



CAROLYN OF THE CORNERS

—BY—
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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 Staggs, 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. Staggs 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.

"So?" said the carpenter, pushing his big spectacles up to his forehead. "I read about it. Too bad—too mighty bad! I remember Hannah Staggs," he added, winking his eyes, Carolyn May thought, a good deal as Prince did. "You look like her."

"Do I?" Carolyn May returned, drawing nearer. "I'm glad I do. And I'm glad I sleep in what used to be her bed, too. It doesn't seem so lonesome."

"So? I reckoned you'd be lonesome up there at The Corners," said the carpenter.

Mr. Parlow stripped another shaving from the edge of the board he was planing. Carolyn May's eager eyes followed that curling ribbon and her lips parted.

The carpenter paused before pushing the plane a second time the length of the board. "Don't you want a drink of water, little girl?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir—I would. And I know Prince would like a drink," she told him quickly.

"Go right around to the well in the back yard," said Mr. Parlow. "You'll find a glass there—and Mandy keeps a pan on the well curb for the dogs and cats."

"Thank you, I'll go," the little girl said.

She hoped she would see Miss Amanda Parlow, but she saw nobody.

She went back to the door of the carpenter shop and found Mr. Parlow still busily at work.

"Seems to me," he said, in his dry voice, after a little while, "you aren't much like other little girls."

"Aren't I?" responded Carolyn May wonderingly.

"No. Most little girls that come here want shavings to play with," said the carpenter, quizzically eying her over his work.

"Oh!" cried Carolyn May, almost jumping. "And do you give 'em to 'em?"

"Most always," admitted Mr. Parlow.

"Oh! Can I have some?" she gasped.

"All you want," said Mr. Parlow. When Tim's old hack crawled along the road from town with Aunt Rose sitting inside, enthroned amidst a multitude of bundles, Carolyn May was bedecked with a veritable wig of long, crisp curls.

"Well, child, you certainly have made a mess of yourself," said the housekeeper. "Has she been annoying you, Jedidiah Parlow?"

"She's the only Staggs that ain't annoyed me since her mother went away," said the carpenter gruffly.

Aunt Rose looked at him levelly. "I wonder," she said. "But, you see, she isn't wholly a Staggs."

This, of course, did not explain matters to Carolyn May in the least. Nor did what Aunt Rose said to her on the way home in the hot, stuffy hack help the little girl to understand the trouble between her uncle and Mr. Parlow.

"Better not let Joseph Staggs see you so friendly with Jedidiah Parlow. Let sleeping dogs lie," Mrs. Kennedy observed.

CHAPTER V.

A Tragic Situation.

Such was the introduction of Carolyn May to The Corners. It was not a very exciting life she had entered into, but the following two or three weeks were very full.

Aunt Rose insisted upon her being properly fitted out with clothing for the summer and fall. Carolyn May had to go to the dressmaker's house to be fitted and that is how she became acquainted with Chet Gormley's mother.

Mrs. Gormley was helping the dressmaker and they both made much of Carolyn May. Aunt Rose allowed her to go for her fitting alone—of course with Prince as a companion—so, without doubt, Mrs. Gormley, who loved a "dish of gossip," talked more freely with the little girl than she would have done in Mrs. Kennedy's presence.

One afternoon the little girl appeared at the dressmaker's with Prince's collar decorated with short, curly shavings.

"I take it you've stopped at Jed Parlow's shop, child," said Mrs. Gormley.

May. "Do you know, he's very lib'ral." "Lib'ral?" repeated Mrs. Gormley. "I never heard of old Jed Parlow being accused of that before. Did you, Mrs. Maine?"

Mrs. Maine was the dressmaker; and she bit off her words when she spoke, much as she bit off her threads. "No. I never heard Jed Parlow—called that—no!" declared Mrs. Maine emphatically.

"Why, yes," little Carolyn May said quite eagerly, "he gives me all the shavings I want. I—I guess folks don't just understand about Mr. Parlow," she added, remembering what her uncle had first said about the carpenter. "He is real lib'ral."

