



Carolyn of the Corners

-BY-
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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Is it? Well, no, they didn't tell me that," admitted the visitor, "or I'd not started so late. You see, I come up on a schooner. This here lake boatin' ain't in my line. I'm deep-water, I am."

"So I should s'pose," said Mr. Parlow. "How'd you git up here, anyway?"

"The war," said the visitor. "The war done it. Couldn't git a good berth in any deep-water bottom. So I thought I'd try fresh-water sailin'. I tell you, matey, I been workin' as quartermaster's mate on the old Cross and Crescent line, a-scootin' 'cross to Naples from N'York—there and back—goin' on ten year."

"What did you leave your boat for?" asked the carpenter curiously.

"She was sunk. There's things happenin' over to the other side of the ocean, mate," said the injured man earnestly, "that you wouldn't believe—no, sir! The Cross and Crescent line's give up business till after the war's over, I reckon."

"You'd better not encourage him to talk any more, father," interposed Miss Amanda, coming into the room again. "The best thing he can do for himself is to sleep for a while."

"Thank ye, ma'am," said the sailor humbly. "I'll try."

Darkness came on apace. The sky had become overcast, and there was promise of a stormy night—more snow, perhaps. But Miss Amanda would not allow Carolyn May and Prince to start for home at once.

"Watch for your uncle, Carolyn May, out of the front-room window, and be all ready to go with him when he comes along," said Miss Parlow.

When Uncle Joe came along, Carolyn May ran out and hailed him from the porch.

"Wait for me, Uncle Joe! Wait for me and Prince, please! Just let me get my mittens and Prince's harness and kiss Miss Mandy."

That last she did most soundly, and in full view of the man waiting in the white road.

"Oh, Uncle Joe, I've got just the wonderfulest story to tell you! Shall we harness Prince up again, or will you—"

"I can't wait for the dog, Carolyn May. I'm in a hurry. You oughtn't to be out in this wind, either. Get aboard your sled, now, and I'll drag you myself," Mr. Stagg interrupted.

CHAPTER X.

A Salt-Sea Flavor.

Swiftly Joseph Stagg trudged toward home, dragging Carolyn May behind him.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the little girl with exultation, "we're all so excited, Uncle Joe!"

"I can see you're all of a-twitter," he returned absent-mindedly. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, you never could guess!" was Carolyn May's introduction, and forthwith, in breathless sentences, went on



Swiftly Joseph Stagg Trudged Towards Home, Dragging Carolyn May Behind Him.

to tell of her discovery in the snow and about the old sailor now lying asleep on the Parlow couch.

Of course, when Carolyn May arrived at home, the story had to be told all over again to Aunty Rose Kennedy.

"A mighty plucky youngster, this Carolyn May of ours," Uncle Joe remarked. "What do you say, Aunty Rose?"

"She is, indeed, Joseph Stagg," agreed the woman.

Carolyn May insisted on going to the Parlow house herself after school the next afternoon to inquire about her "sailor man."

When she had been kissed by Miss Amanda, and Prince had lain down by the kitchen range, the little girl demanded:

"And do tell me how my sailor man is, Miss Mandy. He got such a bump on his head!"

"Yes; the man's wound is really serious. I'm keeping him in bed. But you can go up to see him. He's talked a lot about you, Carolyn May."

The sailor lay in the warm bedroom over the kitchen.

Carolyn May prattled on gayly and soon had her "sailor man" telling all about the sea and ships, and "they that go down therein."

"For, you see," explained Carolyn May, "I'm dreadful curious about the sea. My papa and mamma were lost at sea."

"You don't say so, little miss!" exclaimed the old fellow. "Aye, aye, that's too bad."

Miss Amanda had disappeared, busy about some household matter, and the little girl and the sailor were alone together.

"Yes," Carolyn May proceeded, "it is dreadful hard to feel that it is so."

"Feel that what's so, little miss?" asked the man in bed.

"That my papa and mamma are really drown-ed," said the little girl with quivering lips. "Some of the folks on their boat were saved. The papers said so."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed the sailor, his brows puckered into a frown. "Aye, aye, matey! that's allus the way. Why, I was saved myself from a wreck. I was in the first officer's boat, and we in that boat was saved. There was another boat—the purser's, it was—was driftin' about all night with us. We come one time near smashin' into each other and wreckin' both boats. There was a heavy swell on."

