

# "Peerless"

The flour that is rich in food value, uniform in quality and right in price.

**Peerless Roller Mills**  
ALEX S. CAMPBELL

## The Story of Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Copyright, 1913, by Kate Douglas Wiggin

### SYNOPSIS

Waitstill Baxter and her sister, Patience (Patty), keep house for their widowed, man father, Ivory Boynton, whose father disappeared, is interested in Waitstill. He takes care of his daughter's mother.

Mrs. Boynton expects her husband to return. Rodman, a young boy, is a member of the Boynton household.

Ivory's father abandoned his family to follow Jacob Cochrane, a mystic. Patience chafes under her father's stern rule.

Patty has two admirers—Mark Wilson, an educated young man, and Cephas Cole, who is unlearned. Mark kisses her.

Waitstill is spending her life in loving care of Patience. Aunt Abby and Uncle Bart are friends of the whole community.

Cephas Cole, tending store for Baxter, proposes to Patty and is rejected. In his agitation he lets the molasses run all over the store floor.

Although they love each other, Waitstill and Ivory suppress their affection because of their household cares.

Patty and Waitstill go to church, although their father is too mean to give them fitting garments. Waitstill sings in the choir.

A strange young woman in the Wilson pew, a visitor from Boston, makes Patty jealous. Haying time arrives.

Waitstill decides to disobey her father by paying a visit to Mrs. Boynton. Uncle Bart discourses to Cephas on woman's ways.

Mrs. Boynton confides in Waitstill, telling the girl she believes Rodman is not her sister's child, but she cannot be sure.

To punish Waitstill for disobedience Deacon Baxter locks her out all night. She spends the night in the barn. Patience sympathizes.

Patience Baxter is embarrassed amid a multitude of suitors. She thinks Mark is a fella.

Trying to trace his father, Ivory writes to Waitstill a long account of Boynton's following of Cochrane, with which Mrs. Boynton was not in full sympathy.

The village gossips are busy with the names of Waitstill and Ivory, but in a friendly and sympathetic manner.

In Ivory's absence young Rodman ministers to Mrs. Boynton. She is ill and sends Rodman for Ivory.

Ivory receives proof of his father's death and succeeds in convincing his mother of it. Waitstill volunteers her help in the Boynton housekeeping.

Despairing of winning Patty, Cephas turns his affections elsewhere. Patty and Mark are now sweethearts.

Patty and Mark knock Deacon Baxter will not consent to their marriage, so they plan an elopement to New Hampshire.

Deacon Baxter is more than usually "difficult." Patty runs off with Mark, is married and returns and tells Waitstill.

The deacon turns Patty out into the cold. She finds shelter with Aunt Abby and Uncle Bart.

Waitstill rises against her father and tells him she will marry Ivory as soon as he is ready to have her.

Left by his daughters, the deacon cannot manage his household. Waitstill visits the Boyntons.

Patty is welcomed by the Wilsons. Ivory will wed Waitstill. Mrs. Boynton tells of a summons received years before to go to her husband's side.

Rodman is the son of Boynton and another woman for whom he had left his wife. The woman, who had called for Mrs. Boynton, had left Rodman in her care before dying. Waitstill at a neighbor's.

To spite his daughters Deacon Baxter proposes to a widow and is accepted. Patty and Mark leave for their new home.

Waitstill and Ivory are married before Mrs. Boynton dies. Waitstill and Ivory start a happy home with Rodman.

"I do, indeed!" cried Waitstill to herself as she turned the words over and over trying to feed her hungry heart with them.

"I love to hear Ivory talk. It's like the stories in the books. We have our best times in the barn, for I'm helping with the milking now. Our yellow cow's name is Molly and the red cow used to be Dolly, but we changed her to Golly 'cause she's so troublesome."

"We had a cross old cow like that once," said Waitstill absently, loving to hear the boy's chatter and the eternal quotations from his beloved hero.

