

The Story of Waitstill Baxter

(Continued from page 2, Col. 4)
coming stranger, disappeared through the open front door.

There could be no retreat on her own part now, thought Waitstill. She wished for a moment that she had made this first visit under Ivory's protection, but her idea had been to gain Mrs. Boynton's confidence and have a quiet friendly talk, such a one as would be impossible in the presence of a third person. Approaching the steps, she called through the doorway in her clear voice: "Ivory asked me to come and see you one day, Mrs. Boynton. I am Waitstill Baxter, the little girl on Town House hill that you used to know."

Mrs. Boynton came from an inner room and stood on the threshold. The name "Waitstill" had always had a charm for her ears, from the time she first heard it years ago until it fell from Ivory's lips this summer, and again it caught her fancy. "Waitstill!" she repeated softly. "Waitstill! Does Ivory know you?" "We've known each other for ever so long—ever since we went to the brick school together when we were boy and girl. And when I was a child my stepmother brought me over here once on an errand, and Ivory showed me a humming bird's nest in that lilac bush by the door."

Mrs. Boynton smiled. "Come and look!" she whispered. "There is always a humming bird's nest in our lilac. How did you remember?"

The two women approached the bush, and Mrs. Boynton carefully parted the leaves to show the dainty morsel of a home thatched with soft gray green and lined with down. "The birds have down now," she said. "They were like little jewels when they darted off in the sunshine."

Her voice was faint and sweet, as if it came from far away, and her eyes looked not as if they were seeing you, but seeing something through you. Her pale hair was turned back from her paler face, where the veins showed like blue rivers, and her smile was like the flitting of a moonbeam. She was standing very close to Waitstill.



Oh, waitstill! Does Ivory know you?"

closer than she had been to any woman for many years, and she studied her a little, wistfully yet courteously, as if her attention was attracted by something fresh and winning. She looked at the color ebbing and flowing in the girl's cheeks, at her brows and lashes, at her neck as white as swansdown.

**CHAPTER XIII.
Ivory's Mother.**

"I HAD a daughter once," she said. "My second baby was a girl, but she lived only a few weeks. I need her very much, for I am a great care to Ivory. He is son and daughter both, now that Mr. Boynton is away from home. You did not see any one in the road as you turned in from the bars, I suppose?"

"No," answered Waitstill, surprised and confused, "but I didn't really notice. I was thinking of a cool place for my horse to stand."

"I sit out here in these warm afternoons," Mrs. Boynton continued, shading her eyes and looking across the fields, "because I can see so far down the lane. I have the supper table set for my husband already, and there is a surprise for him, a saucer of wild strawberries I picked for him this morning. If he does not come I always take away the plate and cup before Ivory gets here. It seems to make him unhappy."

"He doesn't like it when you are disappointed, I suppose," Waitstill ventured. "I have brought my knitting, Mrs. Boynton, so that I needn't keep you idle if you wish to work. May I sit down a few minutes? And here is a cottage cheese for Ivory and Rodman and a jar of plums for you preserved from my own garden."

Mrs. Boynton's eyes searched the face of this visitor from a world she had almost forgotten and, finding nothing but tenderness there, said, with just a trace of bewilderment: "Thank you. Yes, do sit down. My workbasket is just inside the door. Take that rocking chair. I don't have an-

other one out here because I have never been in the habit of seeing visitors."

"I hope I am not intruding," stammered Waitstill, seating herself and beginning her knitting to see if it would lessen the sense of strain between them.

"Not at all. I always loved young and beautiful people, and so did my husband. If he comes while you are here do not go away, but sit with him while I get his supper. If Elder Cochrane should be with him you would see two wonderful men. They went away together to do some missionary work in Maine and New Hampshire, and perhaps they will come back together. I do not welcome callers because they always ask so many difficult questions, but you are different and have asked me none at all."

"I should not think of asking questions, Mrs. Boynton."

