

RED BLOTCHES AND PIMPLES ON BACK

And Arms. Skin Was Sore. Would Itch All the Time. Scratched and Made Worse. Completely

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"I noticed small red blotches and pimples breaking out on my back and arms. The skin was sore and red, and the pimples festered and came to a head. They would itch all the time and every time I scratched them it made them worse and I could not stop as my clothing would rub against the sore places."

"I noticed a Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertisement and I wrote for a sample. The sample seemed to give me relief so I purchased more and it took only a half a box of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Soap to heal me completely." (Signed) M. Schweitzer, 1401 East St., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 10, 1915.

Sample Each Free by Mail With 22-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

EAT LESS MEAT AND TAKE SALTS IF KIDNEYS HURT

Says a tablespoonful of Salts flushes Kidneys, stopping Backache.

Meat forms Uric Acid, which excites Kidneys and Weakens Bladder.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

A FINE Deafness Treatment FREE

Do you realize the terrible fate which is staring you in the face? Do you know what total Deafness means? It means a living death. Shut out from all human intercourse, the world of business and pleasure, life becomes a fearful blank.

Will you suffer this untold misery and loneliness without investigating the new method of treatment?—The Method which has restored to hundreds of sufferers their full sense of hearing, quick and acute. I have rescued hundreds from Deafness. YOU must come before it is too late.

Because I have been so successful in curing Deafness and because my heart aches for its victims, I am going to GIVE AWAY a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who asks for it. Surely this is a present worth having. Out of my sincere desire to relieve human suffering, I gladly make you this gift. My treatment has cured hundreds of people of the most distressing, wearing head-noises, and restored their full perfect hearing. Write for the treatment to-day, and give me the opportunity to show YOU my successful new method for the treatment of Deafness. WRITE BY YOUR OWN HOME.

Now I ask is that you will act NOW. Don't hesitate or it may be too late to help you. My success has been great, and applicants for treatment are many, so that I can only make this offer a very short time. Remember this treatment for Deafness is given to you without any charge whatever. It is absolutely free. Send off Now, in this mail, a post card or letter requesting your full name and address upon it, and I will send you free treatment for Deafness.

Deafness Specialist Sprague, 84 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

For Conventions, Banquets, Entertainments, Dances use Board of Trade Building 112-14 MARKET STREET Apply Commonwealth Trust Co. 222 Market Street Harrisburg

CHAS. H. MAUK THE UNDERTAKER Sixth and Keller Streets. Largest establishment. Best facilities. Near to you as your phone. Will go anywhere at your call. Motor service. No funeral too small. None too expensive. Chapels, rooms, vault, etc., used without charge.

HOME 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 Alix Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employees.

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. Gerry to her home and shows him the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her.

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIII—Gerry begins to improve Margarita's plantation and builds an irrigating ditch.

CHAPTER XIV—In Africa Alan reads Clem's letters and dreams of home.

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

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

CHAPTER XVII—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.

CHAPTER XVIII—Kemp and Gerry become friends.

"Does he live off his stock?" Kemp looked up. "Haven't you ever been up to Lieber's?"

"No," said Gerry. "It's two years since I came here and I've never been off the place. Lieber's been down here a couple of times."

Kemp grunted but asked no further question. "Lieber," he said, "certainly don't live off his stock—he plays with it. Lieber is the goatskin king. Ships 'em by the thousand baies. If you or any other man in these parts was to sell a goatskin away from Lieber, you'd be boycotted. Lieber on this range is God—you're for him or you're ag'in him an' there ain't been any one ag'in him for some spell now."

"Oh," said Gerry. "As fer knowin' him," continued Kemp, "everybody on this round-up knows Lieber but there ain't anybody knows why he is. Lieber holds questions and smallpox about alike. He ain't thar when they happen."

The three of them walked into the pasture. Lieber looked at the stock with kindling eyes. He turned to Gerry and held out his hand. "Shake," he said, and Gerry did. "What do you say to the first five of the horses out and the last ten of the cattle for your share?"

Gerry flushed. "That's more than fair," he said. "You know the best of the horses will lead the bunch and the fattest of the cattle will lag behind. You see, they're all strong now."

"That's just it," said Lieber. Kemp had gone off to round up his mule. He came up from the river driving it before him. At every jump he caught the mule a flick with his rope and the mule kicked and squealed but came on with long, stiff-legged strides. "Hi-yi!" yelled Kemp and snatched off his hat to beat his mount while he kept the rope-end flickering over the mule.