"We have great fun cooking, too," continued Rod. "When Aunt Boynton was first sick she stayed in bed more, and Ivory and I hadn't got used to things. One morning we bound up each other's burns. Ivory had three fingers and I two done up in buttery rags to take the fire out. Ivory called us 'soldiers dressing their wounds after the battle.' Sausages spatter dreadfully, don't they? And when you turn a pancake it sops on top of the stove. Can you flop one straight, Waity?"

"Yes, I can; straight as a die; that's what girls are made for. Now run along home to your big brother, and do put on some warmer clothes under your coat. The weather's getting colder."

"Aunt Boynton hasn't patched our thick ones yet, but she will soon, and if she doesn't, Ivory'll take this Saturday evening and do them himself. He said so."

"He shall not!" cried Waitstill passionately. "It is not seemly for Ivory to sew and mend, and I will not allow it. You shall bring me those things that need patching without telling any one, do you hear, and I will meet you on the edge of the pasture Saturday afternoon and give them back to you. You are not to speak of it to any one, you understand, or perhaps I shall pound you to a jelly! You'd make a sweet rose jelly to eat with turkey for and at Thanksgiving service the next Thursday too."

"Cephas says he don't care how soon folks hears the news, now all's settled," said his mother. "I guess he's kind of anxious that the village should know jest how little truth there is in the gossip 'bout him bein' all upset over Patience Baxter. He said they took consid'able notice of him an' Phoebe settin' together at the harvest festival last evenin'. He thought the Baxter girls would be there for certain, but I s'pose Old Foxy wouldn't let 'em go up to the Mills in the evenin' nor spend a quarter on their tickets."

"Mark could have invited Patty an' paid for her ticket, I should think, or passed her in free, for that matter, when the Wilsons got up the entertainment; but, of course, the deacon never allows his girls to go anywhere with men folks."

"Not in public; so they meet 'em side of the river or round the corner of Bart's shop, or anywhere they can, when the deacon's back's turned. If you tied a handkerchief over Waitstill's eyes she could find her way blindfold to Ivory Boynton's house, but she's good as gold, Waitstill is. She'll stay where her duty calls her every time. If any misfortune or scandal should come near them two girls the deacon will have nobody but himself to thank for it, that's one sure thing!"

"Young folks can't be young but once," sighed Mrs. Day. "How'd you like that Boston singer that the Wilsons brought here, Abby? Wait a minute, is Cephas, or the deacon tendin' store this afternoon?"

"The deacon; Cephas is paintin' up to the Mills."

"Well, Mark Wilson's horse an' buggy is meanderin' slowly down Aunt Betty Jack's hill, an' Mark is studyin' the road as if he was lookin' for a four leafed clover."

"He'll hitch at the tavern, or the Edgewood store, an' wait his chance to get a word with Patience," said Aunt Abby. "He knows when she takes milk to the Morrills, or butter to the parsonage; also when she eats an' drinks an' winks her eye an' ketches her breath an' lifts her foot. Now he's disappeared an' we'll wait. \* \* \* Why, as to that Boston singer, I don't know how high she went, but I guess there wa'n't no higher to go!"

"It made me kind of nervous," allowed Mrs. Day. "Folks said she sung runs and trills better'n any woman up to Boston."

"Runs an' trills," ejaculated Abby scornfully. "I was talkin' 'bout singin', not runnin'. My niece, Ella, up to Parsonfield has taken three terms on the pianer, an' I've heard her practice. Scales has got to be done no doubt, but they'd ought to be done to home, where they belong. A concert ain't no place for 'em. There! What did I tell yer? Patience Baxter's crossin' the bridge with a pail in her hand. She's got that everlasting yellow brown, linsey-woolsey on an' a white 'cloud' wrapped around her head, with consid'able red hair showin', as usual. You can always see her fur's you can a sunrise. And there goes Rod Boynton chasin' behind, as usual. Those Baxter girls make a perfect fool of that boy, but I don't s'pose Lois Boynton's got wit enough to make much fuss over the poor little creeter!"

