As She Saw It.

"Fred is so poetical! When I accepted him he said he felt like an immigrant entering a new world."

"Well, there's sense as well as poetry in that. Wasn't he just landed?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Who Finds Them?

It is said that in Khartum, Egypt, a man may be fined $3 for every mosquito found alive on his property. Only millionaires could afford to live in New Jersey if that state of mosquitoes should adopt a similar statute. It would give the state a real distinction.

Chicago, Great Western.

Arrive from Fort Dodge, Mason City and Omaha—6:24 p. m.; 4:26 a. m.
Arrive from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City—12:12 p. m.; 11:48 p. m.
Leave for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City—6:24 p. m. 4:28 a. m.
Leave for Omaha, Mason City, For Dodge—12:12 p. m.: 11:48 p. m.
Thru coach on trains between Austin and Minneapolis.

C. M. & St. P. R. R. Co.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS

Leave for—5:30 a.m.;6:55 a.m.; 2:55 p m.
Arrive from—11:35 a. m.; 7:00 p. m. 10:20 p. m.

LACROSSE.

Leave for—11:12 a. m.; 6:55 p. m.
Arrive from—12:20 a. m.; 3:20 p. m.

CALMAR.

Leave for—11:55 a. m.; 7:20 p. m.
Arrive from—6:30 a. m.; 2:41 p. m.

MASON CITY.

Leave for—12:01 p. m.; 7:25 p. m.
Arrive from—6:40 a. m. 2:47 p. m.

JACKSON.

Leave for—6:50 a. m.; 3:30 p. m.
Arrive from—11:00 a. m.; 6:25 p. m.

No Knife No Drugs

W. M. VAVRUSKA, D. C.

Doctor of Chiropractic.
Office at 408 North Main Street.
Over Snyder's Land Office.
N. W. Phone 378. Int. Phone 160 L.
Austin, Minn.

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
Glasses Correctly Fitted.

Dr. G. M. F. ROGERS,

Practice Confined to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Hirsh Building - - Austin, Minn.

Orris Hayes

OPTICIAN

Eyes Examined Free.

111 East Mill Street.

Homer F. Pierson, M. D.

Graduate Rush Medical College Chicago, late House physician St. Mary's Hospital, Minneapolis, Minn. Office over K. O. Wold's Drug Store

ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,

GENERAL LAW BUSINESS.
Real Estate, Collections, Loans and Insurance.
Established in 1869.
Office in First National Bank Building
AUSTIN MINN.

Milton J. Hardy, D. D. S.

DENTIST.

Austin National Bank Building,
AUSTIN MINN,

FOR SALE

Farm Lands and Town Property.

I have always a few good bargains,

G. SORFLATEN,

Both Phones. 223 north Main St

Arthur W. Allen, M. D.

Surgeon C. M. & St. P. Ry.

Diseases of the Eye and SCIENTIFIC MEASUREMENT for GLASSES. Consultation hours: 1:00 to 4:00 p. m.; Sundays, 1:30 to 3:00 p. m.
First National Bank Building. AustinMinn

Plants and Cut Flowers For Sale.

Austin Greenhouses

Austin, Minn.

Peerless Flour

Its long record is proof of its merit.

If you are not using "Peerless" try a sack and be convinced that there is none better. Its guaranteed.

Peerless Roller Mills

ALEX S. CAMPBELL

The Story of Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Copyright, 1913, by Kate Douglas Wiggin

PROLOGUE.

Strength and interest of quiet lives in the New England of three-quarters of a century ago provide the framework of "The Story of Waitstill Baxter." That is the skeleton. The flesh and blood of human beings, living and loving and moving in a world of their own that is a miniature picture of the greater world outside, are also there. The story is a cross section of life as seen and described by a woman who has been well called "America's greatest living woman novelist."

Amid the hills of New England are many men and women like Waitstill and Patience Baxter and their father, Ivory Boynton and his afflicted mother and funny Cephas Cole, who woos hopefully, but with small chance of success. They find their way into books but seldom, for it takes a master hand to describe faithfully the doings of real people. And that is the reason why "The Story of Waitstill Baxter" has won highest praise from critics who know a good book when they see one.

CHAPTER I.

The Sisters.

FAR, far up in the bosom of New Hampshire's granite hills the Saco has its birth. As the mountain rill gathers strength it takes

Through Bartlett's vales its tuneful way,
Or hides in Conway's fragrant brakes
Retreating from the glare of day.

