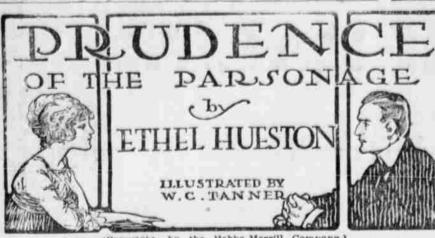
DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD; DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA.



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stairs to bed.

CHAPTER XIII-Continued. -16-

"Will we!" And Carol added, "Will Prudence slept late the next mornyou hiss Prudence good night for us, ing, and when she opened her eyes her and tell her we kept praying all the father was sitting beside her. time? # Prudence is such a great hand for praying, you know."

Foiry promised, and the twins crept school?" upstoirs. It was dark in their room. "We'll undress in the dark so as not

to awake poor little Connie," whis- up, I want to see them." pered Lark. "It's nice she can sleep like that, Isn't it?"

that Connie, in her corner of the room, him again and repeated, "I want to see make-believe that-" was already safe and happy in the ob- my girls." livion of slumber.

But poor Connie! She had not wakdoor. It was long afterward when she her. sat up and began rubbing her eyes, She did not know where she was, Then she remembered! She wondered if But Lark was dumb. It was Carol Prudence- She scrambled to" her who broke the silence. 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 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 flitting 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 happy 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 sav, 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 "All right this morning, father," she think they would rather have Aunt said, smiling, "Are the girls at Grace than me?"

"Of course not. But what has that to do with it? We love you so dearly "Oh, of course. Well, bring them that we can only be happy when you are happy. We love you so dearly Just then the distant whistle of a that we can be happy with you away locomotive sounded through the open from us, just knowing that you are And the twins went to bed, and fell window, but she did not notice her fa- happy. But you-you thought our asleep after a while, never doubting ther's sudden start. She nodded up at love was such a hideous, selfish, little

> "Oh, father, I didn't! You know I Her father sent them up to her at didn't !- But-maybe Jerry won't for-

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

"I knew you too well, father. I knew kicking Lark suggestively on the foot. it would be useless. But-doesn't it seem wrong, father, that-a girl-that I-should love Jerry more than-you "Oh, Prudence, do you suppose the and the girls? That he should come

"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 alive and quite as always. They told 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 "He'll surely be in on this train, and and love shining in her eyes should be and artists of all ages. see. She heard the door open, and close again.

"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 kneeled beside her, and drew the arm from her face.

"Jerry !" she whispered, half unbelievingly. 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, 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.



NEARLY ALL LOVE A GARDEN

No Other Pastime, Unless It Be That of Angling, Has a Stronger Grip Upon Its Devotees.

"There be delights," says an ancient writer, "that will fetch the day about from sun to sun and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream." Thus, and very much after this manner, the charming old prose-poet, amiably garden made, continues, page after page, to describe the "1,000 delights" to be found in the "flowery orchard" of his century-describes them with an abandon of happiness that suggests the rapture of St. Bernard when hymning the 'New Jerusalem."

In fact, barring the equally ancient and alluring pastime of going a-fishing, no hobby has a stronger grip on its devotees than gardening, observes Frances Duncan in Scribner's. At four o'clock of a summer morning Celia Thaxter could be found at work in her radiant little Island plot, a sister in spirit to old Chaucer when on his knees in the grass at dawn to watch a daisy open. And these were not exceptional, not extraordinary cases of devotion; they were merely typical exponents of the true gardener's passion. Nor is this tense enthusiasm fleeting.

Not in the least. It is no more transient than the bibliomaniac's passion, no more evanescent than the collector's zeal, which only death can quench. It is no sudden, youthful fervor; indeed, it is rarely found in youth at the storm and stress period, while it may be observed to be strongest in those for whom the days of wild enthusiasm are over. The bachelor clergyman or the quietest of spinsters, for whom other passion is nonexistent, will yet lavish on their gardens enough devotion to have won the heart of the most obdurate of persons, enough tenderness to have sufficed for the mothering of a dozen little ones. A garden is the world of the recluse, the passion of the lone man or woman, the diversion of statesmen, the recreation of poets

NEW METHODS BRING SAVING

Application of Business Principles by Town Manager Finds Favor in Massachusetts Community.

George F. Willett of Norwood, Mass., gave a talk on the business manager form of government for towns and cities at a meeting of the Boston Art club recently. He showed how the scientific and efficient business principles of a well-managed and conduct-



Chew it after every meal

Proved the Theory. It was a very high-class boarding house, and the landlady prided herself on the fact that the conversation at table was always very intellectual. "It was a strange theory," she remarked, as she wrestled with the torcycle. The addition of this machine fowl, "that the souls of the dead entered birds and animals. But I think the airplane and affords a quick means our ancestors held that belief !"

