MOTHER LOVE AIDS

It Brings Relief To Boy Standing His Watch Deep In Mud.

Once upon a fime, only a few ionths after this terrible world war ad begun, Private Bailey, a solider in the ranks had stood for days in he trenches "somewhere in France." he cold rains soaked him to the skin; he mud was deep. He had had no est. Weary and aching with rheumace pains, he recalled the faith his iother had in Sloan's Liniment. He sked for it in his next letter home. large bottle was immediately sent im and a few applications killed the ain, once more he was able to stand he severe exposure. He shared this conderful muscle-soother with his omrades, and they all agreed it was



ASTHMA

HOW I TOOK MY WRINKLES OUT

Beauty Doctors Had Failed.

By Winifred Grace Forrest by Willinged Grace or outlined the sound of the sound that they not only greatly marred appearance and made me look onized cocoa cream and it is so easy to apply that you cannot help but wonder at its remarkable action. These treatments are also fine for the complexion as they nourish the skin keeping it fair, pink and healthy. Every woman who wants to-look young, fresh and charming should by all means give this treatment a trial.

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

Head Noises

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises caused by catarrh, or if philegm drops in your throat and has caused catarrh of the stomach or bowels you will be glad to know that these dropes will be glad to know that the glad to the glad t



Use Telegraph Want Ads

Bove Unsurance



Copyright, 1914, by th- Bobbs-Merrill Co.

(Continued.)

"Save your compliments! Mr. Mey-rick, my partner is now at the Mail office destroying today's issue of the Mail. We've already ruined the first page form, the cut of the policy and the negative. And we're going north as fast as the Lord will let us. You an do what you please. Arrest our little lemon tinted employer if you

Spencer Meyrick stood, considering. "However, I've done you a favor,"
O'Neill went on. "You can do me one. Let Manuel off-on one condition."

"That he hands me at once \$200, \$100 for myself, the other for my partner. It's legitimate salary money due us. We need it. A long walk to New

"I myself"— began Meyrick,
"Don't want your money," said
O'Neill; "want Gonzale's."

"Gonzale's you shall have," agreed Meyrick. "You pay him!" "Never!" cried the Spanlard. "Then it's the police," hinted O'Nelll. Gonzale took two yellow bills from a

wallet. He tossed them at O'Neill. "Careful," cried O'Neill, "or I'll punch you yet!"

He started forward, but Gonzale

hastily withdrew. O'Neill and the millionaire followed to the street. "Well, my boy," answered Spencer Meyrick, "if I can ever do anything for you in New York come and see me."

"You may have to make good on that," laughed O'Neill, and they parted.
O'Neill hastened to the Mail office.
He waved yellow bills before the lanky

"In the nick of time," he cried. "Me, the fair haired hero. And here's the fare, Harry—the good old railroad fare."

"Heaven be praised," said Howe. "Tree finished the job, Bob. Not a trace of this morning's issue left. The fare! North in parlor cars! My to-bacco heart sings. Can't you hear the elevated"-

"Music, Harry, music."

"And the newsboys on Park row"—
"Caruso can't touch them. Where can we find a time table, I wonder?" Meanwhile, in a corner of the plaza, Manuel Gonzale spoke sad words in the ear of Martin Wall.

"It's the jinx," monned Wall, with conviction. "The star player in everything I do down here. I'm going to burn the sand herforting it.

burn the sand hotfooting it away. But whither, Manuel, whither?"

"In Porto Rico," replied Gonzale, "I have not yet plied my trade. I go there."

"Palm Beach," sighed Wall, "has diamonds that can be observed to sparkle as far away as the New York so-clety columns. But, alas, I lack the clety columns. But, alas, I lack the wherewithal to support me in the style to which my victims are accustomed."
"Try Porto Rico," suggested Gonzale.
"The air is mild—so are the police. I

will stake you."
"Thanks, Porto Rico it is. How the devil do we get there?"

Up the main avenue of San Marco Spencer Meyrick walked as a man go-ing to avenge. With every determined step his face grew redder, his eye more He looked at his watch.

