

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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PRINCE BECOMES A HERO OF ANOTHER ADVENTURE WHICH INCREASES HIS POPULARITY.

Synopsis.—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hanna's Carlyn—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. 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. Prince, the mongrel dog that Carolyn brought with her, and the boon companion of the lonesome girl, is in disfavor with Uncle Joe, who threatens to dispose of him, but Prince becomes a hero and wins the approval of the Corners by routing a tramp in the act of robbing the schoolteacher.

CHAPTER VII.

A Sunday Walk.

Really if Prince had been a vain dog his ego would certainly have become unduly developed because of this incident. The Corners, as a community, voted him an acquisition, whereas heretofore he had been looked upon as a good deal of a nuisance.

After she recovered from her fright Miss Minnie walked home with Carolyn May and allowed Prince's delighted little mistress to encourage the "hero" to "shake hands with teacher."

"Now, you see, he's acquainted with you, Miss Minnie," said Carolyn May. "He's an awful nice dog. You didn't know just how nice he was before."

Almost everybody went to church and all the children to Sunday school, which was held first.

The Rev. Afton Driggs, though serious-minded, was a loving man. He was fond of children and he and his childless wife gave much of their attention to the Sunday school. Mrs. Driggs taught Carolyn May's class of little girls. Mrs. Driggs did her very best, too, to get the children to stay to the preaching service, but Carolyn May had to confess that the pastor's discourses were usually hard to understand.

"And he is always reading about the 'Beggars,'" she complained gently to Uncle Joe as they went home together on this particular Sunday, "and I can't keep interested when he does that. I s'pose the 'Beggars' were very nice people, but I'm sure they weren't related to us—they've all got such funny names."

"Hum!" ejaculated Uncle Joe, smothering a desire to laugh. "Flow gently, sweet Afton, does select his passages of Scripture mostly from the 'valleys of dry bones,' I allow. You've got it about right there, Carolyn May."

"Uncle Joe," said the little girl, taking her courage in both hands, "will you do something for me?" Then, as he stared down at her from under his bushy brows, she added: "I don't mean that you aren't always doing something for me—letting me sleep here at your house and eat with you and all that. But something special."

"What is the 'something special?'" asked Mr. Stagg cautiously.

"Something I want you to do today. You always go off to your store after dinner and when you come home it's too dark."

"Too dark for what?"

"For us to take a walk," said the little girl very earnestly. "Oh, Uncle Joe, you don't know how dreadful I miss taking Sunday walks with my papa! Of course we took 'em in the morning, for he had to go to work on the paper in the afternoon, but we did just about go everywhere. If you would go with me," the little girl added wistfully, "just this afternoon, seems to me I wouldn't feel so—so empty."

"Humph!" said Uncle Joe, clearing his throat. "If it's going to do you any particular good, Carolyn May, I suppose I can take a walk with you."

It was a crisp day—one of those autumn days when the tang of frost remains in the air, in spite of all the efforts of the sun to warm it.

Here and there they stopped to pick up the glossy brown chestnuts that had burst from their burrs. That is, Carolyn May and her uncle did. Prince, after a single attempt to nose one of the prickly burrs, left them strictly alone.

"You might just as well try to eat Aunt Rose's strawberry needle cushion, Princey," the little girl said wisely. "You'll have a sorer nose than Amos Bartlett had when he tried to tie it down with a wood rasp."

"Hum!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg, "whatever possessed that Bartlett child to do such a fool trick?"

"Why, you know his nose is awfully big," said Carolyn May. "And his mother is always worried about it. She must have worried Amos, too, for one day last week he went over to Mr. Parlow's shop, borrowed a wood rasp and tried to file his nose down to a proper size. And now he has to go with his nose all grained and shiny till the new skin grows back on it."

"Bless me, what these kids will do!" uttered Mr. Stagg.

It was just at that moment that the

little girl and the man, becoming really good comrades on this walk, met with an adventure. At least to Carolyn May it was a real adventure and one she was not to forget for a long, long time.

Prince suddenly bounded away, barking, down a pleasant glade, through the bottom of which flowed a brook. Carolyn May caught a glimpse of something brown moving down there and she called shrilly to the dog to come back.

"But that's somebody, Uncle Joe," Carolyn May said with assurance, as the dog slowly returned. "Prince never barks like that unless it's a person. And I saw something move."

"Somebody taking a walk, like us. Couldn't be a deer," said Mr. Stagg. "Oh," cried Carolyn May later, "I see it again. That's a skirt I see. Why, it's a lady!"

