

# PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

by **ETHEL HUESTON**

ILLUSTRATED BY **W. C. TANNER**

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**M**R. STAHR, 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 throbbing with curiosity about the newcomers. Mrs. Adams, a member of the Ladies' Aid society, hurried over to call on Prudence, and noisily around found the girl on her knees praying in the barn. So she began at once to "pump" the girl for all she was worth—it would be great stuff to tell the neighbors—and is still at it.

## CHAPTER I—Continued.

But to return to the Ladies—the parsonage girls always capitalized the Ladies of their father's church—"One of us should go and help the dear child," said Mrs. Scott, the president of the Aids, when they assembled for their business meeting, "help her, and welcome her, and advise her."

"I was thinking of going over," said one, and another, and several others.

"Oh, that will not do at all," said the president. "I think in a case like this the president herself should represent the society. Therefore, I will undertake this duty for you."

But this called forth a storm of protest and it became so clamorous that it was unofficially decided to draw cuts! Which was done, and in consequence of that drawing of cuts, Mrs. Adams now sat on the front porch of the old gray parsonage, cheered by the knowledge that every other Lady of the Aid was envying her!

"Now, just be real sociable and tell me all about yourself, and the others, too," urged Mrs. Adams. "I want to know all about every one of you. Tell me everything."

"There isn't much to tell," said Prudence, smiling. "There are five of us; I am the oldest—I am nineteen. Then comes Fairy, then the twins, and then the baby."

"Are the twins boys, or a boy and a girl?"

"Neither," said Prudence, "they are both girls."

"More girls?" gasped Mrs. Adams. "And the baby?"

"She is a girl, too," and Prudence laughed. "In short, we are all girls except father. He couldn't be, of course—or I suppose he would, for our family does seem to run to girls."

"Prudence is a very nice name for a minister's daughter," said Mrs. Adams suggestively.

"Yes—for some ministers' daughters," assented Prudence. "But is sadly unsuitable for me."

Mrs. Adams looked critically at this young daughter of the parsonage. Then her eyes wandered down to her clothes, and lingered, in silent questioning, on Prudence's dress. It was a very peculiar color. In fact, it was no color at all—no named color. Prudence's eyes had followed Mrs. Adams' glance, and she spoke frankly.

"I suppose you're wondering if this dress is any color? Well, I think it really is, but it isn't any of the regular shades. It is my own invention, but I've never named it. Fairy grew up and out around, and one day when I was so nearly out of clothes I hardly felt I could attend church any more, she suggested that I cut an old one of hers down for me! At first I laughed, and then I was insulted. Fairy is three years younger than I, and before then she had got my hand-downs. But now the tables were turned. From that time on Fairy's clothes were cut down for me. I still feel bitter about it. Fairy is dark, and dark blues are becoming to her. She handed down this dress—it was dark blue then. But I was not wanting a dark blue, and I thought it would be less recognizable if I gave it a contrasting color. I chose lavender. I dyed it four times, and this was the result."

"Do the twins dress alike?" inquired Mrs. Adams, when she could control her voice.

"Yes—unfortunately for Connie. They do it on purpose to escape the hand-downs! They won't even have hair ribbons different. And the result is that poor Connie never gets one new thing except shoes. She says she cannot help thanking the Lord in her prayers that all of us outwear our shoes before we can outgrow them. Connie is only nine. Fairy is sixteen, and the twins are thirteen. They are a very clever lot of girls."

"And what are you going to do?" inquired Mrs. Adams, looking with real affection at the bright, sweet face. "You ought to go to school. You're just a girl yourself."

"I don't want to go to school," laughed Prudence. "Not any more. I like it, just taking care of father and the girls—with Fairy to keep me balanced! I read, but I do not like to study. No, you'll have to get along with me just the way I am, Mrs. Adams. It's all I can do to keep things going now, without spending half the time dreaming of big things to do in the future."