Mark Wilson could certainly see Patty Baxter as far as he could see a sunrise, although he was not intimately acquainted with that natural phenomenon. He took a circuitous route from his watch tower and, knowing well the point from which there could be no espionage from Deacon Baxter's store windows, joined Patty in the road, took the pail from her hand and walked up the hill beside her. Of course the village could see them; but, as Aunt Abby had intimated, there wasn't a man, woman or child on either side of the river who wouldn't have taken the part of the Baxter girls against their father.

Meantime Feeble Phoebe Day was driving her father's horse up to the Mills to bring Cephas Cole home. It was a thrilling moment, a sort of outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual tie, for their banners were to be published the next day.

It had been an eventful autumn for Cephas. After a third request for the

band of Miss Patience Baxter and a refusal of even more than common decision and energy, Cephas turned about face and employed the entire month of September in a determined assault upon the affections of Miss Lucy Morrill, but with no better avail.

Cephas' belief in the holy state of matrimony as being the only proper for a man really ought to have commended him to the opposite (and ungrateful) sex more than it did, and Lucy Morrill held as respectful an opinion of the institution and its manifold advantages as Cephas himself, but she was in a very unsettled frame of mind and not at all susceptible to wooing. She had a strong preference for Philip Perry and held an opinion, not altogether unfounded in human experience, that in course of time, when quite deserted by Patty Baxter, his heart might possibly be caught on the rebound. It was only a chance, but Lucy would almost have preferred remaining unmarried even to the withering age of twenty-five rather than not be at liberty to accept Philip Perry in case she should be asked.

Cephas, therefore, by the middle of October could be picturesquely and alliteratively described as being raw from repeated rejections. His bruised heart and his despised ill literally cried out for the appreciation so long and blindly withheld. Now all at once Phoebe disclosed a second virtue, her first and only one hitherto in the eyes of Cephas having been an ability to get on with his mother—a feat in

which many had made an effort and few indeed had succeeded. Phoebe, it seems, had always secretly admired, respected and loved Cephas Cole. Never since her pale and somewhat glassy blue eye had opened on life had she beheld a being she could so adore if encouraged in the attitude.

The moment this unusual and unexpected poultice was really applied to Cephas' wounds they began to heal. In the course of a month the most ordinary observer could have perceived a physical change in him. He cringed no more, but held his head higher; his back straightened; his voice developed a gruff, assertive note like that of a stern Roman father; he let his mustache grow and sometimes, in his most reckless moments, twiddled the end of it.

And then congratulations began to pour in. Was ever marriage so fortuitous? The Coles' farm joined that of the Days, and the union between the two only children would cement the friendship between the families. The fact that Uncle Bart was a joiner, Cephas a painter and Abel Day a mason and bricklayer made the alliance almost providential in its business opportunities. Phoebe's Massachusetts aunt sent a complete outfit of gilt edged china, a clock and a mahogany chamber set. Aunt Abby relinquished to the young couple a bedroom and a spare chamber in the "main part," while the Days supplied live geese feathers and table and bed linen with positive prodigality. Aunt Abby trod the air like one inspired.

"If only I could 'a' looked ahead," smiled Uncle Bart quizzically to himself, "I'd 'a' had thirteen sons and daughters an' married off one of 'em every year. That would 'a' made Abby's good temper kind o' permanent."

Cephas was content too. There was a good deal in being settled and having "the whole doggone business" off your hands. Phoebe looked a very different creature to him in these latter days. Her eyes were just as pale, of course, but they were brighter, and they radiated love for him, an expression in the female eye that he had thus far been singularly unfortunate in securing. She still held her mouth slightly open, but Cephas thought that it might be permissible, perhaps after three months of wedded bliss, to request her to be more careful in closing it.

Cephas did not think of Patty any longer with bitterness in these days, being of the opinion that she was punished enough in observing his own growing popularity and prosperity.

