



Prudence Says So

By Ethel Hueston,

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CHAPTER II. (Continued)

At 10 o'clock the train carried their father off in the direction of Burlington and at 11 o'clock the twins returned to the parsonage. They had given him a daughterly send-off at the station and then gone to the library for books.

Prudence, Fairy and Aunt Grace sat sewing on the side porch as they cut across the parsonage lawn, their feet crinkling pleasantly through the drift of autumn leaves the wind had piled beneath the trees.

"We're out of potatoes, twins," said Prudence, as they drew near. "You'll have to dig some before dinner."

For one instant their complacent features clouded. Prudence looked up expectantly, sure of a break in their serene placidity.

"Certainly, Prudence," said Carol brightly. "I'll dig some for you."

And Lark added genially, "We'd better fill the box, I guess—so we'll have enough for the rest of the week."

And singing a light but unharmonious snatch of song, the twins went in search of basket and hoe.

The twins were not musical. They only sang from principle, to emphasize their light heartedness when it needed special impressing.

Prudence's brows knitted in anxious frowns, and she sighed a few times. "What is the matter, Prue? You look like a rainy Christmas," said Fairy.

"It's the twins," was the mournful answer. "The twins!" ejaculated Fairy. "Why, they've acted like angels lately."

Even Aunt Grace lifted mildly inquiring eye brows. "That's it! That's just it. When the twins act like angels I get uneasy right away. The better they act, the more suspicious I feel."

"What have they been doing?" "Nothing! Not a thing! That's why I'm worried. It must be something terrible!"

Fairy laughed and returned to her embroidery. Aunt Grace smiled and began playing her needles once more. But Prudence still looked troubled and fidgeted often.

There was no apparent ground for her alarm. The twins came back with the potatoes, peeled some for luncheon, and set the table, their faces still bright and smiling. Prudence's eyes, often fastened upon their angelic countenances, grew more and more troubled.

In the afternoon, they joined the little circle on the porch, but not to sew. They took a book and lay down on a rug with the book before them, reading together. Evidently they were all absorbed. An hour passed, two hours, three. At times Carol pointed to a line, and said in a low voice, "That's good, isn't it?" And Lark would answer, "Dandy!" Have you read this?

Prudence, in spite of her devotion to the embroidering of large S's on assorted pieces of linen, never forgot the twins for a moment. "What are you reading?" she asked at last amiably, her only desire to be assured by the sound of their voices.

There was an almost imperceptible pause. Then Carol answered—her chin was in her palms which may have accounted for the mumbling of the words. "Science and Health."

"Science and Health," Prudence repeated, in a puzzled tone. "Is it a doctor book?" "Why—something of the sort—yes," said Carol dubiously. "Science and Health? Science and Health?" mused Fairy. "You don't mean that Christian Science book, do you? You know what I mean, Prudence—Mary Baker Eddy's book—Science and Health—that's the name of it. That's not what you twins are devouring so ravenously, is it?"

"What are you reading that for?" "Why—it's very interesting," explained Lark, coming to Carol's rescue. Carol was very good at meeting investigation, but when it came to prolonged explanation, Lark stood preeminent. "Of course, we don't believe it—yet. But there are some good things in it. Part of it is very beautiful. We don't just understand it—it's very deep. But some of the ideas are very fine, and—er—uplifting, you know."

Prudence looked most miserable. "But—twins, do you think—minister's daughters ought to read—things like that?" "Why, Prudence, I think minister's daughters ought to be well informed on every subject," declared Lark conscientiously. "How can we be an influence if we don't know anything about things? And I tell you what it is, Prue, I don't think it's right for all of us church people to stand back and knock Christian Science when we don't know anything about it. It's narrow minded, that's what it is. It's downright un-Christian. When you get into the book you will find it just full of fine inspiring thoughts—something like the bible—er—and very good, you know."

Prudence looked at Fairy and her aunt in helpless dismay. This was something entirely new in her experience of rearing a family. "I—I don't think you ought to read it," she said slowly. "But at the same time—"

"Of course, if you command us not to read it, we won't," said Carol generously. "Yes, we've already learned quite a lot about it," amended Lark, with something of warning in her tone.

"What do you think about it, Aunt Grace?" "Why—I don't know, Prudence. You know more about rearing twins than I do."