"Don't you have dreams?" gasped Mrs. Adams. "Don't you have dreams of the future? Girls in books nowadays dream—"

"Yes, I dream," interrupted Prudence. "I dream lots—but it's mostly of what Fairy and others will do when I get them properly raised. You'll like

the girls, Mrs. Adams, I know you will. They really are a gifted little bunch—except me. I'm just common little Prudence of the Parsonage—but the others!" And Prudence flung out her hands dramatically.

## CHAPTER II.

### The Rest of the Family.

It was Saturday morning when the four young parsonage girls arrived in Mount Mark. The elderly Misses Avery, next door, looked out of their windows, pending their appearance on Main street, with interest and concern. They were Episcopalians themselves, and in all their long lives they had never so much as heard of a widower-rector with five daughters and no housekeeper. There was something blood-curdling in the bare idea.

The Misses Avery considered Prudence herself rather a sweet, silly little thing.

"You have some real nice people in the Methodist church," Miss Dora had told her. "I dare say you will find a few of them very likable."

"Oh, I will like them all," said Prudence quickly and seriously.

"Like them all," echoed Miss Dora. "Oh, impossible!"

"Not for us," said Prudence. "We are used to it, you know. When we dislike people at first sight, we visit them, and talk to them, and invite them to our best linen and silver-ware, and keep on getting friendlier and friendlier, and—first thing you know, we like them fine!"

So the Misses Avery concluded that Prudence was not entirely responsible. And they wondered, with something akin to an agony of fear, if the younger girls "had it, too!" and when Miss Alice cried excitedly, "Quick! Quick! They are coming!" they trooped to Miss Alice's window with a speed that would have done credit to the parsonage girls themselves.

First came the minister, whom they knew very well by this time, and considered quite respectable. He was lively, as was to be expected of a Methodist minister, and told jokes, and laughed at them! Now, a conical recitor—oh, a very different matter—it wasn't done, that's all! At any rate, here came the Methodist minister, laughing, and on one side of him tripped a small, earnest-looking maiden, clasping his hand, and gazing alternately up into his face and down at the stylish cement sidewalk beneath her feet. On the other side was Fairy. The Misses Avery knew the girls by name already—having talked much with Prudence.

"Such a Fairy!" gasped Miss Millicent, and the others echoed the gasp but wordlessly.

For Fairy was very nearly as tall as her father, built upon generous lines, rather commanding in appearance, a little splendid-looking. Even from their windows they could discern something distinctly Junonian in this sixteen-year-old girl, with the easy, elastic stride that matched her father's, and the graceful head, well carried. A young goddess—named Fairy! Behind them, laughing and chattering, like three children, as they were—came the twins with Prudence, each with an arm around her waist. And Prudence was a very little taller than they. When they reached the fence that bordered the parsonage, the scene for a moment resembled a miniature riot. The smaller girls jumped and exclaimed, and clasped their hands. Fairy leaped over the fence, and stared intently at their parsonage home. Then the serious little girl scrambled under the fence, followed closely by the lithe-limbed twins. A pause, a very short one—and then Prudence, too, was wriggling beneath the fence.

"Hold the wire up for me, papa!" cried Fairy. "I'm too fat." And a second later she was running gracefully across the lawn toward the parsonage. The Methodist minister laughed boyishly, and placing his hands on the fence post, he vaulted lightly over, and reached the house with his daughters. Then the Misses Avery, school-teachers and elderly, looked at one another.

"Did you ever?" gasped the oldest Miss Avery, and the others slowly shook their heads.

Now, think! Did you ever see a recitor jumping a three-wire fence, and running full speed across his front yard in pursuit of a flying family? It may possibly have occurred—we have never seen it. Neither had the three Misses Avery. Nor did they ever expect to. And if they had seen it, it is quite likely they would have joined the backsliders at that instant.

But without wasting much time on this gruesome thought, they hurried to a window commanding the best view of the parsonage, and raised it. Then they clustered behind the curtains, and watched and listened. There was plenty to hear! From the parsonage windows came the sound of scampering feet and banging doors. Once there was the unmistakable clatter of a chair overturned. With it all there was a constant chorus of "Oh, look!" "Oh! Oh!" "Oh, how sweet!" "Oh, papa!" "Oh, Prudence!" "Look, Larkie, look at this!"

