

Snake Oil

Effectively Relieve Pain in Three Minutes. Right now for rheumatism, lumbago, sore, stiff, swollen joints, pains in the head, back, arms, corns, bunions, etc. After application pain disappears as if by magic.



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Notice to Pensioners.

And in two minutes he was down, agonizingly anxious, knowing that something was wrong. Prudence was waiting for him, and as he reached the bottom step she clutched his hands desperately.

"Jerry," she whispered, "I—forgive me—I honestly— Oh, I didn't think what I was saying last night. You were so dear, and I was so happy, and for a while I really believed we could belong to each other. But I can't, you know. I've promised papa and the girls a dozen times that I would never marry. Don't you see how it is? I must take it back."

"Dearest," he said gently, "You love me. Your father would never allow you to sacrifice yourself like that. The girls would not hear of it. They want you to be happy. And you can't be happy without me, can you?"

"You are nervous and excited," he said tenderly. "Let's wait until after breakfast. Then we'll talk it all over with your father, and it shall be as he says. Won't that be better?"

"Oh, no. For father will say whatever he thinks will make me happy. He must not know a thing about it. Promise, Jerry, that you will never tell him one word."

"I promise, of course, Prudence. I will tell you tell him."

"You are nervous and excited," he said tenderly. "Let's wait until after breakfast. Then we'll talk it all over with your father, and it shall be as he says. Won't that be better?"

When he came down a little later, with his suitcase, his face was white and strained. She put her arms around his neck. "Jerry," she whispered. "I want to tell you that I love you so much that I could go away with you, and never see any of them any more, or papa, or the parsonage, and still feel rich, if I just had you! You—everything in me seems to be all yours. I—love you."

"Whenever you want me, Prudence just send. I'll never change. I'll always be just the same. God intended you for me, I know, and I'll be waiting."



"Whenever You Send, I Will Come."

such horrible wrong. "Good-by, sweetheart. Remember, I will be waiting. Whenever you send, I will come."

CHAPTER XII.

She Comes to Grief. Fairy was one of those buoyant, warm-blooded girls to whom sleep is indeed the great restorer. Now she stood in the kitchen door, tall, cheeks glowing, eyes sparkling, and smiled at her sister's solemn back.

"You are the little mousey, Prue," she said, in her full rich voice. "I didn't hear you come to bed last night, and I didn't hear you getting out this morning. Why, what is the matter?"

"Prudence! You are sick! Go to bed and let me get breakfast. Here, get out of this, and I will—"

"Jerry!" "Then, sweetheart, be reasonable. Your father loved your mother, and married her. That is God's plan for all of us. You have been a wonderfully brave and sweet daughter and sister. I know. But surely Fairy is old enough to take your place now."

clearly. She turned the knob softly, and peeped in. "May I come in a minute?" Standing close beside him, she told him all she knew of what had happened.

"Prudence is ghastly, father, just ghastly. And she can't talk about it yet, so be careful what you say, will you?"

"You are a darling, Fairy, but I really do not want to talk about it. Oh, no, indeed, it is all my own fault. I told him to go, and not come again. No, you are wrong, Fairy, I do not regret it. I do not want him to come any more."

"But if he should come back now—" "It would be just the same. Don't worry about it, father. It's all right."

"Then he took a serious step, without her knowledge. He went to Des Moines, and had a visit with Jerry. He found him thinner, his face sterner, his eyes darker. When the office boy announced 'Mr. Starr,' Jerry ran quickly out to greet him."

"Is she all right?" he cried eagerly, almost before he was within hailing distance.

"Look here, Jerry. I want to know. Why are you staying away?" "Won't Prudence tell you?" "No."

"Then I cannot. She made me promise not to tell you a word. But it is not my fault, Mr. Starr. I can tell you that. It is nothing I have done or said. She sent me away because she thinks it was right for her to do so, and—you know Prudence! It is wrong, I know. I knew it all the time. But I couldn't make her see it. And she made me promise not to tell."

Lark looked thoughtfully out of the window, and Carol swallowed hard. It was she who said gently, "Why, of course, Prue—just as you say."

happy knowing it is where it ought to be, even though I myself am banished. I love you, Prudence. Whenever you send for me, I am ready to come. Entirely and always yours, Jerry."

"Yes, indeed," declared her father. "How beautiful it is! Is Jerry coming to spend Christmas with us?"

"Lark came to her twin's defense. 'Yes, a bird—that's just what he is.' Carol smiled. 'We saw him use his wings when Connie yanked him out of the big maple, didn't we, Lark?'"

"Your picture! Oh, Prudence! Where are they? Aren't you going to give us one?"

"From that day on Prudence always wore the sparkling ring—and the women of the Methodist church nearly had mental paralysis marveling over a man who gave a diamond ring and never came a-wooing! And a girl who accepted and wore his offering, with nothing to say for the man! And it was the consensus of opinion in Mount Mark that modern lovers were mostly crazy, anyhow!"

And springtime came again. Now the twins were always original in their amusements. They never followed blindly after the dictates of custom. And when other girls played "catch" with dainty rubber balls, the twins took unto themselves a big and heavy croquet ball—found in the Avery woodshed. To be sure, it stung and bruised their hands. What matter? At any rate, they continued endangering their lives and beauties by reckless pitching of the ungainly plaything.

One Friday evening after school they were amusing themselves on the parsonage lawn with this huge ball. When their father turned in, they ran up to him with a sporting proposition.

"Let you a nickel, papa," cried Carol, "that you can't throw this ball as far as the schoolhouse woodshed!—By the way, will you lend me a nickel, papa?"

Lark screamed and Carol sank faintly to the ground. For an instant Mr. Starr himself stood swaying. Then he rushed across the lawn. For Prudence had opened the front door and stepped quickly out on the walk by the corner of the house. The heavy ball struck her on the forehead and she fell heavily, without a moan.

The auditor's office will be open from the first day of January to the 20th day of February, 1918, to make returns of all real and personal property for taxation.

Monday, Jan. 14, Scuffletown township, S. J. Craig's store.

Monday, Jan. 14, Jacks township, S. W. Dean's.

Monday, Jan. 14, Hunter township, Mountville.

Monday, Jan. 14, Cross Hill township, Cross Hill.

Tuesday, Jan. 15, Waterloo Township, Waterloo.

Monday, Jan. 14, Waterloo township, W. C. Thompson's.

Tuesday, Jan. 15, Waterloo township, Jerry C. Martin's store.

Tuesday, Jan. 15, Dial's township, B. Mahon's store.

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And Springtime Came Again.

DOCTOR SAYS VINOL IS THE BEST TONIC

Honest Opinion Doctor Gave His Patient. Bedford, Ohio.—"I was in a pitiful condition, weak, nervous and run down so I could not do my housework. I had doctored for years and tried everything under the sun."

Soon Over His Cold. Everyone speaks well of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy after having used it. Mrs. George Lewis, Pittsfield, N. Y., has this to say regarding it: "Last winter my little boy, five years old, was sick with a cold for two or three weeks. I doctored him and used various cough medicines but nothing did him much good until I began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He then improved rapidly and in a few days was over his cold."

Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S FAST-LEISURE TONIC, drives out malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 60c