

WOULD GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE

Tennessee Farmer Wants to Go From House to House and Tell Everybody About Tanlac.

"If I were not so busy with my work I would go from house to house and tell the people about Tanlac," said A. J. Livingston, a well-known farmer, living near Ashland, Tenn.

"I had stomach and kidney trouble and suffered torment with my back and side. The doctors could do nothing for me, so I wrote to a friend of mine in Nashville about Tanlac, and he advised me to try it, saying he had heard so many favorable reports about it and sent me a bottle.

"After taking the first bottle I felt so much better that I ordered another bottle myself and the result is I am a well man. I told a friend of mine about it and ordered a bottle for him and he had good results. I can eat anything I want and it don't hurt me, and can sleep like a log. To tell you the truth, I just simply feel like a new man and have more strength and energy than I have had in years. It is simply the grandest medicine in the world. I would like to see all of my friends and get those who are suffering to try it, and I hope you will reach them through this testimonial, which I have gladly given."

Tanlac, the celebrated medicine, which accomplished such remarkable results in this man's case, is a wonderful tonic, appetizer and invigorant, builds up the system, creates a healthy appetite, promotes digestion and assimilation of the food and makes you feel strong, sturdy and well as nature intended.

Sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Might Be Ericsson's Ship. A traveler in Norway has been locking at the two ancient ships to one of which Lief Ericsson may have reached the western world five centuries before Columbus.

The ancient pagan custom that buried the craft of the sea hero preserved the galleys away in the soil of Norway, thanks to a covering of potter's clay, and a Twentieth-century farmer discovered the second one. The savants looked it over, and dated it from the Ninth century, contemporary with the adventurous Ericsson, possibly his own ship.

About seventy feet long, the vessel shaped not unlike a double pointed whorl, flat and low, with forked up-lights for 15 pairs of oars, and the conventional dragon carved on bow and stern.

Under the floor are the compartments where the voyagers doubtless stored their provisions.

Innocent. "Madge has a pretty mouth." "A mere incident." "Wrong! Incidents are frequently closed."

Do you know why it's toasted?

To seal in the delicious Burley flavor

It's toasted.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

The American Cigarette

MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

GOLD MEDAL KIDNEY OIL

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1896; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Comfort Your Skin With Cuticura Soap and Fragrant Talcum

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

SIoux CITY PTG. CO., NO. 28-1921.

THE ENCHANTED BARN

copyright 1918, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"Well, I don't want a lot of talk at home about this. Do you understand? I want you to wait a bit and go slow. If things seem to be all right a little later on you can ask Carol to come and see you, perhaps; but you'll have to look out. She hasn't fine clothes to go visiting in, I imagine, and they're pretty proud. I guess they've lost their money. Their father died a couple of years ago, and they've been up against it. They do seem like awfully nice people, I'll admit; and, if it's all right later on, you can get to be friends, but you'll have to go slow. Mother wouldn't understand it, and she mustn't be annoyed, you know. I'll take you out to see them sometime when they get settled if it seems all right, but meantime can you keep your tongue still?"

Elizabeth's face fell, but she gave her word immediately. She and her brother were chums; it was easy to see that.

"But can't I have her out for a week-end, Sid? Can't I tell mother anything about her? I could lend her some dresses, you know."

"You go slow, kid, and leave the matter to me. I'll tell mother about them pretty soon, when I've had a chance to see a little more of them, and am sure mother wouldn't mind. Meantime, don't you fret. I'll take you out when I go on business, and you shall see her pretty soon again." Elizabeth had to be content with that. She perceived that for some reason her brother did not care to have the matter talked over in the family. She knew they all would grieve him about his interest in a girl who wanted to rent his barn, and she herself felt that Shirley was too fine to be talked about in that way. The family wouldn't understand unless they saw her.

"I know what you mean, Sid," she said after a thoughtful pause. "You want the folks to see them before they judge what they are, don't you?"

"That's just exactly the point," said Sidney with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes. "That is just what makes you such a good pal, kid—you always understand."

The smile dawned again in Elizabeth's eyes, and she patted her brother's sleeve.

"Good old Sid!" she murmured tenderly. "You're all right. And I just know you're going to take me out to that barn soon. Aren't you going to fix it up for them a little? They can't live there that way. It would be a dandy place to live if the windows were bigger and there were doors like a house, and a piazza, and some fireplaces. A great big stone fireplace in the middle there opposite that door! Wouldn't that be sweet? And they'll have electric lights and some bath rooms, of course."

