

PRUDENCE

of the PARSONAGE

By ETHEL HUESTON

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PRUDENCE FINDS HERSELF BLUSHING AND BREATHLESS EVERY TIME SHE LOOKS INTO THE EYES OF HER HANDSOME RESCUER

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 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 homely incidents glorified by affection. The preceding installment described the accident suffered by Prudence when she went for an early-morning bicycle ride and her rescue by a strange young man.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"Oh—whatever will Mattie Moore say to me? It's borrowed. Oh, I see now, that it was just foolish pride that made me unwilling to ride during decent hours. What a dunce I was—as usual."

He looked at her curiously. This was beyond his comprehension. She explained and then was silent a while. "Fairy'll have to get breakfast, and she always gets father's eggs too hard." Silence again. "Maybe papa'll worry. But then, they know by this time that something always does happen to me, so they'll be prepared."

She turned gravely to the young man beside her. He was looking down at her, too. And as their eyes met, and clung for an instant, a slow, dark color rose in his face. Prudence felt a curious breathlessness—caused by her hurting ankle, undoubtedly.

"My name is Prudence Starr—I am the Methodist minister's oldest daughter."

"And my name is Jerrold Harmer." He was looking away into the hickory grove now. "My home is in Des Moines."

"Oh, Des Moines is quite a city, isn't it? I've heard quite a lot about it. You might tell me about Des Moines. Is it very nice? Are there lots of rich people there? Of course, I do not really care any more about rich people than the others, but it always makes a city seem grand to have a lot of rich citizens, I think. Don't you?"

So he told her about Des Moines, and Prudence lay with her eyes half-closed, listening, and wondering why there was more music in his voice than in most voices. Her ankle did not hurt very badly. She did not mind it at all. In fact, she never gave it a thought. From beneath her lids, she kept her eyes fastened on Jerrold Harmer's long brown hands, clasped loosely about his knees. And whenever she could, she looked up into his face. And always there was that curious catching in her breath, and she looked away again quickly, feeling that to look too long was dangerous.

"I have talked my share now," he was saying, "tell me all about yourself, and the parsonage, and your family. And who is Fairy? And do you attend the college at Mount Mark? You look like a college girl."

"Oh, I am not," said Prudence, reluctant to make the admission for the first time in her life. "I am too stupid to be a college girl. I left high school five years ago and have been keeping house for my father and sisters since then. I am twenty years old. How old are you?"

"I am twenty-seven," and he smiled. "Jerrold Harmer," she said slowly and very musically. "It is such a nice name. Do your friends call you Jerry?"

"The boys at school called me Roldie, and sometimes Hammie. But my mother always called me Jerry. She isn't living now, either. You call me Jerry, will you?"

"Yes, I will, but it won't be proper. But that never makes any difference to me, except when it might shock the members. You want me to call you Jerry, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. And when we are better acquainted, will you let me call you Prudence?"

"Call me that now. I can't be too particular, you see, when I am lying on your coat and pillowed with your belongings. You might get cross, and take them away from me. Did you go to college?"

"Yes, to Harvard, but I was not much of a student. Then I knocked around a while, looking at the world, and two years ago I went home to Des Moines. I have been there ever since except for little runs once in a while."

Prudence sighed. "My sister Fairy is going to college now. She's very

clever—oh, very. You'll like her, I am sure—much better than you do me, of course." Prudence was strangely downcast.

"I am sure I won't," said Jerrold Harmer, with unnecessary vehemence. "I don't care a thing for college girls. I like home girls." Jerrold flipped over abruptly, and lay on the grass, his face on his arms turned toward her face. They were quiet for a while, but their glances were clinging.

"Did you play football at college? You are so tall. Fairy's tall, too. Fairy's very grand looking. I've tried my best to eat lots, and exercise, and make myself bigger, but—I am a fizzle."

"Yes, I played football. But girls do not need to be so tall as men. Don't you remember what Orlando said about Rosalind—'just as tall as my heart?' I imagine you come about to my shoulder. We'll measure as soon as you are on your feet again."

"Are you going to live in Mount Mark now? Are you coming to stay?" Prudence was almost quivering as she asked this. It was of vital importance.

"No, I will only be there a few days, but I shall probably be back every week or so. Is your father very strict? Maybe he would object to your writing to me."

"Oh, he isn't strict at all. And he will be glad for me to write to you, I know. Is Des Moines just full of beautiful girls?"

