



WET FEET BRING COUGHS AND COLDS

Until entirely rid of a cough or cold, look out. They are a source of danger.

Just a few doses of PE-RU-NA taken once after exposure or first manifestation of trouble will usually break a cold or discharge in a hurry the most persistent cough.

PE-RU-NA

The Well Known Emergency Remedy

Two generations have known PE-RU-NA and its astonishing success in the relief of catarrhal diseases. The proper medicine to have on hand for every ill.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE

16799 DIED

In New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against this trouble by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's National Remedy since 1896. All druggists, three sizes.

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

REPAIRS for STOVES FURNACES and BOILERS

OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS
1206-S Douglas St. Omaha, Neb.

ITCH!

Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DEBRAS REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Scabies or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk. Sold by all reliable druggists. A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

Concerning Hiccups.

Gen. Coleman Du Pont, Delaware's new senator, was lunching in the senate restaurant.

"This marvelous here," he said, laying a periodical aside, "contains an article on the best way to stop hiccups. Now, it seems to me—"

And General Du Pont chuckled. "It seems to me," he added, "that a good funny readers would rather know the best way to start them."

Drawing It Too Fine.

After giving the prospective housemaid full details as to her duties, the mistress of the house was on the point of turning away when a thought struck her suddenly.

"Oh, by the way," she asked, "do you know your way to announce?"

"Well, ma'am," replied Mary, "I'm not sure about that, but I think I know my weight to a pound or so."

A Business Deal.

"Remember, I don't know anything about business. In business matters I'm a baby."

"Can't deal with you, then. A baby wants it all. Send me somebody who does know something about business."

The man who leaves the world no better than he found it is a worse parasite than dodder.

Conscience is not an absolutely certain guide. Conscience needs a moral education.

THE ENCHANTED BARN

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She thought it all out on the way back to the cottage, with a little pang at the thought of losing the next day and of having perhaps to stay over in Washington a day and maybe miss the arrival of Sidney Graham, if he should come in a day or two, as he had promised. He might even come and go back again before she was able to return, and perhaps he would think her ungrateful to leave when he had been so kind to plan all this lovely vacation for her pleasure. Then she brought herself up smartly and told herself decidedly that it was nothing to him whether she was there or not, and it certainly had no right to be anything to her. It was a good thing she was going, and would probably be a good thing for all concerned if she stayed until he went back to the city again.

With this firm determination she hurried up to the veranda where her mother sat with Doris and told her story.

Mrs. Hollister looked troubled. "I'm sorry you gave him an answer, Shirley, without waiting to talk it over with me. I don't believe I like the idea of your going to a strange city, all alone that way. Of course Mr. Barnard will look after you in a way, but still he's a good deal of a stranger. I do wish he had let you alone for your vacation. It seems as if he might have found somebody else to go. I wish Mr. Graham was here. I shouldn't wonder if he would suggest some way out of it for you."

But Shirley stiffened into dignity at once.

"Really, mother dear, I'm sure I don't see what Mr. Graham would have to say about it if he were here. I shouldn't ask his advice. You see, mother, really, there isn't anybody else that could do this but Jimmie Thorpe, and he's out of the question. It would be unthinkable that I should refuse in this emergency. And you know Mr. Barnard has been very kind. Besides, think of the ducky vacation I'll have afterward, a whole month! And all that extra money! That shall go to the rent of a better house for winter! Think of it! Don't you worry, mother dear! There isn't a thing in the world could happen to me. I'll be the very most discreetest person you ever heard of. I'll even glance shyly at the White House and Capitol! Come, let's go up and get dolled up for supper! Won't the children be surprised when they hear I'm really to go to Washington! I'm so excited I don't know what to do!"

Mrs. Hollister said no more, and entered pleasantly into the merry talk at the table, telling Shirley what she must be sure to see at the nation's capital. But the next morning just as Shirley was about to leave for the station, escorted by all the children, Mrs. Hollister came with a package of addressed postal cards which she had made George get for her the night before, and put them in Shirley's bag.