Her brother tipped back his head and laughed.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't make much of a hand to live in a barn, kid," he said. "You're too much of an aristocrat. How much do you want for your money? My dear, they don't expect tiled bath rooms and electric lights and in-laid floors when they rent a barn for the summer?"

"But aren't you going to do anything, Sid?"

"Well, I can't do much, for Miss Hollister would suspect right away. She's very business like, and she has suspicions already because I said I was going to put in partitions. She isn't an object of charity, you know. I imagine they all are pretty proud."

Elizabeth sat thoughtful and still. It was the first time in her life she had contemplated what it would be to be very poor.

Her brother watched her with interest. He had a feeling that it was going to be very good for Elizabeth to know these Hollisters.

Suddenly he brought the car to a stop before the office of a big lumber yard they were passing.

"I'm going in here, kid, for just a minute, to see if I can get a man to put in those partitions."

Elizabeth sat meditatively studying the office window, through whose large dusty panes could be seen tall strips of molding, unpainted window frames, and a fluted column or two, evidently ready to fill an order. The sign over the door set forth that

10 window sashes, doors and blinds were to be had. Suddenly Elizabeth sat up straight and read the sign again, strained her eyes to see through the window, and then opened the car door and sprang out. In a moment more she stood beside her brother, pointing mutely to a large window frame that stood against the wall.

"What is it, kid?" he asked kindly.

"Sid, why can't you put on great big windows like that? They would never notice the windows, you know. It would be so nice to have plenty of light and air."

"That's so," he murmured. "I might change the windows some without their being noticed."

Then to the man at the desk: "What's the price of that window? Got any more?"

"Yes," said the man, looking up interestedly; "got half a dozen, made especially for a party, and then he wasn't pleased. Claimed he ordered sash windows 'stead of casement. If you can use these six, we'll make you a special price."

"Oh, take them, Sid! They're perfectly lovely," said Elizabeth eagerly. "They're casement windows with diamond panes. They will just be so quaint and artistic in that stone!"

"Well, I don't know how they will fit," said the young man doubtfully. "I don't want to make it seem as if I was trying to put on too much style."

"No, Sid, it won't seem that way, really. I tell you they'll never notice the windows are bigger, and casement windows are not like a regular house, you know. See, they'll open wide like doors. I think it would be just grand!"

"All right, kid, we'll see! We'll take the man out with us; and if he says it can be done I'll take them."

Elizabeth was overjoyed.

"That's just what it needed!" she declared. "They couldn't live in the dark on rainy days. You must put two in the front one each side the door, and one on each end. The back windows will do well enough."

"Well, come on, kid. Mr. Jones is going out with me at once. Do you want to go with us, or shall I call a taxi and send you home?" asked her brother.

"I'm going with you, of course," said Elizabeth eagerly, hurrying out to the car as if she thought the thing would be done all wrong without her.

So Elizabeth sat in the back seat alone, while her brother and the contractor discoursed on the price of lumber and the relative values of wood and stone for building purposes, and the big car went back over the way it had been before that afternoon.

They stopped on the way out and picked up one of Mr. Jones' carpenters, who was just leaving a job with his kit of tools and who climbed stolidly into the back seat and sat as far away from the little blue velvet miss as possible, all the while taking furtive notes to tell his little girl about her when he went home.

Elizabeth climbed out and went about the barn with them, listening to all they had to say.

The two men took out pencils and foot rules, and went around measuring and figuring. Elizabeth watched them with bright, attentive eyes, putting a whispered suggestion now and then to her brother.

"They can't go up and down a ladder all the time," she whispered. "There ought to be some rough stairs with a railing, at least as good as our back stairs at home."

"How about it?" said Graham aloud to the contractor. "Can you put in some steps, just rough ones, to the loft? I'm going to have a party out here camping for a while this summer, and I want it to be safe. Need a railing, you know, so nobody will get a fall."

The man measured the space up with his eye.

"Just want plain steps framed up with a hand rail?" he said, squinting up again. "Gues we'd better start 'em up this way to the back wall and then turn back from a landing. That'll suit the overhead space best. Just pine, you want 'em, I s'pose?"

Elizabeth stood like a big blue

bird alighted on the door sill, watching and listening. She was a regular woman, and saw big possibilities in the building. She would have enjoyed ordering parquetry flooring and carved newel-posts and making a regular palace.