The eleventh hour! But much might nappen between the eleventh hour and

In the Harrowby suit the holder of ed figure, adorned for his wedding, walked nervously the rather worn carpet. His brother, hastily pressed into service as best man, sat puffing at a figure with a persistency which indicates the control of the contro

mind on his own part. "Brace up, Allan," he arged. "It'll

be over before you realize it. Remember my own wedding. Gad, wasn't I frightened? Always that way with a man. No sense to it, but he just can't help it. Never forget that little par-lor, with the flower of Marion society all about, and me with my teeth chattering and my knees knocking to-

"It is a bit of an ordeal," said Allan weakly ... "Chap feels all sort of-gone -inside"-

The telephone, ringing sharply, inter-George Harrowby rose and

"Allan? You wish Allan? Very well. I'll tell him.'

and faced his brother. "It was old Meyrick, kid. Seemed cried. somewhat hot under the collar. Wants "Mr to see you in their suit at once."

"Going to make you a present of

Riverside drive, I fancy. Go ahead, boy. I'll wait for you here." Allan Harrowby went out, along the dusky corridor to the Meyrick door. Not without misgivings, he knocked. A voice boomed, "Come!" He pushed

open the door. He saw Spencer Meyrick sitting purple at a table and beside him Cynthia Meyrick in the loveliest gown of all the lovely gowns she had ever worn. The beauty of the girl staggered flar-rowby a bit. Never demonstrative, he had a sudden feeling that he should be at her feet.

"You-you sent for me?" he asked, coming into the room. As he moved closer to the girl he was to marry he saw that her face was whiter than her gown and her brown eyes strained and

"We did," said Meyrick, rising. He held out a paper. "Will you please look at that?"

His lordship took the sheet in unsteady hands. He glanced down. Slowly the meaning of the story that met his gaze filtered through his dazed brain. "Martin Wall did this," he thought to himself. He tried to speak, but could not. Dumbly he stared at Spencer Meyrick.

"We want no scene, Harrowby," said the old man wearily. "We merely want to know if there is in existence a policy such as the one mentioned here?

The paper slipped from his lordship's lifeless hands. He turned miserably away. Not daring to face either father or daughter, he answered very lifeless hands. faintly:

"There is."

Spencer Meyrick sighed.

"That's all we want to know. There will be no wedding, Harrowby." "Wha-what!" His lordship faced

about. "Why, sir, the guests must be downstairs!" "It is unfortunate, but there will be

no wedding." The old man turned to his daughter. "Cynthia," he asked, "have you nothing to say?" "Yes." White, trembling, the girl faced his lordship. "It seems, Allan, that you have regarded our marriage as a business proposition. You have

gambled on the stability of the mar-ket. Well, you win. I have changed my mind. This is final. I shall not change it again."
"Cynthia!" And any who had considered Lord Harrowby unfeeling must have been surprised at the anguish in his voice. "I have loved you-I love you now. I adore you. What can I say in explanation of this? We



on my side. There is—there always will be, whatever happens. Can't you understand"-

The girl laid her hand on his arm and

drew him away to the window.
"It's no use, Allan," she said, for his ears alone. "Perhaps I could have forgiven, but somehow I don't care as I thought I did, It is better, embarassing as it may be for us both, that there should be no wedding after all."

"Cynthia, you can't mean that. You don't believe me. Let me send for my prother. He will tell you of the pas sion for gambling in our family. He

will tell you that I love you too."
He moved toward the telephone. "No use," said Cynthia Meyrick, shaking her head. "It would only pro-He turned away from the telephone | long a painful scene. Please don't Allan!"

"I'll send for Minot, too!" Harrowby

"Mr. Minot?" The girl's eyes nar "What—what do you imagine he do with this?"

"Everything. He came down here as the representative of Boyd's. He came down to make such that you didn't change your mind. He will teli you that I love you."

A queer expression hovered about Miss Meyrick's lips. Spencer Meyrick interrupted.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "There is no

"One moment." Cynthia Meyrick's cyca shone strangely. "Send for you brother, Allan, and-for-Mr. Minot."

[To be continued.]



