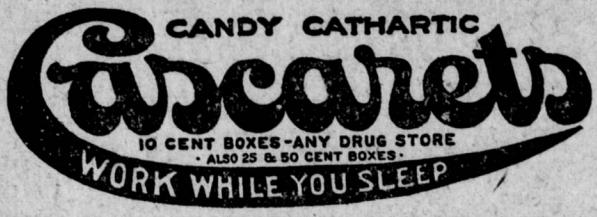


HEADACHY, BILIOUS, STOMACH SOUR? REGULATE YOUR BOWELS! 10 CENTS

You're bilious! You have a throbbing sensation in your head, a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes hurt, your skin is yellow with dark rings under your eyes, your lips are parched. No wonder you feel ugly, mean and ill-tempered. Your system is full of bile and constipated waste not properly passed off and what you need is a cleaning up "inside." Don't continue being a bilious, constituted nuisance to yourself and those who love you, and don't resort to harsh

physics that irritate and injure. Remember, that your sour, disordered stomach, lazy liver, and clogged bowels can be quickly cleaned and regulated by morning with gentle, thorough Castorets; a 10-cent box will keep you clear and full for months. Get Castorets now—wake up refreshed—feel like doing a good day's work—make yourself pleasant and useful. Clean up! Cheer up!



HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Knives, Forks and Spoons

Sets of kitchen knives may sound extravagant to the woman who has managed to keep house for years with one kitchen knife and that an indifferently good one. Really, it is a saving to have a "set." They come in threes, bread knife, cake knife, and paring knife, and range all along the scale of prices according to whether they are hand-forged, drop-forged, or stamped. Some are "made in America" and some abroad, but the American made ones are just as fine, if you will pay the same price for them, as the imported ones. Good steel knives and forks, with fine temper and well made handles are worth a good price and we should pay it cheerfully for they last as long as we need them.

Kitchen knives and forks have rough wear at the best, for in cooking they are subjected to extremes of heat and cold and are left to lie in dish water and sometimes put away without drying. Then when they are found rusted they are brightened by hardest possible rubbing with bath brick.

To get best results when cooking you need the set mentioned and a butcher's knife and palette knife or spatula for turning cakes and so on. A canvas or leather pocket divided like a traveler's case makes a convenient holder for the work forks and knives, and they are easier to come at than when kept in drawers. A cork dipped into powdered pumice makes a good polisher for kitchen cutlery.

THE DAILY FASHION HINT.



Over a Brussels net frock charmingly braided in a fine design to represent a long corseted waist and flounce heading a full overskirt of filet net is hung from the waist at the sides and back. There is a touch of black velvet, the band and cravat on the high collar.

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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.)

"Plaze, sir, take me with ye an' send me back to New York. I'd rather go home. Indade I would! I don't want to be a lady. I want me father. Plaze take me with ye."

"Oh, come, come"—Mr. Hawkes began.

"I want to go back to me father. Ethel's expressive back; lastly at Alarie fitting a cigarette into a gold mounted holder. Her whole nature cried out against them. She made one last appeal to Mr. Hawkes:

"Do send me back to my father!"

"Nonsense, my dear Miss O'Connell! You would not disappoint your father in that way, would you? Wait for a month. I'll call on the 1st, and I expect to hear only the most charming things about you. Now, goodby." And he took her hand.

She looked up wistfully at him.

"Goodby, sir. An' thank ye very much for bein' so kind to me."

Hawkes bowed to Mrs. Chichester and Ethel went to the door.

"Have a cab?" asked Alarie.

"No; thank you," replied the lawyer. "I have no luggage. Like the walk. Good day." And Peg's only friend in England passed out and left her to face this terrible English family alone.

"Your name is Margaret," said Mrs. Chichester as the door closed on Mr. Hawkes.

"No, ma'am," Peg began, but immediately corrected herself; "no, aunt—I beg your pardon—no, aunt—my name is Peg!" cried she earnestly.

"That is only a corruption. We will call you Margaret," insisted Mrs. Chichester, dismissing the subject once and for all.

But Peg was not to be turned so lightly aside. She stuck to her point.

"I wouldn't know myself as Margaret—Indade I wouldn't. I might forget to answer to the name of Margaret." She stopped her pleading tone and said determinedly, "My name is Peg." Then a little softer and more plaintively she added: "Me father always calls me Peg. It would put me in mind of me father if you'd let me be called Peg, aunt." She ended her plea with a little yearning cry.

"Kindly leave your father out of the conversation," snapped the old lady severely.

"Then it's all I will have him out of," cried Peg, springing up and confronting the stately lady of the house.

Mrs. Chichester regarded her in astonishment and anger.

"No temper, if you please," and she motioned Peg to resume her seat.

Poor Peg sat down, breathing hard, her fingers locking and unlocking, her starch little heart aching for the one human being she was told not to refer to.

