

Don't Merely "Stop" a Cough

Stop the Thing that Causes It and the Cough will Stop Itself

A cough is really one of our best friends. It warns us that there is inflammation or obstruction in a dangerous place. Therefore, when you get a cough don't proceed to dose yourself with a lot of drugs that merely "stop" the cough temporarily by deadening the cough reflex. Treat the cause—heat the inflamed membranes. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause. It will make an obstinate cough vanish quickly than you ever thought possible.

Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents a bottle) in a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This is a full pint of the most pleasant and effective cough remedy you ever used, a cost of only 54 cents. No other to pare. Full directions with Pinex.

BEAUTY DOCTOR TELLS SECRET

Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Gray Hair and Promote Its Growth

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor of Detroit, Mich., recently gave out the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple treatment at home, at very little cost, to darken gray hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. Half pint of water add 1 oz. of rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to hair twice a week until the desired effect is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, relieve itching scalp disease, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."

Whiskey? No. Not For Rheumatics

Don't drink whiskey if you have rheumatism, and be sure and keep your feet warm and dry, and drink plenty of lemonade. This advice, says an authority, is being, but as all know who have had rheumatism is a stubborn ailment and yields only to a remedy strong enough to conquer it. Many doctors have prescribed and prescribed half teaspoonful of Rheuma-eze a day, because they know that Rheuma-eze, harmless as it is, with speed and ease, in a few days the most torturing case of rheumatism or sciatica. Try Rheuma-eze; H. C. Kennedy and druggists sell lots of it and will return your money if you do not do not stop all rheumatic misery. Advertisement.

W APPENDICITIS CAN BE PREVENTED

Harrisburg people should know a few doses of simple buckthorn, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adolka, often relieve or prevent appendicitis. This simple mixture reaches such surprising food matter. ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost any case of constipation, sour stomach or gas. A short treatment helps one stand up to the attack. Adolka is easiest and most thorough action anything we ever sold. H. C. Kennedy, druggist, 321 Market Street. Advertisement.

BEST WAY TO CURE COLD IN CHEST

Doctors advise not to allow cold in throat or sore throat to hang on. Pneumonia results. The mucus in chest or throat shows signs of mucus rub on true Mustardine, which costs about 25 cents, and which druggist can give you in the original yellow box. It stops pain and congestion and there's a blessed relief in it. The Begy Medicine Co., of Rochester, N. Y., makes true Mustardine, and tens of thousands use it because it acts so quickly and is so much better than liniment or internal remedies. All druggists guarantee it. Advertisement.

2.50 ROUND TRIP TO Philadelphia

A city rich in historic memories. Sunday, March 12. Special Train Leaves HARRISBURG - 7:00 A. M. Returning, Leaves PHILADELPHIA - 7:00 P. M. See the Battleships at League Island Navy Yard, open until 4:00 P. M. City Hall Tower, open 12:30 to 4:00 P. M. Independence Hall, open 1:00 to 4:00 P. M. Memorial Hall and Academy of Fine Arts, open 1:00 to 5:00 P. M. Fairmount Park and the many other objects of interest of "The Quaker City."

Pennsylvania R. R.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SHIRTS SIDES & SIDES

Telegraph Want Ads



A NOVEL

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-by.

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

CHAPTER III—Judge Healey buys a picture for Alan Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employers.

CHAPTER IV—Alan and Alix meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation, which becomes serious.

CHAPTER V—At home, Nance Sterling asks Alan to go away from Alix. Alix is taken to task by Gerry, her husband, for her conduct with Alan and defies him.

CHAPTER VI—Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco.

CHAPTER VII—Alix leaves Alan on the train and goes home to find that Gerry has disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII—Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl.

CHAPTER IX—The judge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix.

CHAPTER X—The native girl takes Gerry to her home and shows him the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her.

CHAPTER XI—At Maple house Collingford tells how he met Alan—"Ten Per Cent. Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XII—Collingford meets Alix and her baby and he gives her encouragement about Gerry.

