

**That Knife-Like Pain**

Have you a lame back, aching day after night? Do you feel sharp pains after stooping? Are the kidneys sore? Is their action irregular? Do you have headaches, backaches, rheumatic pains, foot tired, nervous, all worn-out? Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the medicine recommended by so many people in this locality. Read the experience that follows:

**An Iowa Case**

Geo. I. Crisman, Tipton, Iowa, says: "I had severe pains in my back and sides and at times, could hardly move. My knees and hips were so stiff that I was almost helpless. The kidney secretions contained a sediment and were irregular in passage. I doctored, but without results until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They completely cured me and I have never had need of a kidney medicine since."



Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Boschee's German Syrup**

We all take cold some time and everybody should have Boschee's German Syrup handy at all times for the treatment of throat and lung troubles, bronchitis, coughs, etc. It has been on the market 31 years. No better recommendation is possible. It gently soothes inflammation, eases a cough, insures a good night's sleep, with free expectoration in the morning. Druggists and dealers everywhere, 25c and 75c bottles. Don't take substitutes.

**Boschee's German Syrup**

**TO BUILD ROADS IN CHINA**

Americans to Run Railways and Develop Country—Engineers Begin Survey Work.

American engineers have begun the actual surveys on two of the railways which are to be built in China by the Siemens-Carey Railway and Canal company, an American organization financed by the American International corporation.

The lines upon which the surveyors are working are in central and south China. One of the lines extends from Chuchow in Hunan province south through Hengchowfu and Yungchowfu in the same province to Kweilin in Kwangsi province, then southwest to Luchowfu and Nanning in the same province, then southeast to Yanchow, or Chinchow, in Kwangtung province, a port on the Gulf of Tongking. This route is about 800 miles long.

The other line upon which the engineers are working runs in general east and west directions. It starts at Chowkiakow, in Honan province, and extends through Nanyangfu in the same province to Hsiangyangfu in Hupeh province. The latter city is an important commercial point on the Han river, which drains a very fertile valley well developed agriculturally.

Although this line is only 300 miles in length, it is regarded as an especially valuable route because it extends through a rich level country offering few engineering difficulties, and so fertile and populous that the railway will doubtless pay as soon as it is put into operation. Actual construction work will probably be begun on this line in a short time, and it will doubtless be the first part of the new American railways opened to traffic.

**Revival of Tatting.**

We see that tatting has been revived in our best circles, but we don't suppose it will be any more difficult for a thoughtful man to hold his wife's undivided attention as he discusses the tariff in its various aspects and ramifications than it has been under the flit-crochet regime.—Ohio State Journal.

**Foods Are Increasing In Price**

But you can still buy

**Grape-Nuts**

at the same price.

This staple cereal in its air-tight, wax-protected package will keep indefinitely, yet is ready to eat at a moment's notice.

Grape-Nuts is full of compact nourishment with a delightful wheat and barley flavor.

The Most Economical of Prepared Cereals

**PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE**  
by **ETHEL HUESTON**  
ILLUSTRATED BY **W. C. TANNER**

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**A PAINFUL ACCIDENT BRINGS TRUE ROMANCE TO THE PARSONAGE GIRLS—MAYBE REAL LOVE**

Mr. Starr, widower Methodist minister, is assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Ia. He has five charming daughters. Prudence, the eldest, keeps house for him. Fairy is a college freshman. Carol and Lark, twins, are in high school. Constance is the "baby." The activities of the Starr girls—Prudence's work, Fairy's school affairs, the pranks of the youngsters—and the family perplexities make the story; it is simply a recital of glorified homely incidents. The preceding installment described the capture of a notorious burglar in the parsonage and the reward promised the girls.

**CHAPTER VII—Continued.**

Mr. Starr on Thursday morning had taken the early eastbound train to Burlington. He attended the evangelistic services at the tabernacle in the afternoon and evening, and then went to bed at the hotel. He slept late the next morning. When he finally appeared the clerk came at once from behind the desk to speak to him. Two or three other guests, who had been lounging about, drew near.

"We've just been reading about your girls, sir," said the clerk respectfully. "It's a pretty nifty little bunch! You must be proud of them!"

"My girls!" ejaculated Mr. Starr. "Haven't you seen the morning paper? You're Mr. Starr, the Methodist minister at Mount Mark, aren't you?"

"I am! But what has happened to my girls? Is anything wrong? Give me the paper!"