"I should say not. I never saw a real beautiful girl in Des Moines in my life. Or any place else, for that matter, until I came— You know when you come right down to it, there are mighty few girls that look—just the way you want them to look."

Prudence nodded. "That's the way with men, too. Of all the men I have seen in my life, I never saw one before that looked just the way I wanted him to."

"Before?" he questioned eagerly.

"Yes," said Prudence frankly. "You look just as I wish you to."

CHAPTER IX.

Father Starr Reads the Signs. And in the meanwhile, at the parsonage, Fairy was patiently getting breakfast. "Prudence went out for an early bicycle ride, so the members wouldn't catch her," she explained to the family. "And she isn't back yet. She'll probably stay out until afternoon, and then ride right by the grocery store where the Ladies have their

Saturday sale. That's Prudence, all over. Oh, father, I did forget your eggs again. I am afraid they are too hard. Here, twins, you carry in the oatmeal, and we will eat. No use to wait for Prudence, it would be like waiting for the next comet."

Indeed, it was nearly noon when a small, one-horse spring wagon drove into the parsonage yard. Mr. Starr was in his study with a book, but he heard a piercing shriek from Connie, and a shrill "Prudence!" from one of the twins. He was downstairs in three leaps, and rushing wildly out to the little rickety wagon. And there was Prudence!

"Don't be frightened, father. I've just sprained my ankle, and it doesn't hurt hardly any. But the bicycle is broken, and we'll have to pay for it. You can use my own money in the bank. Poor Mr. Davis had to walk all the way to town, because there wasn't any room for him in the wagon with me lying down like this. Will you carry me in?"

Connie's single bed was hastily brought downstairs, and Prudence deposited upon it. "There's no use to put me upstairs," she assured them. "I won't stay there. I want to be down here where I can boss the girls."

The doctor came in, and bandaged the swollen purple ankle. Then they had dinner—they tried to remember to call it luncheon, but never succeeded! After that, the whole parsonage family grouped about the little single bed in the cheery sitting room.

"Whose coat is this, Prudence?" asked Connie.

"And where in the world did you get these towels and silk shirts?" added Fairy.

Prudence blushed most exquisitely. "They are Mr. Harmer's," she said, and glanced nervously at her father.

"Whose?" chorused the family.

"If you will sit down and keep still, I will tell you all about it. But you must not interrupt me. What time is it, Fairy?"

ably wandering around this town in his shirt sleeves."

Already, in the eyes of the girls, this Jerry—er—Harmer, had taken unto himself all the interest of the affair.

"He'll have to come for his coat," said Lark. "We're bound to see him."

"Where does he live? What was he doing in the hickory grove?" inquired Mr. Starr with a strangely sinking heart, for her eyes were alight with new and wonderful radiance.

"He lives in Des Moines. He was just walking into town, and took a short cut through the grove."

"Walking! From Des Moines?" Prudence flushed uncomfortably. "I didn't think of that," she said. "But I do not see why he should not walk if he likes. He's strong and athletic, and fond of exercise. I guess he's plenty able to walk if he wants to. I'm sure he's no tramp, father, if that is what you are thinking."

"I am not thinking anything of the kind, Prudence," he said with dignity. "But I do think it rather strange that a young man should set out to walk from Des Moines to Mount Mark. And why should he be at it so early in the morning? Doesn't he require sleep, as the rest of us do?"

"How should I know? I guess if he likes to be out in the morning when it is fresh and sweet, it is all right. I like the morning myself. He had as much right out early as I had. His clothes were nice, and he is a Harvard graduate, and his shoes were dusty, but not soiled or worn. Anyhow, he is coming at four o'clock. If you want to ask if he is a tramp, you can do it." And Prudence burst into tears.

Dramatic silence in the cheerful sitting room! Then Fairy began bustling about to bathe the face and throat of "poor little Prudence," and her father said sympathetically:

"You're all nervous and wrought up, with the pain and excitement, Prudence. I'm glad he is coming so we can thank him for his kindness. It was mighty lucky he happened along, wasn't it? A Harvard graduate! Yes, they are pretty strong on athletics at Harvard. You'd better straighten this room a little and have things looking nice when he gets here," said Father Starr, with great diplomacy. And he was rewarded, and started, by observing that Prudence brightened wonderfully at his words.