CHAPTER XIII—Alan comes back to town but does not go home. He makes several calls in the city.

CHAPTER XIV—Gerry begins to improve. Margaret's plantation and builds an irrigating ditch.

CHAPTER XV—in Africa Alan reads Clem's letters and dreams of home.

CHAPTER XVI—Gerry pastures Lieber's cattle during the drought. A baby comes to Gerry and Margaret.

CHAPTER XVII—Collingford meets Alix in the city and finds her changed.

CHAPTER XVIII—Alan meets Alix, J. Y. and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

They sat and looked at each other for a moment and then J. Y. arose and held out his hand again. "If that's the case," he said, "I won't keep you. Good-by and good luck."

"Good-by, sir," said Alan. As he reached the door J. Y. spoke again. "Alan," he said, "I'm glad you dropped in."

"I am too, sir," said Alan. He was just leaving the sedate old office building, sandwiched in between modern towers of Babel, when a cab drew up at the curb. The door opened and a girl stepped out. She suddenly stood still. Alan's eyes were drawn to her and found hers fixed on him. He drew a quivering breath. Clem stood before him. She saw his hesitation and a cloud came over the light in her face. Her moist lips trembled. Their hands met.

"Alan!" she said and he answered, "Clem!"

And so they stood, his eyes fixed in hers that were blue and deep. He felt his soul sinking, sinking into those cooling pools. He did not wish ever to speak again—ever to think again.

And then Clem laughed. Her eyes wrinkled up. There was a gleam of even teeth. The wind blew her furs about her and lit the color in her cheeks. "How solemn we are after three years!" she cried. "Three years, Alan. Aren't you ashamed?"

Alan felt a sense of sudden insulation as though she had deliberately cut the current that had flowed so strongly between them. "I am going away," he stammered weakly and waved at an approaching four-wheeler, piled high with traveling kit and conveyed by his hurried but never hurried servant.

But Clem stuck to her guns. "Really?" she said with a glance at the loaded cab and with arching eyebrows.

Then her smile burst again. "You can't expect me to be surprised, can you? We seem to have a habit of meeting when you are on the point of going away. There. You must be in a hurry. Good-by," and she held out a gloved hand.

Alan's spirit was ever ready for war and this, he suddenly perceived, was war. He braced himself and smiled too. "Twice hardly amounts to a habit," he drawled. He had never drawled to Clem before but then Clem had never before taken up the social rapier with him. "Besides," he went on, "there's a difference. Last time you ran after me."

Clem's smile trembled, steadied itself and then fought bravely back. "Yes," she said, "yes." And then her eyes wavered and wandered. She dropped his hand. "Good-by," she said, the faintest catch in her voice, and hurried away to seek J. Y.

Alan stood and watched her. He felt a sinking within him. "For a mess of pottage," he muttered and then his servant touched his arm anxiously and held out his watch, face up. "You'll never make it, Mr. Wayne."

Alan turned on him but not angrily. "Perhaps not, Swinson, and perhaps yes. You may go back to the flat. I'll get along all right." And with that he hurried himself at the cab. "Double fare if you make the Battery in ten minutes," he shouted to the driver and then settled back in the seat to ponder.

At last the rains came to the valley and the Fazenda Flores. Gerry spent long hours beside his sluiceway watching for a rise in the river, but it did not come. The torrent of rain was local and he remembered that Lieber had told him that the floods—the great floods—came from hundreds of miles up the river and generally under a brazen sky. Night, black night, had fallen with the rain and he was just turning to seek shelter from the unbroken downpour when a voice raised in song reached his ears. He waited. The voice drew nearer. In a nasal tone, which somehow sounded familiar though it was unknown to him, it was chanting a long string of doggerel ending in an unvarying refrain. Finally Gerry could make out the long-drawn tail-end of the song: "comin' down the drawr."

English! American! Cowboy music! The impressions came in rapid succession. Gerry strove to pierce the darkness. He could hear the nearby splash of careful nudes, picking their way through puddles with flinching little steps. He felt a shadow in the darkness and could just see above it a blur of yellow. Behind it, more shadows. On an impulse he did not stop to measure, he shouted in English, "Hallo, there!"

