

# PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

by  
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## Mr. STARR'S HEART SINKS WHEN HE DISCOVERS JERROLD HARMER 'D PRUDENCE EXCHANGING TENDER GLANCES AND SOFT WORDS

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 girls—Prudence's work, Fairy's school affairs, the youngsters' pranks—and the family perplexities, make the story. It is simply a recital of homely incidents glorified by affection. The preceding installment described an accident which Prudence suffered during an early-morning bicycle ride and her rescue by a strange and fascinating young man.

### CHAPTER IX—Continued.

He went upstairs to obey, with despair in his heart. But to the girls, there was nothing strange in this exactness on the part of Prudence. Jerrold Harmer was the hero of the romance, and they must unite to do him honor. He was probably a prince in disguise. Jerrold Harmer was a perfectly thrilling name. It was really a shame that America allows no titles—Lord Jerrold did sound so noble, and Lady Prudence was very effective, too. He and Prudence were married, and had a family of four children, named for the various Starrs, before one hour had passed.

"I'll begin my book right away," Lark was saying. She and Carol were in the dining room madly polishing their Sunday shoes, what time they were not performing the marriage ceremony of their sister and the hero.

"Yes, do! But for goodness' sake, don't run her into a mule! Seems to me even Prudence could have done better than that."

"I'll have his automobile break down in the middle of the road, and Prudence can run into it. The carburetor came off, and of course the car wouldn't run an inch without it."

"Yes, that's good," said Carol approvingly. "It must be a sixty-cylinder, eight horse power—er—tonneau or something real big and costly."

"Twins! You won't be ready," warned Prudence, and this dire possibility sent them flying upstairs in a panic.

While the girls, bubbling over with excitement, were dressing for the great event, Mr. Starr went downstairs to sit with Prudence. Carol called to him on his way down, and he paused on the staircase, looking up at her.

"Lark and I are going to use some of Fairy's powder, father," she said. "We feel that we simply must on an occasion like this. And for goodness' sake, don't mention it before him! It doesn't happen very often, you know, but today we simply must. Now, don't you say anything about falling in the flour barrel, or turning pale all of a sudden, whatever else you do. We'd be so mortified, father."

Mr. Starr was concerned with weightier matters, and went on down to Prudence with never so much as a reproving shake of the head for the worldly-minded young twins.

"Father," began Prudence, her eyes on the lace coverlet, "do you think it would be all right for me to wear that silk dressing gown of mother's? I need something over my nightgown, and my old flannel kimono is so ugly. You know, mother said I was to have it, and—I'm twenty now. Do you think it would be all right? But if you do not want me to wear it—"

"I do want you to," was the prompt reply. "Yes, it is quite time you were wearing it. I'll get it out of the trunk myself, and send Fairy down to help you." Then as he turned toward the door, he asked carelessly, "Is he very good-looking, Prudence?"

And Prudence, with a crimson face, answered quickly, "Oh, I really didn't notice, father."

He went on upstairs then, and presently Fairy came down with the dainty silk gown trimmed with fine soft lace.

"I brought my lavender ribbon for your hair, Prudence. It will match the gown so nicely. Oh, you do look sweet, dearest. I pity Jerrold Harmer, I can tell you that. Now I must hurry and finish my own dressing."

But with her foot on the bottom stair, she paused. Her sister was calling after her. "Send father down here, quick, Fairy."

Father ran down quickly, and Prudence, catching hold of his hands, whispered wretchedly, "Oh, father, he—he is good-looking. I—I did notice it. I didn't really mean to lie to you."

"There, now, Prudence," he said, kissing her tenderly, "you mustn't get excited again. I'm afraid you are too nervous to have callers. You must lie very quietly until he comes. That was no lie, child. You are so upset you do not know what you are saying today. Be quiet now, Prudence, it's nearly time for him to come."

"You are a dear good father," she cried, kissing his hands passionately, "but it was a lie. I did know what I was saying. I did it on purpose."

And Mr. Starr's heart was heavy, for he knew that his fears were realized.

### CHAPTER X.

#### Roused From Her Slumber.

At twenty minutes to four, the parsonage family clustered excitedly in the sitting room, which the sunshine flooded cheerily. They were waiting for the hero of Prudence's romance.

