

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN'S SUNNY DISPOSITION BEGINS TO HAVE ITS EFFECT UPON AUNT ROSE.

Synopsis.—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at the Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic. Carolyn is also chilled by the stern demeanor of Aunt Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper. Stagg is dismayed when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left practically penniless and consigned to his care as guardian.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Therefore General Bolivar charged with outspread wings and quivering fan. His eyesight was not good, however. He charged the little girl instead of the roistering dog.

Carolyn May frankly screamed. Had the angry turkey reached the little girl he would have beaten her down and perhaps seriously injured her.

He missed her the first time, but turned to charge again. Prince barked loudly, circling around the bristling turkey cock, undecided just how to get into the battle. But Aunt Rose knew no fear of anything wearing feathers.

"Scat, you brute!" she cried, and made a grab for the turkey, gripping him with her left hand behind his head, bearing his long neck downward. In her other hand she seized a piece of lath and with it chastised the big turkey across the haunches with vigor.

"Oh, don't spank him any more, Aunt Rose!" gasped Carolyn May at last. "He must be sorry."

With a final stroke Aunt Rose allowed the big fowl to go—and he ran away fast enough.

"Your dog, child, does not know his manners. If he is going to stay here with you he must learn that fowl are not to be chased nor startled."

"Oh, Aunt Rose!" begged the little girl, "don't punish Prince! Not—not that way. Please don't! Why, he's never been spanked in his life! He wouldn't know what it meant. Dear Aunt Rose—"

"I shall not beat him, Carolyn May," interrupted Aunt Rose. "But he must learn his lesson. He must learn that liberty is not license. Bring him here, Carolyn May."

She led the way to an open coop of laths in the middle of the back yard. This was a hutch in which she put broody hens when she wished to break up their desire to set. She opened the gate of it and motioned Prince to enter.

The dog looked pleadingly at his little mistress's face, then into the woman's stern countenance. Seeing no reprieve in either, with drooping tail he slunk into the cage.

With one hand clutching her frock over her heart, Carolyn May's big blue eyes overflowed.

"It's just as if he was arrested," she said. "Poor Prince! Has he got to stay there always, Aunt Rose?"

"He'll stay till he learns his lesson," said Mrs. Kennedy grimly, and went on into the garden.

Carolyn May sat down close to the side of the cage, thrust one hand between the slats and held one of the dog's front paws. She had hoped to go into the garden to help Aunt Rose pick peas, but she could not bear to leave Prince alone.

By and by Mrs. Kennedy came up from the garden, her pan heaped with pods. She looked neither in the direction of the prisoner nor at his little mistress.

Prince whined and lay down. He had begun to realize now that this was no play at all, but punishment. He blinked his eyes at Carolyn May and looked as sorry as ever a dog with cropped ears and an abbreviated tail could look.

The peas and potatoes were cooking for dinner when Aunt Rose appeared again. There was the little girl, all of a deep sleep, lying on the grass by the prison pen. Aunt Rose would have released Prince, but, though he wagged his stump of a tail at her and yawned and blinked, she had still her doubts regarding a mongrel's good nature.

She could not allow the child to sleep there, however; so, stooping, picked up Carolyn May and carried her comfortably into the house, laying her down on the sitting-room couch to have her nap out—as she supposed, without awakening her.

Aunt Rose came away softly and closed the door and while she finished getting dinner she tried to make no noise which would awaken the child. Mr. Stagg came home at noon, quite as full of business as usual. To tell the truth, Mr. Stagg always felt bashful in Aunt Rose's presence; and he tried to hide his affliction by conversation. So he talked steadily through the meal.

But somewhere—about at the pie course, it was—she stopped and looked around curiously.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, "where's Hannah's Carolyn?"

"Taking a nap," said Aunt Rose composedly.

"Hum! can't the child get up to her vittuals?" demanded Mr. Stagg. "You begin serving that young one separately and you'll make yourself work, Aunt Rose."

"Never trouble about that which doesn't concern you, Joseph Stagg," responded his housekeeper rather tartly. "The Lord has placed the care of Hannah's Carolyn on you and me and I'll do my share and do it proper."

Mr. Stagg shook his head and lost interest in his wedge of berry pie. "There are institutions—" he began weakly; but Aunt Rose said quickly: "Joseph Stagg! I know you for what you are—other people don't. If the neighbors heard you say that they'd think you were a heathen. Your own sister's child!"

"Now, you send Tim, the hackman, up after me this afternoon. I've got to go shopping. The child hasn't a thing to wear but that fancy little black frock, and she'll ruin that playing around. She's got to have frocks and shoes and another hat—all sorts of things. Seems a shame to dress a child like her in black—it's punishment. Makes her affliction double, I do say."

