

The Woman.

(Continued from page 6, Col. 3.)

living. In all these years I've felt that if a moment like this should ever come, I could rely on your honor. I've always believed you would at least—what is the old phrase?—perjure yourself like a gentleman! It's easy enough to save yourself and call it a duty to the people. A coward can always find an excuse. Oh, I could carry it all through safely, even now, if only you were a man instead of a block of stone.

"It is too late now for reproaches," he answered. "For years I've been building up a fighting strength—waiting for the people's chance of victory. And that chance has come. If they lose, it shall not be because of their leader. I—"

"A woman's reputation is worth more than any mere political victory." "Then," he commanded, "tell your father and husband so. They are preparing to wreck a woman's life to save themselves. No code of honor stands



"You Coward! You Pitiful Hypocrite! Coward!"

in their way. They are out to win. To win at any price. And it is only fair that the filthy methods they use should come back on their own heads. If some one must be betrayed, why should it be the innocent? Why not the woman who is—guilty?"

"Matt!" she wailed, her defense all swept away, in a breath, "if you let my husband know—do you realize what it would mean? It would mean a separation—a divorce—disgrace—everlasting disgrace! Am I to pay that price for your victory?"

"That is for you to decide. I simply warn you not to let your husband and father move against me on these lines. That is all. Good-by. I will come back later to see Mr. Blake."

"Wait!" she begged. "There is one thing you can do—one thing you must do. It won't endanger your success. My father and Mark and some other men are coming here for a conference. I want you to meet them and to urge them not to use this horrible story—"

"It would be useless," he objected, though moved in spite of himself, by her absolute brokenness. "But I'll try. I promise you. I'll try my best. And I will guard your secret as long as it can be guarded. Until there is no other possible chance. Then—well, this story must be stopped. That is all. It is a waste of words for me to say how sorry I am to have made you so unhappy tonight. Good-by."

He was entirely master of himself now; cold, impersonal, phlegmatic. No one seeing him take his leave at the door of the Robertson suite would have guessed his brain contained a solitary thought beyond the possible winning of a move in his cherished political game.

The moment Standish was gone, Grace collapsed. She sank down beside the desk table, helpless to move or think. Everything was in a black whirl. The hour which for years she had dreaded; for which she had so long and so carefully prepared.

She moved convulsively. The motion brought her hand in contact with the cold metal of the telephone on the table before her. And with the touch came inspiration. Catching up the instrument she unhooked the receiver.

"Miss Kelly," she called tremulously, "is that you? You know my voice. I—I am alone here—Can you come, please? At once. I must see you—Oh, thank you—At once, please." She rose unsteadily to her feet, as might a half-senseless pugilist who will not yet give up a hopeless fight.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Odd Alliance.

The sound of a step in the hall outside brought Grace to the door. She opened it stealthily, as though bent on some mission of dire peril. And, as stealthily, Wanda slipped into the room, closing the door behind her. The two women faced each other in silence. It was Grace who spoke first.

"I—I sent for you, Miss Kelly," she began uncertainly, "because—because—oh, I'm hemmed in everywhere! I don't know which way to turn!" "I see," said Wanda quietly. "Standish is going to throw you over to save himself? I was afraid so."

"I—I said some cruel—abominable things to you a little while ago, Miss Kelly," stammered Grace. "Won't

you forgive me? You see, I was fighting for my very life. I'm sorry." "I'm sorry I was cranky," said Wanda impulsively, "and I guess I understand all about it. I thought first that Fate had let me in on this so that I could show you up. But I think now it was so I could be of some use to you. You see, there's only we two women. And we've got to fight that whole crowd."

"You'll help? You'll stand by me?" "That's what I've been trying to tell you, Mrs. Robertson. You've paid for all you did. And I don't want you to pay any more. You're a ten times better woman this minute than a lot who have the law on their side. So forget all that and let's see what we can do."

Grace, to Wanda's dismay, broke down and sobbed in hopeless wretchedness.

"Don't! Don't!" pleaded the girl. "We'll—oh, dear!" a sob choking her. "Now you've got me going! We must brace up and do something. There's plenty of spare hours for crying. But this isn't one of them. We've a bunch of trouble ahead of us. But we're going to win out. So let's get busy."

