

YES! MAGICALLY! CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freestone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callous, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callous loosens so it can be lifted out, root and all, without pain. A small bottle of freestone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callous. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freestone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house. It is fine stuff and acts like a charm every time.

Unaltered.

Sandy Macpherson came home after many years and met his old sweetheart. Honey-laden memories thrilled through the twilight and flushed their glowing cheeks.

"Ah, Mary," exclaimed Sandy, "you are just as beautiful as you ever were, and I have never forgotten you, my bonnie lass."

"And you, Sandy," she cried, while her blue eyes moistened, "are just as big a leaver as ever, an' I believe you 're the same."—Liverpool Post.

Is a Poor Skin Your Handicap?

That skin-trouble may be more than a source of suffering and embarrassment—it may be holding you back in the business world, keeping you out of a better job for which a good appearance is required. Why "take a chance" when Resinol Ointment heals skin-eruptions so easily, is so simple and economical to use? It has such a record of success that you need not hesitate to try it. Resinol Ointment is sold by all druggists.

Business Weight.

"Our forefathers pledged their sacred honor when they started this country."

"How much did they raise on the pledge in cash?"—Baltimore American.

A Poser.

On the menu card of a big hotel in New York the following notice is printed: "Articles brought into the hotel and used at the table will be charged for as though furnished by the house."

On reading this one guest inquired: "Does this apply to false teeth?"—Boston Journal.

Was Against Over-Restraint.

He—It's hard to keep from kissing you.

She—You must be careful not to over-exert yourself.—Boston Transcript.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF, HAIR STOPS FALLING

Save your hair! Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little danderine. Save your hair! Try it!

Whenever there is a tendency to constipation, sick-headache, or biliousness, take a cup of Garfield Tea. All druggists.

A Misapprehension.

"I understand," remarked Mrs. McGudley, "that they're on the lookout for some speakeasy liquor around here."

"Yes. It is very objectionable."

"Is that so. I kind of thought maybe as how speakeasy liquor might be better than the sort that keeps men up o' nights tryin' to sing at the top o' their voices."—Washington Star.

Something Accomplished.

"My wife went to a beauty doctor to have her complexion cleared."

"Well, was it?"

"No, but my pocketbook was."

Is Mealtime a Worry to You

IS THE APPETITE POOR
IS THE DIGESTION WEAK
IS THE LIVER LAZY, AND
THE BOWELS CONSTIPATED

Under such conditions you cannot obtain the maximum value from your food.

Give proper help at once—TRY

**HOSTETTER'S
Stomach Bitters**

PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

by
ETHEL HUESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. C. TANNER

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THE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION FORGET THAT THE PARSONAGE FOLKS NEED MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS, SO LITTLE CONNIE TELLS BANKER SOME PLAIN TRUTHS

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, comes to Mount Mark, Ia., to take charge of the congregation there. He has five charming daughters, the eldest of whom, Prudence, age nineteen, keeps house and mothers the family. Her younger sisters are Fairy, the twins Carol and Lark, and Constance, the "baby." The family's coming stirs the curiosity of the townspeople. After a few weeks the Starrs are well settled. Prudence has her hands full with the mischievous youngsters, but she loves them devotedly despite their outrageous pranks. It is a joyous household, but the parsonage girls are embarrassed at Christmas time because the congregation has failed to pay the pastor's salary. Little Connie needs clothing, and sadly disappointed, takes matters into her own hands.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Oh, I had her dressed warmly underneath, very warmly indeed," declared Prudence. "But no matter how warm you are underneath, you look cold if you aren't visibly prepared for winter weather. I kept hoping enough money would come in to buy her a coat for once in her life."

"She has been looking forward to one long enough," put in Fairy. "This will be a bitter blow to her. And yet it is not such a bad-looking coat, after all." And she quickly ran up a seam on the machine.

"Here comes Connie!" Prudence hastily swept a pile of scraps out of sight, and turned to greet her little sister with a cheery smile.

