

**PRUDENCE**  
of the  
**PARSONAGE**



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The parsonage girls entertain a visiting minister, much to his discomfort, and Carol rides a cow with disastrous results.

Mr. Starr, 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 very curious about the newcomers. Individual members of the Ladies' Aid society drop in upon the family and "pump" the girls for all they're worth. But the Starrs rapidly adjust themselves to their new surroundings, and the father decides his brood is old enough to participate in family prayers. Little Connie has just finished hers—much to the amusement of her elders.

**CHAPTER II—Continued.**

So it was that the twins and Connie were alone for a while.

"You did a pretty good job, Connie," said Carol approvingly.

"Yes, I think I did myself," was the complacent answer. "But I intended to put in, 'Keep us as the apple of thy eye, hold us in the hollow of thy hand, and I forgot it until I had said 'Amen.' I had a notion to put in a postscript, but I believe that isn't done."

"Never mind," said Carol. "I'll use that in mine, tomorrow."

It cannot be said that this form of family worship was a great success. The twins were invariably stereotyped, but and dried. They thanked the Lord for the beautiful morning, for kind friends, for health, and family, and parsonage. Connie always prayed in sentences extracted from the prayers of others she had often heard, and every time with nearly disastrous effect.

But later on the morning worship went better. The prayers of the children changed—became more personal, less flowery. They remembered that when they knelt they were at the feet of God, and speaking direct to him.

The family had been in the new parsonage only three weeks, when a visiting minister called on them. It was about ten minutes before the luncheon hour at the time of his arrival. Mr. Starr was in the country, visiting, so the girls received him alone. It was an unfortunate day for the Starrs. Fairy had been at college all morning, and Prudence had been rummaging in the attic, getting it ready for a rainy day and winter playroom for the younger girls. She was dusty and tired.

The luncheon hour arrived, and the girls came in from school, eager to be up and away again. Still the grave young minister sat discoursing upon serious topics with the fidgety Prudence—and in spite of dust and perspiration, she was good to look upon. Rev. Mr. Morgan realized that, and could not tear himself away. Finally Prudence sighed.

"Do you like sweet corn, Mr. Morgan?"

This was entirely out of the line of their conversation, and for a moment he faltered. "Sweet corn?" he repeated. "Yes, roasting ears, you know—cooked on the cob."

Then he smiled. "Oh, yes, indeed. Very much," he said.

"Well," she began her explanation rather drearily. "I was busy this morning and did not prepare much luncheon. We are very fond of sweet corn, and I cooked an enormous amount. But that's all we have for luncheon—sweet corn and butter. We haven't even bread, because I am going to bake this afternoon, and we never eat it with sweet corn, anyhow. Now, if you care to eat sweet corn and butter, and canned peaches, we'd just love to have you stay for luncheon with us."

Rev. Mr. Morgan was charmed, and said so. So Prudence rushed to the kitchen, opened the peaches in a hurry, and fished out a clean napkin for their guest. Then they gathered about the table, five girls and the visiting minister. It was really a curious sight, that table. In the center stood a tall vase of goldenrod. On either side of the vase was a great platter piled high with sweet corn, on the cob! Around the table were six plates, with the necessary silverware, and a glass of water for each. There was also a small dish of peaches at each place, and an individual plate of butter. That was all—except the napkins. But Prudence made no apologies. She was a daughter of the parsonage! She showed Rev. Mr. Morgan to his place as graciously and sweetly as though she were ushering him in to a twenty-seven-course banquet.

"Will you return thanks, Mr. Morgan?" she said.

And the girls bowed their heads. Rev. Mr. Morgan cleared his throat, and began: "Our Father we thank thee for this table."

There was more of the blessing, but the parsonage girls heard not one additional phrase—except Connie, who followed him conscientiously through every word. Carol burst into merry laughter, close upon his reverent "Amen"—and after one awful glare at her sister, Prudence joined in, and soon it was a rollicking group around the parsonage table. Mr. Morgan himself smiled uncertainly. He was puzzled. More, he was embarrassed. But as soon as Carol could get her breath, she gasped out an explanation.

"You were just—right, Mr. Morgan—to give thanks—for the table! There's nothing—on it—to be thankful for!"

And the whole family went off once more into peals of laughter.

Mr. Morgan had very little appetite that day. He did not seem to be so fond of sweet corn as he had assured Prudence. He talked very little, too. And as soon as possible he took his hat and walked hurriedly away. He never called at the parsonage again.

A few weeks after this Carol distinguished herself again, and to her lasting mortification. A man living only six blocks from the parsonage had generously offered Mr. Starr free pasturage for his pretty little Jersey in his broad meadow, and the offer was gratefully accepted. This meant that every evening the twins must walk after the cow, and every morning must take her back for the day's grazing.

