

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE WITH EMPEY

By Arthur Guy Empey

(Continued)

"We sat on a settee, talking, and her arm stole around my waist. I wasn't slow, either, as you know, Yank. I have a pretty good reach. Once she spoke to me in French, but I shook my head in bewilderment. In a few minutes the servant returned, and Adrienne—the she told me her name—called him to her, and said:

"Jean, go down in the wine cellar and get some of that old port and give it to the soldiers of England. Poor boys, it will warm them. I added something in French I could not understand. Then she added:

"Leave a bottle here for the sergeant and me."

"I protested against more wine for the boys. Her pleading overruled my good judgment, and I consented. The servant left to do her mission, and I proposed. Her answer was a kiss. I was the happiest man in France.

"Presently Jean returned, and steadily placing a bottle and two

glasses on the table, withdrew. We were alone. She took the bottle, and her glass took the wine, doused it to her lips and handed it to me, with this toast:

"Drink, my sergeant. Drink to our betrothal. Drink to the honor of France. Drink to the honor of England. Drink to the confusion of our enemies."

I drank with my fool heart pounding against my ribs. Then blackness.

"I awoke, I was lying on the settee, my head bursting with pain. The gray dawn was filtering through the curtained windows, and there in the middle of the room, with my Adrienne in her arms, stood a captain of Uhlans. I was a prisoner. I saw it all in a flash. She betrayed me. Now I knew why she had wanted no guard posted. That wine we pledged our troth in was drugged. What an ass I had been!

"I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. They were talking in German. Pretty soon the captain came over and roughly shook me. I only grunted. With an exclamation of disgust he called out in German. Two troopers came in, and, lifting me by the shoulders and feet, carried me out into the air. I slightly opened my eyes, and saw that I was being carried out to the gate, where two horses were standing with their reins thrown over a hitching post. By the equipment, I knew one of the horses belonged to the captain, while the other was the orderly's. The two troopers dumped me down on the road, one giving me a kick with his boot. I was lying on my left side, and by a certain hard pressure on my ribs I knew they had neglected to search me. That pressure was my automatic pistol. My feeling of exultation rushed over me. I would euthre them yet.

"Pate worked into my hands. A hail in German came from the stables, and one of the troopers left to answer it. The odds were even, one against one. I slowly turned over on my face, as if in sleep, and my fingers grasped the butt of the automatic, but just then I heard steps on the gravel walk. The captain and Adrienne were coming toward me.

"She stopped beside me, and said in English:

"Poor, English fool! Make love to me, will you? Good-by, my foolish sergeant. While you are rotting in prison, think of your Adrienne, ha!"

"My hand gave, the butt of my automatic just the slightest squeeze. I was thinking of her hand on my shoulder. Well, two could play that game.

"The captain said something to the orderly, who left in the direction of the house. Now was my chance. Springing to my feet and leveling the pistol at the captain, I grabbed the reins of his horse from the post and mounted. The orderly came running toward me, yelling out in German, and I could see soldiers emerging from the stable. I had to act quickly.

"When I mounted, the captain reached for his revolver. I covered him with mine, and with a shriek of terror, Adrienne threw herself in front of the Ullan captain to protect him. I saw her too late. My bullet pierced her left breast, and a red smudge showed on her white silk blouse as she sank to the ground. I shot the orderly's horse to prevent immediate pursuit, and then away I sped mad gallop down the road. It was a long chase, but I escaped them.

"The rest of my men were captured. At our headquarters, I had to lie like a trooper. From them we had been ambushed and wiped out. It was the only way to save my skin. There were no witnesses against me, so I got off with reduction to the

Kill That Cold and Save Health

CASCARA QUININE

The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—grip in 3 days. Money back if fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. 24 Tablets for 25c. At Any Drug Store

Many Years' Experience

The heading of this advertisement is the reason for our rare master-tailoring art—putting a subtle expression of personality into a suit of clothes.

Such an art removes the wearer from the "all-alike" class, and stamps his individuality on those he meets.

We want you to see our new fabrics. You'll be pleased with them, also the individuality of our tailoring. It will not require such a large outlay to demonstrate this.

