(Continued) The closing paragraphs of chapter 4, scheduled to appear on page 6 last week, was crowded over to this column by pressure of late

tonished them both. Passion and a sense of the dramatic had ever been far from his nature. Involuntarily, however, his fingers closed around her wrists. Raising her hands, he pressed his lips upon them.

"Heaven knows what was right or wrong," he declared hurriedly. "Butoh, my dear! God help you!"

friend and brother, playmate or lover, all her youth. . . . She stood gazing drearly through the window at the desolate tennis court, where they had played so often together, and an extra wave of lonely bitterness swept into her heart. . . . She saw Hugh, with bent head, cross the grass to the gar-Then she sank into den gate. a chair before the fire, crushed by an overpowering sense of physical weak-

V

Darbury seethed and bubbled, and consumed endless tea, over the broken engagement of Hugh and Barbara. It is always easier to criticize other people's actions with the aid of this soothing beverage. It seems to enhance one's own sense of respectability in a world of sin.

Nobody was surprised, of course! Nobody ever is on such occasions. Everybody knew that something would happen-which is always a safe conjecture.

But what everybody did not know concerning the latter thrill was the real reason. And herein lay the cause of the emptying ten caddles. Unfortunately, Miss Davies was in London attending Christmas meeting over "fallen girls," so the mystery remained unsolved. But the weed of suspicion grew into a lusty tree. Again, and in louder tones, the question arose: What happened on the island?

It was known that the Rochdales



"How Do You Know?"

and Mrs. Stockley were deeply upset, the latter exceedingly wroth; but the two most affected kept their own coun-

The only ray of comfort to Barbara in her wretchedness lay in her aunt's absence. The relations between her mother and herself were of the coldest. Mrs. Stockley never forgot her position as a beacon, nor her Honorable Grandmother's gracious act in establishing her own identity with the county. This marriage between her daughter and Darbury's future squire had been her dearest ambition. Now, for no tangible reason, this ambitionrevived with the girl's return-was hurled to the ground. Not easily could Mrs. Stockley view the dashing of her bopes. The scene between them had

been stormy. She had wept, cajoled and upbraided, exasperated by the other's irrevocable demeanor.

"You are throwing away what many would give their eyes to possess!" she cried at last. "What will people sax? There has been enough talk already. You confess rou still care for Hugh-" "Oh, yes, yes!" interrupted Barbara

It's not a woman's love for a man; that's quite a different thing. I know.' "Don't talk like a novelette!" her mother broke in querulously. Then, suddenly, her eyes narrowed and her thin face sharpened. 'How do you know?" she asked meaningly.

impatiently. "But that's not sufficient.

Barbara was momentarily off her guard, not realizing her slip. The other woman pursued the advantage.

"Answer me, Barbara! I have not hitherto pressed for the confidence that was my due-in spite of the gossip which has come to my knowledge. You owe it to us all, now, to give an The door slammed, and he was gone account of your life upon that island, from her life—this man who had been Did anything happen there to cause account of your life upon that island. this step?"

The girl stood looking down into the fire, uncertain of her reply, for a few moments. Her mother gave a little click with her lips.

"Ah!" she said decisively, "we thought so!"

"Thought what?" cried Barbara, turning sharply. "That there had been some non-

sense between you and that man, unchaperoned as you were." The girl's eyes smoldered ominously, and she set her teeth. Her mother,

exasperated by this reticence, continued with increasing anger: "I ought never to have given my consent. I always knew he was an unscrupulous type of man-I never

trusted him! But you at least should have known better, after your very careful upbringing. If his ideas were loose-" "Stop, mother!" Her quick anger mounted. "You don't know what you

are saying. He was the soul of honor. And because of it I-yes, I grew to love him with all my heart. I couldn't help it. I shall love him until I die," she cried recklessly, throwing herself into a chair and burying her head.

"You mean to say," asked Mrs. Stockley surcastically, "that it is 'the soul of honor' to take advantage of a girl's lonely position? To lure her from the man-"

"He did not!" She sprang angrily to her feet; then realized, too late, the wisdom of Hugh's warning.

Her mother laughed incredulously. "Then you gave him your affection nasked? You behaved like a sentimental schoolgirl-threw yourself at

his head, in fact?" Anything was better than exposing Alan's name to the fate awaiting it if the truth cozed out. She caught at

this straw, anxious to end the ordeal. "If you like to think so. He certainly never-asked me to care for him. But I couldn't help it," she repeated.

Thus it was whispered from one osom friend to another throughout Darbury that, during her sojourn upon the island, Barbara became the victim of an unrequited passion. This added spice to the mystery, while whetting curlosity. Did her companion never guess? Could any man, in such circumstances, be so blind-or so platonic?

Curious glances followed ther; voices were lowered when she appeared; a constraint became obvious in her pres-Well aware of it all, she ence. threw it off with & shrug, scorn adding to the misery of her heart as she dragged through the days. Occasionally her mother forced the subject open again.

"If Hugh ever wishes to renew the engagement," she said once, "I insist upon your doing so."

