum or minimum be established and the possible quantity of protein, fiber or fat be left off. The department has requested that all sacks or containers show only the minimum guarantees for protein and the maximum for fiber. It is also declared that hereafter the department will insist upon the printing on cards of names of manufacturers or importers, the guarantee and the ingredients so that the farmers may know just what they are getting and whence it comes.

The department has compiled the result of its fertilizer tests during the first nine months of the year and it shows that there has been a perceptible decline in the samples which do not comport with the law. There were 1600 samples taken, 610 being analyzed, preference being given to those which had not been analyzed in recent years. In the list were 422 of what are known as "complete" fertilizers. The war in Europe caused some trouble in branding at first because of the shutting off of the German supply but the difficulties were overcome.

**Sets Out to Organize Union of New York Typists**



Miss Ida Fingerhut, New York, Dec. 1.—A typists' union for the 40,000 girl-stenographers and a minimum wage of \$8 per week is the ideal for which Miss Ida Fingerhut, secretary to City Chamberlain Henry Breure, is working. Miss Fingerhut, who is one of the highest priced stenographers in New York, is chairman of a committee organizing the latest union.

**Hot Water for Sick Headaches**

Tells why everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it before breakfast.

Headache of my kind, is caused by auto-intoxication, which means self-poisoning. Liver and bowel poisons called toxins, sucked into the blood, through the lymph ducts, excite the heart which pumps the blood so fast that it congests in the smaller arteries and veins of the head producing violent, throbbing pain and distress, called headache. You become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish and miserable, your meals sour and almost nauseate you. Then you resort to acetanilide, aspirin or the bromides which temporarily relieve but do not rid the blood of these irritating toxins.

A glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, drunk before breakfast for awhile, will not only wash these poisons from your system and cure you of headache but will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary canal.

Ask your pharmacist for a quarter pound of limestone phosphate. It is inexpensive, harmless as sugar, and almost tasteless, except for a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant. If you aren't feeling your best, if tongue is coated or you wake up with bad taste, foul breath or have colds, indigestion, biliousness, constipation or sour, acid stomach, bring the phosphate hot water cure to rid your system of toxins and poisons.

**Put a Ton of Coal in Some Worthy Person's Cellar**

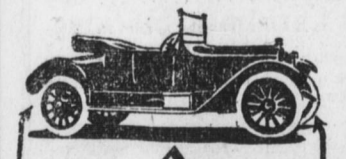
The true spirit of Christmas dictates consideration of the happiness of others, especially those who are less fortunate than ourselves.

No gift will be more acceptable than that of a ton of coal which will contribute materially to the recipient's comfort on Christmas and other days.

Just phone us instructions and we will deliver the coal.

**H. M. KELLEY & CO.**  
1 North Third Street  
Tenth and State Streets

**FLORIDA TRIPS**  
"BY SEA"  
BALTIMORE TO  
One Way . . . . . Round Trip  
\$20 . . . . . JACKSONVILLE — \$35  
1,500 MILES—7-DAY TRIP.  
\$15.00 — SAVANNAH — \$26.20



TELEGRAPH  
WANT AD  
WILL SELL  
THAT AUTO

**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 the Pathé Exchange, Inc.

And then Annette's heart stood still again. For within the boat there was a human figure. Annette shrank behind a rock and watched. And suddenly she knew—

The figure was Inez. She was alone, and seemed to be making frantic efforts to sail the boat. Annette watched her with interest. And while she watched a stiff breeze sprang up and nearly swamped the boat.

"Inez—Inez," she cried, "do as I say—Inez—"

Inez heard her, and immediately forsook the tiller and the rope and held out her hands beseechingly over the gunwale of the boat. It was the best course she could have pursued. The little boat, left to itself, swung about and plunged full tilt toward the shore.

As it struck, Annette was there to meet it. She dashed into the surf and dragged Inez in safely to dry land. Inez was frantic with fear.

"Where," asked Annette, "is the Portuguese, Hernandez?"

Inez waved her hand wildly inshore. "Somewhere—in there—with the beasts," she cried. "Don't ask me. I don't know. I—I ran away from him."

"The beasts?" faltered Annette.

"Worse than that," returned Inez, "you're a woman. I'm a woman. I've been hiding from them—even from him—for three days. He—he doesn't know where I am—he hasn't found me. Oh!"

She sank upon the sand—her form shook with agitation.

Annette, wondering, knelt by her side. "Why have you run from him?" she queried.

"I—I can't blame him," cried Inez, suddenly facing Annette. "He's mad—crazy for wealth, Hernandez. So am I. And wealth is here—you don't know—He told me all about it—before I began to suspect—"

"Suspect—what?" asked Annette.

