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Contain no acid and thus keep the leather soft, protecting it against cracking. They combine liquid and paste in a paste form and require only half the effort for a brilliant lasting shine. Easy to use for all the family—children and adults. Shine your shoes at home and keep them neat.

**BLACK-WHITE-TAN 10¢ KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT**

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Ltd. Buffalo, N. Y.

# HOME

## A NOVEL

### GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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**SYNOPSIS**

**CHAPTER I**—Alan Wayne is sent away from 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 Wayne. 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 falls 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 her of 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 Margarita's plantation and builds an irrigating ditch.

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

**CHAPTER XVI**—Gerry pasture Lieber's cattle during the drought. A baby comes to Gerry and Margarita.

**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.

**CHAPTER XIX**—Kemp and Gerry become friends.

**CHAPTER XX**—Kemp and Gerry visit Lieber and the three exiles are drawn together by a common tie.

**CHAPTER XXI**—Lieber tells his story. 'Home is the anchor of a man's soul. I want to go home.'

He was sick, tired, disgusted, over and over again he had grumbled to McDougal that it was a job for a mason and McDougal had patiently answered, 'I'm the mason, Mr. Wayne. Do you lie by a wee and die the fever a chance to get out of the body.' But Alan stuck jealously to his job. Ten Percent Wayne might retire on his laurels but he could never be beaten.

Every third day the fever in his bones seized his body in a grip that could not be denied, shook it till it rattled and cast it down limp, cold and hot, teeth chattering and then clenched, and then chattering again. But on the days between Alan went up for the lapse. He became a devil hanging on the backs of his men and driving them to superhuman efforts. Terror held them. They were Italians, far from home. A wilderness stretched between them and the sea. The sea itself was none of theirs; it was but an added barrier. A madman had them in thrall. Terror drove them. It was a race to finish the bridge before he killed them. 'I am going to be sick,' he had told them in cold, rapid words, 'I am going to be sick, but before I'm finished the bridge is finished or—' He smiled and made a gesture with his hand to show how he would crush them all off into the dry gorge. His smile terrified more than the raised hand.

The giant gang-boss, McDougal, stood by and nodded solemn confirmation. When Alan was ill by day, McDougal left him and drove the men in his stead, but when the hour for knocking off came with the sudden eclipse of the sun by the horizon, he hurried to Alan's tent, fished him out from some corner on the floor, wrapped him in blankets, dosed him with quinine, tempted him with poor, weak broths and nursed him, unprotesting, through the night.

McDougal had followed Alan into strange lands and strange places and seen him in many a deep hole, and through it all Alan had been the same—a purring dynamo at work. He had been the same until this trip into the Brazilian wilderness, and here a change had come over him. There were times when he talked and what he said was, 'No more trips for me, McDougal. I'm a consulting engineer, from this on.' McDougal had heard more than one man talk like that under fever and he frowned, trying to remember one of them that had ever come back.

Alan was injured to river fever. He had fought it often, and when he saw the fetid pools of stagnant water in the dried-up watercourse he knew he would have to fight it again. Somehow, some night, a mosquito was bound to get at him, and the fever would begin. He doubled his preventive dose of quinine, but he could not double his spirits for the battle. He came to the field with a gnawing at those sources of health, a calm mind and sure sleep. Sleep did not come as of old after the day's work. Instead he tossed and twisted on his narrow cot and finally would turn on the electric torch to read two letters over and over again.

One he read with a curl of the lip. It was from a pretty woman that had fluttered into his life and out. He had forgotten her and now she had come back to buzz words in his buzzing ears. She said, 'It costs a woman to learn that happiness is not really tangible. Between being fortunate and happy a gulf is fixed. I was fortunate—just not miserable—and stood on the brink of the gulf. Happiness brushed me with its wings. I reached out to catch it and the gulf took me. How long will it be before I climb back to the height that seemed not so very high when I possessed it? I don't know . . . I do not hate you—only myself. You have known many women, but you have not known me. That is the bitter part. You do not know what I gave you. One thing I ask you and the words as I write are blurred with tears like my eyes—if ever a foolish woman, honest and true as I was, offers you the same sacrifice, do not take it. I have suffered for all the women you will meet.'

