



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Bulbs for Christmas Blooms

Plant some hyacinths this week if you do nothing else. They will grace your table, sideboard, cheer the invalid and add to your pleasure when in a few weeks not a green thing is to be seen outdoors.

The bulbs will cost you five cents each for single flowering ones, ten cents each, or two for fifteen cents, for double bearing plants and on up to many dollars if you want rare specimens. The treatment for each of them is the same; they must be kept moist and warm until the green shoots are well started then they need sunlight, water and increased heat.

You can start and grow flowering bulbs in charcoal and gravel, in moist sand or in sand and loam; the necessary thing is the heat and the moisture. Hyacinth glasses are sold expressly for growing these bulbs and are made so the rootlets can reach into the water beneath them while the bulb proper is held just above the water. If this arrangement is used fill the glasses partly full of sand and add a few bits of charcoal to keep the water sweet.

The bulbs must not be set deep into the soil if you put them in a pot. Near the rootlets can reach into the water beneath them while the bulb proper is held just above the water. If this arrangement is used fill the glasses partly full of sand and add a few bits of charcoal to keep the water sweet.

so the shoots will grow tall and not lean toward the light.

It requires about six weeks for the blossom to form and open, but there are four-week hyacinths and varieties that have two or more blossoms on sale by some florists.

With tulips you may plant six or eight bulbs in a pot but these will give you a gorgeous flower.

With tulips you may plant six or eight bulbs in a shallow crock and many more of daffodils and narcissus. The treatment for all these is the same.

Onions is almost the only bulb that needs dry hot air. The bulbs are very tiny and two dozen are not too many for a showy crock. They require several weeks to germinate and planted now will be handsome by Easter.

Lilies and begonias should not be started for winter growth and early spring flowers until the last of December. They need more forcing than the small bulbs mentioned above and if you have had no experience with them talk with some flower lover, who has had, before planting them. Climate and situation have everything to do with the way that they should be grown.

The Chinese Lily does not bloom every season but after its flowering should be planted in the open garden in the spring when new bulbs will develop. These should be separated from the parent root, which is now useless, and be kept in moist hot loam for a season. Let them rest a few months and then plant and force. In rare cases this lily will bloom two consecutive seasons but our climate is not adapted to its needs.



NOVEMBER JOE

The Detective of the Woods

by Hesketh Prichard.

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Continued

I remembered, too, the expression of humor and mocking tolerance which used to invade the boy's face whenever old Tom was overtaken by one of his habitual fits of talking big. Once when Tom spoke by the camp fire of some lake to which he desired to guide me and of which he stated that the shores had never been trodden by white man's foot Joe had to cover his mouth with his hand. When we were alone, Todd having departed to make some necessary repairs to the canoe, I asked Joe what he meant by laughing at his elders.

"I suppose a boy's foot ain't a man's anyways," remarked Joe innocently, and more he would not say.

The sun was showing over the tree tops when I drew rein by the door of the shack, and at the same moment came in view of the slim but powerful figure of a young man who was busy rolling some gear into a pack. He raised himself and, just as I was about to speak, drawed out:

"My! Mr. Quaritch, you! Who'd a thought it?"

The young woodsman came forward with a lazy stride and gave me welcome with a curious gentleness that was one of his characteristics, but which left me in doubt as to its genuinity.

I feel that I shall never be able to describe November. Suffice it to say that the loose knit boy I remembered had developed into one of the finest specimens of manhood that ever grew up among the balsam trees; near six feet tall, lithe and powerful, with a neck like a column and a straight featured face the sheer good looks of this son of the woods were disturbing. He was clearly also not only the product but the master of his environment.

"Well, well, Mr. Quaritch, many's the time I've been thinking of the days we had with old Tom way up on the Roundstik."

"They were good days, Joe, weren't they?"

"Sure, sure, they were!"

"I hope we shall have some more together."