"Ah," went on Inez, checking her agitation, for the presence of Annette gave her courage, "you should see—he told me—there are millions of dollars' worth of quicksilver—all ready for the market—stored away. Millions of dollars' worth. And the mines—they're not half worked. And these beasts are working them—"

"Cutthroats—men—all of them, men," groaned Inez, "and they've been here years and years—and they've been alone. They're wild-eyed enough to kill each other. And they offered Hernandez all the quicksilver that they've got if he'll find some way to bring them women. Ah, for hour after hour he harped on that—to me. Hour after hour he repeated it—talked about it in his sleep. And finally I understood—"

"You're safe," said Annette, "at least so far as Hernandez and these—beasts are concerned. There's a battleship riding in the bay around the bend. Nothing can harm you now."

Inez gasped with relief. "Nothing can—" she began. Then she uttered a wild yell. "Ugh—arg-g-h—look—"

Annette looked—almost too late. Out of the brush behind them bounded two frightful figures—half-clad—with matted hair and beard. With hoarse cries they darted toward the women. Inez turned frantically and fled up the beach. One of the cutthroats darted after her. Annette swiftly drew her pistol, aimed and fired. The pursuer of Inez dropped in his tracks. But in another instant Annette was seized in a pair of strong arms and tossed over the shoulders of a giant and carried swiftly inland.

Suddenly their path was blocked. A figure shot out before them and stood with folded arms. This figure was Hernandez—and Annette almost hailed him as a friend.

"So," said Hernandez, "I have kept my promise. The woman is yours—the treasure is mine. It is a bargain." Then he uttered a sudden exclamation. "It is not Inez," he cried, "it is you—you little wildcat of an Ilington. So you have arrived. It is better so—better so."

"It is better, eh?" he queried, "you the woman. I the jars of quicksilver." The chief regarded him fiercely. "You lie in your throat, stranger," he exclaimed in guttural tones. "I captured the woman—you kept her from me. I took her by force—and I have waited long." He laughed loud—a derisive laugh. "I took her by force. I have her. Yes, and you have our treasure—after you, too, have waited long—after you have taken it by force. Ho, ho."

Hernandez understood. He sprang at the pirate chief, striking at him frantically, and clutching at Annette, trying to tear her from him.

In a moment a multitude of beasts swarmed through the underbrush—entered the arena of events.

**CHAPTER LXII.**  
Onslaught.

On the chief's part it was a horrible mistake. In his momentary excitement he had thought to exterminate Hernandez. But the cutthroats who bounded into view never even saw Hernandez. Hernandez was there, agile, alert, ready to defend himself. But they didn't know it.

The only thing they saw was An-

**BOOK'S**  
REAL SHOE MAKERS  
217 MARKET STREET  
Do Your Xmas Shopping at Book's HOLIDAY FOOTWEAR SALE  
OPPOSITE COURSE HOUSE HARRISBURG Pa.

**A NEW MODEL**  
FRESH FROM FACTORY  
For the women who want the very newest, we offer these charming  
**Gypsy Boots**  
At \$2.45  
Regular \$4.00 Values  
Clever, perfect fitting Gypsy Patterns, in military, lace and button models. Made of dull and talcum kid, with white allitching or plain. All sizes and widths. Many other charming Fall and Winter styles

**Slippers**  
Women's Slippers—Fancy fur and ribbon trimmed, colored felt tops. Flexible leather soles. All sizes, \$1.25 values . . . . . **79c**  
Women's Slippers—Warm felt uppers and thick felt soles. All sizes. 75c values . . . . . **39c**  
Children's Slippers—Colored felt tops—fur trimmed; leather soles. Sizes 1 1/2 to 2 at 79c; 2 1/2 to 11 at . . . . . **69c**  
Children's Slippers—Red felt uppers and felt soles. Sizes to 2. 75c values . . . . . **49c**  
Men's Slippers—Everett and Romeo cut—tan and black. \$1.50 values . . . . . **98c**

**Blue and Bronze Kid Gypsy Boots \$2.95**

**Special Women's Colored Top Shoes \$1.50**  
1500 pairs of women's colored top shoes (worth up to \$3.50 a pair); on sale today at \$1.50 a pr. Patent and dull leather vamps. Button or lace. All sizes. On bargain tables at . . . . .

