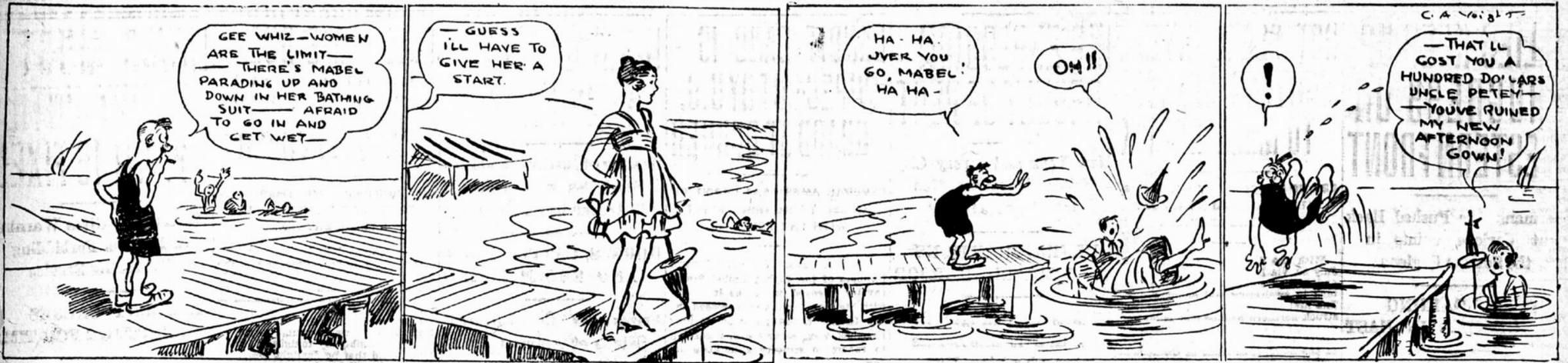


The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — PERFECTLY NATURAL MISTAKE, OF COURSE

BY C. A. VOIGHT



PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

THE FAMOUS STORY OF A HAPPY FAMILY

By Ethel Hueston

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CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

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. Do you know which way is nearest to a house? It's been a long time since I passed one coming this way."

The way I came is the nearest, but it's two miles, I think.

"I'll go as fast as I can, and you'll be all right. 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. Some one may come this way, but it isn't likely. A man I passed on the road a ways back told me to cut through the hickory grove and I would save a mile of travel. That's how I happened to come through the woods and 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 toward his victim.

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

"Oh—whatever will Mattie Moore say to me? It's borrowed. Oh, I see now, that it was just foolish pride that made me unwilling to ride during decent hours. What a dunce I was—as usual."

He looked at her curiously. This was beyond his comprehension. "The bicycle belongs to Mattie Moore. She lives across the street from the parsonage and I wanted to ride. She said I could. But I was ashamed to ride in the daytime, for fear some of the members would think it improper for a girl of the parsonage, and so I got up at 6 o'clock this morning to do it on the sly. Somehow I never can remember that it is just as bad to do things when you aren't seen as when you are. It doesn't seem so bad, does it? But of course it is. But I never think of that when I need to be thinking of it. Maybe I'll remember after this." She was silent a while. "Fairy'll have to get breakfast and she always gets father's eggs too hard." Silence again. "Maybe papa'll worry. But then, they-know by this time that

you care about college?"

"Well, you went to college," she argued argumentatively. "My sister Fairy is going now. She's very clever—oh, very. You'll like her, I am sure—much better than you do me, of course." Prudence was strangely downcast.

"I am sure I won't," said Jerrold Harmer, with unnecessary vehemence. "I don't care a thing for college girls. I know a lot of them, and aw—they make a fellow tired. I like home girls—the kind that stay at home, and keep house, and are sweet, and comfortable, and all that." Jerrold flipped over abruptly and lay on the grass, his face on his arms turned toward her face. They were quiet for a while but their glances were clinging.

"Your eyes are brown, aren't they?" Prudence smiled, as though she had made a pleasant discovery.

"Yes. Yours are blue. I noticed that, first thing."

"Did you? Do you like blue eyes? They ain't as—well, as strong and expressive as brown eyes. Fairy's are brown."

"I like blue eyes best. They are so much brighter and deeper. You can't see clear to the bottom of blue eyes—you have to keep looking." And he did keep looking.

"Did you play football at college? You are so tall, Fairy's tall, too. Fairy's very grand looking. I've tried my best to eat lots, and exercise, and make myself bigger, but—I am a fizzle."