Prudence at that moment felt that she knew very little about it, indeed. She turned to Fairy. There was a strange intensity in Fairy's fine eyes as she studied the twins on the floor at her feet.

"You aren't thinking of turning Christian Scientists, yourselves, are you?" asked Prudence rather humbly. "Oh, of course, we aren't Scientists, Prudence," was the quick denial. "We don't know anything about it yet, really. But there are lots of very helpful things in it—and people talk about it so much, and—they have made such wonderful cures, you know, and—we'd thought we'd just study up a little."

"You take the book and read it yourself, Prue," urged Carol hospitably. "You'll see what we mean." Prudence drew back quickly as though the book would sear her fingers. She looked very forlorn. She realized that it would be bad policy to forbid the twins to read it. On the other hand, she realized equally strongly that it was certainly unwise to allow its doctrines to take root in the minds of parsonage daughters. "If only her father were at home—ten days between herself and the lifting of responsibility!"

"When father comes home—" she began. And then suddenly Fairy spoke. "I think the twins are right," she said emphatically, and the twins looked at her with a surprised anxiety that mated Prudence's own. "It would be very narrow minded of us to refuse to look into a subject as important as this. Let them go on and study it; we can decide things later."

Prudence looked very doubtful, but a warning movement of Fairy's left eyelash—the side removed from the twins—comforted her. "Well—" she said. "Of course, Prudence, we know it would nearly break father's heart for us to go back on our own church—but don't you think if folks become truly convinced that Christian Science is the true and good religion, they ought to stand by it and suffer—just like the martyrs of old?" suggested Lark, and the suggestion brought the doubt clouds thick about Prudence's head once more.

"We may not be convinced, of course," adjoined Carol, "but there is something father—assuring—about it." "Oh, twins," Prudence cried earnestly, but she stepped as she caught again the slight suggestive movement of Fairy's left eyelash.

"Well, it'll go for this afternoon," she said, eyes intent on Fairy's face. "I must think it over." The twins, with apparent relish, returned to their perusal of the book.

Fairy rose almost immediately and went into the house, coming back a moment later with her hat and gloves. "I'm going for a stroll, Prue," she said. "I'll be back in time for supper."

Prudence gazed yearningly after her departing back. She felt a great need of help in this crisis, and Fairy's nonchalance was sometimes very soothing. Aunt Grace was a darling, of course, but she had long ago disclaimed all responsibility for the rearing of the twins.

It was two hours later when Fairy came back. Prudence was alone on the porch. "Where are the twins?" asked Fairy softly. "Upstairs," was the whispered reply. "Well?"

Then Fairy spoke more loudly, confident that the twins, in their upstairs room, could hear every word she said. "Come upstairs, Prue. I want to talk this over with you alone." And then she whispered, "Now, you just take your cue from me, and do as I say. The little sinners! We'll teach them to be so funny!"

In their own room she carefully closed the door and smiled, as she noticed a creaking of the closet door on the twins' side of the wall. Eavesdropping was not included among the cardinal sins in the twins' private decalogue, when the conversation concerned themselves.

"Now, Prudence," Fairy began, speaking with an appearance of softness, though she took great pains to turn her face toward the twins' room, and enunciated very clearly indeed. "I know this will hurt you, as it does me, but we've got to face it fairly. If the twins are convinced that Christian Science is the right kind of religion, we can't stand in their way. It might turn them from all religion and make them infidels or atheists, or something worse. Any religion is better than none. I've been reading up a little myself this afternoon, and there are some good points in Christian Science. Of course, for our sakes and father's, the twins will be generous and deny they are Scientists. But at heart, they are. I saw it this afternoon. And you and I, Prudence, must stand together and back them up. They'll have to leave the Methodist church. It may break our hearts, and father's, too, but we can't wrong our little sisters just for their personal pride and pleasure in them. I think we'll have them go by the deacons next Sunday while father is gone—then he will be spared the pain of it. I'll speak to Mr. Lauren about it tomorrow. We must make it as easy for them as we can. They'll probably dismiss them—I don't suppose they'll give them letters. But it must be all over before papa comes back."

Children's Evening Story

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE DOG.

