

PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

by **ETHEL HUESTON**
ILLUSTRATED BY **W. C. TANNER**

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.
—16—
"Will we!" And Carol added, "Will you kiss Prudence good night for us, and tell her we kept praying all the time? Prudence is such a great hand for praying, you know."

Fairy promised, and the twins crept upstairs. It was dark in their room. "We'll undress in the dark so as not to awake poor little Connie," whispered Lark. "It's nice she can sleep like that, isn't it?"

And the twins went to bed, and fell asleep after a while, never doubting that Connie, in her corner of the room, was already safe and happy in the oblivion of slumber.

But poor Connie! She had not wakened when Fairy closed the dungeon door. It was long afterward when she sat up and began rubbing her eyes. She did not know where she was. Then she remembered! She wondered if Prudence—? She scrambled to her feet, and trotted over to the dungeon door. It was locked; she could not turn the knob. At first she thought of screaming and pounding on the door.

"But that will arouse Prudence, and frighten her, and maybe kill her," she thought wretchedly. "I'll just keep still until someone passes."

But no one passed for a long time, and Connie stretched her aching body and sobbed, worrying about Prudence, fearful on her own account. She had no idea of the time. She supposed it was still early. And the parsonage was deathly quiet. Maybe Prudence had died! Connie writhed in agony on the hard floor, and sobbed bitterly. Still she would not risk pounding on the dungeon door.

Upstairs, in the front room, Prudence was wrestling with fever. Higher and higher it rose, until the doctors looked very anxious. They held a brief consultation in the corner of the room. Then they beckoned to Mr. Starr.

"Has Prudence been worrying about something this winter?"
"Yes, she has."
"It is that young man, isn't it?" inquired the family doctor—a Methodist "member."

"Yes."
"Can you bring him here?"
"Yes—as soon as he can get here from Des Moines."

"You'd better do it. She has worn herself down nearly to the point of prostration. We think we can break this fever without serious consequences, but get the young man as soon as possible. She cannot relax and rest until she gets relief."

So he went downstairs and over the telephone dictated a short message to Jerry: "Please come—Prudence."

When he entered the front bedroom again, Prudence was muttering unintelligible words under her breath. He knelt down beside the bed and put his arms around her. She clung to him with sudden passion.

"Jerry! Jerry!" she cried. Her father caressed and petted her, but did not speak.

"Oh, I can't," she cried again. "I can't, Jerry, I can't!" Again her voice fell to low mumbling. "Yes, go. Go at once. I promised, you know. They haven't any mother—I promised, Jerry! Jerry!" Then, panting, she fell back on the pillows.

But Mr. Starr smiled gently to himself. So that was the answer! Oh, foolish little Prudence! Oh, sweet-hearted little martyr girl!

Hours later the fever broke and Prudence drifted into a deep sleep. Then the doctors went downstairs with Mr. Starr, talking in quiet, ordinary tones.

"Oh, she is all right now, no danger at all. She'll do fine. Let her sleep. Send Fairy to bed, too. Keep Prudence quiet a few days—that's all. She's all right."

They did not hear the timid knock at the dungeon door. But after they had gone out, Mr. Starr locked the door behind them, and started back through the hall to see if the kitchen doors were locked. He distinctly heard a soft tapping, and he smiled. "Mice!" he thought. Then he heard something else—a faintly whispered, "Father!"

With a sharp exclamation he unlocked and opened the dungeon door, and Connie fell into his arms, sobbing piteously. And he did the only wise thing to do under the circumstances. He sat down on the hall floor and cuddled the child against his breast. He talked to her soothingly until the sobs quieted, and her voice was under control.

"Now, tell father," he urged, "how did you get in the dungeon? The twins—"

"Oh, no, father, of course not; the twins wouldn't do such a thing as that. I went into the dungeon to pray that Prudence would get well. And I prayed myself to sleep. When I woke up the door was locked."

"But you precious child," he whispered, "why didn't you call out, or pound on the door?"

"I was afraid it would excite Prudence and make her worse," she answered simply. And her father's kiss was un-

wonderedly tender as he carried her upstairs to bed.

Prudence slept late the next morning, and when she opened her eyes her father was sitting beside her.

"All right this morning, father," she said, smiling. "Are the girls at school?"

"No, this is Saturday."

"Oh, of course. Well, bring them up, I want to see them."

Just then the distant whistle of a locomotive sounded through the open window, but she did not notice her father's sudden start. She nodded up at him again and repeated, "I want to see my girls."

Her father sent them up to her at once, and they stood at the foot of the bed with sorry faces, and smiled at her.

"Say something," whispered Carol, kicking Lark suggestively on the foot. But Lark was dumb. It was Carol who broke the silence.

