

Guaranteed Clothing
Soon Pays Your Clothes Bill

Low, Plain Prices
Soon Pays Your Clothes Bill

Hats
Men's Suits
Men's Overcoats
Men's Pants
Boys' Suits
Boys' Overcoats

Furs
Ladies' Hats
Ladies' Suits
Ladies' Coats
Ladies' Skirts
Ladies' Dresses

OPEN A CHARGE ACCOUNT

SEPARATE DEPARTMENT FOR MEN READY FOR FALL!
SEPARATE DEPARTMENT FOR LADIES READY FOR FALL!

This is the first Fall Announcement and it means that we are ready to fit you out with wearing apparel that is up to the minute in style, quality and price.

Men's All-Wool Mixtures Suits Worth \$18.00 - \$15.00
Men's All-Wool Serge Suits Worth \$22.50 - \$18.00
Men's All-Wool Suits - All-Wool Worth \$20.00 - \$15.00
Ladies' and Misses' COATS The latest colors \$8.98 and new effects. \$1.50

Don't miss this opportunity. Come in and look over our new styles. Remember this—we can provide every man, woman and child with up-to-date, guaranteed clothing in all the latest styles. No charge for alterations.

Ladies' and Misses' SUITS The very latest styles \$15.00
Ladies' and Misses' DRESSES The latest colors \$8.98 and new effects.

LADIES' MILLINERY assortment \$1.98 up
Ladies' and Misses' DRESSES Gowns, togas, crepe \$7.98 and new effects.

OPEN SATURDAY UNTIL 10 P. M.

ASKIN & MARINE CO.

Snappy Styles
Soon Pays Your Clothes Bill

Tailored Clothes
Soon Pays Your Clothes Bill

36 N. 2nd St.
Cor. Walnut St.

BATHING IN YOUR TRUNK
A combination trunk, laundry basket and bathtub is the novel invention of Ole C. and Hannah Lee, Ronan, Montana. The trunk is made of sheet metal, enameled inside and outside to adapt it for use as a bathtub or laundry tub, and it is also provided with an outlet at the bottom, to which a hose can readily be attached to draw off the water. Besides giving very satisfactory service as a bathtub, the trunk is a clean storage place for laundry. — Popular Science Monthly for October.

ZIRA
WONDERFULLY GREAT CIGARETTES

5 CENTS
BETTER TOBACCO MADE THEM FAMOUS

ZIRA CIGARETTES

ZIRA holds its friends! Why?
Because the "better tobacco" that wins friends, **KEEPS FRIENDS!**
In fairness to yourself, as well as to ZIRA, give ZIRA a chance to win you!
Smoke your first ZIRA!
THE MILDST CIGARETTE.

At Danville Governor Brumbaugh declared strongly for local option. "I am opposed to alcohol in every form as a beverage," he said. "and I am opposed to putting liquor in any law of the State."
Workmen in the Reading Iron Company deserted their work and greeted the Governor on the roadway. He told them "the happiest moment of my life was when my hand signed the workmen's compensation law."
In his several speeches, too, the Governor took occasion to rebuke A. Mitchell Palmer for his recent utterances that these journeys were joy rides.

A MECHANICAL MASSEUR
A machine has been invented for the purpose of reducing weight. It weighs but two hundred and thirty-five pounds, and has only forty-eight roller-wheels hung on an oscillating frame to travel over the human body from the knees to the neck. After one has undergone treatment at the hands of this mechanical monster, falling under the wheels of railroad cars no longer contains an element of danger. — Popular Science Monthly for October.

Silver Sandals
A Detective Story of Mystery, Love and Adventure.
By Clinton H. Stag
Copyright, W. J. Watt & Co., International News Service.

