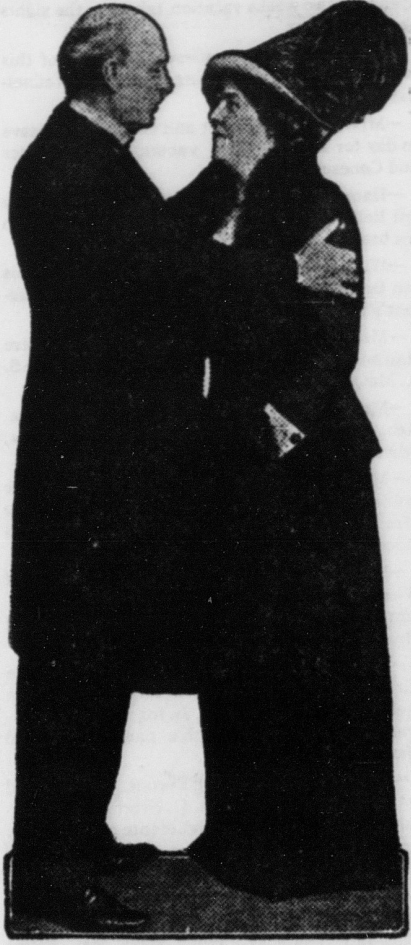


The Woman.

(Continued from page 6, Col. 4.)

"She isn't a fool. She's rather pretty, too. She's got a strange hold on



"What Was the Delay?" Asked Blake.

Tom, with the idea that the same strange hold will choke some of my cash out of my pocket. It won't. Tell Tom so. So long! I've got to chase over to the Capitol. We'll all be back in a little while for our confab with Standish. You'll keep him here if he comes before we get back?"

"Yes," she replied a little wearily. "I'll keep him here."

CHAPTER XII.

The Fortiori Hope.

For a minute or so after her father had left her, Grace Robertson busied herself in laying away her hat and furs and in putting a stray feminine touch here and there to various details of the room's disarranged appointments.

But another woman could have seen how very mechanical all Grace's movements were. At every step in the hall outside the suite, she paused and seemed to brace herself as for some ordeal. When at last the electric buzzer announced a caller, she moved with perfect calmness to the door, as though to admit a stranger. But at sight of the figure on the threshold of the opened door, her hard-won composure changed to a rigid stiffness. For the visitor was not Standish.

It was Wanda Kelly. "May I come in, Mrs. Robertson?" asked the girl nervously, glancing behind her as she spoke.

A cold inclination of the head gave the desired permission. Wanda entered, looked about; then waited while Grace closed the door.

"You know me?" asked the girl. "I think so," returned Grace, in no measure unbending. "You are Miss Kelly, aren't you? The phone girl downstairs?"

"Yes. I got one of the boys to mind the switchboard while I came up. Is—is any one in there?" she continued, glancing toward the door that led to the inner rooms of the suite. "No one," said Grace. "Why do you ask? Is your business with me so very private?"

"Yes. So private that I don't know how to begin." She paused. Grace would give her no assistance; but stood watching the younger woman with the air of one who coolly waits for a dead-beat to bring the conversation to the begging point.

"I don't know how to begin," Wanda faltered once more.

"Indeed?" queried Grace. "You haven't heard anything?" asked Wanda. "They haven't told you? Your father hasn't told you anything about me?"

"Please be more explicit." "You have heard!" exclaimed Wanda. "And yet you can stand there as if nothing had happened."

"Nothing has happened that could cause any of us real nervousness. This boyish folly of my brother's—" "Your brother's?" echoed Wanda in a bewilderment whose genuineness Grace could not doubt. "Have they dragged him into it, too?"

"Miss Kelly," said Grace, "we seem to be talking at cross-purposes. Will you kindly come to the point? What is it you think I have or haven't heard?"

"About their scheme to wreck Mr. Standish—" "Mr. Standish!"

The exclamation was out before Grace was well aware of it. But she managed, none the less, to give the quickly spoken words a turn of civil inquiry, and her face did not change.

"Yes," hurried on Wanda. "They're digging up the old scandal. They've unearthed it all except the Woman's name. They must get that before they can go ahead. When they get that name they'll use the story to ruin him—and her."

"Yes!" returned Grace, her sweet voice bare of quotation and her expres-

sion one of polite boredom. "And why should you come to me with this story? I am not interested in the seamy side of politics."

