

The Story of Waitstill Baxter

(Continued from page 6, Col. 4)

nod, just a "How d'ye do, Mark? Did you have a good time in Boston?"

Patty and Waitstill, with some of the girls who had come long distances, ate their luncheon in a shady place under the trees behind the meeting house, for there was an afternoon service to come, a service with another long sermon. They separated after the modest meal to walk about the common or stray along the road to the academy, where there was a fine view.

Two or three times during the summer the sisters always went quietly and alone to the Baxter burying lot, where three grass grown graves lay beside one another, unmarked save by narrow wooden slabs, so short that the initials painted on them were almost hidden by the tufts of clover. The girls had brought roots of pansies and sweet alyssum and with a knife made holes in the earth and planted them here and there to make the spot a trifle less forbidding. They did not speak to each other during this sacred little ceremony. Their hearts were too full when they remembered afresh the absence of headstones, the lack of care, in the place where the three women lay who had ministered to their father, borne him children and patiently endured his arbitrary and loveless rule.

Even Cleve Flanders' grave—the Edgewood shoemaker, who lay next—even his resting place was marked and, with a touch of some one's imagination, marked by the old man's own impostone, twenty-five pounds in weight, a monument of his workaday life.

Waitstill rose from her feet, brushing the earth from her hands, and Patty did the same. The churchyard was quiet, and they were alone with the dead, mourned and unmourned, loved and unloved.

"I planted one or two pansies on the first one's grave," said Waitstill soberly. "I don't know why we've never done it before. There are no children to take notice of and remember her; it's the least we can do, and, after all, she belongs to the family."

"There is no family and there never was," suddenly cried Patty. "Oh, Waity, Waity, we are so alone, you and I! We've only each other in all the world, and I'm not the least bit of help to you as you are to me! I'm a silly, vain, conceited, ill behaved thing."



"Oh, Waity, Waity, we are so alone."

but I will be better, I will! You won't ever give me up, will you, Waity, even if I'm not like you? I haven't been good lately!"

"Hush, Patty, hush!" And Waitstill came nearer to her sister with a motherly touch of her hand. "I'll not have you say such things; you are the help-fullest and the loveliest girl that ever was, and the cleverest, too, and the liveliest and the best company keeper."

"No one thinks so but you," Patty responded dolefully, although she wiped her eyes as if a bit consoled.

It is safe to say that Patty would never have given Mark Wilson a second thought had he not taken her to drive on that afternoon in early May. The drive, too, would have quickly fled from her somewhat fickle memory had it not been for the kiss. The kiss was indeed a decisive factor in the situation and had shed a rosy, if somewhat fictitious light of romance over the past three weeks. Perhaps even the kiss, had it never been repeated, might have lapsed into its true perspective in due course of time had it not been for the sudden appearance of the stranger in the Wilson pew. The moment that Patty's gaze fell upon that fashionably dressed, instantaneously disliked girl, Marquis Wilson's stock rose twenty points in the market. She ceased in a jiffy to weigh and consider and criticise the young man, but regarded him with wholly new eyes. His figure was better than she had realized, his smile more interesting, his manners more attractive, his eyes longer; in a word, he had suddenly grown desirable. A month ago she could have observed with idle and alien curiosity the spectacle of his thumb drawing nearer to another (female) thumb on the page of the "Watts and Select Hymn Book." Now, at the morning service, she had wished nothing so much as to put Mark's thumb back into his pocket where it belonged and slap the girl's thumb smartly and soundly as it deserved.

The ignorant cause of Patty's distress was a certain Annabel Franklin, the daughter of a cousin of Mrs. Wilson's. Mark had stayed at the Franklin house during his three weeks' visit in Boston, where he had gone on business for his father. The young people had naturally seen much of each other and Mark's inflammable fancy had been so kindled by Annabel's doll-like charms that he had persuaded her to accompany him to his home and get a taste of country life in Maine. Such is man, such is human nature and such is life, that Mark had no sooner got the whimsical object of his affections under his own roof than she began to pall.

