

NEW TIME CARD

No. 12 leaves Independence at 7:23 P. M. after connecting with S. P. train No. 353 from Portland, arrives Monmouth 7:30 P. M.

Train No. 1 leaves Independence, at 7:4 A. M., arrives Monmouth 7:10—connects with train for Airfile.

Train No. 3 leaves Independence, connecting with S. P. train No. 354 from Corvallis, arrives Monmouth 7:45 A. M.

Train No. 5 leaves Independence at 8:45 A. M., arrives Monmouth 8:55 A. M.—connects with train for Dallas.

Train No. 7 leaves Independence, 11:00 A. M. after connecting with S. P. train No. 101 from Portland—

No. 9 leaves Independence 1:30 P. M., arrives Monmouth 1:40 P. M. connects with No. 352 for Dallas.

No. 11 leaves 2:20 P. M. after connecting with S. P. train No. 102 from Corvallis.

No. 15 leaves Independence 3:00 P. M., arrives Monmouth 3:10 P. M. connects with No. 351 for Airfile.

Train No. 17 leaves Independence, 4:15 P. M. after connecting with motor car from Salem, arrives Monmouth 4:25 P. M.

No. 19 leaves Independence 4:55 P. M., arrives Monmouth 5:05 P. M.

Train No. 2 leaves Monmouth 7:15 A. M., arrives Independence 7:25, connects with S. P. train No. 354 for Portland.

Train No. 4 leaves Monmouth 8:15 A. M., arrives Independence 8:25 A. M.—connects with train from Dallas arriving 7:25 A. M.

No. 6 leaves Monmouth 9:05 A. M., arrives Independence 9:15 A. M.—connects with train from Airfile.

Train No. 8 leaves Monmouth 11:1 A. M., arrives Independence 11:25 A. M.

Train No. 10 leaves Monmouth 1:50 P. M., arrives Independence 12:00 P. M., connects with S. P. train No. 102 Portland.

Train No. 12 leaves Monmouth 2:35 P. M., arrives Independence 2:45 P. M.—also connects with S. P. No. 1 for Portland.

Train No. 14 leaves Monmouth at 3:20 P. M., arrives Independence at 3:30 P. M.—connects with motor car for Salem and Dallas.

No. 16 leaves Monmouth at 4:35 P. M., arrives Independence 4:45—connects with motor car for Salem and Dallas.

No. 18 leaves Monmouth 5:10 P. M., arrives Independence 5:20 P. M.

No. 20 leaves Monmouth 7:35 P. M., arrives Independence 7:45 P. M.

EAT LESS MEAT IF BACK HURTS

Take a glass of Salts to flush Kidneys if bladder bothers you.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or another, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children need't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Good health cannot be maintained where there is a constipated habit. Gartfeld Tea overcomes constipation.

Particulars.
"There is much," said the philosopher, "which every man would like to have cut out of the book of his life."
"Yes," said the ordinary citizen, "especially his appendix."—Exchange.

Definition From The Trenches.
"What are diplomats?"
"Diplomats are the people who do the quarrelling while we do the fighting."—Washington Star.

Wife's Sport.
"Is your wife a sportsman?"
"Yes, she's very fond of flat-hunting."—Dartmouth Jack 'o' Lantern.

DANDRUFF AND ITCHING

Disappear With Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

The first thing in restoring dry, falling hair is to get rid of dandruff and itching. Rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp, next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Prevent skin and scalp troubles by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparation.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

BE PRETTY! TURN GRAY HAIR DARK

Try Grandmother's old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.



Resinol
a safe, reliable treatment

PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE
by
ETHEL HUESTON



ILLUSTRATED BY W. C. TANNER

MR. STARR'S HEART SINKS WHEN HE DISCOVERS JERROLD HARMER AND PRUDENCE EXCHANGING TENDER GLANCES AND SOFT WORDS

Mr. Starr, widower, Methodist minister at Mount Mark, Ia., has five charming daughters. Prudence, the eldest, keeps house for him. Fairy is a college freshman. Carol and Lark, twins, are in high school. Constance is the "baby." The activities of the girls—Prudence's work, Fairy's school affairs, the youngsters' pranks—and the family perplexities, make the story. It is simply a recital of homely incidents glorified by affection. The preceding installment described an accident which Prudence suffered during an early-morning bicycle ride and her rescue by a strange and fascinating young man.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

He went upstairs to obey, with despair in his heart. But to the girls, there was nothing strange in this exactness on the part of Prudence. Jerrold Harmer was the hero of the romance, and they must unite to do him honor. He was probably a prince in disguise. Jerrold Harmer was a perfectly thrilling name. It was really a shame that America allows no titles—Lord Jerrold did sound so noble, and Lady Prudence was very effective, too. He and Prudence were married, and had a family of four children, named for the various Starrs, before one hour had passed.