"Oh, all right," said Wanda despondently. "If that's the way you take it, it's no business of mine. But you're Tom Blake's sister and I couldn't let you run into the trap without warning you. I've done it. And I've been called impertinent for my pains. When I first found out it was you who were mixed up in the case, I said to myself: 'Let Jim Blake go ahead. Let him hit out in the dark at the Woman, and smash his own heart with the blow. It'll be fair.' Then, I got to thinking it over. And—well, I found I couldn't quite bring myself to pay off my own debts by spoiling another woman's life. I guess I'd be a failure at politics," she ended with a little laugh of self-disgust. "That's all. Good-by."

"And so," said Grace slowly, "you came to me—just to help me? You didn't think for an instant that, out of gratitude, I might help you?" "Help me? How?"

"By making it easy for you to carry out your idea of marrying my brother? Perhaps by using this scandal story as a threat to force me into helping you?" Wanda looked at her for a full half-minute in blank silence. Then, turning to the door, she said:

"I guess I was a fool to butt in." "One moment!" interposed Grace; adding, as Wanda paused: "You—you made certain insinuations about me, just now. You must prove them—you must give me your reasons for the absurd supposition that I might know anything about this Standish scandal."

"Mrs. Robertson," replied Wanda, her hand still on the door-knob, "I'm not in your class. I don't know just how women in your station of life manage such things. But it seems rather tough that you can't find a way to defend yourself without insulting me. Let that go. You want to know how I found out? I'll tell you. Early this evening Mr. Standish learned of this scheme to wreck him. He knows the story couldn't be used without the Woman's name. And Blake bluffed him into believing the machine would have the name before midnight. Mr. Standish's first thought was to warn the Woman. Just as Blake had known it would be. He called up your house in New York—"

"What of that? I was not at home this evening. I was on my way here to—"

"But Mr. Standish didn't know that." "And," pursued Grace fiercely, "just because Mr. Standish chanced to call up my husband's New York home, you've evolved this insane theory. What proof is there—beyond your unbacked word—that he called up my house?"

"The time-card at central. A list of all calls is forwarded every evening to central and—"

"That proves nothing!" declared Grace. "Nothing at all. Oh, it's a pretty trick you're playing, Miss Kelly. A very pretty trick. But it will fail. You build it all on the statement that some one called up the house of Governor Robertson. Fifty people call up our house every day. And on the strength of that, his wife is to be involved in a story of low intrigue—Oh, it's outrageous!"

"Will Mr. Standish explain to your husband why he called you up?"

"He didn't call me up. Mr. Standish could have had nothing to say to me. He'll deny every charge you make. And my word will be believed ahead of a blackmailing phone girl's. I need simply say you tried to gain my help by means of threats to—"

"You need simply say it? Will you swear to it?"

"Yes!" flashed Grace. "If the need arises. A woman's reputation isn't destroyed so easily as you seem to think, Miss Kelly."

"And the country hotel proprietor?" asked Wanda. "I forgot to say they've sent for him. He can identify the Woman who was registered as 'Mrs. Fowler'—He—"

"Do you suppose, for one moment," said Grace, white to the lips, "that my husband would subject me to the indignity of being looked over like a common criminal? I need only tell the truth—deny the whole malicious lie—and—"

"Oh!" broke in Wanda, with reluctant admiration, "you're brave, Mrs. Robertson! As brave as they make them. You're putting up a glorious fight. And I can't help liking you for it. Because I know—behind the brave front—you're sick with fear."

"You think—?" "I know it. And—believe me or not—you've got me sized up—all wrong. I—I'm not going to messy your brother. But I don't want to see his sister get into this mess. Why don't you trust me?"

"Really—?"

(Continued next week.)

Suspicious.

At the Ancestral Castle—Old Retainer (confidentially)—Yes, sir: most of us in the servants' all 'as been in the Earl's family for forty years. The Earl's Father-in-law (from Chicago)—Well, I'm sorry for you, but you can't get any forty years' back wages out of me.—Puck.

No Need to Show.

"You ought to brace up and show your wife who is running things at your house."

"It isn't necessary. She knows."—Houston Post.

Home Vaudeville.

"What's the trouble now?" "Dispute between our parlor maid and our cook as to which is the headliner of the household."—Washington Herald.

To Mothers. Most women suffer both in mind and body during the periods of gestation and confinement. Such suffering can almost invariably be avoided by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. "I will take the opportunity," writes

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Terrible Suffering

ECZEMA ALL OVER BABY'S BODY. "When my baby was four months old his face broke out with eczema, and at sixteen months of age, his face, hands and arms were in a dreadful state. The eczema spread all over his body. We had to put a mask or cloth over his face and tie up his hands. Finally we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few months he was cured." Mrs. Inez Lewis, Barling, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has effected thousands of cures where a blood-purifying medicine was needed.

