

THIN FOR YEARS--"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"

Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon. Builds Up Weight Wonderfully

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work. I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years have taken medicine every day for indigestion and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds, with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land, voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds, given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight, but when someone suggests a way they exclaim, 'Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin.'" Until you have tried Sargol you do not and cannot know that this is true.

Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted, and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh-producing ingredients. It prepares these fat-making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty



Plump, well-developed men and women attract attention at the beach as well as in the city.

portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days' test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, if you want to gain some solid pounds of healthy stay there flesh, if you want to increase your weight, go straight to your druggist to-day and get a package of Sargol and use it as directed. Sargol will either increase your weight or it won't and the only way to know is to try it. A single package of Sargol easily enables you to make this test. Sixty days' use of Sargol according to directions is absolutely guaranteed to increase your weight to a satisfactory degree or your druggist will refund all the money you have paid him for it. Sargol is sold by leading druggists everywhere and in Harrisburg and vicinity by G. A. Gorgas. Adv.



NOVEMBER JOE

The Detective of the Woods

by Hesketh Prichard.

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Continued

"Now, supposing that the money could be found, what would you do?"

"I'd go to the bank and tell them I'd



"Atterson isn't the only man who'd break the law for love of me."

make shift to get every cent back save for them if they'd agree not to prosecute anybody."

"So you are man enough not to wish to see me in trouble?"

November looked at her. "I was sure not thinking of you at all," he said simply. "But of Bank Clerk Atterson, who's lost the girl he robbed for and ruined himself for. I'd hate to see that chap overpunished with a dose of jail too. But the bank people only want their money, and I guess if they get that they'll be apt to think the less about the robbery the better. So if you take my advice—why, now's the time to see old McAndrew. You see, Miss Pointe, I've got the cinch on you."

She stood still for awhile. "I'll see old man McAndrew," she cried suddenly. "I'll lead. It's near enough this way."

Joe turned after her, and followed. Without arousing McAndrew's suspicions, Joe arrested the girl as to his identity.

Before dark she met up again. "There," she said, thrusting a packet into Joe's hand. "But look out for yourself! Atterson isn't the only man who'd break the law for love of me. Think of that at night in the lonely bush!"

I saw her sharp white teeth grin together as the words came from between them.

"My!" ejaculated November, looking after her receding figure. "she's a bad loser, ain't she, Mr. Quaritch?"

We went back into Quebec and Joe made over to the bank the amount of their loss as soon as Harris, the manager, agreed (rather against his will) that no questions should be asked nor action taken.

The same evening I, not being under the same embargo regarding questions, inquired from Joe how he tracked the fair Phedre covered her tracks from the canoe to where Atterson was lying.

"That was simple for an active girl. She walked ashore along the paddle, and after her return to the canoe threw water upon the mark it made in the mud. Didn't you notice how faint it was?"

"But when she got on shore—how did she hide her trail then?"

"It's not a new trick. She took a couple of short logs with her in the canoe. First she'd put one down and step onto it, then she'd put the other one farther up and step onto that. Next she'd lift the one behind, and so on. Why did she do that? Well, I reckon she thought the trick good enough to blind Atterson. If he'd found a woman's tracks after being robbed he'd have suspected."

"But you said before we left Atterson's camp that whoever robbed him was middle height, a light weight and had black hair?"

"Well, hadn't she? Light weight because the logs wasn't much above on the ground, not tall since the marks of them was so close together."

"But the black hair?"

Joe laughed. "That was the surest thing of the lot and put me wise to it

and Phedre at the start. Twisted up in the buckle of the pack she gave Atterson I found several strands of splendid black hair. She must 'a' caught her hair in the buckles while carrying it."

"But Joe, you also said at Red river that the person who robbed Atterson was not more than twenty-five years old?"

"Well, the hair proved it was a woman, and what but being in love with her face would make a slap up bank clerk like Atterson have any truck with a settler's girl? And them looks are early ripe and go off their looks at twenty-five. I guess, Mr. Quaritch, her age was a pretty safe shot."

CHAPTER XII. The Looted Island.

IT was a clear night, bright with stars. Joe and I were sitting by our campfire near one of the fjords of western Alaska, where we had gone on a hunting expedition after the great moose of the west.

I was talking when suddenly Joe touched me.

"Shh!" he whispered. "There's some feller moving down by the creek."

We waited, and I was soon aware of a figure advancing through the night.

Then a voice said, "Fine night, mates," and a shrewy, long armed fellow with a bushy red beard stepped into the circle of light.

"The cold makes you keep your hands in your pockets, don't it?" said Joe gently. "It does me."

I then noticed that both men were covering each other with revolvers through their pockets. The stranger slowly drew out his hand.

"I'm John Stafford."

"This here is Mr. Quaritch of Quebec. I'm his guide. We're come after big game."

"I guess you're speaking truth. It's up to me to apologize, I'm free to own I was doubtful about you. You'll understand that when I tell you what's happened. Perhaps you've noticed an island about eight miles off the coast, lying nor' nor'west?"