Store Hours 'Till Xmas 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Choosing the Christmas Gifts

Is An Enjoyable and Easy

Task in This Great Store

Crowded? Yes, every day finds the aisles filled with busy shoppers, but even when the crowds are the greatest and the activity is at its height, there is no confusion---that's because our salesforce has been thoroughly organized to serve you--quickly, quietly and well.

Four days more---not much time if you have delayed---but even lastminute shoppers will have much to select from, for gift merchandise was bought in quantities that seem enough for all. And still, don't you think you will be better satisfied if you shop right away? Best time is in the morning.

Bowman

ton, James Williams (2), Robert Wil-

Letter List

Letter List

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN the Post Office, at Harrisburg, Pa., for the week ending December 16, 1916;
Ladies' List — Mrs. Emma F. Baker, Mrs. Marie Ball, Lucy Barlaw, Miss Helen Bartruff, Mrs. J. H. Climendinst, Mrs. D. W. Done, Miss Eunice Gray, Clara Hoffman, Mrs. Frank P. Hope, Mrs. Bessie Hughes, Miss M. L. Manning, Mrs. Mollie McCleary, Mrs. Floy Miller, Miss Helen Miller, Mrs. John Miller, Mrs. Bert Moyer, Mrs. Dorothy Price, Seymour Randolph, Miss Caroline Rietz, Mrs. Mary B. Robinson, Miss Nannie Rutter (3), Miss Louise B. Seiden, Mrs. May Shuler, Ellen C. Spangler, Miss Mary Thomption, Mrs. Georgia, A. Tolliver, Mrs. John Walters, Miss F. Williams, Mrs. Albitha Wise. Gentlemen's List — Wm. L. Alcorn, Henry B. Allan, Russel H. Allstadt, J. H. Antick, J. L. Baum, D. A. Baxter, J. H. Antick, J. L. Baum, D. A. Baxter, J. H. Hanetter, J. M. Herbert, Geo. Hill, Clyde Honodle, Lucius Howard, Albert Ingram (2), M. G. Jones, Charles Keller, Robert Keller, Edward Knight, Jr., Jos. Knox, B. J. Kohr, Walter Lenhan, Wm. Messimer, Com. C. Miller, R. B. Miller, Robert Keller, Edward Knight, Jr., Jos. Knox, B. J. Kohr, Walter Lenhan, Wm. Messimer, Com. C. Miller, R. B. Miller, Robert Keller, Edward Knight, Jr., Jos. Knox, B. J. Kohr, Walter Lenhan, Wm. Messimer, Com. C. Miller, R. B. Miller, Robert Keller, Edward Knight, Jr., Jos. Knox, B. J. Kohr, Walter Lenhan, Wm. Messimer, Com. C. Miller, R. B. Miller, Robert Keller, Edward Knight, Jr., Jos. Knox, B. J. Kohr, Walter Lenhan, Wm. Messimer, Com. C. Miller, R. B. Miller, Robert Keller, Edward Knight, Jr., Jos. Knox, B. J. Kohr, Walter Lenhan, Wm. Messimer, Com. C. Miller, R. B. Mil

TO DISCUSS PINE BLISTER

conference to be held here January of American Foresters, Eastern For-18 and 19. Many foresters will at- esters' Association and the committee tend to plan a combined fight on the for suppression of the white pine blis-disease, which is said to threaten ter disease.

\$365,000,000 worth of pine timber in Washington, Dec. 19. — White pine blister disease is the principal sub-ject for discussion by the American Allied organizations which will meet Forestry Association at its national here at the same time are the Society

The New Life and Disability Contract

Many Life Insurance Companys have put disability clauses in their policies, providing waiver of premium and in some instances, allowing optional settlements. The Penn Mutual has made one more progressive step, by adding a clause which, first waives the premium; second, pays 10 per cent. of the face of the policy as an annuity, in monthly instalments; third, pays the full face of the policy to the beneficiary at death of insured, regardless of the length of time the insured

It is worth while investigating.

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company

E. R. ECKENRODE, General Agent. 604 KUNKEL BLDG.