

**STANDS OFF A LOT OF DOCTOR BILLS**

Recommends Pe-ru-na for Catarrh of the Stomach, Colds and Grip

"I have used Pe-ru-na for several years and can heartily recommend for catarrh of the stomach or entire system. I always get benefit from it for colds and grip. It stands off lots of doctor bills and makes one feel like a new person."

R. F. D. No. 2, Box 61, Waynesburg, Kentucky.  
 It is wise to keep a bottle of Pe-ru-na in the house for emergencies. Coughs and colds may usually be relieved by a few doses of Pe-ru-na taken in time. Nasal catarrh, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, rheumatism or other troubles due to a catarrhal condition of the mucous membranes all call for Pe-ru-na as the successful treatment. The health building, strength restoring qualities of this well known remedy are especially marked after a protracted sickness, the grip or Spanish Flu. PE-RU-NA is justly proud of its record of fifty years as health protector for the whole family.

TABLETS OR LIQUID

SOLD EVERYWHERE

**He Knows**

The talk had turned on the subject of the arrival in this country of Professor Einstein.

"What's all this here talk he started about relativity?" said an old man.

"It's a new complaint of some kind, I'm thinking," answered his companion.

"Not so very new, neither," said a listener. "I've suffered from it. I reckon, ever since me mother-in-law's been me mother-in-law."

**BEATS GASOLINE AT 10 CENTS A GALLON**

New Invention Makes Ford's Run 34 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline and Start Easy in Coldest Weather—Other Cars Show Proportionate Savings.

A new carburetor which cuts down gasoline consumption of any motor, including the Ford, and reduces gasoline bills from one-third to one-half is the achievement of the Air Friction Carburetor Company, 393 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio. This invention not only increases the power of all motors from 20 to 60 per cent, but enables one to run slow on high gear. It also makes it easy to start a Ford or any other car in the coldest weather without previously warming the motor. With it you can use the very cheapest grade of gasoline or half gasoline and half kerosene and still get more power and more in longer than you now get from the best gasoline. Many Ford owners say they get as high as 35 to 40 miles to a gallon of gasoline. The manufacturers offer to send it on 30 days' trial to any car owner. It can be put on or taken off in a few minutes by anyone. All who want to try it should send their name, address and make of car to the manufacturers at once. They also will local agents to whom they offer exceptionally large profits. Write them today.—Advertisement.

**Psychology**

"What are these dreadful pictures hanging on the walls of your waiting room?"

"They illustrate some of the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition," replied the dentist.

"I should think they would be out of place here."

"Not at all. After my patients have seen what people suffered in the old days, having a tooth filled seems mere child's play."

**Love-Sighing, Crying, Dying, Lying.**  
 "Love is the torch we carry into the Mammoth Cave of Life," according to the "Maxims of a Modern Maid." And it takes the modern couple about 15 minutes to reach the Star Chamber, where torches are extinguished.—Nashville Tennessean.

**Find the Cause!**

It isn't right to drag along feeling miserable—half sick. Find out what is making you feel so badly and try to correct it. Perhaps your kidneys are causing that throbbing headache or those sharp, stabbing pains. You may have morning lameness, too, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of ailing folks. Ask your neighbor!

**A South Dakota Case**  
 Mrs. W. C. Richmond, 302 W. Dartmouth St., Vermillion, S. D., says: "The last attack of backache I had, there was a steady dull ache in the small of my back which kept me feeling irritable and all out of sorts. My kidneys acted irregularly. I was nervous and all worn out. I felt better in a few days after taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and one box cured me and I have never been troubled since."  
 Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
 FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Shave With Cuticura Soap The New Way Without Mug**

**PARKER'S HAIR BALMS**  
 Restores Color and Beauty and Fights Hair Loss. Sold by all Druggists, 50c and \$1.00 at Drugists. Wilson Chem. Works, Paterson, N. J.

**HINDERCORNS** Remove Corns, Calluses, etc. Also all itchy, burning, sore feet, makes walking easy. Sold by mail or at drugists. Wilson Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

**KREMOLA** A WONDERFUL FACE BLEACH. Improves the Liver, Blood, and Skin. Sold by mail or at drugists. Wilson Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

**\$79 A WEEK GUARANTEED**  
 or selling 4 apparatuses. Guaranteed. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. 151, Ashland, O.

