

THE NOVELETTE.

PRUE'S JOKE

(By Myra A. Wingate)

The Peterson twins were as nearly alike as two human beings could be. It was really almost impossible to tell one from the other, and odd mistakes had often resulted from the resemblance, but they had never willfully misled any one until some spirit of mischief put it into Prue's head that it would be a great joke to make Bert Kelly take Prissy to the play instead of Prue herself, whom he had invited. She would go with Prissy's admirer. Harrison Kent,

who would think all the time that he was escorting Prissy.

Quiet Prissy was doubtful.

"Suppose they should find out," she said, "how could we explain?"

"They won't find out until we tease them about it afterward," answered mischievous Prue. "Besides if they do? I'd like to see Bert Kelly get ruffled for once in his life."

"Why, Prue, I thought you liked Bert," remonstrated Prissy.

"You mistake, sister. He's too quiet and slow," said Prue, dancing away to rattle off a gay tune on the piano.

After more persuasion, Prissy agreed to the joke.

The nearest large town, where they usually went to the theatre, was two miles away. Winter had turned the highways into a hard packed road of glistening white.

Muffled in winter wraps, there was no danger that the change of partners would be noticed on the way and the theatre would be darkened a part of the time, so argued wicked Prue, as Harrison tucked her into the sleigh, and it would add so much spice to the evening's enjoyment.

Prissy had more misgivings as her quiet escort arranged the robes, but being well into the scheme, there

was nothing for it but to take her courage in both hands and see it through.

It was a night of moonlight and witchery. Harrison thought that Prissy had never been more enchanting. Prue, remembering the part she was playing, tried to subdue her high spirits to imitate her sister's gentle ways.

Without warning, Harrison drew rein under the shadow of a big pine tree.

"Prissy, I can't wait any longer. I want to tell you something. I've been trying to say it all winter—only you were so quiet, I was afraid you didn't like me. But I mean—would you marry me?"

Confusion fell upon poor wicked Prue. She couldn't refuse him, because perhaps Prissy would say "yes;" nor could she accept, for Prissy might say "no." What right had she to hear the words meant for her sister alone?

There was only one thing she could say, and she said it. She did not have to pretend the tremble in her voice.

"I can't tell you tonight, Harrison. Give me a little time to think, please. And will you please, the very next pleasant night, drive out to this very same tree and say to me just exactly what you said tonight? And then I'll tell you."

Very much puzzled, the young man promised.

"Tomorrow night?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Prue in a muffled voice.

Harrison drove on briskly after that, for Bert and his lady were far ahead.

Prissy played Prue to the best of her ability, making her usually quiet self unconscious that Bert was enjoying this glimpse of what he thought Prue's quieter side.

He tucked the robes carefully around her, and reaching one arm across her shoulder to pull the furs closer, let it linger there for an instant. Prissy sat petrified. If only Prue were here and she were anywhere else.

What Bert said was, "I like you awfully well when you are jolly and full of fun. I wouldn't have you change for anything in the world. But I like you when you're quiet, too. If you wouldn't laugh at me so much I'd like to tell you something."

Prissy strangled a gasp.

"Tomorrow night, Bert," she said positively. "Promise me, not until tomorrow, and I won't laugh, honestly."

Bert promised, bewildered, but obedient.

Once inside the theatre, the girls somewhat recovered their spirits. Prue played her part with enjoyment, and Prissy with hidden terror. Dressed exactly alike, as they were, the resemblance was wonderful.

Prissy whispered to her sister during the intermission. "Be sure to make Harrison keep close to us during the ride home"—and Prue managed it.

In their own room at last, Prue sat down on the bed and pulled Prissy down beside her.

"Reports are in order, Pris," she said. "Come across, little sister. Did he find out—and what did he say?"

Prissy blushed very deeply, much to Prue's delight, but it was her turn to blush when she heard what Bert had said. "And I couldn't let him say any more," concluded Prissy, "but I told him he might say it tomorrow night."

Prue considered gravely before she gave her report. Then she said: "Your Harrison is a very sudden young man, Pris. I'm not going to tell you exactly what he said, because he's coming to take you riding tomorrow night. Don't you act surprised at a single thing he says. Act as if you had heard it all before, and when it comes to the end—use your judgment."

And in spite of threats and entreaties she would say no more.

The young men appeared promptly, true to their appointment. Prue was gay enough, but Bert had never been so conscious of the hidden gentleness under the mischief. When they were alone, before the blazing wood fire, he said diffidently: "May I finish what I started to say last evening?"

He finished it, to the satisfaction of both.