"Yes, I played football—but girls do not need to be so tall as men. Don't you remember what Orlando said about Rosalind—'just as tall as my heart'? I imagine you come about to my shoulder. We'll measure as soon as you are on your feet again."

"Are you going to live in Mount Mark now? Are you coming to stay?" Prudence was almost quivering as she asked this. It was of vital importance.

"No, I will only be there a few days, but I shall probably be back every week or so. Is your father very strict? Maybe he would object to your writing to me."

"Oh, he isn't strict at all. And he will be glad for me to write to you, I know. I write to two or three men when they are away. But they are—oh, I do not know exactly what it is, but I do not really like to write to them. I believe I'll quit. It's such a bother."

(To be continued.)

Children's Evening Story

Uncle Wiggly and Jimmie's Bath

Let me see now, where did I leave off? Oh, I remember, it was where Uncle Wiggly had taken the poor little mouse girl, and her brother and sister, and some other animal children from the hot city down to the cool ocean beach. That was it. And Uncle Wiggly, after seeing that his little friends were comfortable in his own little hollow stump bungalow, happened to remember that Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, and a number of his other friends were soon coming to the seashore to spend the summer.

"Perhaps they have arrived today," thought Uncle Wiggly, as he made his nose twinkle like a star on a frosty night, when he got up to look out of mouse girl had saved him from the dogfish.

All of a sudden Uncle Wiggly heard a voice calling:

"Come on down; breakfast is ready!"

"My goodness me, sakes alive, and some salt water taffy!" cried the rabbit gentleman in alarm. "Somebody is down stairs in my bungalow! Breakfast ready! I wonder if that can be the skillery-scallery alligator, with the double jointed tail, or the fuzzy fox? Maybe they mean that I am all ready for their breakfast. I must be careful."

So he pecked down the stairs and he could see no one, but the voice called again:

"Well, Uncle Wiggly, aren't you coming down to breakfast?"

"Who are you?" he asked, suspicious like.

"Why, don't you remember?" was the answer. "I am the little mouse girl, whom you brought down from the hot city."

"Oh, yes, of course, I remember!" the rabbit gentleman exclaimed. "I had forgotten about you over night. But what was that you said about breakfast? I'll be down directly and I'll get it for you."

"Oh, you needn't to," laughed the mouse girl. "I have your breakfast all ready. It was I who called you."

"Bless and save us!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, puzzled like. "You don't mean to say you got my breakfast?"

"Of course we did!" the mouse girl said. "My brother and sister, and the doggie boy and the kittie girl all helped. I always get our breakfast at home. It was the least we could do for you, when you were so kind to us."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, and his heart went bounding back and forth against his ribs, like a rubber ball on the sidewalk in the middle of the night. Still he was very glad he did not have to get breakfast for himself and when he had eaten, and the mouse girl had washed the dishes Uncle Wiggly said:

"Now I am going over to some other bungalow to see if any of my other friends have arrived, and you children can play around here and go in paddling in the ocean if you like, only don't go in too deep. I will soon be back."

So the animal children, who had been brought out from the hot city, were very happy as they played around Uncle Wiggly's bungalow, while he went off to see if he could find any of his friends. And he had not gone very far before he heard:

"Quack! Quack! Quackity-quack-quack!"

"The Wibblewobbles!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly. "They have come!" and the next minute he saw Lulu and Alice, the two duck girls, with their bathing suits on, just walking from their bungalow down to the water.

"Oh, you Uncle Wiggly!" cried Alice and Lulu, flopping their wings at him.

"Hello, girls!" cried the jolly old gentleman rabbit. "I'm glad you're down at the beach. It won't be so lonesome for me now. So you are going in bathing, I see. But where is Jimmie?"

"Oh, the silly boy!" exclaimed Alice as she looked to see if she had her bathing cap on sideways. "He says he won't go in bathing."

"He's afraid, I guess," spoke Lulu, as she threw a stone away out in the ocean.

"I am not," cried Jimmie himself, as he appeared on the porch of the bungalow. "But I've never been swimming in salt water. Uncle Wiggly, and I don't believe I'll like it."