"Just drop us a line as you go along, dear," she said. "I'll feel happier about it to be hearing from you. Mail one whenever you have a chance."

Shirley laughed as she looked at the fat package.

"All those, mother dear? You must expect I am going to stay a month! You know I won't have much time for writing, and I fully expect to be back tonight or tomorrow at the latest."

"Well, that's all right," said her mother. "You can use them another time, then; but you can just put a line on one whenever it is convenient. I shall enjoy getting them even after you get back. You know this is your first journey out into the world alone."

Shirley stooped to kiss the little mother.

"All right, dear! I'll write you a serial story. Each one continued in our next. Goodbye! Don't take too long a walk today. I want you rested to hear all I'll have to tell when I get back tonight!"

Shirley wrote the first postal card as soon as she was settled in the train, describing the other occupants of the car, and making a vivid picture of the landscape that was slipping by her windows. She wrote the second in the Baltimore station, after she had met Mr. Barnard, while he went to get seats in the parlor

car, and she mailed them both at Baltimore.

The third was written as they neared Washington, with dim vision of the great monument dawning on her wondering sight in the distance. Her last sentence gave her first impression of the nation's capital.

They had eaten lunch in the dining car, a wonderful experience to the girl, and she promised herself another postal devoted to that, but there was no time to write more after they reached Washington. She was put into a taxi and whirled away to an office where her work began.

She caught glimpses of great buildings on the way, and gazed with awe at the dome of the capitol building. Mr. Barnard was kind and pointed out this and that, but it was plain his mind was on the coming interview. When Shirley sat at last in a quiet corner of a big dark office, her pen poised, her note-book ready for work, and looked at the serious faces of the men in the room, she felt as if she had been rushed through a treasure vault of glorious jewels and thrust into the darkness of a tomb. But presently the talk about her interested her. Things were being said about the vital interests of the country, scraps of sentences that reminded her of the trend of talk in the daily papers, and the headings of front columns. She looked about her with interest and noted the familiarity with which these men quoted the words of those high up in authority in the government. With awe she began her work, taking down whatever Mr. Barnard dictated, her fingers flying over the tiny pages of the note book, in small neat characters, keeping pace with the voices going on about her. The detail work she was setting down was not of especial interest to her, save that it was concerned with government work, for its phraseology was familiar and a part of her daily routine office work at home; but she set every sense on the alert to get the tiniest detail and not to make the smallest mistake, understanding from the voices of the men about her that it was of vital interest to the country that this order should be filled quickly and accurately. As she capped her fountain pen, and slipped the rubber band on her note-book when it was over, she heard one of the men just behind her say in a low tone to Mr. Barnard:

"You're sure of your secretary of course? I just want to give you the tip that this thing is being very closely watched. We have reason to believe there's some spying planned. Keep your notes carefully and don't let too many in on this. We know pretty well what's going on, but it's not desirable just now to make any arrests until we can watch a little longer and round up the whole party. So keep your eyes peeled, and don't talk."

"Oh, certainly! I quite understand," said Mr. Barnard, "and I have a most discreet secretary," and he glanced with a significant smile toward Shirley as she rose.

"Of course!" said the other. "She looks it," and he bowed deferentially to Shirley as she passed.

She did not think of it at the time, but afterwards she recalled how in acknowledging his courtesy she had stepped back a little and almost stumbled over a page, a boy about George's age, who had been standing withdrawn into the shadow of the deep window. She remembered he had a keen intelligent look, and had apologized and vanished immediately. A moment later it seemed to be the same boy in blue clothes and gilt buttons who held the other door open for them to pass out—or was this a taller one? She glanced again at his side face with a lingering thought of George as she paused to fasten her glove and slip her note-book into her hand bag.

