out. It was from this room. He said

the road to shame and that I could go

back to the Hill through generations

City of refuge or harbor of peace, it's

He dodged back into the barn through

the orchard and across the lawn. Mrs.

J. Y. stood in the garden directing the

relaying of flower beds. Alan made a circuit. As he stepped into the road

one awkward, lanky leg half crooked as though it were still running. Her

Alan caught her hand, and together

one to the Hill. Remember that."

lars.

knew.

and walked out.

you've come!

EXPLAINS WHY MEN **ARE GROWING BALD**

Thousands of men are growing bald every day and don't know the reason why. Many of them never expect to save even what hair is left.

save even what hair is left. This is indeed a pity, says a hair specialist who claims that baldness usually comes from carelessness and that anyone who gives the hair just a little occasional attention should al-ways have an abundance of good healthy hair. Dust and dirt help to cause baldness by clogging the pores in the scalp and giving the germs of dandruff fertile ground for prolific breeding.

The treatment is very simple; wash out the dust and dirt with any pure soap at least once in ten days and de-stroy the dandruff germs by applying every other night Parisian Sage, a de-lightfully efficient preparation that hundreds of druggists recommend as the surest treatment to stop hair from falling. to remove dandruff and to re-fresh and invigorate the hair roots. Of course, like all successful discov-eries, Parisian Sage has been greatly fattered by initiations which makes it necessary to ask for it by name. The cost of a generous bottle is very little, and to supply the steady demand H. C. Kennedy always has an abundant sup-ply on hand.



Indigestion and practically all forms of stomach trouble, about nine time out of ten, are due to hyperacidity therefore stomach suffarare should

stomach sufferers should, possible, avoid eating food id in its nature, or which by ction in the stomach develops infortunately, such a rule most foods which are pleas-taste as well as those which blood, flesh and nerve build-ties. This is the reason why and stomach sufferers refore enever at is ac emical i idity. iminate inates most to the taste rich in block perties. This is the reason w tics and stomach sufferers a so thin, emachated and lacki t vital energy which can or ron a well fed body. For to those sufferers who have be to exclude from their diet , sweel or fatty food, and a to keep up a miserable exister t is suggested that erate A Magnesia r. This will id which ma as no direct action on the by neutralizing the act-od contents, and thus r surce of the acid irritati es the delicate stema more than could be pr ining rat the children and the captain coming slowly up Long lane from the farm. of the Bis t, eat what you want at you eal, take some of the Bisurate-ia, as directed above, and se isn't the best advice you eve the subject of eating.—Adver

SAYS DRINK LEMONADE FOR RHEUMATISM

Wear Warm Clothes in Winter and Take One-half Teaspoonful of Rheuma Once a Day to Drive Rheumatic Poisons From Your System

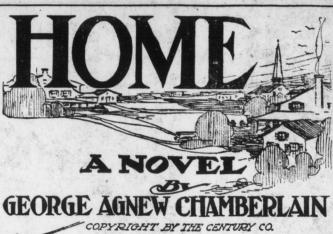
Sufferers can get a measure of relief y keeping the feet dry, drinking plenty of lemonade and avoiding alcoholic bey-rages, but if you really want to get id of rheumatism with all its agony, ain and misery you must drive from our system every bit of poismous seand misery you must drive from system every bit of poisonous se-ons that lodge in the joints and Kennedy and all druggists are

quivering all over like a woman struck. now offering to the public for about 50, sents a prescription called Rheuma that s so powerful that within two days (fter you take the first dose you will eel that the uric acid poison is leaving your body. to her. He put one arm about her thin form and drew her to him. "Don't cry, Clem," he said. "don't cry. I

that the driv actu poisson is leaving heima seldom fails: it overcomes torturing bain, limbers up and re-es stiff, swellen joints and drives sodyress the interview insertes, sodyress tor it for the muscles, sodyress tor it for the muscles tes and is harmless. If two 500 bottles (don't prove that you can rid of rheumatism or neuritis for-, your money is waiting at your ggist's.—Advertisement. didn't mean to hurt you." ggist's.