Gerry and Lieber laughed. Kemp was like a mummy come to sudden life. "Do you know what?" said Gerry. "I think I'll come along with you." He led the iron-gray out by his forelock and old Bonifacio hurried to help bridle and saddle him. Lieber mounted his stallion and turned the horses as they came out. Kemp suddenly sobered down to business. When Lieber had thrown back the last ten of the cattle, Kemp came out and closed the gap behind him.

"I think I'll go ahead with the horses," said Lieber. "You go and take ye' men with you," said Kemp. "I could drive this fat bunch from here to Kansas with nary a hand to spell me."

Gerry had expected a surprise of some sort when at last he arrived at Lieber's but the things he saw there,

stranger than anything he could have imagined, left him calm and unmoved as though some prescience had prepared him. The house was built on the usual solid lines of plantation headquarters. Great, rough-hewn beams; towering rafters, built to carry the heavy tiles and to bear their burden for generations; unceiled, vast rooms with calcimined walls; all these were not outside Gerry's experience in the new land. The strangeness came with the rugs and the linen, the etchings and the furniture, and last and most significant, the shelves and shelves of books and the tables piled with magazines in three languages. Everything bore the stamp of quality, everything had the distinction of a choice.

Gerry did not let his curiosity carry him beyond a rapid glance around the great living-room where they found Lieber, bathed and freshly dressed, superintending the making of ice in the latest ingenious contrivance for the panpering of the pioneer. "Ice water in the desert," thought Gerry and the phrase seemed to him more than words—it seemed to paint Lieber dimly, but as the mind saw him.

The veranda at Lieber's was like that of Fazenda Flores only much bigger. It looked out upon a wide stretch of desert but away at the rim of the desert one could feel the river. The roar of the falls mumbled in the ear. It came from so far away that one had to strain one's ears to actually define it. After supper they gathered on the veranda. They sat in rude, rawhide chairs which were comfortably strong and tilted them back to the national angle. Lieber and Gerry smoked corn-husk cigarettes but Kemp stuck to his yellow papers. Gerry did not want to talk. He sat where he could watch the strange pair whose companion he was for a night. Into the souls of Lieber and Kemp the long silences of solitude had entered and become at home. They were patient of silence. Speech had its restricted uses. They still had their hats on. Lieber's was pushed back, Kemp's was drawn forward. Kemp was whittling. Kemp's words of farewell came back to Gerry. "It's a long trail from the Alamo to New York, but the whole country's under one fence." Texan, Pennsylvania Dutchman and New Yorker might be social poles but tonight they seemed strangely near to each other.

The next morning Gerry was up early, nervous after his first night's absence from Fazenda Flores. Kemp watched him saddle his horse. "That ain't one of the five," he remarked. "No," said Gerry. "I traded the roan for the iron-gray. Do you think I was done?" "I ain't sayin'," said Kemp cautiously. "I don't want you should think I was teachin' you, Mr. Lansing, but that hoss ain't no iron-gray. There ain't no such color for a hoss as I ever heern tell on. That hoss is a blue an' he's a true blue."

"All right, Kemp," said Gerry, smiling. "You've named him true blue and True Blue he is from this day." Lieber came out in pyjamas and called them for coffee. When they were seated he proposed to Kemp that he make his headquarters at the ranch for a while. The advantages were evident. It was a congregating point for the natives from miles round. Goatskins came into Lieber's from hundreds of miles up country. They came singly, in donkey loads or in whole packtrains. Sometimes they passed directly into his hands from the producer; sometimes they ran through a chain of transfers, from hand to hand. All news centered at and radiated from Lieber's. The same men that brought in goatskins would be glad to add orchids to their stock in trade.

THE PRESS GALLERY

The press gallery is not a constitutional part of the machinery of government at Washington, but it is none the less an important part. A century ago Edmund Burke, in the house of commons, said that there were three estates in parliament—nobles, clergy and commons—but in the reporters' gallery honder there sat a fourth estate more important far than they all. With the advancing years and the increasing power of the press, the dignity of the fourth estate, thus christened, has waxed rather than waned.

In Washington the term press gallery means two distinct things. It may mean the gallery in either of the chambers of the two houses of Congress. Of it may mean the organization of newspaper correspondents, the individual members of which have access to those galleries.

In each house the gallery is directly over the chair of the presiding officer and is equipped with desks for the use of correspondents taking notes. With the decline of the custom of reporting actual debates for the newspapers the desks are not much used, and indeed the galleries are actually filled only when something very important or very interesting is going on.