**THE ENCHANTED BARN**

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Mrs. Hollister arose and came forward to meet them.

She was dressed in a plain little gown of cheap gray challis, much washed and mended, but looking somehow very nice; and Carol had just finished fastening one of Shirley's sheer white fluffy collars around her neck, with a bit of a pink ribbon looped in a pretty knot. Her hair was tastefully arranged, and she looked every inch a lady as she stood to receive her unexpected guests. Graham had never seen her in any but invalid's garb before, and he stood amazed for a moment at the likeness between her and Shirley. He introduced his mother with a few words, and then yielded to Doris's eager, pulling hand and went out to see the bunnies.

The situation was a trifle trying for both ladies, but to the woman of the world perhaps the more embarrassing. She hadn't a clew as to who this was she had been brought to see. She was entirely used to dominating any situation, but for a moment she was almost confused.

Mrs. Hollister, however, tactfully relieved the situation with a gentle, "Won't you sit here by the fire? It is getting a little cool this evening, don't you think?" and put her at once at her ease. Only her family would have guessed from the soft pink spots in her cheeks that she was at all excited over her grand guest. She took the initiative at once, leading the talk into natural channels, about the spring and its wonderful unfolding in the country, exhibited a vase with jack-in-the-pulpits, and a glass bowl of hepaticas blushing blue and pink, told of the thrush that had built a nest in the elm over the door, and pointed out the view over the valley where the sinking sun was flashing crimson from the weather vane on the little white spire of the church. She said how much they had enjoyed the sunsets since coming out here to live, taking it for granted that her visitor knew all about their circumstances, and making no apologies or comments; and the visitor, being what her son called "a good sport," showed no hint that she had never heard of the Hollisters before but smiled and said the right thing at the right moment. And somehow, neither knew just how, they got to the subject of Browning and Ibsen, and from there to woman's suffrage, and when Graham returned with Carol and Harley, Doris chattering beside him and the dog bounding in ahead, they were in future politics. Graham sat and listened for a while, interested to note that the quiet little woman who had spent the last few years of her life working in a narrow dark city kitchen could talk as thoughtfully and sensibly as his cultured, versatile mother.

The next trolley brought Shirley and George, and again the mother was amazed to find how altogether free and easy seemed to be the relation between all these young people.

She gave a keen look at Shirley, and then another at her son, but saw nothing which gave her uneasiness. The girl was unconscious as a rose, and sweet and gracious to the stranger guests as if she had been in society all her life. She slipped away at once to remove her hat, and when she came back her hair was brushed, and she looked as fresh as a flower in her clean white ruffled blouse. The older woman could not take her eyes from her face. What a charming girl to be set among all this shabbiness! For by this time her discriminating eyes had discovered that everything—literally everything—these people, and how did they happen to get put here? The baby was ravishingly beautiful, the girls were charming, and the boys looked like splendid, manly fellows. The mother was a product of culture and refinement. Not one word or action had shown that she knew her surroundings were shabby. She might have been mistress of a palace for aught she showed of consciousness of the pitiful poverty about her. It was as if she were just dropped down for the day in a stray barn and making a palace out of it while she stayed.

Unconsciously the woman of the world lingered longer than was her wont in making calls.

She liked the atmosphere, and was strangely interested by them all. "I wish you would come and see me," she said cordially as she rose at last to go, and she said it as if she meant it—as if she lived right around the corner and not 22 miles away—as if she really wanted her to come, and not as if this other woman lived in a barn at all.

"Good old sport!" commented her son in his heart as he listened. He had known she must see their worth, and yet he had been strangely afraid.

Mrs. Hollister received the invitation with a flush of pleasure. "Thank you," she answered graciously, "I'm afraid not. I seldom go anywhere any more. But I've been very glad to have had this call from you. It will be a pleasure to think about. Come sometime again when you are out this way. Your son has been most kind. I cannot find words to express my thanks."

"Has he?" and his mother looked questionably at her son. "Well, I'm very glad—"

"Yes, and Elizabeth! She is a dear sweet girl, and we all love her!"

Revelations!

"Oh, has Elizabeth been here too? Well, I'm glad. I hope she has not been a nuisance. She's such an impulsive, erratic child. Elizabeth is quite a problem just now. She's out of school on account of her eyes, and her girl friends, most of them, being away at school, she is perfectly forlorn. I am delighted to have her with your children. I am sure they are charming associates for her." And her eyes rested approvingly on the sparkling Carol in her simple school dress of brown linen with its white collar and cuffs. There was nothing countrified about Carol. She looked daintily in the commonest raiment, and she smiled radiantly at Elizabeth's mother and won her heart.

