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The parsonage girls entertain a visiting minister, much to his discomfiture, -and Carol rides a cow with disastrous results.

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, has been assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Iowa. He and his daughter Prudence-she is nineteen and the eldest of five girls-have come on ahead to get the new parsonage ready for the younger members of the family. Of course the whole town, especially the Methodists, is very curious about the newcomers. Individual members of the Ladies' Aid society drop in upon the family and "pump" the girls for all they're worth. But the Starrs rapidly adjust themselves to their new surroundings, and the father decides his brood is old enough to participate in family prayers. Little Connie has just finished hers - much to the amusement of her elders.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

So it was that the twins and Connie were alone for a while.

"You did a pretty good job, Connie," said Carol approvingly.

"Yes, I think I did myself," was the put in, 'Keep us as the apple of thy eye, hold us in the hollow of thy hand,' and I forgot it until I had said 'Amen.' I had a notion to put in a postscript, but I believe that isn't done."

to eat sweet corn and butter, and been killed! It-itcanned peaches, we'd just love to have

you stay for luncheon with us." said so. So Prudence rushed to the kitchen, opened the peaches in a hurry, and fished out a clean napkin for their tion. I must go and console her." guest. Then they gathered about the table, five girls and the visiting minister. It was really a curious sight, dence very seriously. that table. In the center stood a tall with sweet corn, on the cob! Around essary silverware, and a glass of water for each. There was also a small dish of peaches at each place, and an equaled, I am certain." individual plate of butter. That was all-except the napkins. But Prudence made no apologies. She was a daughter of the parsonage! She showed Rev. Mr. Morgan to his place as graciously and sweetly as though she were ushering him in to a twenty-seven-course

banquet. "Will you return thanks, Mr. Mor gan?" she said.

And the girls bowed their heads, Hev. Mr. Morgan cleared his thront, and began : "Our Father we thank thee for this table.'

There was more of the blessing, but the parsonage girls heard not one additional phrase-except Connie, who every word. Carol burst into merry laughter close upon his reverent "Amen"-and after one awful glare soon it was a rollicking group around the parsonage table. Mr. Morgan himself smiled uncertainly. He was puzzled. More, he was embarrassed. But as soon as Carol could get her breath, she gasped out an explanation. "You were just-right, Mr. Morgan-

to give thanks-for the table? There's nothing-on it-to be thankful for !" And the whole family went off once more into peals of laughter.

Mr. Morgan had very little appetite that day. He did not seem to be so fond of sweet corn as he had assured Prudence. He talked very little, too. And as soon as possible he took his hat and walked hurriedly away. He never called at the parsonage again.

A few weeks after this Carol distinguished herself again, and to her lasting mortification. A man living only six blocks from the parsonage had generously offered Mr. Starr free pasturage for his pretty little Jersey in his broad meadow, and the offer was gratefully accepted. This meant that every evening the twins must walk after the cow, and every morning must take her

back for the day's grazing. out from the meadow homeward with entire. the docile animal, Carol stopped and

gazed at Blinkie reflectively. "Lark," she said, "I just believe to complacent answer. "But I intended my soul that I could ride this cow. parsonage. Nor were they disappoint-She's so gentle, and I'm such a good hand at sticking on." "Carol!" ejaculated Lark. "Think

"Tell us all about it, Lark," gasped her father. And Lark did so, smiling Rev. Mr. Morgan was charmed, and a little herself, now that her fears were relieved. "Poor Carol," she said. 'she'll never live down the humilia-

> In a little while Carol felt much better. But she talked it over with Pru-

"I hope you understand, Prudence, vase of goldenrod. On either side of that I shall never have anything more the vase was a great platter plled high to do with Blinkie! She can die of starvation for all I care. I'll never the table were six plates, with the nec- take her to and from the pasture again. I couldn't do it! Such rank ingratitude as that cow displayed was never

"I suppose you'll quit using milk and cream, too," suggested Prudeace, "Oh, well," said Carol more tolerantly, "I don't want to be too hard on Blinkie, for after all it was partly my own fault. So I won't go that far. But I must draw the line somewhere! Hereafter Blinkie and I meet as strangers !"