"I'll begin my book right away," Lark was saying. She and Carol were in the dining room madly polishing their Sunday shoes, what time they were not performing the marriage ceremony of their sister and the hero.

"Yes, do! But for goodness' sake, don't run her into a mule! Seems to me even Prudence could have done better than that."

"I'll have his automobile break down in the middle of the road, and Prudence can run into it. The carburetor came off, and of course the car wouldn't run an inch without it."

"Yes, that's good," said Carol approvingly. "It must be a sixty-cylinder, eight horse power—etonneau or something real big and costly."

"Twins! You won't be ready," warned Prudence, and this dire possibility sent them flying upstairs in a panic.

While the girls, bubbling over with excitement, were dressing for the great event, Mr. Starr went downstairs to sit with Prudence. Carol called to him on his way down, and he paused on the staircase, looking up at her.

"Lark and I are going to use some of Fairy's powder, father," she said. "We feel that we simply must on an occasion like this. And for goodness' sake, don't mention it before him! It doesn't happen very often, you know, but today we simply must. Now, don't say anything about falling in the flour barrel, or turning pale all of a sudden, whatever else you do. We'd be so mortified, father."

Mr. Starr was concerned with weightier matters, and went on down to Prudence with never so much as a reproving shake of the head for the worldly-minded young twins.

"Father," began Prudence, her eyes on the lace coverlet, "do you think it would be all right for me to wear that silk dressing gown of mother's? I need something over my nightgown, and my old flannel kimono is so ugly. You know, mother said I was to have it, and—I'm twenty now. Do you think it would be all right? But if you do not want me to wear it—"

"I do want you to," was the prompt reply. "Yes, it is quite time you were wearing it. I'll get it out of the trunk myself, and send Fairy down to help you." Then as he turned toward the door, he asked carelessly, "Is he very good-looking, Prudence?"

For a moment he was puzzled. Then he burst out laughing. "I am afraid we had too much to talk about this morning. I thought I had explained my situation, but evidently I did not. I drove from Des Moines in the car, and—"

"The automobile," gasped Carol, with a triumphant look at Lark.

"Yes, just so. I stopped at several places on business as I came through. I drove from Burlington this morning, but I got off the road. The car broke down on me, and I couldn't fix it—broke an axle. So I had to walk in. That is what I was saying about today, sending a man out for the car and arranging about the repairs." He smiled again. "What in the world did you think I would walk from Des Moines for?" he asked Prudence, more inquisitive than grammatical.

"I did not think anything about it until they asked, and—I did not know about the car. You did not mention it."

"No, I remember now. We were talking of other things all the time." He turned frankly to Mr. Starr. "Perhaps you have heard of the Harmer Automobile company of Des Moines. My father was Harvey Harmer. Two years ago, when I was running around in Europe, he died. It was his desire that I should personally take charge of the business. So I hurried home, and have had charge of the company since then. We are establishing sales agencies here, and in Burlington, and several other towns. I came out for a little trip, and look advantage of the opportunity to discuss the business with our new men. That's what brought me to Mount Mark."

For the first time in her life, Prudence distinctly triumphed over her father. She flashed him the glance of a conqueror, and he nodded, understandingly. He liked Jerrold Harmer, as much as he could like any man who stepped seriously into the life of Prudence. He was glad that things were well. But—they would excuse him, he must look after his Sunday's sermon.

A little later the twins and Constance grew restless, and finally Connie blurted out, "Say, Prue, don't you think we've upheld the parsonage long enough? I want to get some fresh air." The twins would never have been guilty of such social indiscretion.

"I—I am sure he is all right, father. You will be nice to him, won't you?" Without answering, Mr. Starr left the room. He could not trust his voice.

"Listen, girls, I want to hear," whispered Prudence. And she smiled as she heard her father's cordial voice.

"You are Mr. Harmer, aren't you? I am Prudence's father. Come right in. The whole family is assembled to do you honor. The girls have already made you a prince in disguise. Come back this way. Prudence is resting very nicely."

When the two men stepped into the sitting room, Prudence, for once, quite overlooked her father. She lifted her eyes to Jerrold Harmer's face, and waited, breathless. Nor was he long in finding her among the bevy of girls. He walked at once to the bed, and took her hand.