Out under the stars Harrison and Priscilla sped along until the horse was checked under a certain pine tree, and Harrison said impetuously: "I can't say it just as I did last night, Pris, because I was so rattled I don't know what I did say, but I love you. Please will you marry me?"

Prissy's answer was entirely satisfactory.

That night, at bedtime, two happy girls compared experiences.

"Are you ever going to tell about our joke, Pris?" asked Prue, brushing out her long hair at the mirror.

"No," answered Priscilla. "Are you?"

"Never!" was the emphatic reply. And they never did.

—Like the foundation of a building, any philosophy can be undermined if we dig deep enough.

Periodic Bilious Attacks.

Persons subject to bilious attacks at regular intervals know about when to expect an attack. They find that they have no desire for food when an attack is due but usually eat because it is meal time. Skip one meal and take three of Chamberlain's Tablets and you may be able to avoid the attack. Persons subject to periodic bilious attacks should not drink tea or coffee at a time.

Many Tell Of Quick Relief Of Long Standing Troubles

Real Power of Hospital's Home Treatment Shown By Results in Chronic Disorders of Stomach, Liver and Kidneys.

Three Cases Typical of Scores of Others Reported at Hospital from Points Where Sanux is Now Being Distributed

Perhaps the most striking evidence of the remarkable power of the prescription now known as Sanux, which was used at the United States Medico-Chemi Hospital for indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, torpid liver and stomach complaints arising from stomach, liver and kidney troubles, is found in the speedy manner in which chronic, long standing disorders respond to the treatment.

A great many of those who received the treatment at the hospital during the past several years were suffering from severe and complicated troubles, and it was the seemingly miraculous recoveries in many of these cases which created so much comment and caused the fame of the medicine to become widespread.

Thus it was that the demand for the prescription became so great that the directors of the hospital decided to offer it to the public for home treatment.

The following statements which have recently been reported to the hospital are typical of scores of cases in which Sanux has promptly relieved disorders of long standing, in many cases after all other means had failed.

R. R. Man Is Relieved After Long Suffering

Vinton, Va.—"I suffered for years with chronic indigestion," says Mr. S. E. Settle, a well-known railroad man of Vinton. "I had headaches all the time, was nervous and could hardly sleep at night. Food soured in my stomach and didn't seem to do me any good and I lost flesh and got in a terrible run-down condition. I tried many medicines, but nothing seemed to do me any good. Then I heard about Sanux and began taking it. I am now on my second bottle, and it has done me a

lot of good. My digestion is better. I am not troubled with headaches any more, I sleep better and feel stronger and have more energy. My son is troubled with constipation and I've started him taking Sanux also, and it has helped him. Sanux has helped me after other medicines had failed, and I am glad to recommend it to others who suffer as I did."

Mrs. Robertson Says She Suffered For Seven Years

Roanoke, Va.—"For the past seven years I have suffered with constipation and indigestion, and one bottle of Sanux has given me relief I was never able to secure by any



United Medico-Chemi Hospital, 10th and Clay Sts., Richmond, Va.

means," declared Mrs. G. T. Robertson of 1710 Norfolk avenue, this city.

"My indigestion was so bad when I lay down nights, I would almost smother, but today I'm looking better, have a good color, my appetite

is improving, and I sleep fine, resting better than in many years. Those smothering spells have ceased entirely, and I am relieved for once of constipation troubles. It has brought such quick relief I know I am now on the road to good health. I gladly endorse Sanux."

N. C. Farmer Relieved Of Three Years' Suffering

Pelham, N. C.—Mr. R. H. Jones, a well-known farmer living on Route 2, near this place, has been the victim of a severe case of indigestion for three years, and what Sanux accomplished in his case testifies to the remarkable power of this great Hospital Home Treatment to relieve disorders of a chronic nature.

"I had suffered from indigestion for three years," says Mr. Jones, when I heard of what Sanux was doing for others, so I decided to give it a trial. I have taken three bottles of the medicine and it has done me lots of good. My indigestion has been relieved and I feel stronger and better in every way. I gladly recommend Sanux as a fine tonic."

Sanux aids digestion, acts as a mild laxative, gently cleansing the system of impurities, stimulates a natural, healthy appetite and builds up and strengthens the whole system.

Sanux is sold by most of the leading druggists in this section in eight-ounce bottles. Take a bottle or two home with you today and commence this splendid "Hospital Home Treatment" at once. Do not accept a substitute, or something offered as "just as good."

If no druggist in your section has it in stock, the hospital will supply you direct on receipt of price—\$1.25. Sold by J. N. Pittman, Druggist, and J. G. Hall.

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