"Sort of leaf shaped island? Yes."

"That's where I come from—Eel Island. I have a fox farm there. I returned to it yesterday after a run down to Valdez. When I went away a fortnight ago I left my man in charge of some of the finest black foxes between this and Umanava. I got back to find the foxes all killed and my hired man gone—disappeared."

"An Aleut, called Sam. He's been in my employ three years. I see what you're thinking—that he killed the foxes, and I'd have thought that myself, only I know he didn't."

"How's that?"

"One reason is that I own only one boat, and when I went to the mainland last Friday week I took it, leaving Sam on the island. It's all of seven miles from the coast, so he couldn't have got away if he wanted. That I say, is one reason why it couldn't have been him. The other reason's as good. I was decoyed away so cleverly. Here's the letter that did it."

"Sir—Your wife wants you to come down at once. She's due for an operation in the hospital here on Friday week, and she's hard put to it to plan for the children till she gets about again. So your best come. Yours truly,

S. MACFARLANE (Doctor). I gave him back the letter. "Any man would have gone on such news," I said.

"Well, I did," said Stafford savagely. "I got that letter twelve days back, and off I went hot foot, leaving Alek Sam in charge. It took me a week going down. When I reached the house where my wife is lying, she was surprised to see me, and I showed her the letter. You can guess. It was all a plant! There wasn't any Dr. Macfarlane, nor any operation, and back

I came—record breaking travel—to Eel Island. I found the place clean gutted. All the blacks and silvers caught and killed, and the skinned carcasses lying around. And Alek Sam vanished as if he had never lived. It may have been done for spite, but whoever he was he lived in my cabin several days, and slept in my bunk. I wonder what he did with Sam. Knocked him on the head and heaved him in the sea like a log. I'm high desperate. The work of three years gone, three winters spent with Sam alone, like some kind of a Crusoe and his man Friday, and keeping my wife and two little girls down at Valdez."

"Look here, ain't it a bit early in the year to kill foxes?" said Joe, after a pause.

"They'd have been worth 25 per cent more in a month."

"Then why?"

"Because I couldn't have been decoyed away except while the steamer was running before the winter closed down. See? Even as early as this in the year the pelts were worth \$15,000."

"My!" said Joe. "Suspect any one in particular?"

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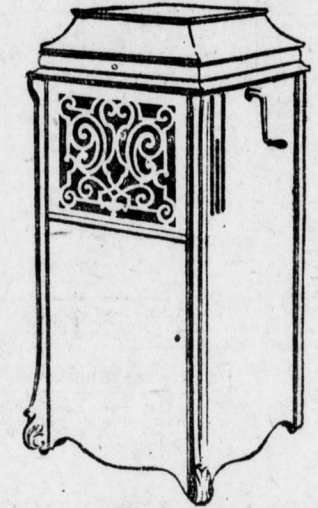
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Troup Building 15 South Market Sq.

"I believe it may have been Trapper Simpson. He's had a down on me this good while back. Well, if it was him, he's paid me out good, the black-guard."

"Hard words don't bring down nor man nor deer," said Joe.

There was a silence; then I said: "What would you give the man that discovered who it was robbed you?"

"If he didn't get me back my pelts I could give him nothing. If he did he'd be welcome to \$500," replied the fox farmer.

"Good enough, November?" I asked. Joe nodded.

"What do you mean?" asked Stafford, turning to Joe. "You a trail reader?"

"Learnin' to be," said Joe.

Thus it was agreed that we should go across to Eel Island at dawn to let November have a look round. We went ashore, and Joe at once took a cast, looking for tracks, though he knew he was little likely to find any, for the ground was as hard as iron and had been impervious for days.

We next climbed to Stafford's cabin. "Come right in," said he.

To Be Continued.

AMUSEMENTS

MAJESTIC
To-night, Rose Stahl in "A Perfect Lady."
Monday, matinee and night, Nov. 23, "The Shepherd of the Hills."
Wednesday evening, Nov. 25, Fritzi-Scheff in "Pretty Mrs. Smith."

ORPHEUM
Every afternoon and evening, high class vaudeville.

COLONIAL
Daily continuous vaudeville and pictures.

himself has written many well-known plays, among the more popular of which will be found "A Game of Hearts," "Clothes," "The Pit," "The Great Adventure," "The Traitor," "The Inner Shrine," "In the Bishop's Carriage," "The Secret Orchard," "The Little Gray Lady" and "Such a Little Queen." Many of these pieces have been used for making moving pictures.

Miss Beatrice Noyes, who will have an important part in Miss Rose Stahl's new play, has played many important parts in recent years. Miss Noyes was with "The First Lady in the Land," "The Country Boy," "The Commuter," "The Cave Man" and other plays produced by the late Henry B. Harris. Last season she distinguished herself by her interpretation of the part of Aggie in "Within the Law."