**Men's Dress Shoes**  
Dull, tan and patent leathers. In English and the new medium toe lasts. All sizes. Regular \$3.50 values . . . . . **\$2.45**

**Children's Rubber Boots**  
Silk woven tops with warm fleece lining. Special today. Sizes 11 to 2, at \$1.25; 5 to 10 1/4, at . . . . . **98c**  
Women's Rubbers Storm or low cut. Good grade new rubbers. All sizes. 75c values. . . . . **39c**  
Children's Rubbers Either high or croquet. A good wearing grade. Size 2 1/2 to 2. Special. . . . . **29c**  
Boys' Rubbers A good strong rubber. Sizes 7 1/2 to 10 1/2 quality. . . . . **49c**

**Men's High Cuts**  
10-inch Tops Special Saturday offer of men's tan storm calf high top shoes—Two fall (vamp and laced) styles. Blucher all styles. \$4 value. An offer you cannot duplicate in Harrisburg. . . . . **\$2.95**

**Holiday Sale of Children's Footwear**

**Boys' High Top Shoes**  
Best tan and black storm calf uppers with double (waterproof) soles. Bellows tongues. Sizes 1 to 5 at \$1.95 and to 13 1/2 . . . . . **\$1.50**

**Boys' Calfskin Shoes**  
Made to stand hard knocks of sturdy calfskin uppers and extra strong soles. Sizes to 12 1/2. \$1.50 values . . . . . **98c**

**Children's Shoes**  
A special offer of children's regular \$1.25 dress shoes Patent Colt and dull kid. Comfortable styles. Sizes to 8 at . . . . . **79c**

**Girls' High Top Shoes**  
Sold elsewhere at \$2 a pair. Made of good wearing patent and dull leather. High and regular cut tops. High and regular cut tops . . . . . **\$1.50**  
Sizes to 2 . . . . .

**Children's Shoes**  
The regular "76c toe-room" shoe. Vici Kid leathers with or without heels. Sizes to 6. Special . . . . . **49c**

**Girls' and Child's Shoes**  
About 1,200 pairs of misses' and children's school and dress shoes. Patent and dull leathers. Sizes to 2. \$1.50 values. On bargain tables at . . . . . **98c**

**NEAL OF THE NAVY**  
Season's Greatest Movie Serial.  
Shows in Moving Pictures. Each Wednesday and Thursday.

figure crept on farther—then Hernandez saw.

It was Ilington. Ilington was unarmed—his face was blood covered. He was a figure fearful to behold. Hernandez climbed the ladder in fearful haste. Ilington saw him and followed, caught him, tore from him Hernandez' ever ready knife, and faced him squarely.

"I swore to tear you apart with my hands," cried Ilington beside himself with rage, "and I'm going to do it."

"Two can play at that," panted Hernandez, "come on—"

Ilington came on—reckless of the fact that he was fighting on the edge of a precipice.

Far to the rear Annette plucked Neal's wrist.

"Look—look," she cried, "Hernandez and my father—and the Portuguese has a knife."

She was not the only watcher. Below on shore a fresh boatload of marines were landing. They had seen the fight—they watched it now. Their officer peered through his glasses.

"Our friend the Portuguese," he said, "we've got to get him and take him back. The world needs one Hernandez less."

Even as he spoke, Hernandez struck with his knife and ripped open Ilington's arm.

With a wild cry the fresh marines scrambled up the cliff. Hernandez, cool with coolness of desperation, sidestepped, and lifting one foot, neatly tripped his man.

Ilington fell heavily, with one arm hanging over the precipice.

And then Hernandez looked—for the first time he took note of his surroundings.

Behind him ranged Neal and his squad, with fixed bayonets and with death shining in their eyes. Below, scrambling up the cliff were twenty men, dangerous—desperate.

Hernandez paused—his eyes narrowed. He was beaten and he knew it.

Hernandez rose to his full height. "Sorry gentlemen," he said, "but you've never beat me yet and you cannot beat me now."

He retreated a pace or two, gave a sudden run—and leaped far out over the edge of the precipice.

Neal formed his men in line—they

**STRUCK BY BICYCLE**

Special to The Telegraph  
Waynesboro, Pa., Dec. 10.—Calvin Shrader, an aged resident of Ringgold, Md., was run down by James Creager, riding a bicycle, on the Ringgold road near that village yesterday and received injuries that rendered him unconscious. The bicycle was broken into bits and Creager was thrown to the side of the road, but not much hurt.

**STRICKEN AT PRAYER**

Special to The Telegraph  
Lititz, Pa., Dec. 10.—Mrs. Julian Lutz died last evening from an attack of apoplexy sustained a day before while kneeling in prayer at the services of the Church of the Brethren. This congregation is holding special services and she appeared in good health, when suddenly she was seen to fall to the floor.

**WOMAN BREAKS WRIST**

Special to The Telegraph  
Waynesboro, Pa., Dec. 10.—Mrs. Mary Hahn, aged 76 years, met with an accident yesterday at her home here, when she fell over a washtub, fracturing her left wrist.

**Paul's Shoe Store**  
11 N. 4th St.  
DURING THE HOLIDAYS, wouldn't you like to have a certain number of your gifts take the practical form of an order on us for a pair of La France Shoes? We'll guarantee to satisfy every recipient.

**LA FRANCE**

**CREME LLAS**  
Non-greasy Toilet Cream—Keeps the Skin Soft and Silky in Rough Weather. . . . . Toilet Preparation, 25c.  
Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.  
Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs" then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."—Advertisement.