There is no real substitute for it. If urged to buy any preparation said to be "just as good" you may be sure it is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs. 58-30

How to Build Up or Tear Down This Community

By J. O. LEWIS

Help Yourself by Helping Your Town.

THE attitude you maintain toward your home town—its business men and its institutions—is reflected in the success or failure of the same.

The success and happiness of every citizen in any community lie in the interest he takes in that community and the good work he can do to assist in its upbuilding. EVERYTHING YOU DO TO HELP IN THE ADVANCEMENT OF YOUR OWN COMMUNITY YOU DO JUST THAT MUCH TOWARD YOUR OWN PERSONAL SUCCESS. No man can live and prosper unto himself alone, for you are interdependent, and, realizing this, as good citizens, you should unite and pull together for the common good, and, doing this, you will prosper as a community and as individuals.

NO TOWN CAN STAND STILL. IT MUST EITHER GO FORWARD OR DECLINE, AND IT IS UP TO YOU TO SAY WHICH IT WILL BE.

Some towns hustle and grow—that is, the people hustle and the town grows. They get the habit of boosting until every citizen becomes a booster, and pretty soon its reputation spreads and it becomes known far and wide as a good town, while others lapse into a state of innocuous desuetude—an easy rock along manner—that soon classes that particular place as a dead one.

If you are knocking and complaining stop it. Nothing hurts a town more. If you cannot say something good don't say anything, and, above all, don't knock. If you are not a booster become one.

The success of the retail merchant depends on the patronage of his home people, the home jobber is largely dependent on the patronage of his home retailer, the banks are dependent likewise on the success of all, while the success and happiness of the people depend on the success of the business men.

Now, one of the greatest injuries you can do your home town or community—to the business men who are dependent on your patronage—is to order your goods from mail order houses or patronize merchants in other towns. Every dime sent from your community to a mail order house is removed entirely from local circulation. Its principal and interest are both gone, whereas the money spent with the home merchant goes immediately into circulation and in due course comes back to you.

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS ANNUALLY ARE BEING SENT TO MAIL ORDER HOUSES FROM THIS COMMUNITY, THUS DEPRIVING HOME MERCHANTS OF THEIR RIGHTFUL PATRONAGE.

And yet, no matter how much the home merchant is dependent on the patronage of his home people, he is supposed to give and to aid in every work undertaken for the material betterment of the town, and he does, being often coerced into giving by the demands of his customers, fearing to offend them because of the fear of loss of their patronage.

UNLIKE YOUR HOME MERCHANT, MAIL ORDER HOUSES PAY NO TAXES OR PRIVILEGE LICENSE TO DO BUSINESS IN YOUR COMMUNITY. NEITHER DO THEY CONTRIBUTE TO YOUR CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, PUBLIC ROADS, CHARITIES OR ANYTHING ELSE, AND, ABOVE ALL, THEY GIVE NO EMPLOYMENT TO ANY ONE IN YOUR FAMILY OR HOME TOWN.

You want your schools kept up, your churches supported, your streets kept in repair, your town properly policed and protected by a good fire fighting equipment, etc. In other words, you want your town to prosper, be well run and the people to be happy and contented. YET IF YOU ARE SENDING YOUR MONEY TO OTHER INSTITUTIONS IN OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS YOU ARE DEFEATING THE VERY OBJECT FOR WHICH YOU STRIVE.

Now, this town building is a serious matter—a great big proposition—and if you are not treating it—its business men—fairly you are not treating your self fairly. You are undermining the very foundation of your well being.

To be continued under the title, "THE FARMER AND THE MERCHANT."

Mrs. Sarah Keefer, of Johnstown, Somerset, Co., Pa., "to write to you of the benefit I derived from your good medicines, I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and I am well again. I took some medicine of our home doctor, but it did not help me. When I was confined I was not sick in any way; I did not suffer any pain."

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Advertisement for Bell Telephone Co. of Pa. featuring a telephone and a building. Text: "In Weather Extremity Lies Telephone Opportunity. What is your method—you who have no Bell Telephone—when there are errands and shopping to do? Do you plod about among the weary, pressing, hot throng to return home fatigued and disgusted? There's a simple, cool way. Invite the shops to you and accomplish in ten minutes what would otherwise take you half a day to do. You haven't a Bell Telephone? Order one to-day. Call the Business Office. The Bell Telephone Co. of Pa. W. S. MALLALIEU, Local Mgr., Bellefonte, Penna.

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