"Oh, Larkie, will you run upstairs and bring my lace handkerchief? Would you keep these pearls on, Fairy, or would you take them off?"

"I would keep them on, Prue. You do look so sweet, but your face is very flushed. I am afraid you are feverish. Maybe we had better not let him see Prue today, father."

"Fairy!" exclaimed Prudence. "Listen, listen, girls! Look, Fairy, and see if that is he! Yes, it is, I know—I can tell by his walk." Warm rich color dyed her face and throat, and she clasped her hands over her heart, wondering if Connie beside her could hear its tumult.

"I'll go to the door," said Father Starr, and Prudence looked at him beseechingly.

"I—I am sure he is all right, father. I—you will be nice to him, won't you?"

Without answering, Mr. Starr left the room. He could not trust his voice.

"Listen, girls, I want to hear," whispered Prudence. And she smiled as she heard her father's cordial voice.

"You are Mr. Harmer, aren't you? I am Prudence's father. Come right in. The whole family is assembled to do you honor. The girls have already made you a prince in disguise. Come back this way. Prudence is resting very nicely."

When the two men stepped into the sitting room, Prudence, for once, quite overlooked her father. She lifted her eyes to Jerrold Harmer's face, and waited, breathless. Nor was he long in finding her among the bevy of girls. He walked at once to the bed, and took her hand.

"My little comrade of the road," he said gayly, but with tenderness. "I'm afraid you are not feeling well enough for callers today."

"Oh, yes, I am," protested Prudence with strange shyness.

He turned to the other girls, and greeted them easily. He was entirely self-possessed. "Miss Starr told me so much about you that I know you all to begin with." He smiled at Fairy as he added, "In fact, she predicted that I am to fall in love with you. And so, very likely, I should, if I hadn't met your sister first."

They all laughed at that, and then he walked back and stood by Prudence once more. "Was it a bad sprain? Does it pain you very badly? You look tired. I am afraid it was an imposition for me to come this afternoon."

"Oh, don't worry about that," put in Connie anxiously. "She wanted you to come. She's been getting us ready for you ever since the doctor left. I think it was kind of silly for me to wear my blue just for one caller."

The twins glared at her, realizing that she was discrediting the parsonage, but Jerrold Harmer laughed, and Prudence joined him.

"It is quite true," she admitted frankly. "The mule and I disgraced the parsonage this morning, and I wanted the rest of you to redeem it this afternoon." She looked at him inquiringly. "Then you had another coat?"

"No, I didn't. I saw this one in a window this morning, and couldn't re-

slist it. Was the ride very hard on your ankle?"

Mr. Starr was puzzled. Evidently it was not lack of funds which brought this man on foot from Des Moines to Mount Mark, half-way across the state! He did not look like a man fleeing from justice. What, then, was the explanation?

"You must have found it rather a long walk," he began tentatively, his eyes on the young man's face.

"Yes, I think my feet are a little blistered. I have walked farther than that many times, but I am out of practice now. Sometimes, however, walking is a painful necessity."

"How long did it take you coming from Des Moines to Mount Mark?" inquired Carol in a subdued and respectful voice, and curious, withal.

"From Des Moines," he gasped. "Good heavens! I did not walk from Des Moines! Did you?" He turned to Prudence questioning. "Did you think I walked clear from Des Moines?"

"Yes." And added hastily, "But I did not care if you did. It did not make any difference how you came."

For a moment he was puzzled. Then he burst out laughing. "I am afraid we had too much to talk about this morning. I thought I had explained my situation, but evidently I did not. I drove from Des Moines in the car, and—"

"The automobile," gasped Carol, with a triumphant look at Lark.

"Yes, just so. I stopped at several places on business as I came through. I drove from Burlington this morning, but I got off the road. The car broke down on me, and I couldn't fix it—broke an axle. So I had to walk in. That is what I was seeing about today, sending a man out for the car and arranging about the repairs." He smiled again. "What in the world do you think I would walk from Des Moines for?" he asked Prudence, more inquisitive than grammatical.

"I did not think anything about it until they asked, and—I did not know about the car. You did not mention it."

"No, I remember now. We were talking of other things all the time." He turned frankly to Mr. Starr. "Perhaps you have heard of the Harmer Automobile company of Des Moines. My father was Harvey Harmer. Two years ago, when I was running around in Europe, he died. It was his desire that I should personally take charge of the business. So I hurried home,

laughing when the food is bad, and laughter is very healthful. You will stay, won't you?"

