

THE ENCHANTED BARN

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"This is the first time I've ever seen it, you know," spoke Shirley at last, "and I'm so glad it was on Sunday morning. It will always make the day seem more holy and the sea more wonderful to think about. I like best things to happen on Sunday, don't you, because that is the best day of all?"

Graham looked at the sparkling sea all azure and pearls, realized the Sabbath quiet, and marvelled at the beauty of the soul of the girl, even as her feeling about it all seemed to enter into and become a part of himself.

"Yes, I do," said he. "I never did before, but I do now—and always shall," he added under his breath.

That was almost as wonderful a Sabbath as the one they had spent in the woods a couple of weeks before. They walked and talked by the sea, and they went to a little Episcopal chapel, where the windows stood open for the chanting of the waves and the salt of the breeze to come in freely, and then they went out and walked by the sea again. Wherever they went, whether resting in some of the many big rockers on the broad verandas or walking on the hard smooth sand, or sitting in some cozy nook by the waves, they felt the same deep sympathy, the same conviction that their thoughts were one, the same wonderful thrill of the day and each other's nearness.

Somewhere in the new environment Shirley forgot for a little that this young man was not of her world, that he was probably going back soon to the city to enter into a whirl of the winter's season in society, that other girls would claim his smiles and attentions, and she would likely be forgotten. She lost the sense of it entirely and accompanied with him as joyously as if there had never been anything to separate them. Her mother, looking on, sighed, smiled, and sighed again.

They walked together in the sweet darkness beside the waves that evening, and he told her how when he was a little boy he wanted to climb up to the stars and find God, but later how he thought the stars and God were myths like Santa Claus, and that the stars were only electric lights put up by men and lighted from a great switch every night, and when they didn't shine somebody had forgotten to light them. He told her many things about himself that he had never told to any one before, and she opened her shy heart to him, too.

Then they planned what they would do next week when he came back. He told her he must go back to the city in the morning to see his father and mother off and attend to a few matters of business at the office. It might be two or three days before he could return, but after that he was coming down to take a little vacation himself if she didn't mind, and they would do a lot of delightful things together: row, fish, go crabbing, and he would teach her to swim and show her all the walks and favorite places where he used to go as a boy. Reluctantly they went in, his fingers lingering about hers for just a second at the door, vibrating those mysterious heart strings of hers again, sweeping dearest music from them, and frightening her with joy that took her half the night to put down.

CHAPTER XXI.

Sidney Graham went back to the city the next morning. They all stood out on the piazza to watch the big car glide away. Doris stood on the railing of the piazza with Shirley's arm securely about her and waved a little fat hand; then with a pucker of her lip she demanded:

"Fy does mine Mister Dwa-ham do way? I don't want him to do way. I want him to stay wif me aw-ways, don't oo, Shirley?"

Shirley with glowing cheeks sister down on the floor suddenly.

"Run get your hat, Doris, and we'll take a walk on the sand!" she said, smiling alluringly at the child, till the baby forgot her grievance and beamed out with answering smiles.

That was a wonderful day. They all took a walk on the sand first, George pushing his mother in a big wheeled chair belonging to the cottage. Eliza-

beth was guide and pointed out all the beauties of the place, telling eager bits of reminiscence from her childhood memories to which even George listened attentively. From having been only tolerant of her George had now come to look upon Elizabeth as "a good scout."

When Mrs. Hollister grew tired they took her back to the cottage and established her in a big chair with a book. Then they all rushed off to the bath houses and presently emerged in bathing suits, Doris looking like a little sprit in her scarlet flannel turned from watching the re-treating car and put her little scrap of a suit, her bright hair streaming, and her beautiful baby arms and legs flashing white like a cherub's in the sunlight.

They came back from their dip in the waves, hungry and eager, to the wonderful dinner that was served so exquisitely in the great cool dining room, from the windows of which they could watch the lazy-ships sailing in the offing.

Doris fell asleep over her dessert and was tumbled into the hammock to finish her nap. Carol and Elizabeth and the boys started off crabbing, and Shirley settled herself in another hammock with a pile of new magazines about her and prepared to enjoy a whole afternoon of laziness. It was so wonderful to lie still, at leisure and unhurried, with all those lovely magazines to read, and nothing to disturb her. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes for a minute just to listen to the sea, and realize how good it was to be here. Back in her mind there was a pleasant consciousness of the beautiful yesterday, and the beautiful tomorrow that might come when Sidney Graham returned, but she would not let her heart dwell upon them; that would be humoring herself too much, and perhaps give her a false idea of things. She simply would not let this wonderful holiday be spoiled by the thought that it would have to end some day and that she would be back at the old routine of care and worry once more.

She was roused from her reverie by the step of the postman bringing a single letter, for her!

It was addressed in an unknown hand and was in a fat long envelope. Wonderingly she opened it and found inside a bank book and blank check book with a little note on which was written:

Dear Little Girl:
This is just a trifle of that present we were talking about the other day that belongs to you. It isn't all by any means, but we'll see to the rest later. Spend this on chocolates or chewing gum or frills or whatever you like and have a good time down at the shore. You're a bully little girl and deserve everything nice that's going. Don't be too serious, Miss Shirley. Play a little more.
Your elderly friend,
Walter K. Graham.

