

PRUDENCE of the PARSONAGE



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IT'S TRULY AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY, GOOD AND THIS WIND BRINGS LUCK TO THE PARSONAGE.

Mr. Starr, widower Methodist minister, is assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Ia. He 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 Starr girls—Prudence's work, Fairy's school affairs, the pranks of the youngsters—and the family perplexities make the story; it is simply a recital of glorified homely incidents. This installment describes the capture of a burglar in the parsonage.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Mr. Starr had gone to Burlington that morning to attend special revival services for three days, and Prudence had fifty whole dollars in the house, an unwanted sum in that parsonage! And the dungeon was not locked. Without a word, she slipped softly out of the room, ran down the stairs, making never a sound in her bare feet, and saw, somewhat to her surprise, that the dungeon door was open. Quickly she flung it shut, pushed the tiny key that moved the "catch," and was rushing up the stairs again with never a pause for breath.

A strange sight met her eyes in the twins' room. The twins themselves were in each other's arms, sobbing bitterly. Fairy was still looking hurriedly through the dresser drawers.

"They are gone," wailed Carol, "our beautiful ruby rings that belonged to grandmother."

"Nonsense," cried Prue with nervous anger, "you've left them in the bathroom, or on the kitchen shelves. You're always leaving them somewhere over the place. Come on, and we'll search the house just to convince you." "No, no," shrieked the twins. "Let's lock the door and get under the bed." The rings were really valuable. Their grandmother, their mother's mother, whom they had never seen, had divided her "real jewelry" between her two daughters. And the mother of these parsonage girls, had further divided her portion to make it reach through her own family of girls!

"Our rings! Our rings!" the twins were wailing, and Connie, awakened by the noise, was crying beneath the covers of her bed.

"Maybe we'd better phone for Mr. Allan," suggested Fairy. "The girls are so nervous they will be hysterical by the time we finish searching the house."

"Well, let's do the upstairs then," said Prudence. "Get your slippers and kimonos, and we'll go into daddy's room."

But inside the door of daddy's room, with the younger girls clinging to her, and Fairy looking odd and disturbed, Prudence stopped abruptly and stared about the room curiously.

"Fairy, didn't father leave his watch hanging on that nail by the table? Seems to me I saw it there this morning. I remember thinking I would tease him for being forgetful."

And the watch was not there. "I think it was Sunday he left it," answered Fairy in a low voice. "I remember seeing it on the nail, and thinking he would need it—but I believe it was Sunday."

Prudence looked under the bed, and in the closet, but their father's room was empty. Should they go farther? For a moment, the girls stood looking at one another questioningly. Then—they heard a loud thud downstairs, as if someone pounding on a door. There was no longer any doubt. Someone

was in the house! Connie and the twins screamed again and clung to Prudence frantically. And Fairy said, "I think we'd better lock the door and stay right here until morning, Prue."

But Prudence faced them stubbornly. "If you think I'm going to let anyone steal that fifty dollars, you are mistaken. Fifty dollars does not come often enough for that, I can tell you." "It's probably stolen already," objected Fairy.

"Well, if it is, we'll find out who did it, and have them arrested. I'm going down to telephone to the police. You girls must lock the door after me, and stay right here."

The little ones screamed again, and Fairy said: "Don't be silly, Prue, if you go I'm going with you, of course. We'll leave the kiddies here and they can lock the door. They'll be perfectly safe in here."

But the children loudly objected to this. If Prue and Fairy went, they would go! So down the stairs they trooped, a timorous trembling crowd. Prudence went at once to the telephone, and called up the residence of the Allans, their neighbors across the street. After a seemingly never-ending wait, the kind-hearted neighbor left his bed to answer the insistent telephone. Flusteringly Prudence explained their predicament, and asked him to come and search the house. He promised to be there in five minutes, with his son to help.

"Now," said Prudence more cheerfully, "we'll just go out to the kitchen and wait. It's quiet there, and away from the rest of the house, and we'll be perfectly safe." To the kitchen, then, they hurried, and found real comfort in its smallness and security. Prudence raked up the dying embers of the fire, and Fairy drew the blinds to their lowest limits. The twins and Connie trailed them fearfully at every step.

Every breath of wind against the windows drew startled cries from the younger girls, and both Fairy and Prudence were white with anxiety when they heard the loud voices of the Allans outside the kitchen door. Prudence began crying nervously the moment the two angels of mercy appeared before her, and Fairy told their tale of woe.

"Well, there now," Mr. Allan said with rough sympathy, "you just got scared, that's all. Everything's suspicious when folks get scared. I told my wife the other day I bet you girls would get a good fright sometime, left here alone. Come on, Jim, and we'll go over the house in a jiffy."

