

THE ENCHANTED BARN

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"My little sister says that you people have a 'real' God," he said, when she was comfortably fixed with cushions from the car at her back against a tall tree-trunk. "She says you seem to realize His presence—I don't know just how to say it, but I'd like to know if this is so. I'd like to know what makes you different from other girls, and your home different from most of the homes I know. I'd like to know if I may have it too."

That was the beginning. Shirley, shy as a bird at first, having never spoken on such subjects except to children, yet being well versed in the scriptures, and feeling her faith with every atom of her being, drew out her little bible that she had slipped into her pocket when they started, and plunged into the great subject.

Never had preacher more earnest listener, or more lovely temple in which to preach. And if sometimes the young man's thoughts strayed from the subject to rest his eyes in tenderness upon the lovely face of the young teacher, and long to draw her into his arms and claim her for his own, she might well have been forgiven. For Shirley was very fair, with the light of other worlds in her face, her eyes all sparkling with her eagerness, her lips aglow with words that seemed to be given her for the occasion. She taught him simply, not trying to go into deep arguments, but urging the only way she knew, the way of taking Christ's promise on its face value, the way of being willing to do His will, trusting it to Him to reveal Himself, and make the believer sure.

They talked until the sun sunk low, and the calling of the wood-birds warned them that the Endeavor hour was near. Before they left, the place he asked for the little bible, and she laid it in his hand with joy that he wanted it, that she was chosen to give him a gift so precious.

"It is all marked up," she said apologetically. "I always mark the verses I love, or have had some special experience with."

"It will be that much more precious to me," he said gently, fingering the leaves reverently, and then he looked up and gave her one of those deep looks that seemed to say so much to her heart. And all at once she realized that she was on earth once more, and that his presence and his look were very precious to her. Her cheeks grew pink with the joy of it, and she looked down in confusion and could not answer, so she rose to her feet. But he, springing at once to help her up, kept her hand for just an instant with earnest pressure, and said in deeply moved tones:

"You don't know what you have done for me this afternoon, my—friend!" He waited with her hand in his an instant as if he were going to say more, but had decided it were better not. The silence was so compelling that she looked up into his eyes, meeting his smile, and that said so many things her heart went into a tumult again and could not quite come to itself all through the Christian Endeavor service. On the way home from the church he talked a little about her vacation: when it came, how long it lasted, what she would do with it. Just as they reached home he said,

"I hope you will pray for me, my friend!"

There was something wonderful in the way he said that word "friend." It thrilled her through and through as she stood beside the road and watched him speed away into the evening.

"My friend! I hope you will pray for me, my friend!" It sang a glory song down in her heart as she turned to go in with the vivid glory of the sunset on her face.

CHAPTER XX.

The cement floor had been down a week and was as hard as a rock, when one day two or three wagon loads of things arrived with a note from Graham to Mrs. Hollister to say that he would be glad if these might be stored in one corner of the basement floor, where they would be out of her way and not take up too much room.

Harley and George went down to look them over that evening. "He said something about

some things being taken from the office building," said Harley, kicking a pile of iron pipes with his toe.

"These don't look like any old things that have been used," said George thoughtfully. "They look perfectly new." Then he studied them a few minutes more from another angle, and shut his lips judiciously. He belonged to the boy species that has learned to "shut up and saw wood," whatever that expression may mean. If anything was to come out of that pile of iron in the future, he did not mean to break confidence with anybody's secrets. He walked away whistling and said nothing further about them.

The next day Mrs. Graham came down upon the Hollisters in her limousine, and an exquisite toilet of organdie and ribbons. She was attended by Elizabeth, wild with delight over getting home again. She begged Mrs. Hollister very charmingly and sincerely to take care of Elizabeth for three or four weeks, while she and her husband were away, and to take her entire family down to the shore and occupy their cottage, which had been closed all summer and needed opening and airing. She said that nothing would please Elizabeth so much as to have them all her guests during September. The maids were there, with nothing to do but look after them, and would just love to serve them; it really would be a great favor to her if she could know that Elizabeth was getting a little salt air under such favorable conditions. She was so genuine in her request and suggested so earnestly that Shirley and George needed the change during their vacation, and could just as well come down every night and go up every morning for a week or two more after the vacations were over, that Mrs. Hollister actually promised to consider it and talk it over with Shirley when she came home. Elizabeth and Carol nearly went into spasms of joy over the thought of all they could do down at the shore together.

