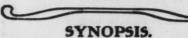
Democratice Matchman

Bellefonte, Pa., October 4, 1912.



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Freckles, a homeless boy, is hired by Boss McLean to guard the expensive tim-ber in the Limberlost from timber thieves.

Freckles does his work faithfully, makes friends with the birds and yearns to know more about nature. He lives with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan.

He resolves to get books and educate himself. He becomes interested in a huge phir of vultures and calls his bird friends

Some of the trees he is guarding are worth \$1,000 each. Freckles' books arrive. He receives a call from Wessner.

Wessner attempts to bribe Freckles to betray his trust, and Freckles whips him. McLean overhears them and witnesses the fight.

Freckles' honesty saves a precious tree. He finds the nest of the vultures and is visited by a beautiful young girl. gathered him closer and waited.

She calls Freckles McLean's son. Fre calls her "the angel" and helps the Bird Woman in taking photographs. McLean promises to adopt Freckles.

Freckles and the angel become very friendly. Assisted by the Bird Woman they drive Wessner and Black Jack, tim-ber thieves, from the Limberlost.

McLean fears more trouble, but Freckle sists upon being the sole guard of the aber. Freckles calls upon the angel's timber. fathe

The angel receives him as her equal, and her father is kind. Mrs. Duncan has exhard a minute, as if gathering his forces. Then he spoke. citing adventures in the Limberlost.

The Bird Woman and the angel again visit Freckles, and Freckles falls in love with the angel. The angel kisses him. tightened

Freckles is bound and gagged by Black Jack's gang, and the timber thieves start felling a very valuable tree. Freckles, "and I couldn't seem to

Wessner is to kill Freckles after the tree is stolen. The angel makes a daring effort to save Freckles and the tree.

McLean's men, notified by the angel, rush to save Freckles. All the timber thieves except Black Jack are captured.

[Continued from last week.] CHAPTER XVII.

NURSING A HEARTACHE. LEAN rode down to the Lim-

berlost and, stopping in the Freckles.

shade, sat waiting for own blood. She walked the streets of the town with me before her friends Along the north line came Freckles ith all the pride of a fairly staggering. When he turned east forgot herself and didn't mind the Bird Woman, and run big risks to help me out that first day, sir. This last time she walked into that gang of murderers, took their leader and twisted him to the will of her. She outdone him and raced the life almost

would mete out to her.

dle and drew Freckles up to him.

work in the dark and try to find the

"Oh, I want to tell you! I must tell

you, sir," shuddered Freckles. "I can-

not be bearing it the day out alone.

I was coming to you when I remim-

He lifted his face and gazed off

across the swale, with his jaws set

Instinctively McLean's grip on him

"I tried hard the other day." said

make you see. It's only that there

hasn't been an hour, waking or sleep-

ing, since the day she parted the

bushes and looked into me room, that

the face of her hasn't been before me

in all the tinderness, beauty and mis-

chief of it. She talked to me friendly

like. She trusted me entirely to take

right care of her. She helped me with

things about me books. She traited

me like I was born a gintleman, and

shared with me like I was of her

bered you would be here."

"It's the angel, sir." he said.

right it!"

trouble?"

higher came the head; a long, heavy. wore herself past bearing to save me from such an easy thing as death! fur coated body rose, now half, now Now, here's me, a man, a big, strong three-fourths out of the water. Freckles looked at his shaking hand man, and letting her live under that and doubted, but he gathered his fearful oath, so worse than any death forces, the shot rang out, and the otter 'twould be for her, and lifting not a lay still. He hurried down and tried finger to save her. I cannot bear it. to lift it. He could scarcely muster sir. It's killing me by inches! If any strength to carry it to the bridge. The evil comes to her through Black Jack consciousness that he really could not it comes from her angel like goodness go farther with it made Freckles reto me. Somewhere he's hiding alize the fact that he was well up to Somewhere he is waiting his chance! the limit of human endurance. He Somewhere he is reaching out for her! could bear it little, if any, longer. I tell you I cannot. I dare not be bear-Every hour the face of the angel waving it longer!" ered before him, and behind it the

"Freckles, be quiet!" said McLean, his eyes humid. "Belleve me, I did not awful distorted image of Black Jack. as he swore to the punishment he understand. I know the angel's father well. I will go to him at once. I have Freckles stopped when he came to transacted business with him for the the first guard, and telling him of his last three years. I will make him see! luck, asked him to go for the otter and I am only just beginning to realize carry it up to the cabin, as he was anxious to meet McLean. Freckles passed the second guard without seeing him, and hurried up to the boss. He day and night until Jack is located and stood silent under the eyes of McLean. disposed of. And I promise you further The boss was dumfounded. Mrs. that if I fall to move her father or Duncan had led him to expect that he make him understand the danger 1 would find Freckles in a bad way, but will maintain a guard over her until this was almost deathly. The fact Jack is caught." was apparent that the boy scarcely

