

ONE NEIGHBOR TELLS ANOTHER

Points the Way to Comfort and Health. Other Women Please Read

Moundsville, W. Va.—"I had taken doctor's medicine for nearly two years because my periods were irregular, came every two weeks, and I would suffer with bearing-down pains. A lady told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and how much good it had done her daughter, so I took it and now I am regular every month and have no pain at all. I recommend your medicine to everyone and you may publish my testimonial, hoping that the Vegetable Compound does some other girl the good it has done me."—Mrs. GEORGE TEGARDEN, 915 Third Street, Moundsville, W. Va.

How many young girls suffer as Mrs. Tegarden did and do not know where to turn for advice or help. They often are obliged to earn their living by toiling day in and day out no matter how hard the pain they have to bear. Every girl who suffers in this way should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if she does not get prompt relief write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts, about her health. Such letters are held in strict confidence.

SOMEWHAT HARD TO BELIEVE

Pointed Comment From the Audience Would Seem to Be Justified Under the Circumstances.

An earnest young man from a college settlement was addressing a company of fathers and mothers in the halls of Chicago on the subject of "Christmas in the Home," telling them of the ways in which the day might be made bright although money was not plentiful. He had visited many houses in many cities and was well informed.

"I'm not talking about what other people have told me," he said genially. "It's what I know from my personal experience. I have seen over a hundred Christmas celebrations and—"

"Me dear young man," came in a rich Irish-American voice from the rear of the room. "It's wonderfully preserved ye are for a man that old!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Honest, at Any Rate.

"Am I the first girl you ever loved?" "No, dearie. But I came to this resort with \$300 saved up. I'll cheerfully buy you ice cream and candy until I've spent my wad."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Aging.

Uncle (meeting little niece)—So you have already started in to go to school, Edna? Edna—Yes; one is getting old, you know.

Paradoxical.

"Her face was fairly blazing." "Yes, and it was blazing because she was put out."—Baltimore American.

What Did He Want?

Kaicker—"Saint Swithin is a wet saint." "Looker—"But he brings nothing but water."—New York Sun.

The woman who weds a "bad egg" need not expect to find the matrimonial yoke pleasant.

Any man who claims to know it all will have his contention admitted by thousands.

EASY TO KILL



RATS AND MICE

By Using the Genuine

STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

READY FOR USE—BETTER THAN TRAPS

Directions in 12 languages in every box. Rats, mice, cockroaches, ants and waterbugs destroy food and property and are carriers of disease. Stearns' Electric Paste forces them into traps from the building for water and fresh air. 50¢ and 1.00. "Money back if it fails." U. S. Government buys it.



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The American Tobacco Co.

THE ENCHANTED BARN

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She drifted off to sleep again, and it was late when she awoke the next time. A silvery bell from the little white church in the valley was ringing and echoing faintly. Sabbath, real Sabbath, seemed brooding happily in the very air. Shirley got up and dressed hastily. She felt as if she had already lost too much of this first wonderful day in the country.

A thrush was spilling his liquid notes in the tree overhead when she tiptoed into her mother's room. Doris opened her eyes and looked in wonder, then whispered softly:

"Vat is dat, Sirley? Vat is dat pitty sound?"

"A birdie in the tree, dearie!" whispered Shirley.

"A weel budie! I yanta see it! Take Doris up, Shirley!"

So Shirley lifted the little maiden, wrapped a shawl about her, and carried her softly to the window, where she looked up in wonder and joy.

The boys came tumbling down from their loft in a few minutes, and there was no more sleep to be had. Carol was up and out, and the voice of one or the other of them was continually raised in a shout of triumph over some new delight.

"I saw a fish in the brook!" shouted Harley under his mother's window. "It was only a little fellow, but maybe it'll grow bigger some day, and then we can fish!"

"You silly!" cried George. "It was a minnow. Minnows don't grow to be big. They're only good for bait!"