"By this time, most likely, they've applied to central for all the numbers called up from this hotel since seven o'clock tonight. We have to turn in our calls to central, you know. And one of those numbers will be the one they want. But it'll be hard for them to find which one. Yours would be the very one they wouldn't think of."

"Can't we stop them from getting the list?" "No. Their pull is too strong. But it'll take time to run all the numbers down. And time's the one thing they haven't got. Time! That's our one card. They want to use this story tonight. If we can keep them from doing that—"

"If worst comes to worst," exclaimed Grace, "I can go to my father and tell him. He loves me enough to keep it from every one. Even from Mark. It'll break his heart. But it will stop the story."

"No," decided Wanda, after a moment's thought. "It's too late for that. The thing's gone too far. Van Dyke and your husband and the rest are as keen for the name as he is. If he pretended to weaken or tried to stop them now, they'd push on in spite of him."

"Then we've got to work alone. We've got to keep them from finding out. We've got to! We've got to!" "I'd give seven dollars to know what they're doing now," mused Wanda. "It's tough to work in the dark like this."

"Suppose," suggested Grace, in sudden dread, "suppose they try to force you to tell? They're clever—and they're merciless. And—"

"They'll have a sweet time. I'd like a colored photograph of the bunch of men who can make me talk if I don't want to. No, no! Don't you worry about that, Mrs. Robertson."

"It wouldn't be as easy as you think, I'm afraid. They are so determined—"

"Yes, I suppose it would be liable to spoil the evening for them and make them real peevish. But it would take up a lot of time they haven't got."

"You won't let them break you down? Oh, I've no right to allow you to endanger your welfare for me! When they find you won't tell, they may—"

"Don't let that keep you awake, Mrs. Robertson. I know I'm taking chances in bucking the machine. Lord knows what they'll do to me. But it's worth the risk. And I'm going to stand by you till the cows come home. We—"

A rattling, as some one in the hall tried the outer door of the suite, brought both women to their feet in wordless fear. Then Mark Robertson's voice reached them.

"Grace!" called Robertson from the hall. "Are you asleep? The door's locked."

"This way," whispered Grace, pointing to the inner rooms of the suite.

"Go down the passage. There's another door at the end of it, leading out into the hall."

"All right," whispered Wanda in reply. "Good luck to you. Keep your nerve. That's the main thing. Just keep your nerve."

"Grace!" called Mark impatiently. Grace crossed to the locked door, paused a moment until she heard the door at the far end of the suite open and close, then unlocked the outer door.

"Did you fall asleep?" asked Mark, as he came in. "How did the door happen to be locked?" (Continued next week.)

In the Tower of London are yet preserved some of the relics of the past when men used "the thumb-screw and the rack for the glory of the Lord." Some of these instruments of torture are dyed deep with the blood of the unfortunates who suffered from them, and many of these sufferers were women. We shudder at the thought, and yet women today are undergoing a slow torture, incomparably more severe than the torments of the torture chamber. When the nerves are racked ceaselessly, when the day is joyless and the night is sleepless, many a woman sees the gaunt, wild-eyed phantom of insanity clutching at her in the darkness. Even insanity, when caused by disease of the womanly organs, has been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has cured St. Vitus' dance and other forms of nervous disease. It is a medicine remarkable for its direct action upon the delicate female organs, and its wonderful healing power. It heals ulceration and inflammation, cures female weakness, soothes pain and tones up the nervous system. It contains no alcohol, and is altogether free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Taking Chances.

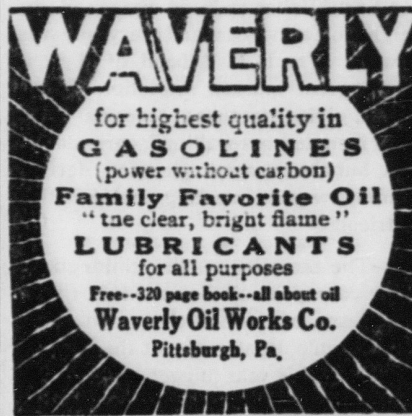
There is no more reckless fighter than the American soldier. The American citizen in uniform. His recklessness is characteristic of the man, whether working or fighting. He is always taking chances. The worst feature of this recklessness is the way in which men take chances with their health. Symptom after symptom warns of increasing physical derangement. But they run by all danger signals,—often to collapse in a