The doggerel was choked off in mid-flight. The yellow blur came to a sudden stop and the nasal voice rang out in quick staccato, "Speak again, stranger, and speak quick!"

"It's all right," Gerry laughed back. "Where are you bound for?"

"I'm headed down the drawr lookin' for a chalk line where I can dry my feet. What do you know?"

"Can you see the water in the ditch at your right?"

"Yasser, I can. I can see you, too."

"Well," shouted back Gerry, "your eyes beat mine. Follow the ditch until you come to a bridge. I'll meet you there."

Gerry found the little cavalcade waiting for him, six pack-mules, a native driver and, towering above them, a great lanky figure in a yellow oil-skin slicker topped by a broad-brimmed Stetson. Gerry looked over the outfit as carefully as the darkness would allow and then said tentatively, "There's a house down there in the valley."

"Is the?" drawled the stranger spitting deliberately into the ditch. "Well," he volunteered after a further pause, "my name's Jake Kemp. The rest of this outfit is six mules packin' orchids and the greaser packin' the mules."

"That's all right," said Gerry, "I guess we can put you up."

He led the way and the pack-train splashed along after him. The mules were soon relieved of their burdens and turned into the pasture. Bonifacio took the native muleteer away to his quarters and Gerry and the stranger passed through the house to the kitchen.

A patriarchal hospitality came naturally to the inmates of Fazenda Flores. It was a tradition not only on that plantation but throughout a vast hinterland, where life was rude and death sudden, to be gentle to the stranger, to feel him and his beast and to speed him on in the early morning. There was but one rule to the stranger: He must keep his eyes to the front. Jake Kemp had evidently learned the brief code. He ate ravenously, poured down coffee with the recklessness of a man that draws on a limitless power to sleep, and made his few remarks to Gerry and to Gerry alone.

(To be continued)

Store Opens 8 O'clock—Closes Evenings at 5.30 P. M. FRIDAY IS BARGAIN DAY Now on Sale AT KAUFMAN'S April Delineator Butterick Patterns For April Now on Sale See Expert at the Pattern Department for Special Offer.

In Our Enlarged Bargain Basement The Big Ten-Day Money-Saving Sale of Spring Goods Continues These Extraordinary Special Values On Sale To-morrow (Friday)

Table with 7 columns: MUSLIN CURTAINS, FILLED CUSHIONS, Fleece-down BLANKETS, SLUMBER ROBES, APRON GINGHAM, SHELF OIL CLOTH, TAPESTRY CURTAINS. Prices range from 35c to \$5.95.

Another Astounding Spring Suit Sale \$15 FOR WOMEN AND MISSES AT \$15 Positively Worth \$18 to \$22.50 To-day EVERY SUIT Up-to-the Minute IN STYLE Perfectly Handsome New Spring Suits Nothing to Equal Them Shown in Harrisburg Buy Now and Save Prices Higher Later on Real \$18.00 to \$22.50 Values, Only \$15.00 Alterations Free as Always

Startling Friday Specials in Men's and Boys' Clothing Unheard of Values at Record Breaking Low Prices KAUFMAN'S MARKET SQUARE 'UNDERSELLING' STORE

MOEWE'S CAPTAIN GETS HIGHEST MILITARY ORDER London, March 9.—Emperor William has received the commander of the German commerce raider, Moeve, and personally presented to him the Order Pour le Merite, the highest German military decoration, according to a Renter dispatch from Amsterdam.

HAGERSTOWN LICENSES Special to the Telegraph Hagerstown, Md., March 9.—Marriage licenses have been issued here to the following Pennsylvania couples: Ralph J. Zimmerman, of Lewistown, and Helen Fultz, of Milroy; John Keckler and Grace E. Rider, both of Waynesboro; Charles C. Mayhugh and Susan Murray, both of Greencastle; James W. Scroggins, of Harrisburg, and Alice Nichols, of Flint Hill, Va.

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