ENCHANTED BARN copyright 1918, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

"I think I will remain out here," she said calmly, albeit her heart was pounding away like a trip-hammer. "Please tell Mr. Baker to come to me here. It is much pleasanter than in the house a day like this.

"Aw no! You won't neither! The secretary don't receive in the open air even in summer,' drawied the man, and she noticed that he and the driver straightened up and stepped closer to her, one on either side. She gave one wild glance toward the open space. There was simply no chance at all to run away even if she succeeded in eluding them at the start by a quick, unexpected dash. They were alert athletic men and no telling how many more were hidden in the house.

Oh, very well, of course, if it's a matter of etiquette!" said Shirley pleasantly, determined to keep up the farce as long as pos-

A cold, dark air met the girl as she stepped within the creaking door and looked about her. At her left was an old fashioned. kitchen, dusty and cobwebby. A long, narrow hall led to the front of the house and her guide pointed her toward a room on the right. There was something hol-Mow and eerie in the sound of their footsteps on the old oaken Moor. The room into which she was ushered was musty and dusty as the rest. The floor was covered with an ancient ingrain carpet. The table was covered with a magenta felt cover stamped with a vine of black leaves and riddled with moth holes. The walls were hung with old prints and steel engravings suspended by woolien cords and tassels. The furniture was dilapidated. Everything was covered with dust, but there were finger marks in the dust here and there that showed the place had been recently visit-Through an open doorway an old square piano was visible in what must be the parlor. The place seemed to Shirley fairly teeming with memories of some family now departed. She leaped to the quick conclusion that the house had been long deserted and had only recently been entered and used as a rendezvous for itlegal conferences. It or-

it was hardly likely that there would be opportunity for anything like that. She felt strangely calm as she looked about upon her prison.

curred to her that there might be

an opportunity for her to hide

her precious papers somewhere

safely if it came to it that she must be searched. How about

that piano? Could she slip some

of them between the keys? But

"H'm! He ain't come yet!" remarked her guide as he glanced into the front room. Well, you can set down. He won't be long now. Joe, you jest look about a bit and see if you can find the secretary, and tell him the young lady is here.

The man flung himself full length on the carpet covered couch and looked at her with satisfaction.

"What train was that you said you must make? I'm afraid now you might be going to be just a trifle late if he don't get a hustle on, but you can't hurry a great man like that you know.

"Oh, it's no matter!" said Shirley coolly, looking around her with the utmost innocence. "What a quaint old house! Has it been in the family a long lime?"

The man looked at her amus-

"You're a cute one!" he remarked affably. "I believe you're a pretty good sport! You know perfectly well you're in my power and can't do a turn to help yourself, yet you sail around here as calm as a queen! You're some looker, too! Blamed if I'm not enjoying myself. I wouldn't mind a kiss or two from those pretty lips-

But Shirley had melted through the doorway into the other room and her voice floated back with charming indifference as if she had not heard, though she was ready to scream with toathing and fear of the man:

"Why, isn't this a delightful old piano? The keys are actually mother-of-pearl. Isn't it .oddf Would Mr. Baker mind if if p'ayed on it?"

to could get himself to the doorway she had sat down on the

rickety old hair-cloth stool and swept the keys lightly. The old chords trembled and shivered as if awaking from a tomb, and uttered forth a quavering, sweet

sound like ancient memories. The man was too much astonished to stop her, amused too, perhaps, and interested. Her white fingers over the dusty pearls in the growing dusk had a strange charm for the hardened reprobate, like the wonder of a flower dropped into the foulness of a prison. Before he could recover, he was startled again by her voice soaring out in the empty echoing house:

Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the blood From Thy riven side which flowed. Be of sin the double cure,
Save me Lord and make me pure!

Perhaps those dim, gloomy walls had echoed before to the grand old tune, but never could it have been sung in direr strait, or with more earnest cry from a soul in distress. She had chosen the first words that seemed to fit the chords she had struck, but every syllable was a prayer to the God in whom she trusted. It may be the man felt the power of her appeal as he stood rooted in the doorway and listened while she sang through all the verses she could remember. But the last trembling note was broken harshly by Joe's voice at the kitchen door in sharp, rasping orders:

"Hist, there! Can that noise! Do you want to raise hell here? Wake up, Sam! Get onto your job. Hennie's comin'.

"That's all right, Joe! Dry up! This is good Sunday school dope! This won't rouse no suspicions. Go to the devil and mind your business! I know what I'm about!"

Shirley was almost ready to cry, but she drew a deep breath and started on another song:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, oh, my Savlor hide, Till the storm of life is past.