"Oh, Prudence, do you suppose the doctors will let me come in and watch them bandage your head? I want to begin practicing up, so as to be ready for the next war."

Then they laughed, and the girls realized that Prudence was really alive and quite as always. They told her of Connie's sad experience, and Prudence comforted her sweetly.

"It just proves all over again," she declared, smiling, "that you can't get along without me to look after you. Would I ever go to bed without making sure that Connie was safe and sound?"

Downstairs, meanwhile, Mr. Starr was plotting with Fairy, a willing assistant.

"He'll surely be in on this train, and you must keep him down here until I get through with Prudence. I want to tell her a few things before she sees him. Bring him in quietly, and don't

put them on the table, Fairy dearest, and leave me for a little while, will you? Thank you." And her face was still hidden.

Then the table by the bedside was swiftly drawn away, and Jerry knelt beside her, and drew the arm from her face.

"Jerry!" she whispered, half unbelievably. Then joyously, "Oh, Jerry!" She gazed anxiously into his face. "Have you been sick? How thin you are, and so pale! Jerry Harmer, you need me to take care of you, don't you?"

But Jerry did not speak. He looked earnestly and steadily into the joyful eyes for a moment, and then he pressed his face to hers.

THE END.

LIVED UNDER SIX SOVEREIGNS

Aged Resident of New Brunswick Ascribed Long Life to His Activity and Early Retiring.

After posing for his picture on his one hundredth and fifth birthday anniversary, Levi W. Richardson, said to be the oldest man in New Brunswick, died before he had fairly started his one hundredth and sixth year. He had been ill for only about ten days.

Mr. Richardson ascribed his long life and remarkable preservation of his faculties to going to bed early and being active.

He had followed the operations of the war with the most careful attention, and his only ambition for the last year, says the Mutual Star, had been to live long enough to see Great Britain and its allies successful, for he had lived under six sovereigns and had watched with interest the expansion of the empire.

More than 80 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren survive him.

Didn't Get the Umbrella. One of Chauncey Mitchell Depew's best stories is the story of the spotted dog which, as a boy, he bought from a local dog dealer. "The next morning it was raining," he says, "and I took the dog out into the woods, but the rain was too much for him. It backed the spots off. I trotted the dog back to the dealer."

"Look at this animal," I said. "The spots have all washed off."
"Great guns, boy!" he replied, "there was an umbrella went with that dog. Didn't you get the umbrella?"

Proof Positive. "You can't fish here," said the farmer to an angler who was gloomily making his preparations to quit the post. "Don't you see that sign, 'No Trespassing'?"

"Oh, yes. I see the sign," replied the fisherman, "but I wasn't convinced that I couldn't fish here until I had waited nearly seven hours without getting a nibble."

Where the Paint Was. Regular Customer (who has just entered restaurant)—"Strong smell of paint here, William." Waiter (coughing apologetically and indicating young woman about to leave table)—"Yes, sir; soon pass off, sir; they're just going."—London Punch.

that whenever we were ready for her she would come. We both felt that since you were getting along so magnificently with the girls, it was better that way for a while. But she said that when your fitting time came, she would come to us gladly. We had it all arranged. You won't want to marry for a year or so, yet. You'll want to have some lappy sweetheart days first. And you'll want to make a lot of those pretty, useless, nonsensical things other girls make when they marry. That's why I advised you to save your burglar money, so you would have it for this. We'll have Aunt Grace come right away, so you can take a little freedom to be happy, and to make your plans. And you can initiate Aunt Grace into the mysteries of parsonage housekeeping."

A bright, strange light had flashed over Prudence's face. But her eyes clouded a little as she asked, "Do you think they would rather have Aunt Grace than me?"

"Of course not. But what has that to do with it? We love you so dearly that we can only be happy when you are happy. We love you so dearly that we can be happy with you away from us, just knowing that you are happy. But you—you thought our love was such a hideous, selfish, little make-believe—that—"

"Oh, father, I didn't! You know I didn't!—But—maybe Jerry won't forgive me now?"

"Why didn't you talk it over with me, Prudence?"

"I knew you too well, father. I knew it would be useless. But—doesn't it seem wrong, father, that—a girl—that I—should love Jerry more than—you and the girls? That he should come first? Doesn't it seem—wicked?"

"No, Prudence, it is not wicked. After all, perhaps it is not a stronger and deeper love. You were willing to sacrifice him and yourself, for our sakes! But it is a different love. It is the love of woman for man, that is very different from sister love and father love. And it is right. And it is beautiful."

"I am sure Jerry will forgive me. Maybe if you will send me a paper and pencil, I can write him a note now! There's no use waiting, is there? Fairy will bring it, I am sure."

