Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN CANNOT FACE PROSPECT OF LOSING HER ONLY FRIEND AND COMPANION.

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 Aunty 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. Carolyn learns of the estrangement between her uncle and his one-time sweetheart, Amanda Parlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

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The mole in question lived under a piece of rock wall near the garden fence.

When Uncle Joe came home to dinner on one particular Saturday he walked down to the corner of the garden fence, and there saw the havoc Prince had wrought. In following the line of the mole's last tunnel he had worked his way under the picket fence and had torn up two currant bushes and done some damage in the strawberry patch.

"And the worst of it is," grumbled the hardware dealer, "he never caught the mole. That mongrel really isn't worth a bag of dornicks to sink him in the brook. But that's what he's going to get this very evening when I come home. I won't stand for him a day longer."

Carolyn May positively turned pale as she crouched beside the now chained-up Prince, both arms about his rough neck. He licked her cheek. Fortunately, he could not understand everything that was said to him, therefore the pronouncement of this terrible sentence did not agitate him an atom.

Carolyn May sat for a long time under the tree beside the sleeping dog and thought how different this life at The Corners was from that she had lived with her father and mother in the city home.

If only that big ship, the Dunraven, had not sailed away with her papa and her mamma!

Carolyn May had been very brave on that occasion. She had gone ashore with Mrs. Price and Edna after her mother's last clinging embrace and her father's husky "Good-by, daughter," with scarcely a tear.

Of course she had been brave! Mamma would return in a few weeks, and then, after a time, papa would likewise come back—and oh! so rosy and stout!

And then, in two weeks, came the fatal news of the sinking of the Dunraven and the loss of all but a small part of her crew and passengers.

Vaguely these facts had become known to Carolyn May. She never spoke of them. They did not seem real to the little girl.

But now, sitting beside the condemned Prince—her companion and

The Little Girl Felt Bitterly Her Loneliness and Grief.

only real comforter during these weeks of her orphanhood—the little girl felt bitterly her loneliness and grief.

If Uncle Joe did as he had threatened, what should she do? There seemed to be no place for her and Prince to run away to.

"I'm quite sure I don't want to live," thought Carolyn May dismally. "If papa and mamma and Prince are all dead—why! there aren't enough other folks left in the world to make it worth while living in, I don't believe. If Prince isn't going to be alive, then I don't want to be alive, either."

By and by Prince began to get very uneasy. It was long past his dinner hour, and every time he heard the screen door slam he jumped up and gazed eagerly and with cocked ears and wagging tail in that direction.

"You poor thing, you," said Carolyn May at last. "I s'pose you are hungry. It isn't going to do you a bit of good to eat; but you don't know it. I'll ask Aunty Rose if she has something for you."

She got up wearily and went across the yard. Aunty Rose stood just inside the screen door.

"Don't you want any dinner, Car'lyn May?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. I guess I'd better not eat," said the child.

"Why not?"

"'Cause my stomach's so trembly. I just know I couldn't keep anything down, even if I could swallow it. But Prince'll eat his, please. He—he don't know any better."

"Tut, tut!" murmured the woman. "He's the most sensible of the two of you, I declare."

The minutes of that afternoon dragged by in most doleful procession. There was no idea in the little girl's mind that Uncle Joe might change his intention and Prince be saved from the watery grave promised him. When she saw the hardware dealer come into the yard almost an hour earlier than their usual supper time she was not surprised. Nor did she think of pleading with him for the dog's life.

The litle girl watched him askance. Mr. Stagg came directly through the yard, stopping only at the shed for a moment. There he secured a strong potato sack, and with it trailing from his hand went half-way up the knoll to where there was a heap of stones. He stooped down and began to select some of these, putting them in the bag.

This was too much for Carolyn May. With a fearful look at Uncle Joe's uncompromising shoulders, she went to the tree where Prince was chained. Exchanging the chain for the leather leash with which she always led him about, the little girl guided the mongrel across the yard and around the corner of the house.