Now it leaves the mountains and flows through "green Fryeburg's woods and farms." In the course of its frequent turns and twists and bends it meets with many another stream and sends it, fuller and stronger, along its rejoicing way. When it has journeyed more than 100 miles and is nearing the ocean it greets the Great Ossipee river and accepts its crystal tribute. Then in its turn the Little Ossipee joins forces and the river, now a splendid stream, flows onward to Bonny Eagle, to Moderation and to Salmon falls, where it dashes over the dam like a young Niagara and hurtles in a foamy torrent through the ragged defile cut between lofty banks of solid rock.

Widening out placidly for a moment's rest in the sunny reaches near Pleasant point it gathers itself for a new plunge at Union falls, after which it speedily merges itself in the bay and is fresh water no more.

At one of the falls on the Saco the two little hamlets of Edgewood and Riverboro nestle together at the bridge and make one village. The stream is a wonder of beauty just here, a mirror of placid loveliness above the dam, a tawny, roaring wonder at the fall and a mad, white flecked torrent as it dashes on its way to the ocean.

The river has seen strange sights in its time, though the history of these two tiny villages is quite unknown to the great world outside. They have been born, waxed strong and fallen almost to decay while Saco water has tumbled over the rocks and spent itself in its impetuous journey to the sea.

It remembers the yellow moccasined Sokokis as they issued from the Indian Cellar and carried their birchen canoes along the wooded shore. It was in those years that the silver skinned salmon leaped in its crystal depths, the otter and the beaver crept with sleek wet skins upon its shore and the brown deer came down to quench his thirst at its brink, while at twilight the stealthy forms of bear and panther and wolf were mirrored in its glassy surface.

Time sped. Men chained the river's turbulent forces and ordered it to grind at the mill. Then houses and barns appeared along its banks, bridges were built, orchards planted, forests changed into farms, white painted meeting houses gleamed through the trees, and distant bells rang from their steeples on quiet Sunday mornings.

All at once myriads of great hewn logs vexed its downward course, slender logs linked together in long rafts and huge logs drifting down singly or in pairs. Men appeared, running hither and thither like ants and going through mysterious operations the reason for which the river could never guess. But the mill wheels turned,

speak when he's at home," said grave little Waitstill. "And I'm used to going to bed without my porridge."

* * * * * * *

The river was still running under the

the great saws buzzed, the smoke from tavern chimneys rose in the air, and the rattle and clatter of stagecoaches resounded along the road.

Now children paddled with bare feet in the river's sandy coves and shallows, and lovers sat on its alder shaded banks and exchanged their vows just where the shuffling bear was wont to come down and drink.

The Saco could remember the "cold year," when there was a black frost every month of the twelve, and, though almost all the corn along its shores shriveled on the stalk, there were two farms where the vapor from the river saved the crops, and all the seed for the next season came from the favored spot, to be known as "Egypt" from that day henceforward.

Strange, complex things now began to happen, and the river played its own part in some of these, for there were disastrous freshets, the sudden breaking up of great jams of logs and the drowning of men who were engulfed in the dark whirlpool below the rapids.

Caravans, with menageries of wild beasts, crossed the bridge now every year. An infuriated elephant lifted the side of the old Edgewood tavern barn, and the wild laughter of the roistering rum drinkers who were tantalizing the animals floated down to the river's edge. The roar of a lion, tearing and chewing the arm of one of the bystanders, and the cheers of the throng when a plucky captain of the local militia thrust a stake down the beast's throat—these sounds displaced the former warwhoop of the Indians and the ring of the ax in the virgin forests along the shores.

There were days and moonlight nights, too, when strange sights and sounds of quite another nature could have been noted by the river as it flowed under the bridge that united the two little villages.

Issuing from the door of the Riverboro townhouse and winding down the hill through the long row of teams and carriages that lined the roadside, came a procession of singing men and singing women. Convinced of sin, but entranced with promised pardon, spiritually intoxicated by the glowing eloquence of the latter day prophet they were worshiping, the band of "Cochranites" marched down the dusty road and across the bridge, dancing, swaying, waving handkerchiefs and shouting hosannas.

God watched and listened, knowing that there would be other prophets, true and false, in the days to come, and other processions following them. And the river watched and listened, too, as it hurried on toward the sea with its story of the present that was some time to be the history of the past.