But when a few minutes later, she heard a step in the hall outside, she laid her arm across her face. Somehow she felt that the wonderful joy and love shining in her eyes should be kept hidden until Jerry was there to see. She heard the door open, and close again.

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WHY SOUP IS TOO SALTY

Frequently a Failure Because the Proper Kind of Flavoring Was Not Used in It.

The average housewife wonders why she often over or under salts her dishes when she "knows" that she salted them just right, as she always did, and as the recipes called for.

The reason is just this: The seasoning value of different brands of salt varies widely. This is easily proved. Take five slices of ripe tomatoes; apply equal parts of five makes of salt upon the separate pieces. Eat as soon as salted. The difference in flavor, permeation, rapidity and equality of dissolution and seasoning value are readily detected.

A table salt should be fine, the crystals of equal size, quickly soluble and free from ingredients which absorb moisture from the air. Large and small crystals will not dissolve uniformly, consequently the full salting effect is not obtained until the large crystals are dissolved. The quickly soluble salt diffuses itself through the food at once and gives an equality of flavor. Sticky salt is an intrusive nuisance.

Failures in salting are largely due to changing from one make of salt to another. Get the best grade, grow accustomed to its use, stick to it.

SAVING IN ODDS AND ENDS

Small Economies That Seem to Amount to Little, but Are Well Worth Keeping in Mind.

Never throw away the water that dried beef has been boiled in. A bay leaf and a few cloves cooked in this stock gives it a pleasant flavor. Add a tiny bit of red pepper and serve in bouillon cups with a slice of lemon. The stock from half a pound of dried beef will serve four persons.

Save the pound tins in which baking-powder comes and use them to steam brown bread and puddings, allowing less time for cooking than when the large steamer is used; about one hour and a half is enough for bread and two for suet pudding.

Finding that I had a lot of small ends of paraffin candles that were too short to use for lighting purposes, I hit upon the scheme of melting them up, taking out the wick and then using the melted paraffin as a covering for jelly, marmalade, etc.—People's Home Journal.

Sauce for Maitre De Hotel.

One sliced onion, six whole peppers and a bay leaf in a saucepan with two ounces of good butter on the hot stove. Stir in two tablespoonsful of flour to thicken, then mix in a pint of chicken or white broth. Mix well, remove any fat accumulated. Add a half teaspoonful of salt. Cook for twenty-five minutes. Beat the yolks of three eggs with the juice of half a lemon, being careful not to boil again after they have been added, then put through a sieve. Add then a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half an ounce of butter, small teaspoonful of pepper and half a teaspoonful of nutmeg.

Handy Things for the Kitchen.

A bottle makes a good potato masher. A can cover with a few holes punched in it makes a good grater. A large kettle makes a good bread box and then you have it for extra use, such as boiled dinners.

Sifted wood ashes make a good cleanser. Put your soiled handkerchiefs in cold water and a little soap powder, let boil a few minutes and they will wash very easy.

When making ice cream whip your cream first. It is enough better to pay.

Chocolate Sauce.

Shave one square of unsweetened chocolate into a saucepan and add half a cupful of sugar, one cupful of boiling water and a pinch of salt. Cook all together slowly until it is the consistency of maple syrup, or thicker if desired. Remove from the fire, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and serve hot. This sauce is very easily made. It will keep indefinitely, and may be reheated.

Berkshire Sardines.

Remove fish from box, take out backbones and break into small pieces. Melt four tablespoonsful of butter, add one-quarter cupful of bread crumbs and one cupful of cream or rich milk, with a little more butter. Stir until heated, add two hard-boiled eggs finely chopped and the sardines. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. When very hot pour over toast.

Chocolate-Dipped Grapes.

Wash one-half pound of malaga grapes, and dry perfectly. Stir one-half cake of chocolate over hot water, until melted, in a small cup. Dip stem end of grapes in, one at a time, to one-fourth depth of grapes. Invert to cool, then dip the other end in warm fondant, cool, and then into the chocolate.

Chopped Ham and Corn Patties.

One-half cupful cooked corn cut from cob, three cupfuls chopped ham, one well-beaten egg, dash of pepper. Form into patties and fry in butter or ham grease. Drained canned corn may be used.

To Clean Laces.

The lace around the neck or collar of blouses or dresses often gets soiled. To clean, take boracic acid powder, rub well into lace, and leave for a day or so. Then shake out, when the dirt will be quite removed.

In Place of Eggs.

Chopped suet is very useful in taking the place of eggs in milk puddings. Simply sprinkle a little on the top and the pudding will be rich and creamy.