Five minutes later Mr. Starr and his suitcase were in a taxicab speeding toward Union station, and within eight minutes he was en route for Mount Mark—white in the face, shaky in the knees, but tremendously proud in spirit.

Arriving at Mount Mark, he was instantly surrounded by an exclamatory crowd of station loungers. The name of Prudence was upon every tongue, and her father heard it with satisfaction. In the parsonage he found at least two-thirds of the Ladies' Aid society, the trustees and the Sunday-school superintendent, along with a miscellaneous assortment of ordinary members, mixed up with Presbyterians, Baptists and a few unclassified outsiders. And Prudence was the center of attraction.

She was telling the "whole story," for perhaps the fifteenth time that morning, but she broke off when her father hurried in and flung her arms about him. "Oh, papa," she cried, "they mustn't praise me. I had no idea there was a burglar in the house when I ran down the stairs, and I honestly can't see that much credit is due me."

But Mount Mark did not take it so calmly. And as for the Methodist church—well, the Presbyterian people used to say there was "no living with those Methodists, since the girls caught a burglar in the parsonage." Of course it was important, from the Methodist point of view. Pictures of the parsonage and the church were in all the papers for miles around, and at their very next meeting the trustees decided to get the piano the Sunday school had been needing for the last hundred years!

When the five hundred dollars arrived from Chicago, Prudence felt that personally she had no real right to the money. "We must divide it," she insisted, "for I didn't earn it a bit more than any of the others. But it is perfectly glorious to have five hundred dollars, isn't it? Did you ever have five hundred dollars before? Just take it, father, and use it for whatever we need. It's family money."

Neither the younger girls nor their father would consent to this. But when Prudence pleaded with them earnestly, they decided to divide it.

"I will deposit two hundred and fifty dollars for the four younger ones," he said, "and that will leave you as much."

So it was settled, and Prudence was a happy girl when she saw it safely put away in the bank.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

**Romance Comes.**

Sometimes, Methodists, or Presbyterians, or heretics—whatever we may be—we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that things were simply bound to happen! However slight the cause—still that cause was predestined from the beginning of time. A girl may by the sheerest accident step from the street car a block ahead of her destination—an irritating accident. But as she walks that block she may meet an old-time friend, and a stranger. And that stranger—ah, you can never convince the girl that her stepping from the car too soon was not ordered when the foundations of the world were laid.

After all, it was very simple. Across the street from the parsonage lived a girl named Mattie Moore—a common, unlovely, unexciting girl, who taught a country school five miles out from

town, and rode to and from her school, morning and evening, on a bicycle.

One evening, early in June, when the world was fair to look upon, it was foreordained that Prudence should be turning in at the parsonage gate just as Mattie Moore whirled up, opposite, on her dusty wheel. Prudence stopped to interchange polite inanities with her neighbor, and Mattie, wheeling the bicycle lightly beside her, came across the street and stood beneath the parsonage maples with Prudence. They talked of the weather, of the coming summer, of Mattie's school, rejoicing that one more week would bring freedom from books for Mattie and the younger parsonage girls.

Then said Prudence: "Isn't it great fun to ride a bicycle? I love it. Sometime will you let me ride your wheel?"

"Why, certainly. You may ride now if you like."

"No," said Prudence slowly. "I used to ride, but am afraid it would not do now. Some of the members might see me, and—well, I am very grown-up, you know. Of course," she added hastily, "it is different with you. You ride for business, but it would be nothing but a frolic with me. I want to go early in the morning, when the world is fast asleep. Let me take it tomorrow morning, will you?"

"Yes, of course you may," was the hearty answer. "You may stay out as long as you like. I always sleep late on Saturdays."

So Prudence delightedly tripped up the parsonage board walk, wheeling the bicycle by her side. She hid it carefully in the woodshed, for the twins were rash and venturesome. But after she had gone to bed, she confided her plan to Fairy.

"I'm going at six o'clock, and, Fairy, if I am a little late, you'll get breakfast for papa and the girls, like a dear, won't you?"

Fairy promised. And early the next morning Prudence, in red sweater jacket and cap, set out upon her secret ride. It was a magnificent morning, and Prudence sang for pure delight as she rode swiftly along the country roads, guided only by her own caprice. She knew it was growing late, "but Fairy'll get breakfast," she thought, comfortably.