Custom-Made Shirts

A.J. Simms

22 N. Fourth St.

GOOD-BY BEACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

For centuries all over the world GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has afforded relief in thousands upon thousands of cases of lame back, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, gravel and all other affections of the kidneys, liver, stomach, bladder and allied organs. It acts quickly. It does the work. It cleanses your kidneys and purifies the blood. It makes a new man, a new woman, of you. It frequently wards off attacks of the dread and fatal disease of the kidneys. It often completely cures the distressing diseases of the organs of the body, allied with the bladder and kidneys. Bloody or cloudy urine, sediment, or "brick dust" indicate an unhealthy condition.

Do not delay a minute if your back aches or you are sore across the loins or have difficulty when urinating. Go to your druggist at once and get a box of imported GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil. It is pleasant and easy to take. They dissolve in the stomach, and the kidneys soak up the medicine. It does water. They thoroughly cleanse away waste from the bladder and kidneys and throw off the inflammation which is the cause of the trouble. Your druggist will cheerfully refund your money if you are not satisfied after a few days' use. Accept only the pure, original GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. None other genuine.

Good News For Diabetes Sufferers

Warner's Safe Diabetes Remedy produced astonishing results for Mr. Friquet who had given up in despair.

Following is a voluntary and astonishing statement from Mr. Jules Friquet, of 511 West First Street, Los Angeles, Cal. This certainly is evidence of the beneficial qualities of Warner's Safe Diabetes Remedy and more convincing than anything we could say. Read this:

"This letter is the best proof that I am still alive. My weight was reduced from 157 to 114 pounds when I left the hospital. I left there Aug. 6th in despair. Hundreds of people that knew me said I would never live to return to my studio. After leaving the hospital, I saw your "Ad" in the paper. I

Alkali in Soap Bad For the Hair

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is just ordinary mulsified coconut oil (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than the most expensive soap or anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified coconut oil at any pharmacy, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

Warner's Safe Diabetes Remedy produced astonishing results for Mr. Friquet who had given up in despair.

Following is a voluntary and astonishing statement from Mr. Jules Friquet, of 511 West First Street, Los Angeles, Cal. This certainly is evidence of the beneficial qualities of Warner's Safe Diabetes Remedy and more convincing than anything we could say. Read this:

"This letter is the best proof that I am still alive. My weight was reduced from 157 to 114 pounds when I left the hospital. I left there Aug. 6th in despair. Hundreds of people that knew me said I would never live to return to my studio. After leaving the hospital, I saw your "Ad" in the paper. I

ONE IS ENOUGH ON STATE TRIPS

Auditor General Thinks That Business Does Not Require So Much Traveling

Two is a crowd when officials or attaches of the State Government go on a trip on official business unless good and sufficient reasons are furnished for the same, according to a ruling which has been put into effect by the Auditor General's Department and which is commencing to get people to asking questions.

The Auditor General takes the position that it is not necessary to send two or three men to attend a meeting unless it is of question importance and that there is no use in having men travel districts in pairs without some special cause being assigned. It is claimed that in the last two or three years men traveled around the state at a very busy rate and that hereafter they will leave of business and attend to their other affairs, unless specific orders are given.

Attaches of the State Insurance Fund will be paid their usual wages for January until the business connected with the reinsurance of the thousands of policies by the Fund is finished. Then their wages will be paid so many employees are needed will be raised with officers of the Fund by the Auditor General.

THRIFT STAMPS GIVEN BIG BOOM

Governor Issues a Proclamation Urging That People Invest in Them Now

People of Pennsylvania are urged to put every penny not needed to preserve life into war savings and thus devote their substance to the service of the nation by Governor Brumbaugh in a proclamation issued to-day in support of the movement for the sale of Thrift Stamps. The proclamation, which praises the work of the committee in charge of the sale of the stamps, is as follows:

"Whereas, The National War Savings Committee, under sanction of the Secretary of the Treasury, has undertaken the laudable and vital service of placing within the resources of all our people the worthy

privilege of applying to this nation two billion dollars by the sale of War Savings Stamps, and