When Jacob Cochrane was leading his overwrought, ecstatic band across the river, Waitstill Baxter, then a child was watching the strange, noisy company from the window of a little brick dwelling on the top of the Town House hill.

Her stepmother stood beside her with a young baby in her arms, but when she saw what held the gaze of the child she drew her away, saying. "We mustn't look, Waitstill; your father don't like it!"

"Who was the big man at the head, mother?"

"His name is Jacob Cochrane, but you mustn't think or talk about him. He is very wicked."

"He doesn't look any wickeder than the others," said the child. "Who was the man that fell down in the road, mother, and the woman that knelt and prayed over him? Why did he fall, and why did she pray, mother?"

"That was Master Aaron Boynton, the schoolmaster, and his wife. He only made believe to fall down, as the Cochranites do; the way they carry on is a disgrace to the village, and that's the reason your father won't let us look at them."

"I played with a nice boy over to Boynton's," mused the child.

"That was Ivory, their only child. He is a good little fellow, but his mother and father will spoil him with their crazy ways."

"I hope nothing will happen to him, for I love him," said the child gravely. "He showed me a humming bird's nest, the first I ever saw, and the littlest!"

"Don't talk about loving him," chided the woman. "If your father should hear you he'd send you to bed without your porridge."

"Father couldn't hear me, for I never

bridge, but the current of time had swept Jacob Cochrane out of sight, though not out of mind, for he had left here and there a disciple to preach his strange and uncertain doctrine. Waitstill, the child who never spoke in her father's presence, was a young woman now, the mistress of the house; the stepmother was dead and the baby a girl of seventeen.

The brick cottage on the hilltop had grown only a little shabbier. Deacon Foxwell Baxter still slammed its door behind him every morning at 7 o'clock and, without any such cheerful conventions as goodbys to his girls, walked down to the bridge to open his store.

The day, properly speaking, had opened when Waitstill and Patience had left their beds at dawn, built the fire, fed the hens and turkeys and prepared the breakfast, while the deacon was graining the horse and milking the cows. Such minor "chores" as carrying water from the well, splitting kindling, chopping pine or bringing wood into the kitchen were left to Waitstill, who had a strong back or if she had not had never been unwise enough to mention the fact in her father's presence. The almanac day, however, which opened with sunrise, had nothing to do with the real human day, which always began when Mr. Baxter slammed the door behind him and reached its high noon of delight when he disappeared from view.

"He's opening the store shutters!" chanted Patience from the heights of a kitchen chair by the window. "Now he's taken his cane and beaten off the Boynton puppy that was sitting on the steps as usual. I don't mean Ivory's dog" (here the girl gave a quick glance at her sister), "but Rodman's little yellow cur. Rodman must have come down to the bridge on some errand for Ivory. Isn't it odd when that dog has all the other store steps to sit upon he should choose father's when every bone in his body must tell him how father hates him and the whole Boynton family?"

"Father has no real cause that I ever heard of. But some dogs never know when they've had enough beating nor some people either," said Waitstill, speaking from the pantry.

"Don't be gloomy when it's my birthday, sis. Now he's opened the door and kicked the cat. All is ready for business at the Baxter store."

"I wish you weren't quite so free with your tongue, Patty."

"Somebody must talk," retorted the girl, jumping down from the chair and shaking back her mop of red gold curls. "I'll put this hateful, childish, round comb in and out just once more, then it will disappear forever. This very afternoon up goes my hair!"

"You know it will be of no use unless you braid it very plainly and neatly. Father will take notice and make you smooth it down."

"Father hasn't looked me square in the face for years, besides my hair won't braid and nothing can make it quite plain and neat, thank goodness! Let us be thankful for small mercies, as Jed Morrill said when the lightning struck his mother-in-law and skipped his wife."

"Patty, I will not permit you to repeat those tavern stories, they are not seemly on the lips of a girl!" And Waitstill came out of the pantry with a shadow of disapproval in her eyes and in her voice.

Patty flung her arms around her sister tempestuously and pulled out the waves of her hair so that it softened her face. "I'll be good," she said, "and oh, Waity, let's invent some sort of

"He's opening the store shutters."

cheap happiness for today! I shall never be seventeen again and we have so many troubles. Let's put one of the cows in the horse's stall and see what will happen! Or let's spread up our beds with the head at the foot and put the chest of drawers on the other side of the room, or let's make candy! Do you think father would miss the molasses if we only use a cupful? Couldn't we strain the milk, but leave the churning and the dishes for an hour or two, just once? If you say 'yes' I can think of something wonderful to do!"