When Shirley came home she found the whole family quite upset discussing the matter. Carol had brought out all the family wardrobe and was showing how she could wash this, and dye that, and turn this skirt upside down, and put a piece from the old waist in there to make the lower part flare; and Harley was telling how he could get the man next door to look after the hens and pigeons, and there was nothing needing much attention in the garden now, for the corn was about over except the last picking, which wasn't ripe yet.

Mrs. Hollister was saying that they ought really to stay at home and look up another place to live during the winter, and Carol was pleading that another place would be easier found when the weather was cooler anyway, and that Shirley was just awfully tired and needed a change.

Shirley's cheeks grew pink in spite of the headache which she had been fighting all day, which she heard of the invitation, and sat down to think it out. Was this, then, another of the kind schemes of her kind friend to make the way easier for her? What right had she to take all this? Why was he doing it? Why were the rest of the family? Did they really need some one to take care of Elizabeth? But of course it was a wonderful opportunity, and one that her mother at least should not let slip by. And Doris! Think of Doris playing in the sand at the seaside!

Supper was flung onto the table that night any way it happened, for they were all too excited to know what they were about. Carol got butter twice and forgot to cut the bread, and Harley poured milk into the already filled water pitcher. They were even too excited to eat.

Graham arrived with Elizabeth early in the evening to add his pleading to his mother's, and before he left he had about succeeded in getting Mrs. Hollister's promise that she would go. Shirley's vacation began the first of September, and George had asked for his at the same time so that they could enjoy it together. Each had two weeks. Graham said that the cost of going back and forth to the city for the two would be very little. By the next morning they had begun to say what they would

take along, and to plan what they would do with the dog. It was very exciting. There was only a week to get ready, and Carol wanted to make bathing-suits for everybody.

Graham came again that night with more suggestions. There were plenty of bathing-suits down at the cottage, of all sizes and kinds. No need to make bathing-suits. The dog, of course, was to go along. He needed the change as much as anybody, and they needed him there. That breed of dog was a great swimmer. He would take care of the children when they went in bathing. How would Mrs. Hollister like to have one of the old Graham servants come over to sleep at the barn and look after things while they were gone? The man had really nothing to do at home while everybody was away, as the whole corps of servants would be there, and this one would enjoy coming out to the country. He had a brother living on a place about a mile away. As for the trip down there, Graham would love to take them all in the big touring car with Elizabeth. He had been intending to take her down that way, and there was no reason in the world why they should not all go along. They would start Saturday afternoon as soon as Shirley and George were free, and be down before bedtime. It would be cool and delightful journeying at that hour, and a great deal pleasanter than the train.

So one by one the obstructions and hindrances were removed from their path, and it was decided that the Hollisters were to go to the seashore. At last the day came. Shirley and George went off in the morning shouting last directions about things. They were always having to go to their work whatever was happening. It was sometimes hard on them, particularly this day when everything was so delightfully exciting.

The old Graham servant arrived about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and proved himself invaluable in doing the little last things without being told. Mrs. Hollister had her first gleam of an idea of what it must be to have plenty of perfectly trained servants about to anticipate one's needs. He entered the barn as if he were his native home, and moved about with the ease and unobtrusiveness that marks a perfect servant, but with none of the hauteur and disdain that many of those individuals entertain toward all whom they consider poor or beneath them in any way. He had a kindly face, and seemed to understand just exactly what was to be done. Things somehow moved more smoothly after he arrived.

At 4 o'clock came Graham with the car and a load of long linen dust-cloaks and veils. The Hollisters donned them and bestowed themselves where they were told. The servant stowed away the wraps and suitcases; Star mounted the seat beside Harley, and they were ready.

They turned to look back at the barn as the car started. The old servant was having a little trouble with the big door, trying to shut it. "That door is a nuisance," said Graham as they swept away from the curb. "It must be fixed. It is no fit door for a barn anyway." Then they curved up around Allister avenue and left the barn far out of sight. They were going across country to the Graham home to pick up Elizabeth. It was a wonderful experience for them, that beautiful ride in the late afternoon; and when they swept into the great gates, and up the broad drive to the Graham mansion, and stopped under the portico where Mrs. Hollister was quite overcome with the idea of being beholden to people who lived in such grandeur as this. To think she had actually invited their son to dine in a barn with her!

Elizabeth came rushing out eagerly, all ready to start, and climbed in beside Carol. Even George, who was usually silent when she was about, gave her a grin of welcome. The father and mother came out to say goodbye, gave them good wishes, and declared they were perfectly happy to leave their daughter in such good hands. Then the car curved about the great house, among tennis courts, green houses, garage, stable, and what not, and back to the pike again, leaping out upon the perfect road as if it were as excited as the children.