CHAPTER III.

The Ladies' Aid.

Now, this really was a crisis in the life of the parsonage family. The girls had met, separately, every member of the Ladies' Aid. But this was their followed him conscientiously through first combined movement upon the parsonage, and Prudence and Fairy realized that much depended on the success of the day. As girls, the whole at her sister, Prudence joined in, and Methodist church pronounced the young Starrs charming. But as parsonage people-well, they were obliged to reserve judgment. And as for Prudence having entire charge of the household, it must be acknowledged that every individual Lady looked forward to this meeting with eagerness-they wanted to "size up" the situation. They were coming to see for themselves! Yes, it was undoubtedly a crisis.

"There'll be a crowd, of course," said Fairy. "We'll just leave the doors between the front rooms open."

"Yes, but we'll close the dining-room doors. Then we'll have the refreshments all out on the table, and when we are ready we'll just fling back the doors carelessly and-there you are!" So the table was prettily decorated with flowers, and great plates of sandwiches and cake were placed upon it. In the center was an enormous punchbowl, borrowed from the Averys, full of lemonade, Glasses were properly arranged on the trays, and piles of nicely home-laundered napkins were scattered here and there. The girls felt that the dining room was a credit One evening, as they were starting to them, and to the Methodist church

From every nook and corner of the house they hunted out chairs and stools, anticipating a real run upon the

sweet corn, anyhow. Now, if you care it was just awful! Carrie might have told me that Miss Varne joined the Methodist church as soon as she heard the new minister was a widower, so she-

"Carol !"

Carol whirled around sharply, and flushed, and swallowed hard. For Prudence was just behind her.

"I-I-I-" but she could get no further.

Upon occasion Prudence was quite terrible. "So I heard," she said dryly, but her eyes were hard. "Now run upstairs and out to the field, or to the barn, and play. And, Carol, be sure and remind me of that speech tonight. I might forget it."

The girls ran quickly out, Carol well in the lead.

"No wedding fee for me," she mumbled bitterly. "Somehow I just can't help repeating-"

"You don't want to," said Lark, not without sympathy. "You think it's such fun, you know."

"Well, anyhow, I'm sure I won't get any cake tonight. It seems to me Prudence is very-harsh sometimes." "You can appeal to father, if you

like."

Do you think that Prudence is a bit too young to handle the youngsters with proper discipline?



SUPREME IN HIS EGOTISM Man So Sure of Himself That He Suf-

fers Little From the Desire to Possess.

Men do not, as a rule, suffer very much from the desire to possess, because they are so sure that they do possess, because they find it so diffcult to conceive that their wife can find any other man attractive, writes W. L. George in the Atlantic Monthly. They are too well accustomed to being courted, even if they are old and repulsive, because they have power and money; only they think it is because they are men. Beyond a jealous care for their wives' fidelity, which I suspect arises mainly from the feeling that an unfaithful wife is a criticism, they do not ask very much. But women suffer more deeply because they know that man has lavished on them for centuries a condescending admiration : that the king who lays his crown at their feet knows that his is the well, no alcohol. Sold in tablets or liquid. crown to give. While men possess by right of possession women possess only by right of precarlous conquest. They feel it very bitterly, this fugitive older, uncertain of their power, for farmer came under their view. they are afraid, as age comes, of los- said the lawyer.



If your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you, drink lots

of water.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which removes the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of water-you can't drink too much; also get from any pharma-cist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will 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 clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this, also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

Order.

- It is half-past eight on the blossomy bush;
- The petals are spread for a sunning; The little gold fly is scrubbing his face
- The spider is nervously running To fasten a thread; the night-going moth
- Is folding his velvet perfection; And presently over the clover will
- come The bee on a tour of inspection.
- Paul Scott Mower in January Century

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women

Fresh to the Bone.