Annabel was twenty-three, and, to tell the truth, she had palled before more than once. She was so amiable, so well finished—with her smooth faxen hair, her neat nose, her buttonhole of a mouth and her trig shape—that she appealed to the opposite sex quite generally and irresistibly as a worthy helpmate. The only trouble was that she began to bore her suitors somewhat too early in the game, and they never got far enough to propose marriage. Flaws in her apparent perfection appeared from day to day and chilled the growth of the various young loves that had budded so auspiciously. She always agreed with everybody and everything in sight, even to the point of changing her mind on the instant if circumstances seemed to make it advisable. Her instinctive point of view, when she went so far as to hold one, was somewhat cut and dried—in a word, priggish. Her father had an ample fortune, and some one would inevitably turn up who would regard Annabel as an altogether worthy and desirable spouse. That was what she had seemed to Mark Wilson for a full week before he left the Franklin house in Boston, but there were moments now when he regretted, fugitively, that he had ever removed her from her proper sphere. She did not seem to fit into the conditions of life in Edgewood, and it may even be that her most glaring fault had been to describe Patty Baxter's hair at this very Sunday dinner as "carrot," her dress altogether "dreadful" and her style of beauty "unladylike." Ellen Wilson's feelings were somewhat injured by these criticisms of her intimate friend, and, in discussing the matter privately with her brother, he was inclined to agree with her.

And thus, so little do we know of the frankness of the blind god, thus was Annabel Franklin working for her rival's best interests, and, instead of reviling her in secret and treating her with disdain in public, Patty should have welcomed her cordially to all the delights of Riverboro society.

CHAPTER XI. Haying Time.

EVERYBODY in Riverboro, Edgewood, Milliken's Mills, Spruce Swamp, Duck Pond and Moderation was "haying." There was a perfect frenzy of haying, for it was the Monday after the Fourth, the precise date in July when the Maine farmer said goodbye to repose and "hayed" desperately and unceasingly until every spear of green in his section was mowed down and safely under cover.

If a man had grass of his own he cut it, and if he had none he assisted in cutting that of some other man, for "to hay," although an unconventional verb, was, and still is, a very active one and in common circulation, although not used by the grammarians.

Whatever your trade and whatever your profession, it counted as naught in good weather. The fish man stopped selling fish, the meat man ceased to bring meat, the cobbler as well as the judge forsook the bench, and even the doctor made fewer visits than usual. The wage for work in the hay-fields was a high one, and every man, boy and horse in a village was pressed into service.

When Ivory Boynton had finished with his own small crop he commonly went at once to Lawyer Wilson, who had the largest acreage of hay land in the township. Ivory was always in great demand, for he was a mighty worker in the field and a very giant at "pitching," being able to pick up a fair sized haycock at one stroke of the fork and fling it on to the cart as if it were a feather.

Lawyer Wilson always took a hand himself if signs of rain appeared, and Mark occasionally visited the scene of action when a crowd in the field made a general jollification or when there was an impending thunderstorm.

In such cases even women and girls joined the workers and all hands bent together to the task of getting a load into the barn and covering the rest.

Deacon Baxter was wont to call Mark Wilson a "worthless, whey faced, lily handed whelp," but the description, though picturesque, was decidedly exaggerated. Mark disliked manual labor; but, having imbibed enough knowledge of law in his father's office to be an excellent clerk, he much preferred traveling about, settling the details of small cases, collecting rents and bad bills, to any form of work on a farm. This sort of life, on stage-coaches and railway trains or on long driving trips with his own fast "trout-ter," suited his adventurous disposition and gave him a sense of importance that was very necessary to his peace of mind. He was not especially intimate with Ivory Boynton, who studied law with his father during all vacations and in every available hour of leisure during term time, as did many another young New England schoolmaster.

Mark's father's praise of Ivory's

legal ability was a little too warm to please his son, as was the commendation of one of the county court judges on Ivory's preparation of a brief in a certain case in the Wilson office. Ivory had drawn it up at Mr. Wilson's request merely to show how far he understood the books and cases he was studying, and he had no idea that it differed in any way from the work of any other student. All the same, Mark's own efforts in a like direction had never received any special mention.

When he was in the hayfield he also kept as far as possible from Ivory, because there, too, he felt a superiority that made him for the moment a trifle disconcerted. It was no particular pleasure for him to see Ivory plunge his fork deep into the heart of a haycock, take a firm grasp of the handle, thrust forward his foot to steady himself and then raise the great fragrant heap slowly and swing it up to the waiting hay cart amid the applause of the crowd.