"Not that I should mind answering them," continued Ivory's mother, "except that it tires my head very much to think. You must not imagine I am ill; it is only that I have a very bad memory, and when people ask me to remember something or to give an answer quickly it confuses me the more. Even now I have forgotten why you came and where you live, but I have not forgotten your beautiful name." "Ivory thought you might be lonely, and I wanted so much to know you that I could not keep away any longer, for I am lonely and unhappy too. I am always watching and hoping for what has never come yet. I have no mother, you have lost your daughter; I thought—I thought—perhaps we could be a comfort to each other." And Waitstill rose from her chair and put out her hand to help Mrs. Boynton down the steps, she looked so frail, so transparent, so prematurely aged. "I could not come very often, but if I could only smooth your hair sometimes when your head aches or do some cooking for you or read to you or any little thing like that as I would for my own mother, if I could, I should be so glad!"

Waitstill stood a head higher than Ivory's mother, and the glowing health of her, the steadiness of her voice, the warmth of her handclasp must have made her seem like a strong refuge to this storm tossed derelict. The deep furrow between Lois Boynton's eyes relaxed a trifle, the blood in her veins ran a little more swiftly under the touch of the young hand that held hers so closely. Suddenly a light came into her face and her lip quivered.

"Perhaps I have been remembering wrong all these years," she said. "It is my great trouble, remembering wrong. Perhaps my baby did not die as I thought; perhaps she lived and grew up; perhaps—her pale cheek burned and her eyes shone like stars—perhaps she has come back!"

Waitstill could not speak. She put her arm round the trembling figure, holding her as she was wont to hold Patty and with the same protective instinct. The embrace was electric in its effect and set altogether new currents of emotion in circulation. Something in Lois Boynton's perturbed mind seemed to beat its wings against the barriers that had heretofore opposed it and, freeing itself, mounted into clearer air and went singing to the sky. She rested her cheek on the girl's breast with a little sob. "Oh, let me go on remembering wrong!" she sighed from that safe shelter. "Let me go on remembering wrong! It makes me so happy!"

Waitstill gently led her to the rocking chair and sat down beside her on the lowest step, stroking her thin hand. Mrs. Boynton's eyes were closed, her breath came and went quickly, but presently she began to speak hurriedly as if she were relieving a surcharged heart.

(Continued next week.)

Wireless Operation.
Wireless messages are sent much more easily at night than in the daytime and in winter than in summer, and the range under favorable conditions at midnight during midwinter is said to be several hundred per cent better than at noon in midsummer.

Medical.

Here's Proof
A BELLEFONTE CITIZEN TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE.

You have a right to doubt statements of people living far away but can you doubt Bellefonte endorsement?
Read it:

John H. Klinger, 220 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, says: "I was annoyed by weak kidneys most all the time. At night my rest was broken by having to pass the kidney secretions too frequently and in the morning I felt tired. Doan's Kidney Pills were so highly recommended that I got a box at Krumrine's Drug Store and began using them. They relieved the backache and strengthened my kidneys."
Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Klinger had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. 59-32.

—The WATCHMAN enjoys the proud distinction of being the best and cleanest county paper published.

"It is never too late to mend," is one of those deceiving proverbs which seem born of human fatuity. It is often too late to mend the health which has been neglected until Nature herself is exhausted and gives up in despair. There are always some people who procrastinate until their opportunity is gone forever. The wiser proverb is "never put off until tomorrow, what you can do today." If you have undue fullness after eating, eructations, sour rising, bad taste in the mouth; if you are nervous, irritable, sleepless, don't wait a day before beginning the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The first dose is the first step toward relief. Persons suffering with chronic forms of disease of the

stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence confidential. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Red Tape.

Red Tape is the bulwark of inferior minds. Language is said to conceal thought; red tape paralyzes action. Politicians use red tape to create of fices; without it, government would be so simple that everybody would understand it. If you would accomplish big results, look not upon the tape when it is red.—Life.

History shows that when an epidemic breaks out it begins in the alleys and hovels, where filth accumulates. It's so in the body. Foul accumulations are the spawning places of disease. To keep the bowels clean and active is a prerequisite to health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are at once the simplest and surest means to effect this result. They do not gripe. They do not beget the pill habit.

—They are all good enough, but the WATCHMAN is always the best.