"Would you let Elizabeth stay overnight with us here sometime?" she asked shyly.

"Why, surely! I presume she would be delighted. She does about as she pleases these days. I really don't see very much of her, I'm so busy this time of year, just at the end of the season, you know, and lots of committee meetings and teas and things."

They stopped at the doorway to look up into the big tree, in response to the earnest solicitations of Doris, who pulled at the lady's gloved hand insistently, murmuring sweetly:

"Budie! Budie! See mine budie in the tree!"

The Hollisters stood grouped at the doorway when at last the visitors got into their car and went away. Mrs. Graham looked back at them wistfully.

"What a lovely group they make!" she murmured. "Now, Sidney, tell me at once who they are and why they live in a barn, and why you brought me out here. I know you had some special object. I knew the minute I saw that charming woman."

"Mother, you certainly are great! I thought you'd have the good sense to see what they are."

"Why, I haven't spent a more delightful hour in a long time than I spent talking with her. She has very original ideas, and she expresses herself well. As for the children, they are lovely. That oldest girl has a great deal of character in her face. But what are they doing in a barn, Sidney, and how did you come to know them?"

And so, as they speeded out the smooth turnpike to their lovely home Sidney Graham told his mother as much of the story of Shirley Hollister and the old barn as he thought she would care to know, and his mother sat thoughtfully watching his handsome, enthusiastic face while he talked, and wondering.

One comment she made as they swept up the beautiful drive to their luxurious country home:

"Sidney dear, they are delightful and all that, and I'm sure I'm glad to have that little girl come to see Elizabeth, but if I were you I wouldn't go out there too often when that handsome oldest girl is at home. She's not exactly in your set, you know, charming as she is, and you wouldn't want to give her any ideas. A gentleman looks out for things like that, you know."

"What has being in our set got to do with it, mother dear?"

Do you know any girl in our set that is better looking or has nicer manners, or a finer appreciation of nature and books? You ought to hear her talk!"

"Yes, but, Sidney, that isn't everything! She isn't exactly—"

"Mother, were you and father, when you used to have good times together? Now, mother, you know you are just talking twaddle when you let that idea about 'our set' rule your mind. Be a good sport, mother dear, and look the facts in the face. That girl is as good as any other girl I know, and you know it. She's better than most. Please admit the facts. Yet you never warned me to be careful about calling on any of the girls in our set. Do please be consistent. However, don't worry about me. I've no idea at present of paying any special attention to anybody," and he swung the car door open and jumped down to help her out.

**CHAPTER XV.**

A man arrived one morning with a horse and a plough and several other implements of farm life of which Harley didn't know the name, and announced that Mr. Graham had sent him to plough the garden. Would Mrs. Hollister please tell him where she wanted the ground broken, and how much? He volunteered the information that he was her next neighbor, and that if he was in her place he'd plough the south slope of the meadow, and if she wanted flower beds a strip along the front near the road; the soil was best in those spots, and she wouldn't need so much fertilizer.

Mrs. Hollister asked him how much he would charge to do it, and he said a little job like that wasn't worth talking about; that he used to rent the barn himself, and he always did a little turn for Mr. Graham whenever he needed it. He did it for Mr. Graham, and it wouldn't cost her "nothin'."

Mrs. Hollister asked him how much he would charge to see where it would be best to have the ploughing done, and when she came in a few minutes later and dropped down on the couch to rest from her unusual fatigue a new thought was racing through her mind. They could have a garden, a real garden, with lettuce and green peas and lima beans and corn! She knew all about making them grow. She had been brought up in a little village home, where a garden was a part of every one's necessary equipment for living. She used to help her father every spring and all summer. Her own little patch always took the prize of the family. But for years she had been in the city without an inch of space. Now, however, the old fever of delight in gardening took possession of her. If she could get out and work in the ground, as the doctor had suggested, she would get well right away. And why, with Harley to help, and George and Carol to work a little every evening, couldn't they raise enough on all that ground to sell some? George could take things into town early in the morning, or they could find some private families who would buy all they had to sell. It was worth thinking about, anyway. She could raise flowers for sale, too. She had always been a success with flowers. She had always wanted a hothouse and a chance to experiment. She heard the children say there were some old window sashes down under the barn. She would get George to bring them out, and see what she could do with a coldframe or two. Violets would grow under a coldframe, and a lot of other things. Oh, if they could only just live here always, and not have to go back to the city in the fall! But of course there was no way to heat the barn in winter, and that was out of the question. Nevertheless, the idea of making some money with growing things had seized hold of her mind and would not be entirely put by. She thought of it much, and talked of it now and then to Shirley and the other children.

