

# PRUDENCE

## of the PARSONAGE

By ETHEL HUESTON

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THE TWINS TRY TO EM-BARRASS 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 upstairs 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 sniff 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 room 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—er—hot in here."

"Yes, do," she urged. "Raise all of them. It's—do you—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 unflustered. 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—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 dismally, "Fairy!" And Fairy, fearing fresh disaster, came running out.

"What now? What—"

"I forget what you told me to say," whispered Prudence wretchedly,



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

"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, "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 leaned 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 plate! "It's pepper, I think," gasped Babbie. "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

### MANY CAUSES OF HEADACHE

Sufferer From Annoying Complaint Can Generally Make Correct Diagnosis of His Particular Case.

Early morning headaches may be due to many causes—eye strain, kidney trouble, dissipation, too much smoking, overeating of proteins, excessive mental labor or too high blood pressure. The Medical Record quotes some observations by the French Doctor Renon, which extended over 15 years, and in which he found in many cases excessively high blood tension.

When the persistent headaches are so severe that they unfit the sufferer for work, it is generally found that his heart is enlarged and his kidneys are affected. Such cases often speedily terminate fatally, but intensive treatment will alleviate the symptoms. The Medical Record says coal-tar derivatives and tobacco must be shut off. The patient must have mental rest; he must go on a purely milk diet for at least a week, after which he may eat fruits and vegetables on certain days for two weeks more. A light, low protein regimen follows for several weeks.

#### His Case.

"Everything I have in this world I owe to my wife."  
"I'm almost like you, too. Everything I owe in this world my wife bought."

#### Practical Geography.

"Are you Hungary?"  
"Yes, Siam."  
"Well, come along; I'll Fiji!"—National Geographical Magazine.

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

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 utterly 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.)

#### First American M. D.

The first native of English-speaking America to receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine was William Bull, who died in London just a century and a quarter ago. He was born in South Carolina in 1710, and in his young manhood went to Europe to study medicine, receiving his M. D. degree at Leyden. He practiced his profession with considerable success in his native colony, and in 1746 became lieutenant governor of South Carolina, a position he retained until the revolution. Remaining loyal to the crown, in 1782 he accompanied the British troops to England, where he resided during the remainder of his life. Lawrence Bohm was the first physician in the English Colonies of America, arriving in 1610, and holding the position of physician general of the colony of Virginia for one year. His successor, John Pot, was the first permanent resident physician in the colonies.

#### Facts About the Eye.

There are any number of different nerves and muscles which must work in harmony, or vision will be defective. The great switchboard controlling all these motions must act immediately, making the proper connections between the brain which is calling for a number, and the many wires which have to act to connect all of the nerves and muscles which must focus the eye upon the object to be seen. The eyeball must be turned in the proper direction, so that the light strikes the pupil properly and the pupil itself must expand or contract according to the distance of the object, in order to see it clearly.

#### Growing Teak Timber.

Forestry experts have demonstrated that teak timber can be grown on plantations that is as strong as that from natural forests.

## QUIT MEAT WHEN KIDNEYS BOTHER

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder troubles you.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

There are thousands of children who are bright but frail—not sick but underdeveloped—they play with their food—they catch colds easily and do not thrive—they only need the pure, rich liquid-food in

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

to start them growing and keep them going. Children reish SCOTT'S and it carries rare nutritive qualities to their blood streams and gives them flesh-food, bone-food and strength-food. Nothing harmful in SCOTT'S.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 16-2

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try it! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine. Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and it-thing of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

As we grow more sensible, we refuse drug cathartics and take Nature's herb cure, Garfield Tea.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

Garfield Tea, by purifying the blood, eradicates rheumatism, dyspepsia and many chronic ailments.

#### Jollied the Judge.

"This is the seventh time you've been before me," said the magistrate sternly.

"That so?" replied the culprit. "It do beat all how some folks hold on to office, don't it?"—Boston Transcript.