In the bank book was an entry of \$5,000, on check account. Shirley held her breath and stared at the figures with wide eyes, then slipped away and locked herself in the big white room that was hers. Kneeling down by the bed she cried and prayed and smiled all in one, and thanked the Lord for making people so kind to her. After that she went to find her mother.

Mrs. Hollister was sitting on the wide upper piazza in a steamer chair looking off to the sea and drawing in new life at every breath. Her book was open on her lap, but she had forgotten to read in the joy of all that was about her. To tell the truth she was wondering if the dear father who was gone from them knew of their happy estate, and thinking how glad he would be for them if he did.

She read the letter twice before she looked at the bank book with its astonishing figures, and heard again Shirley's tale of the happening in the office the morning of the arrest. Then she read the letter once more.

"I'm not just sure," daughter," she said at last with a smile, "what we ought to do about this. Are you?"

"No," said Shirley, smiling; "I suppose I'll give it back, but wasn't it wonderful of him to do it? Isn't it grand that there are such men in the world?"

"It certainly is, dear, and I'm glad my little girl was able to do something that was of assistance

to him; and that she has won her way into his good graces so simply and sweetly. But I'm not so sure what you ought to do. Hadn't we better pray about it a bit before you decide? How soon ought you to write to him? It's too late to reach him before he leaves for California, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, he's just about starting now," said the girl. "Don't you suppose he planned it so that I couldn't answer right away? I don't know his address. I can't do a thing till I find out where to write. I wouldn't like to send it to the office because they would probably think it was business and his secretary might open it."

"Of course. Then we'll just pray about it, shall we, dear? I'm not just sure in my mind whether it's a well meant bit of charity that we ought to hand back with sincere thanks, or whether it's God's way of rewarding my little girl for her faithfulness and quickness of action. Our Father knows we have been—and still are—in a hard place. He knows that we have need of 'all these things' that money has to buy. You really did a good thing and saved Mr. Graham from great loss, you know, and perhaps he is the kind of man who would feel a great deal happier if he shared a little of it with you, was able to make some return for what you did for him. However, \$5,000 is a great deal of money for a brief service. What do you think, dear?"

"I don't know, mother dear. I'm all muddled just as you say, but I guess it will come right if we pray about it. Anyhow, I'm going to be happy over his thinking of me, whether I keep it or not."

Shirley went thoughtfully back to her hammock and her magazines, a smile on her lips, a dream in her eyes. She found herself wondering whether Sidney Graham knew about this money and what he would wish her to do about it. Then suddenly she cast the whole question from her and plunged into her magazine, wondering why it was that almost any question that came into her mind promptly got around and entangled itself with Mr. Graham. What did he have to do with it, anyway?

The magazine story was very interesting and Shirley soon forgot everything else in the pleasure of surrendering herself to the printed page. An hour went by, another passed, and Shirley was still oblivious to all about her. Suddenly she became aware of a boy on a bicycle, riding almost up to the very steps, and whistling vigorously.

"Miss Shirley Hollister here?" he demanded as he alighted on one foot on the lower step, the other foot poised for flight as soon as his errand should have been performed.

"Why, yes," said Shirley, startled, struggling to her feet and letting a shower of magazines fall all about her.

"Long distance wants yer," he announced, looking her over apathetically. "Mr. Barnard, of Philadelphia, wants to talk to yer!" and with the final word chanted nasally he alighted upon his obedient steed and spun away down the walk again.

"But, wait! Where shall I go? Where is the telephone?"

"Pay station!" shouted the impervious child, turning his head over his shoulder, "Drug store! Two blocks from the post office!"

Without waiting to go upstairs Shirley, whose training had been to answer the telephone at once, caught up Elizabeth's parasol that lay on a settee by the door, rumpled her fingers through her hair by way of toilet and hurried down the steps in the direction the boy had disappeared, wondering what in the world Mr. Barnard could want of her? Was he going to call her back from her vacation? Was this perhaps the only day she would have, this and yesterday? There would always be yesterday! With a sigh she looked wistfully at the sea. If she had only known a summons was to come so soon she would not have wasted a second on magazines. She would have sat and gazed all the afternoon at the sea. If Mr. Barnard wanted her, of course she would have to go. Business was business and she couldn't afford to lose her job even with that fairy dream of \$5,000 to her credit in the bank. She knew, of course, she meant to give that back. It was hers for the day, but it could not become tangible. It was beautiful, but it was right that it must go back, and if her employer felt he must cut short her vacation why of course she must acquiesce and just be glad she had this much. Perhaps it was just as

well, anyway, for if Sidney Graham came down and spent a few days there was no knowing what foolish notions her heart would take, jumping and careening the way it had been doing lately when he just looked at her. Yes, she would go back if Mr. Barnard wanted her. It was the best thing she could do. Though perhaps he would only be calling her to ask where she had left something for which they were searching. That stupid Ashton girl who took her place might not have remembered all her directions.