CHEAP AND USEFUL

FIRELESS COOKER EASILY MADE IN THE HOME.

Method of Construction So Simple No One Can Fail to Understand It—Aluminum Kettle With Cover Is Best to Use.

To make at home the simplest kind of fireless cooker line a large pail, either a metal or wooden one, with several thicknesses of paper, or of asbestos, if not too expensive. Pack to a depth of two and a half inches with clean hay; then set a tin pail with straight sides in the center. This should come a few inches below the top of the outer pail and should leave a space of two and a half or three inches between the inner pail and the outer all round. This space is for packing. Then pack in all the hay that can be crowded in, bringing it even with the top of the tin, a little higher at the outer edge. Make a round cushion, filled with hay, to fit snugly inside the top of the outer pail. This is laid on the cover of the inner pail. A wooden or metal cover goes over all.

The kettle or pail in which the food is cooked must be air-tight. An aluminum kettle with a cover that clamps on is the best for meats, beans, and "boiled dinners," although an enameled kettle will do with a tightly fitting cover. Have the cooker near the stove, so that the kettle may be set into it the second it leaves the fire. Put it into the tin pail, cover with the cushion and put the board cover over that, weighing it down to make it air-tight.

Recipe books are issued by the makers of the various fireless cookers on the market, and might be obtained from the hardware department of department stores. They give the time for the preliminary heating and for the cooking in the "fireless," the time varying for different articles of food.

Apple Water. This will be found a refreshing drink for both invalids and healthy people. It can be made with either baked or raw apples, the former to be preferred when time is short, especially if the apples are baked and in readiness. They should be sour, and when cold should be immersed in boiling water to cover them. Let them stand until cool, then strain and sweeten to taste. If raw apples are used, three or four juicy sour apples of fine flavor should be pared and sliced, and, if desired, a few slices of lemon rind added to them. Put over them two cupfuls of boiling water and let them stand for three hours. Strain, sweeten and add a small piece of ice.

Honey Divinity. One-third cupful strained honey, two cupfuls sugar, one-third cupful water, two egg whites, one cupful pecan meats, broken in pieces; one teaspoonful vanilla. Cook honey, sugar and water together until mixture will spin a fine thread from the tines of a fork. Beat the egg whites until stiff and pour syrup over them, beating all the time. When slightly cooled add vanilla and nut meats. Beat until candy begins to harden. Drop from a spoon in little piles on buttered tins or on waxed paper.—Mothers' Magazine.

Variety of House Aids. Save all egg shells; they are very good for cleaning bottles and cruets. Kerosene is excellent for cleaning bathtubs and white sinks. Salmon served with oranges as a flavor instead of lemon is very good. A drop of lemon extract in apple pie makes a delicious flavored pie; use nutmeg or cinnamon also. Save all lemon rinds and when boiling the tea towels, put into the water; they make them very white and sweet.

Irish Scallop. Take a large, thick slice of raw ham and cut into two-inch pieces; slice about six raw potatoes after peeling. Place alternately in a baking dish, seasoning with pepper, and sprinkle generously with flour in each layer, keeping potatoes on the top. Heat milk enough to cover all. Bake half an hour in hot oven with a cover and half an hour longer without cover to finish.

For Afternoon Tea. Try some toasted marmalade sandwiches when someone "drops in" for afternoon tea. Cut the bread very thin and remove the crusts; then spread hot too generously with orange marmalade, chopping the rind unless it was shaved very fine. Press the sandwiches together and toast lightly in the gas broiler or on a toaster over the coals.

Lamb Stew. Boil slowly three pounds of lean lamb flank one hour, then add three or four sliced onions and half cupful rice, and boil with a heaping teaspoonful of sage and summer savory for three quarters of an hour. Then add a pint of cream of tartar dumplings mixed with three eggs. Boil 12 minutes.

Eggs and Tomato Kedgeree. Have ready a cupful of boiled rice per person and allow one tomato per person. Stew and sieve the tomatoes. Allow one egg to each person and scramble egg, tomato and rice with salt and pepper, just as for scrambled eggs.

Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feeling dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.

Not Much to Say. "You have sworn to tell nothing but the truth."
"Nothing but the truth your honor?"
"Precisely."
"Then, judge, with that limitation upon me I might as well warn you that I'm not going to have much to say."—Detroit Free Press.

Called Bet Off. Miss Elder—I'll bet you a hundred that I'll never marry.
Mr. Easy—I'll take you.
Miss Elder (rapturously)—Will you, really? Then I won't bet after all.—Boston Transcript.

Freedom. The Boy—I shall be glad when I am old enough to do as I please.
The Man—And about that time you will go off and get married, so it won't do you much good after all.—New York Times.

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