Finally she turned in a by-road leading between two rich hickory groves. Dismounting at the top of a long hill, she gazed anxiously around her. No one was in sight. The nearest house was two miles behind, and the road was long and smooth and inviting, and the hill was steep. Prudence yearned for a good, soul-stirring coast, with her feet high on the framework of the wheel, and the pedals flying around beneath her skirts. It seemed safe. The only living thing in sight was a sober-eyed, serious mule peacefully grazing near the bottom of the hill.

Prudence laughed gleefully, like a child. She never laughed again in exactly that way. "Here goes!" she cried, and, leaping nimbly into the saddle, she pedaled swiftly a few times, and then lifted her feet to the coveted position. The pedals flew around beneath her, and the wind whistled about her in a most exhilarating way.

But as she neared the bottom the placid mule suddenly stalked into the middle of the road. Prudence screamed, jerked the handlebar to the right, to the left, and then, with a sickening thud, she struck the mule head first, and bounced on down to the ground, with a little cry of pain. The bicycle crashed beside her, and the mule, slightly startled, looked around at her with ears raised in silent questioning. Then he ambled slowly across the road, and deliberately continued his grazing.

Prudence tried to raise herself, but she felt sharp pain. She heard someone leaping over the fence near her, and wondered, without moving her head, if it could be a tramp bent on highway robbery. The next instant a man was leaning over her. "It's not a tramp," she thought, before he had time to speak.

"Are you hurt?" he cried. "You poor child!"

Prudence smiled pluckily. "My ankle is hurt a little, but I am not a child." The young man, in great relief, laughed aloud, and Prudence joined him rather faintly.

"I'm afraid I cannot walk," she said. "I believe I've broken my ankle, maybe my whole leg, for all I know. It hurts—pretty badly!"

"Lie down like this," he said, helping her to a more comfortable position, "do not move. May I examine your foot?" She shook her head, but he removed the shoe regardless of her headache. "I believe it is sprained. I am sure the bone is not broken. But how in the world will you get home? How far is it to Mount Mark? Is that where you live?"

"Yes"—considering—"yes, I live there, and it must be four miles, anyhow. What shall I do?"

In answer, he pulled off his coat, and arranged it carefully by the side of the road on the grass. Then jerking open the bag he had carried, he took out a few towels, and three soft shirts. Hastily rolling them together for a pillow, he added it to the bed pro tem. Then he turned again to Prudence.

"I'll carry you over here, and fix you as comfortably as I can. Then I'll go to the nearest house and get a wagon to take you home."

Prudence was not shy, and realizing that his plan was the wise one, she made no objections when he came to help her across the road. "I think I can walk if you lift me up."

But the first movement sent such a twinge of pain through the wounded ankle that she clutched him frantically and burst into tears. "It hurts," she cried, "don't touch me."

Without speaking, he lifted her as gently as he could and carried her to the place he had prepared for her. "Will you be warm enough?" he asked, after he had stood looking awkwardly down upon the sobbing girl as long as he could endure it.

"Yes," nodded Prudence, gulping down the big sob rising in her throat. "I'll run. This confounded cross-cut is so out of the way that no one will pass here for hours, I suppose. Now lie as comfortably as you can, and do not worry. I'm going to run."

Off he started, but Prudence, left alone, was suddenly frightened. "Please, oh, please," she called after him, and when he came back she buried her face in shame, deep in the linen towel.

"I'm afraid," she whispered, crying again. "I do not wish to be left alone here. A snake might come, or a tramp."

He sat down beside her. "You're nervous. I'll stay with you until you feel better. Someone may come this way, but it isn't likely. I cut through the hickory grove to save a mile. That's



"Sometime Will You Let Me Ride Your Wheel?"

how I happened to find you." He smiled a little, and Prudence, remembering the nature of her accident, flushed. Then, being Prudence, she laughed.

"It was my own fault. I had no business to go coasting down like that. But the mule was so stationary. It never occurred to me that he contemplated moving for the next century at least. He was a bitter disappointment." She looked down the roadside where the mule was contentedly grazing, with never so much as a sympathetic glance at his victim.

"I'm afraid your bicycle is rather badly done up."

Do you believe that Prudence could be made to believe there was such a thing as love at first sight?

**(TO BE CONTINUED.)**

**New Mirror Is Magnifier.**

A mirror which magnifies at any distance without distorting the lines or the focus of the object reflected has been perfected by an Erie (Pa.) manufacturer. The mirror is particularly adapted to the needs of mechanics in looking underneath or in back of objects, but is also a practical household article. As it reflects a white light, it is said to recommend itself particularly to the examination of internal or underneath mechanical parts which are difficult to readjust unless taken to the light for examination. Hence, it is also claimed to be invaluable for examining the throat, teeth, mouth or eyes.

