

"THE QUALITY STORE"  
**Timely Bargains**  
 For Friday's Selling Only

Ladies' Fall and Winter Coats in Black Astrakhan, three-quarter length, beautifully lined throughout; English sleeves. Regularly \$12.50 and \$15.00 values. Special for Friday at .....\$10.00

EXTRA SPECIAL—A lot of broken sizes in Ladies' Sweaters in blue and cardinal; were \$2.25 to \$2.98 values. Special for Friday at, each .....\$1.98

UNUSUAL—An assortment of Ladies' Silk and Chiffon Waists of an excellent quality—all new and up-to-the-minute styles; colors are blue, brown and black and are worth up to \$5.69. Special for Friday at, each .....\$1.98

Ladies' Lingerie Waists in Voile and Batiste; worth \$1.50. Special for Friday at, each .....\$1.00

Ladies' Messaline Petticoats in American Beauty and emerald green; regularly \$2.50. Special for Friday at, each .....\$1.79

Children's Raincoats with Hats in double texture gray mixed Tweeds—sizes 8, 10, 12, 14. Regularly \$3.50 values. Special for Friday at, each .....\$2.98

27x54-inch Velvet Rugs in new and distinctive designs—all beautiful colorings; worth \$1.69 each. Special for Friday at, each .....\$1.00

Remnants of Drapery materials—Swiss, Voile, Cretonne, Nets, Laces, etc.—all in good useful lengths. Special for Friday at 25 to 50 per cent. less than regular price.

We are selling more Curtains than ever—we accumulate more odd pairs—Friday we offer exceptional bargains in ODD CURTAINS. Your choice at ONE-HALF PRICE.

Remnants of Congoleum Rug Borders—to imitate hardwood floors, some slightly imperfect; worth 50c to 60c per yard. Special for Friday at, per yard .....25c

Double bed size gray cotton blankets with pretty attractive borders; \$1.00 value. Special for Friday at, per pair .....87c

70-inch all-pure linen bleached table damask in six excellent patterns; regular \$1.00 value. Special for Friday at, per yard .....87c

Crinkle Scotch plaids in good dark and medium shades, make splendid school dresses—colors fast and needs no ironing—15c quality. Special for Friday at, per yard .....12c

32-inch Scotch Madras and Gingham in neat stripes and checks, suitable for dresses or shirts; 25c value. Special for Friday at, per yard .....17c

White Wool Flannel, soft and warm, suitable for children's undergarments; regular 22c value. Special for Friday at, per yard .....17c

45-inch bleached pillow casing, medium weight and nice even cloth, easily washed; worth 14c. Special for Friday at, per yard .....9 1/2c

"GALATEA" Cloth made for hard service—for boys' and girls' wear; splendid line of patterns in light, medium and dark colorings—sells for 17c. Special for Friday at, per yard .....12 1/2c

Dress Satines in blue and black with neat stripes and figures; splendid wearing cloth; worth 15c. Special for Friday at, per yard .....11c

36-inch all-wool French and Storm Serges, in black, garnet, brown, Copenhagen and navy blues; sells for 59c. Special for Friday at, per yard .....49c

Ladies' drawers, made of soft longcloth and trimmed with embroidery; regular 39c value. Special for Friday .....29c

Lot of odds and ends of high grade corsets, nearly all sizes; Warner's and C. B. and Royal Worcester makes; sold from \$1.00 to \$3.00. Special for Friday at HALF PRICE.

Plain and fancy ribbons in short lengths—none less than 1 1/4 yards—the remnants of our extra ribbon stock. Special for Friday at HALF PRICE.

Shadow lace and net pleatings in white and cream—different widths; sell for 25c and 50c. Special for Friday at HALF PRICE.