The sun was setting behind the purple hill and sending a glint from the weather-vane on the little white church spire when they started back to the city. Elizabeth looked wistfully toward it, and wondered about the apt expression on Shirley's face when she spoke of "working" in the church. How could one get any pleasure out of that? She meant to find out. At present her life was rather monotonous, and she longed to have some new interests.

That night after she had gone to her luxurious little couch she lay in her downy nest, and tried to think how it would be to live in that that big barn and go to sleep up in the loft, lying on that hay. Then suddenly the mystery of life was upon her with its big problems. Why, for instance, was she born into the Graham family with money and culture and all the good times, and that sweet, bright Carol girl born into the Hollister family, where they had a hard time to live at all?

CHAPTER IX.

Quite early the next morning Sidney Graham was in his office at the telephone. He conferred with the carpenter, agreeing to meet him out at the barn and make final arrangements about the windows in a very short time. Then he called up the trolley company and the electric company and made arrangements with them to have a wire run from the road to his barn, with a very satisfactory agreement whereby he could pay them a certain sum for the use of as much light as he needed. This done, he called upon an electrician, and arranged that he should send some men out that morning to wire the barn.

He hurried through his morning mail, giving his stenographer a free hand with answering some of the letters, and then speeded out to Glenside.

Three men were already there, two of them stone-masons, working away under the direction of the contractor. They had already begun working at the massive stone around the windows, striking musical blows from a light scaffolding that made the old barn look as if it had suddenly waked up and gone to house-cleaning. Sidney Graham surveyed it with satisfaction as he stopped his car by the roadside and got out. He did delight to have things done on time. He decided that if this contractor did well on the job he would see that he got bigger things to do. He liked it that his work had been begun at once.

The next car brought a quartet of carpenters, and before young Graham went back to the city a motor-truck had arrived loaded with lumber and window-frames. It was all very fascinating to him, this new toy barn that had suddenly come into his possession, and he could hardly tear himself away from it and go back to business. One would not have supposed, perhaps, that it was so very necessary for him to do so, either, seeing that he was already so well off that he really could have gotten along quite comfortably the rest of his life without any more money; but he was a conscientious young man, who believed that no living being had a right to exist in idleness, and who had gone into business from a desire to do his best and keep up the honorable name of his father's firm. So after he had given careful directions for the electric men when they should come he rushed back to his office once more.

The next two days were filled with delightful novelties. He spent much time flying from office to barn and back to the office again, and before evening of the second day he had decided that a telephone in the barn was an absolute necessity, at least while the work was going on. So he called up the telephone company, and arranged that connection should be put in at once. That evening he wrote a short note to Miss Shirley Hollister, telling her that the partitions were under way and would soon be completed, and that in a few days he would send her the key so that she might begin to transport her belongings to the new home.

The next morning, when Graham went out to the stone barn, he found that the front windows were in, and gave a very jingling

appearance to the edifice, both outside and in. As Elizabeth had surmised, the big latticed windows opening inward like casement doors seemed quite in keeping with the rough stone structure. Graham began to wonder why all barns did not affect this style of window, they were so entirely attractive. He was thoroughly convinced that the new tenants would not be likely to remember or notice the difference in the windows; he was sure he shouldn't have unless his attention had been called to them in some way. Of course the sills and sashes were rather new-looking, but he gave orders that they should at once be painted an unobtrusive dark green which would well accord with the mossy roof, and he trusted his particular young tenant would not think that he had done anything pointed in changing the windows. If she did, he would have to think up some excuse.

But, as he stood at the top of the grassy slope and looked about, he noticed the great pile of stones under each window, from the masonry that had been torn away to make room for the larger sashes, and an idea came to him.

"Mr. Jones!" he called to the contractor, who had just come over on the car to see how the work was progressing. "Wouldn't there be stones enough all together from all the windows to build some kind of a rude chimney and fireplace?" he asked.

Mr. Jones thought there would. There were stones enough down in the meadow to piece out with in case they needed more, anyway. Where would Mr. Graham want the fireplace? Directly opposite the front doors? He had thought of suggesting that himself, but didn't know as Mr. Graham wanted to go to any more expense.

"By all means make that fireplace!" said the young owner delightedly. "This is going to be a jolly place when it gets done, isn't it? I declare I don't know but I'd like to come out here and live."

"It would make a fine old house, sir," said the contractor respectfully, looking up almost reverently at the barn. "I'd like to see it with verandys, and more winders, and a few such. You don't see many of these here old stone buildings around now. They knew how to build 'em substantial in those old times, so they did."