"If it's hunting you want, I'm glad you're here, Mr. Quaritch. There's a fine buck using around by Widdeny pond. Maybe we will get a look at him come sunset, for he's most always moves out of the thick bush about dark." Then humor lit a spark in his splendid gray eyes as he looked up at me. "But we'll have a cup o' tea first."

November Joe's (by the way, I ought to mention that his birth in the month of November had given him his name, as I say, November Joe's weakness for tea had in the old days been a target upon which I had often exercised my faculty for irony and banter. The weakness was evidently still alive.

"I had hoped to have a hunt with you, November," said I. "Indeed, that is what I came for, and there's nothing I'd like better than to try for your red deer buck tonight, but while I was at Harding's there was a rumpus on the phone, and the provincial police sent through a message for you. It appears that a man named Henry Lyon has been shot in his camp at Big Tree portage. A lumberman found him and phoned the news into Quebec. The chief of police wants you to take on the case. He told me to say that success would mean \$50."

"That's too bad," said Joe. "I'd sooner hunt a deer than a man any day. Makes a fellow feel less badlike when he comes up with him. Well, Mr. Quaritch, I must be getting off, but you'll be wanting another guide. There's Charley Paul, down to St. Amel."

"Look here, November, I don't want Charley Paul or any other guide but you. The fact of the matter is that Sir Andrew McLerrick, the great doctor who was out with you last fall, has told me that I have been overdoing it and must come into the woods for rest. I've three months to put in, and from all I hear of you you won't take three months finding out who murdered Lyon."

Joe looked grave. "I may take more than that," said he, "for maybe I'll never find out at all. But I'm right pleased, Mr. Quaritch, to hear you can stay so long. There's plenty of grub in my shack, and I dare say that I shan't be many days gone."

"How far is it to Big Tree portage?"

"Five miles to the river and eight up it."

"I'd like to go with you."

strap, lifted it and set out through the woods.

CHAPTER II.

The Crime at Big Tree Portage.

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether he was not irked at the prospect of my proffered companionship and whether he did not at first intend to shake me off by obvious and primitive methods. I had my work, and more than my work, cut out for me in keeping up with November, who, although he was carrying a pack while I was unladen, traveled through the woods at an astonishing pace.

He moved from the thicket, bending a little forward. However thick the underbrush and the trees, he never once halted or even wavered, but passed on with neither check nor pause. Meanwhile I blundered in his tracks until at last, when we came out on the bank of a strong and swiftly flowing river, I was fairly done and felt that had the journey continued much longer I must have been forced to give in.

November threw down his pack and signed to me to remain beside it, while he walked off downstream, only to reappear with a canoe.

The rustle of the water as it blessed against our stem and the wind in the birches and junipers on the banks soon lulled me. I was only awakened by the canoe touching the bank at Big Tree.

Big Tree portage is a recognized camping place situated between the great main lumber camp of Briston and Harpur and the settlement of St. Amel, and it lies about equidistant from both. A small shelter of boughs stood beneath the spreading branches of a large fir; the ground all about was strewn with twigs and debris. On a bare space in front of the shelter, beside the charred logs of a campfire, a patch of blue caught my eye. This, as my sight grew accustomed to the light, resolved itself into the shape of a huge man. He lay upon his face, and the wind fluttered the blue blouse which he was wearing. It came upon me with a shock that I was looking at the body of Henry Lyon, the murdered man.

November, standing up in the canoe, a wood picture in his buckskin shirt and jeans, surveyed the scene in silence, then pushed off again and paddled up and down, staring at the bank. After a bit he put in and waded ashore. In obedience to a sign I stayed in the canoe, from which I watched the movements of my companion. First he went to the body and examined it with minute care; next he disappeared within the shelter, came out and stood for a minute staring toward the river; finally he called to me to come ashore.

I had seen November turn the body over, and as I came up I was aware of a great ginger bearded face, horribly pale, confronting the sky. It was easy to see how the man had died, for the bullet had torn a hole at the base of the neck. The ground beside him was torn up as if by some small sharp instrument.

