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WITH FINGERS**

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callous, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callous loosens so it can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callous. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house. It is fine stuff and acts like a charm every time.

Unaltered.

Sandy Macpherson came home after many years and met his old sweetheart. Honey-laden memories flooded through the twilight and flushed their glowing cheeks.

"Ah, Mary," exclaimed Sandy, "ye are just as beautiful as ye ever were, and I ha'e never forgotten ye, my bonnie lass."

"And ye, Sandy," she cried, while her blue eyes moistened, "are just as big a leaver as ever, an' I believe ye jist the same."—*Liverpool Post.*

Is a Poor Skin Your Handicap?

That skin-trouble may be more than a source of suffering and embarrassment—it may be holding you back in the business world, keeping you out of a better job for which a good appearance is required. Why "take a chance" when Resinol Ointment heals skin-eruptions so easily, is so simple and economical to use? It has such a record of success that you need not hesitate to try it. Resinol Ointment is sold by all druggists.

Business Weight.

"Our forefathers pledged their sacred honor when they started this country."

"How much did they raise on the pledge in cash?"—*Baltimore American.*

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Save your hair! Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

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There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little danderine. Save your hair! Try it!

Scientific Comparison.

"Do you regard the Darwinian theory as proved?"

"No," replied the stubborn citizen, "in my opinion it's one of those things that kept being investigated so long that everybody decided there wasn't any answer and lost interest."—*Washington Star.*

With Plenty to Eat.

The announcement that an explorer who is going to try to get close to the north pole is planning to take with him food to last six years will probably result in a great rush of applicants to join the party.—*Baltimore Star.*

Whenever there is a tendency to constipation, sick-headache, or biliousness, take a cup of Garfield Tea. All druggists.

A Misapprehension.

"I understand," remarked Mrs. McGudley, "that they're on the lookout for some speakeasy liquor around here."

"Yes, it is very objectionable." "Is that so, I kind of thought maybe as how speakeasy liquor might be better than the sort that keeps men up o' nights tryin' to sing at the top o' their voices."—*Washington Star.*

Something Accomplished.

"My wife went to a beauty doctor to have her complexion cleared."

"Well, was it?"

"No, but my pocketbook was."—

Is Mealtime a Worry to You

**IS THE APPETITE POOR
IS THE DIGESTION WEAK
IS THE LIVER LAZY, AND
THE BOWELS CONSTIPATED**

Under such conditions you cannot obtain the maximum value from your food.

Give proper help at once—TRY

HOSTETTER'S

Stomach Bitters

PRUDENCE

of the PARSONAGE By ETHEL HUESTON

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THE TWINS TRY TO EMBARRASS FAIRY WITH SOME PRACTICAL JOKING WHEN HER BEAU COMES TO VISIT HER.

Mr. Starr is a widower Methodist minister with five charming daughters. Prudence, the eldest is nineteen. She keeps house. Fairy, aged seventeen, is a college freshman. Carol and Lark, twins, are in high school, and Constance is in the grades. Mr. Starr is assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Ia., and the advent and establishment of his interesting family in the parsonage there stirs the curiosity of the whole town. The story concerns the affairs of the parsonage girls. Prudence has her hands full with the mischievous twins and Connie. Fairy has just announced that her beau is coming to spend the evening. The twins decide to have some fun, and have made their plans accordingly.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

As soon as they finished supper Lark said, "Don't you think we'd better go right to bed, Prue? We don't want to taint the atmosphere of the parsonage. Of course Fairy will want to wash the dishes herself to make sure they are clean and shining."

"Oh, no," disclaimed Fairy, good-naturedly. "I can give an extra rub to the ones we want to use—that is enough. I do appreciate the thought, though, thanks very much."

So the twins plunged in, carefully keeping Connie beside them. Connie had a dismal propensity for discoveries—the twins had often suffered from it.

Then they all three went to bed. To be sure it was ridiculously early, but they were all determined.

"You keep your eyes open, Fairy," Prudence whispered melodramatically. "Those girls do not look right." And she added anxiously, "Oh, I'll be so disappointed if things go badly."

Fairy was a little late getting up-stairs to dress, but she took time to drop into her sisters' room. They were all in bed, breathing heavily. She walked from one to another, and stood above them majestically.

"Asleep!" she cried. "Ah, fortune is kind. They are asleep. How I love these darling little twinnies—in their sleep!"

An audible snuff from beneath the covers, and Fairy, smiling mischievously, went into the front room to prepare for her caller.

The bell rang as she was dressing. Prudence went to the door, preternaturally ceremonious, and ushered Mr. Babler into the front room. She did not observe that the young man sniffed in a peculiar manner as he entered the room.