"I'm! Yes. It would make a fine site for a house, wouldn't it?" said the young man, looking about thoughtfully. "Well, now, we'll have to think about that sometime, perhaps. However, I think it looks very nice for the present," and he walked about, looking at the improvements with great satisfaction.

At each end of the barn a good room, long and narrow, had been partitioned off, each of which by use of a curtain would make two very large rooms, and yet the main section of the floor looked as large as ever. A simple stairway of plain boards had been constructed a little to one side of the middle toward the back, going up to the loft, which had been made safe for the children by a plain rude railing consisting of a few uprights with strips across. The darkening slats at the small windows in the loft had been torn away and shutters substituted that would open wide and let in air and light. Rough spots in the floor had been mended, and around the great place both up-stairs and down, and even down in the basement underneath, electric wires ran with simple lights and switches conveniently arranged, so that if it became desirable the whole place could be made a blaze of light. The young man did not like to think of this family of unprotected women and children coming out into the country without all the arrangements possible to make them feel safe. For this reason also he had established the telephone. He had talked it over with the agent, paying a certain sum for its installation, and had a telephone put in that they could pay for whenever they desired to use it. This would make the young householder feel more comfortable about leaving her mother out in the country all day, and also prevent her pride from being hurt. The telephone was there. She need not use it unless necessity arose. He felt he could explain that to her. If she didn't like it, of course she could have it taken away.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

If you had been in the jungle instead of being in civilization, her baby would be alive. Some fashionable mothers can sympathize with Basette and she with them.

LAND IN DEMAND

Why Western Canada Can Take Her Pick of Settlers.

Opportunities and Conditions There Appeal to the Most Desirable—Possibilities of Country Proved.

While Canada wants settlers, and is pursuing every legitimate means to secure them, it is realized, as pointed out by Hon. J. A. Calder, minister of immigration and colonization, that selection is necessary, and in order to keep undesirable out of the country legislation is passed that will doubtless have this effect. As pointed out by the minister, the class of settlers which Canada stands most ready to welcome are those who desire:

Opportunity to acquire good farm land, either free or at a cost within their means.

Opportunity to live in a country under healthful conditions and liberal laws and among an intelligent and friendly people.

Opportunity to live in a country where children receive free public education and where all children are enabled to start in the battle of life with, as nearly as possible, equal advantages.

Opportunity to live in a country where industry applied to the land will produce something more than the bare necessities of life, and will afford with reasonable time comfort and independence.

Opportunity to live in a country where ambition is not handicapped by any creed, birth, or class, but where every citizen has the right to aspire to the highest position in his or her chosen walk in life.

These are the conditions which will appeal to the most desirable people for this or any country, conditions which, to a certain degree, make an automatic selection of the fittest.

Canada possesses farm lands in large areas which may be had free or at a cost within the reach of the settler of limited means. Vast areas are available for settlement within reasonable distances of railways. Land values have in the last quarter of a century received a tremendous impetus, so that any good farm land which can still be secured in its raw state at reasonable prices is an attraction. Such lands today are probably more attractive to the settler than were the free homesteads of the pioneer era. The country has been tried out; its possibilities have been proved; the trails have been blazed; the foundations have been laid. Railroads, telephones and public roads have been provided; market towns dot the prairies and other agricultural districts; schools, churches, and all the marks of modern conditions of life abound. Records which have been taken over a period of years establish the fact that Western Canada's grain production is greater per acre than that of probably any other new country. It is worthy of note that the production of grain per acre in many of the older countries has increased with the intensified farming methods which the very high cost of land made necessary. This condition does not yet obtain to any extent in Canada, and yet the yield compares favorably with some such countries in which the cost of land is very much greater than it is in the farming districts of the Dominion. In most cases present owners of Canadian farm land who are not cultivating it themselves are willing to sell at moderate prices and on terms arranged for the convenience of the purchaser, provided that the purchaser is prepared to go into actual operation and bring the land under cultivation and cause it to produce. That is the kind of settler which Canada wants and to whom it extends open arms.—Advertisement.

Still Missing.

The Police Sergeant—I think we have found your missing wife.

Mr. Henry Peck—So? What does she say?

The Sergeant—Nothing.

Mr. Peck—Says nothing? That's not my wife.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacetate of Salicylic Acid.

Losing His Patients.

"Your patients seem to manage to keep pretty well."

"Yes," answered the doctor in disgust. "They make me sick!"—American Legion Weekly.