"Hush, George, there's a nest in the big tree. I've been watching and the mother bird is sitting on it. That was the father bird singing a while ago." This from Carol.

George, Harley, and Carol declared their intention of going to church. That had likely been the first bell that rang, their mother told them, and they would have plenty of time to get there if they hurried. It was only half-past nine. Country churches rang a bell then, and another at 10, and the final bell at half-past 10, probably. Possibly they had Sunday school at 10. Anyway, they could go and find out. It wouldn't matter if they were a little late the first time.

So they ate some breakfast in a hurry, took each a sandwich left from the night before, crossed the road, climbed the fence, and went joyously over the green fields to church, thinking how much nicer it was than walking down a brick paved street, past the same old grimy houses to a dim, artificially lighted church.

Shirley took a survey of the larder, decided that roast chicken, potato croquets, and peas would all warm up quickly, and, as there was plenty of ice cream left and some cakes, they would fare royally without any work; so she sat beside her mother and told the whole story of her ride, the finding of the barn, her visit to the Graham office, and all that transpired until the present time.

The mother listened, watching her child, but said no word of her inner thoughts. If it occurred to her that her oldest daughter was fair to look upon, and that her winning ways, sweet, unspoiled face and wistful eyes had somewhat to do with the price of their summer's abode, it would be no wonder. But she did not mean to trouble her child further. She would investigate for herself when opportunity offered. So she quieted all anxieties Shirley might have had about her sanction of their selection of a home, kissed Shirley, and told her she felt it in her bones she was going to get well right away.

And, indeed, there was much in the fact of the lifting of the burden of anxiety concerning where they should live that went to brighten the eyes of the invalid and strengthen her heart.

When the children came home from church Shirley was putting dinner on the table, and her mother was arrayed in a pretty kimono, a relic of their better days, and ready to be helped to the couch and wheeled out to the dining-room. It had been pleasant to see the children coming across the green meadow in the distance, and get things all ready for them when they rushed in hungry. Shirley was so happy she felt like crying.

After the dinner things were washed they shoved the couch into the living room among the flowers, where George had built a beautiful fire, for it was still chilly. The children gathered around their mother and talked, making plans for the summer, telling about the service they had attended, chattering like so many magpies. The mother lay and watched them and was content. Sometimes her eyes would search the dim, mellow rafters overhead, and glance along the stone walls, and she would say to herself: "This is a barn! I am living in a barn! My husband's children have come to this, that they have no place to live but a barn!" She was testing herself to see if the thought hurt her. But, looking on their happy faces, somehow she could not feel sad.

"Children," she said suddenly in one of the little lulls of conversation, "do you realize that Christ was born in a stable? It isn't so bad to live in a barn. We ought to be very thankful for this great splendid one!"

"Oh mother, dear! It is so beautiful of you to take it that way!" cried Shirley with tears in her eyes.

"Doris, you sing your little song about Jesus in the stable," said Carol. "I'll play it for you."

Doris, nothing loath, got a little stool, stood up beside her mother's couch, folded her small hands demurely, and began to sing without waiting for accompaniment:

"Away in a manger,
No crib for His head,
The little Lord Jesus,
Lay down His sweet head.
The t'ars in the heaven
Look down where 'e lay—
The little Lord Jesus,
As'leep in the hay.

"The catta are lowing,
The poor baby wates;
But the little Lord Jesus
No cwyin' He mates.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus;
Look down fum the sky,
An' stay by my trib,
Watching my lu-la-by!"

Shirley kissed Doris, and then they began to sing other things, all standing around the piano. By and by that distant bell from the valley called again.

"There's a vesper service at 5 o'clock. Why don't you go, Shirley? You and George and Harley," said Carol.

"Me 'ant do too!" declared Doris earnestly, and it was finally decided that the walk would not be too long; so the boys, Shirley and the baby started off across the fields, while Carol stayed with her mother. And this time Mrs. Hollister heard all about Elizabeth and how she wanted Carol to come and see her sometime. Heard, too, about the proposed dance, and its quiet squeaking by the brother. Heard, and looked thoughtful, and wondered more.