FOR ITCHING ECZEMA, **OLD SORES AND PILES**

"I guarantee my ointment," says Peterson, "to cure eczema; to stop the itching at once and any reliable drug-gist will cheerfully refund you want to the belfry. From the belfry one saw the whole world with Red Hill as gist will cheerfully refund your money if PETERSON OINTMENT doesn't do verything I sav it will do."



CHAPTER II-Captain Wayne tells Alan of the failing of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday. with green and it's warm. Yesterday was so lonely and today you are here." Alan looked down at the child with

J. Y. kept his eyes down. "You know, more or less, Alan. We won't glowing eyes. "And, do you know, this summer talk about that. I was trying to hold Gerry Lansing and Mrs. Gerry Lanyou. But today I give it up. I've sing are coming. I've never seen her since that day they were married. Do you think it's all right for me to call got one more thing to tell you, though, and there are mighty few people that know it. The Hill's battles have never entered the field of gossip. Seven years before you were born my fa-ther—your grandfather—turned me

her Mrs. Gerry like everybody does?" Alan considered ti - point gravely. Yes. I think that's the best thing you could call her." "Perhaps when I'm really grown up I had started the name of Wayne on

I can call her Alix. I think Alix is such a pretty name, don't you?" Clem flashed a look at Alan and he

with it. He gave me five hundred dol-lars. I took it and went. I sank low nodded; then, with an impulsive movewith the name, but in the end I ment she drew close to him in the half wheedling way of woman about to ask a favor. "Alan, they let me brought it back, and today it stands high on both sides of the water. I'm not a happy man, as you know, for all ride old Dubbs when he isn't plowing. The old donkey-she's so fat now she can hardly carry the babies. Some day You see, though 1 brought the name back in the end. I never saw when you're not in a great hurry will you let me ride with you?" your grandfather again and he never "Here are five hundred dollars. It's Alan turned away briskly and start

the last money you'll ever have from ed down the ladder. "Some day, per me, but whatever you do, whatever happens, remember this: Red Hill does haps, Clem," he muttered. "Not this summer. Come on." When they had not belong to a Lansing nor to a left the church he drew out his watch Wayne nor to an Elton. It is the eter-nal mother of us all. Broken or mend-"Run along and play, and started. Clem." He left her and hurried to the ed, Lansings and Waynes have come

barn. Joe was waiting. "Have we time for the long road, Joe?" asked Alan, as he climbed into the cart. "Oh, yes, sir; especially if you drive,

He laid the crisp notes on the desk. Alan half turned toward the door but Mr. Alan.' stepped back again. His eyes and face "I don't want to drive. Let him go were dull once more. He picked up the bills and slowly counted them. "I and jump in." The coachman gave the pony his shall return the money, sir," he said

head, climbed in and took the reins. The cart swung out and down the lane. He went to the stables and ordered "Alan! Alan!" the pony and cart for the afternoon train. As he came out he saw Nance, Alan recognized Clem's voice and turned. She was racing across a cor-ner of the pasture. Her short skirts

flounced madly above her ungainly She tried to take the low stone legs. wall in her stride. Her foot caught in a vine and she pitched headlong



its center. Alan was disappointed. The hill was still half naked-almost "Clem," He Said, "You Mustn't."

HARRISBURG

guest and another for himself. He glared at the waiter. He glared at a callow youth who had come up and was looking with speculative eye at a neighboring chair. The waiter retired almost precipitously. The youth followed.

'In my time." remarked the captain, "a club was for privacy. Now it's a haven for beliboys and a playground for whippersnappers." "They've made me a member, sir."

"Have, eh!" growled the captain, and glared at his nephew. Alan took inspection coolly, a faint smile on his thin face. The captain turned away his bulging eyes, crossed and un-crossed his legs, and finally spoke. "II may disk point to say when you interwas just going to say when you interrunted." he began, "that engineering is a dirty job. Not, however," he con-tinued, after a pause, "dirtier than most. It's a profession but not a career. "Oh. I don't know." said Alan.

They've got a few in the army, and they seem to be doing pretty well." "Huh, the army!" said the captain. He subsided, and made a new start.

