

How to Absorb an Unlovely Complexion

The face which is admired for its beauty must have a satin-smooth skin, pink and white and youthful looking.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness or Head Noises

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises caused by catarrh, or if phlegm drops in your throat and has caused catarrh of the stomach or bowels you will be glad to know that these distressing symptoms can be entirely overcome in many instances by the following treatment which you can easily prepare in your own home.

M L STANDS FOR Mentho Laxene Cold, Cough and Catarrh Medicine for Young and Old.

You buy it in 2 1/2 oz. bottles and take it in ten-drop doses, or better yet, mix it with simple sugar syrup, made by dissolving 3/4 of a pound of granulated sugar in a half-pint of boiling water.

All agree that this home-made cough syrup is free from harmful drugs, and that only a few doses are required for each case, so that a pint may last a family throughout the winter season.

For colds, catarrh, cough, and bronchitis, there is nothing superior for prompt, lasting relief. Guaranteed by the Blackburn Products Co., Dayton, Ohio, to please or money back.

Fashion's Choice A soft, refined, nearly-white appearance is the choice of Ladies of Society, is readily obtained by the use of

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Refreshing and healing to the skin. The perfect, non-greasy cream. Use from the hands. Removes discolorations. Send 10c. for trial size.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, New York City

GORGAS' Effervescent PHOSPHATE OF SODA for Liver, Stomach and Bowels

Especially recommended for a gentle morning flushing of the drainage tracks of the body. Removes sour fermentation, gases and poisonous waste which cause dyspepsia and other intestinal disturbances.

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Ask The Merchants For Whom We Work As To Our Ability

We will gladly furnish you with the list, but here's a good plan: Notice the cleanliness of windows— WE "DID" THEM. Harrisburg Window Cleaning Co. OFFICE—308 EAST ST. Bell Phone 3526

Mary Roberts Rinehart's Thrilling Mystery of "The Curve of the Catenary"

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Now look here, young woman," I said, "don't try to talk. You get your nerves gathered up. If you've lost a bird, it isn't worth all this. If it's anything else, and I can help, you count on me. But just as soon as you can toddle, you are going over to Boisseau's with me and have a cup of coffee."

But I knew perfectly well it wasn't a bird. Why, she lived on one of the hilltops, three miles from the park. She didn't object to Boisseau's. She was all in, to tell the truth. I suppose, if she'd known what had happened, she'd have frozen to death before she went there. But she went, all right. I helped her up and steadied her by holding her arm. She was only middle height, but I towered over her.

When we'd gone about a hundred yards she stopped suddenly. "I've left my bag back there, Mr. Oliver," she said. "I'm so sorry."

I went back for it. But on the way it occurred to me that, as weak as she was, she might faint or something, and I stopped and looked back. Well, the thing beat me. She was running across the grass, and about twenty yards from the path she stooped and picked something up, and slipped it into her bag.

Yes, into her bag. She'd had the thing on her arm right along. Can you beat it? I went back to the bench and looked on it and under and around it. When I turned to go back she was in the path again, and she waved her bag at me, holding it high. "It was on my arm all the time!" she called. "How silly of me!"

So I went back and we started for Boisseau's. She wasn't so weak by that time, and her color was better. But I judged she hadn't found everything she'd come for, because I could see that her eyes were watching the tree tops.

Did you ever read "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"? Well, with Hazel Hazeltine, yes, that's her name. Nutty, isn't it? (Loud laughter.)

I got the monkey idea in my head. Sis used to have one. The little devil put me on the water wagon for a month once. It used to sit on the foot of my bed and look like twins. Hazel's father was a queer old duck. It occurred to me that it would be like him to have a tame gorilla and let it go out skittering at night, with his razor. On my honor, I got the fidgets. It wasn't very light, even then, and the idea of having my fair young throat cut by a hairy creature stepping out from behind a tree made me nervous.

All the time she hadn't given me a word of explanation. She was thinking up something, I knew. I tried a bit of badinage and it came hard, from an empty stomach, as you may say. But she ignored me.

She certainly was pretty, poor kid. You take Lottie Murray, now. She's not bad to gaze at, believe me, but as I've said before, little Hazeltine had her skinned for looks. It was in the eyes, maybe. Lottie had seen life and a girl's hand.

"Is this your customary time to rise and take a walk?" I asked. "I have hardly been to bed."

