

**Where Northern Lights Come Down
o' Nights.**

[Continued from page 6, Col. 4.]
the din. As he floundered on to the caving surface it let him back, and the waters covered him time and again. He pitched oddly about, and for the first time they saw his eyes were bound tightly with bandages, which he strove to loosen.
"My God, he's snow blind!" cried George, and in a moment he appeared among the frantic mob fringing the shore.
The guide broke his way toward a hummock of old ice forming an islet near by, and the priest half swam, half scrambled behind, till they crawled out upon this solid footing. Here the wintry wind searched them, and their dripping clothes stiffened quick-



"He needs killing. I am hungry for his life."

ly. Orloff dragged the strips from his face, and as the sun glittered through his eyes he writhed as though seared by the naked touch of hot steel.
He shouted frightfully in his blindness, but the mocking voice of Big George answered him, and he covered at the malice in the words.
"Here I am, Orloff. It's help ye want, is it? I'll shoot the man that tries to reach ye. Ha, ha! Ye're freezing, eh? George will talk to keep ye awake. A dirty trick of the river to cheat me so! I've fattened for years on the hope of stamping your life out, and now it's robbed me. But I'll stick till ye're safe in hell!"

The man cried piteously, turning his bleared eyes toward the sound.
"Shoot, why don't you, and end it? Can't you see we're freezing?" He stood up in his carapace of stiffened clothes, shivering piteously.
"The truest thing ye ever said," cried George, and he swung his Colt's into view. "I'll favor you, and I'll keep my vow." He raised the gun. The splashing of the distant dogs broke the silence. A native knelt stiffly.

"George, George!" Captain had stumbled down among them and plucked at his arm, peering dimly into his distorted face. "Great God! Are you a murderer? They'll be dead before we can save them."
"Save 'em!" said George, while reason fought with his mania. "Who's going to save 'em? He needs killing. I'm hungry for his life!"
"He's a man, George. They're both human, and they're dying in sight of us. Give him a chance. Fight like a man."

As he spoke the fury fell away from the whaler, and he became the alert, strong man of the frontier, knowing the quick danger and meeting it.
Soaked to the armpits, he smashed a trail through which they reached the hummock where the others lay, too listless for action.
At the shore they bore the priest to their shelter, while the guide was snatched into a nearby hut. They backed off his brittle clothes and supported him to the bed.
"He's badly frozen," whispered Captain. "Can we save him?" They rubbed and thawed for hours, but the sluggish blood refused to flow into the extremities, and Captain felt that this man would die for lack of amputation.
"Tis no use," finally said the big man despairingly. "I've seen too many of 'em. We've done our best."
"George, George, I've harmed you bitterly," declared Orloff, "and you're a good man to help me so. It's no use. We have both fought the cold death and know when to quit. I came here to kill you, but you will go out across the mountains free, while I rave in madness and the medicine men make charms over me. When you come into Bethel mission I'll be dead. Goodbye."
"Good-bye!" We're taking ye to Bethel and a doctor in ten minutes. A week's travel as the trail goes, but we'll save a chunk of ye yet, old man."
Five days later a broken team crawled over the snow to the Moravian mission, urged by two men gaunt from the trail and blistered by the cold. From the sledge came shrieks and throaty mutterings, horrid gabblings of post-freezing madness, and

Dr. Forrest, lifting back the robe, found Orloff lashed into his couch.
"Five days from Togiak, 200 miles to heavy trails," explained George wearily as the cries of the maniac dimmed behind the log walls.
Two hours later Forrest spoke gravely as they nursed their frostbites.
"We've operated. He will recover."
"It's a sad, sad day," mourned George. "It just takes the taste out of everything. He's a cripple, eh?"
"Yes—helpless! I did not know Father Orloff had many—friends hereabouts," continued the doctor. "He was thought to be hated by the whites. I'm glad the report was wrong."
"Friends be d—d," said the other strongly. "What's a friend? Ye can get them any place, but where can ye find another enemy like that man?"

TO PLEDGE THE CANDIDATES

Pennsylvania Good Roads Association Is Already Preparing to Urge Upon Legislature Enactment of Proper Enabling Laws For Carrying Out Proposed Highway Program.

Looking forward to the approval of the \$50,000,000 state road loan at the November elections, the Pennsylvania Good Roads Association already outlining a campaign for the passage of a law by the legislature of 1915 limiting the expenditure from this fund to \$5,000,000 in any one year.
The association realizes that proper enabling legislation is almost as important as the loan itself, and it is already preparing to make the limiting of expenditure the big issue of the elections next fall wherever members of the house and senate or state officers having to do with the highway department are to be elected. Every candidate for the legislature will be asked whether or not he favors such a law, so that the voters will know in advance exactly where he stands.
The association holds that \$5,000,000 a year, in addition to such sums as are set aside from current revenues for the uses of the highway department, will constitute as much money as will be necessary to carry out a systematic, economic and practical campaign for first class road construction.

