

**The Story of Waitstill Baxter**

(Continued from page 6, Col. 4)

Isn't here yet, so don't stand there in the rain," he called. "Look at the nose-gay I gathered for you as I came through the woods. Here are pussy willows and red maple blossoms and mayflowers, would you believe it?"

Lois Boynton took the handful of budding things and sniffed their fragrance.

"You're late tonight, Ivory," she said. "Rod wanted his supper early so that he could go off to singing school, but I kept something warm for you, and I'll make you a fresh cup of tea."

**CHAPTER III.**  
**Something of a Hero.**

**I**VORY went into the little shed room off the kitchen, changed his muddy boots for slippers and made himself generally tidy, then he came back to the living room bringing a pine knot which he hung on the fire, winking it to a brilliant flame.

"We can be as lavish as we like with the stumps now, mother, for spring is coming," he said, as he sat down to his meal.

"I've been looking out more than usual this afternoon," she replied. "There's hardly any snow left, and though the walking is so bad I've been rather expecting your father before night. You remember he said when he went away in January that he should be back before the mayflowers bloomed?"

It did not do any good to say: "Yes, mother, but the mayflowers have bloomed ten times since father went



"I've been looking out more than usual this afternoon."

away." He had tried that, gently and persistently when first her mind began to be confused, from long grief and hurt love, stricken pride and sick suspense.

Instead of that Ivory turned the subject cheerily, saying, "Well, we're sure of a good season, I think. There's been a grand snowfall and that, they say, is the poor man's manure. Rod and I will put in more corn and potatoes this year. I shan't have to work single handed very long, for he is growing to be quite a farmer."

"Your father was very fond of green corn, but he never cared for potatoes," Mrs. Boynton said, vaguely, taking up her knitting. "I always had great pride in my cooking, but I could never get your father to relish my potatoes."

"Well, his son does, anyway," Ivory replied, helping himself plentifully from a dish that held one of his mother's best concoctions, potatoes minced fine and put together into the spider with thin bits of pork and all browned together.

"I saw the Baxter girls today, mother," he continued not because he hoped she would give any heed to what he said, but from the sheer longing for companionship. "The deacon drove off with Lawyer Wilson, who wanted him to give testimony in some case or other down in Milltown. The minute Patty saw him going up Saco hill she harnessed the old starved Baxter mare, and the girls started over to the Lower Corner to see some friends. It seems it's Patty's birthday, and they were celebrating. I met them just as they were coming back and helped them lift the rickety wagon out of the mud. They were stuck in it up to the hubs of the wheels. I advised them to walk up the Town House hill if they ever expected to get the horse home."

"Town House hill!" said Ivory's mother, dropping her knitting. "That was where we had such wonderful meetings. Truly the Lord was present in our midst. And oh, Ivory, the visions we saw in that place when Jacob Cochrane first unfolded his gospel to us! Was ever such a man!"

"Probably not, mother," remarked Ivory dryly.

"You were speaking of the Baxters. I remember their home and the little girl who used to stand in the gateway and watch when we came out of meeting. There was a baby too. Isn't there a Baxter baby, Ivory?"

"She didn't stay a baby. She is seventeen years old today, mother."

"You surprise me, but children do grow very fast. She had a strange name, but I cannot recall it."

"Her name is Patience, but nobody but her father calls her anything but Patty, which suits her much better."

"No; the name wasn't Patience, not the one I mean."

"The older sister is Waitstill. Perhaps you mean her." And Ivory sat down by the fire, with his book and his pipe.

"Waitstill! Waitstill! That is it! Such a beautiful name!"

"She's a beautiful girl."

"Waitstill! They also serve who only stand and wait." Wait, I say, on the Lord and he will give thee the desires of thy heart. Those were wonderful days, when we were caught up out of the body and mingled freely in the spirit world." Mrs. Boynton was now fully started on the topic that absorbed her mind, and Ivory could no longer but let her tell the story that she had told him a hundred times.

"I remember when first we heard Jacob Cochrane speak." "This was her usual way of beginning." "Your father was a preacher, as you know, Ivory, but you will never know what a wonderful preacher he was. My grandfather, being a fine gentleman and a governor, would not give his consent to my marriage, but I never regretted it, never! Your father saw Elder Cochrane at a revival meeting of the Free Will Baptists in Scarboro and was much impressed with him. A few days later he went to the funeral of a child in the same neighborhood. No one who was there could ever forget it. The minister had made his long prayer when a man suddenly entered the room, came toward the coffin and placed his hand on the child's forehead. The room in an instant was as still as the death that had called us together. The stranger was tall and commanding presence; his eyes pierced our very hearts, and his marvelous voice penetrated to depths in our souls that had never been reached before."