"Mother is afraid they are not quite our kind of people, dear!" she said gently. "You mustn't get your heart bound up in that girl. She may be very nice, but she's a society girl and you are not, you know. It stands to reason she will have other interests pretty soon, and then you will be disappointed when she forgets all about you."

"She won't forget, mother, I know she won't!" declared Carol stoutly. "She's not that kind. She loves me; she told me so. She wanted to put one of her rings on my finger to 'bind our friendship,' only I wouldn't let her till I had asked you, because I didn't have any but grandmother's to give her, and I couldn't give her that."

"That was right, dear. You can't begin things like that. You would find a great many of them, and we haven't the money to keep up with a little girl who has been used to everything."

Carol's face went down. Tears began to come in her eyes.

"Can't we have even friends?" she said, turning her face away to hide the quiver in her lip, and the tears that were rolling down her cheeks.

"Yes, dear," said the mother sorrowfully, "but don't choose them from among other people. People who can't possibly have much in common with us. It is sure to hurt hard when there are differences in station like that."

"But I didn't choose them. They chose us!" declared Carol.

"Elizabeth just went wild over us the first time she saw us, and her brother told Shirley he was glad, that it would do Elizabeth a lot of good to know us. He said, 'We've learned a lot of things from you already; just like that, he said it! I was coming down the stairs behind them when they stood here talking one day, and I couldn't help hearing them.'"

"Yes?" said Mrs. Hollister thoughtfully. "Well, perhaps, but, dear, go slow and don't pin your heart to a friendship like that, for it will most likely be disappointing. Just be happy in what she has done for us already, and don't expect anything more. She may never come again. It may just have been a passing whim. And I don't want you to be always looking for her and always disappointed."

"I shall not be disappointed, mamma," said Carol decidedly. "You'll see!" and her face brightened.

Then as if to make good her words a big car came whirring up the road and stopped in front of the barn, and almost before she could get to the window to look out Carol heard Elizabeth's voice calling softly:

"Carol! Carol! Are you there?" and she flung the door open and rushed into her new friend's arms.

Graham came more slowly up the incline, smiling apologetically and hoping he didn't intrude, coming so soon.

Carol led them over to the invalid and introduced her friend, and the young man came after them.

"I'm afraid this is rather soon to obey your summons, Mrs. Hollister," he said engagingly, "but Elizabeth couldn't stand it without coming over to see if you really found the ice-cream freezer, so I thought we'd just drop in for a minute and see whether you were quite comfortable."

Somehow, suddenly, Mrs. Hollister's fears and conclusions concerning these two young people began to vanish, and in spite of her she felt just as Shirley had done, that they were genuine in their kindness and friendship. Carol, watching her, was satisfied, and a glow of triumph shone in her eyes. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hollister gathered her caution about her as a garment, and in dignified and pleasant phrases thanked the two in such a way that they must see that neither she nor her children would ever presume upon what had been done for them, nor take it for more than a passing kindness.

But to her surprise the young man did not seem to be more than half listening to her words. He seemed to be studying her face with deep intention that was almost embarrassing. The soft color stole into her thin cheeks, and she stopped speaking and looked at him in dismay.

"I beg your pardon," he said, seeing her bewilderment, "but you can't understand perhaps how interested I am in you. I am afraid I have been guilty of staring. You see it is simply amazing to me to find a woman of your refinement and evident culture and education who is content—to live in a barn! I don't know another woman who would be satisfied. And you seem to have brought up all your children with just such happy, adaptable natures, that it is a great puzzle to me. I—I—why, I feel sort of rebuked! I feel that you and your children are among the great of the earth. Don't thank Elizabeth and me for the little we have been able to do toward making this barn habitable. It was a sort of—I might say homage, due to you, that we were rendering. And now please don't think anything more about it. Let's just talk as if we were friends—that is, if you are willing to accept a couple of humble strangers among your list of friends."