**On Parade.**

Don't get it wrong. A governor's staff isn't something to lean on. Its sole function is to glisten.—Indianapolis News.

In 20 generations every person has had 131,078 direct ancestors.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"  
**\$3 \$3.50 \$4 \$4.50 \$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8** FOR MEN AND WOMEN  
Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.  
W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.  
The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.  
Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.  
**LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.**  
Boys' Shoes Best in the World  
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**COLT DISTEMPER**

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses of any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

**Solar Surface Temperature.**  
The latest estimate of the absolute temperature of the solar surface is that of F. Biscoe of Warsaw, whose computation is based upon the intensity of radiation for individual wave-length in the solar spectrum as obtained with the spectro-heliometer at the Smithsonian astrophysical observatory. He gets an average of 7,300 degrees plus 100 degrees Centigrade.

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DOES IT.**

When your shoes pinch or your corns and bunions ache get Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. Gives instant relief to Tired, Aching, Swollen, Tender feet. Over 100,000 packages are being used by the troops at the front. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.—Adv.

**Sky Splitter.**

Marcy, the highest mountain in the Empire state, was named in honor of Gov. William L. Marcy. Its Indian name is "Tahawas" (he splits the sky).

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

**Feed Up the Next.**

It isn't so hard to live on 25 cents a day—for one day.—Kansas City Journal.

A recently patented porch and lawn seat can be converted into a swing or crib for a small child.

**Puzzled Youngster.**  
Our grocery man's delivery boy is always accompanied on Saturday by his younger brother who in looks is exactly like his older brother. The younger one always brought on our groceries, but one Saturday he was out of town and the oldest boy had to come in. Five-year-old Marian looked for a few seconds at him with a puzzled face and then exclaimed: "Say, did you growed up."—Chicago Tribune.

**FEW MOTHERS REALIZE**

how many delicious dishes can be prepared with Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti. For this reason the Skinner Mfg. Co. have prepared a beautiful Cook Book containing recipes telling how to serve it in a hundred different ways. Write Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for a free copy. All good grocers everywhere sell Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti.—Adv.

**See If Your Diamond Is Genuine.**

Here is a test that can be made when a diamond is quite clean and dry. Place on the surface of a diamond a tiny drop of water. Now take a needle or pin and try to move the drop about. If the diamond is genuine, experts say, the drop can be rolled intact. On the other hand when the gem is an imitation the water spreads directly if it is touched with the needle point.

**Saves Eggs**  
Royal Baking Powder makes it possible to produce appetizing and wholesome cakes, muffins, cornbread, etc., with fewer eggs than are usually required.  
In many recipes the number of eggs may be reduced and excellent results obtained by using an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, for each egg omitted. The following tested recipe is a practical illustration:

**SPONGE CAKE**  
1 cup sugar  
1/4 cup water  
3 eggs  
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
1 cup flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/4 cup cold water  
1 teaspoon flavoring

**DIRECTIONS**—Bolt sugar and water until syrupy; strain a thread and add to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating until the mixture is cold. Sift together three times the flour, salt and baking powder; beat yolks of eggs until thick; add a little at a time flour mixture and egg yolks alternately to white of egg mixture, stirring after each addition. Add 1/4 cup cold water and flavoring. Mix lightly and bake in moderate oven one hour.

The old method called for six eggs and no baking powder

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 125 William Street, New York.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes, adds none but healthful qualities to the food.  
No Alum No Phosphate No Bitter Taste

**Canada Offers 160 Acres Free to Farm Hands**  
Bonus of Western Canada Land to Men Assisting in Maintaining Needed Grain Production  
The demand for farm labor in Canada is great. As an inducement to secure the necessary help at once, Canada will give **ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ACRES OF LAND FREE AS A HOMESTEAD** and allow the time of the farm laborer, who has filed on the land, to apply as residence duties, the same as if he actually had lived on it. Another special concession is the reduction of one year in the time to complete duties. Two years instead of three as heretofore, but only to men working on the farms for at least six months in 1917. This appeal for farm help is in no way connected with enlistment for military service but solely to increase agricultural output. A wonderful opportunity to secure a farm and draw good wages at the same time. Information as to low railway rates may be had on application to **M. J. Johanson, Drawer 197, Watertown, S. D.; R. A. Garrett, 311 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.**  
Canadian Government Agents