On through the time-worn

words she sang, while the sinhardened man stood silently and listened. His eyes had gradually lost their leer and grown soft and tender, as if some childhood memories of home and mother and a time when he was innocent and good were looking out his once intended to be before he ate the apple of wisdom and became as the gods and devils. Shirley gradually became aware that she was holding her strange audience; and a power beyond herself steadied her voice, and kept her fingers from trembling on the old pearl keys, as she wandered on from song to song; perhaps happening on the very ones who knows?-that this man, standing in the dying twilight of the old gloomy house, had sung beside his mother's hearth or in church during his childood? Certain it is that he stood there silent

and listened for at least half an hour without an interruption, while the light in the big room grew dimmer and dimmer and all about the house seemed still as death in the intervals between her voice.

She was just beginning:

Abide with me, Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide!

When the man put his hand in his pocket and brought out a candle. Scratching a match on his trousers, he lit the candle and set it carefully on the piano, where its light fell flickering, wavering over her worn young face; and who shall say that she was not a messenger from another world to this man who had long trodden the downward path?

They were interrupted, however, before this song was finished by a newcomer who entered like a shadow and stood at the end of the piano looking wonderingly from Shirley to the man, when she glanced up. She stopped, startled, for although he wore no brass buttons nor blue clothes she was quite sure those were the same gray eyes that had looked at her from the recess of the window in the government office that afternoon, perhaps the same boy who had come after her ear and sent her off on this long way into the wilderness.

The man Sam straightened up

suddenly and looked about him half-ashamed with an apologetic

"Oh, you've come, have you, Hennie? Well, you been a long time about it! But now I guess we'll get to work. Where's Joe Out on the watch? All right then, Miss, if you've no objection, we'll just take a little vacation on the psalm singin' and turn our attention to worldly things. I calculate you're sharp enough to know what we brought you out here for? I acknowledge you can sing real well, and you sorta got my goat for a while there with all that mourning bench tra-la, for you certainly have got that holy dope down fine; but now the time's come for business, and you needn't to think that because I can enjoy a little sentiment now and then in a leisure moment that you can put anything over on me, for it can't be did! I mean business and I've got you in my power! We're 10 miles from any settlement, and no neighbors anywhere's about. Everybody moved away. So it won't do any good to work any funny business on us. You can't get away. We're all armed, and no one knows where you are! If you behave yourself and do as you're told there won't be any trouble. We'll just transact our business and then we'll have a bit of supper, and mebbe a few more tunes -got any rag-time in your repitwar?-and then sometime after midnight, when the moon's good and dark, we'll get you back to civilization where you won't have no trouble in gettin' home. But if you act up and get funny, why you know what to expect. There was a young girl murdered once in this house and buried in the cellar and ever since folks say it's hanted and they won't come near it. That's the kind of a place we're in! So, now are

you ready?" Shirley sat cold and still. It seemed as if her life blood had suddenly congealed in her veins and for a second she felt as if her senses were going to desert her. Then the echo of her own song: "Hide me, oh, my Savior hide!" seemed to cry from her soul silently and she rallied once

more and gained her self-control. "Well, Miss," went on the man impressively, "I see you're ready for the question, and you've got your nerve with you, too, I'll hand you that! But I warn you it won't do no good! We brung yu out here to get a hold of that note book you wrote in this morning, and we're goin' to have it. We know that Mr. Barnard left it in your care. Hennie here heard him say for you to keep it. So it won't be of any use for you to lie about it.'

"Of course!" said Shirley, standing up and reaching over for her hand-bag, which she had laid on the piano beside her while she played. "I understand perfeetly. But I'd like to ask you a question, Mr. —— ? 'Smith, or Jones, whichever

you like to call it. Spit it out!" "I suppose you are paid to bring me out here, Mr. Smith, and get my property away from me?" she said gravely. "Well, yes, we don't calculate

to do it just for sweet charity. 'And I am paid to look after that has been given me. I just that has been given me I just have to look after it. It's out of the question for me to desert it!" Shirley spoke coolly and held her little bag close in the firm grasp of her two hands. The man stared at her and laughed. The boy Hennie fairly gaped in his astonishment. "A girl with all that nerve!"

"Of course, I understand perfeetly that you can murder me and bury me down in the cellar beside that other girl that was murdered, and perhaps no one will find it out for a while, and you can go on having a good time on the money you will get for it. You know I didn't come here

alone today-Both men looked startled and glanced uneasily into the shadows, as if there might be someone lurking there.

"God came with me and He knows! He'll make you remember some day!"