"What is it?" asked Waitstill, relenting at the sight of the girl's eager, roguish face.

"Pierce my ears!" cried Patty. "Say you will!"

"Oh! Patty, Patty, I am afraid you are given over to vanity! I daren't let you wear eardrops without father's permission."

"Why not? Lots of church members wear them, so it can't be a mortal sin. Father is against all adornments, but that's because he doesn't want to buy them. You've always said I should have your mother's coral pendants when I was old enough. Here I am, seventeen today, and Dr. Perry says I am already a well favored young woman. I can pull my hair over my ears for a few days, and when the holes are all made and healed even father cannot make me fill them up again. Besides, I'll never wear the earrings at home!"

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" sighed Waitstill, with a half sob in her voice. "If only I was wise enough to know how we could keep from these little deceits, yet have any liberty or comfort in life!"

"We can't! The Lord couldn't expect us to bear all we bear," exclaimed Patty, "without our trying once in a while to have a good time in our own way. We never do a thing that we are

"We can't! The Lord couldn't expect us to bear all that we bear."

ashamed of or that other girls don't do every day in the week; only our pleasures always have to be taken behind father's back. It's only me that's ever wrong, anyway, for you are always an angel. It's a burning shame, and you only twenty-one yourself. I'll pierce your ears if you say so and let you wear your own coral drops!"

"No, Patty! I've outgrown those longings years ago. When your mother died and left father and you and the house to me my girlhood died, too, though I was only fourteen."

"It was only your inside girlhood that died," insisted Patty stoutly. "The outside is as fresh as the paint on Uncle Barty's new ell. You've got the loveliest eyes and hair in Riverboro, and you know it; besides, Ivory Boynton would tell you so if you didn't. Come and bore my ears, there's a darling!"

"Ivory Boynton never speaks a word of my looks, nor a word that father and all the world mightn't hear." And Waitstill flushed.

"Then it's because he's shy and silent and has so many troubles of his own that he doesn't dare say anything. When my hair is once up and the coral pendants are swinging in my ears I shall expect to hear something about my looks, I can tell you. Waity, after all, though we never have what we want to eat and never a decent dress to our backs, nor a young man to cross the threshold, I wouldn't change places with Ivory Boynton, would you?" Here Patty swept the hearth vigorously with a turkey wing and added a few corncobs to the fire.

Waitstill paused a moment in her task of bread kneading. "Well," she answered critically, "at least we know where our father is."

"We do indeed. We also know that he is thoroughly alive."

"And, though people do talk about him, they can't say the things they say of Master Aaron Boynton. I don't believe father would ever run away and desert us."

"I fear not," said Patty. "I wish the angels would put the idea into his head, though, of course, it wouldn't be the angels. They'd be above it. It would have to be the 'old driver,' as Jed Morrill calls the evil one. But whoever did it the result would be the same—we should be deserted and live happily ever after. Oh, to be deserted and left with you alone on this hilltop, what joy it would be!"

CHAPTER II.

Deacon Baxter's Wives.

WAITSTILL frowned, but did not interfere further with Patty's intemperate speech. She knew that she was simply serving as an escape valve and that after the steam was "let off" she would be more rational.

"Of course we are motherless," continued Patty wistfully, "but poor Ivory is worse than motherless."

"No, not worse, Patty," said Waitstill, taking the bread board and moving toward the closet. "Ivory loves his mother, and she loves him with all the mind she has left. She has the best blood of New England flowing in her veins, and I suppose it was a great comedown for her to marry Aaron Boynton, clever and gifted though he was. Now Ivory has to protect her—poor, daft, innocent creature—and hide her away from the gossip of the village. He is surely the best of sons, Ivory Boynton."

"She is a terrible care for him and like to spoil his life," said Patty.

"There are cares that swell the heart and make it bigger and warmer, Patty, just as there are cares that shrivel it and leave it tired and cold. Love lightens Ivory's afflictions, but that is something you and I have to do without, so it seems."

"I suppose little Rodman is some comfort to the Boyntons, even if he is only ten?" Patty suggested.

"No doubt. He's a good little fellow, and, though it's rather hard for Ivory to be burdened for these last five years with the support of a child who's no nearer kin than a cousin, still he's of use, minding Mrs. Boynton and the house when Ivory's away.

