

## When Your Liver Becomes Lazy

you feel the evil effects at once. You have pains in your stomach, constipation and headache. Your skin breaks out in blotches and pimples. You are continually depressed by a feeling of extreme weariness.

At the first signs of a disordered liver, the wise man or woman seeks the help of Beecham's Pills. This dependable remedy stimulates the liver, assists digestion, regulates bowels and kidneys, thus eliminating all the impurities and poisons.

Beecham's Pills do their work quickly, thoroughly and gently. They leave the organs toned up and in good working order. Compound only of mild medicinal herbs—no calomel, mineral matter or anything to promote the physicizing habit.

In the six decades during which Beecham's Pills have achieved a world-wide reputation, they have also attained highest position among medicines because they have been found unequalled as a corrective remedy, and grateful users have recommended them to others.

Buy a box now. Keep them on hand and, at the first indisposition or trouble with your digestive system take Beecham's Pills. They will put you back in shape—and when your liver is lazy

## Make It Active Again With BEECHAM'S PILLS

At All Druggists, 10c, 25c.

"The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World."

Directions of special value to women with every box.

### AN OFFICER'S EXPERIENCE ON THE AISNE HEIGHTS



"I COULD HEAR THE GERMAN CREEPING UP BEHIND ME AS I LAY ON THE STUBBLE."

This scene, drawn especially for this newspaper, the New York Herald and the London Sphere, by Philip Dadd, depicts an attack upon the heights of the Aisne and the experience of a Scottish officer who took part in the action. "The scene," he writes, "is vividly impressed on my memory, for I lay there for three days until rescued. I was knocked down by shrapnel wounds in the head and legs. I tried to make myself as comfortable as possible by arranging my knapsack under my head. Shells burst round us from time to time and I was touched by flying fragments, but received no further hurt. Toward evening we heard Germans approaching. Some of my men had drawn themselves toward the corn stacks and lay half buried in them. We all 'froze' that is, remained perfectly still and stiff, while the Germans crept nearer and nearer. As the dusk darkened into night they began to use us as cover in order to fire on the British troops. I was myself subjected to this treatment. Finally we were rescued by a British patrol whom one of my men managed to hail, my own lungs being temporarily out of action."

#### HIT BY AUTO, TWO SUE

Each Plaintiff Wants \$10,000 Damages From Mount Carmel Man

Sunbury, Pa., May 5.—Damage suits, each for \$10,000, were brought yesterday by Bernard McGinley and William Finnel, against L. W. Weissinger,

a wealthy Mt. Carmel packer, in the Common Pleas Court here. They were run down by an automobile June 18, 1913.

Finnel says he was dragged 100 yards before the machine was stopped. McGinley is a ex-star basketball player on the Locust Gap team, and Finnel is an amateur boxer.

#### KILLED IN DUAL OF WOMEN

Neighbors Fight Over Land Lines and Victor Offers to Surrender

Morgan, Ga., May 5.—After a bitter quarrel, said to have originated over land boundaries, Miss Mamie Reed and Mrs. Lillie McDonald, by agreement, went to their homes, armed themselves and then met in the public road and fought a duel, in which Miss Reed was instantly killed. The duel was fought about two miles from here, and there were no witnesses. After killing Miss Reed, Mrs. McDonald came here, told her story to the Sheriff and offered to surrender, but the Sheriff refused to take her into custody, as no warrant had been issued.

Mrs. McDonald was unmoved in relating the story of the duel. She stated that when she and Miss Reed met at the place agreed upon, the latter fired first, but missed. "I returned the fire instantly," said Mrs. McDonald, "and killed her."

Both women are widely known in this section. Miss Reed, who was about 40 years old, had lived for many years on her plantation. Mrs. McDonald is 30 years of age, the wife of a wealthy planter and the mother of several children. The women had quarreled repeatedly about land lines.

Fourth Regiment Promotions Lancaster, Pa., May 5.—First Lieutenant James N. Lightner, a member of the Lancaster Bar, was yesterday elected captain of Company K, Fourth Regiment, National Guard, to succeed Captain Quintin O. Reitzel, promoted to the rank of major. Second Lieutenant B. F. Charles was elected first lieutenant and Sergeant David N. Trapnell second lieutenant.