One evening, as they were starting out from the meadow homeward with the docile animal, Carol stopped and gazed at Blinkie reflectively.

"Lark," she said, "I just believe to my soul that I could ride this cow. She's so gentle, and I'm such a good hand at sticking on."

"Carol!" ejaculated Lark. "Think how it would look for a parsonage girl to go down the street riding a cow."

"But there's no one to see," protested Carol. And this was true. For the parsonage was near the edge of town, and the girls passed only five houses on their way home from the meadow—and all of them were well back from the road.

Lark argued and pleaded, but Carol was firm. "I must try it," she insisted, "and if it doesn't go well I can slide off. You can lead her, Lark."

The obliging Lark boosted her sister up, and Carol nimbly scrambled into place, riding astride.

"I've got to ride this way," she said. "Cows have such funny backs. I couldn't keep on any other way. If I see anyone coming, I'll slide for it."

For a while all went well. Lark led Blinkie carefully, gazing about anxiously to see that no one approached. So they advanced to within two blocks of the parsonage. By this time Blinkie concluded that she was being imposed



"Cows Have Such Funny Backs."

upon. She shook her head violently, and twitched the rope from Lark's hand, gave a scornful toss of her dainty head, and struck out madly for home. With great presence of mind, Carol fell flat upon the cow's neck, and hung on for dear life, while Lark, in terror, started out in pursuit.

"Help! Help!" she cried loudly. "Papa! Papa! Papa!"

In this way they turned in at the parsonage gate, which happily stood open. As luck would have it, Mr. Starr was standing at the door with two men who had been calling on him, and hearing Lark's frantic cries, they rushed to meet the wild procession, and had the unique experience of seeing a parsonage girl riding flat on her stomach on the neck of a galloping Jersey, with another parsonage girl in mad pursuit.

Blinkie stopped beside the barn, and turned her head about inquiringly. Carol slid to the ground, and buried her face in her hands at sight of the two men with her father. Then, with never a word, she lit out for the house at top speed. The three men sat down on the ground and burst into hearty laughter.

Lark came upon them as they sat thus, and Lark was angry. She stamped her foot with a violence that must have hurt her.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," she cried passionately. "It was awful. It was just awful! Carrie might have been killed! It—it—"

"Tell us all about it, Lark," gasped her father. And Lark did so, smiling a little herself, now that her fears were relieved. "Poor Carol," she said, "she'll never live down the humiliation. I must go and console her."

In a little while Carol felt much better. But she talked it over with Prudence very seriously.

"I hope you understand, Prudence, that I shall never have anything more to do with Blinkie! She can die of starvation for all I care. I'll never take her to and from the pasture again. I couldn't do it! Such rank ingratitude as that cow displayed was never equaled. I am certain."

"I suppose you'll quit using milk and cream, too," suggested Prudence. "Oh, well," said Carol more toler-

antly, "I don't want to be too hard on Blinkie, for after all it was partly my own fault. So I won't go that far. But I must draw the line somewhere! Hereafter Blinkie and I meet as strangers!"

**CHAPTER III.**

**The Ladies' Aid.**

Now, this really was a crisis in the life of the parsonage family. The girls had met, separately, every member of the Ladies' Aid. But this was their first combined movement upon the parsonage, and Prudence and Fairy realized that much depended on the success of the day. As girls, the whole Methodist church pronounced the young Starrs charming. But as parsonage people—well, they were obliged to reserve judgment. And as for Prudence having entire charge of the household, it must be acknowledged that every individual lady looked forward to this meeting with eagerness—they wanted to "size up" the situation. They were coming to see for themselves! Yes, it was undoubtedly a crisis.

"There'll be a crowd, of course," said Fairy. "We'll just leave the doors between the front rooms open."

"Yes, but we'll close the dining-room doors. Then we'll have the refreshments all out on the table, and when we are ready we'll just fling back the doors carelessly and—there you are!"

So the table was prettily decorated with flowers, and great plates of sandwiches and cake were placed upon it. In the center was an enormous punch-bowl, borrowed from the Averys, full of lemonade. Glasses were properly arranged on the trays, and piles of nicely home-laundered napkins were scattered here and there. The girls felt that the dining room was a credit to them, and to the Methodist church entire.

From every nook and corner of the house they hunted out chairs and stools, anticipating a real run upon the parsonage. Nor were they disappointed. The twins and Connie were not even arrayed in their plain little gingham, clean, before the first arrivals were ushered up into the front bedroom, ordinarily occupied by Prudence and Fairy.

"There's Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Prentiss, and Mrs.—" began Connie, listening intently to the voices in the next room.