White patent leather Kid Crush Belts with large black patent leather bows; regularly 50c. Special for Friday at .....25c

"KADY" lisle web suspenders in wide and narrow widths, sell for 50c. Special for Friday at, per pair .....35c

PIONEER 25c lisle suspenders in light and dark colors. Special for Friday at, per pair .....19c

Solid back filled bristle hair brushes; full size, that sell for 25c regularly. Special for Friday at, each .....15c

"KEEPCLEAN" all bristle tooth brushes in junior and senior sizes; bristles guaranteed not to come out; sell for 12 1/2c. Special for Friday at, each .....8c

# THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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[Continued.]

Then a staff-officer appeared in the doorway. When he saw a woman enter the room he frowned. He had ridden from the town, which was empty of women, a fact that he regarded as a blessing. If she had been a maid servant he would have kept on his cap. Seeing that she was not, he removed it and found himself in want of words as their eyes met after she had made a gesture to the broken glass on the floor and the lacerated table top, which said too plainly:

"Do you admire your work?"

The fact that he was well groomed and freshly shaven did not in any wise dissipate in her feminine mind his connection with this destruction. He had never seen anything like the smile which went with the gesture. Her eyes were two continuing and challenging flames. Her chin was held high and steady, and the pallor of exhaustion, with the blackness of her hair and eyes, made her strangely commanding. He understood that she was not waiting for him to speak, but to go.

"I did not know that there was a woman here!" he said.

"And I did not know that officers of the Grays were accustomed to enter private houses without invitations!" she replied.

"This is a little different," he began. She interrupted him.

"But the law of the Grays is that homes should be left undisturbed, isn't it? At least, it is the law of civilization. I believe you profess, too, to protect property, do you not?"

"Why, yes!" he agreed. He wished that he could get a little respite from the steady fire of her eyes. It was embarrassing and as confusing as the white light of an impracticable logic.

"In that case, please place a guard around our house lest some more of your soldiers get out of control," she went on.

"I can do that, yes," he said. "But we are to make this a staff headquarters and must start at once to put the house in readiness."

"General Westering's headquarters?" she inquired.

He parried the question with a frown. Staff-officers never give information. They receive information and transmit orders.

"I know General Westering. You will tell him that my mother, Mrs. Galland, and our maid and myself are very tired from the entertainment he has given us, unasked, and we need sleep to-night. So you will leave us until morning and that door, sir, is the one out into the grounds."

The staff-officer bowed and went out by that door, glad to get away from Marta's eyes. His inspection of the premises with a view to plans for staff accommodation could wait. Westering would not be here for two days at least.

"Whew! What energy she has!" he thought. "I never had anybody make me feel so contemptibly unlike a gentleman in my life."

Yet Marta, returning to the hall, had to steady herself in a dizzy moment against the wall. Complete reaction had come. She craved sleep as if it were the one true, real thing in the world. She craved sleep for the clarity of mind that comes with the morning light. In the haziness of fleecy thought, as slumber drew its soft clouds around her, her last conscious visions were the pleasant ones rising free of a background of horror; of Feiler's smile when he went back to his automatic for good; of Dellarme's smile as he was dying; of Stransky's smile as Minna gave him hope; and of Hugo's face as he uttered his flute-like cry of protest. In her ears were the haunting calmness and contained force of Larstron's voice over the telephone. She was pleased to think that she had not lost her temper in her talk with the staff-officer. No, she had not fared once in indignation. It was as if she had absorbed some of Lanny's own self-control. Lanny would approve of her in that scene with an officer of the Grays. And she realized that a change had come over her—a change inexplicable and telling—and she was tired—oh, so tired! It had been exhausting work, indeed, for one woman, though she had been around the world, making war on two armies.

The general staff-officer of the Grays, who had tasted Marta's temper on his first call, when he returned the next morning did not enter unannounced. He rang the door-bell.

"I have a message for you from General Westering," he said to her. "The general expresses his deep regret at the unavoidable damage to your house and grounds and has directed that everything possible be done immediately in the way of repairs."

In proof of this the officer called attention to a group of service-corps men who were removing the sand-bags from the first terrace. Others were at work in the garden setting uprooted plants back into the earth.

"His Excellency says," continued the officer, "that, although the house is so admirably suited for staff purposes, we will find another if you desire."