"I think I will put you into the taxi and let you go right back to the station while I attend to another errand over at the war department. It won't take me long. We can easily catch that 4 o'clock train back. I suppose you are anxious to get back tonight!"

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can't. Then perhaps you can come up to town tomorrow and type those notes for us. By the way, I guess it would be better for me to take them and lock them in the safe tonight. No, don't stop to get them out now"—as Shirley began to unfasten her bag and get the note book out—"We haven't much time if we want to catch that train. Just look after them carefully and I'll get them when we are in the train."

He helped her into the taxi, gave the order, "To the station," and touching his hat, went rapidly over to the war department building. No one saw a boy with a blue cap and brass buttons steal forth on a bicycle from the court just below the office, and circling about the asphalt uncertainly for a moment, shoot off across the park.

Shirley sat up very straight and kept her eyes about her. She was glad they were taking another way to the station so that she might see more. When she got there she would write another postal and perhaps it would go on the same train with her.

It was all too short, that ride up Pennsylvania avenue around by the capitol. Shirley gathered up her bag and prepared to get out reluctantly. She wished she might have just one more hour to go about, but of course that would be impossible if she wished to reach home tonight.

But before the driver of the car could get down and open the door for her to get out a boy with a bicycle slid up to the curb and touching his gilt buttoned cap respectfully said:

"Excuse me, Miss, but Mr. Barnard sent me after you. He says there's been some mistake and you'll have to come back and get it corrected."

"Oh!" said Shirley, too surprised to think for a minute. "Oh! Then please hurry, for Mr. Barnard wants to get back in time to get that 4 o'clock train."

The driver frowned, but the boy stepped up and handed him something, saying:

"That's all right, Joe, he sent you this." The driver's face cleared and he started his machine again. The boy vanished into the throng. It was another of Shirley's after-memories that she had caught a glimpse of a scrap of paper along with the money the boy had handed the driver, and that he had stuffed it in his pocket after looking intently at it; but at the time she thought nothing of it. She was only glad that they were skimming along rapidly.

CHAPTER XXII.

Shirley's sense of direction had always been keen. Even as a child she could tell her way home when others were lost. It was some minutes, however, before she suddenly became aware that the car was being driven in an entirely different direction from the place she had just left Mr. Barnard. For a moment she looked around puzzled, thinking the man was merely taking another way around, but a glance back where the white dome of the capitol loomed, palace like, above the city, made her sure that something was wrong. She looked at the buildings they were passing, at the names of the streets—F street—they had not been on that before! These stores and tall buildings were all new to her eyes. Down there at the end of the vista was a great building all columns. Was that the treasury and were they merely seeing it from another angle? It was all very confusing, but the time was short, why had the man not taken the shorter way?

She looked at her small wrist watch anxiously and watched eagerly for the end of the street. But before the great building was reached the car suddenly curved around a corner to the right—one block—a turn to the left—another turn—a confusion of new names and streets! New York avenue! Connecticut avenue! Thomas Circle! The names spun by so fast she could read but few of them, and those she saw she wanted to remember that she might weave them into her next postal. She opened her bag, fumbled for her little silver pencil in the pocket of her coat and scribbled down the names she could read as she passed, on the back of the bundle of postal cards, and without looking at her writing. She did not wish to miss a single sight. Here were rows of homes, pleasant and palatial, some of them even cozy. The broad avenues were enchanting, the park spaces, the lavish scattering of noble statues. But the time was hastening by and they were going farther and farther and farther from the sta-

tion and from the direction of the offices where she had been. She twisted her neck once more and the capitol dome loomed soft and blended in the distance. A thought of alarm leaped into her mind. She leaned forward and spoke to the driver:

"You understand, didn't you, that I am to return to the office where you took me with the gentleman?"