McLean slid from Nellie's back, and knew what he was doing. His eyes went to examine the otter.

had a glazed, farsighted look in them. "What do you want to do with it that wrung the heart of the man that Freckles?" asked McLean. "Do you loved him. Without a thought of preknown that it is very valuable?" liminaries McLean leaned in the sad-

"I was for almost praying so, sir," said Freckles. "As I saw it coming up "My poor lad!" he said. "My poor, the bank I thought this: Once somedear lad; tell me, and we will try to where in a book there was a picture of a young girl, and she was just a breath Freckles had twisted his fingers in like the beautifulness of the angel. Her Nellie's mane. At the kind words his hands were in a muff as big as her face dropped on' McLean's thigh and body, and I thought it was so pretty. he shook with a nervous chill. McLean I think she was some queen, or the like. Do you suppose I could have this "Freckles," said McLean at last, skin tanned and made into such a muff "will you tell me, or must I set to as that-an enormous big one, sir?"

"Of course you can," said McLean. "That's a fine idea and it's easy enough. It would be a mighty fine thing for you to give to the angel as a little reminder of the Limberlost before it is despoiled, and as a souvenir of her trip for you."

Freckles lifted a face with a glow of happy color creeping into it and eyes lighting with a former brightness. Throwing his arms about McLean, he cried "Oh, how I love you! Oh, I wish I could make you know how I love you!"

McLean strained him to his breast. "God bless you, Freckles," he said. "I do know! We're going to have some good old times out of this world together, and we can't begin too soon. Would you rather sleep first, or get a bite of lunch and have the drive with me, and then rest? I don't know but sleep will come sooner and deeper to take the ride and have your mind set at ease before you lie down. Suppose you go."

"Suppose I do," said Freckles, with a glimmer of the old light in his eyes and newly found strength to shoulder the otter. Together they turned into the swale.

The Country Mother.

The splendid racial heritage given our nation in the past by the noble charac-ter, faithful affection, courage and strength in facing hardships, and the high ideals of its country mothers is in group danger of rapid extingtion theorem. grave danger of rapid extinction through the lack of a true vision on the part of the daughters of today.

I have no sympathy with a "back-to-the-farm" agitation which does not in-clude as its chief end the making of that farm a more convenient healthful home than the city can possibly provide for the same outlay.

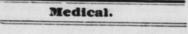
I have no sympathy with any eugenic movement which does not tend to make country motherhood so rich, so wonder-ful, so healthily joyous and natural that the city woman's barrenness shall seem by contrast a stale and joyless poverty. But after all, the ideal will be realized only to the extent and the rapidity with which the mothers and the daughters of your agony and the real danger there today themselves catch the divine fire is for the angel. I will see that she and pass it on to their sons and daugh-is fully protected every hour of the ters as the most noble end in life to hope for, to pray for, and to work for.-Wom an's World.

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> > Good News

MANY BELLEFONTE READERS HAVE

HEARD IT AND PROFITED THEREBY.



Are looked upon generally only as an annoying disfigurement, something to be annoying disfigurement, something to be got rid of in some way as speedily as pos-sible. But the pimple is only a symp-tom, and though the symptom be sup-pressed the disease is unaffected. Pimples, blotches, eruptions, are the signs of bad blood. Make the blood pure and the pimples will go away and the skin become clear and smooth. The blood can be

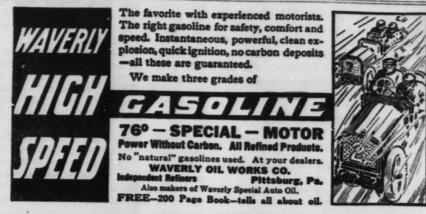
Pimples

clear and smooth. The blood can be

cleansed perfectly by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It pushes out of the body the waste matter which corrupts the blood. It increases the blood supply, and enriches every vein with a full flow of rich, pure blood. When the blood is pure the skin diseases, which are caused by impure blood, are naturally and permanently cured.

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The Pittsburgh Post.

ing draught of and is as pure as skill can posentire establishwith the very cal inventions vices known to ing, having rebottling equipsecond to none. methods of sterbefore they are scientific process the beer after it matically bottled lasting purity of bottle our beer in AMBRE bot-

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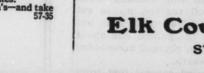
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tles, as exposure to light injures flavor.



tions were irregular in passage. Hearing a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to try them and procured a sup-ply from Green's Pharmacy Co. They cured me and I am now enjoying good health. My advice to anyone afflicted with kidney complaint is to take Doan's Kidney Pills. (Statement given October 21.1907)

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HEARD IT AND PROFITED THEREBY. "Good news travels fast," and the thous-ands of bad back sufferers in Bellefonte are glad to learn that prompt relief is within their reach. Many a lame, weak and aching back is bad no more, thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills. Our citizens are telling the good news of their experience with the Old Quaker Remedy. Here is an example worth reading: William McClellan, 244 E. Lamb St. Bellefonte, Pa., says; "Doan's Kidney Pills fixed meup in good shape and conse-quently I think highly of them. I suffered for a long time from pain and lameness across my back and some mornings I could hardly get out of bed. My back ached constantly and the kidney secre-tions were irregular in passage. Hearing a great deal shout Durit Durits and the sufficients.