"Whereas, Pennsylvania is so commendingly an essential part of this great nation, and has always in the past war and in this war done its full share in loyally sustaining the nation in its hours of need and has in the Liberty Loans, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other fiscal calls given and given well, and has led in the conservation of food, and is rich in devotion to duty to-day as always she has been:

"Therefore, I, Martin Brumbaugh, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do now call upon and urge all our people to save every penny not absolutely needed to preserve life and devote the same thus saved to the service of this nation, that this war may be speedily won. The funds thus given the nation will return to you with ample reward in 1923, and you will in the meantime have learned the virtue and blessedness of sacrifice, and the very great joy of having helped win this war for democracy and civilization. Pennsylvania must in this call show her inherent worthiness and her unswerving loyalty. Let

every man, woman and child be a contributing force in the aid of national honor and international victory. I call upon all teachers in the schools, all ministers in the churches, all parents in the homes, all newspapers in circulation to encourage this great service and urge upon our people prompt and adequate support of the nation by liberal purchase of these War Savings Stamps. When one recalls the gifts the men in the Army and Navy are giving, surely we shall be remiss, indeed censurable, if we do not give unstintingly and with sacrifice to this great need."

Burst Pipeline Cuts Off Water at Lemoyne

Lemoyne, Pa., Jan. 9.—The majority of the water consumers of the borough were out of water yesterday when a pipeline in Rossmore street burst. Large forces of men were summoned to repair the break and worked until late in the night. Electric light was placed over the trench over the pipe and a force of

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET

A Well Known Actress Tells How She Darkened Her Gray Hair With a Simple Home Made Mixture.

Miss Blanche Rose, a well-known actress, who darkened her gray hair with a simple preparation which she mixed at home, in a recent interview at Chicago, Ill., made the following statement: "Any lady of gentleman can darken their gray hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the required shade. This will make a gray haired person look 20 years younger. It makes the hair soft and glossy, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

"The Live Store" "Always Reliable"

Always Reliable

Yes DOUTRICHS are "always reliable" and it's very hard to stop the growth of a store that's so absolutely dependable—HERE you will find a "fixed policy," satisfaction is sold to you at your own terms and this square-dealing and honest representation, together with YOUR "good-will" and loyal patronage has enabled us to boast of having the largest clothing store in Pennsylvania outside of Philadelphia or Pittsburgh.

This Is the Store Everybody Is Talking About

It don't pay to "jump" from one thing to another—if you have the right methods—handle standard merchandise—and have a "fixed policy" the people soon find it out and once you enjoy their "lasting confidence" you can make rapid progress and become a factor, because "the people know."

January Reductions

All \$15.00	"Suits" and "Overcoats"	\$13.50
All \$18.00	"Suits" and "Overcoats"	\$15.50
All \$20.00	"Suits" and "Overcoats"	\$17.50
All \$25.00	"Suits" and "Overcoats"	\$22.50
All \$30.00	"Suits" and "Overcoats"	\$26.50
All \$35.00	"Suits" and "Overcoats"	\$29.50
All \$38.00	"Suits" and "Overcoats"	\$32.50

"Alterations Free" "Goods Exchanged" "Money Refunded"

Kuppenheimer Clothes

All \$5.00 Boys' Suits and Overcoats, . .	\$4.25
All \$7.50 Boys' Suits and Overcoats, . .	\$6.25
All \$6.50 Boys' Suits and Overcoats, . .	\$5.25
All \$8.50 Boys' Suits and Overcoats, . .	\$7.25

"Manhattan Shirts" "Stetson Hats"

DOUTRICH'S

Always Reliable

304 MARKET STREET HARRISBURG, PA.

German "Minnies"