The boy laughed out a nervous ah! ha! of relief, but the man seemed held, fascinated by her look and words. There was silence for a second while the girl held off the ruffian in the man by sheer force of her strong personality. Then the boy laughed again, with a sneer in the end of it, and the spell was broken. The leer came nito the eyes of the man again. The sneer of the boy had brought him to himself-to the self he had come to be.

business and we've been delayed too long already. Come now, will you hand out that note-book or will we have to search you?" He ook a stride across to where she stood and wrenched the hand-bag from her grasp before she was aware of his intention. She had not meant to give it up without a struggle, much as she loathed the thought of one. She must make the matter last as long as possible, if perchance God was sending help to her, and must contest every inch of the way as far as lay in her power. Oh, had anyone picked up her cards? Had book with its message reached any friendly eye?

Frail and white and stern she tood with folded arms while they turned out the contents of the little bag and scattered it over the piano, searching with clumsy fingers among her dainty things.

The note book she had rolled within her handkerchiefs and made it hard to find. She feared lest her ruse would be discovered when they looked it over. The boy was the one who clutched for the little book, recognizing it as the one he had seen in the office that morning. The man hung over his shoulder and peered in the candlelight, watching the boy anxiously. It meant a good deal of money if they put this thing through.

"Here it is!" said the boy, fluttering through the leaves and carefully scrutinizing the short-hand characters. "Yes that's

the dope!

He ran his eye down the pages, caught a word here and there, technicalities of manufacture, the very items, of course, that he wanted, if this had been the specifications for the government order. Shirley remembered with relief that none of the details were identical, however, with the notes she carried in her shoes. The book notes were in fact descriptive of an entirely different article from that demanded by the government. The question was, would these people be wise enough to discover that fact before she was out of their power or not?

Furtively she studied the boy.

There was something keen and cunning about his youthful face. He was thick-set, with blond hair and blue eyes. He might be of German origin, though there was not a sign of accent about his speech. He had the bull-dog chin, retreating forehead and eagle nose of the kaiser in embryo. Shirley saw all this as she studied him furtively. That he was an expert in short-hand was proved by the ease with which ne read some of her obscure sentences, translating rapidly here and there as he examined the book. Was he well enough ingovernment contract to realize that these were not the notes she had taken in the office that morning? And should he fail to recognize, it was there perhaps some one higher in authority to whom they would be shown before she was released? She shivered and set her weary toes tight with determination over the little crinkling papers in her shoes. Somehow she would protect those notes from being taken, even if she had to swallow them. There surely would be a way to hide them if the need came.

Suddenly the tense strain under which she was holding herself was broken by the man. He looked up with a grin, rubbing his hands with evident self-gratulation and relief:

"That's all right, Girlie! That's the dope we want. Now we won't trouble you any longer. We'll have supper. Hennie, you go get some of that wood out in the shed and we'll have a fire on the hearth and make some

But Shirley, standing white and tense in the dim shadow of the room, suddenly felt the place whirling about her, and the can-dle dancing afar off. Her knees gave way beneath her and she dropped back to the piano stool weakly, and covered her face with her hands, pressing hard on her eyeballs; trying to keep her senses and stop the black dizziness that threatened to submerge her consciousness. She must not faint-if this was fainting. She must keep her senses and guard her precious shoes. If one of those should fall off while she was unconscious all would be undone.

Continued next week.

Although the cost of living is still going up in Rome and milk, meat, fish, butter, and bread all cost more than they did during the summer, figures I tely published by the Commune of time show that the properity of the propie is steadily increasing, and that the Romans eat and drink better an timuse themselves more in 1,1 in "Nix on the sob-stuff, girlie!"
he said gruffly. "It won't go
down with me! We're here for

"Sime show that the prosperty of the prople is steadily increasing, and the tie Romans eat and drink better at the Romans eat at the Romans eat and drink better at the Romans eat at

WOOD FAMINE SURELY AHEAD

Measures That Alone Could Have Prevented Have Been Too Long Delayed, Says Expert.

The cost of wood may fluctuate, but the general direction of the prices for wood products is bound to rise, and the movement will gain tremendous impetus a few years hence. There is going to be a wood famine in this country and little can be done to pre-We have procrastinated too long. Much can be done, however, to alleviate and shorten its duration. Forest protection is one of the prophylactics. Out of 822,000,000 acres of virgin forests we have 137,000,000 left. We are cutting this remainder at the rate of 5,500,000 acres yearly. In 25 to 30 years our supply of virgin timber will be exhausted. This hiatus will continue until trees can be grown. In five years ending 1920 there were 160,000 forest fires in the United States which did damage amounting to more than \$85,000,000. Forest fires have

SHE DYED A SWEATER. SKIRT AND CHILD'S COAT

caused an annual loss of about 70 hu-

man lives, to say nothing of stocks,

crops, buildings and improvements .--

G. A. Whipple in the Thrift Magazine.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" con tains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot. mond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.—advertisement.

