

Lazy Livers Come from Lazy Living—sometimes from food follies that tax the overworked digestive organs. Get back to Nature by eating Shredded Wheat. It puts you on your feet when everything else fails. It supplies the muscular energy and mental alertness that put you in fine fettle for the day's work. Delicious for breakfast with milk or cream, or for luncheon with fruits. Made at Niagara Falls, N. Y.



HAVE ROSY CHEEKS AND FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY—TRY THIS!

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

To see the tinge of healthy bloom in your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or a nasty breath, in fact, to feel your best day in and day out, just try inside-bathing every morning for one week.

Before breakfast each day, drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it as a harmless means of washing from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate get on the blood and internal organs. Those who are subject to constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, rheumatic twinges, itchy or scaly skin, are as well as sallow and complexion pallid, are assured that one week of inside bathing will have them both looking and feeling better in every way.

RUPTURE

FREE DEMONSTRATION

of the world's greatest Rupture Holder, worn and endorsed by physicians.

THE WUNDERTRUSS

Superior to all others. No pressure in the back or on the bone in front. No leg straps, elastic bands or steel springs. Especially for ruptures low down and hard to hold, those following operations and navel ruptures in fleshy persons. Measurements taken for future orders through your physician or by mail. Free trial at

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HARRISBURG, TUESDAY, FEB. 15
8:00 A. M. to 3:30 P. M.

M. H. BROWN

If you cannot call, write for illustrated book. Health Appliance Co., 45 W. 34th St., New York City.

Heals Skin Diseases

It is unnecessary for you to suffer with eczema, ringworm, rashes and similar skin troubles. A little zemo, gotten at any drug store for 25c, or \$1.00 for extra large bottle, and promptly applied will usually give instant relief from itching torture. It cleanses and soothes the skin and heals quickly and effectively most skin diseases.

Zemo is a wonderful disappearing liquid and does not smart the most delicate skin. It is not greasy, is easily applied and costs little. Get it to-day and save all further distress.
Zemo, Cleveland.

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MADE IN A HEALTH RESORT.
AT DRUG STORES—\$1.00 PER BOTTLE
THE PEPTONOL CO.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
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A quarter of a century the name

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OPTOMETRIST

has been a standard for superior optical service in Central Pennsylvania. With
H. C. Claster, 302 Market Street.

ALARMING PNEUMONIA DEATH RATE IS WARNING AGAINST NEGLECT OF COLDS

More Than Half the Number of Cases Result Fatally

Figures that have just been compiled by experts show that almost half the number of pneumonia cases end in death. This is the pneumonia season and neglect of colds is in most cases the origin of the disease. When you take "cough balsams" or "syrups" containing deadly drugs that weaken the body, you are inviting pneumonia. Without these drugs, Father John's Medicine treats colds and prevents pneumonia. It is composed of pure food elements which nourish and build up the body, giving strength to ward off the disease. It is not a patent

HOME
A NOVEL
BY
GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
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CHAPTER I

Red Hill was hemmed in by the breathing silences of scattered woods, open fields and the far reaches of misty space, as though it were in hiding from the railroads, mills and highways of an age of hurry. Upon its long, level crest it bore but three centers of life and a symbol—Maple house, the Firs and Elm house, half hidden from the road by their distinctive trees but as alive as the warm eyes of a veiled woman; and the church.

The church was but a symbol—a mere shell. Within, it presented the appearance of a lumber room in disuse, a playground for rats and a haven for dust. But without all was as it had ever been, for the old church was still beloved. Its fresh, white walls and green shutters and the aspiring steeple, towering into the blue, denied neglect and robbed abandonment of its sting.

In the shadow of its walls lay an old graveyard whose overgrown soil had long been undisturbed. Along the single road which cut the crest of the hill from north to south were ruins of houses that once had sheltered the scattered congregation. But the ruins were hard to find, for they, too, were overgrown by juniper, clematis and a crowding thicket of mountain ash.

On these evidences of death and encroachment the old church seemed to turn its back as if by right of its fresh walls and unbroken steeple it were still linked to life. Through its small-paneled windows it seemed to gaze contentedly across the road at three houses, widely separated, that half faced it in a diminishing perspective. The three houses looked toward the sunrise; the church toward its decline.