Breathless, with possibilities crowding upon her mind, she hurried into the drug store and sought the telephone booth. It seemed ages before the connection was made and she heard Mr. Barnard's dry familiar tones over the phone:

"That you, Miss Hollister? This is Mr. Barnard. I'm sorry to disturb you right in the midst of your holiday, but a matter has come up that is rather serious and I'm wondering if you could help us out for a day or two. If you would we'd be glad to give you \$50 for the extra time, and let you extend your vacation to a month instead of two weeks. Do you think you could spare a day or two to help us right away?"

"Oh! Why, yes, of course!" faltered Shirley, her eyes dancing at the thought of the extra vacation and money.

"Thank you!" I was sure you would," said Mr. Barnard, with relief in his voice. You see we have got that government contract. The news just came in the afternoon mail. It's rather particular business because it has to do with matters that the government wishes to keep secret. I am to go down tomorrow morning to Washington to receive instructions, and I have permission to bring a trusted private secretary with me. Now you know, of course, that I couldn't take Miss Ashton. She wouldn't be able to do what I want done even if she were one I could trust not to say a word about the matter. I would take Jim Thorpe, but his father has just died and I can't very well ask him to leave. Neither can I delay longer than tomorrow. Now the question is, would you be willing to go to Washington in the morning? I have looked up the trains and I find you can leave the shore at 8:10 and meet me in Baltimore at 10 o'clock. I will be waiting for you at the train gate, but in case we miss each other wait in the station, close to the telephone booth, till I find you. We will take the next train for Washington and be there a little before noon. If all goes well we ought to be through our business in plenty of time to make a 4 o'clock train home. Of course there may be delays, and it is quite possible you might have to remain in Washington over night, though I hardly think so. But in case you do I will see that you are safe and comfortable in a quiet hotel near the station where my wife's sister is staying this summer.

Of course your expenses will all be paid. I will telegraph and have a mileage book put at your disposal that you can call for right there in your station in the morning. Are you willing to undertake this for us? I assure you we shall not forget the service."

When Shirley finally hung up the receiver and looked about the little country drug store in wonder at herself the very bottles on the shelves seemed to be whirling and dancing about before her eyes. What strange exciting things were happening to her all in such breathless haste! Only one day at the shore and a piece of another, and here she was with a trip to Washington on her hands! It certainly was bewildering to have things come in such rapid succession. She wished it had come at another time, and not just now when she had not yet got used to the great sea and the wonder of the beautiful place where they were staying. She did not want to be interrupted just yet. It would not be quite the same when she got back to it she was afraid. But of course she could not refuse. It never entered her head to refuse. She knew enough about the office to realize that Mr. Barnard must have her. Jimmie Thorpe would have been the one to go if he were available, because he was a man and had been with Barnard & Clegg for 10 years and knew all their most confidential business, but of course Jimmie could not go with his father lying dead and his mother and invalid sister needing him; and there was no one else but herself.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

The best steak sells for 23 cents a pound in Australia.

YOU NEED A VITALIZER

You are not feeling fit. Your food does not seem to agree, have headaches, dizzy, tired and sleepy even after a night's rest, bowels constipated. Nothing very serious the matter, you think, but you know you are not there with the punch and the pep. The symptoms are those of systemic catarrh, which must not be neglected.


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FOR YOUNG AND OLD

Proved by half a century of service the real remedy for systemic catarrh. In action, Peru-na is direct and satisfactory. It restores the appetite, enriches the blood, dispels the catarrhal poisons which are causing all the trouble and puts the various organs in prime working order. There is a prompt and pleasant return of the old vigor and healthful elasticity which make all tasks easy and life a joy. Fine after the grip or Spanish Flu. Try it and see. SOLD EVERYWHERE. TABLETS OR LIQUID.

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Waterproof Aprons—Buy direct—the best at lowest cost—attractive patterns of Gingham, Percale, plain—spl. prices on request. Amer. Apron Co., 2116 Smith Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

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BARBERS' NAMES ON MIRROR

New York Proprietor Thinks Patrons Should Know Who is Operating on Them.

The proprietor of a barber shop in New York believes it is a good thing for his business to have his patrons call each barber by name. To this end he has had one of his 15 employees who is handy at lettering scroll the first name of each barber in soap on the mirror in front of each chair.

When a patron enters he sees a row of names—"Tom," "Adam," "Anthony," "Rob," "James,"—on either side of the mirrored shop. Below each name is an arrow and a number.

"It's like branding cattle," one barber remarked. "I am Sid and each morning I back into stall No. 2. The boss insists it is a good idea. Makes the shop more homelike, he says."—New York Sun.

A Lone Admission.


"Look me in the face, sir." He raised his eyes timorously. "Now, sir, deny, if you dare, that you married me for my money!" "It must have been for your money!" he faltered.

The Important Point.

"He's worth a million dollars." "To whom?"—Life.

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