"It's a wonder to me," drawled Mrs. Gormley, "that he has a thing to do with a certain party, Mrs. Maine, considering how his daughter feels toward that certain party's relation. What d'you think?"

"I guess—there's sumpin'—to be said—on both sides o' that controversy," responded the dressmaker. "Mennin' that mebbe a certain party's relative feels just as cross as Mandy Parlow?" suggested Mrs. Gormley.

"Yep," agreed the other woman. Carolyn May listened, much puzzled. She wondered just who "a certain party" could be.

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triffin' critters there at the Staggs place before she took hold."

Carolyn May looked at Mrs. Gormley encouragingly. She was very much interested in Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda Parlow's love affair.

"Why didn't they get married—like my papa and mamma?" she asked.

"Oh, goodness knows!" exclaimed Mrs. Gormley. "Some says 'twas his fault and some says 'twas hers. And mebbe 'twas a third party's that I might mention at that," added Mrs. Gormley, pursing up her lips in a very knowing way.

"One day," she said, growing confidential, "it was in camp-meeting time—one day somebody seen Joe Staggs drivin' out with another girl—Charlotte Lenny, that was. She was married to a man over in Springdale long ago. Mr. Staggs took Charlotte to Faith camp meeting."

"Then, the very next week, Mandy went with Evan Peckham to a barn dance at Crockett's, and nobody ain't ever seen your uncle and Mandy Parlow speak since, much less ever walk together."

One particularly muddy day Prince met the returning hardware merchant at the gate with vociferous barking and a plain desire to implant a welcoming tongue on the man's cheek. He succeeded in muddying Mr. Staggs' suit with his front paws, and almost cast the angry man full length into a mud puddle.

"Drat the beast!" ejaculated Mr. Staggs. "I'd rather have an epileptic fit loose around here than him. Now, look at these clothes! I declare, Carolyn, you've just got to tie that mongrel up—and keep him tied!"

"All the time, Uncle Joe?" whispered the little girl.

"Yes, ma'am, all the time! If I find him loose again, I'll tie a bag of rocks to his neck and drop him in the deepest hole in the brook."

After this awful threat Prince lived a precarious existence, and his mistress was much worried for him. Aunt Rose said nothing, but she saw that both the little girl and her canine friend were very unhappy.

Mrs. Kennedy, however, had watched Mr. Joseph Staggs for years. Indeed, she had known him as a boy, long before she had closed up her own little cottage around on the other road and come to the Staggs place to save the hardware merchant from the continued reign of those "trifling creatures" of whom Mrs. Gormley had spoken.

As a bachelor Joseph Staggs had been preyed upon by certain female hampies so prevalent in a country community. Some had families whom they partly supported out of Mr. Staggs' larder; some were widows who looked upon the well-to-do merchant as a marrying proposition.

Aunt Rose Kennedy did not need the position of Mr. Staggs' housekeeper and could not be accused of assuming it from mercenary motives. Over her back fence she had seen the havoc going on in the Staggs homestead after Hannah Staggs went to the city and Joseph Staggs' final female relative had died and left him alone in the big house.

One day the old Quaker-like woman could stand no more. She put on her sunbonnet, came around by the road to the front door of the Staggs house, which she found open, and walked through to the rear porch on which the woman who then held the situation of housekeeper was wrapping up the best feather bed and pillows in a pair of the best homespun sheets, preparatory to their removal.

The neighbors enjoyed what followed. Aunt Rose came through the ordeal as dignified and unruffled as ever; the retiring incumbent went away wrathfully, shaking the dust of the premises from her garments as a testimony against "any sich actions."

When Mr. Staggs came home at supper time he found Aunt Rose at the helm and already a different air about the place.

"Goodness me, Aunt Rose," he said, biting into her biscuit ravenously, "I was a-going down to the mill-hands' hotel to board. I couldn't stand it no longer. If you'd stay here and do for me, I'd feel like a new man."

"You ought to be made over into a new man, Joseph Staggs," the woman said sternly. "A married man."

"No, no! Never that!" gasped the hardware dealer.