Mr. Stagg suddenly grew very stern-looking, as well as silent. All the beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. He went on stubbornly, yet as though loath to proceed.

"Why," murmured Carolyn May, "it's Miss Amanda Parlow! That's who it is!"

The carpenter's daughter was sitting on a bare brown log by the brook. She was dressed very prettily, all in brown.

Carolyn May wanted awfully to speak to Miss Amanda. The brown

leaped forward with his walking stick to strike.

lady with the pretty roses in her cheeks sat on a log by the brook, her face turned from the path Joseph Stagg and his little niece were coming along.

And Uncle Joe was quite stubborn. He stared straight ahead down the path without letting the figure on the log get into the focus of his vision.

Hanging to Uncle Joe's hand but looking longingly at the silent figure on the log, Carolyn May was going down to the stepping stones by which they were to cross the brook, when suddenly Prince came to a halt right at the upper end of the log and his body stiffened.

"What is it, Prince?" whispered his little mistress. "Come here."

But the dog did not move. He even growled—not at Miss Amanda, of course, but at something on the log. And it was just then that Carolyn May wanted to scream—and she could not!

For there on the log, raising its flat, wicked head out of an aperture, was a snake, a horrid, silent, writhing creature, the look of which held the little girl horror-stricken and speechless.

Uncle Joe glanced down impatiently, to see what made her hold back so. The child's feet seemed glued to the earth. She could not take another step.

Writhing out of the hole in the log and coiling, as it did so, into an attitude to strike, the snake looked to be dangerous indeed. The fact that it was only a large blacksnake and non-poisonous made no difference at that moment to the dog or to the little

girl—nor to Joseph Stagg when he saw it.

It was coiled right at Miss Amanda's back. She did not see it, for she was quite as intent upon keeping her face turned from Mr. Stagg as he had been determined to ignore her presence.

Carolyn May was shaking and helpless. Not so Prince. He repeated his challenging growl and then sprang at the vibrating head. Miss Amanda uttered a stifled scream and jumped up from the log, whirling to see what was happening behind her.

Joseph Stagg dropped Carolyn May's hand and leaped forward with his walking stick raised to strike. But the mongrel dog was there first. He wisely caught the blacksnake behind the head, his strong, sharp teeth severing its vertebrae.

"Good dog!" shouted Mr. Stagg excitedly. "Fine dog!"

"Oh, Miss Amanda!" shrieked Carolyn May. "I—I thought he was going to sting you—I did!"

She ran to the startled woman and clung to her hand. Prince nosed the dead snake. Mr. Stagg looked exceedingly foolish. Miss Amanda recovered her color and her voice simultaneously.

"What a brave dog yours is, little girl," she said to Carolyn May. "And I do so despise snakes!" Then she looked directly at Mr. Stagg and bowed gravely. "I thank you," she said, but so coldly, so Carolyn May thought, that her voice might have come "just off an iceberg."

"Oh, I didn't do anything—really I didn't," stammered the man. "It was the dog."

Both looked very uncomfortable. Joseph Stagg began to pick up the scattered chestnuts from the overturned basket. The lady stooped and whispered to Carolyn May:

"Come to see me, my dear. I want to know you better."

Then she kissed Carolyn May and slipped quietly away from the brook, disappearing quickly in the undergrowth.

Joseph Stagg and the little girl went on across the stepping stones, while Prince splashed through the water. Carolyn May was thinking about Miss Amanda Parlow and she believed her Uncle Joe was, too.

"Uncle Joe," she said, "would that bad old snake have stung Miss Amanda?"

"Huh? No; I reckon not," admitted Mr. Stagg absent-mindedly. "Blacksnakes don't bite. A big one like that can squeeze some."

"But you were scared of it—like me and Prince. And for Miss Amanda," said Carolyn May very much in earnest.

"I guess 'most everybody is scared by the sight of a snake, Carolyn May."

"But you were scared for Miss Amanda's sake—just the same as I was," repeated the little girl decidedly.

"Well?" he growled, looking away, troubled by her insistence.

"Then you don't hate her, do you?" the child pursued. "I'm glad of that, Uncle Joe, for I like her very much. I think she's a beautiful lady."

To this Uncle Joe said nothing.

"I guess," thought Carolyn May wisely, "that when two folks love each other and get angry the love's there just the same. Getting mad doesn't kill it; it only makes 'em feel worse."

"Poor Uncle Joe! Poor Miss Amanda! Maybe if they'd just try to look up and look for brighter things they'd get over being mad and be happy again."