The association sets forth its position on the road loan and the proposed legislation in the following address to the people of the state:
To the People of Pennsylvania—
The Pennsylvania Good Roads Association commends to the favorable consideration of the voters the proposed amendment to the constitution to permit the state to issue bonds not exceeding \$50,000,000 for the construction of highways. This amendment has been adopted by two legislatures and now requires only the approval of a majority at the polls in the November election of 1913.

Issuance of bonds is an approved method of financing large enterprises, both public and private. The constitution of Pennsylvania grants to all municipalities the right to bond themselves for such purposes. Cities and towns generally avail themselves of this efficient and economic method of providing funds for public works. The proposed amendment would extend a like privilege to the state itself in a limited degree and for a specific purpose.

The need is imperative. Enlightened public sentiment demands good roads. Pennsylvania is far behind many of her sister states in meeting this demand. Repeated experience has shown that legislatures cannot be depended on to resist the demands for appropriations for public and private charities to such an extent as to permit of adequate support for road building out of the general revenues. A bond issue offers the only alternative. The state is out of debt. It can borrow an abundance of money at low interest. Repayment of the loan through the accumulation of a sinking fund and its interest earnings during a long period of years will impose no serious burden on the revenues. Farms and other real estate will not be called upon to pay a dollar of this, because there is and can be no state tax on real estate in Pennsylvania.

The Pennsylvania Good Roads Association is in favor not only of the bond issue, but of a conservative and well-ordered method of issuing these bonds and expending the proceeds thereof. Should the bond issue be approved by the voters in November, no money would be available until the legislature had passed and the governor approved an enabling act to carry the constitutional amendment into effect. The legislature and the governor upon whom this duty would devolve are to be nominated at the popular primaries next spring and elected the following November. The people will be in a position to demand of all candidates assurance of how they will deal with the expenditure of the road funds.

This association will urge upon all candidates and upon the incoming state administration and legislature taking office in January, 1915, the passage of an enabling act that will provide for the issuing of the bonds in amounts not to exceed \$5,000,000 a year, so as to produce only so much money as may be necessary in addition to appropriations from the current revenues to carry out a systematic, economical and practical campaign of first class highway construction. The best efforts of an association of representative citizens of all shades of political belief and all walks of life are pledged to this end.

The officers of the Pennsylvania Good Roads Association are as follows:
John S. Fisher, Indiana, Pa., President.
William C. Sproul, Chester, Pa., First Vice President.
Frank Bell, Box 452, Harrisburg, Pa., Secretary.
Charles S. Boll, Union Trust Co., Harrisburg, Pa., Treasurer.
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John P. Elkin, Indiana.
Rt. Rev. James Henry Darlington, Harrisburg.
Edward E. Jones, Harford.
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C. H. Morgan, Williamsport.

Envious of the Immune.
Little Henry (at the table, to the visitor)—I wish I were like you. Visitor (flattered)—Why, little man? Little Henry—Because no one boxes your ears when you eat with your fingers.—London Opinion.

Good Terms.
"I'm sure we shall be on good terms," said the man who had just moved into the neighborhood to the grocer.
"No doubt of it, sir, especially," he added as an afterthought, "as the terms are cash."—London Telegraph.

A Natural Reply.
"I've described my symptoms thoroughly, haven't I, doctor?" the patient asked.
"You certainly have," replied the doctor, "and I will give you something for your pains."—Lippincott's.

Two Losses.
The Host (showing family portraits, proudly)—Portrait of my great-uncle—lost an arm at Waterloo. The Youth (hopelessly bored)—Beastly place. Waterloo: lost my self clubs there last week.—London Sketch.

It would be thought that women recognizing the delicacy of their sex, would seek in that delicacy, at first, for the cause of headache, dizziness and general weakness. But instead of this, they generally attribute such disorders, at first, to the liver, and treat the liver when they should be treating the delicate womanly organs. And yet women's mistakes are not so remarkable when it is considered that local physicians often make a similar mistake and treat for the wrong disease. Over half a million women have found health and healing in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Many of these had tried doctors in vain. They were sufferers from female weakness in its extreme form and considered their case hopeless. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cured them. It will cure irregularity, inflammation, ulceration, and bearing-down pains, and the cure is perfect and permanent.

Easier Than Riding.
"The president of this road," remarked the man in the corner of the smoking compartment. "is one of those old-fashioned railroaders. He began as brakeman. Instead of riding over the line in a private car to inspect it he walks over it."
"I don't blame him," declared the man who was making his first trip on the road.—Exchange.

The Real Test.
"Is she an obliging musician?"
"Very. She will always sing when you ask her to. She doesn't have to be coaxed."
"I know, but will she also stop when you've had enough?"

The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach we are utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It is a temperance medicine, entirely free from alcohol and narcotics.