"Why, surely, if you put it that way!" smiled the little woman. "Although I'm sure I don't know what else we could do but be glad and happy over it that we had a barn like this to come to under a sweet blue sky, with a bird and a tree thrown in, when we literally didn't know where we could afford to lay our heads. You know beggars shouldn't be choosers, but I'm sure one would choose a spacious place like this any day in preference to most of the ordinary city houses, with their tiny dark rooms, and small breathless windows."

"Even if 'twas called a barn!"

"Even if 'twas called a barn!" said the woman with a flitting dance in her eyes that reminded him of the girl Shirley.

"Well, I'm learning a lot, I tell you!" said the young man. "The more I see of you all, the more I learn. It's opened my eyes to a number of things in my life that I'm going to set right. By the way, is Miss Hollister here? I brought over a book I was telling her about the other day. I thought she might like to see it."

"She went over to the vesper service at the little church across the fields. They'll be coming home soon, I think. It must be nearly over."

He looked at his watch.

"Suppose I take the car and bring them back. You stay here, Elizabeth. I'll soon be back. I think I can catch them around the road if I put on speed."

He was off, and the mother lay on the couch watching the two girls and wishing with all her heart that it were so that her children might have these two fine young people for friends. But of course such things could not very well be in this world of stern realities and multitudinous conventionalities. What, for instance, would be said in the social set to which the Grahams belonged if it were known that some of their intimate friends lived in a barn? No, such things did not happen even in books, and the mother lay still and sighed. She heard the chatter of the two girls.

"You're coming home with me to stay over Sunday pretty soon. Sidney said he would fix it all up with your mother pretty soon. We'll sleep together and have the grandest times. Mother likes me to have friends stay with me, but most of the girls I know are off at boarding school now, and I'm dreadfully lonesome. We have tennis court and golf links and a bowling alley. Do you play tennis? And we can go out in the car whenever we like. It's going to be grand. I'll show you my dog and my pony I used to ride. He's getting old now, and I'm too big for him, but I love him just the same. I have a saddle horse, but I don't ride much. I'd rather go motoring with Sid—"

And so she rattled on, and the mother sighed for her little girl who was being tempted by a new and beautiful world, and had not the wherewithal to enter it, even if it were possible for her to do so.

Out in the sunset the car was speeding back again with the seats full, Doris chirping gleefully at the ride, for her fat legs had grown very weary with the long walk through the meadow and Shirley had been almost sorry she had taken her along.

The boys were shouting all sorts of questions about dogs and chickens and cars and a garden, and Graham was answering them all good-humoredly, now and then turning around to throw back a pleasant sentence and a smile at the quiet girl with the happy eyes sitting in the back seat with her arm around her little sister.

There was nothing notable about the ride to remember. It was just one of those beautiful bits of pleasantness that fit into the mosaic of any growing friendship, a bit of color without which the whole is not perfect. Shirley's part in it was small. She said little and sat listening happily to the boys' conversation with Graham. She had settled it with her heart that morning that she and the young man on that front seat had nothing in future to do with each other, but it was pleasant to see him sitting there talking with her brothers. There was no reason why she should not be glad for that, and glad he was not a snob. For every time she looked on his clean, frank face, and saw his nice gray eyes upon her, she was surer that he was not a snob.

The guests stayed a little while after they all got back, and accepted quite as a matter of course the dainty little lunch that Carol and Elizabeth, slipping away unobserved, prepared and brought in on trays—some of the salad left from dinner, some round rolls that Shirley had brought out with her Saturday, cut in two and crisply toasted, cups of delicious cocoa, and little cakes. That was all, but it tasted fine, and the two self-invited guests enjoyed it hugely. Then they all ranged themselves around the piano and sang hymns, and it is safe to say that the guests at least had not spent as 'Sabbath' a Sabbath in all their lives. Elizabeth was quite astonished when she suggested that they sing a popular song to have Carol answer in a polite but gently reproving tone, "Oh, not today, you know."

