

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

Woman Saved From a Serious Surgical Operation.

Louisville, Ky.—"For four years I suffered from female troubles, headaches, and nervousness. I could not sleep, had no appetite and it hurt me to walk. If I tried to do any work, I would have to lie down before it was finished. The doctor said I would have to be operated on and I simply broke down. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the result is I feel like a new woman. I am well and strong, do all my own house work and have an eight pound baby girl. I know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which every woman dreads."—Mrs. NELLIE FISHBACK, 1521 Christy Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Everyone naturally dreads the surgeon's knife. Sometimes nothing else will do, but many times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved the patient and made an operation unnecessary. If you have any symptom about which you would like to know, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free.

Some Can Be Had Cheap. "Every man has got his price." "Yes, and there are a lot of bargain sales."—Judge.

SKIN TORTURES

That Itch, Burn and Scald Quickly Relieved by Cuticura—Trial Free.

It takes about ten minutes to prove that a hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment will afford relief and point to speedy healing of eczemas, itchings and irritations. They are ideal for all toilet purposes.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Had No Actual Evidence. It is on record that the prince of Orange, filled with rage because he had been beaten at Fleurus, Leuze, Steinkerque, and Nerwede, said, alluding to the marshal of Luxembourg—"Can it be that I shall never beat that hunchback?"

"How does he know that I am a hunchback?" said the French marshal. "He never saw my back; I always saw his!"

Fireman's Rescue Saddle. The Indian woman carries her papoose strapped in a basket-cradle on her back because she must needs have her hands free for other things. The same idea has been utilized by William De Lude and Albert H. Steele of Kansas City, Mo., in the construction of a saddle to be used by firemen in rescuing unconscious or helpless persons from a burning building.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Color Scheme. Mary Ann's mother was sewing, surrounded by pink gingham and blue gingham.

"What are you making me, mother?" spoke Mary Ann. "Bloomers, child, for you to play in," her mother said.

A few minutes later her mother heard Mary Ann on the front porch crying out to the neighbor's child, "My mother is making me some plunkers and some bloomers, to play in."

Playing the piano by ear might not sound so bad if we didn't have to listen to it in the same way.



SPEED

combined with good judgment counts in business now-a-days.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

supplies balanced nourishment for sturdy muscles and active brains.

"There's a Reason"

No change in price, quality or size of package.

PRUDENCE

of the PARSONAGE

By ETHEL HUESTON

(Bobbs-Merrill, Copyright, 1916)

THE TWINS TRY TO EM-BARRASS FAIRY WITH SOME PRACTICAL JOKING WHEN HER BEAU COMES TO VISIT HER.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

As soon as they finished supper Lark said, "Don't you think we'd better go right to bed, Prue? We don't want to taint the atmosphere of the parsonage. Of course Fairy will want to wash the dishes herself to make sure they are clean and shining."

"Oh, no," disclaimed Fairy, good-naturedly. "I can give an extra rub to the ones we want to use—that is enough. I do appreciate the thought, though, thanks very much."

So the twins plunged in, carefully keeping Connie beside them. Connie had a dismal propensity for discoveries—the twins had often suffered from it.

Then they all three went to bed. To be sure it was ridiculously early, but they were all determined.

"You keep your eyes open, Fairy," Prudence whispered melodramatically. "Those girls do not look right." And she added anxiously, "Oh, I'll be so disappointed if things go badly."

Fairy was a little late getting upstairs to dress, but she took time to drop into her sisters' room. They were all in bed, breathing heavily. She walked from one to another, and stood above them majestically.

"Asleep!" she cried. "Ah, fortune is kind. They are asleep. How I love these darling little twinnies—in their sleep!"

An audible sniff from beneath the covers, and Fairy, smiling mischievously, went into the front room to prepare for her caller.

The bell rang as she was dressing. Prudence went to the door, preternaturally ceremonious, and ushered Mr. Babler into the front room. She did not observe that the young man slipped in a peculiar manner as he entered the room.

"I'll call Fairy," she said demurely. "Tell her she needn't primp for me," he answered, laughing. "I know just how she looks already."

