

PRUDENCE
of the
PARSONAGE



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Miss Fairy has her first beau. She flouts the twins and they prepare to even the score in a ruthless and unforgettable manner.

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, comes to Mount Mark, Ia., to take charge of the congregation. He has five daughters. Prudence, the eldest, keeps house and mothers Fairy, Carol and Lark, the twins, and Constance, the "baby." The newcomers stir the curiosity of all Mount Mark, and the Ladies' Aid society loses no time in getting acquainted, asking myriad questions and offering advice that isn't wanted. Prudence, who is nineteen, has her hands full with the mischievous twins and Connie. They have just engineered a raid on a neighboring apple orchard. As the actual culprit, Connie is taking punishment without telling on the twins.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

That was the end of supper. No one attempted to eat another bite. After the older girls had gone into the sitting room, Carol and Lark went about their work with stricken faces. They asked if they might speak to Constance, but Prudence went in with them to say good night to her. The twins broke down and cried as they saw the pitiful little figure with the wan and tear-stained face. They threw their arms around her passionately and kissed her many times. But they went to bed without saying anything.

It was a sorry night for the twins. The next morning they set off to school, with no chance for anything but a brief good morning with Connie—given in the presence of Prudence. Half-way down the parsonage walk, Carol said:

"Oh, wait a minute, Lark. I left my notebook on the table." And Lark walked slowly while Carol went rushing back. She found Prudence in the kitchen, and whispered:

"Here—here's a note, Prudence. Don't read it until after I've gone to school—at ten o'clock you may read it. Will you promise?"

Prudence laughed a little, but she promised, and laid the note carefully away to wait the appointed hour for its perusal. As the clock struck ten she went to the mantle and took it down. This is what Carol had written:

"Oh, Prudence, do please forgive me, and don't punish Connie any more. You can punish me any way you like, and I'll be glad of it. It was all my fault. I made her go and get the apples for me, and I ate them. Connie didn't eat one of them. She said stolen apples would not taste very good. It was all my fault, and I'm so sorry."

As Prudence read this her face grew very stern. Carol's fault! At that moment Prudence heard someone running through the hall, and thrust the note hastily into her dress. It was Lark, and she flung herself wildly upon Prudence, sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter, Lark?" she cried, really frightened. "Are you sick?"

"Heartick, that's all," wailed Lark. "I told the teacher I was sick so I could come home, but I'm not. Oh, Prudence, I know you'll despise and abominate me all the rest of your life, and everybody will, and I deserve it. For I stole those apples myself."

"May I speak to Constance Starr, Mr. Ines?" she asked. "It is very important. This is Prudence, her sister." And when Connie came to the telephone, she cried: "Oh, you blessed little child, why didn't you tell me? Will you forgive me, Connie? You're a dear, sweet, good little darling, that's what you are."

"Oh, Prudence!" That was all Connie said, but something in her voice made Prudence hang up the receiver quickly, and cry bitterly!

That noon Prudence pronounced judgment on the sinners, but her eyes twinkled, for Carol and Lark had scolded each other roundly for giving things away!

"Connie should have refused to obey you," she said gently, holding Connie in her arms. "But she has been punished more than enough. But you twins! In the first place, I right now abolish the Skull and Crossbones forever and ever. And you cannot play in the barn again for a month. And you must go over to the Averys this afternoon and tell them about it, and pay for the apples. And you must send all of your spending money for the next month to that woman who is gathering up things for the bad little children in the reform school—that will help you remember what happens to boys and girls who get in the habit of taking things on the spur of the moment!"

The twins accepted all of this graciously, except that which referred to confessing their sin to their neighbors. That did hurt! The twins were so superior, and admirable! They couldn't bear to ruin their reputations. But Prudence stood firm, in spite of their weeping and wailing. And that afternoon two shame-faced sorry girls crept meekly in at the Avery's door to make their peace.

"But about the Skull and Crossbones, it's mostly punishment for me, Prue," said Connie regretfully, "for the twins have been in it ever since we came to Mount Mark, and I never got in at all! And I wanted them to call me Lady Magdalena Featheringale." And Connie sighed.

CHAPTER V.

Lessons in Etiquette.

Connie was lying flat on her back near the register. The twins were sitting on the floor near her, hearing each other conjugate Latin verbs. And Prudence, with her darning basket, was earnestly trying to get three pairs of wearable stockings out of eleven hosiery remnants. So Fairy found them as she came in, radiant and glowing.

"Glorious day," she said, glancing impartially at her sisters. "Just glorious! Connie, you should be out of doors this minute, by all means. Twins, aren't you grown up enough to sit on chairs, or won't your footies reach the floor?—Babbie, Eugene Babler, you know—is coming to spend the evening, Prudence."

The whole family came to attention at this.

"Oh, goody!" cried Connie. "Let's make taffy."

"Yes," agreed Carol with enthusiasm—Carol was always enthusiastic on the subject of something to eat.

"Yes, and what else shall we have?"

