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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 throbbing with curiosity about the newcomers. Mrs. Adams, a member of the Ladies' Aid society, hurried over to call on Prudence, and nosing 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 II.

The Rest of the Family.

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 officially decided to draw lots! Which was done, and in consequence of that drawing of lots, 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,

"Such a Fairy!" gasped Miss Millecent, 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 Juno-like 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 leaned over the fence, and stared intently at this, 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.

"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 handed-downs! They won't ever 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 outrun 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

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. Everyone has experienced the ecstatic, creepy sensation of sleeping in a brand-new home. The parsonage girls reveled in the memory of that first night for many days. "It may be haunted for all we know," cried Carol delectfully. "Just think, Connie, there may be seven ghosts camped on the head of your bed, waiting—"

"Carol!"

When the family gathered for worship on that first Sabbath morning, Mr. Starr said, as he turned the leaves of his well-worn Bible, "I think it would be well for you to help with the morning worship now. When I finish reading the chapter, Connie, you will make the first prayer. Just pray for whatever you wish as you do at night for yourself. I will follow you."

Connie's eyes were wide with responsibility during the reading of the chap-



"Quick! They Are Coming!"

ter, but when she began to speak her voice did not falter. Connie had nine years of good Methodist experience back of her!

"Our Father, who art in heaven, we trust ourselves before thy footstool in humanity and reverence. Thou art our God, our Creator, our Savior. Bless us this day, and cause thy face to shine upon us. Blot out our transgressions, pardon our trespasses. Wash us, that we may be whiter than snow. Hide not thy face from the eyes of thy children, turn not upon us in wrath. Pity us, Lord, as we kneel here prostrate before thy majesty and glory. Let the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer. And finally save us, an unbroken family around thy throne in heaven, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

This was followed by an electric silence. Prudence was biting her lips painfully, and counting by tons as fast as she could. Fairy was mentally going over the prayer, sentence by sentence, and attributing each petition to the individual member in the old church at Exminster to whom it belonged. The twins were a little amazed, and quite proud. Connie was in honor to the parsonage—but they were concerned lest they themselves should not do quite so well when their days came.

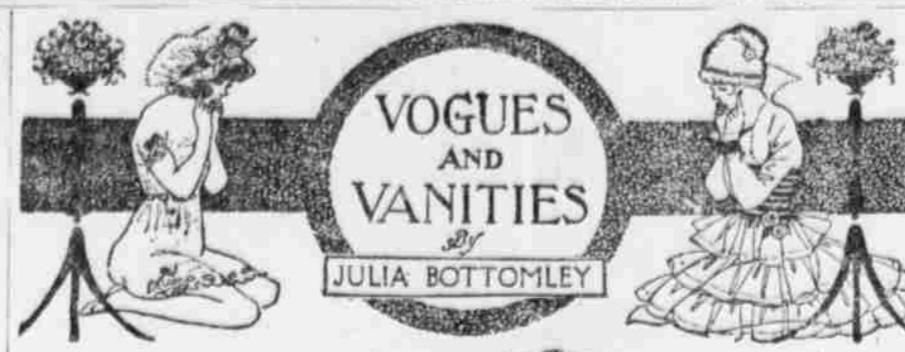
But in less than a moment the minister-father began his prayer. When he said "Amen," Prudence was on her feet and half-way upstairs before the others were fairly risen. Fairy stood gazing intently out of the window for a moment, and then went out to the barn to see if the horse was through eating. Mr. 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 hold 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 household of parsonage girls will win the friendship of the Avery spinsters and tear away the barrier of snobbishness and reserve which hedges them in?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Made for Youthful Wearers

The style-wise manikin is busy parading the newest thing in one-piece gowns before the practiced eyes of buyers of ready-made dresses. First, he wonders how she gets into them; next, he wonders why she ever wears anything different, and finally he buys. Shortly you will be doing likewise, for the one-piece frock has made a hit with matron and maid.

The model shown here is designed for miss who has arrived at the dignity of sixteen years, at least, or progressed somewhat beyond. It may be successfully made of any of the light-weight woolen fabrics, as serge, gabardine, broadcloth, and other weaves. It is very effective made in small black-and-white shepherd's check, and trimmed with black braid instead of embroidery.

Embroidery in rich colors brightens the bodice, girdle, and sleeves, and a little band of it appears on the panels instead of embroidery.



When She Goes Bicycling

Clothes exactly suited to their use are sure to possess distinction, because this is one of the elements of good style. Now that everybody goes bicycling, costumers have bent their fertile minds upon tugs for the wheel, and have turned out such altogether fetching creations that the sportswoman abhors them.

From top to toe the lady who smiles at life, in the accompanying picture, is dressed as she should be. Her suit comprises three pieces, knickerbockers, coat, and skirt. She wears golf stockings and low-heeled, broad-toed cotskin shoes. Her hat is close fitting, a smart shape with brim enough to shade the eyes. It is of a light-colored velour, trimmed with a scarf of soft silk.

While on the subject of sports hats, a new rainproof fabric which is double-faced merits mention. It looks like a thin leather on one side and a

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Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

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Woman Soldier Lived to Be 108.
There is a tombstone in St. Nicholas' churchyard, Brighton, to a woman soldier. It is erected to the memory of Phoebe Hessel, who was born in Stepney in the year 1713, and states:

"She served for many years as a private soldier in the Fifth Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1754 fought under the command of the duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in the arm. Her long life, which commenced in the time of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV, by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her last years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12, 1821, aged one hundred and eight years."

No Precaution Neglected.
The little son of a clergyman recently appeared at breakfast with distinct evidences of a hastily made toilet.

"Why, Edmund," his mother remonstrated, "I believe you forgot to brush your hair!"

"I was in such a hurry to get to school," he explained.

"I hope you didn't forget to say your prayers!" she asked anxiously.

"No, sirree!" was the emphatic assurance; "that's one thing I never forget. Safety first!"—Harper's Magazine.

Contrary Methods.

"How are you going to learn to drive your motor car?"

"I am going to employ a coach."

Before Drinking Coffee, You Should Consider Whether Or Not It Is Harmful
"There's a Reason" for POSTUM