"Well, I suppose we've got to flatter Custom or Custom will weep," growled Mr. Stagg. "But where the money's coming from—"

"Didn't Carolyn's pa leave her none?" asked Aunt Rose promptly.

"Well—not what you'd call a fortune," admitted Mr. Stagg slowly. "Thanks be you've got plenty, then. And if you haven't I have," said the woman in a tone that quite closed the question of finances.

"Which shows me just where I get off at," muttered Joseph Stagg as he



He Charged the Little Girl Instead of the Roistering Dog.

started down the walk for the store. "I knew that young one would be a nuisance."

Carolyn May, who was quite used to taking a nap on the days that she did not go to school, woke up, as bright as a newly minted dollar, very soon after her Uncle Joe left for the store.

"I'm awfully sorry I missed him," she confided to Aunt Rose when she danced into the kitchen. "You see, I want to get acquainted with Uncle Joe just as fast as possible. And he's at home so little I guess that it's going to be hard to do it."

"Oh, is that so? And is it going to be hard to get acquainted with me?" asked the housekeeper curiously.

"Oh, no!" cried Carolyn May, snuggling up to the good woman and patting her plump bare arm. "Why, I'm getting acquainted with you fast, Aunt Rose! You heard me say my prayers and when you laid me down on the couch just now you kissed me."

Aunt Rose actually blushed. "There, there, child!" she exclaimed. "You're too nothing. Eat your dinner, that I've saved warm for you."

"Isn't Prince to have any dinner, Aunt Rose?" asked the little girl.

"You may let him out, if you wish, after you have had your dinner. You can feed him under the tree."

Carolyn May was very much excited about an hour later when a rusty closed hack drew up to the front gate of the Stagg place and stopped. An old man with a square-cut chin

whisker and clothing and hat as rusty as the hack itself held the reins over the bony back of the horse that drew the ancient equipage.

"I say, young'un, ain't you out o' yer balliwick?" queried Tim, the hackman, staring at the little girl in the Stagg yard.

Carolyn May stood up quickly and tried to look over her shoulder and down her back. It was hard to get all those buttons buttoned straight.

"I don't know," she said, perturbed. "Does it show?"

"Huh?" grunted Tim. "Does what show?"

"What you said," said Carolyn May accusingly. "I don't believe it does." "Hey!" chuckled the hack driver suddenly. "I meant, do you 'low Mrs. Kennedy knows you're playing in her front yard?"

"Aunt Rose? Why, of course!" Carolyn May declared. "Don't you know I live here?"

"Live here? Get out!" exclaimed the surprised hackman.

"Yes, sir. And Prince too. With my Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose."

"Pitcher of George Washington!" ejaculated Tim. "You don't mean Joe Stagg's taken a young'un to board?" "He's my guardian," said the little girl primly.

Aunt Rose appeared. She wore a close bonnet, trimmed very plainly, and carried a parasol of drab silk.

Aunt Rose climbed into the creaky old vehicle.

"Are you going to be gone long?" asked Carolyn May politely.

"Not more than two hours, child," said the housekeeper. "Nobody will bother you here—"

"Not while that dog's with her, I reckon," put in Tim, the hackman.

"May I come down the road to meet you, Aunt Rose?" asked the little girl. "I know the way to Uncle Joe's store."

"I don't know any reason why you can't come to meet me," replied Mrs. Kennedy. "Anyway, you can come along the road as far as the first house. You know that one?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Parlow's," said Carolyn May.

Carolyn May went back into the yard and sat on the front-porch steps and Prince, yawning unhappily, curled down at her feet. There did not seem to be much to do at this place.

She had time now, had Carolyn May, to compare The Corners with the busy Harlem streets with which she had been familiar all her life.

"Goodness me!" thought Carolyn May, startled by her own imagination, "suppose all the folks in all these houses around here were dead!"

They might have been for all the human noises she heard.

"Goodness me!" she said again, and this time she jumped up, startling Prince from his nap. "Maybe there is a spell cast over all this place," she went on. "Let's go and see if we can find somebody that's alive."

They went out of the yard together and took the dusty road toward the town.

They soon came in sight of the Parlow house and carpenter shop.

"We can't go beyond that," said Carolyn May. "Aunt Rose told us not to. And Uncle Joe says the carpenter-man isn't a pleasant man."

She looked wistfully at the premises. The cottage seemed quite as much under the "spell" as had been those dwellings at The Corners. But from the shop came the sound of a plane shrieking over a long board.

"Oh, Prince!" gasped Carolyn May. "I believe he's making long, curly shavings!"

If there was one thing Carolyn May adored it was curls.