"Come on in, Connie," she cried, with a brightness she did not feel. "Fairy and I are making you a new coat. Isn't it pretty? And so warm! See the nice velvet collar and cuffs. We want to fit it on you right away, dear."

Connie picked up a piece of the goods and examined it intently.

"Don't you want some fudge, Connie?" exclaimed Fairy, showing the dish toward her hurriedly.

Connie took a piece from the plate, and thrust it between her teeth. Her eyes were still fastened upon the brown furry cloth.

"Where did you get this stuff?" she inquired, as soon as she was able to speak.

"Out of the trunk in the garret, Connie. Don't you want some more fudge? I put a lot of nuts in, especially on your account."

"It's good," said Connie, taking another piece. She examined the cloth very closely. "Say, Prudence, isn't this that old brown coat of father's?"

Fairy shoved her chair back from the machine, and ran to the window. "Look, Prue," she cried. "Isn't that Mrs. Adams coming this way? I wonder—"

"No, it isn't," answered Connie gravely. "It's just Miss Avery getting home from school. Isn't it, Prudence? Father's coat, I mean?"

"Yes, Connie, it is," said Prudence, very gently. "But no one here has seen it, and it is such nice cloth—just exactly what girls are wearing now."

"But I wanted a new coat!" Connie did not cry. She stood looking at Prudence with her wide hurt eyes.

"Oh, Connie, I'm just as sorry as you are," cried Prudence, with starting tears. "I know just how you feel about it! But the people didn't pay father up last month. Maybe after Christmas we can get you a coat. They pay up better then."

"I think I'd rather wear my summer coat until then," said Connie soberly.

"Oh, but you can't, dearest. It is too cold. Won't you be a good girl now, and not make sister feel badly about it? It really is becoming to you, and it is nice and warm. Take some more fudge, dear, and run out-of-doors a while. You'll feel better about it presently, I'm sure."

Connie stood solemnly beside the table, her eyes still fastened on the coat, cut down from her father's. "Can I go and take a walk?" she asked finally.

"May I, you mean," suggested Fairy.

"Yes, may I? Maybe I can reconcile myself to it."

"Yes, go and take a walk," urged Prudence promptly, eager to get the small sober face beyond her range of vision.

"If I am not back when the twins get home, go right on and eat without me. I'll come back when I get things straightened out in my mind."

When Connie was quite beyond hearing, Prudence dropped her head on the table and wept. "Oh, Fairy, if the members just knew how such things hurt, maybe they'd pay up a little better. How do they expect parsonage people to keep up appearances when they haven't any money?"

"Oh, now, Prue, you're worse than Connie! There's no use to cry about it. Parsonage people have to find happiness in spite of financial misery. Money isn't the first thing with folks like us."

"Poor little Connie! If she had

cried about it, I wouldn't have cared so much. But she looked so—heart sick, didn't she, Fairy?"

Connie certainly was heartsick. More than that, she was a little disgusted. She felt herself aroused to take action. Things had gone too far! Go to church in her father's coat she could not! She walked sturdily down the street toward the "city"—ironically so called. Her face was stony, her hands were clenched. But finally she brightened. Her lagging steps quickened. She skipped along quite cheerfully. She turned westward as she reached the corner of the square, and walked along that business street with shining eyes. In front of the First National bank she paused, but after a few seconds she passed by. On the opposite corner was another bank. When she reached it, she walked in without pausing, and the massive door swung behind her.

The four older girls were at the table when Connie came home. She exhaled quiet satisfaction from every pore. Prudence glanced at her once, and then looked away again. "She has reconciled herself," she thought. Dinner was half over before Constance burst her bomb.

"Are you going to be busy this afternoon, Prudence?" she asked quietly.

"We are going to sew a little," said Prudence. "Why?"

"I wanted you to go downtown with me after school."

"Well, perhaps I can do that. Fairy will be able to finish the coat alone."

"You needn't finish the coat—I can't wear father's coat to church, Prudence. It's a—it's a—physical impossibility."

The twins laughed, Fairy smiled, but Prudence gazed at "the baby" with tender pity.