Then the eldest Miss Avery closed the window overlooking the parsonage and confronted her sisters.

"We must just make the best of it," she said quietly.

But next door the gray old parsonage was full to overflowing with satisfaction and happiness and love. Every one has experienced the ecstatic, creepy sensation of sleeping in a brand-new home. The parsonage girls revealed in

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## WOUNDS OF HORSES

First Aid Insures Minimum Loss of Service of Animal.

## LIABLE TO MANY INJURIES

Air Kept From Wound Causes Pain to Pass Rapidly—Stop Flow of Blood by Several Methods—Use Antiseptic Fluids.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

To be able to render "first aid" to a wounded horse, and to follow up with proper treatment, not only insures a minimum loss of service of the animal, but frequently saves its life. Horses are liable ordinarily to such wounds as cuts, lacerations, contusions, bruises, punctures and poisoned wounds. They also may be burned or scalded, incur troublesome harness or saddle galls, or be afflicted with ulcers, abscesses, or fistulas.

An incised wound is a simple cut made with a sharp body, like a knife, producing merely a division of the tissues. The duller the body the more force is required, the more tissue destroyed, the greater the time required for healing. In a cut wound the edges are even and definite, while those of a lacerated wound are irregular and torn. Three conditions are present as a result of an incised wound: (1) Pain, (2) hemorrhage, (3) gaping of the wound. The first pain is due to the crushing and tearing of the nerve fibers. The secondary pain is usually due to the action of the air and inflammatory processes. When air is kept from the wound pain ceases soon after the lesion is produced. Bleeding may be from the arteries, veins, or capillaries. In the latter form of bleeding the blood oozes from the part in drops. Hemorrhage from the veins is dark red and issues in a steady stream without spurting. In arterial bleeding the blood is bright red and spurts with each heart beat. This latter variety of hemorrhage is the most dangerous, and should be stopped at once before attempting any further treatment. Bleeding from small veins and capillaries ceases in a short time spontaneously, while large vessels, especially arteries, require some form of treatment to cause complete stoppage of the hemorrhage.

## Stopping Hemorrhage.

Checking the flow of blood may be accomplished by several methods, such as compress bandages, torsion, hot iron and ligatures. The application of an iron at red heat will cause the immediate clotting of the blood in the vessels, and this clot is further supported by the production of a scab, or crust, over the portion seared. If the iron is at a white heat, the tissue is charred, which makes it brittle and the bleeding is liable to be renewed; if at a black heat, the tissue will stick to the iron and will pull away from the surface of the wound. Cold water and ice bags quickly stop capillary bleeding, while hot water is preferable in more extensive hemorrhages.

A solution of the chloride of iron placed on a wound alone or by means of cotton drenched in the liquid produces a rapid and hard clot. Tannic acid, alum, acetic acid, alcohol, and oil of turpentine are all more or less active in this respect. To check bleeding from large vessels compression may be adopted. When it is rapid and dangerous and from an artery, the fingers may be used for pressing between the wound and the heart (digital compression), but if from a vein, the pressure should be exerted on the other side of the wound. Tourniquet may also be used by passing a strap around the part and tightening after placing a pad over the hemorrhage. The rubber ligature has now replaced the tourniquet and is bound tightly around the limb to arrest the bleeding. Tampons, such as cotton, tow, or oakum, may be packed tightly in the wound and then sewed up. After remaining there for 24 or 48 hours they are removed.

Bleeding may sometimes be easily checked by passing a pin under the vessel and by taking a horsehair and forming a figure 8 by running it above and below the pin, thus causing pressure on the vessel. Torsion is the twisting of the blood vessel until the walls come together and form a barrier to the flow of blood. It may be accomplished by the fingers, forceps, or by running a pin through the vessel, turning it several times, and then running the point into the tissue to keep it in a fixed position.