"You will likely have pleasant dreams, Carol," was the cool retort. "You twins and Connie will not put in appearance at all. Prue will serve the refreshments, and will eat with us, Babbie and I shall spend the evening in the front room."

"The front room?" echoed Prudence. "This room is much cheerier, and more homelike."

"Well, Babbie isn't a member of the family, you know," said Fairy.

"You are doing your best," sniffed Carol.

"Now you girls must understand right off that things are different here from what they were at Exminster. The proper thing is to receive callers privately, without the family en masse sitting by and superintending. That's etiquette, you know. And one must always serve refreshments. More etiquette. Men are such greedy animals, they do not care to go places where the eats aren't forthcoming."

"Men! Are you referring to this Babbling creature now?" interposed Carol.

Instead of going to a big college in the East is because his father is a trustee."

"Well, we'll serve oyster stew then. Now, will you twins run downtown for the oysters?" asked Prudence briskly.

"Who? Us?" demanded Lark, indignantly and ungrammatically. "Do you think we can carry home oysters for this Babbling young prince? Not so! Let Fairy go after the oysters!"

"Oh, yes, twinnies, I think you'll go all right. Run along, and be quick." For a few seconds the twins gazed at each other studiously. Neither spoke. Without a word, they went upstairs to prepare for their errand. They whispered softly going through the upper hall.

"Twins! You must hurry!" This was Prudence at the bottom of the stairs. And the twins set off quite hurriedly. Their first call was at the meat market.

"A pint of oysters," said Lark briefly.

When he brought them to her, she smelled them suspiciously. Then Carol smelled.

"Have you got any rotten ones?" she demanded.

"No," he answered, laughing. "We don't keep that kind."

The twins sighed and hurried next door to the grocer's.

"A nickel's worth of pepper—the strongest you have."

This was quickly settled—and the grave-faced twins betook themselves to the corner drug store.

"We—we want something with a perfectly awful smell," Lark explained soberly.

"What kind of a smell?"

"We don't care what kind, but it must be like something rotten or dead, if you have it."

"What do you want it for?"

"We want to put it in a room to give it a horrible smell for an hour or so," Lark winked at him solemnly.

"It's a joke," she further elucidated.

"I see," His eyes twinkled. "I think I can fix you up." A moment later he handed her a small bottle. "Just sprinkle this over the carpet. It won't do any harm, and it smells like thunder. It costs a quarter."

KITCHEN WORK MADE EASIER

Improved Utensils Have Done Much to Lessen Labor in That Part of the Home.

Evolution is at last placing its mark on the household implements. From the pestle of the grandmothers was evolved the wooden rolling pin, but that is going out of use. For some time the glass rolling pin, which could be handled, was in favor; but now the pin is made of heavy crystal glass, with no seams or crevices to hold paste, and by actual test one of these has been cleaned in five seconds. It is very light and so rolls with ease, and when it is desired to have it extra cold, for rolling some kinds of pastry, it may be placed in the refrigerator.

The bread mixer long in use had its leverage extended in a rotary motion over the top; but a new mixer now on the market has the power applied at the side as in an ice cream freezer, making it much easier to use.

There has just come to notice a combined gas range and fireless cooker. It is a complete gas range with an insulated oven comparable to the finest type of fireless cooker. The food is placed in the oven, the heat turned on until cooking is well under way, then the gas is turned off and the food continues to cook as in a fireless cooker. It is compact and efficient and avoids the trouble of moving the cooking dishes from the stove to the fireless receptacle.

DOUGHNUTS THAT WILL KEEP

New England Recipe for Delicacy That is Popular in All Sections of the Country.

To one egg beaten slightly stir in three-quarters of a cupful sugar, a little cinnamon and nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of the melted fat you use for frying, one teaspoonful soda in one cupful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar in sifted bread flour. Stir stiff enough to handle. I never measure my flour, but can tell when it is right in my hands on the board. Cut out all at once, using little ends for twisted doughnuts so as not to mold over.

Let stand on board half an hour to raise, and fry in hot fat. When my fat begins to smoke it is hot enough. Turn doughnuts as soon as they rise, and keep turning. I find they cook more even, with fewer holes, than when turned only once. I use also a little salt, about one-quarter teaspoonful, and I think the three-quarters cupful of sugar makes them lighter than a full cup. I put mine in colander, and when about half cold put them into a tin pail and cover tightly, which causes them to steam a little and keep moist longer.

—Janice in Boston Globe.

Molded Rice. To cook rice so that the grains will be whole and tender, wash it in cold water until water looks clear, then cook it rapidly in boiling water for 15 minutes, after which drain and place the covered saucpan on the back of the stove to steam until the grains crack open and are tender, which will be about 15 minutes longer.

Molded Rice—Make a bag, linen or white calico, three fingers long. Dip in hot water, put in your rice and tie bag, leaving room for the rice to swell. Put into pot with cold water, let come to a boil. Put salt in the water and cook from half to three-quarters of an hour. When done it will turn out dry, like a mold. Serve with milk or butter and sugar. It is well to put a saucer in the bottom of pan to prevent its burning.