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

AMBROSE SMALL HELD BY SLEUTH IN DES MOINES?

Brophy Declares He Has Captured Missing Theatrical Magnate and Will Claim \$50,000 Reward.

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 15.—John O'Malley, a newspaper man who assisted in the search for Ambrose J. Small when he disappeared from Toronto in 1919, said Sunday night the invalid here does not fill Small's description. He said he was satisfied it was a case of mistaken identity.

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 15.—Twelve pictures of a man believed to be Ambrose J. Small, missing theatrical magnate, were rushed to Toronto Sunday night for identification. The man is in custody of John J. Brophy, head of the Brophy Detective agency. Brophy said he would not reveal all the details of the strange case until he learned whether the Toronto authorities were ready to pay him the \$50,000 reward offered for Small's recovery.

"The Man Is Small." "The man is Small," said Brophy, "I know a big reward has been offered for him and I'm not going to give anybody a chance to say the reward does not belong to me."

Two months ago, according to Brophy, two strangers brought the man to a private home in Des Moines, furnished money for medical attention and his care and departed. Since then Brophy said he has had the man under surveillance.

A photographer was admitted to the invalid's room Sunday and 12 photographs were taken. These were rushed to Toronto under special delivery mail. It was expected relatives of Mr. Small would come to Des Moines if they were able to identify the pictures as those of the missing millionaire.

Man Admits Accident.

Detective Brophy, who is assisted by Frank Harty, formerly of the Des Moines police force, said the man had admitted he believed he remembered the accident in which he lost his legs. From questions, usually answered with a nod or a shake of the head, the stranger revealed he was on his way east from the Pacific coast when he met with an accident between Des Moines and Omaha.

John Doughty, Small's secretary, was arrested on the Pacific coast and returned to Toronto when a nationwide search for the missing millionaire was made several months ago. Doughty was convicted of stealing bonds belonging to Small but it was never established that he had anything to do with the disappearance of the millionaire.

SMALL'S WIFE SCOUTS STORY HE IS FOUND

Toronto, Aug. 15.—Reports that Ambrose Small, the theatrical magnate who disappeared nearly two years ago, has been located in Des Moines, Ia., were accorded scant credence by Mrs. Small Sunday.

The wife of the missing millionaire said she regarded the rumors as merely others of the many false reports she has received since her husband vanished.

OBECHAIN SEES EX-WIFE IN CELL

Burch's Father Also Arrives And Plans for Defense With Madalynne's Former Husband.

Los Angeles, Aug. 15.—Ralph B. Obchain, divorced husband of Mrs. Madalynne Obchain, reached Los Angeles Sunday. His first visit was to the home of his mother, Mrs. E. E. Smart.

Mrs. Obchain was recovering from a nervous collapse suffered late Saturday night when told her former husband had reached Los Angeles. "I wish he would hurry and come to me," she said when told Mr. Obchain had gone to see his mother.

Later Mr. Obchain visited the sheriff's office, where he applied for permission to see his former wife. The sheriff did not readily grant the request, explaining there was a rule against admission of men to the women's department, but he later consented.

The meeting between Obchain and his former wife was in secret. What transpired is not known. He refused to comment except to say she was innocent.

Rev. William A. Burch, father of Arthur C. Burch, arrived on the same train with Mr. Obchain. He went directly to the county jail and had a long conference with his son.

En route to California Mr. Obchain and Rev. Mr. Burch were said to have outlined the plan for defense for the woman and man indicted for the murder of J. Belton Kennedy.

WOMAN IN CHICAGO HAD LOOT FROM IOWA BANKS

Chicago, Aug. 15.—Liberty bonds valued at \$15,000 part of the \$300,000 loot obtained by bandits from the Citizens State Trust & Savings bank of Hanlontown, Ia., and the Van Wert State bank of Van Wert, Ia., three months ago were found in possession of Mrs. Florence Shomo when she was arrested here Saturday by federal agents on an indictment returned last week.