"What's your appointment?" "It doesn't amount to an appointment. Just a job as assistant to Walton, the engineer the contractors are sending out. We're going to put up

a bridge somewhere in Africa." "That's it. I knew it," said the captain. "Going away. Want any money?" The question came like solid shot out of a four-pounder. Alan started,

colored and smiled, all at the same time. "No, thanks, sir," he replied, "I've

got all I need. The captain hitched his chair forward, placed his hands on his knees, leaned forward and glared out on the avenue. "The Lansings," he began, like a boy reciting a piece, "are devils for drink, the Waynes for women. Don't you ever let 'em worry you about drink. Nowadays the doctors call us nonalcoholic. In my time it was just plain strong heads for wine. I say, don't worry about drink. There's a safety valve in every Wayne's gul let.

"But women, Alan!" The captain slued around his bulging eyes. "You look out for them. As your great-grandfather used to say, 'To women, only perishable goods-sweets, flowers and kisses.' And you take it from me, kisses aren't always the cheapest. They say God made everything-down to little apples and Jersey lightning. But when he made women the devil helped." The captain's nervousness dropped from his as he deliberately drew out his watch and fob. "Good-thing he did, too," he added, as a pleasing afterthought. He leaned back in his chair. A complacent look came over his face. Alan got up to say good-by. The

captain arose, too, and clasped the hand Alan held out. "One more thing," he said. "Don't forget there's always a Wayne to back a Wayne for good or bad.' There was a suspicion of moisture in his eye as he hurried his guest

off. Back in his room Alan found letters awaiting him. He read them and tore them up-all but one. It was from Clem. She wrote:

Dear Alan: Nance says you are going Dear Aian: Nance says you are going very far away. I am sorry. It has been raining here very much. In the hollows all the bridges are under water. I have invented a new game. It is called "steam-boat." I play it on old Dubbs. We go down into the valley and I make him go through the water around the bridges. He puffs just like a steamboat and when he sets out he suckes all over. He is he gets out he smokes all over. He is too fat. I hope you will come back very soon. CLEM.

That evening Clem was thrown into a transport by receiving her first telegram. It read, "You must not play steamboat again, it is dangerous, She tucked it in her bosom Alan." and rushed over to the Firs to show it to Gerry.

Gerry and Alix were spending the summer at the Firs, where Mrs. Lansing, Gerry's widowed mother, was still nominally the hostess. They had been married two years, but people still spoke of Alix as Gerry's bride, and in so doing stamped her with her own seal. To strangers they carried the air of a couple about to be mar-

ried at the rational close of a long en-gagement. No children or thought of



C. S. S.

William A. Carley of Franklin, N.Y., surely a wise man. He writes: "I

William A. Carley of Franklin, N.Y., is surely a wise man. He writes: "I used PETERSON OINTMENT on a little boy suffering terribly with eczema. It did the work." Then there is Alex. Louttel, a brave fireman of Buffalo, who is glad to write as follows: "I had an old sore on my leg for many years. The best doctors failed. PETERSON'S OINT-MENT entirely healed the sore quick-ly." And from over in Canada comes a letter from A. Blockeby, stating: "The best thing I ever hit for itching piles is PETERSON'S OINTMENT." A big box for 25 cents.-Advertise-A big box for 25 cents .- Advertise-

DANGEROUS VARICOSE **VEINS CAN BE REDUCED**

If you or any relative or friend is worried because of varicose veins, or bunches, the best advice that anyone in this world can give is to get a pre-scription that many physicians are now uncesprible. ment while it left her subdued and shy even when among her familiars. But she was shy without fear and her shyness itself had a flowerlike sweetness that made a bold appeal.