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Loss of Appetite

Is loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a forerunner of prostrating disease. It is serious and especially so to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand. The best medicine to take for it is the great constitutional remedy, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and enriches the blood. "Since I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla my appetite has greatly increased. I also sleep better. I recommend this medicine to all who are suffering from indigestion, nervousness or impure blood."—John Bell, Jr., 623 Lafayette Av., Brooklyn, N. Y. There is no real substitute for HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs. 58-57

Waverly Oils.



total wreck. If there is undue fullness after eating, or bad taste in the mouth, spots before the eyes, loss of appetite, or sleeplessness, heed the warning of nature and put the stomach, blood and liver in a healthy condition. It can be done by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures ninety-eight per cent. of all who give it a fair trial.

—For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

How to Build Up or Tear Down This Community

BY J. O. LEWIS

The Strength of the Wheel.

THE wheel, composed of hub, spokes and tire, is one of the most useful and one of the strongest of man's mechanical devices. It also illustrates well the manner in which various parts are needed to make a perfect whole. A GOOD TOWN, A CENTER OF TRADE, RESEMBLES A WHEEL. With all of its contributing factors closely wedged in like the spokes fit into the hub of a wheel the prosperous country surrounding it holds it together like the tire holds the wheel.

So long as all parts are in place the device runs smoothly and is a perfect machine. Remove a spoke and THE WHEEL AT ONCE BECOMES WEAKER and is no stronger than its weakest point.

TO HAVE AND TO MAINTAIN A GOOD SOLID TOWN EVERY KIND OF BUSINESS MUST BE FIRMLY ESTABLISHED, AND AROUND THESE MUST BE UNITED PEOPLE WORKING FOR THE COMMON GOOD.

Destroy the mercantile business or the manufacturing business or the banking business and, like removing a spoke from the wheel, you weaken the interests of the whole.

Send your money to mail order houses or patronize merchants in other cities and you take away that patronage which rightfully belongs to the home merchant and thereby undermine the business of the town. All classes or kinds of business are so closely related and interlocking that when you damage one you damage all.

But we have a beautiful little city, prosperous, growing and happy, and in it we have some of the best merchants, banks, mills, jobbers and factories, conducted by as fine a set of men as you will find anywhere on earth. We have fine schools, handsome churches, excellent public utilities and many fine buildings the equal of any city of its size in the entire country, and ALL MADE POSSIBLE BY THE BUSINESS MEN—big hearted, progressive and aggressive hustlers and boosters.

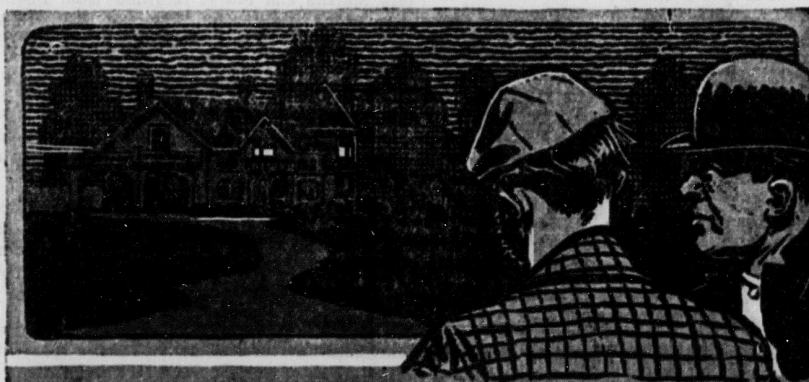
There is hardly a day that the business men—merchants, banks, jobbers, mills, etc.—are not called on to make a subscription or donation to some institution or some worthy cause—to do something, if you please, for greater building or better living. And that they generously give and have given is proved in the many institutions we have for the intellectual, moral and the spiritual uplift of our citizens. Therefore, when you solicit a subscription from these business men of your home city you should feel in duty bound to give them what assistance you can and to always patronize them to the exclusion of others and outsiders.