But Prudence was too heavily burdened to laugh. She smiled hospitably, and closed the door upon him. Fairy was tripping down the stairs, very tall, very handsome, very gay. She pinched her sister's arm as she passed, and the front room door swung behind. But she did not greet her friend. She stood erect by the door, her head tilted on one side, sniffing, sniffing.

"What in the world?" she wondered. Eugene Babler was strangely quiet. He looked about the room in a peculiar, questioning way.

"Shall I raise a window?" he suggested finally. "It's rather—er—hot in here."

"Yes, do," she urged. "Raise all of them. It's—do you—do you notice a funny smell in here? Or am I imagining it? It—it almost makes me sick!"

"Yes, there is a smell," he said, in evident relief. "I thought maybe you'd been cleaning the carpet with something. It's ghastly. Can't we go somewhere else?"

"Come on." She opened the door into the sitting room. "We're coming out here if you do not mind, Prue." And Fairy explained the difficulty.

"Why, that's very strange," said Prudence, knitting her brows. "I was in there right after supper, and I didn't notice anything. What does it smell like?"

"It's a new smell to me," laughed Fairy, "but something about it is strangely suggestive of our angel twins."

Prudence went to investigate, and Fairy shoved a big chair near the table, waving her hand toward it lightly with a smile at Babbie. Then she sank into a low rocker, and leaned one arm on the table. She wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully.

"That smell," she began. "I am very suspicious about it. It was not at all natural."

"Excuse me, Fairy," he said, ill at ease for the first time in her knowledge of him. "Did you know your sleeve was coming out?"

Fairy gasped and raised her arm. "Both arms, apparently," he continued, smiling, but his face was flushed.

"Excuse me just a minute, will you?" Fairy was unruffled. She sought her sister. "Look here, Prue—what do you make of this? I'm coming to pieces! I'm hanging by a single thread, as it were."

Her sleeves were undoubtedly ready to drop off at a second's notice! Prudence was shocked. She grew positively white in the face.

Mr. Starr is a widower Methodist minister with five charming daughters. Prudence, the eldest is nineteen. She keeps house. Fairy, aged seventeen, is a college freshman. Carol and Lark, twins, are in high school, and Constance is in the grades. Mr. Starr is assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Ia., and the advent and establishment of his interesting family in the parsonage there stirs the curiosity of the whole town. The story concerns the affairs of the parsonage girls. Prudence has her hands full with the mischievous twins and Connie. Fairy has just announced that her beau is coming to spend the evening. The twins decide to have some fun, and have made their plans accordingly.

"Oh, Fairy," she wailed. "We are disgraced."

"Not a bit of it," said Fairy coolly. "I remember now that Lark was looking for the scissors before supper. Aren't those twins unique? This is almost bordering on talent, isn't it? Don't look so distressed, Prue. Etiquette itself must be subservient to twins, it seems. Don't forget to bring in the steamer at a quarter past nine, and have it as good as possible—please, dear."

"I will," vowed Prudence. "I'll use cream. Oh, those horrible twins!"

"Go in and entertain Babbie till I come down, won't you?" And Fairy ran lightly up the stairs, humming a snatch of song.

But Prudence did a poor job of entertaining Babbie during her sister's absence. She felt really dizzy! Such a way to introduce Etiquette into the parsonage life. She was glad to make her escape from the room when Fairy returned, a graceful figure in fine blue silk!

A little after nine she called out dismally, "Fairy!" And Fairy, fearing fresh disaster, came running out.

"What now? What?"

"I forget what you told me to say," whispered Prudence wretchedly, "what was it? The soup is ready, and piping hot—but what is it you want me to say?"

Fairy screamed with laughter. "You goose!" she cried. "Say anything you like. It doesn't make any difference what you say."

"Oh, I am determined to do my part just right," vowed Prudence fervently, "according to etiquette and all. What was it you said?"

Fairy stifled her laughter with difficulty, and said in a low voice,



"Yes, There is a Smell," He Said.

"Wouldn't you like a nice, hot oyster stew?" Prudence repeated it after her breathlessly.

So Fairy returned once more, and soon after Prudence tapped on the door. Then she opened it, and thrust her curly head inside. "Wouldn't you like a little nice, hot oyster stew?" she chirped methodically. And Fairy said, "Oh, yes, indeed, Prudence—this is so nice of you."