The idea occurred to me that I would try my hand at detection. I went into the shelter. There I found a blanket, two freshly flayed bearskins and a pack, which lay open. I came out again, and carefully examined the ground in all directions. Suddenly looking up, I saw November Joe watching me with a kind of grim and covert amusement.

"What are you looking for?" said he. "The tracks of the murderer."

"He didn't make none."

I pointed out the spot where the ground was torn.

"The lumberman that found him—spiked boots," said November.

"How do you know he was not the murderer?"

"He didn't get here till Lyon had been dead for hours. Compare his tracks with Lyon's—much fresher. No, Mr. Sport, that cock won't fight. Lyon reached here in the afternoon of the day before yesterday. He'd been visiting his traps upstream. He hadn't been here more'n a few minutes and was lighting his pipe in the shelter there when he hears a voice call him. He comes out and sees a man in a canoe shoved into the bank. That man shot him dead and cleared off—without leaving a trace."

"How can you be sure of all this?"

"Because I found a pipe of tobacco not rightly lit, but just charred on top, beside Lyon's body, and a newly used match in this shack. The man that killed him come downstream and surprised him."

"How can you tell he came downstream?"

woodsman, and he's not left me one clew as to who he is. But I'm not through with him, mister. Such men as he needs catching—let's boil the kettle."

We laid the dead man inside the shack, and sat down beside a fire which we built among the stones on the bank of the river. Here November made tea in true woods fashion, drawing all the strength and bitterness from the leaves by boiling them. I was wondering what he would do next, for it appeared that our chance of catching the murderer was infinitesimal, since he had left no clew save the mark on the bank where his canoe had rested among the reeds while he fired his deadly bullet. I put my thoughts into words.

"You're right," said November. "When a chap who's used to the woods life takes to crime, he's harder to lay hands on than a lynx in a silder patch."

"Why did not the murderer stink Lyon's body in the water? It would have been well hidden there."

"He couldn't trust her; the current's sharp and would put the dead man ashore as like as not," he replied. "And if he'd landed to carry it down to his canoe, he'd have left tracks. And more'n that, Lyon might 'a' laid in that clearing till he was a skeleton, but for the chance of that lumberjack happening along. There's one fact you haven't given much weight to. This shooting was premeditated. The murderer knew that Lyon would camp here. The chances are a hundred to one against their having met by accident. The chap that killed him followed him downstream. Now, suppose I can find Lyon's last camp, I may learn something more. It can't be very far off, for he had a tidy sized pack to carry, besides those green skins, which loaded him a bit. And, anyway, it's my only chance."

So we set out upon our walk. November soon picked up Lyon's trail, leading from Big Tree portage to a disused foie road, which again led us due west between the aisles of the forest. From midway on through the whole of the afternoon we traveled until Joe found the deserted camp.

The very first thing my eye lit upon caused me to cry out in excitement, for side by side were two beds of balsam branches that had evidently been placed under the shelter of the same tent cover. November, then, was right, Lyon had camped with some one on the night before he died.

I called out to him. His quiet patience and an attitude as if rather detached from events fell away from him like a cloak, and with almost uncanny swiftness he was making his examination of the camp. But I was destined to disappointment, for, as far as I could see, Joe discovered neither clew nor anything unusual.

To Be Continued.

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for Croup

Croup seizes you. The loud hoarse croupy cough, choking and gasping for breath, labored breathing, call for immediate relief. The very first doses of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound will master the croup. It cuts the thick mucus, clears away the phlegm and opens up and eases the air passages. Harold Berg, Mass. Mich., writes: "We give Foley's Honey and Tar to our children for croup and it always acts quickly." Every user is a friend. Geo. A. Corgan, 16 North Third Street and P. R. Station.

AGED VIOLINIST FOUND DEAD

Deputy Coroner Ward Danced to His Fiddling Years Ago Philadelphia, Nov. 5.—Sylvester Skank, 75 years old, for more than fifty years a violinist of the old school, and who was in great demand at old-fashioned dance parties in the vicinity of Broad street and Fairmount avenue, was found dead yesterday in his room, at 1325 Green street. Death was due to heart disease.