Suddenly Mr. Jeddiah Parlow looked up and saw the wistful, dust-streaked face under the black hat brim and above the black frock. He stared at her for fully a minute, poising the plane over his work. Then he put it down and came to the door of the shop.

"You're Hannah Stagg's little girl, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said, and sighed. Dear me, he knew who she was right away! There would not be any chance of her getting a suit of long curls.

"You've come here to live, have you?" said Mr. Parlow slowly.

"Yes, sir. You see, my papa and mamma were lost at sea—with the Dunraven. It was a mistake, I guess," sighed the little girl, "for they weren't fighting anybody. But the Dunraven got in the way of some ships that were fighting, in a place called the Mediterranean ocean, and the Dunraven was sunk, and only a few folks were saved from it. My papa and mamma weren't saved."

Carolyn learns why her uncle and Amanda Parlow are now so "mad" that they do not speak as they pass each other by. Read all about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When Dame Fortune goes calling she utterly disregards "at home" days.

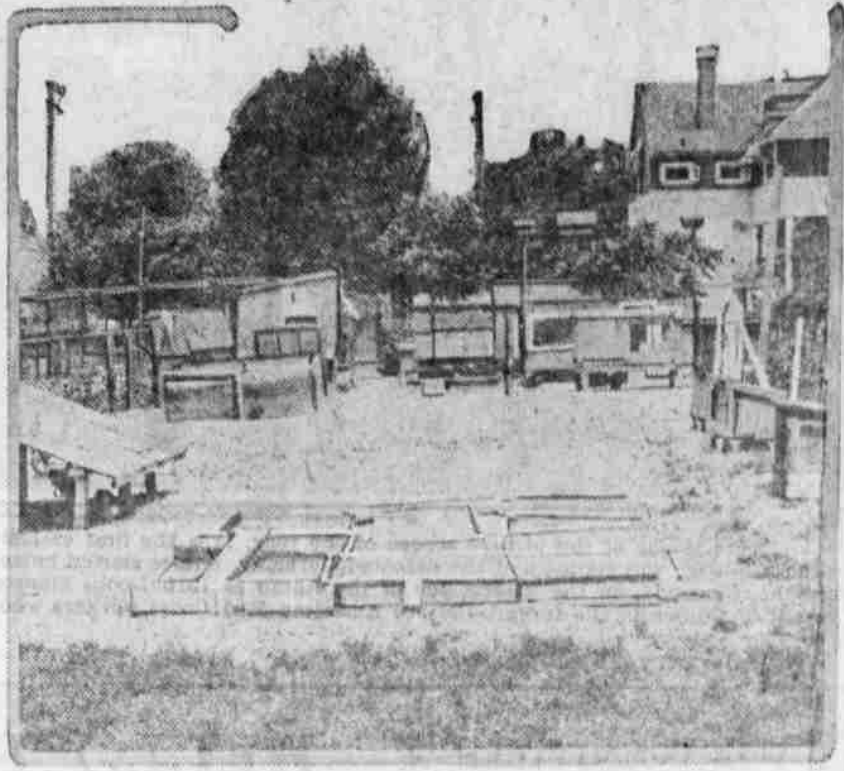
City vs. Farm Poultry Raising

Prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture

On the farm the poultry keeper can greatly reduce the work of caring for the fowls and at the same time give them the opportunity to pick the most of their living by distributing them on the land. In the city back yard the birds could not, under any circumstances, pick any considerable part of the feed they require. Practically everything must be supplied them, hence any negligence on the part of the keeper affects results more unfavorably than when the hens are under farm conditions.

Yet there is nothing difficult in the care of a small flock if each of the things necessary to do is done at the right time in the right way, and this system involves nothing too hard for a child, or beyond the ingenuity of an adult who cannot look after the fowls as closely as the child whose time is divided between home and school.

Hens of the medium-sized breeds—Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Orpingtons—are best suited to back-yard conditions. Large hens kept in close confinement are likely to get too fat to lay well. Small,



Intensive Poultry Culture on a City Lot.

nervous hens are apt to develop such vices as egg-eating and feather eating. The bad tendencies mentioned do not prohibit the keeping of large and small breeds in small back yards, but make it necessary for the keeper to use extraordinary care to keep them in good condition and productive. White and light-colored varieties are not desirable for small back yards, because their plumage soils too easily.

As a rule it is most satisfactory to buy hens of a local poultry keeper or dealer in live poultry. Desirable small flocks are frequently offered by people who are obliged by change of work or of residence to sell their poultry. Dealers in live poultry everywhere sort out from their general receipts the hens that show good breeding and quality to sell to back-yard poultry keepers.