Two more stops to pick up George, who was getting off early, and Shirley, who was through at 5 o'clock, and then they threaded their way out of the city, across the ferry, through

another city, and out into the open country, dotted all along the way with clean, pretty little towns.

They reached a lovely grove at sundown and stopped by the way bewildering, soup that had been kept hot in a thermos bottle, served in tiny white cups, iced tea and ice cream meringues from another thermos compartment, and plenty of delicious little cakes, olives, nuts, bonbons, and fruit. It seemed a wonderful supper to them all, eaten out there under the trees, with the birds beginning their vesper songs and the stars peeping out slyly. Then they packed up their dishes and hurried on their beautiful way, a silver thread of a moon coming out to make the scene more lovely.

Doris was almost asleep when at last they began to hear the booming of the sea and smell the salt breeze as it swept back inland; but she roused up and opened wide, mysterious eyes, peering into the new darkness, and murmuring softly: "I want to see ze osun! I want to see the gate bid water!"

Stiff, bewildered, filled with ecstasy, they finally unloaded in front of a big white building that looked like a hotel. They tried to see into the deep, mysterious darkness across the road, where boomed a great voice that called them, and where dashing spray loomed high like a waving phantom hand to beckon them now and again, and far-moving lights told of ships and a world beyond the one they knew—a wide, limitless thing like eternity, universe, chaos.

With half reluctant feet they turned away from the mysterious unseen lure and let themselves be led across an unbelievably wide veranda into the bright light of a hall, where everything was clean and shining, and a great fireplace filled with friendly flames gave cheer and welcome. The children stood bewildered in the brightness while two strange serving-maids unfastened their wraps and dust cloaks and helped them take off their hats. Then they all sat around the fire, for Graham had come in by this time, and the maids brought trays of some delicious drink with little cakes and crackers, and tinkling ice, and straws to drink with. Doris almost fell asleep again, and was carried upstairs by Shirley and put to bed in a pretty white crib she was too sleepy to look at, while Carol, Elizabeth, George and Harley went with Graham across the road to look at the black, yawning cavern they called ocean, and to have the shore light-houses pointed out to them and named one by one.

They were all asleep at last, a little before midnight, in spite of the excitement over the spacious rooms, and who should have which. Think of it! Thirty rooms in the house, and every one as pretty as every other one! What luxury! And nobody to occupy them but themselves! Carol could hardly get to sleep. She felt as if she had dropped into a novel and was living it.

When Graham came out of his room the next morning the salt breeze swept invitingly through the hall and showed him the big front door of the upper piazza open and some one standing in the sunlight, with light, glowing garments, gazing at the sea in rapt enjoyment. Coming out softly, he saw that it was Shirley dressed in white, with a ribbon of blue at her waist and a soft pink color in her cheeks, looking off to sea.

He stood for a moment to enjoy the picture, and said in his heart that sometime, if he got his wish, he would have her painted so by some great artist, with just that little simple white dress and blue ribbon, her round white arm lifted, her small hand shading her eyes, the sunlight burnishing her brown hair into gold. He could scarcely refrain from going to her and telling her how beautiful she was. But when he stepped quietly up beside her only his eyes spoke, and brought the color deeper into her cheeks; and so they stood for some minutes, looking together and drawing in the wonder of God's sea.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Maine Potatoes.

From the Boston Transcript. With 11,000,000 pounds of potatoes moving out of Aroostook county, Maine, in a single day, it is evident that there is one corner of the land in which nobody is bemoaning the hard times. The average number of railway employes in service during the last quarter was 1,568,143, or 436,617 less than during the corresponding quarter of 1920, and 123,328 less than during the first quarter of 1921. Gov. Thomas C. McRae, of Arkansas, has proclaimed Tuesday, November 1, a legal holiday to be known as "The Day of Faith" and enjoined the citizens of his state to offer prayer then for the success of the conference on the limitation of armaments.

DYED HER BABY'S COAT, A SKIRT AND CURTAINS

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a new, rich color into shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything. Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.—advertisement.

Radio Time.

How useful it would be to watch-makers and repairers to have a simple wireless telephone outfit with which to receive the daily time signal, is brought out by H. Gernsback in the Radio News, New York. He says: "If once the jeweler sees how simple it is to work a time-receiving radio outfit he will soon become enthusiastic, and, as many of his tribe have done, will even go so far as to put the outfit in a show window in order to attract trade. We know a jeweler in the South who uses a loud talker outside his window, where everyone for half a block around can hear when N. A. A. seconds out the time at noon."