The Engine's Ears.

Mr. Smith was a commercial traveler, and only came home at long intervals. On one of these he was telling his five-year-old son all about his wanderings. "And then I came home," he finished.

"And did you come home in a train. daddy?" asked Johnny. "Yes, sonny."

"And did you see the ears of the engine?"

"Of course not," laughed Dade Engines don't have ears."

"Oh, yes they do!" persisted the small boy. "Haven't you ever heard Tit-Bits.

Bath Night.

Pat was helping the gardener on gentleman's place and, observing a shallow stone basin containing water, he inquired what it was for.

"That," said the gardener, "Is a bird bath."

"Don't be foolin' me," grinned Pat What is it?"

"A bird bath, I tell you. Why do you doubt It?"

"Because I don't belave there's burrd alive than can tell Saturday night from anny other."-Boston Transcript.

Makes a Discovery.

A four-year-old boy visiting in Co lumbus last week had had but little experience in the country, having ever didn't you come sooner?" lived all of his life in a large city. to those he had seen in parks and in the very small yards in city homes. He was driving in the country with relatives, and the machine passed a field overrup with foxfail a fall grass with a brushlike tip. The youngster regarded the grass with bulging eyes, and finally he cried, excitedly, "Oh mother, mother, here is the place where the wooly worms grow."-Indianapolis News.

His Honor's Little Jest. "What's the charge, officer?" "Reciting 'Curfew Shall Not Ring

Tonight,' your honor,'

"That isn't against the law, I'm sor-

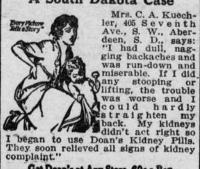
ry to say.' "But he had one arm around the

neck of a drayman's horse and was reciting the piece to the poor brute." "Umph! This case should be prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."-Birming-

Weak and Worn?

Has winter left you dull, tired; all worn out? Do you have constant backache, with headaches, dizzy spells, sharp, shooting pains, or annoying kidney irregularities? Influenza and grip epidemics have left thousands with weak kidneys and failing strength. Don't wait until serious kidney trouble develops. Help the weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A South Dakota Case



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FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SHOULD HAVE SHONE AT THAT

Tragediar's Visitor Evidently Designed by Nature to Teach the Art of Elocution.

James K. Hackett, who played Shakespeare very successfully during the Paris season by invitation of the French government, told a story at a luncheon.

"Once after a performance of Maceth," he said, "a card was brought in to me, and I consented to see its owner, though he was a stranger.

"Well, the man came in pompously enough. He was elderly and he was afflicted with a bad stutter. He w-wanted to k-know, however, if I hadn't a vacancy for him, as it was his heart's d-desire to be a great tragedian.

"Well, I said, of course, that I could do nothing for him. So he took up his hat, heaved a deep sign, and murmured:

" 'Then I'll have to k-keep on t-teaching elocution for the p-present."

Beginner's Luck.

An ardent angler took a friend fishing. The friend knew nothing about of the 'engineers, daddy?"-London the gentle art, but was set up with all the necessary tackle, and a nice, comfortable seat on the bank.

The experienced hand started fishng a few yards higher up the stream. Presently the novice said: "How much do those red things cost?"

"I suppose you mean the float?" said the angler. "That only costs about

"Well, I owe you twopence," said the novice. "The one you lent me has sunk."-London Tit-Bits.

Attention.

The family was out of town, and the house was left in charge of a young housemaid. On opening the door the first morning she found the charwoman standing there, obviously angry. "I've been ringing and ringing here for half an hour," she said.

"Oh! Was that you?" replied the His knowledge of plants was limited housemaid. "You kept on so regular that I thought it was only the telephone."-London Tit-Bits.

How's Your Stomach? Any Weakness or Distress?

Red Cloud, Nebr.—"Some time ago I wrote to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel for wrote to Dr. Pierce's Invalus Hotel for his advice in regard to my stomach trouble, which I was sure was neuralgia. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery along with the 'Anuric Tablets' and feel that I have been greatly benefited by their use. I had about given up when I wrote Dr.

had about given by the property of the property of the property faith in Dr. Pierce's medicine."—Mrs. Dora Coleman.

If you need a building-up tonic for stomach and blood obtain Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from your hearest druggist, or write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

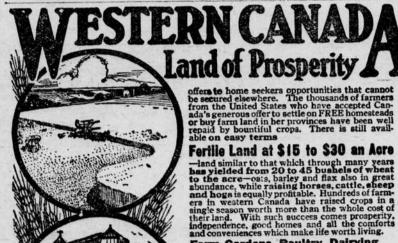
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