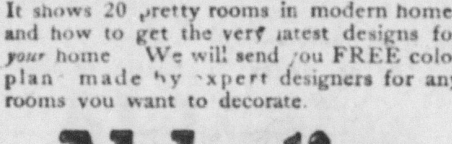




Get This FREE Book Before You Decorate

It shows 20 pretty rooms in modern homes and how to get the very latest designs for your home. We will send you FREE color plan made by expert designers for any rooms you want to decorate.



Alabastine
The Beautiful Wall Tint

More fashionable than wall paper or paint and comes in 15 to 20 colors and exquisite in color to compare with any kind of wallpaper. Goes further on the wall, does not chip, peel or rub off. Lasts far longer. Comes all ready to mix with cold water and put on. Easiest to use—full directions on every package. Full 5 lb. size, 50c. Regular 2 1/2 lb. size, 25c.

Get the FREE Book of 20 Beautiful Rooms

Write today
Alabastine Company
53 Granville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.
New York City, Box 1, 145 Water Street

WE PAY \$100 PER SET FOR OLD FALSE TEETH
which are of no value to you. Highest prices paid for Old Gold, Silver, Platinum, Diamonds and Precious Stones. Money sent by return mail.

PHILADELPHIA SMELTING AND REFINING CO.
(Established 20 years)
823 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TYPEWRITERS
All makes \$25.00, \$30.00, \$40.00 and \$50.00.
First class order.
CASH REGISTERS
We buy, sell and exchange. Adams Cash Registers.
W. W. Lutz & Co., 223 N. Fayette St., Baltimore

PATENTS
Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C.
W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 15-1912.

BOON THE STAGE
Will tell you how! Write for descriptive circular. His Free!
BROOKLAND CO., 147 Larimer Street, Denver, Colo.

THEIR TROUBLES.



Smith—My wife can cook, but she insists on playing the piano.
Jones—Well, my wife can play the piano, but she insists on cooking.

Medical Genius.
An old doctor, seeing a young one who was going along the street with half a dozen shabby-looking men and women, called him aside and asked: "Who are all these people, and where are you going with them?"

"I will tell you in confidence," was the reply, "that I've hired them to come and sit in my reception room. I expect a rich patient this morning, and I want to make an impression on him."—Judge's Library.

Quiet, As a Rule.
"What sort of town is Squidgeville?"
"The sort of town where a funeral is a social event."

The man who argues with his wife is one kind of an idiot.

A Tempting Treat—Post Toasties
with cream

Crisp, fluffy bits of white Indian Corn; cooked, rolled into flakes and toasted to a golden brown.

Ready to serve direct from the package.

Delightful flavour!
Thoroughly wholesome!

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battie Creek, Mich.

SERIAL STORY

No Man's Land
A ROMANCE
By Louis Joseph Vance
Illustrations by Ray Walters

(Copyright, 1920, by Louis Joseph Vance.)

SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead. Coast struggles to arrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thaxter, who explains that her husband, under the name of Black, has bought the island. He is blind, a wireless operator and has a station there. Coast informs her that her husband murdered Van Tuyl. Coast sees Blackstock and some Chinamen burying a man. They fire at him, but he is rescued by Appleyard, who gets him to the Echo in safety, and there he reveals that he is a secret service man and has been watching the crowd on the island, suspecting they are criminals. Coast is anxious to fathom the mysteries of No Man's Land, and is determined to save Katherine. Appleyard believes that Black and his gang make a side-line of the wireless station to conduct a smuggling business. Coast at penetrates to the lair of Blackstock's disguise. Katherine enters the room and passes him a note which tells Coast that neither his life or her own are safe. Coast feels that Blackstock suspects him. Appleyard and the Echo disappear.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

It was as if she had been expecting him; she seemed not at all surprised. But there was no light of welcome in her look, nor any trace of welcome in her greeting as he stopped before her, hat in hand and heart in his throat, with something in his bearing that called to mind a child convicted of transgression and pleading for suspension of judgment.

"I came out here to think," she said—"at least to try to think. But I hoped that if you saw me you would follow."

"I'm glad," he said; "though I didn't know you were here. It's hardly likely we'll have so good a chance to talk again."

"Yes," she admitted simply. There was a little catch in her voice and he fancied her lips quivered like the lips of a tired child as she looked away from him, seeking again the sight of the sea as if she drew from it some solace, some sorely needed strength against her trials. "We must talk, of course. . . . I have been trying all night to think . . . but everything seems so . . ."

She left the sentence incomplete, raising her hands to press them against her temples and then dropping them with a gesture of utter weariness.

"Oh," she cried, "why did you come back? You promised, you went away, and I—I was sorry for you and prayed you might find happiness, Garrett. You promised, and—you came back—came back like a ghost to haunt me with memories and regrets. . . . Her voice rose to a pitch of wildness. "Sometimes, last night, I thought that surely you must be ghost—that you had been executed, killed and buried, and were come back to be his punishment and mine, and mine!"