"If she should see that mahogany chamber set going into the ell I guess she'd be glad enough to change her tune," thought Cephas exultingly, and then there suddenly shot through his mind the passing fancy, "I wonder if she would?" He promptly banished the infamous suggestion, however, reinforcing his virtue with the reflection that the chamber set was Phoebe's anyway, and the marriage day appointed and the invitations given out and the wedding cake being baked, a loaf at a time, by his mother and Mrs. Day.

As a matter of fact, Patty would have had no eyes for Phoebe's magnificent mahogany; even had the cart that carried it passed her on the hill where she and Mark Wilson were walking. Her promise to marry him was a few weeks old now, and his arm encircled her slender waist under the brown homespun cape. That in itself was a new sensation and gave her the delicious sense of belonging to somebody who valued her highly and assured her of his sentiments clearly and frequently, both by word and deed. Life, dull gray life, was going to change its hue for her presently, and not long after, she hoped, for Waitstill too.

The "publishing" of Cephas and his third choice, their dull walk up the aisle of the meeting house before an admiring throng on the Sunday when Phoebe would "appear bride," all this seemed very tame as compared with the dreams of this ardent and adventurous pair of lovers who had gone about for days harboring secrets greater and more daring, they thought, than had ever been breathed before within the hearing of Saco water.

### CHAPTER XXI, Love's Young Dream.

It was not an afternoon for day dreams, for there was a chill in the air and a gray sky. Only a week before the hills along the river might have been the walls of the New Jerusalem, shining like red gold. Now the glory had departed, and it was a naked world, with empty nests hanging to boughs that not long ago had been green with summer.

Young love thought little of nature's miracles, and hearts that beat high and fast were warm enough to forget the bleak wind and gathering clouds. If there were naked trees were there not full barrels of apples in every cellar? If there was nothing but stubble in the frozen fields, why there was plenty of wheat and corn at the mill all ready for grinding. The cold air made one long for a cheery home and fire-side, the crackle of a hearth log, the bubbling of a steaming kettle, and Patty and Mark clung together as they walked along, making bright images of a life together, sung, warm and happy.

Patty was a capricious creature, but all her changes were sudden and enduring ones, captivations those who loved her more than a monotonous and unchanging virtue. Any little shower with Patty always ended with a rainbow, that made the landscape more enchanting than before. Of late her little coquetries and petalums had disappeared as if by magic. She had been melted somehow from irresponsible girlhood into womanhood and that,

too, by the ardent affection of a very ordinary young man who had no great gift save that of loving Patty greatly. The love had served its purpose in another way, too, for under its influence Mark's own manhood had broadened and deepened. He longed to bind Patty to him for good and all, to capture the bright bird whose fluttering wings and burnished plumage so captured his senses and stirred his heart, but his longings had changed with the quality of his love, and he glowed at the thought of delivering the girl from her dreary surroundings and giving her the tenderness, the ease and comfort, the innocent gaiety, that her nature craved.

"You won't fail me, Patty darling?" he was saying at this moment. "Now that our plans are finally made, with never a weak point anywhere as far as I can see, my heart is so set upon carrying them out that every hour of waiting seems an age!"

"No, I won't fail, Mark; but I never know the day that father will go to town until the night before. I can always hear him making his prepara-



"You won't fail me, Patty, darling?" he was saying.

tions in the barn and the shed, and ordering Waitstill here and there. He is as excited as if he was going to Boston instead of Milltown."

"The night before will do. I will watch the house every evening till you hang a white signal from your window."

"It won't be white," said Patty, who would be mischievous on her deathbed. "My Sunday-go-to-meetin' petticoat is too grand, and everything else that I have is yellow."

"I shall see it, whatever color it is, you can be sure of that," said Mark gallantly. "Then it's decided that next morning I'll wait at the tavern from sunrise, and whenever your father and Waitstill have driven up Saco hill I'll come and pick you up, and we'll be off like a streak of lightning across the hills to New Hampshire. How lucky that Riverboro is only thirty miles from the state line! It looks like snow, and how I wish it would be something more than a flurry, a regular whizzing, whirling storm that would pack the roads and let us slip over them with our sleigh bells ringing!"

