

FEW MINUTES! NO INDIGESTION, GAS, SOUR STOMACH--PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN

Digests All Food, Absorbs Gases and Stops Fermentation at Once

Wonder what upset your stomach--which portion of the food did the damage--do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt; if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; your head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and cravat undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated--just take Pape's Diapepsin, and in five minutes

you will wonder what became of the indigestion and distress. Millions of men and women to-day know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps the stomach regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear. If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion, if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin, which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful--it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is astonishing. Please don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.--Adv.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Some Tasty Recipes

The following easily prepared luncheon dishes are especially compiled for those readers who enjoy making delicious new combinations with small amounts of leftovers.

Beef Cecilis--Grind or chop cold beef very fine and add to each cupful the yolk of one egg, two tablespoons of crumbs and one tablespoon of butter. Season to suit your taste. Mold into balls or croquette shapes and bread or flour. Fry in deep fat or spread with butter and brown in hot oven. Serve with horseradish sauce.

Make above sauce thus: One tablespoon of melted butter mixed with one of flour and added to one cup of beef broth or one quarter cup of rich gravy. Stir until it is cooking briskly and is smooth. If gravy is used add one-half cup of milk. When done add one-quarter cup of grated horseradish and salt to taste.

to each cupful of potatoes and thicken with cornstarch. Add a little minced parsley after they are in the serving tureen and over the top sprinkle a little paprika. Or you may put the potatoes and butter in a casserole and cover with cream sauce and then grate cheese over top and bake until the dish is bubbling. This last is called potatoes au gratin.

Macaroni and Corn--Fill a baking dish with alternate layers of cold cooked macaroni, or spaghetti or noodles, and corn. Season each layer with salt, pepper and butter. Pour milk to almost cover over all and bake slowly in moderate oven.

The average housekeeper seems never to think that left over eggs can be used by cooking them again until quite done and utilizing them in salads and in garnishes. There is a little contrivance on sale in housefurnishing stores called an egg press that cuts the cooked egg in tiny shreds and makes it attractive for creamed dishes and for many things in the cookery line.

DAILY MENU

Fruit	Cereal	Rolls
Chops	Coffee	Eggs
Luncheon		
Potage Blanc		
Salmi of Lamb	Cheese Sticks	
Tomato Jelly with Cucumbers	Corn Bread	Buttermilk
Dinner		
Cream of Potato Soup		
Toasted, Buttered Bread Sticks	Breaded Cutlets	
Relishes		
Mashed Potatoes	Curried Rice	
Beans Vinaigrette		
Apple Pie	Cheese	Coffee

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Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.48 a. m., 2.18, 3.27, 4.30 p. m.
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PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title--Illustrations From Photographs of the Play

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(CONTINUED.)
"My father knew I would respect his wishes."
"He was equally responsible for me, yet he leaves me to your care--a Kingsnorth! The men misters and the women slaves! That is the Kingsnorth doctrine."

A servant came in to tell Angela the doctor had come. Without a word Angela went out to see to the wounded man. The servant followed her.

Let alone, Nathaniel sat down, shocked and stunned, to review the interview he had just had with his younger sister.

When Angela entered the sickroom she found Dr. McGinnis, a cheery, bright-eyed, round little man of fifty, talking freely to the patient and punctuating each speech with a hearty laugh. His good humor was infectious.

The wounded agitator felt the effect of it and was trying to laugh feebly himself.

"Sure it's the fine target ye must have made with yer six feet and one inch. How could the poor soldiers help hittin' ye? Answer me that!" And the jovial doctor laughed again as he dexterously wound a bandage around O'Connell's arm.

"Aisy now while I tie the bandage, me fine fellow. Ye'll live to see the inside of an English jail yet."

He turned as he heard the door open and greeted Angela.

"Good afternoon to ye, Miss Kingsnorth. Faith, it's a blessing ye brought the boy here. There's no tellin' what the prison surgeon would have done to him. It is saltpeper, they tell me, the English doctors rub into the Irish wounds to kape them smartin'. And, by the like token, they do the same, too, in the English house of commons. Saltpeper in Ireland's wounds is what they give us."