Shirley brought home some packages of seeds she got at the 10-cent store, and there was great excitement planting them. Then Mrs. Graham sent over a lot of seeds, of both vegetables and flowers, and some shrubs, cuttings and bulbs which he said were "left-overs" at their country house that he thought perhaps the children could use; and so before the Hollisters knew it they were possessed of a garden, which almost in a breath lifted up its green head and began to grow.

Life was very full for the Hol-

listers in those days, and those who went to the city for the day could hardly bear to tear themselves away from the many delights of the country. The puppy was getting bigger and wiser every day, tagging Doris and Harley wherever they went, or sitting adoringly at Mrs. Hollister's feet; always bounding out to meet the evening trolley on which George and Shirley came, and always attending them to the trolley in the morning.

Out behind the barn a tiny coop held a white hen and her seven little downy balls of chickens. Another hen was happily ensconced in a barrel of hay with 10 big blue duck eggs under her happy wings, and a little further down toward the creek a fine chicken run ended in a trig little roosting place for the poultry, which George had manufactured out of a packing box and some boards. The feathered family had been increased by two white Leghorns and three bantams. George and Harley spent their evenings watching them and discussing the price of eggs and chickens per pound. They were all very happy.

Elizabeth came out to spend Sunday as she promised. She got up early to see the sun rise and watch the birds. She helped get breakfast and wash the dishes. Then she went with the others across the fields to the little white church in the valley to Sunday school and church. She was so hungry and eager as any of them when she came home, and joyfully helped to do the work, taking great pride in the potatoes she was allowed to warm up under careful tutelage. In the afternoon there was no more eager listener among them to the Bible story Shirley told to Doris and the book she read aloud to them all afterward; her voice was sweetest and clearest of them all in the hymns they sang together; and she was most eager to go with Shirley to the Christian Endeavor.

"I shouldn't wonder if Sidney wishes he was here," she remarked dramatically that evening, as she sat before the fire on a little cushion, her chin in her hands, her eyes on the fantastic shadows in the ashes.

She went to school with Carol the next morning, came home with her in the afternoon, and when her brother came for her in the evening she was most reluctant to go home to the big, lonely, elegant house again, and begged that Carol might soon come and see her.

Friday afternoon Elizabeth called up Mrs. Hollister.

"Please, Mrs. Hollister, let Carol come and stay with me till Monday. I'm so lonesome, and mamma says she will be so glad if you will let her come."

"Oh, my dear, that would be impossible. Carol isn't suitably dressed to make a visit, you know," answered the mother quickly, glad that she had so good an excuse for keeping her child from this venture into an alien world about which she had many grave doubts.

But the young voice at the other end was insistent.

"Dear Mrs. Hollister, please! She doesn't need any other clothes. I've got lots of things that would fit her. She loaned me her gingham dress to make garden in, and why shouldn't I loan her a dress to wear on Sunday? I've got plenty of clean middie blouses and skirts and can fix her all out fresh for school, too, Monday morning, and if you'll just let her stay Sidney will take us both down to her school when he goes to the office. You've got all those children there at home, and I've only myself. Sidney doesn't count, you know, for he's grown up."

So, with a sigh, the mother gave her consent, and Carol found the Graham car waiting for her when she came out of school. Thus she started on her first venture into the world.

It was all like fairy-land that wonderful week-end to the little girl whose memories were full of burdens and sacrifices; the palatial home of many rooms and rich furnishings, the swarm of servants, the anticipation of every want, the wide, beautiful grounds with all that heart could wish in the way of beauty and amusement, the music room with grand piano, harp, and violin lying mute most of the time, the great library with its walls lined with rare books, mostly unread. Everything there to satisfy any whim, reasonable or unreasonable, and nobody using any of it much.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

A London magistrate announces that he will not even hear the cases of women who come to his court with blouses cut low and skirts out high.