Activities that many physicians are now prescribing. Ask your druggist for an original two-ounce bottle of Emerald Oll (full strength) and apply night and morn-bigs to out will notice that they are prowing smaller and the treat are should be continued until the veins are of normal size. So penetrating and powerful is Emerald Oll that it dis-solves goiter and wens and causes them to disappear. It can always be secured at all druggists.—Adv. "Isn't it wonderful, Alan?" she said. "Yesterday it was cold and it rained and the Hill was black, black, like the

HEADQUARTERS FOR SHIRTS SIDES & SIDES A **TELEGRAPH** Acciden J. HARRY STROUP WANT AD THAT AUTO Insurance 1617 N. SECOND STREET Automobile Surety Bonds Try Telegraph Want Ads Try Telegraph Want Ads

bleak. Maple house and Elm house shone brazenly white through budding into the weeds and grass at the roadtrees. They looked as if they had side. Alan leaped from the cart and

crawled closer to the road during the winter. The Firs, with its black borpicked her up, quivering, sobbing and breathless. "Alan." she gasped, "you're not going away?" Alan half short away?" der of last year's foliage, looked funereal. Alan turned from the scene, but Clem's little hand drew him back.

Firs. Today all the trees are fuzzy

Alan half shook her as he drew her thin body close to him. "Clem," he Clematis McAlpin had happened between generations. Alan, Nance, Gerry Lansing and their friends had been too mustn't. Do you think I want to go Lansing and their friends had been too old for her and Nance's children were away?" too young. There were Elton children

Clem stifled her sobs and looked up bout her age, but for years they at him with a sudden gravity in her elfish face. She threw her bare arms around his neck. "Good-by, Alan." had been abroad. Consequently Clem had grown to fifteen in a sort of lone-liness not uncommon with single chil-He stooped and kissed her.

dren who can just remember the good **IAPITR** times the half-generation before them used to have by reason of their numbers. This loneliness had given her in certain ways a precoclous develop-.____

> To the surprise of his friends Alan Wayne gave up debauch and found himself employment by the time the himself spring that saw his dismissal from Maple house had ripened into sum-He was full of preparation for mer. his departure for Africa when a summons from old Captain Wayne reached him.

With equal horror of putting up at hotels or relatives' houses, the captain upon his arrival in town had gone straight to his club and forthwith become the sensation of the club's windows. Old members felt young when they caught sight of him, as though they had come suddenly on a vanished landmark restored. Passing gamins gazed on his short-cropped hair, star-ing eyes, flaring collar, black string tie and flowing broadcloth and remarked, "Gee, look at de old spoit in de winder!"

Alan heard the remark as he entered the club and smiled. "How do you do, sir?"

"Huh!" grunted the captain. "Sit down." He ordered a drink for his

To the Lansings marriage had always been one of the regular func-tions of a regulated life-part of the general scheme of things. Gerry was slowly realizing that his marriage with Alix was far from a mere function, had little to do with a regular life and was foreign to what he had always considered the general scheme of things. Alix had developed, quite naturally, into a social butterfly. Gerry did not picture her as chain lightning playing on a rock, as Alan would have done, but he did, in a vague way, feel that bits of his impassive self were being chipped away.

Red Hill bored Alix and she showed it. The first summer after the mar-riage they had spent abroad. Now Alix' thoughts and talk turned constantly toward Europe. She even sug-gested a flying trip for the fall, but Gerry refused to be dragged so far from golf and his club. He stuck doggedly to Red Hill till the leaves began to turn, and then consented to move back to town.

On their last night at the Firs Mrs. Lansing, who was complacently Aunt Jane to Waynes and Eltons, enter-tained Red Hill as a whole to dinner. With the arrival of dessert, to Alix' surprise. Nance said, "Port all around, please, Aunt Jane."

To be continued.

Then, just when he thought he was gagement. No children or thought of children had come to turn the channel of life for Alix. On Gerry marriage sat as an added habit. It was begin ning to look as though he and Alix drifted together not because they were carried by the same currents but be-cause they were tied. Where duller minds would have dubbed Gerry the Ox, Alan had named him the Rock, and Alan was right. Gerry had a dignity beyond mere bulk. He had all the powers of resistance, none of articulation. Where a pin-prick would start an ox it took an up heaval to move Gerry. An upheaval was on the way, but Gerry did not know it. It was yet afar off. To the Lansings marriage had al-Alderman Defendant. — Alderman