But in the lobbies back of the galleries there is always great activity. Here are huge tables with blotting pads and bountiful supplies of ink, pens and paper. In another room are typewriters, and in still another batteries of telegraph instruments which take the news of the national legislature to the people of the country.

The duly accredited representatives of newspapers who are telegraphic correspondents are admitted to the gallery. The correspondents themselves elect a standing committee, which is the governing body of the gallery, acting in conjunction with the chairman of the Senate committee on rules and the Speaker of the House. On all questions affecting the personnel the standing committee is supreme. No man may be a member of the gallery, even if he be a bona fide correspondent, who holds any office of profit under the United States government or who represents any bill or legislative measure in Congress or before any committee of either house.

This rule is strictly enforced, and more than one bright young man who has sought to turn an honest penny by doing a little lobbying on the side has found himself kicked out of the gallery. If you would like to know all the interesting things about the government you should read the two great patriotic books, "The American Government" and "The Panama Canal," both by Frederic J. Haskin. See the details in the Telegraph's offer to its readers in the coupon printed elsewhere in this issue.

Spring Opening

What a surprise awaits those of you who will come here to see the new Spring Hats, Coats, Suits, Dresses, Waists, Shoes, etc. The supremely attractive models—the refreshing colors and color combinations and their complete attractiveness make them strikingly handsome.

Our present new assortments offer hats and apparel that have not been equalled in past seasons for artistic color effects and distinctiveness. We have only those models which we know to be correct—the super-flashy, sensational styles were not even considered. The assortment of shoes contains the very handsomest models brought out this season.

Thus we have brought together bountiful supplies of Spring Millinery, Apparel, Shoes, etc. We offer them for your critical inspection confident that the styles are the best and with the assurance that our prices will give you an overflowing measure of value.

AGAIN, WE EXTEND TO YOU AN UNQUALIFIED INVITATION TO ATTEND OUR SPRING OPENING. WELCOME!

26th Anniversary Sale

We come to our 26th milestone and invite our friends to be our guests at a feast of tempting values specially prepared for this occasion.

Sale starts to-morrow at 8 o'clock

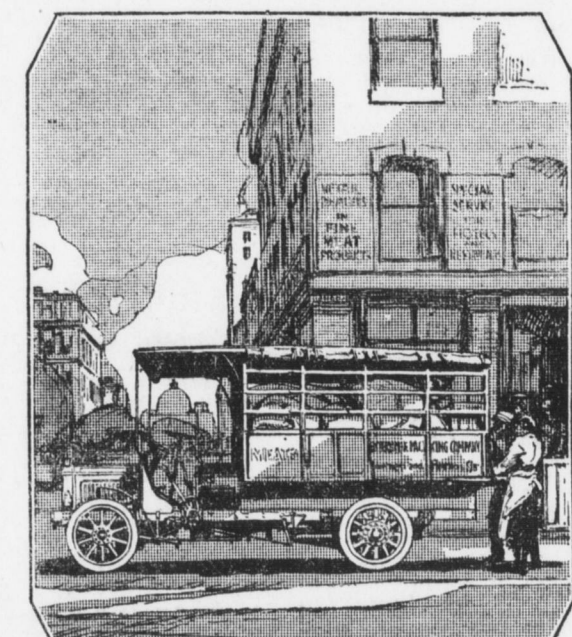
If you have not received a copy of our "Store News," giving full information about this sale, phone us and we shall send you a copy at once.

Robinson's

"Uptown Department Store"

sought to turn an honest penny by doing a little lobbying on the side has found himself kicked out of the gallery. If you would like to know all the interesting things about the government you should read the two great patriotic books, "The American Government" and "The Panama Canal," both by Frederic J. Haskin. See the details in the Telegraph's offer to its readers in the coupon printed elsewhere in this issue.

Ask the man who owns one



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TRAFFIC'S Gordian knot has been the difficulty of joining speed, carrying capacity and endurance in effectual combination. It has long bound light hauling to dissatisfaction and money-loss. Summary attempts to cut through it at a stroke met with indifferent success. Mounting a delivery body on a touring car chassis gave the user a delivery car, not a light service truck.

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Built in two sizes, rated respectively at 1 to 1 1/4 tons and 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 tons, it is the profitable solution to any light hauling problem. A telephoned request will bring one of our salesmen to discuss with you the motorizing of your traffic.

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(To be continued.)