He was standing near the dining-room door. He lifted his head suddenly, and seemed to sniff a little. There was undoubtedly a faint odor of tobacco in the house.

"Been any men in here tonight?" he asked. "Or this afternoon? Think, now!"

"No one," answered Prudence. "I was alone all afternoon, and there has been no one in this evening."

He passed slowly through the dining room into the hall, closely followed by his son and the five girls, already much reassured. As he passed the dungeon door he paused for a moment, listening intently, his head bent.

"Oh, Mr. Allan," cried Prudence, "let's look in the dungeon first. I want to see if the money is safe." Her hand was already on the lock, but he shoved her away quickly.

"Is there any way out of that closet besides this door?" he asked.

"No. We call it the dungeon," laughed Prudence, her self-possession quite recovered. "It is right under



Quickly She Flung It Shut.

the stairs, and not even a mouse could gnaw its way out, with this door shut." "Who shut the door?" he inquired, still holding Prudence's hand from the lock. Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on, "Let's go back in the other room a minute. Come on, all of you." In the living room he hur-

ried to the telephone, and spoke to the operator in a low voice. "Call the police headquarters, and have them send two or three men to the Methodist parsonage, right away. We've got a burglar locked in a closet, and they'll have to get him out. Please hurry."

At this, the girls crowded around him again in renewed fear.

"Don't be scared," he said calmly, "we're all right. He's in there safe enough and can't get out for a while. Now, tell me about it. How did you get him in the closet? Begin at the beginning, and tell me all about it."

Carol began the story with keen relish. "I woke up, and thought I heard someone in the room. I supposed it was Prudence. I said, 'Prudence,' and nobody answered, and everything was quiet. But I felt there was someone in there. I nudged Lark, and she woke up. He moved then, and we both heard him. He was fumbling at the dresser, and our ruby rings are gone. We heard him step across the room and into a closet. He closed the door after him, didn't he Lark?"

"Yes, he did," agreed Lark. "His hand was on the knob."

"So we sneaked out of bed, and went into Prudence's room and woke her and Fairy." She looked at Connie and blushed. "Connie was asleep, and we didn't waken her because we didn't want to frighten her. We woke the girls—and you tell the rest, Prudence."

"We didn't believe her, of course. We went back into their room and there was no one there. But the rings were gone. While they were looking at the dresser, I remembered that I forgot to lock the dungeon door, where we keep the money and the silverware, and I ran downstairs and slammed the door and locked it, and went back up. I didn't hear a sound downstairs."

Mr. Allan laughed heartily. "Well, your burglar was in that closet after the money, no doubt, and he didn't hear you coming, and got locked in."

In a few minutes they heard footsteps around the house and knew the officers had arrived. Mr. Allan led them into the house, four of them, and led them out to the hall. There could be no doubt whatever that the burglar was in the dungeon. He had been busy with his knife, and the lock was nearly removed. If the officers had been two minutes later, the dungeon would have been empty. The girls were sent upstairs at once, with the Allan boy as guard—as guard, without regard for the fact that he was probably more frightened than any one of them.

The chief officer rapped briskly on the dungeon door. Then he clicked his revolver.

"There are enough of us to overpower three of you," he said curtly. "And we have men outside the house, too. If you put your firearms on the floor, and hold both hands over your head, you'll be well treated. If your hands are not up, we fire on sight. Get your revolvers ready, boys."

Then the officer opened the door. Evidently the burglar was wise enough to appreciate the futility of fighting against odds. His hands were above his head, and in less than a second he was securely manacled.

The chief officer had been eying him closely. "Say!" he exclaimed. "Aren't you Limber-Limb Grant?" The burglar grinned, but did not answer. "By Jove!" shouted the officer. "It is! Call the girls down here," he ordered.

HAVE AFFECTION FOR TREES

Writer Tells How Lumberman Wept Bitter Tears When Ordered to Cut Down a Fine Hemlock.

That one should feel affection for great trees is natural. In the Minnesota forests I met a lumberman who told me he wept bitter tears when he got orders to cut down a fine hemlock. Every stroke of the ax seemed to him to be felt by the sturdy monarch whose life he was taking, writes Julius Chambers in the Brooklyn Eagle.

When I have revisited the "woods" in which as a boy I gathered nuts, I have fancied the trees I used to climb recognized me. They looked the same. They hadn't aged. The shellback hickory trees seemed a trifle more dangerous to climb than of yore, and the walnuts had gained noticeably in girth, so that my lengthened arm had barely kept pace with the expanding bark. I could still encircle their trunks and could have climbed them if necessary, but the rewards of a winter's store of nuts no longer appeal to me. The walnuts and hickory nuts one buys do not taste like those gathered with one's own hands.