"I couldn't possibly, mother!"
"Why not? 7 he other man is dead. You dan't ruin your life over

an infatuation of that sort. The Rochdales are such old friends, she moaned, another time. "You don't consider how I miss them-how this

all affects me il" "But you can continue your friendship. Why not?" asked the girl, having grown un accustomed to Darbury habits. This, however, was contrary to all custom; and a certain estrangement between the two families began,

as a matter of course. Barbara traraped the common in all weathers, consumed with a restlessness that would not let her sleep, unable to find peace of mind in any occupation. Coming back from one of these tramps two days before Christmas. she noticed, in the gathering dusk of the short afternoon, a woman's figure standing near the lake, a small child her arms. With a casual glance, the girl was entering the cottage gate, when she heard her name uttered low, like a faint exclamation. She turned quickly, peering with puzzled brow through the glo pm; then recognition dawned in her face.

"Jenny? Jenny Grant!" She rembered she had not seen the girl since her return. "What are you doing, Jenny? Home for Christmas?" she asked kindly, presuming her to be now in service somewhere. There was no reply; and, aware of the shyness of such village maidens, she continued: Where are you working now?" "I-I ain't got no work, Miss Bar-

The voice trembled on a sob. Barara glanced at her quickly again, and realized the child's presence. A dim memory of one among the many choice morsels recently recounted for her own benefit returned to her mind. . . .

"Oh, Jenny!" she cried involuntar

ily; then stopped, as the girl, hiding her face on the sleeping child, burst into a passion of tears. Taking her arm, she led her to a seat placed near the lake, saying nothing until the fit of weeping had subsided. There was no need of words. In Barbara's face and heartfelt exclamation Jenny had read the knowledge she had learned

to dread awakening, mingled with a

Half an hour later, after extricating her charges from Martha's distinctly grim ministrations, she rang the bell at the "House of the Moor," and deposited them in the friendly arms of the housekeeper of that harbor where all were welcome. "Mrs. Field won't mind," she said. "I shall be back soon." She burried away across the dark paths; then turned along the road leading to the vicarage.

"Surely the vicar will help," she muttered to herself. "If only I had the money handy myself-" Down the road skirting the wall, a bicycle lamp came flashing. A dark form flew past the girl; then, with a scraping of brakes and rattle of springs, jumped off and hurried back.

"Ah! Miss Stockley! I have wanted to see you.

The vicar's voice sounded unusually subdued.

"I was just coming to see you, Mr Horne," Barbara replied.

"Really? Ah! I am very glad of that. I hoped you would. "Wbx?" she inquired, in genuin

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sympathy she had never yet encountered. Of her own accord, at last, she began a stumbling explanation.

"'E was a sailor, miss. . was goin' to marry me, but was ordered sudden-loike back to 'is ship; an' then 'e-'e got the 'monia an' . . But 'e would 'a' married died. me, all right! 'E would!" She spoke with a defiance which the listening girl understood well. "We was wrong, I know," she went on, "but we was young an'-an'-partin', an'," with sinking voice, "I luved 'im! Oh, miss! I did, indeed!

The hand on her arm tightened its

"Yes, Jenny. . . I know Then for a few moments she fell silent, reflecting upon the varied and extraordinary results-the high resolves and sacrifices, the impetuous, hot-headed folly, the loss of all principles-achieved by that "terrific force." . . "What has happened since-?" She glanced at the child. "My aunt sent you to a 'home,' I

"Yes, miss. Afterward I got work but the baby was delicate an' I couldn't 'ave 'Im with me. An' it's bin the same all along. I've bin out of work now wi' 'im fur weeks, an' all me money well-nigh gone. So I cum 'ome to mother, an' she-she's turned me away." The sobs broke out afresh. "I-dunno w'ere to go nor w'at to do . I wish I was dead! I was wonderin', there by the lake,

"No, no, no! Don't say it, Jenny! We-we'll think of something." Perhaps it was more than natural aversion which forced such horror into her own face and voice. "Have you any friends, anywhere?"

"Only in Edinburgh," Jenny replied hopelessly. "I 'ave an nunt there wot would 'elp me over Christmas if I could afford to-" She broke off, swaying forward and nearly dropping the child. Barbara took him from ber. "Jenny," she asked, "have you had

any food lately?" "I ain't 'ad-none todag-miss." came the whisper.

With all Alan's suddenness of purpose, Barbara rose, supporting the girl with one arm and the baby boy with the other.

"Come with me," she said. Mrs. Stockley, making out a list of necessities for a systematically organ-

ized parish tea, presently listened aghast to her daughter's impetuous explanation and extraordinary request. "That girl! Jenny Grant! To stay in my house? My dear Barbara, I

won't hear of such a thing! Whatever would people say? A wicked littlewhere is she now?"

"Martha is giving her food. She was starving."

Her mother gasped. She rose uncertainly, as if on the point of frustrating this disposal of her goods; then some thing in the girl's expression caused her to resume her seat.