"Upon reaching the trench I paused in wonder and fright. The sky was alight with red glare. The din was terrible. A constant swishing and rushing through the air, intermingled with a sighing moan, gave testimony that our batteries were sending blood. The trench seemed to be rolling like a ship. I stood in awe. This bombardment of ours was something indescribable, and a shudder passed through me as I thought of the havoc and destruction caused in the German lines. At that moment I really pitied the Germans, but not for long, because suddenly hell seemed to burst loose from the German lines as their artillery opened up. I could hear their "five-nines" screaming through the air and bursting in the artillery in our rear. Occasionally a far-off rum-rump-rump-Crash! (Ru-u-uu-n-gg) could be heard as one of their high calibered shells came over and burst in our reserve. I crouched against the parapet, hardly able to breathe. While in this position, right overhead, every instant getting louder, came a German shell—whizz-z-z bang-g-g! I was blinded by the flash. Down I tumbled, into the mud, being held by my feet in the red glare of the bombardment, I saw that the traverse on my left had entirely disappeared. I crouched with mud, weak and trembling, I could hear what sounded like far distant voices coming from the direction of the bashed-in traverse. "Blime me, get 'is bloomin' snapper outa the mud; 'e's chokin' to death. Pass me a bandage—tyke 'is bayonet fer a plint. Blime me, 'is 'ell 'as smashed 'is 'art 'is 'aint. Th' rest 'o' you blokes 'op it fer a stretcher. 'Elo, 'e's got another one—quick, a tourniquet, the poor bloke's a bleedin' to death. Quick, 'up against the parapet, 'ere comes another."

Whizz-z-z! Bang-g-g!

Another flare, and once again I was thrown into the mud. I opened my eyes. Bending over me, shaking me by the shoulder was Atwell. His voice sounded faint and far away. Then I came to with a rush. "Blime me, Yank, that was a close one. Did it get you?"

He helped me to my feet and I felt myself all over. Seeing I was all right, he yelled into my ear: "We've got to leg it out of 'ere. Fritz is sure sendin' over 'whizz-bangs' and 'Minnies.' Number 9's in the trench next fire bay, sure clicked it. About eighteen of them have gone West. Come on, we'll see if we can do anything for the poor blokes."

We plowed through the mud and came into the trench next fire bay. In the light of the bursting shells an awful sight met our eyes. The traverses were bashed in, the fire stop was gone, and in the parapet was a hole that looked like a subway entrance. There was mud and blood all around. An officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps and a stretcher bearer were working like busy bees. We offered our aid, which was gladly accepted.

Every now and then, ducking as a "whizz-bang" or "blime" came over, we managed to get four of the wounded on the stretchers, and Atwell and I carried one to the rear to the First Aid Dressing Station.

We passed the dugout which I had left but a few minutes before, or at least what used to be the dugout, but now all that could be seen was a caved-in mass of dirt; huge square-cut timbers sticking out of the ground and silhouetted against the light of the bursting shells, looking like huge giants. A shudder passed through me as I realized that if we had stayed in the dugout we would have now been lying fifteen to twenty feet down, covered by that caved-in earth and wreckage.

Atwell jerked his head in the direction of the smashed-in dugout and, as was his wont, remarked: "How about that fancy report you were writing out a few minutes ago. Didn't I tell you that it never paid to make out reports in the front line? It's best to wait until you get to headquarters, because what's the use of wasting all that balmy time when you're liable to be buried in a dugout?"

Turning my head to listen to Atwell, I ran plump into a turn in the trench. A shout came from the front of the stretcher:

"Why in the bloody 'ell don't you blokes look where you're goin'! You'd think this was a bloomin' Piccadilly bus, and I was out with my head girl on a joy-ride."

I mumbled my apologies and the form relapsed into silence. Then the maddy Tommy on the stretcher began to mumble. Atwell asked him if he wanted anything. With a howl of rage, he answered:

"Of all the bloody nerve—do I want anything—only a bloody pair of crutches, a dish of 'fish and chips' and a saws of stool."

When we came to the First Aid Dressing Station we turned our charge over to some E. A. M. men, and ducking and running through the communication trench, we at last reached one of the roomy and safe "Elephant Dugouts." At last we were safe.

The feet of men came to an unoccupied corner and sat down in the trench. Several candles were burning. Grouped around these candles was a lot of Tommies, their faces pale and a frightened look in their eyes. Strange to say, the conversation had nothing to do with themselves. They were sympathizing with the poor fellows in the Front Line who were clogging it.

