

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 BLACK-WHITE-TAN KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

Here's A 'Tip' On Rheumatism,

Follow It

ADJUSTABLE SHOTGUN RACK FOR DUCK BOAT

DISTANCE GAUGE AID PHOTOGRAPHERS

FOR DUCK BOAT

Both for the safety and convenience of duck shooters, an ingenious gun rack is being made that may be applied easily to the gunwale of a canoe or skiff says the January Popular Mechanics Magazine in an illustracted article. It consists of an adjustable arm, with rubber-covered, "U"-shaped holders at either extremity, supported at one end of a curved bracket which is pivoted to a simple screw clamp. This may be attached or detached quickly. It is built of malleable iron, is finished in dead-grass-green enamel, and weighs 2½ lb. It may be taken apart without difficulty and packed in a suit-case or portage bag. When in use it holds a gun slightly inclined and in a convenient position for the hunter, so that he may grab it quickly when he needs it.

DISTANCE GAUGE AID PHOTOGRAPHERS

To assist amateur photographers in readily estimating focusing distances, a simple instrument has lately been produced, says the January Popular and in a convenient distance, keeping a small indicator on the contriving a small indica

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 failing of the Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday.

and defies him.

CHAPTER VI—Gerry, as he thinks sees alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco. CHAPTER VII—Alix leaves Alian on the train and goes home to find that Gerry has disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII—Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a cance 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 take. Gerry to her home and shows hill the ruined plantation she is mistres of. Gerry marries her.

the ruined plantation she is mistres of. Gerry marries her. CHAPTER XI — At Maple house of the cooling of or tells how he met Alandrian bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XII—Colling of or dependent of the cooling of the colling of the col

home.
CHAPTER XVI—Gerry pasture.
Lieber's cattle during the drought. A
baby comes to Gerry and Margarita.
CHAPTER XVII—Collingformeets Allx in the city and finds her
changed.

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 "tieing 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 easerly 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 order 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 drug-gist's today. If you wish special advice, write to Medical Department, Room 45, Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia. changed.
CHAPTER XVIII—Alan meets Alix
J. Y. and Clem, grown to beautiful
usomanhood, in the city and realizes
that he has sold his birthright for a
the night. mess of pottage.

CHAPTER XIX—Kemp and Gerry become friends.

McDougal had followed Alan into strange lands and strange places and

CHAPTER XX—Kemp and Gerry visit Lieber and the three exiles are drawn to-gether by a common tie.

CHAPTER XXI-Lieber tells his story.

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 mo-ment later. His thoughts were wing ing 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 por-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 heav en. A sigh came quivering through all his body and escaped from his trembling lips. "I am alone," he breathed



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.

He was sick, tired, disgusted. Over and over again he had grumbled to McDougal that it was a job for a ma-son and McDougal had patiently answered, "I'm the mason, Mr. Wayne. Do you lie bye a wee and gle the fever a chance to get out of the body." 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 made up for the lapse. He became a devil hanging on the backs of his men and driving them to superhuman efforts. Terror beld 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 be 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 brush them all off into the dry gorge. His smile terrified more than the raised

stood by and nodded solemn confirmation. When Alan was ill by day, Mc-Dougal 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

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 inured 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 preven-tive 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 twisfed 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."

"Fool," said Alan to himself, "fool, not to see that I turned her wishwashy weakness into strength and loosed a dumb tongue."

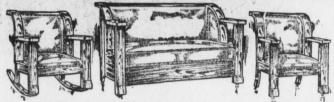
And then he drew out the other letter and the curl in his lip straightened out to a line of sweetness and the light in his eyes turned to a fiery, blind light in his eyes turned to a ferry, blind adoration. The letter had been sent to him, sealed, by J. Y., who had accompanied it with a note. The letter began, "To my boy at Thirty," and signed, "With undying lave, 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 slew approaches. With the first words of her letter she laid 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.)

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## 25 YEARS OF SERVICE

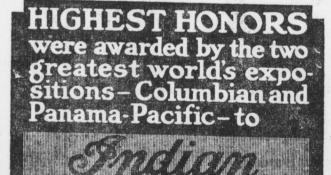
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### At Lastthe 'Balanced' Tire

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."

Unless backed up by results, it would be almost commercial suicide for a tire manufacturer to make such a statement.

Now we are ready to tell you the reason for this gigantic sales increases in our tires since September last.

Many months ago we finally worked out and began producing the completely 'balanced' pneumatic tire—the hereofore unattainable goal of every tire manu-

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 Problem: find the 'bal-

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. Wear.
Too much toughness

reduces resiliency; too much resiliency sacrifices

Full rubber-tread effi-ciency demands a 50-50 'balance' of resiliency and toughness.

Full fabric-carcass effi-

ciency demands a 50-50 'balance' of fabric layers and rubber—a union that will make tread-separa-tion impossible.

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 tread and fabric care the carcas, we have secured 100 per cent. efficiency indiced States Individualized liries, or absolute 'balance' contemporary and the second of the

100 per cent. efficiency in United States Iries began to be United States Individualized 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"