

VEGETABLE CALOMEL

Vegetable calomel, extract of the root of the old-fashioned may-apple plant, does not salivate. As a liver stimulator, it's great. It's a perfect substitute for ordinary calomel (mercury); in fact, it's better, because its action is gentle instead of severe and irritating—and it leaves no mean, disagreeable after-effects. Physicians recognize this and prescribe may-apple root (pocophyllin, they call it) daily. Combined with four other standard, all-vegetable remedies, may-apple root may now be had at most any druggist's in convenient sugar-coated tablet form by asking for Santanel Laxatives. If you forget the name, ask for the box that has the picture of the soldier on it. These tablets are small, easy to take and are really wonderful little performers. They quickly clean out the poisons that are causing you headache, constipation, sour stomach, biliousness, dizzy spells, bad breath and coated tongue. They are mild. They never gripe. And they are a bowel tonic as well as a cleanser and liver regulator. A 10c box should last one several weeks. A Physician's trial package (4 doses) will be mailed you free if you write mentioning this advertisement. The Santanel Remedies Co., 802 Madison Ave., Covington, Ky.

Bar Children From Skating in Front Street

During the evenings of the week several hundred children have been using a considerable stretch of Front street as a skating rink and there have been some narrow escapes from death owing to the large number of automobiles and motorcycles which make more or less of a speedway of this boulevard. Last night the police department decided to stop the skating on this highway. Owing to the fact that the lighting scheme on the river embankment does not extend farther north than Harris street, the Department of Park will probably find it necessary to assign a wide-awake and vigorous officer to that section. Already benches have been torn from their fastenings, the shrubbery has been uprooted, stakes have been removed from the trees and other damage has resulted from the hoodlumism of a number of unruly boys, who should be taken in hand. It is believed the extension of the lighting system would be equivalent to several policemen.

THROUGH APRIL DUSKS

When April trips along the road and twilight settles down, she passes lightly through the mist of Springtime gray and brown. And as she goes along her way the stars peep out and glow, the moon smiles down with merry smile, a gleaming silver bow. And old folk, sitting in the dusk, lift up their weary eyes, and look along the Springtime road with unconcealed surprise. And, half uncertain, half mischievous, they hear the songs of love, the song of youth and happiness, the songs from Heaven above. And half bewildered, half amazed, they know that through the land a train of lovers softly walk together, hand in hand, that resurrection comes and banishes the storm.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in The Christian Herald.

NERVES TREATED FREE

DR. FRANKLIN MILES, THE GREAT Specialist, Gives New Book and a \$2.50 Neuropathic Treatment Free as a Trial

Sick people whose nerves are weak or deranged—whose blues, headache, dizziness or dullness, nervous dyspepsia, irritability, cold hands and feet, shortness of breath, palpitation or irregular heartbeat, nervousness, nervousness, sleeplessness, trembling, wandering pains, backache, irritable spine, hysteria, and many others are complicated with heart, stomach, bowel, bladder or rheumatic troubles—would do well to accept Dr. Miles' liberal offer. You may never have another opportunity. Write now.

His Book contains many remarkable testimonials from those who report cured after many physicians failed, and also endorsements from prominent Clergymen, Statesmen, Editors, Business Men, Farmers, etc.

Send For Remarkable Testimonials His Improved Special Treatments for these diseases are the result of 20 years' experience and are thoroughly scientific and remarkably successful, so much so that he does not hesitate to offer Free Trial Treatments to the sick that they may test them free. Write at once.

Describe your case, and he will send you a two-pound Free Treatment and Book. Address Dr. Franklin Miles, Dept. NS, 525 to 526 Main St., Elkhart, Ind.—Advertisement.

WHAT WEAK WOMEN NEED

We Have It in a Remedy Containing the Three Oldest and Most Famous Tonics Known.

Vinol contains the three oldest and most famous tonics known to medicine, viz., the medicinal extractives of fresh cod livers, without oil, peptonate of iron and beef peptone.

That is why Vinol is such a wonderful remedy for weak, nervous, run-down, had no appetite and could not sleep. I had tried medicines without any benefit, and one day the nurse asked me to try Vinol. I did so and it made me feel like a new woman. It has restored my strength and I can do all my own housework. I would not take anything for the good Vinol has done me." Sarah White.

We return money in every such case where Vinol fails to benefit the purchaser.

George A. Gorgas, Druggist; Kennedy's Medicine Store, 321 Market street; C. F. Kramer, Third and Broad streets; Kitzmiller's Pharmacy, 1325 Derry street, Harrisburg, Pa.

P. S.—In your own town, wherever you live, there is a Vinol Drug Store. Look for the sign.—Advertisement.

REDUCED FARE

BY SEA BALTIMORE TO BOSTON

\$15.00 ROUND TRIP \$15.00

EACH FRIDAY DURING APRIL. Send for Particulars.

Merchants and Miners Trans. Co.

W. P. Turner, G. P. A., Balt., Md.

HOME A Novel

by George Agnew Chamberlain (Copyright by the Century Co.)

She smelt the stacks of pineapples, the heaped-up mangoes, the frying fish, and through his eyes she saw the blue skies dotted with white, still clouds and glimpsed the secret, high-walled gardens with their flaming hibiscus, trailing fuchsias, fantastic garden cockscombs and dark-domed mango and jack trees. She sat with Gerry and, later, on the long slim coasting craft she listened with him to the creak of straining masts and stays and to the lap of hurrying waters. She followed him up the San Francisco, felt his impatience with Penedo, took the little stern-wheeler and learned the fascination of a river with endless, undiscovered turns. They came to Piranhas. Here she felt herself on familiar ground. Letters from the consul's envoy had made this place hers. Unconsciously she nodded as Gerry described the tiers of houses, the twisted, climbing streets, the miserable little inn.