"I'll call Fairy," she said demurely. "Tell her she needn't primp for me," he answered, laughing. "I know just how she looks already."

But Prudence was too heavily burdened to laugh. She smiled hospitably, and closed the door upon him. Fairy was tripping down the stairs, very tall, very handsome, very gay. She pinched her sister's arm as she passed, and the front door swung behind. But she did not greet her friend. She stood erect by the door, her head tilted on one side, sniffing, sniffing.

"What in the world?" she wondered. Eugene Babler was strangely quiet. He looked about the room in a peculiar, questioning way.

"Shall I raise a window?" he suggested finally. "It's rather—hot in here."

"Yes, do," she urged. "Raise all of them. It's—do you in—do you notice a—funny smell in here? Or am I imagining it? It—it almost makes me sick!"

"Yes, there is a smell," he said, in evident relief. "I thought maybe you'd been cleaning the carpet with something. It's ghastly. Can't we go somewhere else?"

"Come on." She opened the door into the sitting room. "We're coming out here if you do not mind, Prue." And Fairy explained the difficulty.

"Why, that's very strange," said Prudence, knitting her brows. "I was in there right after supper, and I didn't notice anything. What does it smell like?"

"It's a new smell to me," laughed Fairy, "but something about it is strangely suggestive of our angel twins."

Prudence went to investigate, and Fairy shoved a big chair near the table, waving her hand toward it lightly with a smile at Babbie. Then she sank into a low rocker, and leaned one arm on the table. She wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully.

"That smell," she began. "I am very suspicious about it. It was not at all natural—"

"Excuse me, Fairy," he said, ill at ease for the first time in her knowledge of him. "Did you know your sleeve was coming out?"

Fairy gasped and raised her arm. "Both arms, apparently," he continued, smiling, but his face was flushed.

"Excuse me just a minute, will you?" Fairy was unruffled. She sought her sister. "Look here, Prue—what do you make of this? I'm coming to pieces! I'm hanging by a single thread, as it were."

Her sleeves were undoubtedly ready to drop off at a second's notice! Prudence was shocked. She grew positively white in the face.

"Oh, Fairy," she wailed. "We are disgraced."

"Not a bit of it," said Fairy coolly. "I remember now that Lark was looking for the scissors before supper. Aren't those twins unique? This is almost bordering on talent, isn't it? Don't look so distressed, Prue. Etiquette itself must be subservient to twins, it seems. Don't forget to bring in the ste— at a quarter past nine, and have it as good as possible—please, dear."

"I will," vowed Prudence, "I'll use cream. Oh, those horrible twins!"

"Go in and entertain Babbie till I come down, won't you?" And Fairy ran lightly up the stairs, humming a snatch of song.

But Prudence did a poor job of entertaining Babbie during her sister's absence. She felt really dizzy! Such a way to introduce Etiquette into the parsonage life. She was glad to make her escape from the room when Fairy returned, a graceful figure in fine blue silk!

A little after nine she called out dimly, "Fairy!" And Fairy, fearing fresh disaster, came running out.

"What now? What—"

"I forget what you told me to say," whispered Prudence wretchedly. "What was it? The soup is ready, and piping hot—but what is it you want me to say?"

Fairy screamed with laughter. "You goose!" she cried. "Say anything you like. It doesn't make any difference what you say."

"Oh, I am determined to do my part just right," vowed Prudence fervently, "according to etiquette and all. What was it you said?"

Fairy stifled her laughter with difficulty, and said in a low voice,



"Yes, There is a Smell," He Said.

"Wouldn't you like a nice, hot oyster stew?" Prudence repeated it after her breathlessly.

So Fairy returned once more, and soon after Prudence tapped on the door. Then she opened it, and thrust her curly head inside. "Wouldn't you like a little nice, hot oyster stew?" she chirped methodically. And Fairy said, "Oh, yes, indeed, Prudence—this is so nice of you."

The three gathered sociably about the table. Babbie was first to taste the steaming stew. He gasped, and gulped, and swallowed some water with more haste than grace. Then he toyed idly with spoon and wafer until Prudence tasted also. Prudence did not gasp. She did not cry out. She looked up at her sister with wide eyes—a world of pathos in the glance. But Fairy did not notice.

"Now, please do not ask me to talk until I have finished my soup," she was saying brightly.

Then she tasted it! She dropped her spoon with a great clatter, and jumped up from the table. "Mercy!" she shrieked. "It is poisoned!"

Babbie leaped back in his chair and laughed until his eyes were wet. Prudence's eyes were wet, too, but not from laughter! What would etiquette think of her, after this?

"What did you do to this soup, Prudence?" demanded Fairy.

