



CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"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. "Well, 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. "Nice!" 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 sobbing 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 to 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-

wontedly 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, 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.

"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



But Mr. Starr Smiled Gently to Himself.

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

After sending the younger girls downstairs again, he closed the door 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 his, and ours, too—just because you thought us such a selfish lot that we would begrudge you any happiness of your own? Don't you think our love for you is big enough to make us happy in seeing you happy? You used to say you would never marry. We did not expect you to marry, then. But we knew the time would come when marriage would seem beautiful and desirable to you. We were waiting for that time. We were hoping for it. We were happy when you loved Jerry, because we knew he was good and kind and loving, and that he could give you all the beautiful things of life—that I can never give my children. But you thought we were too selfish to let you go, and you sent him away."

"But father! Who would raise the girls? Who would keep the parsonage? Who would look after you?"

"Aunt Grace, to be sure. We talked it over two years ago, when her husband died. Before that, she was not free to come to us. But she said then

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 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 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.

"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.

HOME TOWN HELPS

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 obturate 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 and artists of all ages.

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 conducted 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 policies of the town, and paid experts under the leadership of a professional town manager carry them out after the citizens have passed upon them. It is not leadership under one man or 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 aid 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 fly-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 piazza 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 armloads it wanders from its home vine to the rose-loving, but not rose-possessing, to the sleek, 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 insect-less health of the Rambler rose, whether Dorothy Perkins, Pillar or whatever brand.

WRAPPED IN UNITED STATES COUPONS

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 fowl, "that the souls of the dead entered birds and animals. But I think our ancestors held that belief!"

"I'm rather inclined to think something like that does happen," commented the quiet man.

"No, really, Mr. Cutting? How interesting!"

"Yes," said Mr. Cutting. "I'm convinced that this chicken, for instance, is inhabited by the soul of a shoe!"

**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 nine overnight.—Puck.

**Sad.**  
Worm—Why so gloomy, old top?  
Lacust—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.

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 store Anurie, double strength, which will help flush the kidneys and the intestines. You will find that Anurie is many times more active than lithia and that it dissolves uric acid as hot water does sugar.

**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 Anurie Tablets and my back has quit aching and this bladder weakness has left me. Anurie 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 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 aloes, root of jalap, and called "Pleasant Pellets." You can obtain at almost any drug store these vegetable pellets in vials.

**Carter's Little Liver Pills For Constipation**

A vegetable remedy that always gives prompt relief in constipation. 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.

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

Genuine Bears signature

ROSY CHEEKS or HEALTHY COLOR indicates Iron in the Blood. Pale or faces usually show its absence. A condition which will be much helped by **CARTER'S IRON PILLS**