"Was he a better speaker than my father?" asked Ivory, who dreaded his mother's hours of complete silence even more than her periods of reminiscence.

"He spoke as if the Lord of Hosts had given him inspiration; as if the angels were pouring words into his mouth just for him to utter," replied Mrs. Boynton. "Your father was spell-bound, and I only less so. When he ceased speaking the child's mother crossed the room and, swaying to and fro, fell at his feet sobbing and wailing and imploring God to forgive her sins. They carried her upstairs, and when we looked about after the confusion and excitement the stranger had vanished. But we found him again! As Elder Cochrane said: 'The prophet of the Lord can never be hid; no darkness is thick enough to cover him!' There was a six weeks' revival meeting in North Saco, where 300 souls were converted, and your father and I were among them. We had fancied ourselves true believers for years, but Jacob Cochrane unstopped our ears so that we could hear the truths revealed to him by the Almighty! It was all so simple and easy at the beginning, but it grew hard and grievous afterward: hard to keep the path, I mean. I never quite knew whether God was angry with me for backsliding at the end, but I could not always accept the revelations that Elder Cochrane and your father had."

Lois Boynton's hands were now quietly folded over the knitting that lay forgotten in her lap, but her low, thrilling voice had a note in it that did not belong wholly to earth.

There was a long silence; one of many long silences at the Boynton fireside, broken only by the ticking of the clock, the purring of the cat and the clicking of Mrs. Boynton's needles, as, her paroxysm of reminiscence over, she knitted ceaselessly, with her eyes on the window or the door.

"It's about time for Rod to be coming back, isn't it?" asked Ivory.

"He ought to be here soon, but perhaps he is gone for good. It may be that he thinks he has made us a long enough visit. I don't know whether your father will like the boy when he comes home. He never did fancy company in the house."

Ivory looked up in astonishment from his Greek grammar. This was an entirely new turn of his mother's mind. Often when she was more than usually confused he would try to clear the cobwebs from her brain by gently questioning her until she brought herself back to a clearer understanding of her own thought. Thus far her vagaries had never made her unjust to any human creature. She was uniformly sweet and gentle in speech and demeanor.

"Why do you talk of Rod's visiting us when he is one of the family?" Ivory asked quietly.

"Is he one of the family? I didn't know it," replied his mother absently.

"Look at me, mother, straight in the eye. That's right. Now listen, dear, to what I say."

(Continued next week.)

**False Start Better Than Inaction.**  
Many persons pass their lives on the edge of an enterprise which they never truly begin; they study guide books and learn the experiences of others who have pioneered, but they do nothing themselves except ponder about the cost. All this is waste and has nothing but waste as its result. Better to make a false start than to go nowhere.

**Hollander's Use of Canals.**  
By using the canals for the transportation of peat hundreds of boatmen and their families find a means of livelihood in Holland. Aside from a certain amount of freight which is shipped by rail, there are yearly between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 cubic meters (cubic meter—35.314 cubic feet) of boat space necessary.

**Trivial Consideration.**  
Doctor—"I hear the operation lately performed by Doctor Cutem was a botch." Friend—"Why, I understood the patient was completely cured by it." Doctor—(Goffily)—"I am not speaking of its effect on the patient, but of the way the operation was performed."



**Gun Powder**  
is made of nitre, charcoal, and sulphur in proper proportions intimately mingled with water. Nitre, charcoal and sulphur without that exact proportion and commingling have no more explosive value than common dirt. The nourishment of the body is made out of the food which is eaten; bread, meat, potatoes, etc. But unless this food is perfectly mixed in the stomach with the digestive juices it is as incapable of nourishment as the unmixed elements of gun powder are of explosion. For this reason health cannot be gauged by appetite. To obtain the benefit of food, to have it converted into nourishment for blood, nerve and muscle, the organs of digestion and nutrition must do their part. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes blood and flesh, bone and muscle by putting the digestive and nutritive organs into perfect working

condition. It has no equal as a remedy for diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition.

**Modern Love Philter.**  
When a young girl in the East end of London is jilted by her lover she invariably proceeds to the nearest chemist's and purchases some orris root, which she takes home without speaking to any one and burns it. The one who has jilted her is then sure to repent and return to her.

**CASTORIA**  
Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In use for over thirty years, and The Kind You Have Always Bought.