Gerry told of the happy days of ponderous canoeing and of the unvarying strings of fish. He lingered over those days. Thus far he had brought Alix with him. He felt it. Now he came to the morning when he must leave her behind. He told her of the glorious break of that day, of the sun fighting through swirling mists. She saw him standing stripped on the sandspit. She saw the canoe nosing heavily against the shore and his pyjamas tossed carelessly across a thwart. She knew that she had come to the moment of revelation. She breathed softly lest she should lose a word for Gerry was speaking very low. Then he showed her Margarita. Margarita as he had first seen her, kissing and kissed by dawn.

A hard light came into Alix' eyes. Gerry felt himself suddenly alone. He went doggedly on. He told of the chase and the capture, of how he and the girl had seen the canoe drift out into the clutch of the eddy and swirl out into the river and away. He told her of how they laughed and Alix shrank. Gerry paused, his brow puckered. He wished he could tell in words the battle of his spirit, the utter ruin of his downfall. He could not and instead he sighed.

There was something in that sigh so eloquent of defeated expression that it succeeded where words might have failed. It called to Alix with the strong call of helpless things. It drew back her mind to Gerry. With him and the girl she threaded the path to Fazenda Flores. Its ruin sprang upon her through his eyes. With him she discovered the traces of an ancient ditch, with him and the old darky she dug along that line through long, hot months. She grew to know Lieber as the tale went on and finally to love him because of all things Lieber seemed to need love—somebody else's love—most. She amused herself with Kemp and his drawl. She tried to keep her thoughts away from Margarita and at the coming of Margarita's boy, she winced.

As he finished telling of the coming of the Man, Gerry stopped short. The thought came to him with tremendous force that Alix too had gone through that for him. The impulse to get up and throw himself before her and on his knees to thank her almost tore him from his seat but he fought it down. He hurried on with his story. He told of the coming of Alan and of the revelation he had brought. And then in a choked voice and only because he had set himself to tell the whole truth he pictured the flood, the death of True Blue, and the overwhelming by the waters before his very eyes of Margarita and the Man. Then he arose and with hands braced on the table leaned towards Alix. "I have told you this so that perhaps you may understand what I am going to tell you now. If the flood had not come—if Margarita and the Man had lived—I would not have come back."

Alix sat very still and studied Gerry's face. He had finished the task he had set himself to do and he was suddenly very tired. His eyes dropped as though from their own weight and then he raised them again to her inscrutable face.

"Well?" he asked after a long pause.

"Well?" replied Alix.

Gerry's stalwart figure drooped. "It is quite just," he said, "after all that, that you should not want me. I have spent the last weeks making myself ready for that. You waited for me; I didn't wait for you. If you do not wa. me, I will go away."

Alix rose slowly to her feet. She looked very slim and tall in her clinging gown. To Gerry she looked very cold. "Before you go," she said, "there is just one thing. I wish you would kiss me—once."

Gerry's body straightened and stiffened. He stared at her grave face with wondering eyes. Then he felt a strange tingling ripple through his blood and before he knew what he did he had swept her from her feet, crushed her to him, brushed the crown of hair back from her brow and kissed her eyes, her mouth, her throat. He was rough with her. He was bruising her body, her lips, but Alix clung to him and laughed. Then suddenly all her slim body relaxed and slipped through his arms to a little white heap on the floor. She began to sob. Gerry stooped down, picked her up tenderly and laid her on the great leather couch. He knelt beside her. On one arm he pillowed her head, with the other hand he sought hers. "Please, Alix," he begged, "please don't cry."

"I'm not crying," sobbed Alix, "I'm laughing."

(To be continued.)

Try Telegraph Want Ads

"BELTERS"

In a Profusion of Styles

At "The Live Store"

Before the season has fairly started we have pushed far ahead—that's a habit of ours. When they tell you elsewhere that a certain model or style will be worn next season but isn't to be had now it's a ten-to-one shot you'll find it here. We're the recognized leaders in the field today.

Here's the Story of the Belter Suits

These Suits have a pedigree as long as your arm, but we won't waste space on that. What do you care whether they originated on this Continent or Europe?—They can be had at Doutrichs—and they're good to look upon and good to wear and the newest thing out of the style box.

What are they? Just a little different from the ordinary run of clothes. As a rule they are not high colored, but in soft subdued tones with plaid and stripe effects, almost invisible patterns, that the most conservative men may wear—a temptation to those who try them on or look at them.

The idea of greater value giving so intimately associated with our store is not an original one with us—We claim no particular credit for it on that score—our putting that idea in everyday practice however, is a matter of particular pride with us—of particular personal interest to you.

Belter Suits \$15.00 \$18.00 \$20.00

Our Shirt Department

We've been very modest about our steadily increasing shirt department. We have in stock right now at least 30,000 Shirts and that's a few when you count them over. Every desirable make and quality is represented here.

There are shirts of glossy saten with soft cuffs, shirts of percale and madras with laundered cuffs at \$1.00

Shirts of high grade mercerized fabrics and silk stripes of blue, helio and tan. Bates-Street madras shirts with laundered cuffs—sleeve length from very short to extra long, at \$1.50

Plain satens of peach pink, yellow, terra cotta and mercerized poplins of green, tan, blue as well as crepe shirts in beautiful tints, at \$1.50

All Silk Shirts, . \$3.50 and \$5.00 | Fibre Silk Shirts, . \$2.50 and \$3.50

Boys' Sport Shirts and Blouses, short sleeves, with convertible roll collars, 50c and \$1.00

Men's Percale Shirts laundered and soft cuffs--blue, chambray, Anchor and Home Shirts, 50c

New Neckwear—Pajamas—Rockingchair Underwear

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