In "A Perfect Lady" it is said that Miss Noyes has a part which will give her many opportunities to display her talents for comedy.

"The Shepherd of the Hills" is a No modern writer of fiction can claim as many readers as Harold Bell Wright, his books having sold into the millions. The most popular of the Wright novels, "The Shepherd of the Hills," has been made into a play by Mr. Wright with the assistance of Elsie W. Reynolds. The second presentation of "The Shepherd of the Hills" in this city will be given at the Majestic Monday, with a special matinee. The story has been so widely read that a resume of it is practically unnecessary. It is a story of the Ozark mountains and of a people that live whole, some, clean lives, who do big things in a matter-of-fact manner. It is a play that makes its auditor a better man or woman for having seen it. Adv.

Fritzi Scheff
Fritzi Scheff in "Pretty Mrs. Smith" will be seen at the Majestic Wednesday evening, coming direct from the Casino theatre, New York. "Pretty Mrs. Smith" is a musical play in three acts. Books by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris, lyrics by Earl Carroll and is further elaborated by the tuncful musical score of Henry James and Alfred Robyn.

It is presented as something different in the way of light musical entertainment and is founded upon the appeal of a well-constructed comedy of musical leanings. There were numerous musical additions, but these have been subordinated to the main theme without losing any of their catchiness. The score serves to speed the action instead of obtruding into the story.

As Drucille Smith, a much married sojourner at Palm Beach, Miss Scheff has about the best role she has had during her successful career on the light opera stage. Her supporting company is made up of Charlotte Greenwood, Sydney Grant and George Anderson, Charles Urcell, Theodore Babcock, Lilian Tucker, James Gleason, Grace Shore, Daisy Burton, Ocie Williams, Dolores Parquette, Louise Cook, Marcie

de Marquis, J. R. Ryan, J. H. Child Harold Proctor, J. Van Ryan and Mild Marcell.

At the Orpheum
Nat M. Wills, most celebrated vaudeville's funsters, continues to be a laughing sensation at the Orpheum. His rollicks are as crisp, new, and equally as funny, but his facial expressions and manner of delivery are even funnier. Nat starts his audience laughing the minute he strolls before the footlights. With his "fried egg" hat, ragged togs and a million badges covering his waistcoat, he comes out smiling and looking as happy as if he were a millionaire. If it possible for a tramp to be as happy as Nat Wills then there are a lot of tramps with at least something on the "gold grabbers." Nat reads some war telegrams that he says were sent to him and, while his audience laughs so heartily that he can't read further, he gives a twist of his elongated tongue, a pronounced stamp of the foot and the house roars.

If you enjoy hearty laughter, you can't afford to miss the unusual engagement of Nat M. Wills at the Orpheum this week. He appears as the headline attraction of a Keith bill of rare merit and variety. In keeping with the usual custom of presenting a bill of much merit for Thanksgiving week, the management is to-day announcing a strongly-balanced bill that is said to contain mostly attractions that run along lines of the light entertainment.

The most pretentious act of the bill will be the first local appearance of the Golden Troupe of twelve Russian artists, offering a spectacular song and dance attraction. Many clever comedians and talented and pretty young women appear in the supporting attractions. Adv.

At the Colonial
This will be "tango night" at the Colonial. In addition to the fine vaudeville bill that came to the Busy Corner for the last half of the week, there will be an added attraction for to-night only. Professor Alles and his dancing partner, Miss Smith, will first give an exhibition of some of the late dances and they will then take charge of a free-for-all dancing contest, to be indulged in by persons in the audience.

These dancing experts will decide the winner of the contest. Prizes will be awarded. The vaudeville roster includes John P. Wade and company, heading three other good Keith acts, "The Lure of the Sawdust," with E. Coxen and Winifred Greenwood, is a tracing many lovers of high-class "movies." Adv.

Ducks Are Plentiful
Wildwood, N. J., Nov. 20.—Wildwood sportsmen have given up the field sport and rabbit gunning for duck shooting. Seldom have the ducks been so plentiful in the sounds and meadowlands in this vicinity and good bag are very common.

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ATE MORPHINE BY SPOONFUL

Despite That Miner Is Apparently Cured of Drug Habit
Spokane, Wash., Nov. 20.—Frank Miller, a miner, who avers he was taking enough morphine daily last month to kill twelve men, has been under treatment at the county jail for three weeks and declares he is completely cured of his craving for drugs.

Miller was in an emaciated condition when he staggered into the office of the county physician last month and begged to be locked up, as he was eating morphine at the rate of a spoonful

per day. Dr. D. F. Sells has apparently cured him.

"I got the habit from taking medicine and could not give up the drug," said Miller. "I go so I took about 20 grains a day, which is enough to kill a dozen men."

Train Robber Kills Conductor
Eagle Grove, Ia., Nov. 20.—William J. Reynolds, a freight conductor on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, was shot and killed by a robber who entered the caboose just after the train had left Bradgate.