I was in the city, with a friend, and when the cars stopped running I couldn't get home. I thought I'd start early and walk here. My father—

She stopped, as if her voice had gone back on her. "I'll put you in a taxi and send you home as soon as you've had something hot. Now, in you go."

So we went to Boisseau's. Ordinarily the place is shut as tight as a drum at 6 a. m. But it was open, and believe me, the sight of a table with a water bottle in the center looked good to me. The breakfastroom was empty. I put her at a table and went out to look up some grub. They know me pretty well and I knew Boisseau would give us something.

I found him in the corridor, walking up and down, and I told him what I wanted. "Breakfast," I said. "Not the ball supper, you understand. And if you'll send in the outfit, I'll make the coffee."

They have those English coffee pots there, mostly glass. You boil the stuff up three times and it's done. I thought it wouldn't hurt to show Miss Hazeltine I had a domestic side. Do you think Boisseau heard me? He did not. He stared at me and walked on, with his head down. When he'd reached the end of the carpet, back he came. It was a patterned carpet, and he was automatically following the patterns, like a train on a track. He stopped beside me.

"Ruin, Mr. Oliver!" he said. "That's what it means."

"You go to thunder," I said hotly. "She's a good girl."

"I shall close to-day. I—"

He gave me a sort of yowl, and pounced on something on the carpet. It was a small pearl. He held it out to me on the palm of his hand.

"You see?" he said. "They came out here through the lobby. Past me! Past me! I probably wished them good night."

Do you think I could get a rational word out of him? Or a fried egg? No. He was crazy. He bolted down the corridor to his private office and left me there. I was sore.

But I got something finally by going back to the kitchens. The chef was still there, asleep, and the dish washers were clearing up after the ball supper. They have two at a time, one at midnight and a sneak about 2 a. m. I awakened Pierre by slipping a cold silver dollar down his back and he got busy.

Well! It was some time before I got a straight story of what had happened at Boisseau's that night, but I'll tell it now. It will help you to understand things.

The lights went out at 11, or a bit before, and the dancing still doing the first figure of the cotillon. Mother and three or four others were giving out the favors near one of the ballroom doors and the place was jammed.

There was a good bit of laughing when the lights went out, and the band kept on. But the dancers stood still, stop at that, and I came on again. When it didn't Boisseau's men came in with tapers and tried to light the gas brackets that are there for emergencies, but there was no gas.

It was about 10 o'clock when Boisseau was frantic. He sent in a few candles, one for the favor table and two or three for the stage where the band was playing. But it was a huge room, and the center was cave-black.

The youngsters enjoyed it. They started a game of changing partners and guessing whom they were dancing with. It got to be a sort of rough-house, and when the lights didn't come on, and the telephones were found out of order, too, the older women decided to break it up.

The dowagers led off to the dressing-room, feeling their way and scolding. When I think I missed it, I could cry. Mother was among the first. She said she held her pearls all the way up the stairs, not because she anticipated trouble but because if they'd give way there would be no chance to get them all again.

Inside the dressing-room, where the older women had left their wraps, a man was standing. He was in evening dress and had a handkerchief over his hand. The maids were cowering in a corner and the only light was from two candles on a dressing table.

"I'll take your jewels, ladies," the man said quietly. Mother said she opened her wraps and he turned on her. There are four men with automatic pistols in the ballroom, madam," he said. "In case I fire they will shoot into the crowd."

Do you get it? Every woman there had a daughter or somebody downstairs. It was the older women they wanted, of course. The debutantes never wear much in the line of jewelry. Pierre brought in some eggs against the wall in a row. One woman after another came blithely into that room, tickled to pieces at a chance to get home early and take up her tight things. It's one of the bitterest things in life to me that I couldn't see the change in their faces when they saw the others lined up like a spelling class and the gentleman with the open suitcase.

Yes, he put the things in a suitcase. Was it a haul? Well, rather. He got \$75,000 and a piece of skin off the mater, the skin, taken with an earring she jerked off. And mother was not a marker to some of the others.

There were forty-two women against the wall, and the suitcase was full and he was putting things in his overcoat pockets before he stopped.

"Now, ladies," he said, "for twenty minutes I shall ask you to raise no alarm. I do not like to make threats, but my men will be in the ballroom for that length of time. At the end of twenty minutes you may scream your heads off."

"How are we to know when the twenty minutes is up?" mother demanded. Trust the mater for spunk! "You've taken our watches,"

Mother said she rather hoped he'd return her diamond wrist watch. But he didn't.

"Suppose," he said politely, "one of you county sixty, rather slowly, twenty times. That would approximate the time. Count out loud, please."