On a day in early spring Alan Wayne was summoned to Red Hill. Snow still hung in the crevices of East Mountain. On the hill the ashes, after the total eclipse of winter, were meekly donning pale green. The elms of Elm house, too, were but faintly outlined in verdure. Farther down the road the maples stretched out bare, black limbs. Only the firs, in a phalanx, scoffed at the general spring cleaning and looked old and sullen in consequence.

The colts, driven by Alan Wayne, flashed over the brim of Red Hill on to the level top. Coachman Joe's jaw was hanging in awe and so had hung since Mr. Alan had taken the reins. For the first time in their five years of equal life the colts had felt the cut of a whip, not in anger but as a reproof for breaking. Coachman Joe had braced himself for the bolt, his hands itching to snatch the reins. But there had been no bolting, only a sudden settling down to business.

For the first time in their lives the colts were being pushed, steadily, evenly, almost—but never quite—to the breaking point. Twice in the long drive Joe gathered up his jaw and turned his head, preparing spoken tribute to a master hand. But there was no speaking to Mr. Alan's face. At that moment Joe was a part of the seat to Mr. Alan, and, being a coachman of long standing in the family, he knew it.

"Couldn't of got here quicker if he'd let 'em bolt," said he, in subsequent description to the stable hand and the cook. He snatched up a pail of water and poured it steadily on the ground. "Just like that. He knew what was in the colts the minute he laid hands on 'em, and when he pulls 'em up at the barn door there wasn't a drop left in their buckets, was there, Arthur?"

"Nary a drop," said Arthur, stable hand. "And his face," continued the coachman. "Most times Mr. Alan has no eyes to speak of, but today and that time Miss Nance struck him with the hatpin—member, cook?—his eyes spread like a fire and eat up his face. This is a black day for the Hill. Something's going to happen. You mark me."

In truth Mr. Alan Wayne had been summoned in no equivocal terms and, for all his haste, it was with nervous step he approached the house.

Maple house sheltered a mixed brood. J. Y. Wayne, seconded by Mrs. J. Y., was the head of the family

Their daughter, Nance Sterling, and her babies represented the direct line, but the orphans, Alan Wayne and Clematis McAlpin, were on an equal footing as children of the house. Alan was the only child of J. Y.'s dead brother. Clematis was also of Wayne blood, but so intricately removed that her exact relation to the rest of the tribe was never figured out twice to the same conclusion. Old Captain Wayne, retired from the regular army, was an uncle in a different degree to every generation of Wayne. He was the only man on Red Hill who dared call for a whisky and soda when he wanted it.

When Alan reached the house Mrs. J. Y. was in her garden across the road, surveying winter's ruin, and Nance with her children had borne the captain off to the farm to see that oft-repeated wonder and always welcome forerunner of plenty, the quite new calf.

Clematis McAlpin, shy and long limbed, just at the awkward age when woman blesses being either boy or girl, had disappeared. Where, nobody knew. She might be bird-nesting in the swamp or crying over the "Idylls of the King" in the barn loft. Certainly she was not in the house. J. Y. Wayne had seen to that. Stern and rugged of face, he sat in the library alone and waited for Alan. He heard a distant screen door open and slam. Steps echoed through the lonely house, Alan came and stood before him.

Alan was a man. Without being tall he looked tall. His shoulders were not broad till you noticed the slowness of his hips. His neck looked too thin till you saw the strong set of his small head. In a word; he had the perfect proportion that looks frail and is strong. As he stood before his uncle his eyes grew dark. They were slightly bloodshot in the corners and with their dullness the clear-cut lines of his face seemed to take on a perceptible blur.

J. Y. began to speak. He spoke for a long quarter of an hour and then summed up all he had said in a few



"I've Tried to Win You."

words. "I've been no uncle to you, Alan; I've been a father. I've tried to win you, but you were not to be won. I've tried to hold you, but it takes more than a Wayne to hold a Wayne. You have taken the bit with a vengeance. You have left such a wreckage behind you that we can trace your life back to the cradle by your failures, all the greater for your many successes. You're the first Wayne that ever missed his college degree. I never asked what they expelled you for, and I don't want to know. It must have been bad, bad, for the old school is lenient, and proud of men that stand as high as you stood in your classes and on the field. Money—I won't talk of money, for you thought it was your own."

For the first time Alan spoke. "What do you mean, sir?" With the words his slight form straightened, his eyes blazed, there was a slight quivering of the thin nostrils and his features came out clear and strong.