"I'm so sorry, dearest, but we haven't the money to buy one now."

"Will five dollars be enough?" inquired Connie, and she placed a crisp new bill beside her plate. The twins gasped! They gazed at Connie with new respect. They were just wishing they could handle five-dollar bills so recklessly.

"Will you loan me twenty dollars until after Christmas, Connie?" queried Fairy.

But Prudence asked, "Where did you get this money, Connie?"

"I borrowed it—from the bank," Connie replied with proper gravity. "I have two years to pay it back. Mr. Harold says they are proud to have my trade."

Prudence was silent for several long seconds. Then she inquired in a low voice, "Did you tell him why you wanted it?"

"Yes, I explained the whole situation."

"What did he say?"

"He said he knew just how I felt, because he knew he couldn't go to church in his wife's coat.—No, I said that myself, but he agreed with me. He did not say very much, but he looked sympathetic. He said he anticipated great pleasure in seeing me in my new coat at church next Sunday."

"Go on with your luncheon, twins," said Prudence sternly. "You'll be late to school. We'll see about going down town when you get home tonight, Connie. Now, eat your luncheon, and don't talk about coats any more."

When Connie had gone back to school, Prudence went straight to Mr. Harold's bank. Flushed and embarrassed, she explained the situation frankly. "My sympathies are all with Connie," she said candidly. "But I am afraid father would not like it. We are dead set against borrowing. After—our mother was taken, we were crowded pretty close for money. So we had to go in debt. It took us two years to get it paid. Father and Fairy and I talked it over then, and decided we would starve rather than borrow again. Even the twins understood it, but Connie was too little. She doesn't know how heartbreaking it is to keep handing over every cent for debt, when one is just yearning for other things. I do wish she might have the coat, but I'm afraid father would not like it. She gave me the five dollars for safekeeping, and I have brought it back."

Mr. Harold shook his head. "No, Connie must have her coat. This will be a good lesson for her. It will teach

her the bitterness of living under debt! Besides, Prudence, I think in my heart that she is right this time. This is a case where borrowing is justified. Get her the coat, and I'll square the account with your father." Then he added, "And I'll look after this salary business after this. I'll arrange with the trustees that I am to pay your father his full salary the first of every month, and that the church receipts are to be turned in to me. And if they do not pay up, my lawyer can do a little investigating! Little Connie earned that five dollars, for she taught one trustee a sorry lesson. And he will have to pass it on to the others in self-defense! Now, run along and get the coat, and if five dollars isn't enough you can have as much more as you need. Your father will get his salary after this, my dear, if we have to mortgage the parsonage!"

CHAPTER VII.

A Burglar's Visit.

"Prue!" A small hand gripped Prudence's shoulder, and again came a hoarsely whispered:

"Prue!"

Prudence sat up in bed with a bounce.

"What in the world?" she began, gazing out into the room, half-lighted by the moonshine, and seeing Carol and Lark shivering beside her bed.

"Sh! Sh! Hush!" whispered Lark. "There's a burglar in our room!"

By this time, even sound-sleeping Fairy was awake. "Oh, there is!" she scoffed.

"Yes, there is," declared Carol with some heat. "We heard him, plain as day. He stepped into the closet, didn't he, Lark?"

"He certainly did," agreed Lark. "Did you see him?"

"No, we heard him. Carol heard him first, and she spoke, and nudged me. Then I heard him, too. He was at our dresser, but he shot across the room and into the closet. He closed the door after him. He's there now."

"You've been dreaming," said Fairy, lying down again.

"We don't generally dream the same thing at the same minute," said Carol stormily. "I tell you he's in there."

"And you two great big girls came off and left poor little Connie in there



Prudence Dropped Her Head on the Table and Wept.

alone with a burglar, did you? Well, you are nice ones, I must say."

And Prudence leaped out of bed and started for the door, followed by Fairy, with the twins creeping fearfully along in the rear.

"She was asleep," muttered Carol. "We didn't want to scare her," added Lark.