Jerrold Harmer looked very eager, and yet he looked somewhat doubtfully at Prudence. Her eyes were eloquent with entreaties. Finally he laughed, and said, "I should certainly like to stay, but you see I want to come back tomorrow. Now, will I dare to come back tomorrow if I stay for dinner tonight? Wouldn't Connie say that was disgracing the parsonage?"

Fairy laughed delightedly. "That is very good," she said. "Then you will stay. I'll try to fix it up with Connie to save the reputation of the house."

No, they did not quote poetry, they did not discuss the psychological intricacies of spontaneous attraction, they did not say anything deep, or wise, or learned. But they smiled at each other, with pleased investigating eyes. He put his hand on the coverlet, just near enough to touch the lace on the sleeve of her silk dressing gown. And together they found paradise in the shabby sitting room of the old Methodist parsonage that afternoon.

Do you believe in long engagements between lovers? Aren't engaged couples able to become well enough acquainted after six months to marry and make as much of a success of the partnership as if they had waited two or three years?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## COPPER IS ALASKA'S STAPLE

Shipments of Metal to United States Now Run Far Ahead of Canned Salmon and Gold.

Sales made by Alaska to the United States in the fiscal year 1916 aggregated nearly \$50,000,000, according to a report on the imports from Alaska for that period, just issued by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce of the department of commerce. No longer do salmon and gold occupy the first places among Alaska's export staples, having given way to the export of copper, which in the present fiscal year had a total value of \$23,488,000, compared with \$5,182,000 in 1915, and \$3,876,000 in 1914.

### Gangway Launching for Boats.

The hazardous method of lowering lifeboats into rough water alongside ships in disasters has inspired many inventors to perfect life-saving apparatus that would be really safe.

Among the scores of such inventions that have been submitted to the patent office is a long net gangway which projects from the side of the vessel upon the surface of the water, being supported at the lower end by large air tanks. The poles which support the gangway are hinged to the ship's side, and when not in use are carried in long pockets below the rail of the first open deck.

The chief advantage of this gangway-life saver is that the lifeboats never approach near enough to the ship's side to be crushed by waves. The boat is held close to the gangway by means of gaff hooks.

### Ten Million Dollars for Irrigation.

The greatest storage dam in the world was formally dedicated at the conclusion of the sessions of the National Irrigation Congress which met at El Paso, Tex., in October. It blocks a canyon of the Rio Grande 120 miles north of El Paso, stores all the flood and normal flow of a river which drains 30,000 square miles, forms a lake 45 miles long with an average depth of 65 feet and a shore line of 200 miles, and submerges more than 42,000 acres.

It cost \$10,000,000. And the water stored will irrigate 185,000 acres and develop 35,000 horsepower.

### Folly in Grieving.

One class of feelings can be extinguished only by the creation of another; one sentiment banished only by inviting the antagonism of another; one interest supplanted only by the stronger occupancy of another. So long as this is unperceived the overgrieving heart will seek in vain to discipline itself. Thinking of its sorrow as too much, instead of its sense of duty as too little, it fails to meet pointedly its own remedy.—James Martineau.

### Increase Silk Production.

In German silk culture experiments, feeding with leaves of a species of comfrey is expected to produce four or five crops of cocoons a year instead of the one from mulberry leaves. Consul C. A. Damm, however, forecasts the failure of the attempt to create a silk industry for war invalids and cripples, on account of difficulties of spinning and a cost of the product likely to exceed that of the imported raw silk.

### Daily Thought.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

## EAT LESS MEAT IF BACK HURTS

Take a glass of Salts to flush Kidneys if bladder bothers you.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or another, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; 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 flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

## IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSY, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Good health cannot be maintained where there is a constipated habit. Garfield Tea overcomes constipation.

## DANDRUFF AND ITCHING

Disappear With Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

The first thing in restoring dry, falling hair is to get rid of dandruff and itching. Rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp, next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Prevent skin and scalp troubles by making Cuticura your everyday toilet preparation.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## BE PRETTY! TURN GRAY HAIR DARK

Try Grandmother's old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.



**Resinol**  
a safe, reliable  
skin treatment