(Continued From Yesterday.)
The car raced along past the scattered houses.
"There's where my aunt is!" cried the girl suddenly, but the car shot past the stone gates of the big house set far back in the trees.
"Colton is going to meet us on the outskirts of Poughkeepsie!" shouted the district attorney over his shoulder.
On the car sped. Fast as it went Sydney's mind was working faster. They were speeding toward the end of the strange case. But what was the end? What was awaiting them in Poughkeepsie? Was anything awaiting there? He turned his head a bit so that he could see the district attorney in the front seat. The official's shoulders were hunched, his fingers were playing nervously on his knees. Was Colton waiting for some one who was coming? Times before Sydney had known the blind man to arrange the denouement of a case at a certain scene that would bring the confession necessary to convict the guilty. Was he doing the same here? He knew the every bit of evidence pointed toward Silver Sandals, the girl, and the waiter who had been at the restaurant. Thames, from what he had learned, was positively the man who had broken to with Colton had referred. Colton evidently knew that they were not guilty, but he realized that some part must be played that would convince others that they were innocent. The problem never finished a case without proving it beforehand.
"There they are!" It was the district attorney who discovered the big black coupe, stalled at the wheel. The automobile was drawn up at the roadside. Behind it was a runabout with a rumble seat in which Sydney recognized one of Colton's pet enemies — Police Captain McMann.
Sydney saw the blind man jump from the car, turn to the captain, and speak. The policeman and the man who was with him jumped make haste toward the car. Sydney was surprised that the blind man and McMann seemed on the best of terms. Before the big car stopped Colton was issuing orders in the car, sharply, that came when every part of him was working at high pressure.
"Get out, Sydney. You and Shrimp. Bring the crowd." The district attorney started a question. The blind man cut it sharply: "I've been issuing orders under your name and that of the police department. Your men were ordered to leave Poughkeepsie. The Poughkeepsie police were notified that the murderer had been arrested and was on his way to New York. They had connected the old man who lived in the house and the Egyptian servant in the Beaumonde. Naturally they'd see the connection. There's no one at the house now but two Egyptian servants. I tried to talk to one, but I couldn't make head or tail of him. We're going in this car that luckily was in the garage at Bracken's house. Give us ten minutes and follow."
"About me?" The district attorney got his question in this time.
"You stay here with McMann," Colton said sharply. "He's put the case in my hands. Do what he says! I've got to look over the ground first alone."
"I've got the feather," put in the district attorney, who had been glancing nervously at Bracken, who seemed to have mellowed. The thousand lines that crossed and crossed his coldness. Her eyes were on the girl; in them was the look of hunger, of desire. Beside her on the seat was the man Sydney had last seen in the restaurant; but now the black was beginning to show in the hair that had been colored with a black and white bleach. His eyes, too, were all on the girl. But there was no move. Every one was completely under the domination of the blind man.
"Hurry, Sydney," Colton snapped out the order with the impatience that was part of him at times like this.
"Who's going to drive?" McMann asked the question surprisedly as Thames took the other seat.
"I am. I've driven cars before!" Colton threw in the clutch, backed the car to the road with never a false reverberation around the wheels. His ears had located unerringly when it stopped. "Ten minutes!" he shouted back at them, and the dust cloud of his speed raised him from their sight.
"House with high wall. Egyptian-scarab gate," jerked Colton. "Use your eyes. Describe every one you see near the house. Bracken made me see the road."
It seemed but a minute to Sydney that they took in reaching the gates. Even before he spoke the blind man had slowed down the machine.
"Lotus," explained Colton. Bracken said there was a lot of it. Gate open."
"Yes! No one around!" Sydney, too, had caught the contagion. He also was talking in exclamations.
"Expect some one!" snapped Colton as he drove the car slowly through the big gate. "Watch hand of first person you see. Any one! I want a 'V' veined back. Nudge me if it is."
Up the great, winding roadway with its high-arched trees the car crawled. Sydney could see the extensive grounds, well laid out with winding paths, fringed with trees, some of them curious-looking trees that had been planted in America. The left of the house was a miniature pyramid, a roughly hewn sphinx. Before them stretched a large artificial patch of yellow sand. Everywhere was the influence of Egypt.
The house, closed, deserted, looked sinister in the dark shadows of the overhanging pines. At the porch steps two winged lions guarded the silence and gloom. A fitting climax to the case that had begun in the brilliantly lighted Beaumonde, where life and gaiety had reigned before the coming of the dead man!
Before the wide steps the car stopped at a touch of Sydney's fingers on the blind man's arm.
"Hand!" whispered Colton tensely. Sydney glanced around in surprise. No one was in sight. Then he saw that the front door was opening slowly, and, to his normal ears, silently. In the semi-darkness of the hall he saw who had opened it. A woman,

22 Stores in Penna., Ohio and West Va.

BOOK'S
REAL SHOE MAKERS
217-Market St.-217

Opposite Court House, Harrisburg, Penna.

Smart New Fall Boots
VERY SPECIALLY PRICED

Every new model of the season is shown in our display and still the prices are very reasonable.

Women's High Lace Boots, Sold Elsewhere at \$5 and \$6
\$3.95

A distinctive new high-top lace model possessing dash and individuality. Made in two styles—all mat kid or patent colt vamps with dull kid tops. All sizes.

A Variety of New Fall Styles \$5.00

Fashion's newest models patterned after the popular New York styles. Patent, dull and tan with white, black or tan kid tops. Also tan English walking shoes. All sizes.

Very Special--Women's \$1.95 \$3 and \$2.50 Shoes

Including patent and dull with cloth and kid tops in lace or button; and high and low heel styles in dull and patent. All sizes.

Women's Fall Shoes
Pretty new styles. All sizes. \$4.00 values. \$2.95

Men's Fall Shoes \$3.45
The Best Shoes in Harrisburg at this price

This classy new English model in tan and black; also many other styles in all leathers. Button or lace. All sizes. Actual \$4.50 values at \$3.45.