The three gathered socially about the table. Babbie was first to taste the steaming stew. He gasped, and gulped, and swallowed some water with more haste than grace. Then he toyed idly with spoon and water until Prudence tasted also. Prudence did not gasp. She did not cry out. She looked up at her sister with wide eyes—a world of pathos in the glance. But Fairy did not notice.

"Now, please do not ask me to talk until I have finished my soup," she was saying brightly.

Then she tasted it! She dropped her spoon with a great clatter, and jumped up from the table. "Mercy!" she shrieked. "It is poisoned!"

Babbie leaned back in his chair and laughed until his eyes were wet. Prudence's eyes were wet, too, but not from laughter! What would etiquette think of her, after this?

"What did you do to this soup, Prudence?" demanded Fairy.

"I made it—nothing else," faltered poor Prudence, quite crushed by this blow. And oysters forty cents a pint! "It's pepper, I think," gasped Bab-

ble. "My insides bear startling testimony to the presence of pepper."

And he roared again, while Prudence began a critical examination of the oysters. She found them literally stuffed with pepper; there was no doubt of it. The twins had done deadly work!

"Revenge, ye gods, how sweet," chanted Fairy. "The twins are getting even with a vengeance—the same twins you said were adorable, Babbie."

It must be said for Fairy that her good nature could stand almost anything. Even this did not seriously disturb her. "Do you suppose you can find us some milk, Prue? And crackers! I'm so fond of crackers and milk, aren't you, Babbie?"

"Oh, I adore it. But serve a microscope with it, please. I want to examine it for microbes before I taste."

But Prudence did better than that. She made some delicious cocoa, and opened a can of pear preserves, donated to the parsonage by the amiable Mrs. Adams. The twins were very fond of pear preserves, and had been looking forward to eating these on their approaching birthday. They were doomed to disappointment! The three had a merry little feast, after all, and their laughter rang out so often and so unrestrainedly that the twins shook in their beds with rage and disappointment.

It speaks well for the courage of Babbie, and the attractions of Fairy, that he came to the parsonage again and again. In time he became the best of friends with the twins themselves, but he always called them "the adorables," and they never asked him why. The punishment inflicted upon them by Prudence rankled in their memories for many months.

"The offense was against Fairy," said Prudence, with a solemnity she did not feel, "and the reparation must be done to her. For three weeks you must do all of her bedroom work, and run every errand she requires. Moreover, you must keep her shoes well cleaned and nicely polished, and must do every bit of her darning!"

The twins would have preferred whipping a thousand times. They felt they had got a whipping's worth of pleasure out of their mischief! But a punishment like this sat heavily upon their proud young shoulders, and from that time on they held Fairy practically immune from their pranks.

Prudence did not bother her head about etiquette after that experience. "I'm strong for comfort," she declared, "and since the two cannot live together in one family, I say we do without etiquette."

And Fairy nodded in agreement, smiling good-naturedly.

CHAPTER VI.

Practicing Economy.

It was a dull day early in December. Prudence and Fairy were sewing in the bay window of the sitting room.

"We must be sure to have all the scraps out of the way before Connie gets home," said Prudence, carefully fitting together pieces of a dark, warm, furry material. "It has been so long since father wore this coat, I am sure she will not recognize it."

"But she will ask where we got it, and what shall we say?"

"We must tell her it is goods we have had in the house for a long time. That is true. And I made this fudge on purpose to distract her attention. Poor child!" she added very sympathetically. "Her heart is just set on a brand-new coat. I know she will be bitterly disappointed. If the members would just pay up we could get her one. November and December are such bad months for parsonage people. Everyone is getting ready for Christmas now, and forgets that parsonage people need Christmas money, too."

Fairy took a pin from her mouth. "I have honestly been ashamed of Connie the last few Sundays. It was so cold, and she wore only that little thin summer jacket. She must have been half frozen."

There are a lot of us careless about providing for the preacher and his family. Some of us seem to forget that his needs are just as real and urgent as our own. Are you prompt with your tithes?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is better to be able to turn your hand to anything than to put your foot in it.

Get This Good Book FREE



"Health and How to Have It" tells important facts every person ought to know. It is clean, concise, and scientific. It tells you why you drag along uncomfortable from day to day. It offers you advice on how to overcome this condition.