THE VALUE OF YOUR HOME, THE RENTAL OF YOUR PROPERTY, THE PRICE OF LOTS—ALL ARE BASED ON THE SUCCESS OF YOUR BUSINESS MEN.

If the town has a lot of vacant stores, idle factories, mills running on half time, there can be no substantial value to property. Therefore, to keep the stores rented, the dwellings occupied and a general good tone to property values it is necessary that you GIVE TO YOUR HOME PEOPLE YOUR ENTIRE SUPPORT.

Patronizing mail order houses is not altogether limited to poor people or to farmers or to people who do not know the hurt they are doing the home town, but is a common practice among certain well known, well to do men. I believe this is more the result of thoughtlessness and of being misled by embellished and highly exaggerated descriptions than through a spirit of antagonism to the home merchant. Moreover, I firmly believe that when you think over this matter seriously and carefully, analyzing it in every detail, that hereafter YOU WILL GIVE YOUR HOME MERCHANT YOUR TRADE.

Telephone.



"Nope, Slim, There's a Bell Telephone in There"

"I'd rather go up agin an automatic gun than take a chance on a Bell Telephone."

To you, the householder, it makes no difference if the policeman has passed your door. Your Bell Telephone stands guard by day and night, quick to bring aid when danger threatens.

To have a Bell Telephone is to forearm yourself and forwarn others.

Call the Business Office to-day.



The Bell Telephone Co. of Pa. W. S. MALLALIEU, Local Mgr., Bellefonte, Penna.

Clothing.

New Fall 1913 CLOTHES FOR MEN AND BOYS

Stetson Hats, Emery Shirts, and Walk-over Shoes are here

Let us show you

Even though you are not ready to buy; we know you will find it worth while.

FAUBLE'S

The Up-to-Date Store.

The Pennsylvania State College.

The : Pennsylvania : State : College

EDWIN ERLE SPARKS, Ph.D., L.L.D., PRESIDENT.

Established and maintained by the joint action of the United States Government and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

FIVE GREAT SCHOOLS—Agriculture, Engineering, Liberal Arts, Mining, and Natural Science, offering thirty-six courses of four years each—Also courses in Home Economics, Industrial Art and Physical Education—TUITION FREE to both sexes; incidental charges moderate.

First semester begins middle of September; second semester the first of February; Summer Session for Teachers about the third Monday of June of each year. For catalogue, bulletins, announcements, etc., address

57-26

THE REGISTRAR, State College, Pennsylvania.

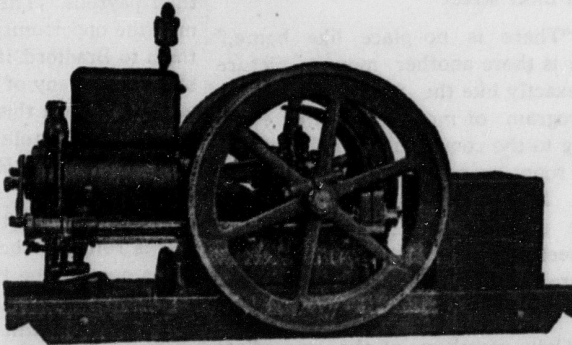
It's All in the "Watchman," and It's All True.

Gasoline Engines.

Jacobson Gasoline Engine For all Power Purposes.

THE BELLEFONTE ENGINEERING COMPANY stands back of these machines and guarantees them to give satisfactory service.

Cut shows standard engine on skids. Can be furnished on Hand Trucks or Two-Horse Portable.



DO NOT FORGET

That these engines are constructed according to National Board of Fire Underwriters. Each engine bears their label. Latest ruling of Underwriters:—Engines not bearing a label will not be considered a safe fire risk by any Insurance Company. Buy a Jacobson with Underwriter's label attached and be safe.

Engine outfits suitable for cream separators, churns, washing machines, corn shellers, grinders, fanning mills, milking machines, bone grinders, ice cream freezers, ice crushers, dynamos, etc. With pumps for water service, power spraying, contractors bilge pumps, etc.

WRITE OR CALL FOR BULLETIN AND PRICES.

DISTRIBUTORS

The Bellefonte Engineering Co.,

58-26

BELLEFONTE, PA.

FOUNDERS and MACHINISTS.