He was too polite and too considerate in his attitude for Marta not to meet him in the same spirit.

"That is what we should naturally prefer," and Marta bowed her head in indecision.

"We should have to begin installing the telegraph and telephone service on the lower floor at once," he remarked.

"In fact, all arrangements must be made before the general's arrival."

"He has been a guest here before," she said reminiscently and detachedly.

Her head dropped lower, in apparent disregard of his presence, as she took counsel with herself. She was

perfectly still, without even the movement of an eye-lash. Other considerations than any he might suggest, he subtly understood, held her attention. They were the criterion by which she would at length assent or dissent, and nothing could hurry the Marta of today, who yesterday had been a creature of feverish impulse.

It seemed a long time that he was watching that wonderful profile under the very black hair, soft with the softness of flesh, yet firmly carved. She lifted her head gradually, her eyes sweeping past the spot where Dellarme had lain dying, where Feller had manned the automatic, where Stransky had thrown Pflizer over the parapet. He saw the glance arrested and focussed on the flag of the Grays, which was floating from a staff on the outskirts of the town, and slowly, glowingly, the light rippling on its folds was reflected in her face.

"She is for us! She is a Gray!" he thought triumphantly. The woman and the flag! The matter-of-fact staff-officer felt the thrill of sentiment.

"I think we can arrange it," Marta announced with a rare smile of assent. "Then I'll go back to town and set the signal-corps men to work," he said.

"And when you come you will find the house at your disposal," she assured him.

Except that he was raising his cap instead of saluting, he was conscious of withdrawing with the deference due to a superior.

In place of the smile, after he had gone, came a frown and a look in her eyes as if at something revolting; then the smile returned, to be succeeded by the frown, which was followed by an indeterminate shaking of "he head.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Tea on the Veranda Again.

It was more irritating than ever for Mrs. Galland to keep pace with her daughter's inconsistencies. Here was Marta saying coolly:

"Unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's! We have our property, our home to protect. Perhaps the Grays have come to stay for good, so graciousness is our only weapon. We cannot fight a whole army single-handed."

"You have found that out, Marta?" said Mrs. Galland.

"We have four rooms in the baron's tower and a kitchen stove," Marta proceeded. "With Minna we can make ourselves very comfortable and leave the house to the staff."

"The Gallands in their gardener's quarters! The staff of the Grays in our house! Your father will turn in his grave!" Mrs. Galland exclaimed.

"But, mother, it is not quite agreeable to think of three women living in the same house with a score of strange men!" Marta persisted.

"I had not thought of that, Marta. Of course, it would be abominable!" agreed Mrs. Galland, promptly capitulating where a point of propriety was involved.

When Marta informed the officer—the same one who had rung the door-bell on his second visit—the family's decision he appeared shocked at the idea of eviction that was implied. But, secretly pleased at the turn of events, he hastened to apologize for war's brutal necessities, and Marta's complaisance led him to consider himself something of a diplomatist. Yes, more than ever he was convinced of the wisdom of an invader ringing door-bells.

Meanwhile, the service-corps men had continued their work until now there was no vestige of war in the grounds that labor could obliterate; and masons had come to repair the walls of the house itself and plasterers to renew the broken ceilings.

All this Marta regarded in a kind of charmed wonder that an invader could be so considerate. Her manner with the officers in charge of preparations had the simplicity and ease which a woman of twenty-seven, who is not old-maidish because she is not afraid of a single future, may employ as a serene hostess. She frequently asked if there were good news.

"Yes," was the uniform reply. An unexpected setback here or resistance there, but progress, nevertheless. But she learned, too, that the first two days' fighting along the frontier had cost the Grays fifty thousand casualties.

"In order to make an omelet you must break eggs!" she remarked.

"Spoken like a true soldier—like a member of the staff!" was the reply.