"His punishment—his?" he echoed. "Then, Katherine, then you do believe—"

"Ah, how do I know? What do I believe—what can I believe? I don't know. I can't think right; it's all so—so terrible." Her tone fell to a low pitch of fatigue, dejection and bewilderment. She leaned heavily against the wall, watching the sullen, interminable succession of the surges. "You sowed doubt in my mind and fear in my heart when you bade me weigh what I once knew of the good in you against what I have learned of him. I tried—so hard!—to do so justly and still believe you the guilty one. . . . You swept the ground from under me with arguments, your attitude, your explanations; and though they were your unsupported words. . . . I never knew you to lie to me, Garrett, and I couldn't, can't believe you would bring me a lie to torture me, just for revenge. . . . You made me think, and—at times I feared I should go mad, and then again I was afraid I wouldn't. . . . She turned suddenly to him and, grasping his arms, lifting frantic, piteous eyes to his. "Oh, Garrett, Garrett!" she pleaded, half hysterically, "tell me you lied, tell me it isn't true, tell me it was you—"

He shook his head sorrowfully, and with a short dry sob she released him and fell back against the wall, shaggy and trembling.

"If," he said, slowly—"if I thought it would make you happy, if I believed that any good of any sort could come

of it to you, Katherine, if I could even think it safe, I would lie—I'd lie with a clear conscience and tell you it was I who killed Van Tuyl. I've taken time to think it over and I've tried to think straight, to think the way that would be best for you, and . . . Well, I've come back."

"But why?" she repeated abruptly. "Why? What good can you do? Can you lift this weight from my heart, can you right the wrong to yourself, by being here? Can you bring Van Tuyl back to life or make my—the man I married less than a murderer—"

"I came to protect you; you were alone and friendless."

"He would not harm me," she said in an uncertain voice.

"Do you believe that? Do you expect me to believe it when I have seen the marks of his brutality upon your arm?"

"He didn't mean it, Garrett. He has his temper and—sometimes he forgets and doesn't realize his strength—but he would never do worse. If it's true—and, oh, I know it must be!—that he did—what you were accused of—it has been a lesson to him. I'm sure it has. He—"

Garrett shook his head. "Then what made you write that message last night?" he asked.

"What do you mean? . . . Oh, I don't know. I was afraid. . . ."

"And I was afraid," he said gravely, "and still am. That's why I couldn't stay away. The only man you could turn to in case of need was gone."

"Mr. Power?" She flashed him a startled look.

"How did you know that yesterday? And how did you find another man to take his place—his name, and everything? So that you dared come here in his stead . . ."

"I found it out before I left the island yesterday morning," he said



"I'll Tell You in a Moment," He Temporized.

slowly, wondering how much he dared tell her.

It seemed needlessly cruel to shock her with the story of the murder on the island at that time; some hours must surely elapse before Appleyard could return; indeed, Coast did not expect him till the evening. And until then matters must stand as they were; nothing must be allowed to happen to rouse Blackstock's suspicions. But if she knew that Power had been assassinated—could existing conditions continue to obtain? Would she be able to continue to bear herself toward Blackstock as she had theretofore?

He decided to keep her in the dark as long as possible. He continued: "There were two of us ashore, you know—my companion as well as myself. It seems he stumbled upon the bungalow in the fog and accidentally overheard a part of Power's final quarrel—with Blackstock. Then he—learned—coast sturred the explanation, but she forgot to question it—that a man named Handyside was to replace Power. So we thought it over and decided I was to be Handyside."

She was facing him squarely now, eyes wide with interest and alarm. "But—how can you? What do you know about the work? The minute he" (she could no longer name Blackstock intimately, it seemed) "asks you to send or take a message—"

"I will cheerfully comply, if required," he assured her. "You see, I know enough about the system to make a stagger at operating. You forget my experience with the signal corps in the Spanish war—that taught me Morse; and it also interested me enough in such things to make me spend a good deal of time in the wireless room every time I crossed the water. I couldn't help picking up a working knowledge of the system under such circumstances. Don't worry; I'll make good when the call comes."

"But this Mr. Handyside—he may arrive at any time now; and then—"

"I doubt if he ever sees the island," Coast interrupted, smiling. "You see, the Corsair did run aground in Quick's Hole; we were the amateur asses that got in her way. And we left her there. Now Appleyard—that's my companion—has gone back to see that Messrs. Finn and Hecksher and Handyside do nothing rash."

"He can prevent them?" A pucker of perplexity gathered between her brows. "How?"

"He'll manage somehow; he's very clever, Appleyard is—"

"But he must have some plan," she countered quickly; "and you would know it. You're keeping something back. What is it? What does it mean?"

"I'll tell you in a moment," he temporized. "But first I'll ask some questions."