When Uncle Joe and Carolyn May returned from this adventurous walk Mr. Stagg went heavily into his own room, closed the door and even locked it. He went over to the old-fashioned walnut bureau that stood against the wall between the two windows and stood before it for some moments in an attitude of deep reflection. Finally, he drew his bunch of keys from his pocket and opened one of the two small drawers in the heavy piece of furniture—the only locked drawer there was. He drew forth a tintype picture, faded now, but clear enough to show him the features of the two individuals printed on the sensitized plate.

His own eyes looked out of the photograph proudly. They were much younger eyes than they were now. And the girl beside him in the picture! Sweet as a wild rose, Mandy Parlow's lovely, calm countenance promised all the beauty and dignity her matured womanhood had achieved.

"Mandy! Mandy!" he murmured over and over again. "Oh, Mandy! Why? Why?"

He held the tintype for a long, long time in his hand, gazing on it with eyes that saw the vanished years rather than the portraits themselves. Finally he hid the picture away again, closed and locked the drawer with a sigh and with slow steps left the room.

Carolyn learns from simple Chet Gormley some things about her financial affairs that cause her much worry. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IF HE CAME NOW

If he came now! My heart would be like a once quiet street, Hung with gay lanterns on a fete night, wild With singing! And my heart would be a child Sleepily waking to a kiss, then flinging Sleep from it, springing With all too ready feet, Out of the night, into the world again, And finding that its toys were all once more There where it left them, waiting on the floor.

To be played with again. My heart would be An opened book filled full with witchery, Filled, too, with pain. An opened book that had been left too long

Upon a dusty shelf. It would be a song In a young mouth. And it would be buds, too, Opening under the moon, and shivering at the dew.

But liking it. And it would be a flame, Red in the night. I used to be glad when he came.

But not so very glad—because I thought That I would always have him. Then he was caught Him up from me, and bore him out To be where danger is: and killed my doubt.

My hesitation and half fears. Ah, now I would run to welcome him, if he came now!

—Mary Carolyn Davis, in Good House-keeping.

Hogs Contract Colds and Pneumonia—Caution Urged

Trouble often develops among hogs at this season of the year in the form of cold and pneumonia, according to Dr. Robert Graham, professor of animal pathology at the University of Illinois. Doctor Graham gives warning that when pigs of all ages and sizes are allowed to pile up at night in a warm shed some are likely to come out steaming in the morning and that the cold winds and frosty atmosphere will have a bad effect on them. He recommends the following precautions: Hog houses and feeding places, runways, fences and sheds, should be thoroughly cleaned and sprayed with a 3 per cent water solution of compound of cresol (U. S. P.) or its recognized equivalent. Quikline should be scattered freely about the lots, after they have been raked clean of cobs and manure. Wallows should be drained and fenced off, all small holes filled and large fields where the infection prevails should be cultivated.

HINTS FOR THE POULTRY GROWER

Small eggs, dirty eggs, old eggs or eggs which have been kept at a high temperature for any length of time are the kinds not to select for incubation, according to a circular prepared by the poultry husbandry department of the Kansas State Agricultural college. Not all eggs from the best breeding stock are good for hatching purposes. Often the eggs are small, uneven in shape or poor in shell texture. Small eggs should never be incubated, as they do not hatch well, and pullets from them often lay undersized eggs. The small egg is not wanted upon the market. The two ounce egg is the standard in weight.

Only clean eggs should be selected for incubation. Dirty or washed eggs never hatch as well as do those which have never been soiled.

Since the egg begins to incubate when it reaches a temperature of 68 degrees it should be kept below that point. From 45 to 65 degrees is the range of temperature permissible for eggs that are being kept for hatching.

Eggs should not be kept any longer than is absolutely necessary. If they are turned frequently and are kept at the correct temperature they may be kept for two weeks, before being placed in the incubator, but it is not advisable to try to keep them for that long a time.

Explorer Says North Pole Weather Not as Pictured

Another cherished illusion is dispelled and relegated to the junk heap of vivid misconceptions that have suddenly faded. Explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who has just returned from a five years' cruise in the regions around the North pole, tells us that the weather up there is by no means the frigid terror we have pictured in our minds. It is much cooler in central Siberia than at Herschel Island. Even near the geographical pole the climate never gets really bad, although the mercury occasionally runs down to 60 below zero. Indeed, it was so mild and compatible with physical comfort that he usually disrobed on the porch of his igloo and passed the evening in his underwear, resting at night in his sleeping bag. His underwear, by the way, was of reindeer's skin with the fur inside. He has explored about 250,000 square miles amid all kinds of weather, and claims to have suffered no hardships, until his return to civilization.—Christian Herald.

