

THE ENCHANTED BARN

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When she had recovered a little from her wonder and astonishment, and realized that he had asked her to marry him, and was waiting for his answer, she lifted her wondering eyes to his face, and tried to speak as her conscience and reason bade her.

"But I'm not like the other girls you know," she said bravely. Then he broke in upon her fervently.

"No, you're not like any other girl I know in the whole wide world. Thank God for that! You are one among a thousand! No, you're one among the whole careful of women! You're the only one I could ever love!"

"But listen please, you haven't thought. I'm not a society girl. I don't belong in your circle. I couldn't grace your position the way your wife ought to do. Remember, we're nobodies. We're poor. We live in a barn!"

"What do you suppose I care about that?" he answered eagerly. "You may live in a barn all your days if you like, and I'll love you just the same. I'll come and live in the barn with you if you want me to. My position! My circle! What's that! You'll grace my home and my life as no other girl could do. You heart of my heart! You strong, sweet spirit! The only question I'm going to ask of you is, Can you love me? If you can, I know I can make you happy, for I love you better than my life. Answer, please. Do you love me?"

She lifted her eyes, and their spirits broke through their glances. If the old man at the other end of the car was looking they did not know it.

They came back to the cottage at the shore with a manner so blissful and so unmistakable that even the children noticed. Elizabeth whispered to Carol at the table: "My brother likes your sister a lot, doesn't he? I hope she likes him, too."

"I guess she does," responded Carol philosophically. "She oughta. He's been awfully good to her, and to all of us."

"People don't like people just for that," said wise Elizabeth.

Harley, out on the veranda after dinner, drew near to Carol to confide.

"Say, kid, I guess he has got a case on her all right now. Gee! Wouldn't that be great? Think of all those cars!"

But Carol giggled. "Good night! Harley! How could we ever have a wedding in a barn? And they're such particular people, too!"

"Aw, gee!" said Harley, disgusted. "You girls are always thinking of things like that! As if that mattered. You can get married in a chicken-run if you really have a case like that on each other! You make me tired!" and he stalked away in offended male dignity.

Meantime the unconscious subjects of this discussion had gone to Mrs. Hollister to confess, and the sea was forgotten by all three for that one evening at least, even though the moon was wide and bright and gave a golden pathway across the dark water. For a great burden had rolled from Mrs. Hollister's shoulders when she found her beloved eldest daughter was really loved by this young man, and he was not just amusing himself for a little while at her expense.

The days that followed were like one blissful fleeting dream to Shirley. She just could not get used to the fact that she was engaged to such a prince among men! It seemed as if she were dreaming, and that presently she would wake up and find herself in the office with a great pile of letters to write, and the perplexing problem before her of where they were going to live next winter. She had broached that subject once to Graham shyly, saying that she must begin to look around as soon as she got back to town and he put her aside, asking her to leave that question till they all went back, as he had a plan he thought she might think well of, but he couldn't tell her about it just yet. He also began to urge her to write at once to Mr. Barnard and resign her position, but that she would not hear of.

"No," she said decidedly. "We couldn't live without my salary, and there are a lot of things to be thought out and planned before I can be married. Besides, we need to get to know each other and to grow into each

other's lives a little bit. You haven't any idea even now how far I am from being fitted to be the wife of a man in your position. You may be sorry yet. If you are ever going to find it out, I want you to do it beforehand."

He looked adoringly into her eyes. "I know perfectly now dear!" he said, "and I'm not going to be satisfied to wait a long time for you to find out that you don't really care for me after all. If you've got to find that out, I believe I'd rather it would be after I have you close and fast and you'll have to like me anyway."

And then the wonder and thrill of it all would roll over her again and she would look into his eyes and be satisfied.

Still she continued quite decided that nothing could be done about prolonging her vacation, for she meant to go back to Barnard & Clegg's on the day set.

"You know I'm the man of the house," she said archly. "I can't quite see it at all myself—how I'm ever going to give up." "But I thought I was going to be the man of the house," pleaded Sidney. "I'm sure I'm quite capable and eager to look out for the interests of my wife's family."

"But you see I'm not the kind of a girl that has been looking around for a man who will support my family."