In her constraint and detachment they realized her conscious appreciation of the fact that in earlier times her people had been for the Browns; but in her flashes of interest in the progress of the war, flashes from a woman's un military mind, they judged that her heart was with the Grays. And why not? Was it not natural that a woman with more than her share of intellectual perception should be on the right side? From her associations it was not to be expected that she would make an outright declaration of apostasy. This would destroy the value and the attractiveness of her conversion. Reverence for the past, for a father who had fought for the Browns, against her own convictions, made her attitude appear singularly and delicately correct.

[To Be Continued]

**CERTIFIED MILK PRICES LOWERED**

Beginning with this morning certified milk will be furnished the trade in this city under the direction of the milk commission of the Harrisburg Academy of Medicine, at twelve cents a quart, instead of fourteen. Its former price. The milk commission aims to bring the milk within the reach of a larger number of people, many of whom feel that they can ill afford to pay fourteen cents.

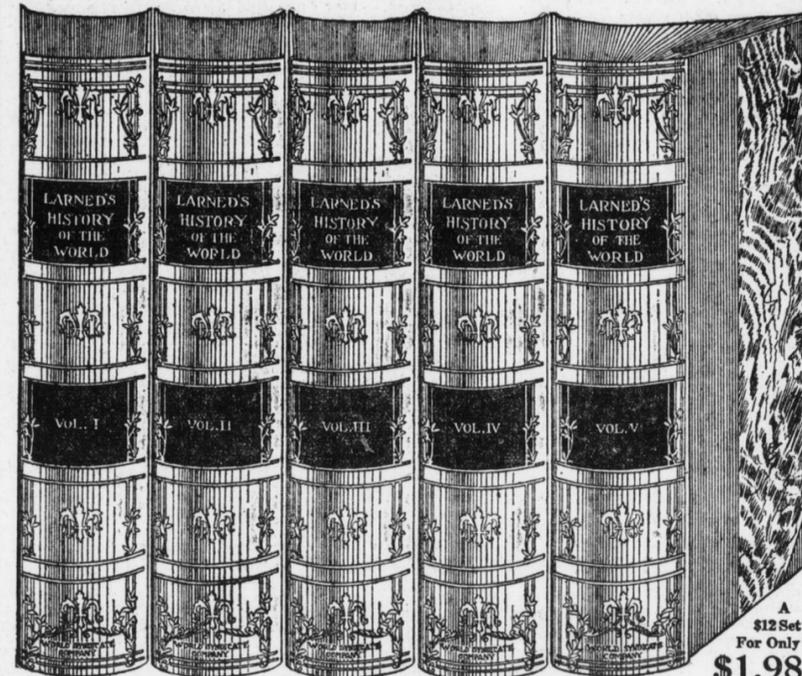
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## HARRISBURG GETS NEXT U. B. MEETING

Invitation From Sixth Street U. B. Church Is Accepted For 1915

Special to The Telegraph

Philadelphia, Oct. 1.—A large congregation assembled in the Second Unitarian Brethren Church, at Fifty-ninth and Catherine streets, at the opening session of the East Pennsylvania United Brethren annual conference. "The King's Business" was sung very enthusiastically, after which the Rev. I. H. Albright, Ph. D., of Middletown, conducted the devotional exercises. In a few appropriate words the pastor, the Rev. S. C. Enck, D. D., welcomed the members of the conference to the local church and city. The Rev. A. F. Kunkel, D. D., of Harrisburg, Va., preached a very able sermon on "Practical Old-time Religion." By special request he took the place of Bishop Weekly, who had been announced to preach.

The first business session of the Conference was called to order at 10 o'clock yesterday morning by Bishop W. M. Weekley, D. D., of Parkersburg, W. Va. Bishop Weekly then delivered the opening address, in which he reported a very encouraging gain in all the conferences thus far held. The Rev. J. A. Lyster, D. D., of Harrisburg, the recorded secretary of the conference, called the roll. The roll of deceased members was also called.

The names of John E. Morrison, of Steelton, and Comwell Beamesderfer, of Myerstown, were referred to the committee on applicants for license to preach the gospel.