For the back-yard flock kept to produce eggs only it is not necessary to have hens of extra good standard quality. What breeders of standard poultry call choice utility hens are as good as any for egg production and cost but little more than ordinary mongrels. Hens of this grade in the medium-sized breeds are usually a little under standard weights, and have superficial faults—as unsoundness of color, or irregularity of markings or of the shape of the comb—which in no way affect their laying capacity but make them unfit for exhibition and undesirable for breeding purposes.

When buying hens in person, particular attention should be given to the general condition—whether the bird seems vigorous and lively—and to the appearance of the comb and the condition of the feet. Healthy hens have bright red combs and bright eyes. A slight paleness of the comb is simply an indication that the hen is not laying at the time; but a bird whose comb has either a yellowish or a bluish cast should be rejected, for these are symptoms of internal disorders. The skin and scales of legs and toes should be smooth, and the soles of the feet soft and free from corns.

HOW TO CLASSIFY A SOLDIER

Hat Cord Designates Branch of Service

A military man can immediately tell to what division a soldier belongs by glancing at the cord on his hat, but to the average citizen the color of the hat cord denotes little or nothing. It is an interesting feature to be familiar with, especially now when so many soldiers are seen all over the country, and any one who takes the trouble to learn the following list will be rewarded by being able to satisfy his own curiosity respecting any soldier he happens to see without having to ask questions:

A cord of light blue signifies that the wearer belongs to the infantry; red denotes artillery; yellow, cavalry; buff, quartermaster's corps; red and white, engineer's corps; orange and white, signal corps; red and black, ordnance; black and white, field clerk; black and gold, officers; silver and black, adjutant general's clerk; green, instructor home guards, and green and white, home guards.

As the Earth's Human Race Advances It Also Develops

Man has been on the earth perhaps some twenty odd thousand years, and it is only the last 3,000 that we are much concerned with. To suppose that a modern Englishman must necessarily be at a higher stage of mental development than an ancient Greek is almost the same mistake as to argue that Browning must be a better poet than Wordsworth because he came later. If the soul, or the brain, of man is developing, it is not developing so fast or so steadily as all that.

Organization of the Red Star.

An organization to do for animals in the army what the Red Cross does for human beings was organized on the invitation or suggestion of the war department in June, 1916. It is called the Red Star, and its headquarters are at 287 State street, Albany, N. Y.

Printing of Fabrics by Peruvians Similar to the Method Still Being Used

The ancients of Peru, by a curious coincidence—for there could not possibly have been any intercourse with their contemporaries in India and Egypt—seem to have used much the same kind of processes in printing their designs upon the fabrics they manufactured. Both Herodotus and Pliny, among early historians, according to a United States commerce report, have told us about the cloths of vegetable fiber made by the ancients; but in all likelihood the fabrics of the Peruvians were of even a more remote date. In some respects the methods of today bear strong resemblance to the older practice. The chief difference consists in the patterns now being engraved upon copper rollers and several colors being printed at one time. Just as today the coloring matter of dyes is not affixed by merely printing it on the material, but is secured by means of a substance known as mordant, so did the Peruvians make use of a property which caused the dye to adhere and to withstand a test of thousands of years' wear and tear. Experts have declared that in the direction of technical and artistic value the designs in question have no equal. They must undoubtedly have been wholly original, and could have owed their inception to no outside influences.

Japanese Woman One of the Greatest Financiers

Mme. Yone Suzuki, the wealthiest woman in Japan made more than \$100,000,000 in American money since the war began. Her war brides have been copper, rubber, and sugar ventures. In a financial operation now known as the Formosan sugar deal, a transaction involving sugar, camphor, real estate and many other things, she made \$50,000,000 in one fell swoop. She is not a shareholder in a corporation. She is the corporation. Since her husband's death she has been solely responsible for her business. But she is just a modest little woman, who received in a cultured Japanese household the prescribed education of the old school—she was trained to arrange flowers, serve tea, rear children and please a husband.—World Outlook.

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An interesting relic of bygone days has come into the possession of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries in form of a minute book of the form of Selkirk which reveals an instance of a burgher who decided to "pledge" not to touch drink so late as 1592. The burgher, Thomas, gave as his bond "one pair of gait st breikis."

Farmhouses Modernized

As farmhouses become adapted to the taste of the women who are so many cases, taking over their management, it is found that many old institutions of the farmhouse parlor, the many small rooms, dark, and so on, are being replaced by a more modern and comfortable living room, and for the convenience of the housekeeper is also tender of the fields.—Examiner.

Practice Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness ought to be the sum of your life to the old without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun; and this spirit of cheerfulness should be encouraged in your youth if we would have the fit of it in our old age; time will make a generous wine more mellow; it will turn that which is early as frost, to vinegar.—Colton.

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