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

Difference Between Amusing and Convincing

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

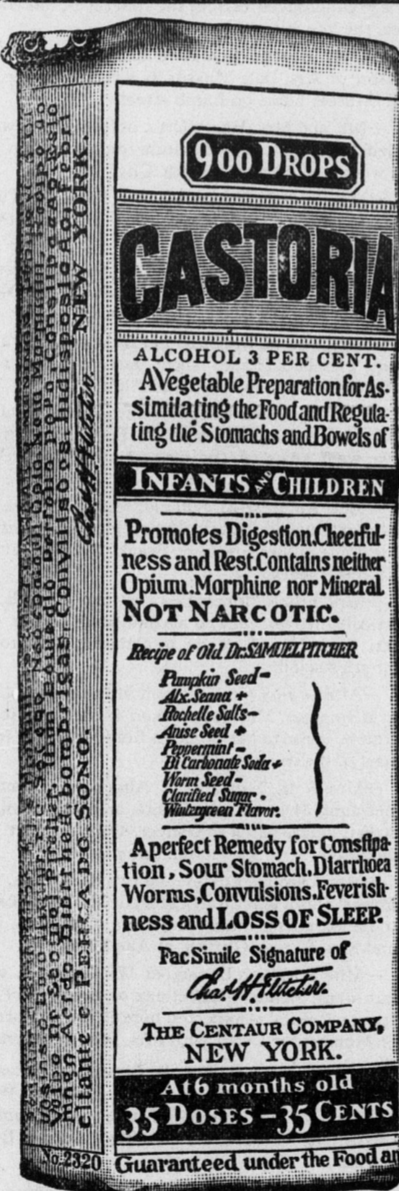
AN ADVERTISER must realize that there is a vast difference between amusing people and convincing them. It does not pay to be "smart" at the line rate of the average first-class paper. I suppose that I could draw the attention of everybody on the street by painting half of my face red and donning a suit of motley. I might have a sincere purpose in wishing to attract the crowd, but I would be deluding myself if I mistook the nature of their attention.

The new advertiser is especially prone to misjudge between amusing and convincing copy. A humorous picture may catch the eye of every reader, but it won't pay as well as an illustration of some piece of merchandise which will strike the eye of every buyer. Merchants secure varying results from the same advertising space. The publisher delivers to each the same quality of readers, but the advertiser who plants flippancy in the minds of the community won't attain the benefit that is secured by the merchant who imprints clinching arguments there.

Always remember that the advertising sections of newspapers are no different than farming lands. And it is as preposterous to hold the publisher responsible for the outcome of unintelligent copy as it would be unjust to blame the soil for bad seed and poor culture. Every advertiser gets exactly the same number of readers from a publisher and the same readers—after that it's up to him—the results fluctuate in accordance with the intelligence and the pulling power of the copy which is inserted.

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA.



CASTORIA

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Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature

of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

59-20-e.o.w.

Hardware.

...IF IT'S...

HARDWARE

WE HAVE IT.

Closing Out at Reduced Prices:

- LAWN MOWERS,
- Grass Hooks, Grass Catchers,
- Grass Shears, Garden Hose,
- Lawn Sprinklers.

The Potter-Hoy Hardware Co.

Bellefonte, Pa.

59-11-ly

Shoes. Clothing. Hats and Caps.

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For Men that were
\$15, \$18 and \$20,
all to go at one
price

\$10.00

These are Odd
Suits, only One and
Two of a Kind. It's

THE BIGGEST BARGAIN

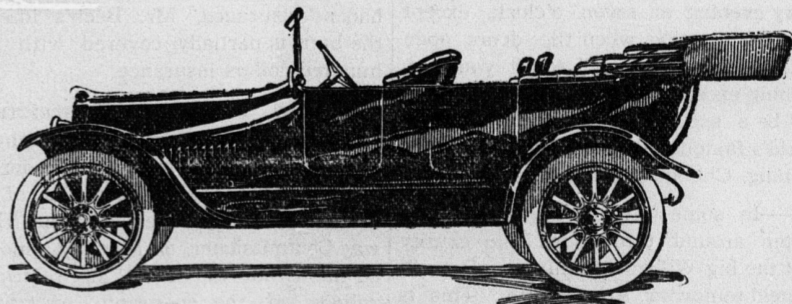
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58-4

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STUDEBAKER CARS
Three-Passenger Roadster and Five-Passenger "Six" Added to Line.
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Improved Design and Manufacturing Method Add to Values.
Timkin Bearings, Full Floating Rear Axle, Crowned Fenders, Non-skid Tires on Rear, Wagner Separate Unit Starting and Lighting, Dimming Head Lights, Switch Locking Device, Hot Jacketed Carburetor, One-Man Type Top, Oversize tires.
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