J. Y. dropped his eyes. "I may have been wrong, Alan," he said slowly, "but I've been your banker without telling you. Your father didn't leave much. It saw you through junior year."

Alan placed his hands on the desk between them and leaned forward. "How much have I spent since then—in the last three years?"

(To be continued.)

MEDALS TO PUPILS
H. C. Claster, Jeweler, 302 Market Street, in commemoration of Lincoln's birthday, distributed on Friday to the pupils of Technical and Central High Schools approximately five hundred bronze medals, bearing in bas relief a likeness of Abraham Lincoln.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"
To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.—Advertisement.

Starting To-day a Demonstration of Weavever Aluminum--Basement

Bowman's Announcing Our **Annual Sale of Bed Spreads**

Founded 1871 Bell—1991—United **Bowman's**

Annual Sale of Bed Spreads

—Starting To-morrow

Little did we think that our first sale of spreads should develop into what is now an event looked forward to. Then it was a limited-quantity which came our way quite by good fortune, and a hearty response kindled the idea of making it an annual affair.

And now for our promising third annual sale, we have ready

552 Quality-Fine Satin and Crochet Spreads at a Saving of One-Third

In making this announcement we would dwell particularly upon the exceptional qualities offered at the various prices. Purchases were made as early as November, and since then cottons have advanced tremendously until now we could not buy them at the prices we are able to sell them at, quality considered.

Owing to slight mill imperfections, even a greater saving is to be had; but these are so slight it would require an expert eye to detect them. Patterns are splendid, featuring quaint conventional and pretty floral designs; some with initial spaces.

Following are prices and sizes.

- Satin Spreads, \$2.65, (81x90 inches).
- Satin Spreads, \$2.95, (90x99 inches).
- Satin Spreads, \$3.35, (72x100 inches).
- Satin Spreads, \$3.65, (81x90 inches).
- Satin Spreads, \$3.95, (81x94 inches).
- Satin Spread Sets, \$3.89.

Spread and Bolster Sham—Full bed size spread; scalloped; cut corners.

Satin Spread Sets, \$4.50 and \$5.00. Colored Dimities; full bed size.

Crochet Bed Spreads extra heavy at **\$1.45**

This is only one of the sale's exceptional offerings. Comes double bed size in attractive patterns. Of special interest to hotel and rooming house owners.

BOWMAN'S—Second Floor.

FOODS

THEY BUILD OR DESTROY

Amazing but Rarely Suspected Truths About the Things You Eat.

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CHAPTER 18

A single drop of blood with its red and white corpuscles, containing potassium, sodium, phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, sulphur, iron, etc., is sufficient to confound all the wisdom of the world.

We have seen the minerals that are present in the internal secretions of the body.

It is evident that these minerals are not present through the operation of any blind accident. It is just as evident that a profound intelligence has regulated their presence and proportions. In the clearly disclosed evidences of the intelligence we behold the workmanship of God.

We could transfer an iron tank filled with pure sulphuric acid from San Francisco to New York and back again and the acid would not affect the tank in any manner. But if we introduced water into that tank the acid would immediately become active and destroy the tank.

In the case of the plant water is so necessary that without it no plant life can exist. Plants that have but a single cell, which are not actually immersed in water, are generally to be found in more or less moist situations where they continually obtain supplies of water from dew or rain.

In times of drought they are seriously injured. The young cell which is enclosed with a cell membrane shows a tendency to accumulate water in its interior. Gradually drops of water appear, until ultimately a vacuole, which is always full of liquid is formed.

The life of a plant consists of a number of cells such a vacuole is found in every adult cell as long as it is living. In other words, healthy protoplasm is always in direct contact with water. It is only while saturated with water that the active life of protoplasm can exist.

With very rare exceptions, if a cell is once completely dried, even at a low temperature, its life is gone and restoration of water fails to enable it to recover.

The life of a plant is intimately connected with the renewal of the water which its cells contain. Fresh liquid must be constantly taken in and that which is already in the plant, to a certain extent, be removed. The plant demands, in fact, a kind of circulation of water, and this becomes the more imperative as the growth of the plant increases.

It has been proved that protoplasm, which, as we have seen, is the active substance found in every living cell of plant or animal, draws its nutriment eventually from the water which comes to it.

