

### YES! MAGICALLY! CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezeone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callous, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callous loosens so it can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezeone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callous. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezeone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house. It is fine stuff and acts like a charm every time.

#### Unaltered.

Sandy Macpherson came home after many years and met his old sweetheart. Honey-laden memories thrilled through the twilight and flushed their glowing cheeks.

"Ah, Mary," exclaimed Sandy, "you are just as beautiful as you ever were, and I have never forgotten you, my bonnie lass."

"And you, Sandy," she cried, while her blue eyes moistened, "are just as big a leech as ever, and I believe you just the same."—Liverpool Post.

### Is a Poor Skin Your Handicap?

That skin-trouble may be more than a source of suffering and embarrassment—it may be holding you back in the business world, keeping you out of a better job for which a good appearance is required. Why "take a chance" when Resinol Ointment heals skin-eruptions so easily, is so simple and economical to use? It has such a record of success that you need not hesitate to try it. Resinol Ointment is sold by all druggists.

#### Business Weight.

"Our forefathers pledged their sacred honor when they started this country."

"How much did they raise on the pledge in cash?"—Baltimore American.

#### TAKES OFF DANDRUFF, HAIR STOPS FALLING

Save your Hair! Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little danderine. Save your hair! Try it!

#### Scientific Comparison.

"Do you regard the Darwinian theory as proved?" "No," replied the stubborn citizen. "In my opinion it's one of those things that kept being investigated so long that everybody decided there wasn't any answer and lost interest."—Washington Star.

#### With Plenty to Eat.

The announcement that an explorer who is going to try to get close to the north pole is planning to take with him food to last six years will probably result in a great rush of applicants to join the party.—Baltimore Star.

Whenever there is a tendency to constipation, sick-headache, or biliousness, take a cup of Garfield Tea. All druggists.

#### A Misapprehension.

"I understand," remarked Mrs. McGudley, "that they're on the lookout for some speakeasy liquor around here."

"Yes. It is very objectionable." "Is that so. I kind of thought maybe as how speakeasy liquor might be better than the sort that keeps men up o' nights tryin' to sing at the top o' their voices."—Washington Star.

#### Something Accomplished.

"My wife went to a beauty doctor to have her complexion cleared."

"Well, was it?" "No, but my pocketbook was."

### Is Mealtime a Worry to You

IS THE APPETITE POOR  
IS THE DIGESTION WEAK  
IS THE LIVER LAZY, AND  
THE BOWELS CONSTIPATED

Under such conditions you cannot obtain the maximum value from your food.

Give proper help at once---TRY

**HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters**

## PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE



### THE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION FORGET THAT THE PARSONAGE FOLKS NEED MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS, SO LITTLE CONNIE TELLS BANKER SOME PLAIN TRUTHS

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, comes to Mount Mark, Ia., to take charge of the congregation there. He has five charming daughters, the eldest of whom, Prudence, age nineteen, keeps house and mothers the family. Her younger sisters are Fairy, the twins Carol and Lark, and Constance, the "baby." The family's coming stirs the curiosity of the townspeople. After a few weeks the Starrs are well settled. Prudence has her hands full with the mischievous youngsters, but she loves them devotedly despite their outrageous pranks. It is a joyous household, but the parsonage girls are embarrassed at Christmas time because the congregation has failed to pay the pastor's salary. Little Connie needs clothing, and sadly disappointed, takes matters into her own hands.

#### CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Oh, I had her dressed warmly underneath, very warmly indeed," declared Prudence. "But no matter how warm you are underneath, you look cold if you aren't visibly prepared for winter weather. I kept hoping enough money would come in to buy her a coat for once in her life."

"She has been looking forward to one long enough," put in Fairy. "This will be a bitter blow to her. And yet it is not such a bad-looking coat, after all." And she quickly ran up a seam on the machine.

"Here comes Connie!" Prudence hastily swept a pile of scraps out of sight, and turned to greet her little sister with a cheery smile.

"Come on in, Connie," she cried, with a brightness she did not feel. "Fairy and I are making you a new coat. Isn't it pretty? And so warm! See the nice velvet collar and cuffs. We want to fit it on you right away, dear."

Connie picked up a piece of the goods and examined it intently.

"Don't you want some fudge, Connie?" exclaimed Fairy, shoving the dish toward her hurriedly.

Connie took a piece from the plate, and thrust it between her teeth. Her eyes were still fastened upon the brown furry cloth.

"Where did you get this stuff?" she inquired, as soon as she was able to speak.