Her last backward glance assured her that the hardware dealer had not observed her. Quickly and silently she led Prince to the front gate, and they went out together into the dusty road.

"I—I know we oughtn't to," whispered Carolyn May to her canine friend, "but I feel I've just got to save you, Prince. I—I can't see you drownd-ed dead like that!"

She turned the nearest corner and went up the road towards the little closed, gable-roofed cottage where Aunty Rose had lived before she had come to be Uncle Joe's housekeeper.

Carolyn May had already peered over into the small yard of the cottage and had seen that Mrs. Kennedy still kept the flower-beds weeded and the walks neat and the grass plot trimmed. But the window shutters were barred and the front door built up with boards.

Carolyn May went in through the front gate and sat down on the doorstep, while Prince dropped to a comfortable attitude beside her. The dog slept. The little girl ruminated.

She would not go back to Uncle Joe's—no, indeed! She did not know just what she would do when dark should come, but Prince should not be sacrificed to her uncle's wrath.

A voice, low, sweet, yet startling, aroused her.

"What are you doing there, little girl?"

Both runaways started, but neither of them was disturbed by the appearansce of her who had accosted Carolyn May.

"Oh, Miss Mandy!" breathed the little girl, and thought that the carpenter's daughter had never looked so pretty.

"What are you doing there?" repeated Miss Parlow.

"We—we've run away," said Carolyn May at last. She could be nothing but frank; it was her nature.

"Run away!" repeated the pretty woman. "You don't mean that?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have. And Prince. From Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose," Carolyn May assured her, nodding her head with each declaration.

"Oh, my dear, what for?" asked Miss Amanda.

So Carolyn May told her—and with tears.

Meanwhile the woman came into the yard and sat beside the child on the step. With her arm about the little girl, Miss Amanda snuggled her up close, wiping the tears away with her own handkerchief.

"I just can't have poor Prince drownd-ed," Carolyn May sobbed. "I'd want to be drownd-ed myself, too."

"I know, dear. But do you really believe your Uncle Joseph would do such a thing? Would he drown your dog?"

"I—I saw him putting the stones in the bag," sobbed Carolyn May. "And he said he would."

"But he said it when he was angry, dear. We often say things when we are angry—more's the pity!—which we do not mean, and for which we are bitterly sorry afterwards. I am sure, Carolyn May, that your Uncle Joe has no intention of drowning your dog."

"Oh, Miss Amanda! Are you pos'tive?"

"Positive! I know Joseph Stagg. He was never yet cruel to any dumb creature. Go ask him yourself, Carolyn May. Whatever else he may be, he is not a hater of helpless and dumb animals."

"Miss Amanda," cried Carolyn May, with clasped hands, "you—you are just lifting an awful big lump off my heart! I'll run and ask him right away."

She raced with the barking Prince back to the Stagg premises. Mr. Stagg

With Her Arms About the Little Girl, Miss Amanda Snuggled Her Up Close.

had just finished filling in with the stones the trench Prince had dug under the garden fence.

"There," he grunted. "That dratted dog won't dig this hole any bigger, I reckon. What's the matter with you, Car'lyn?"

"Are—are you going to drown'd Princey, Uncle Joe? If—if you do, it just seems to me, I—I shall die!"

He looked up at her searchingly.

"Humph! Is that mongrel so all-important to your happiness that you want to die if he does?" demanded the man.

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

"Humph!" ejaculated the hardware dealer again. "I believe you think more of that dog than you do of me."

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

The frank answer hit Mr. Stagg harder than he would have cared to acknowledge.

"Why?" he queried.

"Because Prince never said a word to hurt me in his life!" said Carolyn May, sobbing.

The man was silenced. He felt in his inmost heart that he had been judged.

CHAPTER VI.

Prince Awakens The Corners.

Camp-meeting time was over, and the church at The Corners was to open for its regular Sunday services.

"Both Satan and the parson have had a vacation," said Mr. Stagg, "and now they can tackle each other again and see which'll get the strangle hold 'twixt now and revival time."