During his vacation a San Francisco lawyer met an old friend in the vilempire, and their greatest tragedy is lage and their conversation drifted to to find themselves growing a little a discussion of the natives. A young "He's a fine looking young fellow,"

assented his friend, du-

"Never mind," said Carol, "I'll use that in mine, tomorrow."

family worship was a great success. The twins were invariably stereotyped. cut and dried. They thanked the Lord for the beautiful morning, for kind friends, for health, and family, and parsonage. Connie always prayed in sentences extracted from the prayers of ed, "and if it doesn't go well I can others she had often heard, and every time with nearly disastrous effect.

But later on the morning worship went better. The prayers of the children changed-became more personal, iess flowery. They remembered that when they knelt they were at the feet of God, and speaking direct to him.

The family had been in the new parsonage only three weeks, when a visiting minister called on them. It was So they advanced to within two blocks about ten minutes before the lunchcon hour at the time of his arrival. Mr. Starr was in the country, visiting, upon. She shook her head violently, so the girls received him alone. It was an unfortunate day for the Starrs. hand, gave a scornful toss of her Fairy had been at college all morning, dainty head, and struck out madly for and Prudence had been rummaging in the attic, getting it ready for a rainy day and winter playroom for the younger girls. She was dusty and tired.

The luncheon hour arrived, and the girls came in from school, eager to be up and away again. Still the grave parsonage gate, which happily stood young minister sat discoursing upon serious topics with the fidgety Prudence-and in spite of dust and perspiration, she was good to look upon. Rev. Mr. Morgan realized that, and meet the wild procession, and had the could not tear himself away. Finally Prudence sighed.

"Do you like sweet corn, Mr. Morgan?"

This was entirely out of the line of their conversation, and for a moment he faltered. "Sweet corn?" he repeated.

"Yes, roasting ears, you knowcooked on the cob."

Then he smiled. "Oh, yes, indeed. Very much," he said.

"Well," she began her explanation rather drearily, "I was busy this morning and did not prepare much lunchcon. We are very fond of sweet corn, and I cooked an enormous panful. But that's all we have for luncheon-sweet corn and butter. We haven't even bread, because I am going to bake this

how it would look for a parsonage girl to go down the street riding a cow." "But there's no one to see," protested Carol. And this was true. For the

It cannot be said that this form of parsonage was near the edge of town, and the girls passed only five houses on their way home from the meadowand all of them were well back from the road.

Lark argued and pleaded, but Carol was firm. "I must try it," she insistslide off. You can lead her, Lark."

The obliging Lark boosted her sister up, and Carol nimbly scrambled into place, riding astride.

"I've got to ride this way," she said. "Cows have such funny backs I couldn't keep on any other way. If I see anyone coming, I'll slide for it." For a while all went well. Lark led

Blinkie carefully, gazing about anxiously to see that no one approached. of the parsonage. By this time Blinkie concluded that she was being imposed and twitched the rope from Lark's home. With great presence of mind, Carol fell flat upon the cow's neck, and hung on for dear life, while Lark, in terror, started out in pursuit.

"Help! Help!" she cried loudly. "Papa! Papa! Papa!"

In this way they turned in at the open. As luck would have it, Mr. Starr was standing at the door with two men who had been calling on him, and hearing Lark's frantic cries, they rushed to unique experience of seeing a parsonage girl riding flat on her stomach on the neck of a galloping Jersey, with

another parsonage girl in mad pursuit. Blinkie stopped beside the barn, and turned her head about inquiringly. Carol slid to the ground, and buried

her face in her hands at sight of the two men with her father. Then, with never a word, she lit out for the house at top speed. The three men sat down on the ground and burst into hearty laughter.