Dispatching Business.

Counsel for the Defense—"Your honor, you neglected to ask the prisoner if she had anything to say as to why sentence should not be pronounced." Judge—"Inasmuch as the prisoner is a woman, we will omit that formality in order to dispose of the case in some reasonable time."

Trees Affected by Lightning.

No particular species of tree is more susceptible to lightning stroke than any other except in so far as the species determines the height of the tree.

and when they appeared, gazing at the burglar with mingled admiration, pity and fear, he congratulated them with considerable excitement.

"It's Limber-Limb Grant," he explained. "There's a reward of five hundred dollars for him. You'll get the money, as sure as you're born." Then he turned again to the burglar. "Say, Grant, what's a fellow like you doing on such a fifth-rate job as this? A Methodist parsonage is not just in your line, is it?"

Limber-Limb laughed sheepishly. "Well," he explained good-naturedly, "Chicago got too hot for me. I had to get out in a hurry, and I couldn't get my hands on any money. I had a fine lot of jewels, but I was so pushed



"Aren't You Limber-Limb Grant?"

I couldn't use them. I came here and loafed around town for a while, because folks said Mount Mark was so fast asleep it did not even wake up long enough to read the daily papers I heard about this parsonage bunch, and knew the old man had gone off to get more religion. This afternoon at the station I saw a detective from Chicago get off the train, and I knew what that meant. But I needed some cash, and so I wasn't above a little job of this kind. I never dreamed of getting done up by a bunch of preacher's kids. I went upstairs to get those family jewels I've heard about, and one of the little ones gave the alarm. I already had some of them, so I came down at once. I stopped in the dungeon to get that money, and first thing I knew the door banged shut. That's all. You're welcome to the five hundred dollars, ladies. Someone was bound to get it sooner or later, and I'm partial to the ladies, every time."

Now what do you suppose the girls will do with that five hundred dollars? How much will they devote to church purposes—foreign missions, for instance?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Monkeying With the Universe.

It has been reliably reported that two New England men are about to startle the world with an entirely new power supply. One of these men is said to be a consulting mechanical engineer, the other an astronomer, both in very good standing. The story is that these two men have gone so far in the realm of infinitive formula that they have been able to develop a method that will enable them to stop the earth at will for 1-32 of a second of time and to bottle up the energy necessary to stop the earth in its product so created and sell it commercially to the world. It is to be hoped that before the plan is actually put into commission two other men of equal abilities will be found who will be willing to collaborate with them to the end that the earth can be started promptly in its revolutions after it is once stopped, otherwise there will be a painful absence of market for this novel power.—Hugh L. Cooper in the Scientific American.

Boston Art Acquisition.

The Zuloaga exhibition in Boston resulted in the sale to the Boston museum of Zuloaga's large group, "My Uncle Daniel and His Family," preferred by Mr. Sargent to all the other pictures in the exhibition. In the picture Daniel Zuloaga, who in his day was regarded as the foremost ceramic artist in Spain, is seen standing before an enamel palette and brushes in hand. The canvas is 115 inches wide and 82 inches high, and contains six figures besides the dog Polly, which sits with its mistress at the left of the group. The picture was painted at Segovia in 1910, exhibited at Rome in 1911, at Paris, Dresden and Munich in 1912, and at Brussels in 1914. This is the first time it has been shown in an American city.

IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat also take glass of Salts before eating breakfast.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush out the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then 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 clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, 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 the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

The Reason.

He—Why do those football men wear spikes in their shoes?
It—Why—er—they are the new Coast defense. (Deep stuff.)—Widow.

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

Gas.

"I hear Jones died from a single blow."
"What hit him?"
"No one. He blew out the gas."—Illinois Siren.

Hurrah! How's This

Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

Ouch ! ! ! ! ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freezone when applied to a tender, aching corn or hardened callous stops soreness at once, and soon the corn or callous dries up and lifts right off without pain.

He says freezone dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding skin. A small bottle of freezone will cost very little at any drug store, but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callous from one's feet. Millions of American women will welcome this announcement since the inauguration of the high heels. If your druggist doesn't have freezone tell him to order a small bottle for you.

Getting at the Facts.

"Did I understand you to say that your friend Pennibbs was engaged in literary pursuits," she queried.
"Well, I hope not," replied the knowing young man. "I merely stated that he wrote alleged stories and poems for the magazines."—Exchange.

A Compensation.

"Geraldine, this is a bad habit of yours getting a new dress every week."
"Yes, ma, and see how easily this bad habit fastens on me."—Baltimore American.

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

Beware.

Many a captivating co-ed has lost a perfectly good stand-in by guessing the wrong name over a telephone.—Minnehaha.

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little Stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without gripping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.