Prudence was careful to turn the switch by the door, so that the room was in full light before she entered. The closet door was wide open. Connie was soundly sleeping. There was no one else in the room.

"You see?" said Prudence sternly. "I'll bet he took our ruby rings," declared Lark, and the twins and Fairy ran to the dresser to look.

But a sickening realization had come home to Prudence. In the lower hall, under the staircase, was a small dark closet which they called the dungeon. The dungeon door was big and solid, and was equipped with a heavy catch-lock. In this dungeon, Prudence kept the family silverware, and all the money she had on hand, as it could there be safely locked away. But more often than not, Prudence forgot to lock it.

Have you ever awakened to find a burglar in your room? What did you do—pretend sleep? Or shout? Or keep still at his command?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Urgent.

Just as the Christmas dinner was on the table, and the family had gathered about it, big sister stepped into the hall to look at her hair in the mirror there.

Helen was hungry, and everything did look and smell so good, and yet she knew well that father would not say grace until big sister was also in her seat.

"Hurry up, Ruth," she called. "God's waiting."

TO CLEAN SILVER

GOVERNMENT EXPERTS TELL OF
BEST METHODS.

Directions for Preparing a Cleaning Material That Has Much Virtue—Must Be Applied With Care and Thoroughness.

For the benefit of those who have the care of silver, the office of home economics at Washington has made a thorough study of the electrolytic method of cleaning and has published the results of their work in United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 440.

After discussing several types of commercial cleaners and giving the results of various analyses, they suggest the following method as being cheap and satisfactory:

"An enamel or agateware dish should be partly filled with a cleaning solution of one teaspoonful of either washing or baking soda and one teaspoonful of common table salt to each quart of water and placed directly on the stove to boil. A sheet of aluminum or clean zinc should then be dropped into the dish and tarnished silver placed in contact with the metal. It is best that the silver be entirely covered with the cleaning solution and that the solution remain at the boiling temperature. As soon as the tarnish has been removed the silver should be removed, rinsed in clean water, and wiped with a soft cloth. Zinc may be used in place of aluminum, but it becomes corroded and inactive in a much shorter time."

The electrolytic method cleans plated or sterling silverware without loss of metal, giving, however, a satin finish rather than a burnished appearance, and has the additional advantages of being both clean and labor-saving.—Clara Glidden, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.

Silver Cake.

Beat whites of four eggs stiff, one and one-half cupfuls sugar, one-half cupful butter, one cupful-cream or rich milk, two and one-third cupfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda or two and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, flavor with lemon. Cream butter and sugar together. Add egg whites, then milk, alternately, with flour in which baking powder and salt have been sifted four times. Last add one cupful coconut if liked. Frost with cream frosting made as follows: One and one-half cupfuls powdered sugar, two teaspoonfuls butter and sufficient cream to make of right consistency to spread. No flavoring, as butter and cream flavor it. Beat half five minutes and spread on cake.

Delmonico Cream Roll Potatoes.

Here are two Delmonico potato recipes: Pare potatoes and cut them into bits the size of a pea. Keep them in cold water until all are ready. For each scant pint of potatoes make a pint of white sauce, seasoning with onion juice or celery salt. Stir the potatoes into the hot sauce, turn into a well-buttered agate sauce pan and cook in the oven until the potatoes are tender and the sauce is absorbed, with the exception of just enough to hold the bits of potatoes together. Fold one part over the other as an omelet and turn onto a hot dish. The potatoes should not brown above or below. If necessary, set them on the grate and cover the pan.

Fried Parsley.

We always use a little fried parsley to ornament our meat dishes with. This is how it is done: Wait until a bluish smoke is rising from the fat, then remove it to the side of the fire. When it has cooled slightly throw in the parsley, and leave it until the fat has almost stopped spluttering. Then lift it out at once and drain it well, when it should be a lovely green color. Be careful not to over fry it, or it will turn an ugly brownish color.—Boston Globe.

Lemon Pudding.