Compote of Apples.

Pare and core and cut into halves six large, fine apples. To each pound add one pound of sugar, rind of two lemons and a little vinegar. Cook covered for one hour. Add one-half cupful elder and boil for half an hour, then stir in a spoonful of vanilla and let cool, arranged in a dish. Serve with whipped cream and garnish of cherries and citron.

Breakfast Pie.

Put a layer of mashed potatoes in bottom of baking dish, dot with butter and sprinkle with salt and white pepper. Add a little of the breast meat of chicken, or the white meat of any other fowl. Over this put a covering of mashed potatoes, butter sparingly and bake until top is lightly browned.

Orange Icing for Honey Cake.

Mix grated rind of one orange, one teaspoonful lemon juice, one table-spoonful orange juice and one egg yolk together, and allow the mixture to stand for an hour. Strain and add confectioner's sugar until the frosting is sufficiently thick to be spread on the cake.

Dried Currants.

A quick way to clean currants when making cakes is to put the fruit into a colander with a sprinkling of flour and rub it round a few times with your hands. It is surprising how quickly the stalks are separated and come through the small holes.

Glass Baking Dishes.

They are very clean and sanitary. And they have unusual heat-resisting qualities as well as durability. Because they are able to stand high heat and will bake quickly they will appeal to the practical housewife.

To Clean Walnut.

Unvarnished black walnut can be successfully cleaned by rubbing it thoroughly with a piece of soft flannel soaked in either sweet or sour milk.

PAINLESS PARKER vs. THE DENTAL TRUST

It has been demonstrated that a man does not have to belong to the Dental Trust to do good dentistry. He can do work every bit as good and much fairer in price if he runs his business like a modern practitioner, associates with him in his organization skilled specialists, buys his goods in bulk at reduced prices, advertises to attract as many patrons as possible and charges cash for the work done.

The enormous patronage of the Painless Parker offices, not only in Portland, Salem and Tacoma, but, also, in other large cities, is strong enough endorsement of the work done by this organization.

The Painless Parker system is to bring dentistry to everybody's doors. Tooth-grief multiplies like tar-weed. While you are going about your business, suffering from a decayed tooth or a nagging nerve, putting off the day when you will visit the fang-fixer, you are only making the matter worse and more costly for yourself.

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Not only this, but the dental work is backed with a guarantee good in any of the thirteen offices of the Painless Parker organization, or any we may open in the future. If our work needs attention, call and have it straightened out free of charge. Call, anyway, once every six months, and have the ivories given the once-over, just for good luck.



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He Passed. During the impaneling of a jury in Philadelphia the following colloquy ensued between the judge and a tallisman:

"You are a property holder?"
"Yes, sir."
"Married or single?"
"Married three years last March."
"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"
"Not for three years, your honor."

Very Often.
"The safe carriage of dynamite—"
"Oh, that's an exploded idea."
—Baltimore American.

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Or Stored Hen Eggs. A family in a small town kept a few chickens and often had eggs from their own yard. One morning as the seven-year-old of the family came to breakfast he noticed the eggs on the table, and inquired, "Mamma, are these store eggs or hen eggs?"—The Christian Herald.

Sagacious Infant.
"What makes you so hoarse, Bob?"
"I was up the best part of the night singing to the baby, trying to make him stop crying."
"Then why didn't you stop singing?"—Baltimore American.

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"A Nickel's Worth of Pepper."

pretty expensive. I hate to have druggists get such a lot of money."

He laughed aloud. "I hate to have you get a good looking tomorrow, too—but you'll get it just the same, or I miss my guess."

When the twins arrived home Fairy was just cutting the candy she had made. "It's delicious," she said to Prudence. "Here's a nice dishful for you and the girls. Pitch in, twins, and help yourselves. It's very nice."

The twins waved her laughingly away. "No, thank you," they said. "We couldn't eat that candy with relish. We are unworthy."

Then they went upstairs, but not to their own room at once. Instead they slipped noiselessly into the front bedroom, and a little later Carol came out into the hall and stood listening at the head of the stairs, as though on guard.

"Be sure and leave quite a few stitches in, Lark," she whispered once. "We want it to hang together until Babbie gets here."

That was all. Presently Lark emerged, and their own door closed behind them.

"It's a good thing father has to go to the trustees' meeting tonight, isn't it?" asked Carol. And Lark agreed, absently. She was thinking of the oysters.

Do you think that Fairy, knowing the twins, will thwart their plan to embarrass her?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

High Honor Deserved. The father of the lifeboat in America was James Francis, who was born in Boston in 1801. He died in Washington in 1883. Three years before his death congress voted him a medal of pure gold, said to be the largest and finest ever given by this government to any individual. It was presented to him with appropriate ceremonies at the White House by President Harrison and is now on exhibition at the National museum in Washington.