It has also been established that protoplasm must return to this water such waste products as it gives off.

It must obtain its oxygen, for instance, from water, for this element can only pass into the interior of a cell through the liquid which enters the cell. Thus we see that water, too, is wonderful medium through which to convey the forces of life.

It is not difficult to believe, therefore, that the body of a man, weighing 150 pounds, made up of more than 100 pounds of water, contains all that water as the result of a fixed law.

Of the solid matter to be found in the human body about one-fifth is made up of the minerals—iron, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, magnesium, manganese, sodium, sulphur, silicon, fluorine, iodine, and chlorine.

Chlorides and phosphates with carbonates and sulphates form the chief of these mineral salts, as far as weight is concerned, but some of the salts which appear in mere traces, such as fluorine and iodine, have essential functions to perform, and without them there is much evidence to support the assertion that human life could not exist.

One of humanity's most conspicuous sins of omission or neglect has been its failure reverently to con-

sider the majesty, the dignity, and the complexity of the human body, which, considered apart from the human soul, is the most majestic work of creation. Let us for an instant examine a little detail of that majestic creation.

If we put a trace of blood under the microscope an astonishing picture is witnessed. Hundreds of little corpuscles are seen swimming about. Most of them are red, but a considerable number are white.

A single drop of blood contains so many millions of corpuscles, far more than all the visible stars in the sky, that less than a hundredth part of a drop, the merest trace must be used on the field under the objective in order that we may see anything at all.

The red and white corpuscles alone are sufficient to confound all the wisdom of the world, but they are not the only things discovered in that fragment of a drop of blood.

In addition to them we find the salts that we have seen, such as iron, calcium, phosphorus, sodium, potassium, magnesium, sulphur, chlorine, and many other compounds which we shall not consider here.

WEST SHORE NEWS

Hot Tea Breaks A Cold—Try This

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or, as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking a cold at once. *It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore harmless.—Adv.

Social and Personal News of Towns Along West Shore

George H. Hopple of Philadelphia is visiting relatives at Marysville.

Mrs. Edna Jackson of Marysville is visiting her brother at Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. A. J. Ellenberger of Marysville spent last week with her daughter, Mrs. C. M. Kennedy at Harrisburg.

Mrs. W. H. Roush of Marysville spent a day with her daughter, Mrs. C. Allen Depugh at Duncannon.

Mrs. Annie Kennedy and sons, Cassius and Ernest of Marysville, are visiting at Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ellenberger of Marysville, are at Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hice and daughter, Lillie, of Philadelphia, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. G. A. Eppley at Marysville.

Mrs. C. J. Scott, of Pitscairn, returned home after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Epply at Marysville.

Harold Eppley and sister, Miss Mabel Eppley, of Marysville, are visiting their sister, Mrs. C. J. Scott at Pitscairn.

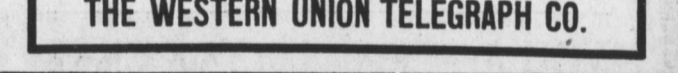
Mrs. John Bothwell of Duncannon is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. J. Colyer of Marysville.

SMALL BOY DIES
Marysville, Pa., Feb. 14.—George D., 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Myers, died on Friday from

pneumonia. Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon.

PIPE ORGAN DEDICATED
Marysville, Pa., Feb. 14.—A new pipe organ in Zion Lutheran church was dedicated yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prof. Edward Wase, of Duncannon, presided at the organ, and a program of music and addresses by local and out-of-town ministers was rendered.

READY FOR CHAUTAUQUA
Marysville, Pa., Feb. 14.—Marysville is ready for the Winter Chautauque or Lyceum course on February 15, 16 and 17 in the Lutheran Church. There will be sessions in the afternoon and the evening of each day.



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Workman's Compensation Act Blanks

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WHY DO YOU SUFFER PAINFUL TWINGES?

Backache, Headache, Lumbago, Lame Back, Rheumatic Pains, Stiff or Swollen Joints and Urinary Disorders Quickly Yield to



SOLVAX

THE GUARANTEED TREATMENT FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

Solvax goes right to the seat of the trouble, adding the kidneys to pass off the Uric Acid and poisonous waste that causes Rheumatic twinges and other painful symptoms. Soothes and heals the bladder and quickly ends all kidney disorders.

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS
Leading Druggists Everywhere, including

H. C. KENNEDY