Ligation is another method for stopping a hemorrhage. The blood vessel should be seized with the artery forceps, a clean thread of silk passed around it, and tied about one-half inch from its end. The silk should be sterilized by placing it in an antiseptic solution, so as not to impede the healing process or cause blood-poisoning or lockjaw, which often follows the ligation of a vein with unsterilized material. Sometimes it will be impossible to reach the bleeding vessel, so it is necessary to pass the ligature around a mass of tissue which includes the blood vessel. Ligation is the most useful method of arresting hemorrhage, since it disturbs healing least and gives the greatest security against secondary hemorrhage.

After the bleeding has been controlled and all foreign bodies removed from the wound, the gaping of the wound is noticeable. It is caused by the contraction of the muscles and elastic fibers, and its degree depends on the extent, direction and nature of the cut. This gaping will hinder the healing process so that it must be overcome by bringing the edges together by some sort of suture or pins or by a bandage applied from below upward. As suture material, ordinary cotton thread is good, if well sterilized, as is also horsehair, catgut, silk and various kinds of wire. If the suture is made too tight, the subsequent swelling may cause the stitch to tear out. In order to make a firm suture, the depth of the stitch should be the same as the distance the stitch is from the edge of the



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Doesn't it seem that the happy-go-lucky houseful of parsonage girls will win the friendship of the Avery spinsters and tear away the barrier of anobliousness and reserve which hedges them in?

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## ONE OF EARTH'S QUIET SPOTS

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Mornings on "The Hill" you get still more surely the sensation of loneliness. The clock in the library tower chimes the three-quarters, and like an echo come the soprano voices of the little group of left-over coeds, singing behind the open windows of a conservatory.

The blue lake below you is unmarred by crew or sail. Even the bronze image of the friend of the founder, in the quadrangle, seems to relax a bit in its chair—and to be waiting for September and the breath of life.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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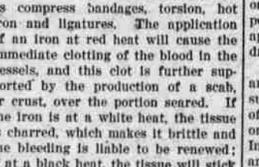
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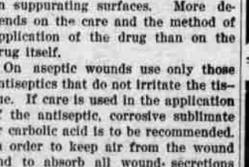
Checking the flow of blood may be accomplished by several methods, such as compress bandages, torsion, hot iron and ligatures. The application of an iron at red heat will cause the immediate clotting of the blood in the vessels, and this clot is further supported by the production of a scab, or crust, over the portion seared. If the iron is at a white heat, the tissue is charred, which makes it brittle and the bleeding is liable to be renewed; if at a black heat, the tissue will stick to the iron and will pull away from the surface of the wound. Cold water and ice bags quickly stop capillary bleeding, while hot water is preferable in more extensive hemorrhages.

A solution of the chloride of iron placed on a wound alone or by means of cotton drenched in the liquid produces a rapid and hard clot. Tannic acid, alum, acetic acid, alcohol, and oil of turpentine are all more or less active in this respect. To check bleeding from large vessels compression may be adopted. When it is rapid and dangerous and from an artery, the fingers may be used for pressing between the wound and the heart (digital compression), but if from a vein, the pressure should be exerted on the other side of the wound. Tourniquet may also be used by passing a strap around the part and tightening after placing a pad over the hemorrhage. The rubber ligature has now replaced the tourniquet and is bound tightly around the limb to arrest the bleeding. Tampons, such as cotton, tow, or oakum, may be packed tightly in the wound and then sewed up. After remaining there for 24 or 48 hours they are removed.

Bleeding may sometimes be easily checked by passing a pin under the vessel and by taking a horsehair and forming a figure 8 by running it above and below the pin, thus causing pressure on the vessel. Torsion is the twisting of the blood vessel until the walls come together and form a barrier to the flow of blood. It may be accomplished by the fingers, forceps, or by running a pin through the vessel, turning it several times, and then running the point into the tissue to keep it in a fixed position.