"I should like that, for they would be our only wedding bells. Oh, Mark! What if Waitstill shouldn't go, after all, though I heard father tell her that he needed her to buy things for the store, and that they wouldn't be back till after nightfall. Just to think of being married without Waitstill!"

"You can do without Waitstill on this one occasion, better than you can without me," laughed Mark, pinching Patty's cheek. "I've given the town clerk due notice and I have a friend to lend me his horse for the drive home, and we shall change back the next week. That will give us a fresh horse each way and we'll fly like the wind, snow or no snow. When we

come down Guide Board hill that night, Patty, we shall be man and wife; isn't that wonderful?"

"We shall be man and wife in New Hampshire, but not in Maine, you say," Patty reminded him dolefully. "It does seem dreadful that we can't be married in our own state and have to go dangling about with this secret on our minds day and night, but it can't be helped. You'll try not to even think of me as your wife till we go to Portsmouth to live, won't you?"

(To be continued.)

### Personal Property Tax

(Continued from Page 5)

Weisel, Jacob	5.19
Weisel, E. B.	4.45
Weisel, C. J.	5.90
Wells, W. L.	5.39
Wendt, Miss A.	2.52
Wenzel, O. J.	5.50
Weseman, A. B.	2.58
Wingert, A. O.	3.00
West, Veta	2.02
West, C. L.	22.38
West, H. L.	5.04
West, C. L. & Co.	166.29
Wheeler, H. E.	1.86
Wheeler, A. C.	3.48
Whitour, F. C.	11.41
Whitour, C. H.	11.41
Wilder, Mrs. P. K.	3.88
Wilder, P. C.	4.74
Wright, A. W.	11.27
Williams, Fred L.	11.27
Williams, Wm.	4.45
Wilson, T. E.	2.57
Wiseman, Dan	2.57
Withrow, Mrs. A. M.	5.63
Wold, K. O.	109.53
Wood, Earl E.	.79
Wood, J. S.	9.25
Wood, Eugene	1.93
Woodward, Roy A.	11.53
Woodle, C. F.	1.53
Wright, D. A.	62.79
Wykoff, J. E.	5.56
Wyant, Mrs. Jennie	.15
Young, J. S.	7.26
Young, S. L.	47.17
Young, F. M.	8.90
Young, Joe	1.11
Zender, Peter J.	1.46
Zender, H. P.	27.00
Zender, Henry J.	7.50
Zender, J. P.	8.02
Zender, F. M.	10.08
Zerk, O. B.	3.63
Ziemer, Alf. A.	5.36

### CORROBORATION

Of Interest to Austin Readers.

For months Austin citizens have seen in these columns enthusiastic praise of Doan's Kidney Pills by Austin residents. Would these prominent people recommend a remedy that had not proven reliable? Would they confirm their statements after years had elapsed if personal experience had not shown the remedy to be worthy of endorsement? The following statement should carry conviction to the mind of every Austin reader.

L. Andrei, prop. store, 401 E. Water street, Austin, says: "One of my family used Doan's Kidney Pills for a lame and aching back and other symptoms of kidney complaint and they brought relief. This experience convinced me of the curative powers of Doan's Kidney Pills. I gladly confirm the public statement I gave some years ago in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Fuller's Drug Store."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Andrei recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

### A Tractor Engine for Ten Ears of Corn.

The farmers of southern Minnesota are to be given an opportunity to get a "Bull" tractor engine for ten ears of corn to be shown at the annual convention and corn show of the Southern Minnesota Better Development League to be held at Mankato, February 24, 25, 26.

It costs you absolutely nothing for entrance fee and your corn will be returned to you if you desire it. The winning samples are the only ones that are desired by the Development League.

In addition to the tractor engine there will be given prizes for half bushel lots as well as for other lots of corn. The prizes given aside from the tractor engine are a silo, Hinman mowing machine, check row corn planter, smut cleaning machine and other very valuable prizes. The only conditions attached to the contest are that the person who enters corn in the contest must have grown the same on his own farm or the one he operated during the year 1914.