I must have dropped off to sleep. When I awoke it was morning and after drinking our tea and eating our bread and bacon, Atwell and I reported to Brigade Headquarters and were again detailed into the Front Line Trench.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) [To Be Continued.]

We Help With a Stretcher

Another flare, and once again I was thrown into the mud. I opened my eyes. Bending over me, shaking me by the shoulder was Atwell. His voice sounded faint and far away. Then I came to with a rush. "Blime me, Yank, that was a close one. Did it get you?"

He helped me to my feet and I felt myself all over. Seeing I was all right, he yelled into my ear: "We've got to leg it out of 'ere. Fritz is sure sendin' over 'whizz-bangs' and 'Minnies.' Number 9's in the trench next fire bay, sure clicked it. About eighteen of them have gone West. Come on, we'll see if we can do anything for the poor blokes."

We plowed through the mud and came into the trench next fire bay. In the light of the bursting shells an awful sight met our eyes. The traverses were bashed in, the fire stop was gone, and in the parapet was a hole that looked like a subway entrance. There was mud and blood all around. An officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps and a stretcher bearer were working like busy bees. We offered our aid, which was gladly accepted.

Every now and then, ducking as a "whizz-bang" or "blime" came over, we managed to get four of the wounded on the stretchers, and Atwell and I carried one to the rear to the First Aid Dressing Station.

We passed the dugout which I had left but a few minutes before, or at least what used to be the dugout, but now all that could be seen was a caved-in mass of dirt; huge square-cut timbers sticking out of the ground and silhouetted against the light of the bursting shells, looking like huge giants. A shudder passed through me as I realized that if we had stayed in the dugout we would have now been lying fifteen to twenty feet down, covered by that caved-in earth and wreckage.

Atwell jerked his head in the direction of the smashed-in dugout and, as was his wont, remarked: "How about that fancy report you were writing out a few minutes ago. Didn't I tell you that it never paid to make out reports in the front line? It's best to wait until you get to headquarters, because what's the use of wasting all that balmy time when you're liable to be buried in a dugout?"

Turning my head to listen to Atwell, I ran plump into a turn in the trench. A shout came from the front of the stretcher:

"Why in the bloody 'ell don't you blokes look where you're goin'! You'd think this was a bloomin' Piccadilly bus, and I was out with my head girl on a joy-ride."

I mumbled my apologies and the form relapsed into silence. Then the maddy Tommy on the stretcher began to mumble. Atwell asked him if he wanted anything. With a howl of rage, he answered:

"Of all the bloody nerve—do I want anything—only a bloody pair of crutches, a dish of 'fish and chips' and a saws of stool."

When we came to the First Aid Dressing Station we turned our charge over to some E. A. M. men, and ducking and running through the communication trench, we at last reached one of the roomy and safe "Elephant Dugouts." At last we were safe.

The feet of men came to an unoccupied corner and sat down in the trench. Several candles were burning. Grouped around these candles was a lot of Tommies, their faces pale and a frightened look in their eyes. Strange to say, the conversation had nothing to do with themselves. They were sympathizing with the poor fellows in the Front Line who were clogging it.

I must have dropped off to sleep. When I awoke it was morning and after drinking our tea and eating our bread and bacon, Atwell and I reported to Brigade Headquarters and were again detailed into the Front Line Trench.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) [To Be Continued.]

IN NEED OF WORKERS

Lemoyne, Pa., Jan. 9.—The local Red Cross Auxiliary is badly in need of workers to complete an order of materials for the Harrisburg chapter for the latter part of the month. An officer of the organization this morning sent out appeals to all the women of the borough to come out to-morrow afternoon to assist in filling the order.

Your Rheumatism

The painful twists and aches of rheumatic sufferers usually yield to the rich oil-food treatment in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

when everything else fails. Besides helping to purify the blood Scott's strengthens the functions to throw off injurious acids and is especially beneficial in changing seasons. Many doctors themselves take Scott's. You try it.

304 MARKET STREET HARRISBURG, PA.