"Yes," whispered Carol, "peek through the keyhole, Lark, and see if Mrs. Prentiss is looking under the bed for dust. They say she—"

"You'd better not let Prudence catch you repeating—"

"There's Mrs. Stone, and Mrs. Davis, and—"

"They say Mrs. Davis only belongs to the Ladies' Aid for the sake of the refreshments, and—"

"Carol! Prudence will punish you." "Well, I don't believe it," protested Carol. "I'm just telling you what I've heard other people say."

"We aren't allowed to repeat gossip," urged Lark.

"No, and I think it's a shame, too, for it's awfully funny. Minnie Drake told me that Miss Varne joined the Methodist church as soon as she heard the new minister was a widower, so she—"

"Carol!"

Carol whirled around sharply, and flushed, and swallowed hard. For Prudence was just behind her.

"I—I—I—but she could get no further."

Upon occasion Prudence was quite terrible. "So I heard," she said dryly, but her eyes were hard. "Now run up stairs and out to the field, or to the barn, and play. And, Carol, be sure and remind me of that speech tonight. I might forget it."

The girls ran quickly out, Carol well in the lead.

"No wedding fee for me," she mumbled bitterly. "Somehow I just can't help repeating—"

"You don't want to," said Lark, not without sympathy. "You think it's such fun, you know."

"Well, anyhow, I'm sure I won't get any cake tonight. It seems to me Prudence is very—harsh sometimes."

"You can appeal to father, if you like."

Do you think that Prudence is a bit too young to handle the youngsters with proper discipline?

**(TO BE CONTINUED.)**

**SUPREME IN HIS EGOTISM**  
Man So Sure of Himself That He Suffers Little from the Desire to Possess.

Men do not, as a rule, suffer very much from the desire to possess, because they are so sure that they do possess, because they find it so difficult to conceive that their wife was and any other man attractive, writes W. L. George in the Atlantic Monthly.

They are too well accustomed to being courted, even if they are old and repulsive, because they have power and money; only they think it is because they are men. Beyond a jealous care for their wives' fidelity, which I suspect arises mainly from the feeling that an unfaithful wife is a criticism, they do not ask very much. But women suffer more deeply because they know that man has lavished on them for centuries a condescending admiration, that the king who lays his crown at their feet knows that his is the crown to give. While men possess only by right of precarious conquest, they feel it very bitterly, this fugitive empire, and their greatest tragedy is to find themselves growing a little older, uncertain of their power, for they are afraid, as age comes, of losing their man, while I have never heard of a husband afraid of losing his wife, or able to repress his surprise if she forsook him.

**According to Growth.**  
Freddie was told by his father to find out the prices of seats for the circus. Freddie soon returned, breathless from haste, and announced: "Twenty-five cents for children, and fifty cents for overgrown people."

**Among the Chilkat Indians**



THE COUNTRY OF CHILKAT

UPON the discovery of the northwest coast of America, the Tlingit were found in possession of southeastern Alaska, with the exception possibly of the southernmost portion of Prince of Wales island, which had been wrested from them by invading Haida from Masset on the Queen Charlotte islands during the latter half of the eighteenth century. From the testimony of the early explorers, this occupation seems to have been of sufficient age to have developed a racial type, speaking the same tongue, acknowledging established laws, and bound by like conventions, says an article by George T. Emmons in the American Museum Journal.

What knowledge we can gather of their origin and early life from their family traditions, songs and geographical names, although fragmentary and vague, tells consistently of a uniform northward migration by water, along the coast and through the inland channels from the Tsimshian peninsula and Prince of Wales island, which was constantly augmented by parties of interior people descending the greater rivers to the sea.

The social organization of the Tlingit is founded on matriarchy, or descent through the mother, and is dependent upon two parties, the members of each of which may not marry among themselves, but the two parties intermarry and supplement each other upon the many ceremonial occasions that mark their intercourse.

The two parties are subdivided into fifty-six existing families or clans, founded on blood relationship and absolutely independent in government, succession, inheritance and territory. Within the family there is a well-defined aristocracy, wholly dependent upon birth, from which the chiefs are chosen; an intermediate class consisting of those who have forced themselves to the front, through wealth, character or artistic ability; and the poorer people. In earlier days there were many slaves who had no recognized rights.

**Chilkat the Leading Tribe.**

Geographically considered, there are 16 tribal divisions known as "kwans," a contraction of "ka" (man) and "an" (land lived on or claimed). Of these several tribes the Chilkat-kwan has been the most prominent since our acquaintance with Alaska. The relative importance of a primitive people is measured by conditions of food supply and other natural resources. The commanding position of the Chilkat, at the head of the inland channels controlling the mountain passes to the interior, gave them the monopoly of the fur trade of the upper Yukon valley, and the placer copper fields of the White river region. These products, unknown to the coastal area, were economically important in primitive days, and after the advent of Europeans the increased demand for furs, and their greater value, made this trade even more lucrative. The Tlingit were a canoe people and might be termed semi-nomadic, as they were on their hunting grounds in the early spring and late fall, while the summer season was spent in the fishing camps by the salmon streams; but notwithstanding these long absences, they built substantial villages, where, except for social activities, they spent the winter in comparative idleness.