Men's extra strong tan and black work shoes. Double sole. \$3.50 values. \$2.45

Men's tough elk skin work shoes. Leather soles. \$2.50 values. \$1.95

Open Saturday Evening

GIRLS' SHOES \$1.00
Patent and gum metal leather; extra strong soles. Sizes to 7 1/2. Pairs. Sizes to 2. \$1.50 values.

BOYS' SHOES \$1.00
Sizes only to 13 1/2. Made of good wearing calfskin. Button or lace—\$1.50 values.

Girls' Best Wearing Fall Shoes \$1.75
Every pair made according to our instructions of best wearing patent colt and gum metal leather soles. Sizes to 2. Sold elsewhere at \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Bargain Dept. Specials
CHILD'S SHOES Patent and dull leather with colored kid tops. Sizes to 5. \$1.00 values. 79c

CHILD'S SHOES
Dongola kid and patent with velvet and colored tops. Sizes to 5. 75c values. 59c

Boys' Good Solid Fall Dress Shoes \$1.95
The best line of boys' \$1.95 shoes in Harrisburg. Better quality and better wear than most \$2.50 grades. Patent, tan and dull. Sizes to 6 1/2.

but a strangely dressed woman. Robes hung so low that they concealed her feet. A curious cap covered her head. A veil hung under her eyes concealed every part of her face. From the figure of the woman, whose looseness and fat the hanging robes could not hide, Sydney thought her old. One of the Egyptian servants! The woman made no sound, and Sydney thought again of the silent door opened by the silent woman at the grim-looking house in the Peek Slip district. He tried to see her hand, but the darkness of the hall prevented him. Colton had ordered him to see the hand, and there would be no move until he did.
For a minute the tableau remained unchanged. Then the irrepresible Shrimp broke the spell.
"Gee, Mister Colton, dere's a hoodny-kecky woman from Coney!"
Sydney thought he saw a sudden change of expression in the eyes. Then the woman stepped to the threshold of the door and waved a hand in a command to enter. The veins on the back of her hand did not form a "V."
"They crossed diagonally, over the fat, big hand that looked so like the hand of a man."
"Tut-tut the crowd, Sydney!" ordered Colton as he jumped down. "Stay where you are, Shrimp!" The boy made a grimace at being left out, but he did not demur audibly. Sydney took the box that contained the bird, and followed the blind man up the steps.
Colton walked with maddening slowness. But Sydney saw the red spots on his white cheeks over the cheek-bones; he saw the grim, ominous set of the chin, the tenseness of the thin lips. He had seen those signs before. He knew they meant the steel-spring tightness of muscles held in leash by the brain back of the dead eyes.
Without turning his head toward the woman who stood holding the door open the blind man walked past her. Sydney followed. The door closed behind them. The woman took a step forward with surprising agility. Her hand tumbled in the folds of her dress. Colton's shoulder almost knocked Sydney down as the blind man leaped past him. The blind man's weight sent the woman crashing against the wall. A blue-steel pistol clattered to the floor.
"I want you, Norman?" the blind man's voice rang out in the empty house. "Quiet! Take the handcuffs from my pocket, Sydney!"
Thames obeyed mechanically. The veil had been torn from the face, and Sydney recognized the man from having seen him around the Beaumonde.
"Cuff him to the newel post on the stairs!" ordered Colton sharply. Together they dragged the panting, cursing man to the heavy post.
"So this was the murderer!"
"No!" Colton seemed to read Sydney's very thoughts. "This is only the tool! He spoke to the raging man, 'Where is he?' he demanded,

most noiseless. Sydney knew that even Colton's wonderful ears could not follow the footfalls of the man in the robes, who was twisting and turning in the narrow paths between the pines whose branches swept the ground.
"Four! Left! Right! Left!" The guiding words fairly ran together so fast did Sydney say them.
"Never mind! Drop back!" ordered the blind man suddenly. "Hear him panting?"
Sydney would not think of letting the blind man go alone, but he could not help himself. Colton seemed to have become the sudden possessor of wings. He leaped out of sight around a clump of pines. Sydney kept doggedly after. He could hear nothing; see nothing in the thick trees. But ahead of him was a murderer, and he was a blind man!
Suddenly Colton's voice rang out: "I'll fire!"
"Come a growled, animallike curse that ended in a sudden, choked-off scream. The fall of a heavy body. Sydney Thames rounded the last tree, and stopped dead in his tracks.
On the ground was a silent figure. The robes had been torn and the trousers showed beneath them. The veil that had covered the face was beside the path. Colton was leaning over the man. He spoke, without looking up:
"Flung the pistol at the sound of his panting. Caught him in back of the head."
He turned the unconscious man over. The man who murdered John Neilson said the problemist quietly. Sydney Thames could not choke back a cry of stupefaction. The man on the ground was Manager Carl, of the Beaumonde!

(To Be Continued.)

Active Men
need active Livers.
Inactive Livers need

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Genuine bears Signature