If it doesn't appeal to you, you are not under obligations to follow it. If its conclusions are common sense, you will want to benefit by it.

It's yours for the asking. If your druggist can't give you a copy, write to us direct.

The Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio

The Only Way. "What is the best way to make a woman keep a secret?" "Give her chloroform."

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come on each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

The Cubes.

"Is he addicted to cubist art?" "In a way. Spends most of his time shaking dice."

WOMEN! IT IS MAGIC! LIFT OUT ANY CORN

Apply a few drops then lift corns or calluses off with fingers—no pain.



Just think! You can lift off any corn or callus without pain or soreness. A Cincinnati man discovered this ether compound and named it Freezone. Any druggist will sell a tiny bottle of Freezone, like here shown, for very little cost. You apply a few drops directly upon a tender corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it right off.

Freezone is wonderful. It dries instantly. It doesn't eat away the corn or callus, but shrivels it up without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Hard, soft or corns between the toes, as well as painful calluses, lift right off. There is no pain before or afterwards. If your druggist hasn't Freezone, tell him to order a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Human Suggestion.

"Do they have the secret ballot in Colorado?" "Well, the women vote there."

Uric Acid!

Ever since the discovery of Scheele in 1775 that uric acid was found within the body—most eminent physicians agree that rheumatism is caused by it; also many distressing symptoms as headache, pain in back, stomach distress, swollen feet and ankles, gout, etc.

It was Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y., who discovered a new agent—called Anuric, a harmless remedy that if taken before meals will carry off the uric acid from the system and in this way the pains and aches, the creaky joints and all the distressing symptoms of rheumatism and other maladies disappear. You can easily prove this yourself, by obtaining Anuric at almost any drug store, or send Dr. Pierce 10c. for trial package. Try it and be convinced that Anuric is many times more active than lithia and eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar.

Much Pleasanter Here.

"There are some things about our political system that don't seem quite right," remarked Senator Sorghum.

"For instance?"

"The congressman who has made himself unpopular among his constituents is the one who has to go back and have 'em as neighbors."

Considerate Hubby.

"Jones does everything in his power to make his wife happy."

"Yes, he even argues with her."

Alfalfa seed, \$6; Sweet Clover, \$8 J. W. Muthall, Sioux City, Ia.—Adv.

It's surprising how quickly a man recovers from what he imagined was a fatal attack of love.

What costs nothing is worth nothing.

The Quinine That Does Not Cause Nervousness or Ringing In Head

Because of its Tonic and Laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness or ringing in the head. It removes the cause of Colds, Grip and Headache. Used whenever Quinine is needed.

—but remember there is Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is the Original Laxative Bromo Quinine This Signature on Every Box

E. W. Grove

Orders Are Orders. The new doorkeeper at the museum turnstile had learned a book of rules by heart before taking over the job.

"Here, sir, you must leave your umbrella at the door," he said to a visitor who had failed to hand over that article.

"But I haven't an umbrella," the visitor pleaded.

"Then go back and get one," said the keeper. "No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his umbrella at the door."

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Against the Law. "You can't send that mourning outfit by parcel post."

"Why not?"

"Great Scott, woman, can't you see for yourself it's black mail!"

New York city entertained 663 conventions in 1916.

In Latin-America's sun-dried beef is stretched for tether ropes.

WITHIN THE REACH of every woman's health and strength. They're brought to you by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Take this medicine, and there's a safe and certain remedy for all the chronic weaknesses, derangements, and diseases peculiar to the sex. It will build up, strengthen, and invigorate every "run-down" or delicate woman. It regulates and assists all the natural functions.

At some period in her life, a woman requires a special tonic and nervine.

If you're a tired or afflicted woman turn to "Favorite Prescription," you will find it never fails to benefit.

Sold in tablet or liquid form. You will escape many ills and clear up the coated tongue, the sallow complexion, the dull headache, the lazy liver, if you will take a pleasant laxative made up of the May-apple, juice of the leaves of aloe, root of jalap, and called "Pleasant Pills." You can obtain at drug stores these vegetable pellets in vials for 25c.—ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pills.

Use the World Over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.