"No, you surely are not!" said the young man, laughing. "If you had been, young lady, I expect you'd have been looking yet so far as I am concerned. It is because you are what you are that I love you. Now that's all right about being independent, but it's about time to fight this thing to a finish. I don't see why we all have to be made miserable just because there are a lot of unpleasant precedents and conventions and crochets in the world. Why may I not have the pleasure of helping to take care of your perfectly good family if I want to? It is one of the greatest pleasures to which I am looking forward, to try and make them just as happy as I can, so that you will be the happier. I've got plenty to do it with. God has been very good to me in that way, and why should you try to hinder me?"

And then the discussion would end in a bewildering look of worshipful admiration on Shirley's part and a joyous taking possession of her and carrying her off on some ride or walk or other on the part of Graham.

He did not care just now that she was slow to make plans. He was enjoying each day, each hour, to the full. He wanted to keep her from thinking about the future, and especially about the winter, till she got home, and so he humored her and led her to other topics.

One night, as they sat on the dark veranda alone, Graham said to George:

"If you were going to college, where would you want to prepare?"

He wondered what the boy would say, for the subject of college had never been mentioned with relation to George. He did not know whether the boy had ever thought of it. But the answer came promptly in a ringing voice:

"Central High! They've got the best football team in the city."

"Then you wouldn't want to go away to some preparatory school?"

"No, sir!" was the decided answer. "I believe in the public school every time! When I was a little kid I can remember my father taking me to walk and pointing out the Central high school, and telling me that some day I would go there to school. I used to always call that 'my school.' I used to think I'd get there yet, some day, but I guess that's out of the question."

"Well, George, if that's your choice you can get ready to enter as soon as you go back to the city."

"What?" George's feet came down from the veranda railing with a thud, and he sat upright in the darkness and stared wildly at his prospective brother-in-law. Then he slowly relaxed and his young face grew grim and stern. "No chance!" he said laconically.

"Why not?"

"Because I've got my mother and the children to support. I can't waste time going to school. I've got to be a man."

Something sudden like a choke came in the young man's throat, and a great love for the brave boy who was so courageous in his self-denial.

"George, you're not a man yet, and you'll shoulder the burden twice as well when you're equipped with a college education. I mean you shall have it. Do you suppose I'm going to let my new brother slave away before his time? No, sir; you're going to get ready to make the best man that's in you. And as for your mother and the family, isn't she going to be my mother, and aren't they to be my family? We'll just shoulder the job together, George, till you're older—and then we'll see."

"But I couldn't take charity from anybody."

"Not even from a brother?"

"Not even from a brother."

"Well, suppose we put it in another way. Suppose you borrow the money from me to keep things going, and when you are ready to pay it back we'll talk about it then. Or, better still, suppose you agree to pass it on to some other brother when you are able."

They talked a long time in the dark, and Graham had quite a hard time breaking down the boy's reserve and independence, and getting a real brotherly confidence. But at last George yielded, saw the common sense and right of the thing, and laid an awkward hand in the man's, growling out:

"You're a pippin and no mistake, Mr. Graham. I can't ever thank you enough! I never thought anything like this would happen to me!"

"Don't try thanks, George. We're brothers now, you know. Just you do your best at school, and it's all I ask. Shirley and I are going to be wonderfully proud of you. But please don't call me Mr. Graham any more. Sid, or Sidney, or anything you like, but no more mistering."

He flung a brotherly arm across the boy's shoulders and together they went into the house. Meantime the beautiful days went by in one long, golden dream of wonder. The children were having the time of their lives, and Elizabeth was never so happy. Shirley sat on the wide verandas and read the wealth of books and magazines which the house contained, or roamed the beach with the children and Star, or played in the waves with Doris, and wondered if it were really Shirley Hollister who was having all this good time.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The morning they all started back to the city was a memorable one. Graham had insisted that Shirley ask for a holiday until Tuesday morning so that they might go up with them in the car, and have the whole day to be at home and help her mother get settled. She had consented, and found to her surprise that Mr. Barnard was most kind about it. He had even added that he intended to raise her salary, and she might consider that hereafter she was to have \$10 more per month for her services, which they valued very highly.

George had sent his resignation to the store and was not to go back at all. Graham had arranged that, for school began the day after his return and he would need to be free at once.