"Is he much hurt?" asked Angela.
"Well, they've broken nothin'. Just blackened his face and made a few holes in his skin. It's buckshot they used. Buckshot! Thank the merciful Mr. Foster for that same. Buckshot Foster, as the Irish reverently call him."

"What a dastardly thing to do!" she cried.
"Ye may well say that, Miss Kingsnorth," said the merry little doctor. "But it's better than a bullet from a Martini-Henry rifle, that's what it is. And there's many a poor English landlord's got one of 'em in the back for ridin' about at night on his own land. It's a fatherly government we have, Miss Kingsnorth. 'Hurt 'em, but don't quite kill 'em,' sez they, 'and then put 'em in jail and feed them on bread and water. That'll take the fine talkin' and patriotism out of them,' sez they."

"They'll never take it out of me, they may kill me perhaps, but until they do they'll never silence me," murmured O'Connell in a voice so low, yet so bitter, that it startled Angela.

"Ye'll do that all in good time, me fine boy," said the busy little doctor. "Here, take a pull at this," and he handed the patient a glass in which he had dropped a few crystals into some water.

Dr. McGinnis said in a whisper to Angela:
"Let him have that every three hours; oftener if he wants to talk. We've got to keep his mind at rest."
"There's no danger?" asked Angela in the same tone.

"None in the world. He's got a fine constitution, and mebbe the buckshot was pretty clean. I've washed them out well."
"To think of men shot down like dogs for speaking of their country! It's horrible! It's wicked! It's monstrous!"

"Faith, the English don't know what else to do with them, miss. It's no use arguin' with the like of him. That man lyin' on that bed 'ud talk the hind foot off a heifer. The only way to kape the likes of him quiet is to shoot him, and begob they have."

"I heard you, doctor," came from the bed. "If they'd killed me today there would be a thousand voices rise all over Ireland to take the place of mine."
"Faith, I'd rather kape me own life than to have a hundred thousand speakin' for me and me dead. Is it long yer stayin' here?" and the little man picked up his hat.

"I don't know," said Angela.
"Well, it's you they'll miss when ye're gone, Miss Kingsnorth. Faith, if all the English were like you this sort of thing couldn't happen."
"We don't try to understand the people, doctor. We just govern them blindly and ignorantly."
"Faith, it's small blame to the English. We're a mighty hard race to make head or tail of, and that's a fact--cryin' salt tears at the bedside of a sick child and lavin' to shoot a poor man in the ribs for darin' to ask for his rint."

"They're not Irishmen," came from the sickbed.
"Faith, and they are, now. And it's small wonder the men who sit in Whitehall in London trate them like savages."
"I've seen things since I've been here that would justify almost anything," cried Angela. "I've seen suffering no one in England dreamed of; misery that London, with all its poverty and wretchedness, could not com-

"I know, I know!" Angela replied. "And many a time when I was a child my mother and I cried over it."
He looked at her curiously. "You and yer mother cried over us?"
"We did. Indeed we did."
"They say the heart of England is in its womankind. But they have nothing to do with her laws."
"They will have some day."
"It'll be a long time comin', I'm thinkin'. If they take so long to free a whole country how long do ye suppose it'll take them to free a whole sex--and the female one at that?"
"It will come!" she said resolutely.
"And you cried over Ireland's sorrows?"
"As a child and as a woman," said Angela.

"And ye've gone about here tryin' to help them, too, haven't ye?"
"I could do very little."
"Well, the spirit is there--and the heart is there. If they hadn't liked you it's the sorry time maybe yer brother would have."

He paused again, looking at her intently, while his fingers clutched the coverlet convulsively as if to stifle a cry of pain.
"May I ask ye yer name?" he gasped.
"Angela," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Angela," he repeated. "Angela! It's well named ye are. It's the ministerin' angel ye've been down here--to the people--and--to me."
"Don't talk any more now. Rest."
"Rest is it, with all the trouble in the world beatin' in me brain and throbbin' in me heart?"
"Try to sleep until the doctor comes tonight."

