

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.

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 always have an abundance of good healthy hair.

WHAT DYSPEPTICS SHOULD EAT

Indigestion and practically all forms of stomach trouble, about nine times out of ten, are due to hyperacidity; therefore stomach sufferers should, whenever possible, avoid eating food that is acid in its nature.

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 by keeping the feet dry, drinking plenty of lemonade and avoiding alcohol beverages, but if you really want to get rid of rheumatism with all its agony.

H. C. Kennedy and all druggists are now offering to the public for about 50 cents a prescription called Rheuma that is so powerful that within two days after you take the first dose you will feel that the uric acid poison is leaving your body.

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 druggist will cheerfully refund your money if PETERSON OINTMENT doesn't do everything I say it will do."

William A. Carley of Franklin, N.Y., is surely a wise man. He writes: "I received PETERSON OINTMENT for a little boy suffering terribly with eczema. It did the work."

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 prescription that many physicians are now prescribing.



A NOVEL BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

COPYRIGHT BY THE CENTURY CO.

CHAPTER II—Captain Wayne tells Alan of the falling of the Wayne. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday.

J. Y. kept his eyes down. "You know, more or less, Alan. We won't talk about that. I was trying to hold you. But today I give it up. I've 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 father—your grandfather—turned me out. It was from this room. He said I had started the name of Wayne on the road to shame and that I could go with it. He gave me five hundred dollars. I took it and went. I sank low with the name, but in the end I 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 that. You see, though I brought the name back in the end, I never saw your grandfather again and he never knew."

"Here are five hundred dollars. It's the last money you'll ever have from me, but whatever you do, whatever happens, remember this: Red Hill does not belong to a Lansing nor to a Wayne nor to an Elton. It is the eternal mother of us all. Broken or mended, Lausings and Waynes have come back to the Hill through generations. City of refuge or harbor of peace, it's all one to the Hill. Remember that."

He laid the crisp notes on the desk. Alan half turned toward the door but stepped back again. His eyes and face were dull once more. He picked up the bills and slowly counted them. "I shall return the money, sir," he said and walked out.

He went to the stables and ordered the pony and cart for the afternoon train. As he came out he saw Nance, the children and the captain coming slowly up Long lane from the farm. 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 swift steps came toward him. He wheeled and faced Clem coming at full run. He turned his back on her and started away. The swift steps stopped so suddenly that he looked around. Clem was standing stock still, one awkward, lanky leg half crooked as though it were still running. Her skirts were absurdly short. Her little fists, brown and scratched, pressed her eyes. Her dark hair hung in a tangled mat over a thin, pointed face. Her eyes were large and shadowy. Two tears had started from them and were crawling down soiled cheeks. She was quivering all over like a woman struck.

Alan swung around and strode up 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 didn't mean to hurt you."

For one moment she clung to him and buried her face against his coat. Then she looked up and smiled through wet eyes. "Alan, I'm so glad you've come!" Alan caught her hand and together they walked down the road to the old church. The great door was locked. Alan loosened the fastening of a shutter, sprang in through the window and drew Clem after him. They climbed to the belfry. From the belfry one saw the whole world with Red Hill as its center. Alan was disappointed. The hill was still half naked—almost bleak. Maple house and Elm house shone brazenly white through budding trees. They looked as if they had crawled closer to the road during the winter. The Fir's, with its black border of last year's foliage, looked funeral. Alan turned from the scene, but Clem's little hand drew him back.

Clematis McAlpin had happened between generations. Alan, Nance, Gerry Lansing and their friends had been too old for her and Nance's children were too young. There were Elton children of about her age, but for years they had been abroad. Consequently Clem had grown to fifteen in a sort of loneliness not uncommon with single children who can just remember the good times the half-generation before them used to have by reason of their numbers. This loneliness had given her in certain ways a precocious development 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.

"Isn't it wonderful, Alan?" she said. "Yesterday it was cold and it rained. Yesterday the Hill was black, black like the Fir's. Today all the trees are fuzzy

with green and it's warm. Yesterday was so lonely and today you are here." Alan looked down at the child with glowing eyes.

"And, do you know, this summer Gerry Lansing and Mrs. Gerry Lansing are coming. I've never seen her since that day they were married. Do you think it's all right for me to call her Mrs. Gerry like everybody does?" Alan considered it—point gravely.

"Yes, I think that's the best thing you could call her." "Perhaps when I'm really grown up I can call her Alix. I think Alix is such a pretty name, don't you?" Clem flashed a look at Alan and he nodded; then, with an impulsive movement she drew close to him in the half-wheeling way of woman about to ask a favor.