'Pool,' said Alan to himself, 'fool, not to see that I turned her wish-washy weakness into strength and loosed a dumb tongue.'

And then he drew out the other letter and the curl in his lip straightened out to a line of sweetness and the light in his eyes turned to a fiery, blind adoration. The letter had been sent to him, sealed, by J. Y., who had accompanied it with a note. The letter began, 'To my boy at Thirty,' and signed, 'With undying love, your friend and Mother.' In life he could not remember his mother, but he saw her now in three pages of laboring words traced by a dying hand. In herself, dying at thirty, she had seen her boy revealed. She had had no strength—no time—left for slow approaches. With the first words of her letter she laid a cooling hand on his burning soul. She spoke the all-seeing wisdom of death. She held him close to her heart and fed him with her life's blood. All that she had been, all that she had learned, all that she foresaw, was crowded into those three pages.

(To Be Continued.)

## CHAPTER XXII

Deep in South America, on the ragged fringe of the outskirts of progress, Alan Wayne was pushing a long bridge across a dried-up watercourse.



**Those Who Sing**  
or speak in public, need to keep the voice clear, true and strong. For over seventy years, singers and speakers have depended on

**BROWN'S BROS. BROWN'S BROCHES**

This favorite and reliable throat remedy, quickly relieves hoarseness, coughing and irritation, and strengthens the vocal cords. Safe, sure and convenient to take. Get the New 10c Trial Size Box at your Druggist.

Very handy to carry in purse or pocket. Other sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. All druggists.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail any size, upon receipt of price.

John L. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.

They did not speak. They were nervous. Kemp made a cigarette, puffed at it once or twice and then threw it away, to roll another a moment later. His thoughts were winging away to the fork of Big and Little Creek where a three-room shack stood in the shadow of the White mountains of New Mexico. He had thought it small, miserable, cramped. But out here in the wilderness, thousands and thousands of miles away, it came back to his vision, glorified. A swelling came into his throat. He tried to cough it up. But as long as he thought of the mountain, the thickness stuck in his throat. He took from his pocket a treasured cake of tobacco and with strong teeth tore off a generous portion. Then he rose and walked off to the corral.

Gerry sat on alone. Thoughts were troubling him, too. What was he doing here? Who was this Margarita that had twined herself into his life? Was it his life? And her little boy—black-haired, black-eyed, olive-tinted—he was his boy, too. He was Gerry Lansing's son. No, not that—not Gerry Lansing's. Gerry Lansing belonged to a time that was far away, to a hill where white houses with green blinds peered out from the darkness of domed maples, from the long shadows of up-pointing firs and from the eaves of flaring elms, the wine-cups of heaven. A sigh came quivering through all his body and escaped from his trembling lips. 'I am alone,' he breathed to himself.

**CHAPTER XXIII**

Deep in South America, on the ragged fringe of the outskirts of progress, Alan Wayne was pushing a long bridge across a dried-up watercourse.

**BIG VALUE SALES** **B. HANDLER FURNITURE** **ALL THIS WEEK**

1212 N. THIRD STREET

**3-PIECE PARLOR SUIT, SOLID LEATHER, FROM \$23.00 up to \$125.00**  
From \$1.00 to \$3.00 Down and Same Payments Each Week

**EXTENSION TABLES**  
\$9.50 up to \$32  
\$1.00 Down, \$1.00 Weekly

**Regular \$24.00 Full Beds, This Week at \$18.00**  
\$9.00 up to \$32.00  
\$1.00 Down, \$1.00 Per Week

**OPPORTUNITY SALE, Thursday, Friday & Saturday**  
**THIS WEEK OF WELL-KNOWN Excelsior Stoves**  
**ASK FOR MR. MOORE**

Representing the foundry manufacturing this line, he will be here in person during this demonstration and you can be assure of honest values.

This large sized oven \$30.00 range, 6-hole top, with thermometer and shelf complete as shown in cut at **\$19.50**  
\$1.00 DOWN — \$1.00 PER WEEK.