Ligation is another method for stopping a hemorrhage. The blood vessel should be seized with the artery forceps, a clean thread of silk passed around it, and tied about one-half inch from its end. The silk should be sterilized by placing it in an antiseptic solution, so as not to impede the healing process or cause blood-poisoning or lockjaw, which often follows the ligation of a vein with unsterilized material. Sometimes it will be impossible to reach the bleeding vessel, so it is necessary to pass the ligature around a mass of tissue which includes the blood vessel. Ligation is the most useful method of arresting hemorrhage, since it disturbs healing least and gives the greatest security against secondary hemorrhage.

After the bleeding has been controlled and all foreign bodies removed from the wound, the gaping of the wound is noticeable. It is caused by the contraction of the muscles and elastic fibers, and its degree depends on the extent, direction and nature of the cut. This gaping will hinder the healing process so that it must be overcome by bringing the edges together by some sort of suture or pins or by a bandage applied from below upward. As suture material, ordinary cotton thread is good, if well sterilized, as is also horsehair, catgut, silk and various kinds of wire. If the suture is made too tight, the subsequent swelling may cause the stitch to tear out. In order to make a firm suture, the depth of the stitch should be the same as the distance the stitch is from the edge of the



"Quick! They Are Coming!"

church at Exminster to whom it belonged. The twins were a little amazed, and quite proud. Connie was an honor to the parsonage—but they were concerned lest they themselves should not do quite so well when their days came.

But in less than a moment the minister-father began his prayer. When he said "Amen," Prudence was on her feet and half-way upstairs before the others were fairly risen. Fairy stood gazing intently out of the window for a moment, and then went out to the barn to see if the horse was through eating. Mr. Starr walked gravely and soberly out the front door, and around the house. He ran into Fairy coming out the kitchen door, and they glanced quickly at each other.

"Hurry, papa," she whispered; "you can't be in much longer! Neither can I!"

And together, choking with laughter, they hurried into the barn and gave full vent to their feelings.

Doesn't it seem that the happy-go-lucky houseful of parsonage girls will win the friendship of the Avery spinsters and tear away the barrier of anobliousness and reserve which hedges them in?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## ONE OF EARTH'S QUIET SPOTS

Very Little Movement Noted in the College Town During the Drowsy Summer. M. nths.

Only the dead sleep more serenely, more beautifully than the college town in summer. When you enter it you feel that a peace that passeth all understanding has somehow descended upon the place. It is a woman whose lover is away and who spends the lazy days dreaming of him and waiting for his return.

Downtown in the evening, girls saunter the streets in pairs and are not too scrupulous of the wandering commercial salesman. At the hotel lights are low and the lobby is quiet; in the bar are a few citizens, a drummer and maybe two or three students who are tutoring through the summer.

Mornings on "The Hill" you get still more surely the sensation of loneliness. The clock in the library tower chimes the three-quarters, and like an echo come the soprano voices of the little group of left-over coeds, singing behind the open windows of a conservatory.

The blue lake below you is unmarred by crew or sail. Even the bronze image of the friend of the founder, in the quadrangle, seems to relax a bit in its chair—and to be waiting for September and the breath of life.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Careful.

"Had your vacation yet, old man?"

"Not yet. I'm going to take mine the same time the boss takes his. Then he can't see how easily the office can get along without me."—New York World.

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### TO FORCE ASPARAGUS PLANT

Hotbeds, Four Feet Wide, Are Made Use of by French Gardeners During Winter and Spring.

French market gardeners make use of hotbeds for the forcing of asparagus through much of the autumn, winter and early spring. It has developed into a large industry, with some of the gardeners, says a writer in Farm and Home. The frames used by the French market gardeners for hotbeds are only four feet wide. They are placed in a bed of fermenting manure, 18 to 20 inches deep, and are banked up to the level of the sash with more manure.

After the hotbed is made the excessive heat is allowed to abate and the asparagus roots are placed directly on the manure. They are not spread out as they would be in the open ground, but are packed as closely as possible in the frames, a mere sprinkling of soil being placed over the roots.

Usually three or four-year-old roots are used