"I'm rather inclined to think

New War Appliance.

A newcomer into the family of war appliances is the motorcycle-carrying airplane. A special platform built between the planes, just outside the body of the airplane, carries the mogreatly enhances the effectiveness of of land travel in case of a shortage of gasoline or disability of the airplane

once, and they stood at the foot of the give me now?" ened when Fairy closed the dungeon bed with sorry faces, and smilled at

wontedly tender as he carried her up-

"No, this is Saturday."

"Say something," whispered Carol,

doctors will let me come in and watch first? Doesn't it seem-wicked?" 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 her of Connie's sad experience, and Prudence comforted her sweetly.

"It just proves all over again," she declared, smiling, but with a sigh close following, "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.

you must keep him down here until I kept hidden until Jerry was there to get through with Prudence. I want to tell her a few things before she sees him. Bring him in quietly, and don't

this fever without serious consequences, but get the young man as soon as possible. She cannot relax and rest until she gets relief."

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 kneeled 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 volce 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. hearted little martyr girl!

Hours later the fever broke and Prudence drifted into a deep sleep. 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."

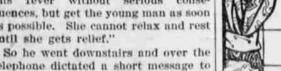
They did not hear the timid knock at the dungeon door. But after they had gone out, Mr. Starr locked the door behind them, and started back through the hall to see if the kitchen doors were locked. He distinctly heard a soft tapping, and he smiled. "Mice!" he thought. Then he heard something else-a faintly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

control.

twins-

prayed myself to sleep. When I woke go, and you sent him away." to the door was locked."

tered, "why didn't you call out, or age? Who would look after you?" sound on the door?"





But Mr. Starr Smiled Gently to Himself.

let him speak loudly. I do not want foolish little Prudence! Oh, sweet her to know he is on hand for a few minutes. Explain it to the girls, will you?"

After sending the younger girls of Prudence's room, and sat down beside her.

"Prudence, I can't tell you how bitterly disappointed I am in you." "Father!"

"Yes, I thought you loved us-the girls and me. It never occurred to me that you considered us a bunch of selfish, heartless, ungrateful animals !"

"Father !" "Is that your idea of love? Is that

"Oh, father !"

"It really did hurt me, Prudence. My dear little girl, how could you send Jerry away, breaking your heart and to the dealer, his, and ours, too-just because you

With a sharp exclamation he un- thought us such a selfish lot that we locked and opened the dungeon door, would begrudge you any happiness of and Connie fell into his arms, sobbing your own? Don't you think our love plicously. And he did the only wise for you is big enough to make us hap- Didn't you get the umbrella?" thing to do under the circumstances. py in seeing you happy? You used to He sat down on the hall floor and say you would never marry. We did enddled the child against his breast, not expect you to marry, then. But we He talked to her southingly until the knew the time would come when marsoby quieted, and her voice was under riage would seem beautiful and desirable to you. We were walting for that "Now, tell father," he urged, "how time. We were hoping for it. We did you get in the dungeon? The were happy when you loved Jerry, be-

cause we knew he was good and kind "Oh, no, father, of course not; the and loving, and that he could give you that I couldn't fish here until I had twins wouldn't do such a thing as all the beautiful things of life-that I that. I went into the dungeon to pray can never give my children. But you ting a nibble." that Prudence would get well. And I thought we were too selfish to let you

"But father! Who would raise the "But you precious child," he whis- girls? Who would keep the parson-

"I was afraid it would excite Prue it over two years ago, when her hus- women about to leave table)-"Yes, and make her worse," she answered band died. Before that, she was not sir; soon pass off, sir; they're just goduply. And her father's kiss was un. free to come to us. But she said then ing."-London Punch.

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 It is not leadership under one man or 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 markable preservation of to going to bed early his fac 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 Then the doctors went downstairs with downstairs again, he closed the door 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-grandehildren 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 washed the spots off. I trotted the dog back

"'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.

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 waited nearly seven hours without get-

Where the Paint Was.

Regular Customer (who has just entered restaurant)-"Strong smell of paint here, William." Waiter (cough-"Aunt Grace, to be sure. We talked ing apologetically and indicating young

ed corporation can be applied to the administration of public affairs and public expenditures. This system in Norwood, he said, has resulted in a more democratic form of government and brought about a substantial saving in the expenditures of the town. The average citizen gets a better knowledge of affairs under that system, he said.