Rodman would be there, too, helping the man on top of the load and getting nearly buried each time as the mass descended upon him, but doing his slender best to distribute and tread it down properly, while his young heart glowed with pride at Cousin Ivory's prowess.

(Continued next week.)

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

The old fable of the grasshopper who sang and danced through the summer and starved in the winter is only a parable of life. If we would have strength in old age we must store it in the summer of life. It is important that men in middle age should not allow the vital

powers to run low. To prevent this requires something more than a stimulant. It requires a medicine which will increase the appetite, give the stomach power to convert the food eaten into nourishment, and increase the quantity and quality of the blood. Such a medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, purifies the blood and increases the action of the blood-making glands. It is a strength-giving, body-building medicine without an equal.

Medical.

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Mrs. Mattie Evey, 60 Pine St., Bellefonte, says: "Off and on for years I suffered from kidney trouble. My back was stiff and sore and I had pain across my loins. I had a dull, heavy feeling in my head and black spots often floated before my eyes. Dizzy spells were common and I usually felt languid. Doan's Kidney Pills were the only remedy I ever took that did me any good. Others of the family have taken Doan's Kidney Pills and have had as quick relief as I." Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Evey had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. 58-31

Cannon That Modernized Japan

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

BUSINESS is no longer a man to man contact, in which the seller and the buyer establish a personal bond, any more than battle is a hand-to-hand grapple wherein bone and muscle and sinew decide the outcome. Trade as well as war has changed aspect—both are now fought at long range.

Just as a present-day army of heroes would have no opportunity to display the individual valor of its members, just so a merchant who counts upon his direct acquaintanceship for success, is a relic of the past—a business dodo.

Japan changed her policy of exclusion to foreigners, after a fleet of warships battered down the Satsuma fortifications. The Samurai, who had hitherto considered their blades and bows efficient, discovered that one cannon was mightier than all the swords in creation—if they could not get near enough to use them. Japan profited by the lesson. She did not wait until further ramparts were pounded to pieces but was satisfied with her one experience and proceeded to modernize her methods.

The merchant who doesn't advertise is pretty much in the same position as that in which Japan stood when her eyes were opened to the fact that times had changed. The long range publicity of a competitor will as surely destroy his business as the cannon of the foreigners crumbled the walls of Satsuma. Unless you take the lesson to heart, unless you realize the importance of advertising, not only as a means of extending your business but for defending it as well, you must be prepared to face the consequences of a folly as great as that of a duelist who expects to survive in a contest in which his adversary bears a sword twice the length of his own.

Don't think that it's too late to begin because there are so many stores which have had the advantage of years of cumulative advertising. The town is growing. It will grow even more next year. It needs increased trading facilities just as it's hungry for new neighborhoods.

Newspaper advertising has reduced the value of being locally prominent, and five cent street car fares have cut out the advantage of being "around the corner." A store five miles away, can reach through the columns of the newspaper and draw your next door neighbor to its aisles, while you sit by and see the people on your own block enticed away, without your being able to retaliate or secure new customers to take their place.

It is not a question of your ability to stand the cost of advertising but of being able to survive without it. The thing you have to consider is not only an extension of your business but of holding what you already have.

Advertising is an investment, the cost of which is in the same proportion to its returns as seeds are to the harvest. And it is just as preposterous for you to consider publicity as an expense, as it would be for a farmer to hesitate over purchasing a fertilizer, if he discovered that he could profitably increase his crops by employing it.

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The Potter-Hoy Hardware Co.

Bellefonte, Pa.

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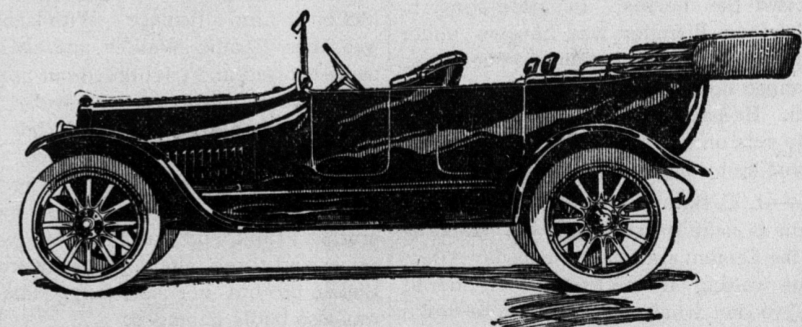
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58-4

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