"My little comrade of the road," he said gently, but with tenderness. "I'm afraid you are not feeling well enough for callers today."

"Oh, yes, I am," protested Prudence with strange shyness.

He turned to the other girls, and greeted them easily. He was entirely self-possessed. "Miss Starr told me so much about you that I know you all to begin with." He smiled at Fairy as he added, "In fact, she predicted that I am to fall in love with you. And so, very likely, I should, if I hadn't met your sister first."

They all laughed at that, and then he walked back and stood by Prudence once more. "Was it a bad sprain? Does it pain you very badly? You look tired. I am afraid it was an imposition for me to come this afternoon."

"Oh, don't worry about that," put in Connie anxiously. "She wanted you to come. She's been getting us ready for you ever since the doctor left. I think it was kind of silly for me to wear my blue just for one caller."

The twins glared at her, realizing that she was discrediting the parsonage, but Jerrold Harmer laughed, and Prudence joined him.

"It is quite true," she admitted frankly. "The mule and I disgraced the parsonage this morning, and I wanted the rest of you to redeem it this afternoon." She looked at him inquiringly. "Then you had another coat?"

"No, I didn't. I saw this one in a window this morning, and couldn't resist it. Was the ride very hard on your ankle?"

Mr. Starr was puzzled. Evidently it was not lack of funds which brought this man on foot from Des Moines to Mount Mark, half-way across the state! He did not look like a man feeling from justice. What, then, was the explanation?

"You must have found it rather a long walk," he began tentatively, his eyes on the young man's face.

"Yes, I think my feet are a little blistered. I have walked further than that many times, but I am out of practice now. Sometimes, however, walking is a painful necessity."

"How long did it take you coming from Des Moines to Mount Mark?" inquired Carol in a subdued and respectful voice, and curious, withal.

"From Des Moines," he gasped.

"Good heavens! I did not walk from Des Moines! Did you?" He turned to Prudence questioningly. "Did you think I walked clear from Des Moines?"

"Yes," and added hastily, "But I did not care if you did. It did not

by the

THE CONTINUED)

Glass of Hot-Water Before Breakfast
a Splendid Habit

Open sluices of the system morning and wash away poisonous, stagnant...

Those of us who are too feel dull and heavy with splitting headache, stuffy nose, foul tongue, nasty breath, ach, lame back, can, instead, and feel as fresh as a daisy by washing the poisons and the body with phosphated...

We should drink, before breakfast a glass of real hot water with spoonful of limestone phosphate to flush from the stomach, kidneys and ten yards of bowels previous day's indigestible waste and poisonous toxins; the tire alimentary tract before more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone and hot water on an empty is wonderfully invigorating, out all the sour fermentations waste and acidity and give splendid appetite for breakfast. The roses begin to appear cheeks. A quarter pound of phosphate will cost very little drug store, but is sufficient anyone who is bothered with constipation, stomach rheumatism a real enthralling subject of internal sanitation and you are assured that you better and feel better in short.

Busy.
"How about this freedom proposition?"
"I don't profess to know it," rejoined Mr. Chuggas. "keep track of all the regular apply to street crossings, I very well."—Washington Star

Sounds Well.
The Lady—And you must suspect a discharged boot robbery.
Reporter—When was the robbery?
The Lady—Oh, I never a butler; but I think it's well.—Judge.

Quiet Girl.
Caller—That new girl seems nice and quiet.
Hostess—Oh, very quiet, a'n't even disturb the dust cleaning the room.—Ere...

A Well Known Woman

In Every Town in Oregon Say the Same
Portland, Oregon.—"I



"I can heartily recommend Pierce's medicines."—Haven, 643 Beaman Ave. The mighty restorative, Pierce's Favorite Prescription causes all womanly troubles, compels the organs perform their natural functions, removes pain at certain times and brings strength to nervous, exhausted women.

It is a wonderful preparation from natural herbs, with no alcohol or narcotics, and no harsh effects. It banishes pain, backache, low spirits, dragging-down sensations, sleeplessness surely and exhausted women.

Why should any woman worry, to lead a miserable when certain help is at hand? What Doctor Pierce's description has done for me will do for you. It's remedy for its ingredients on wrapper. Get it from any medicine dealer liquid or tablet form.

"Why do they always press on of casting vote?"
"Because it is a somebody."—Baltimore

Need a This Sp

Are You We Run-down is simple

Is the Appetite the Liver Laid Bowels Constipated Pure—

TRY THE HIGHEST HOSTET Stomach