The prizes to be awarded will be at the corn show and the winner will be able to take his prize home with him except in the case of the silo which will be shipped later as it is too large to have on exhibition. These prizes will be awarded the last day of the corn show by Governor Hammond, who will also make an extended address on "State Building." There will be a two days program when the questions relating to the development and growth of southern Minnesota will be discussed by the great men of the state including Prof. Vincent of the State University, State Auditor Frens, Dean A. F. Woods, Prof. A. D. Wilson, C. P. Craig, Duluth, President State Fair, Clifford Willis, Editor Northwest Farmstead, W. E. Briggs, Vice Pres. Northwestern National Bank, Minneapolis, and many other brilliant men who are vitally interested in the growth and development of Minnesota.

Premium lists and the full program may be had by writing to John D. Deets, Secretary, Mankato, Minn.

### IMPORTED HORSE SALE.

Closing out Grouse Ridge Stock Farm, Grand Meadow, Minn., Feb. 16, 1915.

Some of the finest Draft Horses in Southern Minnesota will be sold at this sale.

Stallions: Two fine Belgians Imported 1914 and one imported Percheron. All great Horses.

Mares: Seven Belgians imported 1914 and three American bred Registered Percherons.

Also Nine Percheron Grades, 107 head fine cattle. All machinery, full blood poultry and household goods. Send for Complete List—J. J. Naish, Prop., Grand Meadow, Minn.

**Pleasure at Death.**  
A wise man shall not be deprived of pleasure even when death shall summon him; forasmuch as he has attained the delightful end of the best life—departing like a guest full and well satisfied; having received life upon trust, and duly discharged that office, he acquires himself at departing.—Epictetus.

**Italian Cigar-Lighter.**  
In a country village in Italy. Popular Mechanics tells us, we may see a slowly burning piece of rope supported on an iron stake. Its position just outside a cigar store suggests the use the smoker is to make of it. It is a crude cigar lighter, but certainly as suitable as the wooden Indian still used as a sign for a tobacco store.

**Treatment for Sprained Ankle.**  
A sprained ankle should be immersed in water as hot as the person can bear. Keep it at this temperature for about an hour and a half, renewing the water as fast as it cools. Then put on a bandage tight enough to prevent any movement of the joint. The recovery depends upon the absolute prevention of any motion.

## Cut Flowers and Floral Designs of every kind at A. N. Kinsman

**Chicago, Great Western.**  
Arrive from Fort Dodge, Mason City and Omaha—6:34 a. 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, Fort Dodge—12:12 p. m.; 11:48 p. m. Thru coach on trains between Austin and Minneapolis.

**C. F. & St. P. R. R. Co.**  
**St. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS**  
Leave for—8:30 a. m.; 5:55 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.; 10:20 p. m. Arrive from—6:30 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.

**NoKa No Drugs**  
**W. M. VAVRUSKA, D. C.**  
Doctor of Chiropractic  
Office at 406 North Main Street.  
Over Snyder's Land Office.  
N. W. Phone 378. Int. Phone 160 L.  
Austin, Minn.

Ship or Bring your Hides, Furs, Sheep Pelts and Wool to the

**Austin Hide & Fur Co.**  
Chas. Dubinsky, Austin  
N. W. L. Dist. 326 Interstate 707

**EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT**  
Glasses Correctly Fitted.

**Dr. G. M. F. ROGERS,**  
Practice Confined to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
Hirsch Building - Austin, Minn.

**Homer F. Pierson, M. D.**  
Graduate Rush Medical College Chicago, late House physician St. Mary's Hospital, Minneapolis, Minn. Office over K. O. Weld'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. F. & St. P. Ry.

Diagnose of the Eye and ENTIRELY REASONABLE for all cases. Consultation hours: 1:30 to 4:30 p. m.; 7:30 to 9:30 p. m.  
First National Bank Building, Austin, Minn.