"If I came here, Joseph Staggs, it would cost you more money than you've been paying these no-account women."

"I don't care," said Mr. Staggs recklessly. "Go ahead. Do what you please. Say what you want. I'm game."

Thereby he had put himself into Aunt Rose's power. She had renovated the old kitchen and some of the other rooms. If Mr. Staggs at first trembled for his bank balance, he was made so comfortable that he had not the heart to murmur.

Of course, Carolyn May let Prince run at large when she was sure Uncle Joe was well out of sight of the house, but she was very careful to chain him up again long before her uncle was expected to return.

Prince had learned not to chase anything that wore feathers; Aunt Rose herself had to admit that he was a very intelligent dog and knew what punishment was for. But how did he know that in trying to dig out a mole he would be doing more harm than good?

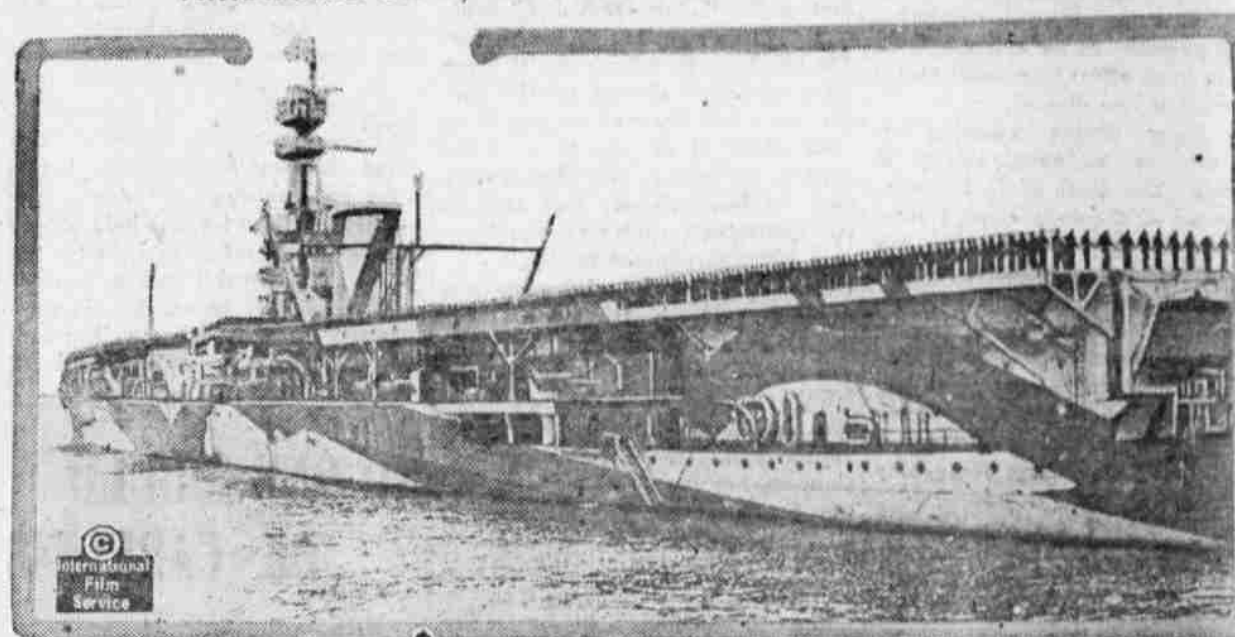
Carolyn is heartbroken and decides upon drastic action when Uncle Joe passes sentence on Prince. Read about it in the next installment.