Lark came upon them as they sat thus, and Lark was angry. She stamped her foot with a violence that must have hurt her.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," afternoon, and we never eat it with she cried passionately, "it was awful, for it's awfully funny. Minnie Drake overgrown people."

"Cows Have Such Funny Backs."

ed. The twins and Connie were not even arrayed in their plain little ginghams, clean, before the first arrivals were ushered up into the front bedroom, ordinarily occupied by Prudence and Fairy.

"There's Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Prentiss, and Mrs .- " began Connie, istening intently to the voices in the next room.

"Yes," whispered Carol, "peek through the keyhole, Lark, and see if Mrs. Prentiss is looking under the bed for dust. . They say she-

"You'd better not let Prudence catch you repeating-'

"There's Mrs. Stone, and Mrs. Davis, and-'

"They say Mrs. Davis only belongs to the Ladies' Aid for the sake of the refreshments, and-"

"Carol! Prudence will punish you." "Well, I don't believe it," protested Carol. "I'm just teling you what I've heard other people say." "We aren't allowed to repeat gos-

sip," urged Lark. "No, and I think it's a shame, too,

ing their man, while I have never "Ye-e-es," heard of a husband afraid of losing biously. his wife, or able to repress his surprise if she forsook him.

Lesson of the Dead Nations.

We can know nothing of any nation unless we know its history; and we can know nothing of the history of any nation unless we know something of the history of all nations. The book of the world is full of knowledge we need to acquire, of lessons we need to learn, of wisdom we need to assimlate. Consider only this brief sentence Bill, are a flutist and a trombonist. of Polybius, quoted by Plutarch : "In Carthage no one is blamed, however he may have gained his wealth." A pleasant place, no doubt, for business enterprise; a place where young men were taught how to get on, and extravagance kept pace with shrewd girlie?" finance. A self-satisfied, self-confident, money-getting, money-loving people, honoring success, and hugging its fancied security, while in far-off Rome Louisville Courier-Journal. Cato pronounced its doom .-- Agnes Repplier, in the Atlantic.

Remedy for Hiccoughs.

Several cures for hiccoughs will be veicomed by many mothers. Have the turkey isn't unusually large."-Washpatient suck a lump of sugar having a ington Star. few drops of vinegar on it. Drink a glass of water upside down. That doesn't mean to stand on your head. though it certainly sounds rather like t. Hold the glass of water in one hand, lean forward and bend over the glass, tilting it away from you, and

the person hiccoughing, grasp her hands firmly, look steadily at her and get her to breathe evenly, keeping time with you. Or have her hold her breath and count 60. Or take nine gulps of

shop around the corner for some cream and returned with a box of cracker jack and some guin, whereupon his mother said sternly, "Billy, did you give the man in the shop your note?" And Billy answered defiantly. "No, I didn't give dat man my note. I wend it myself."

According to Growth.

Freddie was told by his father to find out the prices of seats for the circus. Freddle soon returned, breathless from haste, and announced: "Twenty-five cents for children, and fifty cents for

"Well, anyway, he has a mighty good head.

"It ought to be good," was the reply. "That man's head is brand new-he's never used it any."-Rochester Times.

Too Much Music.

I know an old fellow whose family is very musical. He said to me one day: "My eldest girl is a pianist. My son is a violinist. Jane, my second daughter, is a harpist. My wife is a vocalist, and my two boys, Peter and 'And you," I said, "what are you?"

"Me?" said the old man. "Oh, I'm a pessimist."-Exchange.

Inventory Time.

"What are you worrying about now,

"Oh, a girl never really knows how much a man loves her.'

"Christmas, however, gives one a fairly good line on the situation."-

Unlucky 13.

"Do you consider 13 at table unlucky?

"It is if they're all hungry and the

AN APPEAL FOR FAIR PLAY

When the Stomach. Liver and Bowels rebel, and ____ Refuse to perform their regular functions,-Play fair,-Give Nature the help required, by trying

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS