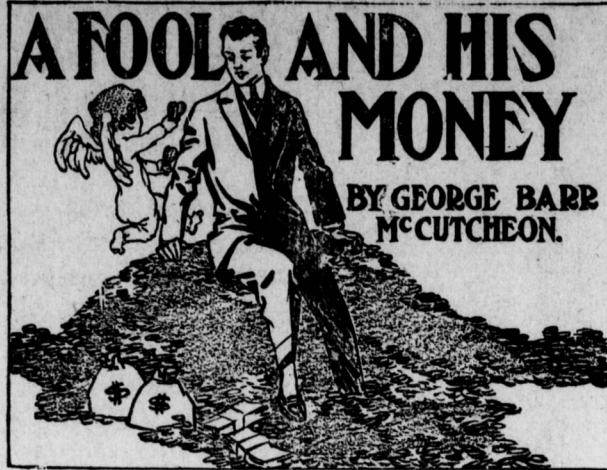
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Made by John C. Herman & Co.



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#### CONTINUED

"Indeed?" "It is very interesting, Mr. Smart. Rather beats any novel I've read lately. We've brought it quite up to date. I wrote at least three pages about the dinner last night. If I am to believe what she puts into her diary it must have been a delightful occasion, as the newspapers would say."

I was somewhat mollified. "What did she have to say about it, Fred?" I asked. It always pleased him to be called Fred.

"That would be betraying a confidence," said he. "I will say this much however—I think I wrote your name fifty times or more in connection with it."

"Rubbish!" said I. "Not at all," said he, with agreeable spirit.

A sudden chill came over me. "She isn't figuring on having it published is she?"

"I can't say as to that," was his disquieting reply. "It wasn't any of my business, so I didn't ask."

"Oh," said I, "I see."

"I think it is safe to assume, however, that it is not meant for publication," said he. "It strikes me as being a bit too personal. There are parts of it that I don't believe she'd dare put into print, although she reeled them off to me without so much as a blush."

"Pon my soul, Mr. Smart, I never was so embarrassed in my life. She—"

"Never mind," I interrupted hastily. "Don't tell tales out of school."

He was silent for a moment, fingering his big eyeglasses nervously. "It may please you to know that she thinks you are an exceedingly nice man."

"No, it doesn't," I roared furiously. "I'm blamed if I like being called an exceedingly nice man."

"They were my words, sir, not hers," he explained desperately. "I was merely putting two and two together—forming an opinion from her manner, not from her words. She is very particular to mention everything you do for her and thanks me if I call her attention to anything she may have forgotten. She certainly appreciates your kindness to the baby."

"That is extremely gratifying," said I acidly.

He hesitated once more. "Of course you understand that the divorce itself is absolute. It's only the matter of the child that remains unsettled. The—"

I fairly barked a him. "What the mischief do you mean by that, sir? What has the divorce got to do with it?"

"A great deal, I should say," said he, with the rare, almost superhuman patience that has made him so valuable to me.

"Upon my soul!" was all that I could say.

Hawkes rapped on the door luckily at that instant.

"The men from the telephone company are here, sir, and the electricians. Where are they to begin, sir?"

"Tell them to wait," said I. Then I hurried to the top of the east wing to ask if she had the least objection to an extension phone being placed in my study. She thought it would be very nice, so I returned with instructions for the men to put in three instruments—one in her room, one in mine and one in the butler's pantry. It seemed a very jolly arrangement all round. As for the electric bell system, it would speak for itself.

Toward the middle of the afternoon when Mr. Poopendyke and I were hard at work on my synopsis we were startled by a dull, mysterious pounding on the wall hard by. We paused to listen. It was quite impossible to locate the sound, which ceased almost immediately. Our first thought was that the telephone men were drilling a hole through the wall into my study. Then came the sharp rat-a-tat once more. Even as we looked about us in bewilderment the portly facade of Ludwig the Red moved out of alignment with a heart rending squeak and a long thin streak of black appeared at the inner edge of the frame, growing wider and blacker if anything—before our startled eyes.

"Are you at home?" inquired a voice that couldn't by any means have emanated from the chest of Ludwig, even in his mellowest hours.

I leaped to my feet and started across the room with great strides. My secretary's eyes were glued to the magic portrait.

"By the Lord Harry!" I cried. "Yes?" The secret door swung quietly open, laying Ludwig's face to the wall, and in the aperture stood my amazing neighbor, as lovely a creature as you'd see in a year's trip through all the galleries in the world. She was smiling down upon us from the slightly elevated position, a charming figure in the very latest Parisian hat and gown.

"I am out making afternoon calls," said she. Her face was flushed with excitement and self-consciousness. "Will you please put a chair here so that I may hop down?"

For answer I reached up a pair of valiant arms. She laughed, leaned forward and placed her hands on my shoulders. My hands found her waist, and I lifted her gently, gracefully to the floor.