"Out of the trunk in the garret, Connie. Don't you want some more fudge? I put a lot of nuts in, especially on your account."

"It's good," said Connie, taking another piece. She examined the cloth very closely. "Say, Prudence, isn't this that old brown coat of father's?"

Fairy shoved her chair back from the machine, and ran to the window. "Look, Prue," she cried. "Isn't that Mrs. Adams coming this way? I wonder—"

"No, it isn't," answered Connie gravely. "It's just Miss Avery getting home from school.—Isn't it, Prudence? Father's coat, I mean?"

"Yes, Connie, it is," said Prudence, very, very gently. "But no one here has seen it, and it is such nice cloth—just exactly what girls are wearing now."

"But I wanted a new coat!" Connie did not cry. She stood looking at Prudence with her wide hurt eyes.

"Oh, Connie, I'm just as sorry as you are," cried Prudence, with starting tears. "I know just how you feel about it dearest! But the people didn't pay father up last month. Maybe after Christmas we can get you a coat. They pay up better then."

"I think I'd rather wear my summer coat until then," said Connie soberly.

"Oh, but you can't, dearest. It is too cold. Won't you be a good girl now, and not make sister feel badly about it? It really is becoming to you, and it is nice and warm. Take some more fudge, dear, and run out-of-doors a while. You'll feel better about it presently, I'm sure."

Connie stood solemnly beside the table, her eyes still fastened on the coat, cut down from her father's. "Can I go and take a walk?" she asked finally.

"May I, you mean," suggested Fairy.

"Yes, may I? Maybe I can reconcile myself to it."

"Yes, go and take a walk," urged Prudence promptly, eager to get the small sober face beyond her range of vision.

"If I am not back when the twins get home, go right on and eat without me. I'll come back when I get things straightened out in my mind."

When Connie was quite beyond hearing, Prudence dropped her head on the table and wept. "Oh, Fairy, if the members just knew how such things hurt, maybe they'd pay up a little better. How do they expect parsonage people to keep up appearances when they haven't any money?"

"Oh, now, Prue, you're worse than Connie! There's no use to cry about it. Parsonage people have to find happiness in spite of financial misery. Money isn't the first thing with folks like us."

"Poor little Connie! If she had

cried about it, I wouldn't have cared so much. But she looked so—heart-sick, didn't she, Fairy?"

Connie certainly was heart-sick. More than that, she was a little disgusted. She felt herself aroused to take action. Things had gone too far! Go to church in her father's coat she could not! She walked sturdily down the street toward the "city"—ironically so called. Her face was stony, her hands were clenched. But finally she brightened. Her lagging steps quickened. She skipped along quite cheerfully. She turned westward as she reached the corner of the square, and walked along that business street with shining eyes. In front of the First National bank she paused, but after a few seconds she passed by. On the opposite corner was another bank. When she reached it, she walked in without pausing, and the massive door swung behind her.

The four older girls were at the table when Connie came home. She exhaled quiet satisfaction from every pore. Prudence glanced at her once, and then looked away again. "She has reconciled herself," she thought. Dinner was half over before Constance burst her bomb.

"Are you going to be busy this afternoon, Prudence?" she asked quietly.

"We are going to sew a little," said Prudence. "Why?"

"I wanted you to go downtown with me after school."

"Well, perhaps I can do that. Fairy will be able to finish the coat alone."

"You needn't finish the coat—I can't wear father's coat to church, Prudence. It's a—it's a—physical impossibility."

The twins laughed, Fairy smiled, but Prudence gazed at "the baby" with tender pity.

"I'm so sorry, dearest, but we haven't the money to buy one now."

"Will five dollars be enough?" inquired Connie, and she placed a crisp new bill beside her plate. The twins gasped! They gazed at Connie with new respect. They were just wishing they could handle five-dollar bills so recklessly.

"Will you loan me twenty dollars until after Christmas, Connie?" queried Fairy.

But Prudence asked, "Where did you get this money, Connie?"

"I borrowed it—from the bank," Connie replied with proper gravity. "I have two years to pay it back. Mr. Harold says they are proud to have my trade."

Prudence was silent for several long seconds. Then she inquired in a low voice, "Did you tell him why you wanted it?"

"Yes, I explained the whole situation."

"What did he say?"

"He said he knew just how I felt, because he knew he couldn't go to church in his wife's coat.—No, I said that myself, but he agreed with me. He did not say very much, but he looked sympathetic. He said he anticipated great pleasure in seeing me in my new coat at church next Sunday."