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In their treatment be sure to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands testify that it purifies, enriches and revitalizes the blood and builds up the whole system.
When six years old my son had a bad running sore which separated ear from head. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.
Mrs. C. A. Daley, Butte, Mont.
There is no real substitute for HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA
Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs. 58-38

**How to Build Up or Tear Down
This Community**

By J. O. LEWIS

The Menace of the Mail Order Houses.

THAT the mail order houses in the large cities have become a menace to the smaller cities, towns and communities is proved by the large patronage they enjoy from all over the entire country and further substantiated by the number of packages carried by transportation companies, which under the law must bear the name or some mark of identification by which the shipper is known.
This mail order business got its inception from men who made a habit of buying up secondhand goods, stocks from bankrupt firms and fire damaged or salvage goods from fire losses. To these were added goods that were culled by manufacturers and graded seconds and thirds, etc.
These were shrewd business men, men who believed in advertising, and, realizing the possibilities of advertising, commenced their business entirely along these lines, and to PROVE THE SUCCESS OF ADVERTISING no better evidence could possibly be offered than the fact that every weekly paper—farm, industrial, social or religious—carries their advertisements and also that they send out catalogues of enormous sizes, beautifully illustrated and embellished, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars to publish.
Today they have grown to such enormous size that they own and control factories, while they contract to sell the entire output of other factories.
However, the plants they control and operate manufacture what is termed in commercial parlance as competitive goods—something that every merchant can sell at a low price to meet the demands for cheap merchandise.

BUT AS TO STANDARD AND HIGH CLASS GOODS MADE BY LARGE AND RELIABLE FIRMS YOU NEVER SEE THESE GOODS ADVERTISED BY MAIL ORDER HOUSES, OR IF YOU DO THE PRICE IS JUST THE SAME AS FIXED BY THE MANUFACTURERS FOR ALL DEALERS.

Therefore when one orders articles of the low priced and cheaper kinds HE IS SURE TO GET JUST WHAT HE BUYS—cheaply made goods and seconds and no cheaper than he can buy right at home when freight charges, money order fees and postage are added.
Thousands of dollars annually are being sent to these mail order houses from this vicinity, thus DEPRIVING THE HOME MERCHANT OF HIS RIGHTFUL PATRONAGE. And yet, no matter how much the merchant may be dependent on the patronage of members of his community, he is supposed to give and to aid in every work undertaken for the material betterment of his 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 patronage.

THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION BUT THAT ALL OF OUR PEOPLE ARE IN DUTY BOUND TO PATRONIZE HOME MERCHANTS, TO THEM YOU OWE ALLEGIANCE AND SUPPORT, AND I NOW ASK YOU CANDIDLY, ARE YOU GIVING IT TO THEM?

If you are buying goods out of your home town—more particularly from mail order houses and merchants in other cities—I say to you that you are UNDERMINING THE HOME MERCHANT and likewise the very foundation of your own well being. Every dime that you send to a mail order house makes that much harder the success of your home merchant and likewise retards the growth of your town. The money you send to mail order houses is taken entirely out of local circulation—is gone forever.

WHEREAS, IF YOU SPEND IT WITH A HOME MERCHANT HE IN TURN WILL SPEND IT WITH SOME ONE ELSE—PERHAPS PAY IT BACK TO YOUR FATHER, YOUR SON OR BROTHER, SISTER OR DAUGHTER AS SALARY, AND THUS IT COMES BACK INTO THE FAMILY, DOING A UNIVERSAL GOOD.

That many of our home people are ordering goods from mail order houses is a well known fact. One has but to visit the depots and express office to find therein daily many packages addressed to them and likewise bearing the name or address of certain mail order houses. These people are known to our merchants, and that's a fact. These packages consist of clothing, dry goods, groceries, drugs, toilet articles, furniture, hardware, carpenters' tools, farm implements and what not. ALL OF WHICH COULD BE PURCHASED FROM OUR OWN HOME MERCHANTS, QUALITY CONSIDERED, FREIGHT CHARGES ADDED AND TIME IN TRANSPORTATION, JUST AS CHEAPLY AS FROM ANY MAIL ORDER HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

Supposing the merchants should band themselves together and refuse credit to those who patronize these mail order houses and further refuse to employ members of families who do this or refuse to buy the wares of these people? Wouldn't they find living mighty hard?
To be continued under the title, "THE HOME MERCHANT HAS EARNED SUPPORT."

The new hats demand very flat, unobtrusive coiffures, and all artificial contrivances for puffing out the hair have been discarded. The hair is softly waved, however, to give it a dainty fluffiness about the face, and the waves are drawn far down over the ears, which signify their presence only by the earrings which depend from their lobes. The exaggeratedly simple coiffure makes women look young and unsophisticated, and heads just now have a small and aristocratic suggestion. The hat is worn out of doors; a close-fitting cap of good lace or gauze at the theater; and in the house, the tresses are usually covered by a perfumed boudoir cap of sheer embroidery and plated net frilling.

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