Uncle Wiggily's rheumatism was quite bad after he got wet in the fountain, as I told you in the other story, and when he thanked the mamma cat bird and her kitten birds for saving him, he found that he could hardly walk, much less carry his heavy valise.

"Oh, well! help you," said Mrs. Cat Bird. "Here Flitter and Flutter, you carry the satchel for Uncle Wiggily and we'll take him to our house."

"But, mamma," said Flutter, who was getting to be quite a big bird boy, "Uncle Wiggily can't climb up a tree to our nest."

"No, but we can make him a nice warm bed on the ground," said the mamma bird. "So you and Flitter carry the satchel. Put a long blade of grass through the handle and then each of you take hold of one end of the grass in your bills and fly away with it. Skimmer, you and Dartle go on ahead, and get something ready to eat, and I'll show Uncle Wiggily the way."

So Flitter and Flutter, the two boy birds, flew after him, carrying the satchel and Skimmer and Dartle, the girl birds, flew on ahead to set the table and put on the teakettle on the stove to boil. And Mrs. Cat Bird flew slowly on over Uncle Wiggily, to show him the way. Well, pretty soon, not so very long, they came to where the birds lived. And those good children had already started to make a nest on the ground for the old gentleman rabbit. They had it almost finished and by the time supper was ready it was all done. Then came the meal, and those birds couldn't do enough for Uncle Wiggily, because they liked him so.

When it got dark, they covered him all up, with soft leaves in the nest on the ground and there he slept until morning. His rheumatism wasn't quite so bad when, after breakfast, he felt sat out in the warm sun, for a while, and after a bit he said:

"Well, I think I'll travel along now, and see if I can find my fortune today. Perhaps I may and if I do I'll come back and bring you more peanuts."

"Oh, that'll be fine and dandy!" cried Flitter and Flutter and Skimmer and Dartle. So they said good-bye to the old gentleman rabbit, and once more he started off.

"My! I'm certainly getting to be a great traveler," he thought as he walked along through the woods and over the fields. "But I don't ever seem to get to any place. Something always happens to me. I hope everything goes along nicely today."

But you just wait and see what takes place. I'm afraid something is going to happen very shortly, but it's not my fault, and all I can do is to tell you exactly all about it. Wait! There, it's beginning to happen now.

All of a sudden, as Uncle Wiggily was traveling along, he came to a place in the woods where a whole lot of Gypsies had their wagons and tents. And on one tent, in which was an old brown and wrinkled Gypsy lady, there was a sign which read:

FORTUNES TOLD HERE. "Ha! If they tell fortunes in that tent, perhaps the Gypsy lady can tell me where to find mine," thought Uncle Wiggily. "I'll go up and ask her."

Well, he was just going to the tent when he happened to think that perhaps the Gypsy woman wouldn't understand rabbit talk. So he sat there in the bushes, thinking what he had better do, when all at once, before he could wiggle his ears more than four times, a great big, bad, ugly dog sprang at him, barking oh! so loudly.

"Come on, Bowser!" cried this dog to another one. "Here is a fat rabbit that we can catch for dinner. Come on, let's chase him!"

(Continued from yesterday.) Well, you can just imagine how frightened Uncle Wiggily was. He didn't sit there, waiting for that dog to catch him, either. No, indeed, and a bag of popcorn besides! Up jumped Uncle Wiggily, with his crutch and his valise, and he hopped as hard and as fast as he could run. My! How his legs did twist in and out.

"Come on! Come!" barked the first dog to the second one. "I'm coming! I'm coming! Woof! Woof! Bow-wow Bow-wow!" barked the second dog.

Poor Uncle Wiggily's heart beat faster and faster, and he didn't know which way to run. Every way he turned the dogs were after him, and soon more of the savage animals came to join the first two, until all the dogs in that gypsy camp were chasing the poor old gentleman rabbit.

"I guess I'll have to drop my satchel or my crutch," thought Uncle Wiggily. "I can't carry them much farther. Still, I don't want to lose them." So he held on to them a little longer, took a good breath and ran on some more.

He thought he saw a chance to escape by running across in front of the fortune telling tent, and he started that way, but a gypsy man, with a gun, saw him and fired at him. I'm glad to say, however, that he didn't shoot Uncle Wiggily, or else I couldn't tell any more stories about him.