"Yes, do," she urged eagerly. "Get some of the roses from the corner bush, and put them on the table there. And when you go upstairs, Fairy, you'd better bring down that little lace spread in the bottom drawer of our dresser. It'll look very nice on this bed. Work hard, girls, and get everything looking fine. He'll be here at four, he said. You twins may wear your white dresses, and Connie must put on her blue and wear her blue bows. Fairy, do you think it would be all right for you to wear your silk dress? Of course, the silk is rather grand for home, but you do look so beautiful in it. Father, will you put on your black suit, or are you too busy? And don't forget to wear the pearl cuff buttons Aunt Grace sent you."

"Do you think that the stranger is what he says he is? In that case, why should he be walking from Des Moines to Mount Mark, and why out so early? Might he not be an adventurer?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THESE SHOES WEAR 25 YEARS

They Are Made of Grass and Are Still Worn by Natives in Parts of Portugal and Spain.

Esparto shoes, or shoes made of the toughest and strongest of the coarse esparto fibers, are still worn in Iberia and parts of Portugal. There is no shoe made which will outlast them, not excepting leather shoes. Indeed, one pair of esparto shoes has been known to outwear a dozen tanned hide soles. This is due to their faculty of picking up and retaining in their interstices stony particles. As fast as the pebbles are worn out they are replaced automatically by others. Thus a self-soling process is constantly going on. It is not uncommon in some parts of Spain or Portugal to hear the natives boast of wearing a pair of esparto shoes for 25 years or more.

In Constantinople.

Constantinople, even in war time, is "the epicure's most golden cornucopia," in the view of a contributor to Harper's Monthly.

No sweets in Europe can compare with the Turkish, he says. As for puddings, "mahelbi, a firm, white pudding said to be made of the pulverized white meat of fowl delectably sweetened, gets a curious hold on the stranger."

"Ous koumri" is described as "surely one of the finest fish in the world." One gets the impression, however, that most Turkish dishes contain too much sugar to prove agreeable to the average western palate.

The Spanish city of Seville, once the most famous in the world for its silk, is planning to revive the industry.

He Hit Something, Anyway.

A citizen of northern Maine is a bit sensitive on the subject of shooting bears. He was employed one summer to watch a lumber camp, a proceeding made necessary by Bruin's fondness for the pork and molasses stored there for winter use. The bears had been more or less troublesome during the summer, and the watchman threatened the next one that came prowling about his camp with dire destruction.

One night he heard a bear. He seized his rifle and fired. The bear fled into the darkness, but a gug-gug-g-gg betrayed a fatal wound. The sound could be distinctly heard for some time—gug-gug-g-gg. In the morning the would-be hunter found the bullet had missed the bear and penetrated the kerosene barrel. The gug-gug-g-gg was caused by the escape of 52 gallons of good oil which lay spilled on the ground.—Lewiston Journal.

"Natural Bread."

A new method of making bread has been adopted in Italy. It is found that 600 pounds of grain produce 880 pounds of what is termed "natural bread." In the process the grain is sifted and washed. It is then left for from 48 to 60 hours in a warm bath, where it germinates and begins to sprout. When the germinating process has gone far enough the grain is crushed in a machine and made into dough, which is passed into the oven.

Locust Probably Extinct.

There has not been a serious general outbreak of the Rocky mountain locust since 1880, and this particular grasshopper has ceased to be a pest of any great importance.

A factory in Spain is making paper and pulp from esparto grass.

Don't Have Catarrh

One efficient way to remove nasal catarrh is to treat its cause which in most cases is physical weakness. The system needs more oil and easily digested liquid-food, and you should take a spoonful of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

after each meal to enrich your blood and help heal the sensitive membranes with its pure oil-food properties.

The results of this Scott's Emulsion treatment will surprise those who have used irritating snuffs and vapors.

Get the Genuine SCOTT'S

A Good Medicine is needed promptly to ward off COLDS AND LA GRIPPE. Ask for SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH VITAMIN. 25¢

SALTS FINE FOR ACHING KIDNEYS

We eat too much meat which clogs Kidneys, then the Back hurts.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, 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 is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.

Trying to Oblige.

"What's your name, my poor man?" asked the kind-hearted woman.

"Lady," replied Plodding Pete, unblushingly, "me name is 'Lord Reginald Courtenay Thorpe.'"

"Are you sure that's your name?" "No, I jes' thought it 'ud be a nice name fur you to use if you wanted to put de fact dat you had given me a sandwich an' a cup o' tea in de society news."—Washington Star.

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, y'r 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 griping, 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.

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Pain in Side, Rheumatism, Backache, Any Local Pain.

Insist on Having ALLCOCK'S.



"Do Your Friends Call you Jerry?"