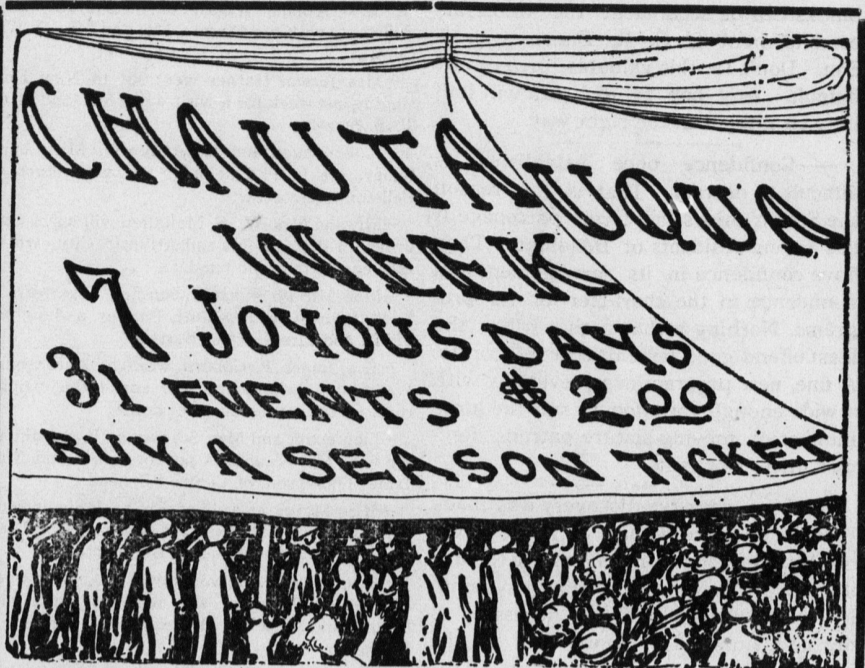
—If you always want to have the best take the WATCHMAN and you'll have it.

**Little Hotel Wilmot.**  
The Little Hotel Wilmot  
IN PENN SQUARE  
One minute from the Penna Ry. Station  
PHILADELPHIA

We have quite a few customers from Bellefonte. We can take care of some more. They'll like us. A good room for \$1. If you bring your wife, \$2. Hot and cold running water in every room

The Ryerson W. Jennings Co.  
59-9-6m

**CHAUTAUQUA.**



**Bellefonte**  
**July 7 to 13**

Adriatic Band  
Dunbar Singing Band  
Romano Orchestra  
Tuskegee Institute Singers  
The Toy Symphony  
The Four Artists

Judge R. M. Wanamaker  
D. S. Parkes Cadman  
Mrs. Edith E. Smith  
Mrs. O. D. Oliphant  
Frank Stephens

Illustrated Lecture:  
"The Panama Canal and the Panama-Pacific Exposition"

Illustrated Lecture:  
"Bright Eyes and Wild Hearts of our Northern Woods"  
by Chauncey J. Hawkins

The Avon Players in  
"RODA" by Alfred Noyes  
and  
"CINDERELLA"  
by Ania Oppenlander

Motion Pictures.  
59-24-4t

**Hardware.**



**Vudor**  
**Porch Shades**

Street Temperature Up? Porch Temperature is Down—When the VUDORS are.

A porch that is a porch should be cool—where you can eat delightful meals and even sleep. Vudor Porch Shades give you complete privacy and help you to cool air, which makes sleep o' nights, the deep sleep you thought you'd lost with childhood. When it's blazing outside, you're cool. When it's sticky inside, you have the "I want food" feeling Air gives. Get Summer's joys without its inconveniences!

**The Potter-Hoy Hardware Co.**  
Bellefonte, Pa.  
59-11-1y

**Shoes. Clothing. Hats and Caps.**

...THE...  
**FAUBLE STORE**

will be  
**CLOSED**

All Day  
**SATURDAY,**  
**July the 4th**

Open Friday Evening Until  
**8.30.**

**FAUBLE'S**  
58-4

**Automobiles.**

**STUDEBAKER SIX \$1,575**

You want a "SIX" for its peculiar and inimitable "SIX" smoothness. (And you want that "SIX" which offers most for the money. Therefore, you want a "SIX" whose important parts are manufactured and not purchased. You want no lesser standard than the Studebaker standard of manufacturing. You want no electric lighting and starting system less efficient than the Wagner-Studebaker. You want ample carrying capacity for seven passengers. And how can you look further, when you find all these things in the Studebaker "SIX"—Linked to the lowest price in the world?)

FOUR TOURING CAR..... \$1050  
SIX TOURING CAR..... 1575  
"25" TOURING CAR..... 885

**Studebaker's**

**BEEZER'S GARAGE,**  
GEORGE A. BEEZER, Propr. 59-3-4f Bellefonte, Pa. 3  
Also agent for Chalmers Cars.