"How strong you are!" she said admiringly. "How do you do, Mr. Poopendyke? Dear me, I'm not a ghost, sir."

"How do you do?" he jerked out. Then he felt of his heart. "My God, I don't believe it's going!"

Together we inspected the secret doors, going so far as to enter the room beyond, the countess peering through after us from my study. To my amazement the room was absolutely bare. Bed, trunks, garments, chairs—everything, in fact, had vanished as if whisk ed away by an all powerful genie.

"What does this mean?" I cried, turning to her.

"I don't mind sleeping upstairs now that I have a telephone," she said serenely. "Max and Rudolph moved everything up this afternoon." Poopendyke and I returned to the study. I for one was bitterly disappointed.

"I'm sorry that I had the phone put in," I said.

"Please don't call it a phone!" she objected. "I hate the word phone."

"So do I," said Poopendyke recklessly.

I glared at him. What right had he to criticize my manner of speech? He started to leave the room after a perfunctory scramble to put his papers in order, but she broke off in the middle of a sentence to urge him to remain. She announced that she was calling on both of us.

"Please don't stop your work on my account," she said and promptly sat down at his typewriter and began pecking at the keys. "You must teach me how to run a typewriter. Mr. Poopendyke, I shall be as poor as a church mouse before long, and I know father won't help me. I may have to become a stenographer."

He blushed abominably. I don't believe I've ever seen a more unattractive fellow than Poopendyke.

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"Oh, every cloud has its silver lining," said he awkwardly.

"But I am used to gold," said she. The bell on the machine tinkled.

"Another paper says that your fortune has been placed at his disposal in the fight he is making against the criminally rich Americans. In this particular article you are quoted as saying that I am a dreadful person and not fit to have the custody of a child."

"Good Lord!" I gasped helplessly.

"You also expect to do everything in your power to interest the administration at Washington in his behalf."

"Well, of all the—Oh, I say, countess, you don't believe a word of all this, do you?"

She regarded me pensively. "You have said some very mean, uncivil things to me."

"If I thought you believed—I began desperately, but her sudden smile relieved me of the necessity of jumping into the river. "By Jove, I shall write to these miserable sheets, denying every word they've printed. And what's more, I'll bring an action for damages against all of 'em. Why, it is positively atrocious! The whole world will think I despise you and—I stopped very abruptly in great confusion."

"And—you don't?" she queried, with real seriousness in her voice. "You don't despise me?"

"To Be Continued"

Synod Aids Four Churches

York, Pa., May 5.—Tonawanda, N. Y., was chosen for the next meeting of the Eastern District of the Missouri German Lutheran Synod in June, 1916, at the closing session, in St. John's church here yesterday. New congregations were admitted from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Preston, Md., and East Hamburg, N. Y.

She Was Smiling Down Upon Us.

"What do I do now?" He made the shift and the space for her.

"Go right ahead," said he. She scrambled the whole alphabet across his neat sheet, but he didn't seem to mind.

"Isn't it jolly, Mr. Smart? If Mr. Poopendyke should ever leave you I may be able to take his place as your secretary."

I bowed very low. "You may be quite sure, countess, that I shall dismiss Mr. Poopendyke the instant you apply for his job."

"And I shall most cheerfully abdicate," said he. Silly ass!

I couldn't help thinking how infinitely more attractive and perilous she would be as a tylist than the excellent young woman who had married the jeweler's clerk and what an improvement on Poopendyke!

"I came down to inquire when you would like to go exploring for buried treasure, Mr. Smart," she said after the cylinder had slipped back with a bang that almost startled her out of her pretty boots and caused her to give up typewriting then and there forevermore.

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," quoted I glibly.

She looked herself over. "If you knew how many times this gown had to be put off till tomorrow, you wouldn't ask me to ruin it the second time I've had it on my back."

"It is an uncommonly attractive gown," said I.

"Shall we set tomorrow for the treasure quest?"

"Tomorrow is Sunday."

"Can you think of a better way to kill it?"

"Yes, you might have me down here for an old fashioned midday dinner."

"Capital! Why not stay for supper, too?"

"It would be too much like spending a day with relatives," she said. "We'll go treasure hunting on Monday. I haven't the faintest notion where to look, but that shouldn't make any difference. No one else ever had. By the way, Mr. Smart, I have a bone to pick with you. Have you seen yesterday's papers? Well, in one of them there is a long account of my—of Mr. Pless' visit to your castle, and a lengthy interview in which you are quoted as saying that he is one of your dearest friends and a much maligned man who deserves the sympathy of every law abiding citizen in the land."