Elizabeth to her great delight, was to go with the Hollisters and remain a few days until her parents returned. Mrs. Graham had written from the west making a proposition to Mrs. Hollister that Carol be allowed to go to school with Elizabeth the next winter, because Mrs. Graham felt it would be so good for Elizabeth to have a friend like that. Mrs. Hollister, however, answered that she felt it better for her little girl to remain with her mother a little longer; and that she did not feel it would be a good thing for her child, who would be likely to have a simple life before her with very few luxuries, to go to a fashionable finishing school where the standards must all necessarily be so different from those of her own station in life, and kind as the offer had been, she must decline it. She did not say that Carol had fairly bristled at the idea of leaving her beloved high school now when she was a senior and only one year before her graduation. That bit of horror and hysteria on Carol's part had been carefully suppressed within the four walls of her mother's room; but Elizabeth, deeply dis-

appointed, had wept her heart out over the matter, and finally been comforted by the promise that Mrs. Hollister would write and ask Mrs. Graham to allow Elizabeth to go to school with Carol the coming winter. That proposition was now on its way west, together with an announcement of Sidney's engagement to Shirley. Sidney was confidently expecting congratulatory telegrams that morning when he reached the city. He had written his father in detail all about their plans for returning, and how the work at the old barn was progressing, and Mr. Graham, senior, was too good a manager not to plan to greet the occasion properly. Therefore Graham stopped at his office for a few minutes before taking the family out to Glenside, and sure enough came down with his hands full of letters and telegrams, and one long white envelope which he put carefully in his breast pocket. They had a great time reading the telegrams and letters.

The way out to Glenside seemed very short now, watching as they did for each landmark. The children were as eager to get back as they had been to leave, and Star smuggled in between Harley's feet, held his head high, and smiled benevolently on everybody, as if he knew he was going home and was glad. They began to wonder about the chickens, and if the garden was all dried up, and whether the doves were all right. There was an undertone of sadness and suppressed excitement, for it was in the minds of all the Hollisters that the time in the old barn must of necessity be growing brief. The fall would soon be upon them, and a need for

Continued next week.

Ways of the Lord.

From the Springfield Republican. To commit the republican party definitely to a drastic limitation of naval armament will be an immense gain. Other political parties could well afford, in the interest of the country and of civilization, to give a republican administration ungrudging credit for establishing the 10-year naval holiday in the event of the adoption of the Hughes plan. All hail to Harding, Lodge, Root, the younger Roosevelt, Bryan, Wood, Poindexter, General Wood and Rear-Admiral Sims—all those indeed who have spent years of their lives preaching preparedness as a republican gospel! The limitation of navies under their auspices, with its crowning result in a republican administration, could not but place the general cause under the guardianship of the most powerful political party in America for years to come.

This is not to say that other parties have not had in their ranks and among their leaders so-called big navy men. Yet there is abundant historical basis for saying that under Bryan's long leadership the democratic party became more pacifist in spirit than the republican party under the inspiration and direction of Roosevelt. Two new battleships a year was the Roosevelt policy even before the World War.

Curious inversions of role occur in party government and often they are to the great advantage of the country. In many ways it was a blessing to have the federal reserve banking system established by the democratic administration with the aid of the followers of William Jennings Bryan from the "corn tassel" districts of the south and west. For the new banking system is now measurably safe from attack by the democratic party, or by that large element in it which periodically campaigns against Wall street. No important reform can do better than be carried to triumph by the forces which had long saying it with hostility and aversion. Banking reform is secure today because the party of soft money and free silver adopted it through.

If the Irish problem is finally settled to the satisfaction of all by the unionists, the country will be the less likely ever to be overturned. The party of Balfour and the Chamberlains can grant dominion rule, which is much more than Gladstone ever offered, and can insure the permanence of the concession. For there can be no successful reaction in England against a tory grant of freedom to Ireland because in toryism has dwelt the soul of opposition to Irish liberties.

The inversions of role in party government were never more striking than in the more recent history of the United States. It was the antimilitarist Wilson who finally was forced to lead the country to victory through the World War. It is doubtful if his own party, by far the less warlike of the two great political organizations, could have been reconciled to hearty support of a war administration under a republican president. Yet we now see a republican administration, naturally representing 75 per cent of the more militaristic elements in American life, demanding that some 30 warships costing half a billion dollars be turned into old junk and that no more be built for 10 years, while even the steel interests hasten to announce through the Iron Age that the overjoyed steel industry with its armor plate mills welcomes disarmament.