Mother said she seemed to be the only one with breath enough to count. "One, two, three—" she began, and the man closed the suitcase, walked over to the dressing table and blew out the candles, got out an electric flash from his pocket and went out. The mater had only got to eight when he closed the door and locked it behind him.

It seems that other women came up and rattled at the door for admission. But the only answer they had was mother counting away for dear life "thirty-one—thirty-two—thirty-three—" "Can you beat it?"

Boisseau told me the story himself while I was making the coffee. He went while he told it.

"If you would explain to your mother and father, Mr. Ollie," he said tearfully. He's known me since I was Master Ollie. "We will do everything. Pay back the losses I cannot. I am ruined. But the police are working hard, especially since one of them was almost assassinated."

I sat up. "What?"

"It is true, monsieur. We had a special officer at the door. We do so always at the assembly. After the lights went off he was attacked. A flash cut in the shoulder. It looked as if it had been done with a razor. Blood! Mon Dieu!"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Hazeltine suddenly. Give you my word I'd forgotten her for a minute. I was thinking of the mater counting and all that, and the policeman. She was leaning forward, with her lips slightly parted.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is too fatal to be repaired. It is especially derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Who Smoked "SWEET CAPS" on his high-wheel bicycle? because they're mild. SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES. Ask Dad, he knows.

She has a pretty mouth. I'd never noticed it before. "It is quite true," said Boisseau. "Blood over everything. A little more and he would have died. He is upstairs now. Me, I pay for a nurse, for a surgeon. The mattress is ruined. Also a carpet."

"Not a step until you've eaten something," I insisted. She'd got in the way of thinking me a sort of lightweight, because in the office the governor's dominating figure, and he treats me like an office boy. But I can be firm enough if I want to. I sat over her until she'd got down an egg and a piece of toast. She wouldn't admit it, but she was eating. She began to think about her looks, and she whipped open her bag to get out a mirror.

"I'm so untidy!" she said. "I don't remember ever being up all night before."

"Oh," I said. "So you've been up all night?"

Having said it, she was too honest to go back on it. "I have, Mr. Oliver."

Now she and I have debated this question since. The bag was open, and turned toward me. She says hotly that I had no business to try to see what was inside, but I maintain that, even then, I had determined to help her, whether she wanted me to or not, and that I had a right to every scrap of help I could get.

Well, I looked. There was a bit of a coiled steel spring in it, a small spring, but it looked strong. I don't know what it'd exploded, but I was disappointed. She caught me looking and snapped the bag shut.

Of course you may ask how I knew that the spring was what she'd picked up in the park. Well, it was in a small bag, and there was nothing else of any size in it. Whatever she found she'd seen from the path as it lay in the dead park grass, some twenty yards away. How's that for reasoning?

I don't know when I first connected the taxicab trouble with Boisseau's. Maybe when the old fellow talked about a razor. When you think about it, there were three people within a radius of half a mile slashed at or about the same time. The policeman got his first, fixing the time by deep cut in the shoulder. Then my mother and the woman on the bus was the third. But what had Jack the Slaughter do with the robbery at Boisseau's? Think about it. The gentleman banged her for a minute, but never raised his voice. There had been no violence. The whole idea of the thing had been a quiet getaway.

Was it likely that the bandit, or bandits, would try to murder the policeman on duty at the curb, the most conspicuous person they could have fixed on? If there had been different, but there was no alarm for long enough after that. Only the mater counting away for dear life and locked in the dressing-room.

It looked to me just then as though there were three things, not connected, had occurred almost simultaneously. The light and telephone wires had broken, a maniac had taken advantage of the darkness to cut them, and a band of thieves who had planned a holding found things coming their way and took them away in a suitcase.

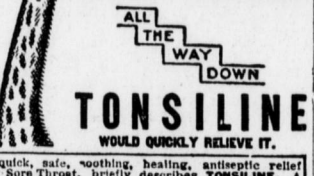
Read up on this subject. We have published a handsome and comprehensive book about lubrication. It is free. Ask your garage for it. If they cannot supply you, drop us a postal and the book will be sent you without charge.

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GABLER-BOHN WEDDING Church of the Brethren and Miss S. Gertrude Bohn, chief operator for the Cumberland Valley Telephone Company were married by the Rev. M. A. Witter on Sunday evening.

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EVEN IF YOU HAD A NECK AS LONG AS THIS FELLOW, AND HAD SORE THROAT



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