**OUT OF THE HIGH RENT DISTRICT**

**TORPEDO OF GREAT POWER**  
An aerial torpedo that carries 500 pounds of high explosive and is controlled in its flight by wireless has been invented by an American and was recently placed on exhibition in New York. Carrying such a charge as it does, this torpedo is by far the most destructive projectile of the kind ever made. The new torpedo, which is described with illustration in the January Popular Mechanics Magazine, is 7 ft. 2 in. long and is equipped with wings somewhat like the wings of an aeroplane and with two propellers, one located at the bow and the other at the stern. Through the wireless control of the propelling and steering apparatus it can be steered up, or down, or horizontally, at the will of the operator.

**Here's A 'Tip' On Rheumatism, Follow It**

**AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION**  
When your arm or your leg feels "all knotted" with rheumatism, when you feel as though your muscles were "tied up with a rope," you are really describing your pains accurately. Rheumatism is a condition of the body when acids and other deposits of impurities are actually "lying up" the strands of muscles in your body, or strangling the nerves and thus producing the awful shooting pains of sciatica, lumbago, etc. Medical authorities agree that these acid deposits are carried and deposited by the blood in the various parts of the body. It stands to reason, therefore, that local applications such as rubbing with so-called remedies can't do any permanent good. At best they can relieve the pain a little and only for a little while. The only way to effect a real cure is to attack the real cause—the blood. It is cleansed from the troublesome deposits by S. S. S., the reliable blood purifier that is now easing the pains and healing the ills of the third generation. S. S. S. "goes after" the impurities in the blood as relentlessly, as eagerly and as thoroughly as a ferret goes after rats; pursuing the poison into every vein and artery, into every nook and corner of the body, and chasing the troublesome substances out of the system. The blood thus cleansed, carries off the acid and other injurious deposits and "filters" them out of the body through the kidneys. S. S. S. is not a drug. It is a purely vegetable blood purifier. You can get S. S. S. at every drug store. But if in addition you should like to have the advice of the doctors in charge of our laboratory, do not hesitate to write us. You will receive free, conscientious and confidential advice. This is in line with our policy to make every effort to insure the best results from S. S. S. to every sufferer. Get a bottle at your druggist's today. If you wish special advice, write to Medical Department, Room 45, Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

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March is our Silver Anniversary. Try one to-day and you will see why this quality brand increases in popularity.

**JOHN C. HERMAN & CO.**  
Harrisburg, Pa.  
"The Daddy of Them All."

**HIGHEST HONORS**  
were awarded by the two greatest world's expositions—Columbian and Panama-Pacific—to

# Indian

the BEST motorcycle

**West End Electric & Cycle Co.**  
GREEN AND MACLAY STREETS  
Agents For Dauphin and Cumberland Counties

# United States 'balanced' Tires

**At Last—the 'Balanced' Tire**

The greatest forward step ever made in pneumatic tires

On January 8th, in the Saturday Evening Post, we announced that at last we had made pneumatic rubber tires more like other dependable articles of merchandise.

Stop and analyze this statement—"more like other dependable articles of merchandise." Many months ago we finally worked out and began producing the completely 'balanced' pneumatic tire—the heretofore unattainable of every tire manufacturer.

To be 100 per cent. efficient, a tire must be absolutely 'balanced'—that is, the rubber tread and the fabric carcass of the tire must give equal wear.

**'Balance' the tire maker's goal**

To have perfect 'balance' the rubber tread must have enough resiliency to absorb road shocks that tend to disintegrate the fabric, and still must have the toughness to give long wear.

Too much toughness reduces resiliency; too much resiliency sacrifices toughness.

Full, complete tire efficiency demands a 50-50 'balance' of the rubber tread and the fabric carcass—neither may be stronger nor weaker than the other.

**This is the goal we have reached**

By producing this complete 'balance' between resiliency and toughness in the tread, and between fabric and rubber in the carcass, we have secured 100 per cent. efficiency in United States Individualized Tires, or absolute 'balance' on the market.

By September last, these absolutely 'balanced' United States Tires began to be 'felt' on the market.

Since September, sales have increased steadily month by month up to the recent highest increase of 354 per cent.—this tells the story.

**United States Tire Company**  
"Nobby" "Chain" "Usco" "Royal Cord" "Plain" "INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"

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