"I made it—nothing else," faltered poor Prudence, quite crushed by this blow. And oysters forty cents a pint! "It's pepper, I think," gasped Bab-

ble. "My insides bear startling testimony to the presence of pepper."

And he roared again, while Prudence began a critical examination of the oysters. She found them literally stuffed with pepper; there was no doubt of it. The twins had done deadly work!

"Revenge, ye gods, how sweet," chanted Fairy. "The twins are getting even with a vengeance—the same twins you said were adorable, Babbie." It must be said for Fairy that her good nature could stand almost anything. Even this did not seriously disturb her. "Do you suppose you can find us some milk, Prue? And crackers! I'm so fond of crackers and milk, aren't you, Babbie?"

"Oh, I adore it. But serve a microscope with it, please. I want to examine it for microbes before I taste."

But Prudence did better than that. She made some delicious cocoa, and opened a can of pear preserves, donated to the parsonage by the amiable Mrs. Adams. The twins were very fond of pear preserves, and had been looking forward to eating these on their approaching birthday. They were doomed to disappointment! The three had a merry little feast, after all, and their laughter rang out so often and so unrestrainedly that the twins shook in their beds with rage and disappointment.

It speaks well for the courage of Babbie, and the attractions of Fairy, that he came to the parsonage again and again. In time he became the best of friends with the twins themselves, but he always called them "the adorables," and they never asked him why. The punishment inflicted upon them by Prudence rankled in their memories for many months.

"The offense was against Fairy," said Prudence, with a solemnity she did not feel, "and the reparation must be done to her. For three weeks you must do all of her bedroom work, and run every errand she requires. Moreover, you must keep her shoes well cleaned and nicely polished, and must do every bit of her darning!"

The twins would have preferred whipping a thousand times. They felt they had got a whipping's worth of pleasure out of their mischief! But a punishment like this sat heavily upon their proud young shoulders, and from that time on they held Fairy practically immune from their pranks.

Prudence did not bother her head about etiquette after that experience. "I'm strong for comfort," she declared, "and since the two cannot live together in one family, I say we do without etiquette."

And Fairy nodded in agreement, smiling good-naturedly.

CHAPTER VI.

Practicing Economy.

It was a dull day early in December. Prudence and Fairy were sewing in the bay window of the sitting room.

"We must be sure to have all the scraps out of the way before Connie gets home," said Prudence, carefully fitting together pieces of a dark, warm, furry material. "It has been so long since father wore this coat, I am sure she will not recognize it."

"But she will ask where we got it, and what shall we say?"

"We must tell her it is goods we have had in the house for a long time. That is true. And I made this fudge on purpose to distract her attention. Poor child!" she added very sympathetically. "Her heart is just set on a brand-new coat. I know she will be bitterly disappointed. If the members would just pay up we could get her one. November and December are such bad months for parsonage people. Everyone is getting ready for Christmas now, and forgets that parsonage people need Christmas money, too."

Fairy took a pin from her mouth. "I have honestly been ashamed of Connie the last few Sundays. It was so cold, and she wore only that little thin summer jacket. She must have been half frozen."

There are a lot of us careless about providing for the preacher and his family. Some of us seem to forget that his needs are just as real and urgent as our own. Are you prompt with your tithes?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is better to be able to turn your hand to anything than to put your foot in it.

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The Western Smelter plant is now completed, operations will start the coming summer. Mount Rainier Mining Co. has been installing machinery and getting ready for active operations this summer. You cannot, in my judgment, make a mistake in buying these stocks to the limit of your capacity. I believe them to be good for dividends this year. Correspondence solicited. Write me about any stocks you may hold. If they have a market value I can sell them.

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"Aren't you going to be uncomfortable when prohibition hits the town?" "No," replied Col. Stilwell, "I confess that I have a liking for good liquor and I want to see it given a fair chance."

"How will prohibition give it a chance?"

"It will bring these chaps who let you believe they would be wonderfully industrious and clever if they didn't drink to a showdown."—*Washington Star.*

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A Poser.

On the menu card of a big hotel in New York the following notice is printed: "Articles brought into the hotel and used at the table will be charged for as though furnished by the house."

On reading this one guest inquired: "Does this apply to false teeth?"—*Boston Journal.*

Was Against Over-Restraint.

He—It's hard to keep from kissing you.

She—You must be careful not to over-exert yourself.—*Boston Transcript.*

Queer.

"It's a queer world."
"What's the matter now?"
"I was just thinking that as a rule the people who can sing have to be coaxed to sing and those who can't insist on demonstrating the fact."—*Detroit Free Press.*

With Strong Arms.

"Kitty has been trying to learn to skate for a whole month now."

"Her instructor must be very stupid."

"No; very good looking."—*Boston Transcript.*

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