"All right, lady. Yes, lady!" And the car rushed on, leaping out upon the beautiful way and disclosing new beauties ahead. For a few minutes more Shirley was distracted from her anxiety in wondering whether the great buildings on her right belonged to any of the embassies or not. And then as the car swerved and plunged into another street and darted into a less thickly populated district, with trees and vacant lots almost like the country, alarm arose once more and she looked wildly back and tried to see the signs; but they were going faster still now upon a wide empty road past stretches of park, with winding drives and charming views, and a great stone bridge to the right, arching over a deep ravine below, a railroad crossing it. There were deer parks fenced with high wire, and filled with the pretty creatures. Everything went by so fast that Shirley hardly realized that something really must be wrong before she seemed to be in the midst of a strange world aloof.

"I am sure you have made a mistake!" The girl's clear voice cut through the driving wind as they rushed along. "I must go back right away to that office from which you brought me. I must go at once or I shall be too late for my train! The gentleman will be very angry!" She spoke in the tone that always brought instant obedience from the employees around the office building at home.

But the driver was stolid. He scarcely stirred in his seat to turn toward her. His thick voice was brought back to her on the breeze:

"No, lady, it's all right, lady! I had my orders, lady! You needn't worry. I get you there plenty time."

A wild fear seized Shirley, and her heart lifted itself as was its habit, to God. "Oh, my Father! Take care of me! Help me! Show me what to do!" she cried. Thoughts rushed through her brain as fast as the car rushed over the ground. What was she up against? Was this man crazy or bad? Was he perhaps trying to kidnap her? What for? She shuddered to look the thought in the face. Or was it the notes? She remembered the men in the office and what they had said about keeping still and "spying enemies." But perhaps she was mistaken. Maybe this man was only stupid, and it would all come out right in a few minutes. But no, she must not wait for anything like that. She must take no chance. The notes were in her keeping. She must put them where they would be safe. No telling how soon she would be overpowered and searched if that was what they were after. She must hide them, and she must think of some way to send word to Mr. Barnard before it was too late. No telling what moment they would turn from the main road and she be hidden far from human habitation. She must work fast. What could she do? Scream to the next passer-by? No, for the car was going too fast for that to do any good, and the houses up this way seemed all to be isolated, and few people about. There were houses on ahead beyond the park. She must have something ready to throw out when they came to them. "Oh God! Help me think what to do!" she prayed again, and then looking down at her bag she saw the postal cards. Just the thing! Quickly she scribbled, still holding her hand within the bag so that her movements were not noticeable:

"Help! Quick! Being carried off! Auto! Connecticut Ave.! Park. Deer. Stone bridge. Phone Mr. Clegg. Don't tell mother! Shirley."

She turned the card over, drew a line through her mother's name and wrote Carol's in its place. Stealthily she slipped the card up her sleeve, dropped her hand carelessly over the side of the car for a moment, let the card flutter from her fingers, and wrote another.

To be continued next week.

Count Bentinck's daughter-in-law has published a book about what happened at Amerongen, which Count Bentinck, in his loyalty to the Kaiser, has pronounced "composed of gossip and hearsay, and inspired by vanity and greed." The book is expected to sell.

You remember the story of the Pitcher—

It made a good many trips to the well and it came back in good order.

"I can take care of myself," it said—"they don't need to talk about risks to me."

But it went once too often.

After that it was only part of a pitcher, and they didn't need to talk to it about risks—it knew.

A lot of people won't believe coffee can harm them until it does harm them.

"Nonsense!" they say, "it never disturbs me."

When it does disturb them, then they know.

Often the disturbance which they then recognize is the result of irritations to nerves and digestion which have been going on for a long time.

If you have to lie awake at night and count the clock ticks, after an evening cup of coffee, then you know that it's better to be safe than sorry.

The risk of coffee's harm is gone when the meal-time drink is Postum.

Here's a delightful and satisfying table beverage, with charm for the taste and without harm for nerves or digestion. You know you're on the right road with Postum; there's never the possibility that you'll go once too often.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) 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.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.