"Go on with your luncheon, twins," said Prudence sternly. "You'll be late to school. We'll see about going downtown when you get home tonight, Connie. Now, eat your luncheon, and don't talk about coats any more."

When Connie had gone back to school, Prudence went straight to Mr. Harold's bank. Flushed and embarrassed, she explained the situation frankly. "My sympathies are all with Connie," she said candidly. "But I am afraid father would not like it. We are dead set against borrowing. After—our mother was taken, we were crowded pretty close for money. So we had to get in debt. It took us two years to get it paid. Father and Fairy and I talked it over then, and decided we would starve rather than borrow again. Even the twins understood it, but Connie was too little. She doesn't know how heartbreaking it is to keep handing over every cent for debt, when one is just yearning for other things. I do wish she might have the coat, but I'm afraid father would not like it. She gave me the five dollars for safekeeping, and I have brought it back."

Mr. Harold shook his head. "No, Connie must have her coat. This will be a good lesson for her. It will teach

her the bitterness of living under debt! Besides, Prudence, I think in my heart that she is right this time. This is a case where borrowing is justified. Get her the coat, and I'll square the account with your father." Then he added, "And I'll look after this salary business after this. I'll arrange with the trustees that I am to pay your father his full salary the first of every month, and that the church receipts are to be turned in to me. And if they do not pay up, my lawyer can do a little investigating! Little Connie earned that five dollars, for she taught one trustee a sorry lesson. And he will have to pass it on to the others in self-defense! Now, run along and get the coat, and if five dollars isn't enough you can have as much more as you need. Your father will get his salary after this, my dear, if we have to mortgage the parsonage!"

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### A Burglar's Visit.

"Prue!" A small hand gripped Prudence's shoulder, and again came a hoarsely whispered:

"Prue!" Prudence sat up in bed with a bounce.

"What in the world?" she began, gazing out into the room, half-lighted by the moonshine, and seeing Carol and Lark shivering beside her bed.

"Sh! Sh! Hush!" whispered Lark. "There's a burglar in our room!"

By this time, even sound-sleeping Fairy was awake. "Oh, there is!" she scoffed.

"Yes, there is," declared Carol with some heat. "We heard him, plain as day. He stepped into the closet, didn't he, Lark?"

"He certainly did," agreed Lark.

"Did you see him?"

"No, we heard him. Carol heard him first, and she spoke, and nudged me. Then I heard him, too. He was at our dresser, but he shot across the room and into the closet. He closed the door after him. He's there now."

"You've been dreaming," said Fairy, lying down again.

"We don't generally dream the same thing at the same minute," said Carol stormily. "I tell you he's in there."

"And you two great big girls came off and left poor little Connie in there



Prudence Dropped Her Head on the Table and Wept.

alone with a burglar, did you? Well, you are nice ones, I must say."

And Prudence leaped out of bed and started for the door, followed by Fairy, with the twins creeping fearfully along in the rear.

"She was asleep," muttered Carol.

"We didn't want to scare her," added Lark.

Prudence was careful to turn the switch by the door, so that the room was in full light before she entered. The closet door was wide open. Connie was soundly sleeping. There was no one else in the room.

"You see" said Prudence sternly. "I'll bet he took our ruby rings," declared Lark, and the twins and Fairy ran to the dresser to look.

But a sickening realization had come home to Prudence. In the lower hall, under the staircase, was a small dark closet which they called the dungeon. The dungeon door was big and solid, and was equipped with a heavy catch-lock. In this dungeon, Prudence kept the family silverware, and all the money she had on hand, as it could there be safely locked away. But more often than not, Prudence forgot to lock it.

Have you ever awakened to find a burglar in your room? What did you do—pretend sleep? Or shout? Or keep still at his command?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Urgent.

Just as the Christmas dinner was on the table, and the family had gathered about it, big sister stepped into the hall to look at her hair in the mirror there.

Helen was hungry, and everything did look and smell so good, and yet she knew well that father would not say grace until big sister was also in her seat.

"Hurry up, Ruth," she called. "God's waiting."

## The Eye and Its Dangers

By DR. SAMUEL G. DIXON  
Commissioner of Health of Pennsylvania

If mankind were suddenly to lose its eyesight the race would die out. No one can review the ordinary acts of his daily life without a realization of the indispensable part the eye plays in all our acts from the most important.



The eye is one of the most highly complicated, and at the same time one of the most exact, pieces of animal mechanism that exists. It is much exposed to injury through wounds or by germs of disease.