Norwood has an unpaid commission of five men. They determine the pollcies of the town, and paid experts under the leadership of a professional town manager carry them out after the citizens have passed upon them. a despotic form of government, but the intelligent response of American

democracy to its responsibilities. In the crisis this country is now facing the speaker said that the business men are rushing forward to offer their services to help the government carry on a war as efficiently as possible. If the business men would only display the same interest in the ordinary affairs of state, he declared, millions of dollars would be saved yearly by the application of their business knowledge to the affairs of towns, cities and states.

Help to Save the Trees.

The plea of the city forester for the ald of citizens in protecting our street trees from insect attacks should be heeded. A little individual effort on the part of householders would be of great assistance. It would cost but little in time or trouble to remove the conspicuous egg-masses of the tussock moth, one of the worst of our tree foes here which later hatch into voracious caterpillars, or to wrap the trunks with sticky fiy-paper before the middle of May. The slight labor would be amply repaid in benefit to the trees and the riddance of fuzzy caterpillars crawling over porches and plazza furniture. Why not help a little, personally, instead of expecting the city to do it all? -Detroit Free Press.

The Rambler Roses.

One of the loved roses of summer is the rambler rose, which rambles about, scattering its joyous self among hundreds of people in addition to those who grow it. Clambering over houses, both of rich and poor, it gladdens the eye of the tourist, and in great armoads it wanders from its home vine to the rose-loving, but not rose-possessing, to the sick, to the weary, to the tired business folk, to whom it brings a bit of relaxation. The rambling rose of June, which rambles all over to the joy of everyone-here's to the insectless health of the rambler rose, whethor Dorothy Perkins, Pillar or whatever brand.

thing like that does happen," commented the quiet man.

teresting !"

"Yes," said Mr. Cutting. "I'm convinced that this chicken, for instance, matter of only a few hours instead of is inhabited by the sole of a shoe!" DARTY.

Takes Less Time Occasionally. The Highbrow (thoughtfully)-The

tide moves a lot in 20 years.

The Lowbrow (who got stung on a suburban land scheme)-It moved mine overnight .--- Puck.

Any big man is a little man who profited by a fair chance.

Kidney & Co.

(BY DR. J. H. WATSON)

The kidneys and the skin work in harmony. They're companions, the skin being the second partner. If we are anxious to keep well and preserve the vitality of the kidneys and, also, free the blood from noxious elements, we must pay special attention to a good action of the skin and to see that the kidneys are flushed so as to eliminate the poisons from the blood.

Sweating, by hard work or in a bath, at least once a week, helps to keep the skin and kidneys in good condition. Flush the kidneys by drinking plenty of pure water with meals and between meals. Occasionally obtain at the drug plexion, the dull headache, the lazy store Anuric, double strength, which liver, if you will take a pleasant laxawill help flush the kidneys and the in- tive made up of the May-apple, juice testines. You will find that Anuric is of the leaves of aloes, root of jalap, many times more active than lithia and called "Pleasant Pellets." and that it dissolves uric acid as hot can obtain at almost any drug store water does sugar.

engine. If the aviators who were lost in the Mexican desert during General "No, really, Mr. Cutting? How in- Pershing's expedition had been equipped with motorcycles their return to headquarters would have been a a three days' wait for the searching

Sad.

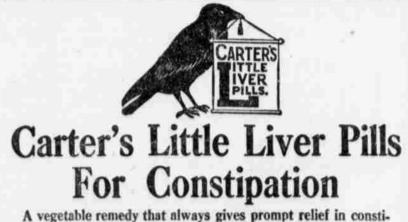
Worm-Why so gloomy, old top? Locust-My sweetheart's away on a seventeen year visit.

The pork packer has a queer way of doing business. After killing a hog he cures it.

A Prominent Woman Indorses **Our Statement**

Sioux City, Iowa .- "For some time I have been having kidney trouble. My kidneys seemed to be congested and my back would ache and be so sore that I could scarcely stand my clothes bearing on it. When I stooped over I could hardly straighten up again, and my bladder bothered me. Just about ten days ago I began taking Anuric Tablets and my back has quit aching and this bladder weakness has left me. Anuric is the best kidney medicine I have ever used."-MRS. MARY DU BARRY, 1013 5th St.

You will escape many ills and clear up the coated tongue, the sallow com-You these vegetable pellets in vials.



pation. Banishes that tired feeling altogether and puts you right over-night, stimulates the Liver gently, but quickly restoring it to full and healthy action, and the stomach and bowels to their natural functions. Making life worth living.

Genuine bears Small Pill Brenk good aignature