"Oh, well! She can have some food. But then she is to go, Barbara-" "Where?"

Mrs. Stockley fidgeted with her writing paper.

"That's no concern of mine. Her mother must look after her. Your aunt will be back tonight. She will do something-" Barbara waved this idea to a place

unmentionable. "Will you lend her money to reach Edinburgh? I haven't got enough loose cash-' "Certainly not! I might never see

The girl abruptly left the room at this point, with another impulsive res-

"Because-well, to be candid, I have felt much troubled about you."

"Indeed?" she said, as he paused. He wheeled his bicycle nearer and spoke somewhat hesitatingly. There was that about Barbara, nowadays, which seemed to check his bland plati-

"I have been genuinely pained," he continued in his pedantic manner, "at your continued refusal to take up your old work in the parish, and your absence from church. Both have been a real grief to me, as they have to your mother. I am overjoyed, therefore, if, at last-'

"No!" she interrupted. "You are mistaken. I-can't do-either." He gave a deep sigh. "But-my dear Miss Stockley-when one's duty

lies plain-" "Mr. Horne!" she interrupted again. a note of suppressed passion in her voice, "If you met a blind man, would

you send bim as guide to a party of tourists?"

"Er-no," he said, bewildered, She laid her hand on his bicycle. and the passion rose in her burried words.

Suppose your whole life-your thoughts, your motives, tastes, ideals, faith-had been taken and changed: then whirled around and dashed to the ground, so that so that you were broken, crushed, blind-groping in the dark-could you teach children their creed? Or train young gfris to be 'guides'? Or-or kneel in church and worship a God whom-if He exists at all-you hate?-yes, hate!"

"Miss Stockley-! Poor Mr. Horne was rendered

speechless. Barbara selzed the opportunity of forwarding her original purpose.

"I wanted to see you, tonight, about Jenny Grant." "Jenny Grant?" he echoed, still dazed.

In a few sentences she acquainted him with the facts. He looked at her. by the light of his bicycle lamp, in yet more astonishment; then, with an air of profound melancholy, shook his

head and sighed again. "They are chapel people, Miss Stockley. It is not my business to inter-

"But surely-! Whatever difference does that make? It's only a loan of a few pounds-I will pay you back-" "You don't understand these mat ters. If we begin lending money to those who are but suffering the rewards of their sins-if we encourage

them to expect-"

Barbara turned away. "If only Mrs. Field were here!" she muttered involuntarily. "Mrs. Field? I saw her at the stn

"Saw her? Then she has come back? Good night, Mr. Horne!"

Before he could open his lips, h found himself alone, the sound of flying footsteps in his ears. Still feeling distinctly dazed, he took off his pince nez and wiped the glass, before mount-Yes, very ing his bicycle. wrong! Whatever the trouble, it was being taken in quite the wrong spirit But one must be broadminded; one must not give up these in sin and darkness. He would send her that little book, . . .

VI

An anchor at last, in a merciles

Thus did it seem to the girl stumbling hurriedly across the dark com-

mon. The windows of the house blazed | forth a pathway of welcome, long before its refuge was reached. Then a bright-faced maid opened the door; and that subtle sense of radiant

warmth-which is only possessed by a

house or person when the spirit of it is at the helm-stole out and enveloped . With a long-drawn sigh her. she entered the cheerful hall. One swift searching glance at the sharpened white features of the girl hurrying up the stairs, and the woman

in the fur traveling coat caught the extended hands and drew her close into her arms.

"Oh, Bab darling!" came the cry from her heart's depth.

no words were needed. was, at last, the blessed peace of | caused by Catarrh.

closed behind them the elder woman raised the girl's face and looked long into the sunken eyes, with those deep gray ones which bore such resem blance to another's that Barbara



"Oh! I Love Him So. . . ."

caught her breath. She remembered once thinking his lacked their won derful tenderness. But she had seen it grow there-intensified. "Ah!" she cried, "how I wanted

you!"

"I want to keep you here for Christmas," Mrs. Field said. "Will you stay? I am leaving afterward. Miss Davies traveled back with me, so your

mother does not need you." She saw the flash of unutterable relief cross the girl's face, and turned to the door. Within a few minutes a letter had been dispatched to Mrs. Stockley, instructions given to the housekeeper. their outdoor clothes removed and they were back in the little sitting

Mrs. Field knelt and poked the fire into a bright blaze, then looked up at the silent figure beside her. Her eyes tollowed those of the girl toward the writing table and the photograph upon . And she understood. She rose to her feet. And all the peculiar magnetism, which drew people of every class and creed to this woman, shone in her face, seemed to vibrate in the hand she held out. As the other caught at it, the sealed chamber of ber tortured heart burst open in

one agonized cry: "I love him . . . Oh! I love him "And-he, Barbara?"

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"He-loved me." Barbara abruptly held out her left hand.

"This was our wedding ring," she whispered. The involuntary start which the other gave was quickly controlled. She met steadily, albeit with some apprehension, the girl arching look-

seeming to probe to her very soul, proving its faith. (Continued on page 4)

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