Sauce—One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls water, butter size of egg, juice and rind of one lemon.

Batter—One cupful sugar, one cupful water, butter size of egg, one teaspoonful baking powder, flour enough to make batter like cake.

Mix the sauce in granite pan and let stand till dissolved, then pour batter over sauce and bake in a medium oven. Good either hot or cold.

Steamed Suet Pudding.

One cupful chopped suet, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one cupful molasses, one and one-half cupfuls milk, two and one-half cupfuls flour, one cupful chopped raisins, one cupful currants, a little cut up citron, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, one teaspoonful nutmeg. Steam four hours. Serve hot with hard sauce.

To Protect Bed Springs.

Cover your bed springs with a cover of heavy unbleached muslin or ticking, sewing tapes to each corner to keep it tied on firmly. This will protect your mattress from iron rust and can be taken off and shaken every week and washed when soiled.

Kitchen Bags.

There are bags for corks and bags for string and bags for paper, all of which offer suggestions for the embroiderer who wants to contribute to a kitchen or linen shower.

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, COMING

Look Mother! If longer it cleanses little bowels with California Syrup of Figs.

Mother can rest easy when California Syrup of Figs is used a few hours all the clogged-up bowels and fermenting food moves out of the bowels, and your well, playful child again. Sick children needn't be taken to the hospital. Millions of mothers keep it because they know its action on stomach, liver and bowels is safe and sure.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of California Syrup of Figs, which contains directions for children of all ages and for grown-ups.

One Instance.

"Like produces like." "Yes; I suppose that is one of the reasons why they have baggage smoking trunk lines."—Baltimore American.

SAGE TEA KEEPS YOUR HAIR

When Mixed with Sulphur Brings Back Its Beautiful Lustré at Once.

Gray hair, however handsomely notes advancing age. We all the advantage of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your crown makes or mars the face. It fades, turns gray and looks shabby, just a few applications of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look for either prepare the recipe at home get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this preparation, because it dyes the hair beautifully, besides, so possible tell, as it darkens so easily and evenly. You may sponge or soft brush with it, using this through the hair, taking small strands at a time. By the gray hair disappears; all other application or two, its color is restored and it becomes glossy and lustrous, and you are years younger.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet preparation. It is not intended for the cure, or prevention of disease.

The Reason.

"If I stand on my head, the blood all rushes to my head, doesn't it?" No one ventured to contradict. "Now," he continued triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet, why the blood all rush into my head?" "Because," replied Horatio Guinness, "your feet are not on Ram's Horns."

A Cynical Parrot.

Daughter—Oh, but you are dreadfully lacking in self-control. Mother—Don't get excited about dear. If they weren't most girls die old maids.—Boston Transcript.

Home Truth.

"My wife would rather eat salt."

"So would mine—than eat the she cooks."—Boston Transcript.

END STOMACH TROUBLE, GASES OR BILIOUSNESS

"Pape's Diapepsin" makes the Gassy Stomach surely feel better in five minutes.

If what you just ate is your stomach or lies like a lead, refusing to digest, or gas, and eructate sour, or food, or have a feeling of heartburn, fullness, nausea, in mouth and stomach, or can get blessed relief in five minutes by getting a large fifty-cent Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes less it is to suffer from dyspepsia or any stomach trouble. It's the quickest surest restorer in the world. It's worth a try.

Here First.

Willie was boasting about it. "Our folks came over in flower," he declared proudly. "Huh! That's nothing. I guess they stayed here folks the first night after they got here."—Boston Transcript.

Use Marine after Dinner.

Cutting Winds and Debs. Refreshes and Promotes Sleep. Good for all Eyes that Suffer. Marine Eye Remedy. Send: Eye Book on request.

Both Ways.

"There is much opposition to an embargo on wheat." "Yes; it goes against the Baltimore Americans."

As we grow more sensible, we should take Nature's Food Tea.

Time Limited.

"I see that Miss Gunn is last."

"Well, it was time she was off."—Baltimore American.

Every
For Constipation
Headache
BRAND
Safe and