"Alan, they let me ride old Dubbs when he isn't plowing. The old donkey—she's so fat now she can hardly carry the babies. Some day when you're not in a great hurry will you let me ride with you?" Alan turned away briskly and started down the ladder. "Some day, perhaps, Clem," he muttered. "Not this summer. Come on." When they had left the church he drew out his watch and started. "Run along and play, Clem." He left her and hurried to the 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, Mr. Alan."

"I don't want to drive. Let him go and jump in."

The coachman gave the pony his head, climbed in and took the reins. The cart swung out and down the lane.

"Alan! Alan!" Alan recognized Clem's voice and turned. She was racing across a corner of the pasture. Her short skirts founced madly above her ungainly legs. She tried to take the low stone wall in her stride. Her foot caught in a vine and she pitched headlong

Dear Alan: 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 "steamboat." 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 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, Alan." She tucked it in her bosom and rushed over to the Fir's to show it to Gerry.

Gerry and Alix were spending the summer at the Fir's, 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 married at the rational close of a long engagement. 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 beginning to look as though he and Alix drifted together not because they were carried by the same currents but because 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 pinprick would start an ox it took an upheaval to move Gerry. An upheaval was on the way, but Gerry did not know it. It was yet afar off.

To the Lausings marriage had always been one of the regular functions 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 marriage they had spent abroad. Now Alix' thoughts and talk turned constantly toward Europe. She even suggested 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 Fir's Mrs. Lansing, who was complacently Aunt Jane to Waynes and Eltons, entertained Red Hill as a whole to dinner. With the arrival of dessert, to Alix' surprise, Nance said, "Port all around, please, Aunt Jane."

Strong Price Inducements All Over the Store To-morrow Wednesday

KAUFMAN'S UNDERSELLING STORE. Still a Fair Variety of Cohen's Hair Swatches to Be Had at Less Than Half Price.

To-morrow Another Special Sale of Half Silk and Secco Silk Kimonos, worth \$35.00, for \$2.45.

The Last of Cohen's Stock of \$1.00 to \$3.50 Corsets, for 49c.

Men's \$3.00 TROUSERS, \$1.49.

Now's the Time You Need a Good Warm Overcoat Mr. Man Here's Your Chance To Buy an \$8.75 to \$12 Value, For Only \$5.00

Suits, too, remember, and both Overcoats and Suits the biggest bargains our Men's Clothing Store ever put out for such a small sum.

Warm Winter Coats For Women & Misses at Prices Near the Vanishing Point. Women's and Misses' up to \$9.50 Winter Coats \$4.75.

1,000 Crepe de Chine and Habutai Silk Waists, on Sale Wednesday, at \$1.95.

In the Bargain Basement. Extra Special Big Values For Wednesday. 12 1/2c New White Dress Fabrics, a yard 4c.

TWICE ARRESTED HE WANTS \$1,500

Charles P. Walter, a former city paving repair contractor, was named as defendant yesterday in a suit to recover \$823.96 for curbing and other materials furnished him for use in this city last fall.

WALLOWER'S EXONERATIONS. Really assessments for county taxable purposes in the Third ward as reported by W. J. Wallower, whose death occurred before he could file his complete report to the county commissioner, were considered yesterday by the board in connection with Mr. Wallower's exoneration.

WILEY-RITTER WEDDING. Dillsburg, Pa., Feb. 15.—On Saturday evening Miss Abba Ritter and Willis R. Wiley, representing two of the most prominent families in the upper end of York county, were united in marriage by the Rev. S. A. Crabb, pastor of the Calvary United Brethren Church, at the parsonage in East Harrisburg street.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages.

BRANDRETH PILLS. 100 Years Old. An Effective Laxative. Purely Vegetable. Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, etc.

Pretty Teeth Add to the Natural Beauty of All Faces. If your teeth are in want of any attention, call and have them examined, which is FREE OF CHARGE.

DR. PHILLIPS, Painless Dentist. 320 Market Street, HARRISBURG, PA. My Patent SUCTION TEETH \$5.00 a Set. They fit perfectly. Gold Fillings \$1.00 up.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SHIRTS SIDES & SLIDES. Fire Accident J. HARRY STROUP Insurance. 1617 N. SECOND STREET. Automobile Surety Bonds.

TELEGRAPH WANT AD WILL SELL THAT AUTO. Try Telegraph Want Ads.