He lay back and closed his eyes. Angela sat perfectly still.
In a few minutes he opened them again. There was a new light in his eyes and a smile on his lips.
"Ye heard me speak, did ye?"
"Yes."
"Where were ye?"
"Above you, behind a bank of trees."
A playful smile played around his lips as he said, "It was a good speech, wasn't it?"

"I thought it wonderful!" Angela answered.
"And what were yer feelin's listenin' to a man urgin' the people against yer own country?"
"I felt I wanted to stand beside you and echo everything you said."
"Did you?" And his eyes blazed and his voice rose.

"You spoke as some prophet speakin' in a wilderness of sorrow trying to bring them comfort."
He smiled wistfully as he said in a weary voice:
"I tried to bring them comfort, and I got them broken heads and buckshot."
"It's only through suffering every great cause triumphs," said Angela.
"Then the Irish should triumph some day. They've suffered enough, God knows."

"They will," said Angela eagerly. "Oh, how I wish I'd been born a man to throw in my lot with the weak, to bring comfort to sorrow, freedom to the oppressed, joy to wretchedness! That is your mission. How I envy you! I glory in what the future has in store for you. Live for it! Live for it!"

"I will!" cried O'Connell. "Some day the yoke will be lifted from us. God grant that mine will be the hand to help to do it. God grant I am alive to see it done. That day'll be worth livin' for--to bring recognition from our enemies, to--to--to--" He sank back weakly on the pillow, his voice falling to a whisper.

Angela brought him some water and helped him up while he drank it. She smoothed back the shining hair--red, shot through gold--from his forehead. He thanked her with a look. Suddenly he burst into tears. The strain of the day had snapped his self control at last. The floodgates were opened. He sobbed and sobbed like some tired, hurt child. Angela tried to comfort him. In a moment she was crying too. He took her hand and kissed it repeatedly, the tears falling on it as he did so. "God bless ye! God bless ye!" he cried.

In that moment of self-revelation their hearts went out to each other. Neither had known happiness nor love--nor pain!

To Be Continued.

London's Costly Tree

Probably the most costly tree in the world is a plane tree which grows in Wood street, London. It occupies a space that would bring a rental of \$1,250 a year, and this capitalized at thirty years' purchase gives a value of \$37,500.

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\$2,000,000 TRENTON FIRE

Roebling Plant and Twenty-Seven Homes Destroyed in New Jersey Capital Last Night

Trenton, Jan. 19.--An entire section of Trenton was nearly wiped out last night by a fire that started from an unknown cause in the insulated wire department of the John A. Roebling & Sons Company plant along the Delaware and Raritan canal. The damage will amount to upward of \$2,000,000, and some estimates place it at \$5,000,000, although the officials of the plant say this is high. There is an insurance of \$750,000.

The fire spread with amazing rapidity in the old building that is known as the Buckhorn plant, and it soon had the large new insulated wire plant in flames. This building was 300 feet long and employed upward of 600 men night and day.

The entire Trenton fire department was called out, but no headway could be made against the flames, which spread as though they were feeding upon oil. In less than an hour twenty-seven homes in the vicinity were gutted, in addition to the two big mills. The flames spread to the John L. Mott plant, some distance away, but they were watched carefully and the damage there was slight.

The New Jersey State prison is about 100 yards distant and although at no time was the institution in danger, the guards had much trouble in controlling the inmates.

The loss in buildings is estimated at about \$500,000, but the intricate wire machinery, the stock valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars and the great contracts that the Roebling Company had under way will have to be counted in.

Although the Roebling officials have never discussed the character of the work that kept these two plants working night and day when the rest of the mill was working half time, it is a well known fact that they were making trace chains for the artillery of the

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The Star-Independent Calendar for 1915 is another of the handsome series, featuring important local views, issued by this paper for many years. It is 11x14 inches in size and shows a picture, extraordinary for clearness and detail, of the "Old Capitol," built 1818 and destroyed by fire in 1897. It is in fine half-tone effect and will be appreciated for its historic value as well as for its beauty.

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