"An abominable lie!" I cried indignantly.

"Another paper says that your fortune has been placed at his disposal in the fight he is making against the criminally rich Americans. In this particular article you are quoted as saying that I am a dreadful person and not fit to have the custody of a child."

"Good Lord!" I gasped helplessly.

"You also expect to do everything in your power to interest the administration at Washington in his behalf."

"Well, of all the—Oh, I say, countess, you don't believe a word of all this, do you?"

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## HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

### Au Gratin Dishes

One of the most nutritious combinations that we have is that of cheese combined with vegetables and known as au gratin this, that and the other.

All these dishes are of simple form, handsome appearance, and have the advantage of being made from the beginning or from left over cooked foods.

The mode of preparing au gratin dishes is this: All foods so dressed must first be steamed, stewed or boiled until tender. Then a baking dish is rubbed with butter and the cereal or the vegetable is arranged in it with white sauce or with thickened milk or rich gravy, plentiful sprinklings of buttered crumbs and a generous quantity of cheese nicely grated.

The great thing to avoid is having the au gratin dishes too dry, yet there may not be too much butter or the flavor will be greasy, for the cheese has fat in it.

After the baking dish is filled, place it in the oven and bake just long enough to heat its contents thoroughly and to brown it nicely over the top. The surface should present an even, golden color and if the mixture is browned until it begins to burn you have not only spoiled the appearance of the dish but have ruined the texture and consistency of the cheese that is in it. Too much heat or heat applied too long makes cheeseropy, dry and tough.

Asparagus, celery, potatoes; in fact, nearly all vegetables are liked au gratin. Macaroni is wonderfully good prepared so, and is popular, as are all cereals.

The following recipe for macaroni au gratin is within the means of any inexperienced cook, and is inexpensive

as well. Macaroni au gratin: Enough well cooked and drained macaroni to fill the baking dish half full. One-quarter of a pound of dry, grated, strongly flavored cheese. Salt, butter and pepper. One cup of dry sifted crumbs, enough thickened milk to cover all. Put a layer of macaroni, a layer of crumbs and lastly a layer of cheese on the buttered dish, and so continue until all is in. The top layer should be cheese, but it must not be put on until the thickened milk is poured on. Bake as directed.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"Please give directions for making 'Float.'"

Reply.—Floating Island is the full name of the pleasing corn starch dessert you probably have reference to. Heat one quart of milk until it boils. Then stir in the following well beaten mixture: yolks of four eggs, one level cup of sugar, two tablespoons of wet corn starch dissolved in a cup of cold milk. Cook gently until a smooth, thick custard results. A double boiler should be used. Flavor with vanilla and add the whipped whites of the four eggs when the custard is cold. Dot with bits of bright colored jelly cut in fancy shapes or laid on in strips.

"Can you tell me of any way to keep effervescent beverages like ginger ale and pop fresh and sparkling after they have been opened?"

Reply.—These carbonated liquids become flat as the gas they contain escapes. There are several fasteners used by drink dispensers that keep the gas in a short while. Inquire for these at your soda counter.

Assailant Gets 23 Years

Towanda, Pa., May 5.—Robert Smith, colored, of Washington, D. C., who brutally assaulted and nearly killed Anna Croll, a white girl, two weeks ago, pleaded guilty before Judge Maxwell here yesterday, and on four counts was given 23 years, and three months in the Eastern Penitentiary.

Re-elect Officers

The Keystone State Fair and Exposition Company at its annual meeting in the Kunkel building re-elected all of its officers. The condition of the company was reported good.

HOTEL IROQUOIS

South Carolina Avenue & Beach ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Pleasantly situated, a few steps from Boardwalk. Ideal family hotel. Every modern appointment. Many rooms equipped with running water; 100 private baths. Table and service most excellent. Rates \$10.00, \$12.00, \$15.00 weekly, American plan. Book, let and calendar sent free on request.

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Calendars of above hotel can also be obtained by applying at Star-Independent office.

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320 Market Street

Fall Term September First

DAY AND NIGHT

Cumberland Valley Railroad

In Effect May 24, 1914.

Trains leave Harrisburg as follows: For Winchester and Martinsburg, at 6:05, 7:50 a. m., 3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, and intermediate stations, at 8:02, 7:10, 1:05 a. m., 1:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:45 a. m., 2:18, 2:57, 9:20, 9:50 p. m.

For Philadelphia at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:58 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32, 6:30 p. m.

Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday. J. E. FONGE, Supt.

H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.

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