"You should not say such things, especially before the child, Joseph Stagg," admonished Aunty Rose.

Carolyn May, however, seemed not to have heard Uncle Joe's pessimistic remark; she was too greatly excited by the prospect of Sunday school. And the very next week-day school would begin!

By this first week in September the little girl was quite settled in her new home at The Corners. Prince was still a doubtful addition to the family, both Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose plainly having misgivings about him. But in regard to the little girl herself, the hardware merchant and the housekeeper were of one opinion, even though they did not admit it to each other.

Prince proves himself a real canine hero and makes himself "solid" with all the people at the Corners. His exploit is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An order for 240,000 pairs of knee-length rubber boots for the French army has been placed with American manufacturers.

Horticultural Advice

PLAN OUTLINED FOR PRUNING

In Working on Apple and Pear Trees Begin Sawing on Underside—Leave No Stubs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Begin pruning the apple and pear trees by sawing on the underside and cut all diseased branches and all crowding branches to open up the top so the sunlight can get in next year to color the fruit. If large branches must be taken off, begin sawing on the underside and about one-third through of the branch; then saw from the top to meet the lower cut. In this way there will be no breaking or tearing down of the sapwood and bark, as will be the case if the sawing is all done from the top.

Cut off all branches so short that no stub will be left and after a few days

Young Apple Tree in Need of Pruning.

cover the large wounds with white lead and raw linseed oil paint.

Do not prune the stone fruit trees until spring.

MULCH STRAWBERRY PLANTS

Couple Inches of Straw or Waste Hay Should Be Spread for Winter Protection.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

After the ground freezes cover the strawberry plants with a mulch of a couple of inches of straw, waste hay cut before it ripened seed or coarse manure with the fine portion shaken out. Do not use vegetable rubbish containing weed seeds, because these seeds will grow next year and cause a lot of work to keep the weeds cleaned out. The mulch protects the ground from sudden thawing and freezing which "heaves out" plants not protected.

BENEFITS OF COVER CROPS

Hold Soil From Washing, Prevent Burning Out Humus and Furnish Pasture for Stock.

Cover crops hold the orchard soil from washing, prevent burning out humus, furnish profitable pasture for hogs, calves, poultry and small stock, and furnish an excellent mulch and soil cover for the trees. If the orchard is pastured with small stock it should not be pastured too close. Enough growth should be made by the cover crop for winter to furnish a good mulch that will catch and hold snow and leaves that would otherwise blow away.

STRAWBERRIES TO DO WELL

Soil Must Be Supplied With Humus—If Manure Cannot Be Supplied, Use Some Crops.

Strawberries to succeed well must be on soil that is well supplied with humus, and if manure cannot be had be sure to turn under organic matter of some other kind, such as a crop of cowpeas, crab grass, etc. In turning under this kind of organic material, however, one should be careful to do it early enough for it to rot as much as possible before the strawberries are to be set.

Live Stock

OBTAIN TWO LITTERS A YEAR

When Sows Are Given Best of Feed and Care This Is Good Way to Increase Production.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is common practice among farmers to require their sows to produce two litters a year. Although the sows have had good care, they will naturally be run down somewhat in condition, because the greater portion of the feed consumed has been utilized for the production of milk.

The sow needs a rest before she is bred again, and the time for this is between the weaning and breeding periods. Intelligent feeding will bring the sow from a thin condition into a good, strong, vigorous condition in a short time. When this is done she will be in proper condition to assume her duty when breeding time arrives. If the sow is bred in a thin, run-down condition, she must resume work immediately, and she will naturally be weak and subject to the inroads of disease. A little cold contracted in this condition may cause death, while a strong, healthy sow will resist such attacks. It is the general belief that sows in good vigorous breeding condition conceive more readily, thus shortening the farrowing period for the herd. Alfalfa, rape, clover, or any pasture which is palatable to swine, with some grain in addition, is excellent feed for bringing the sow back to breeding condition.