Man is not so dependent upon his hands as the monkeys in the wilds of their native forests, where they travel about by swinging from limb to limb by their hands. If, however, we take account of our daily movements we will realize that our hands are kept busy during our working hours.

To open a door we catch the knob with the hand. To climb into a trolley car we grasp the rail with the hand. These acts and a hundred others like them, thousands of people are performing every moment.

Some of these people are suffering with chronic diseases of the eyes and may for instance, be on their way to the hospital, not having been instructed as to the character of the malady. The sufferer who may be on your car has been wiping his eyes with his hand and has helped himself into the car with the germs of disease on his hands just previous to your catching hold of the same disease to rub your eye with the hand that has been on the rail.

Notwithstanding this everyday danger we constantly see people rubbing their eyes with unclean hands or gloves. If only a small proportion of these who read this will take the warning contained herein, many cases of diseased eyes may be avoided.

Needless to say, car rails are not the only means of communicating infection in this way. There are hundreds of others.

### Poultry Pointers

Keep houses clean, snug and warm, if you would keep the hens laying.

Roots of all kinds can be fed cooked or raw, but they should be chopped fine.

When a hen is happy she sings, and when she sings she means business. Keep them happy.

Sprouted oats is green food relished by the hens. Use when the sprouts are about four inches long.

Dry bread moistened with skim milk and slightly warmed will prove a fine winter food for the young stock.

Raising poultry and fruit makes an ideal combination. There is both money and pleasure in the business.

Keep watch of the fowls' combs. In good health they should be a bright red; pale or black combs indicate disease.

Give the hens plenty of fresh green food. Carrots, cabbage and turnips will supply this need. Crop and feed daily.

Always keep a supply of grit, charcoal and oyster shells where the hens can get it at all times; and make sure that it does not become dirty.

Grit is used by the fowls for grinding the food, charcoal absorbs poisonous gases and juices in the digestive organs and oyster shells help to furnish shell for the eggs.

The scraps from the table and kitchen mixed in a mash or fed separately in troughs to a small flock, will reduce the cost of feeding and usually increase the production of eggs.

The bone cutter will surely pay for itself. Green cut bone supplies the hen with ability to produce eggs, nourishes her feathers and keeps her in general good health.

#### "Imported" Goods

Scotch whisky comes from Pennsylvania.  
Turkish cigarettes come from Virginia.  
French china comes from Ohio.  
Persian rugs come from Massachusetts.  
Russian caviare comes from Michigan.  
English herrings come from Oregon.  
Norwegian sardines come from Maine.  
Havana tobacco comes from Kentucky.  
Irish linen comes from New York.

#### IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, 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.

#### One Instance.

"Like produces like." "Yes; I suppose that is one reason why they have baggage smashers on trunk lines."—Baltimore American.

### SAGE TEA KEEPS YOUR HAIR DARK

When Mixed with Sulphur it Brings Back Its Beautiful Lustre at Once.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantage of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possible tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

#### Home Truths.

"My wife would rather cook than eat."

"So would mine—than eat the stuff she cooks."—Boston Transcript.

#### An Incidental Consideration.

"Would you marry a man for his money?"

"No," replied Miss Cayenne, "I'd merely insist that he have a lovely disposition. But I'd take into consideration the fact that a man without money is very likely to be worried and ill-natured."—Washington Star.

#### A Concession.

"After looking at the postal stamps of other countries I have come to the conclusion that you can't beat ours." "Maybe not, but all the same, it gets lots of lickings."—Baltimore American.

#### END STOMACH TROUBLE, GASES OR DYSPEPSIA

"Pape's Diapepsin" makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs surely feel fine in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach-headache, you can get blessed relief in five minutes. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest stomach doctor in the world. It's wonderful.

#### Here First.

Willie was boasting about his family. "Our folks came over in the Mayflower," he declared proudly.

"Huh! That's nothing," said Bobbie. "I guess they stayed with our folks the first night after they landed."—Boston Transcript.

Use Murine after Exposure in Cold, Cutting Winds and Dust. It Restores, Refreshes and Promotes Eye Health. Good for all Eyes that Need Care. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Sends Eye Book on request.

#### Both Ways.

"There is much opposition to putting an embargo on wheat." "Yes; it goes against the grain."—Baltimore American.

As we grow more sensible, we refuse drug cathartics and take Nature's herb cure, Garfield Tea.

#### Time Limit.

"I see that Miss Gunn is married at last." "Well, it was time she was going off."—Baltimore American.

**Every Night For Constipation Headache, Indigestion, etc. BRANDRETH PILLS Safe and Sure**