Arizona Is Cleaning Out Beasts Which Kill Stock

One of the efforts of the state government of Arizona and the federal government in their campaign for the eradication of predatory animals, which cause large losses in range stock, is the employment of skilled hunters. Thirteen are now in the employ of the state and federal governments. Other men are exterminating rodents which destroy ranges. One of the hunters within two months killed 11 mountain lions. Another killed 55 coyotes within a month.

HARMONY IN DRESS

One Shade or Color Combination Favored by Many.

Scarf, Turban and Bag All of the Same Material—Shoes Are Also Given Consideration.

This business of dressing all in one shade or in a harmonious combination of two colors at the most, observes a fashion correspondent, is an idea that the well-dressed French woman is very clever about but which represents almost too much time for the average American to devote to such a purpose.

Even when the costume was allowed more latitude in this matter the French woman had a knack of selecting her clothes so that they obviously were meant to be worn together in spite of their dissimilarity.

Just at present the scarf and turban seem to be demanding especial attention, and an attractive way of making them conform to convention is to have the hat, the scarf and possibly the bag all of one material. If the shoes match either the coat or the color of the scarf, then all is well.

One young woman seen recently carried out the idea of matching the costume to the last nonessential detail—whether by accident or by design one can only guess. Her suit, turban and scarf were all of duvetyne, which was of a pinkish tan color, called tea shade. Her shoes and gloves matched also, and under one arm she carried an important looking portfolio of exactly the same color. So unusual was the result of this odd costume that she attracted considerable attention as she strolled along, apparently unconscious that any one was looking at her.

In this case the scarf and the turban were of the same material, and the fact that it was humble duvetyne detracted nothing from its smartness. The main thing seems, indeed, to be the similarity and not the material. Fur, bands of fur, braiding, embroidery, angora and quilting are all in use to bring the point of similarity out. For dress affairs and incidentally for the fortunate possessors of the wherewithal there are the most attractive sets of squirrel and various other furs, consisting of muff, scarf, turban, and sometimes a bag. Pekin, which we call faher, is the choice of Paris at the moment, and a veritable rage for long stoles of this fur has sprung up, although silver fox and squirrel have a well-established place.

MODISH COSTUME OF VELVET

Outfit, Particularly Original, Is Constructed of Black Material With Winsome Chinese Blouse.

A very original costume shown recently was one of black velvet with a Chinese blouse. Defying almost every preconceived idea of what fashions are supposed to be, the most noticeable feature of the suit was its extreme chic and up-to-date air. In the first place it was semi-fitted, rather more at the back than we are accustomed to seeing, and then it was cut exactly knee length.

Perfectly plain mannish revers extended to below the normal waistline and were bound with velvet. Not a pocket or a slash relieved its severe blackness and the sleeves were slightly wider at the wrists as an only concession to the mode. No visible means appeared at the front by which to fasten the coat, for buttonholes or buttons were absent, and the fronts just touched. Plain tailored suits we have had in plenty, but the extreme pocketless plainness of this model and its length sets it apart. The skirt was plain and rather narrow and the Chinese blouse of blue and black was held with a cord girdle finished with a huge tassel.

WARM COAT FOR MOTORING

This smart motor coat of exceptional design is made of chamois cloth, cut extra militaire and lined also with chamois. Raccoon collar and cuff add greatly to the general effect.

BE PRETTY! TURN GRAY HAIR DARK

Try Grandmother's old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at a drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darken your hair, as it does it so natural and evenly. You dampen a sponge with soft brush with it and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time; by morning the gray disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

With the Fingers! Says Corns Lift Out Without Any Pain

You reckless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have at least once a week invited an awkward death from lockjaw or blood poisoning are now told by a Cincinnati authority to use a drug called freezone, which the moment a few drops are applied to any corn or callous the soreness is relieved and soon the entire corn, callous, root and all, lifts off with the fingers.

Freezone dries the moment it is applied, and simply shrivels the corn callous without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or at a small bottle of freezone will cost very little at any of the drug stores but will positively rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or hard callous. If your druggist hasn't freezone he can get it at any wholesale drug house for you.—Adv.

Seek Healthy View Point

If you desire to possess a healthy point of view, observe a horde of restless, unhappy men and women who have failed to find happiness through a worship of false gods and who find it only after having found a purpose that would effectively serve humanity. They will teach a lesson on the futility of striving for the things that serve no useful end. Get a healthy viewpoint of life.

Rich Man's Guide to Health.

The only rule for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstemiousness—to live as if he were poor.—Sir William Temple.

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