Skank played his fiddle "at many hundreds of dances and parties. Deputy Coroner Ward, who investigated the sudden death, had danced to the old fiddler's music when he was less than 10 years old.

COLORED CONVENT POPULAR

St. Louis Society Women Teach Sewing in Mother Drexel's School St. Louis, Nov. 5.—Prominent society women have become teachers in the rapidly growing sewing classes conducted at the newly established convent for colored folk. They teach sewing, mending and embroidery three times a week.

A clamor for lessons in music and art has resulted in a request for Mother Drexel, of Philadelphia, who established the convent here six weeks ago, to send a sister to give lessons in these branches.

Eagerly Communicative.

"A man ought not to have any secrets from his wife." "Secrets!" exclaimed Mr. Meekton. "I spend hours trying to make an impression on Henrietta by thinking up something to tell her that she doesn't know."—Washington Star.

STEAMSHIPS.

Winter Trips and Cruises HAVANA Interesting and restful because of the fascinating charms of tropical life and climate. Excellent hotels. Sailings from New York each Thursday and Saturday at noon. Through routes to life of Pines, Santiago, etc.

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If you're headachy, constipated, bilious or stomach is disordered and you want to enjoy the nicest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced, take a tablespoonful of "California Syrup of Figs" to-night and in the morning all the constipation poison, bile and clogged-up waste will gently move out of the system without griping and you will feel splendid.

Every member of the family should use this fruit laxative as occasion demands. It is just as effective for grandpa as it is for baby. It simply cannot injure. Even cross, sick, feverish children just love its pleasant taste and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing."

For thirty years "California Syrup of Figs" has been recommended by physicians as the ideal stomach, liver and bowel cleanser. Millions of families who are well informed use nothing else, but recently there has come a flood of spurious fig syrups, so we warn the public to ask plainly at drug stores for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," and see that it is prepared by "California Fig Syrup Company." We make no cheaper size. Hand back any "counterfeit" with contempt. Adv.

AMUSEMENTS

MAJESTIC

Tonight, "What Happened to Mary." Tomorrow afternoon and evening, "The Escape." Saturday afternoon and evening, "Under Southern Skies." Tuesday evening, November 10, John Drew in "The Prodigal Husband." Thursday evening, Fannie Ward in "Madame President."

ORPHEUM

Every afternoon and evening, high class vaudeville.

COLONIAL

Daily continuous vaudeville and pictures.

"What Happened to Mary"

A glimpse of the blue of the bay, with a sky suffused with the radiance of sunset from a small island called Moses Island, a little girl named Mary, in distress of mind, as fine an old salt as ever sailed the blue, a crabbed old uncle, a listless indolent aunt and a gawky lover begins the New York success "What Happened to Mary" which is now being played by the Myrtle Harder Company at Majestic. Mr. Owen Davis in writing "What Happened to Mary" embodied in the play a remarkable combination of humor and heart interest. In the sense that the play teaches a lesson in human goodness, it may be classed above the so-called problem dramas and yet it's problem is submerged to a great extent in the naturalness that pervades the action. The men and women in the play are of the every day type and the incidents in the course of the action are happenings that occur often in real life. This is one of the plays that can be enjoyed by every member of the family, as there is a convincing moral that all can profit by. A complete production and a capable company of players to interpret the various characters make it a treat that should not be missed by anyone. Adv.

John Drew

John Drew's early appearance here in his new comedy, "The Prodigal Husband," in which he has been playing at the Empire Theatre, New York, since the beginning of the present season, is part of a tour said to be one of the longest that even this much-traveled player has ever undertaken. Mr. Drew will play in almost every state in the Union and at the Grand Pacific Coast, returning only in the late spring of 1915. Dario Nicodemus, co-author with Michael Morton of John Drew's new comedy, is best known on the Continent as the author of many of Madame Rejane's greatest successes. He also adapted "Raffles" for the French stage. Both authors are under contract to Charles Frohman to supply the latter with their joint output. Mr. Morton is the author of "The Yellow Ticket." Adv.