THE VOGUE OF THE COTTON FROCK

ON THE SUMMER ROOFS, IT FREQUENTLY TAKES THE PLACE OF THE EVENING GOWN

PASTEL SHADES FAVORED

New York, July 29.—The New York typical evening gown was very noticeable. In its place the sheer cotton afternoon dress was worn. These as a rule are very simply cut and made. Often a bordered material will be developed into one of the be-ruffed frocks of the moment, with no trimming aside from its own border, which is used for collar, cuffs, sash ends and to edge the ruffles or flounces. The finish at the upper edge of the skirt is a detail which goes far toward making the dress attractive. With the striped materials especially is this true. The upper edge of the skirt may be finished with tiny pleats which extend a bit above the narrow belt of the same material, or a narrow band of black or brightly colored faille or gros-grain ribbon. These pleated skirts, when striped materials are used are often pleated so that one stripe overlaps the other, presenting one solid shade on the outside of the skirt effectively relieved by the shade beneath, with every movement of the wearer.

One of the daintiest of the cotton frocks worn at dinner this same evening, was a pale green organdy. Another, was a soft gray voile, with a Russian blouse of gray Georgette belted and trimmed with silver. The various shades of green and gray are favored in these cotton dresses, as well as the other pastel shades, soft tones of blue, pink, lavender and purple. An especially pretty striped voile frock in lavender and white, was made with white Georgette vest and sleeves.



Purple and White Striped Voile.



A Smart Yoked Frock.

the roof gardens, at the dinner hour an evening or so ago, the absence of

etch have about the same number of letters in them, sed the man, but about this loan, I assure, you its meerly a temporary thing.

How about a small temporary loan of a dime, sed pop.

Well, of course the auxil size of it dont make much diffrents, because your sure to get it back, sed the man.

That's wat im thinking of, I wodent want to put you to the inconvenients of giving to match back, sed pop.

O that's all rite, dont let that bother you, sed the man.

I dont intend to, sed pop. And he gave the man a dime and the man put it in his pocket, saying Now remember you'll get this back every sent of it.

You can send stamps if you like, sed pop. And we kepp on wawking and I sed, Hay, pop, you never even told him were you live or anything, how can he give it back agen?

O deer, I never thawt of that, sed pop, come on in heer and Ill get you a soda, I want to drown my mortification. And we went in a drug stoar and etech had a soda, me having chocklitt and pop having lemmin.

HUGE TRADE BALANCE.

Washington, D. C., July 31.—Foreign trade of the United States closed its greatest year in history June 30 with a balance of \$2,136,000,000 in favor of American exporters. The year's exports aggregated \$4,324,000,000 the department of commerce announced today, and imports were valued at \$2,188,000,000. The trade balance was double that of last year and four times that of 1914. Exports exceeded those of last year by \$1,500,000,000.

TO CELEBRATE ANNIVERSARY. Fairfield, July 29.—The Presbyterian church will celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary the first week in October.

CHICAGOANS PLAN BUSINESS COURT

Chicago, July 29.—A business arbitration court, said to be the first of its kind in the world, will be inaugurated in Chicago beginning Monday. The plan has been approved by the judges of the municipal court. Two judges were named to preside over it. The new tribunal will have jurisdiction only over questions of law in commercial disputes. Questions of fact are to be decided outside of court by arbitrators, boards of experts selected from the various trades and industries.

STEAMER FIGHTS OFF SUBMARINE

Rome, Friday, July 28.—(Delayed)—The Re d'Italia, a 6,237 tons vessel of the Italian Lloyd Sabaudo line, was attacked by a Teutonic submarine at 9 o'clock in the morning of July 23 while the steamer was on a voyage from Genoa to New York. The defensive guns with which the vessel is equipped were brought into play and the submarine was driven away. The liner then proceeded on her way to America.

BRITONS EXCLUDE IRISH-AMERICANS

Washington, D. C., July 29.—American Ambassador Page at London today cabled the state department that Great Britain insists on excluding from England and Ireland, Eugene Hughes Kelly of New York, treasurer of the Irish relief fund; his assistant, Joseph Smith and Mrs. Kelly. They will leave England Monday on the American liner Philadelphia.

RUSS TRADE GROWS.

Washington, D. C., July 29.—Exports to Russia from the United States reached a value of \$28,000,000 the first three months of this year as compared with less than \$1,000,000 the same period last year, the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce reported today. Most exports consisted of war metals and machinery.

PEACE PARTY IN GERMANY GROWS

London, July 29.—The socialist newspaper Volksmacht, of Breslau, says a dispatch from Zurich to the Central News agency, declares that the reichstag no longer reflects the true opinion of the German people and it demands a referendum to discover whether the people really desire peace. The newspaper further proposes the formation of a popular league in favor of peace.