As they looked to the sea for their principal food supply, their villages were directly on the shore just above the high water-mark, in sheltered coves, where they could launch their canoes and land in any weather and at any stage of the tide. But the Chilkat, differing from all the other Tlingit, lived just beyond the open water in a rather restricted territory on rivers that were vegetable storehouses of food, bringing an abundance of fish life to their very doors and so permitting them to remain at home throughout the year, except when on their trading trips to the interior, which gave their habitations a more permanent character, and contributed to the unity of communal life.

**Anecdote of the Autocrat.**

A southern woman tells about dining in Boston once, when next to her sat a homely little old gentleman, who wanted to know how she passed the time in the country with her old father. "Well, we read," "What did you read?" "Chiefly 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.'" Don't you get tired of it? "Oh, no. When we get to the end, we simply turn back to the beginning." The old gentleman chuckled, and made a remark implying that "The Autocrat" was no great thing, among books, and the lady was rather surprised at his disparaging air. After dinner she demanded of her hostess the name of the unappreciative old gentleman, and was told that it was Doctor Holmes.

**Daily Thought.**

In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatness let us not underestimate the value of a simple good life. Just to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it consistently helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.—Edward Howard Griggs.

Of the four principal old villages, all of which have survived the ravages of constant strife and the still more deadly by-products of civilization—liquor and disease—Klukwan (another town) has always held the first place in size, wealth and the character of its people. It retained its supremacy long after the more southern coast villages had gone to decay, as its more interior and isolated position and the independent and aggressive reputation of its population kept white traders at a distance. Klukwan lies at the edge of a gradual slope on the north bank of the Chilkat, 20 miles from its mouth, where the swift current concentrated in a single channel forms a strong eddy that permits the landing of canoes at any stage of the river.

Of the five totemic families that form the Chilkat-kwan, four are resident here. Of these the Kon-nut-ti-di, the sole representative of the Raven party, is the one with which this paper deals. Their legendary history, so imaginary and interesting, is closely associated with the wanderings and antics of "Yehli," the Raven creator.

**The Whale House.**

When I first visited Klukwan in 1882, the large old communal houses of the Kon-nut-ti-di were still standing, the principal one of which, that of the hereditary chief, "Yough-bit" (Whale house), was in the last stages of decay and uninhabitable, although the interior fittings were intact and it was still used upon festival occasions. It was unquestionably the most widely known and elaborately ornamented house, not only at Chilkat, but in Alaska. It occupied the site of much older houses, and, it is claimed, much larger ones. It is said to have been built by Kate-tsu about, or prior to, 1835, and stood in the middle of the village. It represented the best type of Tlingit architecture, a broad low type of structure of heavy hewn spruce timbers, with noticeably high corner posts, that gave it a degree of character wholly wanting in the larger houses of the Vancouver island people. It faced the river, with a frontage of 49 feet 10 inches and a depth of 53 feet—approximately the proportions of Tlingit houses, large and small. Each of these old houses formed a solid structure, the frame and planking supporting each other without the use of spikes. The doorway, which was the only opening in the walls, was approached by two steps.

The interior formed an excavation four feet nine inches below the ground level, with two receding steplike platforms. The lower square floor space, 20 feet by 26 feet 9 inches, constituted the general living and working room common to all, except that portion in the rear and opposite the entrance, which was reserved for the use of the house chief, his immediate family, and most distinguished guests. This was the place of honor in all Tlingit houses upon all occasions, ceremonial or otherwise. The flooring, of heavy split, smoothed planks of varying widths, extended around a central graveled fireplace six feet by six feet and a half, where all of the cooking was done over these long absences, they built substantial villages, where, except for social activities, they spent the winter in comparative idleness.

The first platform, extending around the main floor at an elevation of two and three-fourths feet, served both as a step, and as a lounging place in the daytime. The upper and broader platform, rising two feet above that below, was at the ground level, and was floored with heavy planks. This platform constituted the sleeping place of the inmates.

One friend on earth—my dog. "Well," she answered, calmly, "if that isn't enough, why don't you get another dog?"

**Wouldn't Hurt Cow.**

Little Edith was visiting in the country, and as she was coming across the field one day to dinner, an old pet cow noticed her, and thinking, perhaps, Edith had something for her to eat, followed closely at her heels. The little girl was so frightened she started to run, and the cow ran, too. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst into tears, saying: "Oh, if you'll only go away, I won't hurt you."

**Daily Thought.**

In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatness let us not underestimate the value of a simple good life. Just to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it consistently helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.—Edward Howard Griggs.

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