There is no good reason why a sow should not produce two litters a year when properly handled. To accomplish this the sow should be bred to farrow, say, for example, in March, and bred again to farrow the early part of September. A sow bred about November 15 will farrow about March 6 to 9. The pigs should nurse eight weeks. The sow should be rebred by May 20 so as to farrow on or after September 8. The pigs could then nurse until November 3. The chances for profitably rearing two crops of pigs from a sow annually are undoubtedly far better in regions of mild climate and short winters than where the winters are long and severe.

SOY BEANS GOOD FOR SHEEP

In Feeding Trials at Wisconsin Station Produced Larger Gains for Given Amount of Feed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In feeding trials with sheep at the Wisconsin station, soy beans produced larger gains for a given amount of feed and a heavier clip of wool. In one experiment two lots of ten lambs each

Sheep Like Soy-Bean Forage as Much as the Meal.

were fed the same roughage. One lot received shelled corn and whole soy beans in equal proportions, while the other received the same quantities of shelled corn and whole oats. The average gain of each lamb during a period of 12 weeks was 16.2 pounds when soy beans constituted a part of the ration, and but 13.7 pounds when oats were used. A pound of gain was produced on 6.11 pounds of grain and 7.11 pounds of roughage in the soy-bean ration, while 7.28 pounds of grain and 8.62 pounds of roughage were required in the oats ration. In another experiment the same rations were fed for 12 weeks to two lots of nine lambs each. The lot receiving the soy-bean ration gained 119 pounds in weight and produced 95.1 pounds of wool, as compared with 71 pounds increase in weight and a production of 81.3 pounds of wool for the lot receiving the oats ration. The second lot also consumed more feed per pound of gain.

HORSE REQUIRES MUCH GRAIN

Necessary for Animal to Maintain Weight and Spirit and Perform Maximum of Work.

In order to perform the maximum of work and still maintain his weight and spirit the horse should receive a comparatively large allowance of easily digested grain and a correspondingly small proportion of palatable roughage.

MEAT INJURIOUS TO THE KIDNE

Take a tablespoonful of Sal Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

We are a nation of meat eaters our blood is filled with uric acid, a well-known authority, who warn to be constantly on guard against ney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to the blood of this irritating acid, become weak from the overwork; get sluggish; the eliminative tis clog and thus the waste is retaine the blood to poison the entire sys

When your kidneys ache and like lumps of lead, and you have s ing pains in the back or the urin cloudy, full of sediment, or the blad is irritable, obliging you to seek r during the night; when you have ere headaches, nervous and d spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach rheumatism in bad weather, get f your pharmacist about four ounce Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful glass of water before breakfast morning and in a few days your neys will act fine. This famous is made from the acid of grapes lemon juice, combined with lithia, has been used for generations to fl and stimulate clogged kidneys, to n tralize the acids in urine so it is longer a source of irritation, thus ing urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and can injure; makes a delightful effervesc lithia-water drink, and nobody make a mistake by taking a little casionally to keep the kidneys cl and active.—Adv.

LISTEN TO THIS! SAYS CORNS LIFT RIGHT OUT NOW

You corn-pestered men and wom need suffer no longer. Wear the sho that nearly killed you before, s this Cincinnati authority, because few drops of freezone applied direct on a tender, aching corn or callu stops soreness at once and soon corn or hardened callous loosens so can be lifted out, root and all, wi out pain.

A small bottle of freezone co very little at any drug store, but positively take off every hard or s corn or callous. This should be tri as it is inexpensive and is said to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freeze tell him to get a small bottle for y from his wholesale drug house. It fine stuff and acts like a charm eve time.—Adv.

World's Languages.

It has been estimated that the o billion people of the world speak 3,0 languages. The number of men an women in the world is said to be abo equal.

Unreasonable.

Several boys were holding a confe ence on the street corner. One bo kept correcting another's mistakes English until the offender suddenl squared himself before his critic an demanded, "Gee whiz! what is vac tion for if a feller has to talk prope all the time?"

Daily Thought.

The burden which is well borne be comes light.—Ovid.

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