The schoolteacher says he is wonderful at his books and likely to be a great credit to the Boyntons some day or other."

"You've forgot to name our one great blessing, Waity, and I believe, anyway, you're talking to keep my mind off the earrings!"

"You mean we've each other? No, Patty, I never forget that, day or night. 'Tis that makes me willing to bear any burden father chooses to put upon us. Now the bread is set, but I don't believe I have the courage to put a needle into your tender flesh, Patty. I really don't."

"Nonsense! I've got the waxed silk all ready and chosen the right sized needle, and I'll promise not to jump or screech more than I can help. We'll make a tiny lead pencil dot right in the middle of the lobe, then you place the needle on it, shut your eyes and jab hard! I expect to faint, but when I 'come to' we can decide which of us will pull the needle through to the other side. Probably it will be you. I'm such a coward. If it hurts dreadfully I'll have only one pierced today and take the other tomorrow, and if it hurts very dreadfully perhaps I'll go through life with one earring. Aunt Abby Cole will say it's just odd enough to suit me!"

(To be continued.)

Montaigne on Training of Youth.

Accustom him to everything, that he may not be a Sir Paris, a carpet knight, but a sinewy, hardy, vigorous young man.—Montaigne.

Notice of Mortgage Sale by Advertisement.

Notice is hereby given that default has been made in the conditions of that certain mortgage duly executed and delivered by A. J. Runge, a single man. Mortgagor, to Thomas Frankson, Mortgagee, bearing date the 18th day of October 1912, with power of sale therein contained, duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Mower, State of Minnesota on the 23rd day of October 1912, at 9 o'clock a. m., in Book 29 of Mortgages on page 432 given to secure the payment of the sum of Thirty-Five Hundred Dollars and interest according to the termsof one certain promissory note described in said mortgage and given by said mortgagor to said mortgagee dated October 18th, 1912, due on or before 5 years after date with interest payable annually at the rate of 5 per cent per annum which default has continued to the date of this notice, by the failure and neglect of said Mortgagor to make payment of balance of the interest on the note to-wit: $135.00 by said mortgage secured, which by its terms became due and payable on the 18th day of October 1913, and which default has continued for more than nine months.

And, Whereas, The said Mortgagee and Holder of said Mortgage, has elected and hereby does elect to declare the whole principal sum of said Mortgage due and payable at the date of this notice under the terms and conditions of said Mortgage and the power of sale therein contained; and whereas there is actually due and claimed to be due and payable at the date of this notice the sum of Thirty-five Hundred Dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of five per cent per annum from the 18th day of October 1912, less $40.00 paid October 18th, 1913, amounting to Three Thousand Seven Hundred Sixty-Six and 25-100 Dollars; and whereas the power of sale has become operative, and no action or proceeding, at law or otherwise, has been instituted to recover the debt secured by said Mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now, Therefore, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said mortgage and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises described in and conveyed by said mortgage, to wit:

The Southeast Quarter of Section Thirty-five in Township One Hundred and Two, Range Fourteen in Mower County, and state of Minnesota with the hereditaments and appurtenances, which sale will be made by the Sheriff of said Mower County at the front door of the Court House in the city of Austin, in said County and State, on the 26th day of September, 1914, at 11 o'clock a. m. of that day, at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash to pay said debt of Thirty-five Hundred Dollars, and interest and the taxes if any, on said premises, and Fifty Dollars Attorneys fee, as stipulated in and by said mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law; subject to redemption at any time within one year from the day of sale as provided by law.

Dated July 29th A. D., 1914.

THOMAS FRANKSON, Mortgagee.

GEORGE B. EDGERTON,
Attorney for Mortgagee.
620 Germania Life Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Aug 12 Sept16

The Secret of a Good Figure

often lies in the brassiere. Hundreds of thousands of women wear the Bien-Jolie Brassiere for the reason that they regard it as necessary as a corset. It supports the bust and back and gives the figure the youthful outline which fashion decrees.

BIEN JOLIE (BE-AN JO-LEE) **BRASSIERES**

are the daintiest, most serviceable garments imaginable. Only the best of materials are used—for instance, "Walohn", a flexible boning of great durability—absolutely rustless—permitting laundering without removal.

They come in all styles, and your local Dry Goods dealer will show them to you on request. If he does not carry them, he can easily get them for you by writing to us. Send for an illustrated booklet showing styles that are in high favor.

BENJAMIN & JOHNES
50 Warren Street Newark, N. J.