CELEBRATING THE GREAT VICTORY IN PARIS



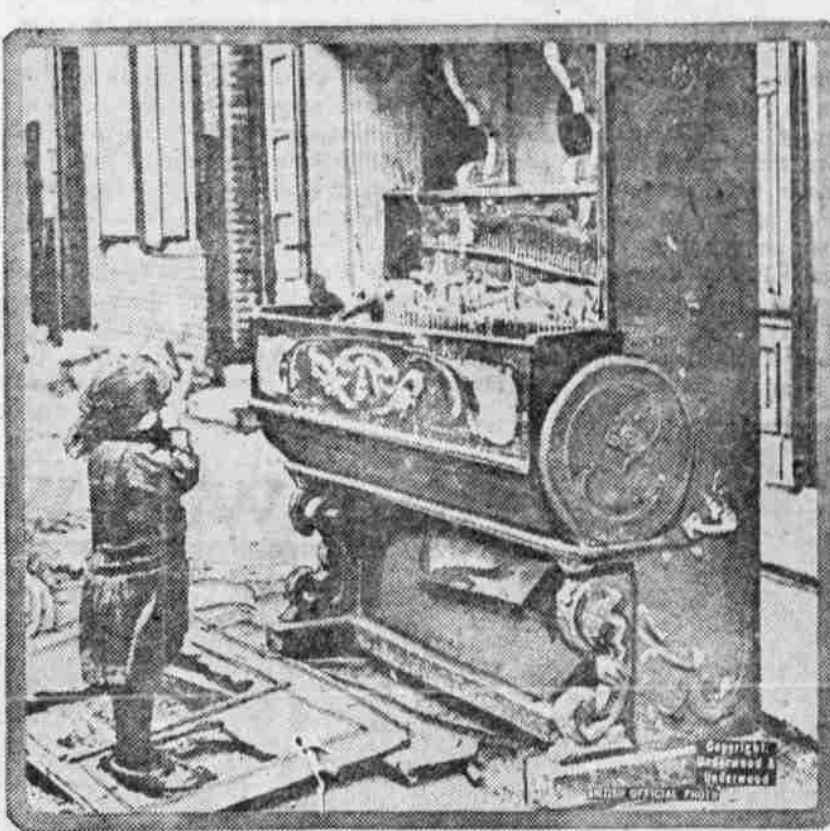
In France, as in America and the other allied countries, the report of the armistice signing which practically concluded the world war was greeted most enthusiastically. Crowds marched in a continuous procession through the streets of Paris. This photograph shows a crowd marching before the statue of Strasburg, which up to the time that peace was declared was a sort of memorial to the loss of that city in 1871 to the Germans. Now the mourning wreaths are replaced by flowers, flags and bunting.

AIRDROME SHIP, NOVELTY OF THE BRITISH NAVY



This is the first photograph permitted to be published of the British airdrome ship Furious. It is one of the additions to the British navy made during the war and little has been published about it. On its broad unobstructed deck seaplanes can alight and from it make their start. The crew of the Furious is shown lined up for inspection by King George.

WEEPING OVER THE FAMILY ORGAN



Eyes tear-dimmed, this little maiden of France views with genuine sorrow the battered remains of what she recognizes as the family organ which she has found on her return to the once happy home that was destroyed by the Huns.

REPAIR WORK IN FLOODED VALENCIENNES



This interesting Canadian official photograph gives an example of the kind of rotten work the Germans did in their retreat. This is a street in Valenciennes, a town that was flooded by the enemy as he retreated, and, standing up to his knees in water, a Canadian signaller mending a damaged

HAPPY TO BE FREE AGAIN



These returned prisoners from Germany are mocking the German goose step for the benefit of their comrades at the North Falls Meadow camp, Dover, to which they have returned after many hardships in the German prisons. They are seen with their German souvenir helmets on their heads, enjoying their own imitation as much as the other men.

Birth of Standard Time.

It was 35 years ago that standard time was born in the United States. Before this date travelers from Boston and Washington needed to change their watches five times to keep up to date. There were over half a hundred standards used in the United States and Canada, between the Atlantic and the Pacific. At noon on November 18, 1883, there was a universal resetting of clocks in all parts of the United States and Canada, and the four great time zones into which the American continent is divided came into existence.

Not Quite as Expected.

"Was I rude this afternoon?" a little girl asked her mother.

"I hope not, my dear," said the mother.

Little Girl—Well, my teacher was examining us in poetry—"Casablanca," and she asked why did the boy stand on the burning deck, and I said because it was too hot for him to sit down; and she made me stand in the corner.—Stray Stories.