At the Orpheum

The consensus of opinion seems to be that the current offering of Keith vaudeville at the Orpheum theatre, is one of the best, if not the best, all round offering that has ever appeared in Harrisburg. That is from a standpoint of talent, not only in the artistic headliner "The Last Tango" but in each feature grouped on the bill. Of all the clever, agile and distinctly original entertainers that come to Harrisburg, Fletcher Norton, the star of the headliner, is in a class by himself. In the unraveling of the story of that act as well as the song and dance interpolations, there never has been a more clever or capable chorus in any act that Keith vaudeville has sent to Harrisburg. "The Last Tango" is interesting, thrilling in spots, and executed in a fashion that's amazingly clever. As a "creature of chance" Fletcher Norton is splendid, and is alone worth the time and price. Two song, dance and comedy teams, that are distinctly different, but almost equally clever, are Mindell World and George Ebner and the Langdons, Leo Beers, in an artistic pianologue, is pleasing and a skilled pianist; the Werner-Amoros Troupe, jugglers, musicians and impersonators, are offering the best variety act vaudeville house of, and so on. Each act employs talent that is out of the ordinary and those who enjoy such entertainers are reveling in the current offering at the Orpheum. For next week the management is announcing Ruth Royce, a charming singer of tuneful songs, who comes to Harrisburg hailed as the most popular find of the new season. Adv.

At the Colonial

This is the day for new things vaudeville at the Colonial theatre. The big feature of the bill is a surprise playlet called "The Movie Models," employing the efforts of six clever players. The nature of the entertainment is a complete mystery, and nothing concerning it will be told in advance, for fear of robbing the audience of some of its entertainment. "The Movie Models" is its title and Manager Hopkins says that's "enough said" until you see the real thing. The supporting features will embrace Swain's Cockatoos, a magnificent peccatorial bird display; Anthony and Mack,

character comedians; Annette Walker, singing comedienne, and some interesting feature films that were secured for to-day only. Adv.

CHICAGO ALDERMAN DIES

Howard N. Wagg Was a Strong Progressive Chicago, Nov. 5.—Alderman Howard N. Wagg, a strong Progressive, died yesterday. He was born in Lewiston, Me., 62 years ago and came to Chicago when about 25 years of age. He had lived in the Twenty-fifth ward 21 years.

At the time of his death he was president of the Charles H. Scott Company and the Grosvenor Manufacturing Company, both manufacturers of petticoats and women's clothing.

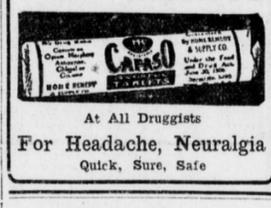
Before coming to Chicago Alderman Wagg was a member of the City Council in Lewiston, Me., for three terms. He had the distinction of being the youngest Alderman ever serving in the Lewiston City Council.

Train Kills Mining Man

Colorado Springs, Col., Nov. 5.—W. W. Cain, widely known throughout Arizona and Old Mexico for mining interests and a resident of Denver for the last 12 years, was killed at Vona, Col., a station 140 miles east of Colorado Springs, when he was struck by a Rock Island train, known as the Kansas City-Denver flyer. He was 56 years old.

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Sayres Expect Stork Soon Williamstown, Mass., Nov. 5.—Two trained nurses have been summoned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, and it is expected that President Wilson will become a grandfather some time this week. Mrs. Sayre, who before her marriage on November 25 last year

was Miss Jessie Wilson, was automobiling yesterday. The Sayres have made their home here since the wedding. Mr. Sayre being assistant to President Garfield, of Williams College.

IT PAYS TO USE STAR-INDEPENDENT WANT ADS.