RE-ENDORSEMENT.

Mr. McClellen was interviewed on Nov-ember 23, 1909 and he said: "I have tak-en Doan's Kidney Pills once or twice dur-ing the past two years, while suffering from backache and they have given me prompt relief. You are welcome to pub-lish my testimonial at any time you de-sire."

The

Divine

Sarah

Bernhardt

and reached Sleepy Snake creek, sliding through the swale like the long black snake for which it was named.

he sat down on the bridge and closed his burning eyes, but they would not stay shut. As if pulled by wires, the heavy lids flew open and the outraged nerves and muscles of his body danced, twitched and tingled.

He bent forward and idly watched the limpid little stream flowing beneath his feet. Stretching back into the swale, it came creeping between an impenetrable wall of magnificent wild flowers, vines and ferns. Milkweed. goldenrod, ironwort, ' fringed gentians, cardinal flowers and turtle head stood on the very edge of the creek, and every flower of them grew a double in the water. Wild clematis crowned with snow the heads of trees scattered here and there along the bank.

Freckles sat so still that presently the brim of his hat was covered with snake feeders, rasping their crisp wings and singing as they rested. Some of them settled on the club and one on his shoulder. He was so quiet and feathers, fur and gauze were so accustomed to him that all about the swale they went on with their daily life and forgot he was there.

The heron family waded about the mouth of the creek. Freckles idly wondered whether the nerve racking rasps they occasionally emitted indicated domestic felicity or a raging quarrel. A sheitpoke, with flaring crest, went stalking across a bare space near the creek's mouth. A

stately brown bittern waded out into the clear flowing water, lifting his feet high at every step and setting them down gingerly, as if he dreaded wetting them, and, with slightly parted beak, stood eagerly watching about him for worms. Behind him were some mighty trees of the swamp above, and below the bank glowed a solid wall of goldenrod.

No wonder the ancients had chosen yellow as the color to represent victory, for the fierce, conquering hue of the sun was in it. They had done well, too, in choosing purple as the color of royalty. It was a dignified, compelling color, and in its warm tone there was a hint of blood.

It was the Limberlost's hour to proclaim her sovereignty and triumph. Everywhere she flaunted her yellow banner and trailed the purple of her mantle. that was paler in the thistle heads, took on strength in the first opening asters, and glowed and burned in the ironwort.

Compellingly beautiful was the Limberlost, but cruel withal; far back in there bleached the uncoffined bones of her victims, and she had missed cradling him, oh, so narrowly!

Below the turtle log, a dripping silver gray head, with shining eyes, was cautiously lifted, and Freckles' hand slid around to his revolver. Higher and

out of her trying to save me. "Since I can remimber, whatever the thing was that happened to me in the beginning has been me curse. I've been bitter, hard and smarting under it hopelessly. She came by and found me voice and put hope of life and success like other men into me in spite of it.'

Freckles held up his maimed arm.

"Look at it, sir!" he said. "A thousand times I've cursed it, hanging there helpless. She took it on the street, before all the people, just as if she didn't see that it was a thing to hide and shrink from. Again and again I've had the feeling with her, if I didn't entirely forget it, that she didn't see it was gone and I must pull her sleeve and be pointing it out to her. Her touch on it was so sacred like, at times since I've caught meself looking at the awful thing near like I was proud of it, sir. If I was born your son she couldn't be treating me more as her equal, and she can't help knowing you ain't truly me father. Nobody can know the ugliness or the ignorance of me better than I do and all me lack of birth, home, relatives and money and what's it all to her?" Freckles stepped back from McLean, squared his shoulders and with a royal lift of his head looked straight

into the boss' eyes. "You saw her in the beautiful little room of her and you can't be forget ting how she begged and pleaded with you for me. She touched me body. and 'twas sanctified. She laid her lips Dockash Stoves always please. You reon me brow, and 'twas sacrament. Noduce your coal bills one-third with a Dockash. body knows the height of her better than me. Nobody's studied my depths

closer. There's no bridge for the great distance between us, sir, and, clearest of all, I'm for realizing it. But she risked terrible things when she came to me among that gang of thieves. She 57-25tf

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57-26 THE REGISTRAR, State College, Pennsylvania.

McLean noticed and spoke of the big black chickens.

"They've been hanging round out there for several days past." said Freckles. "I'll tell you what I think it means. I think the old rattler has killed something too big for him to swallow, and he's keeping guard and won't let me chickens have it. I'm just sure, from the way the birds have acted out there all summer, that it is the rattler's den. You watch them

[Continued on page 7, Col. 1.]

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