This house was not going to hold her a prisoner if her father's name was to be slighted or ignored. On that point she was determined. Back to America she would go if her father's name was ever insulted before her.

Mrs. Chichester's voice broke the silence:

"You must take my daughter as your model in all things."

Peg looked at Ethel and all her anger vanished temporarily. The idea of taking that young lady as a model appealed to her as being irresistibly amusing. She smiled broadly at Ethel.

Mrs. Chichester went on:

"Everything my daughter does you must try to imitate. You could not have a better example. Mold yourself from her."

"Imitate her, is it?" asked Peg innocently, with a twinkle in her eye and the suggestion of impishness in her manner.

"So far as lies in your power," replied Mrs. Chichester.

A picture of Ethel struggling in Brent's arms suddenly flashed across Peg, and before she could restrain herself she had said in exact imitation of her cousin:

"Please don't! It is so hot this morning!"

Then Peg laughed loudly to Ethel's horror and Mrs. Chichester's disgust.

"How dare you!" cried her aunt.

Peg looked at her a moment; all the mirth died away.

"Mustn't I laugh in this house?" she asked.

"You have a great deal to learn. Your education will begin tomorrow."

"Sure, that will be fine," and she chuckled.

CHAPTER XVIII. Peg's New Surroundings.

Peg's little heart was craving for some show of kindness. If she were going to stay there she would make the best of it. She would make some friendly advances to them. She held her hand out to Mrs. Chichester.

"I sure I'm very grateful to you for takin' me to live with ye here. An' me father will be too. But, ye see, it's all so strange to me here, an' I'm so far away—an' I miss me father so much."

Mrs. Chichester, ignoring the outstretched hand, stopped her peremptorily:

"Go with him!" And she pointed up the stairs, on the first landing of which stood the portly Jarvis waiting to conduct Peg out of the family's sight.

Peg dropped a little courtesy to Mrs. Chichester, smiled at Ethel, looked softly at Alarie, then ran up the stairs.

PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

TURKISH SOLDIERS.

They Are Always Prepared and Ever Willing to Fight.

The popular western conception of the Turkish army is something in the nature of a wild zouave, marshaled in battalions and fired with a fanatical, homicidal mania. But nowhere in Turkey will you find such a conception realized.

The great majority of Ottoman regulars are singularly plain, unpretentious, unpretentious soldiers. On their heads they wear either gray bashisks wound turbanwise, or plain fezzes or "kalaks" of a yellowish brown color corresponding to their German made uniforms of rough woolen cloth. Their legs are wound in bulky way with the same material in a Turkish conception of a puttee, and on their feet either short boots or the soft leather moccasin-like shoes of the Balkans give them a comfortable agricultural look.

Simply or in bulk, there is nothing at all smart about them, but they look exceedingly equal to the delivery of the goods. Altogether they appear as well able to fade indistinguishably into the landscape as anything human could. Many of them are Anatolians and some are ruddy faced Kurds from the Caucasus. Others come from the Taurus mountains, back of Konia and Aleppo, swarthy Syrians and Arab types.

Any one of them will fight at the drop of a hat. He would not have to change anything. There is nothing about him to polish or to be kept clean. As he stands he sleeps and eats, drills, marches and goes into battle.—World's Work.

WHEN A SHELL STRIKES.

Fearful Effects of the Fire From a Big Howitzer.

A young officer of the Yorkshire Light Infantry has written to his parents a description of the effects of German artillery fire. He says in part: "I don't believe there is a man living who when first interviewing an eleven inch howitzer shell is not pink with fright. After the first ten one gets quite used to them, but really they are terrible."

"They hit a house. You can see the great shell—a black streak—just before it strikes; then, before you hear the explosion, the whole house simply lifts up into the air, apparently quite steadily; then you hear the roar, and the whole earth shakes.

"In the place where the house was there is a huge fountain spout of what looks like pink dust. It is the pulverized bricks. Then a monstrous shoot of black smoke towering up a hundred feet or more, and finally there is a curious willow-like formation, and then—you duck as huge pieces of shell and house and earth and haystacks tumble over your head. The broken pieces of shell are horribly jagged, sharp edged missiles—whatever they hit they tear, cut, lacerate and destroy.

"Yet, do you know, it is really remarkable how little damage they do against earth trenches. They seem much less destructive in soft sand or soil than when striking against a building or a masonry wall."—London Mail.

At Our Boarding House.

The Star Boarder—What is this thread in the steak? The Waitress. You asked for a steak two inches thick and we had to sew three regular steaks together, sir.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.

Train from Harrisburg to Windber, and Martinsburg, at 5.03, *7.50 a. m., 12.40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg and intermediate stations, at *5.03, *7.50, 12.40 a. m., 5.32, *7.40, 11.00 a. m.

*Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9.45 a. m., 2.18, 3.27.

For Dillsburg at 5.03, *7.50 and *11.00 a. m., 2.18, *3.40, 5.32, 6.30 p. m.

*Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

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