Uncle Wiggily got safely past the tent, but the dogs were almost up to him now. One of them was just going to catch him by his left hind leg, when one of the gypsy men cried out: "Grab him, Biter! Grab him! We'll have rabbit pottage for dinner; that's what we'll have!"

Wasn't that a perfectly dreadful way to talk about our Uncle Wiggily? But just wait, if you please, as I'm going to grab the rabbit, was just going to grab the rabbit, when all of a sudden Uncle Wiggily saw a big hole in the ground.

BEAUTY CHATS

EDNA KENT FORBES

How About Your Diet?

YOUR LOOKS DEPEND upon your food. Right food will give you right nourishment, which, if combined with enough exercise to keep the organs

If you are fat, the list varies a trifle: Skimmed milk, very little of that, very rare beef, chicken broth, no water with meals, not much water at all, no butter, no sugar. Pickles are good, grape-fruit, oranges, black coffee, strong tea, dry toast, lettuce, spinach also, but no candy, no cake, no pastry, no ice-cream.

If you are anemic, rare roast beef and steak, beets, salads of all kinds, with plenty of olive oil, rich milk, plenty of water, green vegetables, cranberries, chicken, roast lamb, bacon, eggs, potatoes, very little sweets.

If you are nervous, cut tea and coffee absolutely from the list, use hot milk or hot chocolate, eat plenty of salads, drink lots of water. Follow the food list for thin people, and take a nap each day if possible.

If you are inclined to constipation, eat juicy foods, fruits of all kinds except bananas; drink two quarts of water a day, eat lots of figs. If you are inclined the other way, barley broth will help you a lot.

Questions and Answers Every month a large pile comes on my nose, red, with a yellowish discharge. One doctor says it's catarrh, another says it's leucorrhoea, as my mother had the same affliction. What advice can you give me about it?—Margie.

Reply—What special period does the pimple appear? The trouble is with your blood; you need a blood purifier and tonic. Probably the fact that the blood vessels are near the surface of the skin on the nose brings this pimple to that spot. If you are not anemic, don't eat much meat or sweet foods for a time. Get a blood purifier—that's all the trouble needs.

What way can I make my ankles slim? Wearing low shoes this summer has made them much thicker.—Zillah T. Reply—High shoes will automatically reduce them. You can have the buttons on your first high pair tightened after wearing them a few weeks.

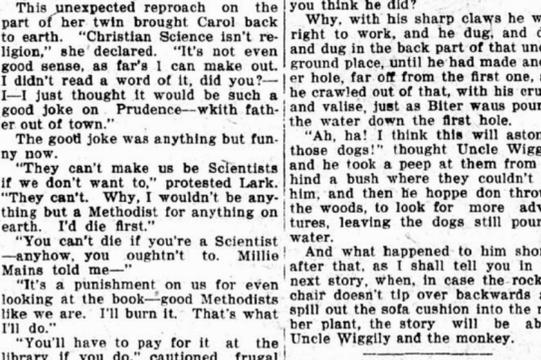
Such beauty and brightness as this is the result of common sense diet and habits

in condition, and plenty of bathing, will raise the standard of health. Poor food will cause acids and any number of attendant ills. The latest discovery of doctors is that hay fever comes from chronic indigestion.

If you are thin, here are the foods you should eat of mostly:

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Courier's Drawing Puzzle



Can you finish this picture? COMPLETE THE PICTURE BY DRAWING A LINE THROUGH THE DOTS BEGIN AT NO. 1 AND TAKE THEM NUMERICALLY.

MANY COLT SHOWS PLANNED FOR MONTH

Bonaparte, Sept. 21.—A series of colt shows is to be held in this county first week of October with dates as follows: Douds-Leando, Oct. 2; Birmingham, Oct. 3; Mountport, Oct. 4; Bonaparte, Oct. 5; Mount Sterling, Oct. 6; Keosauqua, Oct. 7.

A county show for all classes of horses and the two best colts from each show will be held on Oct. 13. Professor Hart will judge the week of shows. Professor O'Donnell will judge the county show.

GUARDSMEN NEED NOT RETURN HOME

San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 21.—The request of 300 members of the second New York infantry to remain on border duty after they had been ordered home resulted today in an announcement by Gen. Funston that guardsmen who wished to stay could transfer to other regiments, releasing men who wanted to return to their homes.