MOTHER! CLEAN

CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, give a teaspoonful to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

GREW WHISKERS TO GET JOB

And Secretary of State Hughes Has Worn the Required Facial Adornments Ever Since.

Charles E. Hughes, secretary of state, gave little indication to his teachers and classmates at Brown university that he was to become a leader in the nation, though it is true that he had his bachelor degree before he was twenty-one. He planned to make teaching his life work, and he did devote some years to that occupation. His first application for a job was as a teacher of Greek in a small Eastern college. The head of the department received him kindly, but evidently regarded his youthful appearance as making him an impossibility in that line.

"Why," said he, "you have no more hair on your face than an egg."

"If a beard is necessary I can raise one," said Hughes, who knew his own ability in that line, and soon was able to qualify for the job and got it. And, by the way, he has the same whiskers yet. He has never worn a clean-shaven face since.—Columbus Dispatch.

Darwinian.

The war on bathing suits is welcome if it means a survival of the best fitting.—Life.

An agreeable person is one who talks to you about yourself.

There is always something back of a shadow.

TAKES CARE OF 5 CHILDREN

Mrs. Taylor's Sickness Ended by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Roxbury, Mass.—"I suffered continually with backache and was often dependent, had dizzy spells, and at my monthly periods it was almost impossible to keep around at my work. Since my last baby came two years ago my back has been worse and no position I could get in would relieve it, and doctor's medicine did not help me. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have found great relief since using it. My back is much better and I can sleep well. I keep house and have the care of five children so my work is very trying and I am very thankful I have found the Compound such a help. I recommend it to my friends and if you wish to use this letter I am very glad to help any woman suffering as I was until I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."



Mrs. MAUDE E. TAYLOR, 6 St. James Place, Roxbury, Mass. Backache is one of the most common symptoms of a displacement or derangement of the female system. No woman should make the mistake of trying to overcome it by heroic endurance, but profit by Mrs. Taylor's experience and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Next!

Rub—Are you engaged to Mary? Dub—No, but I'm on her waiting list.—Kansas City Star.



Over fifty years ago a young physician practiced widely in Pennsylvania and became famous for his uniform success in the curing of disease. This was Dr. R. V. Pierce who afterwards established himself in Buffalo, N. Y., and placed his "Golden Medical Discovery" in the drug stores of the United States. When you feel run-down, out of sorts, blue and despondent try the energizing influence of Golden Medical Discovery in tablet or liquid form. Nearly a million bottles were sold last year.

Lifeboat Made of Basket-Work. A basket-work lifeboat seems very frail and delicate for the hard work of getting through rough seas to a ship in distress, yet a boat of this type has just been invented, and it is claimed that it gives greater safety, than the usual kind.

The wooden framework of the boat is covered with a cork lining, and over that is laid an outer cover of woven cane. It is said that the new boat floats better than the boats now in use, and that it is impossible for it to sink.

The basket lifeboat is so light and springy that it is less likely to be crushed by swinging against the side of a ship or by the buffeting of the waves.

A Day of Rest.

"Funny thing about Jackson; he never motors his wife out to the country any more on Sundays."

"There's a reason. He claims it's bad enough to have to lug home stuff from the city on week days without having the wife pick up produce bargains along the country roads on Sundays."—New York Sun.

Horses reach an average age of twenty years.

Do You Look Forward To a Good Night's Rest?

Do you regularly anticipate a refreshing sleep? Or do you dread going to bed, only to stare, sleepless, at the walls? The difference between sleeping and staring is simply a matter of nerves.

When your nervous system is in a sound condition, you are certain to sleep well. But when your nerves are worn out and beyond your control, your rest is broken and your awakening leaves you languid and irritable.

Doctors know that much of the nerve disorders result from tea and coffee drinking. The drugs in these drinks over-stimulate, often causing the serious ills which result from disturbing the regular bodily functions. It is for your health's sake that many doctors now say you should quit tea

and coffee. Drink Postum, the delicious meal-time beverage instead! In flavor it is much like coffee.

Postum is fundamentally a nerve strengthener because it lets you get sound, restful sleep. Postum is a skillfully-made cereal beverage, and the secret of its popularity is its protection to health and its delicious flavor.

Ask your grocer for Postum. Drink this hot, refreshing beverage in place of tea or coffee for 10 days and see what a wonderful difference it will make in the way you feel.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in this made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water) Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum for Health
"There's a Reason"