The Rev. D. D. Lowery, D. D., of Harrisburg, the conference superintendent, read his twenty-first annual report. The Rev. H. J. Behney, of Manheim, submitted the report on "Sunday Schools." It was decided that the Bishop appoint a committee to plan for the holding of a Bible Conference at Mount Gretna the coming year.

The afternoon session was opened by Bishop W. M. Weekley, D. D. After the singing of a hymn the conference communion service was held, when 113

persons partook of the Lord's Supper. The report on "Temperance" was presented by the Rev. O. T. Ehrhart, of Lebanon.

The Rev. Dr. Homer Tope, State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, delivered an address on the subject.

The Bishop appointed as a committee on Mount Gretna Bible Conference the following: The Revs. D. D. Lowery, R. R. Butterwick and S. C. Enck.

A report on "Home Missions" was submitted by the Rev. A. S. Lehman, of Hummelstown, and a report on "Church Extension" was presented by the Rev. B. F. Daugherty, D. D., of Lebanon.

The Rev. I. H. Albright, Ph. D., of Middletown, read the report on "The Home," which was adopted.

The Revs. C. W. Bruehaker, D. D., general secretary of the Sunday school board, and John W. Owen, D. D., associate editor of the Sunday school literature, both of Dayton, Ohio, were granted advisory seats.

The report on "Christian Endeavor Union" was submitted by the Rev. C. Y. Ulrich, of Birdsboro.

The Rev. D. D. Lowery, D. D., of Harrisburg, was re-elected as conference superintendent for the twenty-second consecutive time.

The Rev. H. S. Kiefer, of Lykens, presented the report of the committee on nominations, which was adopted.

An invitation from Sixth Street Church, at Harrisburg, was accepted to hold the next annual conference in October, 1915.

**TO RAISE \$30,000 FOR HOSPITAL**

Special to The Telegraph

Lewistown, Pa., Oct. 1.—First guns of the campaign to raise \$30,000 for the Lewistown Hospital are booming. The forces, armed with books and pencils, have begun their rally and the money is flowing in. Up to last evening about \$5,000 had been raised. The Elks, the Eagles and other orders, the schools, the churches, the bands, the baseball teams and all such organizations are working hard for charity's sake.

## SOUR STOMACH, COLDS, HEADACHES, REGULATE YOUR BOWELS--10 CENTS

Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, constipation, the sick, sour stomach and bad colds—turn them out to-night with Cascarets.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets sweeten and regulate your stomach; remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and that misery-making gas; take the excess bile from your liver and carry off the decomposed waste matter and constipation poison from the bowels. Then you feel great.

A Cascaret to-night will straighten you out by morning—a 10-cent box from any drug store will keep your head clear, stomach sweet, liver and bowels regular and make you feel bubbly and cheerful for months. Don't forget the children.—Advertisement.

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# L.W. COOK

**Recent Deaths in Central Pennsylvania**

Special to The Telegraph

Marysville.—William F. Householder, a farmer in this valley, died yesterday of acute indigestion. He was 54 years old and moved here from York county. Funeral services will be held Sunday afternoon.

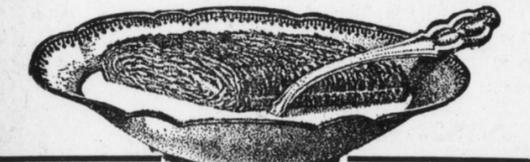
Duncannon.—The body of Adam Losh, who died at Mont Alto on Monday, was brought to the home of his mother, Mrs. Mary Losh, in Pennsylvania, where funeral services were held yesterday morning.

Duncannon.—Funeral services of Martin Luther Righter, who died on Tuesday morning, will be held at his late home to-morrow afternoon.

Shippensburg.—David Koser, West King street, died yesterday.

Bart.—Harvey Baughman, 78 years old, one of the leading men of this section, being prominent in politics, died suddenly yesterday from paralysis.

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?—Robert Louis Stevenson.



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 —in Sickness and in Health—in  
 Good Times and in Bad Times—  
 in all climes and in all seasons—

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