Still puzzled, she held his eyes intently. "I can't imagine what you mean. But go on."

"You told me that he—Blackstock settled here to work on his inventions. Do you think he has accomplished much, that way, since you came to the island?"

She shook her head slowly. "Not a great deal. His eyes have hampered progress, of course."

"I thought as much. . . . And do I understand that no one ever visits the island except your weekly boat from New Bedford?"

"No one. . . . That is, sometimes, fishermen—"

"For what purpose?"

"I don't know; there was once quite a settlement of them down there, you know; and I understand they still use some of the buildings to store dried fish in. I'm afraid that never interested me much."

"You never watched them—?"

"No; generally they come to anchor after nightfall and are gone before daylight the next morning. Sometimes he has gone down to the beach

TERMS.—The terms of subscription to the publisher are one dollar per year in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Display advertising is charged more liberally than news items. Right of insertion for each issue. Display advertising occupying less space than ten lines is charged less than three insertions, from ten to twenty cents per line for each issue, according to composition.

Local notices accompanying display advertising five cents per line for each insertion; other wise, eight cents per line, minimum charge twenty-five cents.

Legal notices twenty cents per line for three insertions, and ten cents per line for each additional insertion.

Say, You!



HOW about that printing job you're in need of?

Come in and see us about it at your first opportunity. Don't wait until the very last moment but give us a little time and we'll show you what high grade work we can turn out.

Everybody who reads magazines buys newspapers, but everybody who reads newspapers doesn't buy magazines. Catch the Drift? Here's the medium to reach the people of this community.

Advertise

IF YOU
Want a Cook
Want a Clerk
Want a Partner
Want a Situation
Want a Servant Girl
Want to Sell a Piano
Want to Sell a Carriage
Want to Sell Town Property
Want to Sell Your Groceries
Want to Sell Your Hardware
Want Customers for Anything
Advertise Weekly in This Paper.
Advertising Is the Way to Success
Advertising Brings Customers
Advertising Keeps Customers
Advertising Insures Success
Advertising Shows Energy
Advertising Shows Pluck
Advertising Is "Biz"
Advertise or Bust
Advertise Long
Advertise Well
ADVERTISE
At Once

In This Paper

BOALSBURG TAVERN
BOALSBURG, PA.
AMOS KOCH, PROPRIETOR

This well-known hotel is prepared to accommodate all travelers. Bus to and from all trains stopping at Oak Hill Station. Every effort is made to accommodate the traveling public. Livery attached.

OLD PORT HOTEL
EDWARD ROYER, Proprietor. RATES: \$1.00 Per Day
Location: One mile south of Centre Hall.

Accommodations first-class. Parties wishing to enjoy an evening given special attention. Meals for such occasions prepared on short notice. Always prepared for the transient trade.

DR. SOL M. NISSLEY,
VETERINARY SURGEON.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Office at Palace Livery Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both 'phones, oct. 1, 99177.

DR. SMITH'S SALVE

CURES: Flesh Wounds, Ulcers, Felons, Carbuncles, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Tetter, Eczema, White Swelling, Skin Eruptions, Fever Sores, Piles, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Corns, Bunions, Chapped Hands, Etc., Etc.

I mean to make myself a man, and if I succeed in that I shall succeed in everything.—Garfield.

ATTORNEYS.

D. P. FORBES
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office North of Court House.

W. HARRISON WALKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.
No. 15 W. High Street.

All professional business promptly attended to.

L. D. GENTLE, Jno. J. Brown, W. B. EMMETT, ETTIG, BOWEN & ZERRY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EAGLE BLOCK
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Accompany to GENTLE, BOWEN & ZERRY Consultation in English and German.

H. B. SPANGLER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office, Crider's Exchange Building.

CLEMENT DALE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank.

Penn's Valley Banking Company

CENTRE HALL, PA.
W. B. MINGLE, Cashier,
Receives Deposits . . .
Discounts Notes . . .

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether his invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$3 a year, four months \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Jno. F. Gray & Son
(Successors to J. G. HOOPER)

Control Sixteen of the Largest Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the World. . . .

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

No Mutual
No Assessments

Before insuring your life see the contract of THE HOME which in case of death between the tenth and twentieth years returns all premiums paid in addition to the face of the policy.

Money to Loan on First Mortgage
Office in Crider's Stone Building
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Telephone Connection

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS.



H. O. STROHMEIER,
CENTRE HALL, PENN.

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

HIGH GRADE

MONUMENTAL WORK

In all kinds of Marble and Granite. Don't fail to get my price.

LARGEST INSURANCE Agency

IN CENTRE COUNTY

H. E. FENLON
Agent
Bellefonte, Penn'a.

The Largest and Best Accident Ins. Companies

Bonds of Every Description. Plate Glass Insurance at low rates.

Centre Reporter, \$1 a year, in advance.