In this great country it takes a "pacifist" president to wage war and a "militarist" president to scrap a navy and speed up universal peace. Mysterious are the ways of the Lord, in a democracy.

Tariff Against English Girls.
From the Los Angeles Times. Lots of English women are coming to this country. If an English girl can raise enough money to pay her transportation and get by the barrier she is glad to take a chance on America. She figures that her chance of securing a husband is about 100 per cent, better than in the homeland. In England the women now greatly outnumber the men and so the prospects of securing a mate are not good. When they reach this country they begin the pursuit at once. What do the American damsels think of an invasion of this kind? First thing we know they will be asking a prohibitive tariff for protection against the pauper hordes of Europe. Some of our home girls find it hard enough to find a suitable mate without having to compete with the rest of the universe. A tariff would be a wise thing, to their manner of thinking.

USE DRUGS TO GAIN COURAGE

After Stimulant Subsidies, Criminals Are Cringing Cowards Again, Declares a Writer.

Stick-up men, shoplifters, burglars and pickpockets are the largest users of drugs. Most persons think morphine, heroin, cocaine and opium are indulged in by the criminal classes after the commission of a crime as a surcease for their minds.

"Nothing is farther from the facts," said an old detective. "The criminal who works in the open uses drugs to supply him with courage. It is a sort of false courage, for it dies out with the effects of the opiate. Nevertheless without it your holdup man would never have the nerve to carry through a daylight robbery. A census of the drug addicts is a roster of the crooks in nine cases out of ten. Of course after a time the criminals acquire a permanent appetite for drugs, but the seeming super-courage that sends a man with a pointed gun into a jewelry store filled with customers to grab trays of diamonds is only stimulated from the effect of the drug. Half an hour later when the influence of the poison has worn off he is left a cringing, cowering coward."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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 colic, 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.

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Records His Mower Mileage.
The latest device whereby the suburbanite can lord it over his neighbors is a small dial attached to his lawn mower which keeps a record of the mileage. Because it is more impressive the total is marked in feet instead of miles.

"I pushed the mower 20,000 feet this summer," said the man who introduced the novelty, "while both the fellows that live near me have only done 10,000. The idea is to see how much you can use the thing without having the knives sharpened."—New York Sun.

All for a Dime.
"What have you got for a dime?" asked a young man with a sweet tooth as he sauntered up to the candy case in a drug store. The clerk looked curiously at his inquirer and then looked toward the case, numbingly incoherently. Finally he drew out a plate from which the young man took one article and stood about eating it, probably thinking of his boyhood days, when a cent could buy the same thing.—Detroit News.

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Unsophisticated.
The proud escort of a pretty girl at the race meeting said to her as the horse cantered past to the gate: "That's Donoghue, the famous jockey, on the second horse."
"Oh, yes," said the girl, "he's quite one of the chief jockeys, isn't he?—and certainly one of the dressiest. He seems to turn out in a differently colored suit in every race."—Tit-Bits.



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Warned of Disaster.
Miss Janice, just turned seven, was visiting her cousin, Elizabeth, age eight, who is exceedingly careful of her playthings, though she is known to be generous with them, and always willing that her friends should share them. Janice, in some caper in the playground, let fall a small doll, with great damage to its head, and with such sorrow to Elizabeth that she cried, and even scolded a little. Janice, too, cried, from mortification, and in their tears the two girls went out to the porch where the older folk were sitting.

"Janice broke my little pinky doll," sobbed Elizabeth.

"Well," sobbed Janice, at her elbow, "I told you not to let me have the pinky doll to play with, that's what I did."

Subtraction.
"A poor excuse!" said Senator Borah in an argument on disarmament. "As poor an excuse as Aunt Dinah's!"

"Look here," I said to old Aunt Dinah one day, "I put four pairs of white flannel pants in the wash on Monday, and you've only brought me back three pairs. What's your excuse?"

"Mah excuse, Mars Will," said Aunt Dinah, "is dem fo' pairs mustler shrunk up to free. Don' yo' know, Mars Will, dat flannel shrinks awful?"

Happiness is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its ray.