"Yet," pursued the sailor, "come daylight, and the fog splittin', we never could find the purser's boat. She had just as good a chance as us after the steamship sunk. But there it was! We got separated from her, and it was saved, whilst the purser's boat wasn't never heard on again."

"That was dreadful!" sighed the little girl.

"Yes, little miss. And the poor passengers! Purser had twenty or more in his boat. Women mostly. But there was a sick man, too. Why, I helped lower his wife and him into the boat 'fore I was called to go with the first officer in his boat. We was the last to cast off. The purser had just as good a chance as we did."

"I guess I won't never forgit that time, little miss. Went on the seaman, seeing the blue eyes fixed on his face, round with interest. 'No! And I've seen some tough times, too.'

"The ship was riddled. She had to sink—and it was night."

"There was a sick man I told you about, little miss. He was a wonder, that feller! Cheerful—brave—Don't often see a feller like him. Jokin' to the last, he was. He didn't want to go in the purser's boat, if there was more women or children to go."

"We told him all the women folk had left the ship. So, then, he let me lower him down into the purser's boat after his wife. And that boat had as good a chance as we had, I tell you," repeated the seaman in quite an excited manner.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "My papa and mamma might have been just like that," she added.

"Of course, we don't know whether they got off the steamship at all."

"Aye, aye!" the sailor said. "Pretty tough on you, little miss."

Miss Amanda had come back into the room, and she stood listening to the old man's talk. She said:

"Carolyn May, I think you had better go downstairs now. We mustn't let our patient talk too much. It won't be good for him."

So Carolyn May shook hands with the old sailor and started downstairs ahead of Miss Amanda. The latter lingered a moment to ask a question.

"What was the name of the steamship you were wrecked on?" she asked.

"The one you were just telling about."

"She was the Dunraven—the Dunraven, of the Cross and Crescent line," replied the mariner. "Didn't I tell you that before, ma'am?"

CHAPTER XI.

Will Wonders Never Cease? Again it snowed all night.

It was on the next day, and at noon time, when Mr. Stagg was returning to the store, that a most astounding thing happened.

Mr. Stagg was walking briskly toward Sunrise Cove in his big felt snow-boots, such as all men wore in that locality, and was abreast of the Parlow shop and cottage—which he always sought to avoid looking at—when he heard a door open and close.

He tried not to look that way. But his ear told him instantly that the person who had come out was Miss Amanda, rather than her father. Knowing this, how could he help darting a glance at her?

Miss Amanda stood on the porch, looking directly at him.

"Mr. Stagg," she called earnestly, "I must speak to you."

Save on the Sunday when Prince had killed the blacksnake, Miss Amanda had not spoken directly to the hardware merchant in all these hungry years. It rather shocked Joseph Stagg now that she should do so.

"Will you come in?" she urged him, her voice rather tremulous.

There was a moment of absolute silence.

"Bless me! Yes!" ejaculated the hardware man finally.

"I assure you, Mr. Stagg," Miss Amanda said hurriedly, "it is no personal matter that causes me to stop you in this fashion."

"No, ma'am?" responded the man stiffly.

"I want you to come in and speak with this sailor who was hurt," she finally said. "There is something he can tell you, Mr. Stagg, that I think you should know."

The big rocking-chair by the window, in which Miss Amanda's mother had for several years before her death spent her waking hours, was now occupied by the sailor.

"This is the little girl's uncle, Benjamin," Miss Amanda said quietly. "He will be interested in what you have already told me about the loss of the Dunraven. Will you please repeat it all?"

"The Dunraven?" gasped Mr. Stagg, sitting down without being asked.

"Hannah—"

"There is no hope, of course," Amanda Parlow spoke up quickly, "that your sister, Mr. Stagg, and her husband were not lost. But having found out

that Benjamin was on the steamer with them, I thought you should know. I have warned him to be careful how he speaks before Carolyn May. You may wish to hear the story at first hand."

"Thank you," choked Joseph Stagg. He wanted to say more, but could not.

Benjamin Hardy's watery eyes blinked, and he blew his nose.

"Aye, aye, mate!" he rumbled, "hard lines—for a fact. I give my testimony 'fore the consul when we was landed—so did all that was left of us from the Dunraven. Me bel'n' an unlettered man, they didn't run me very close. I can't add much more to it."

"As I say, that purser's boat your sister and her stekly husband was in had just as good a chance as we had. We nigh bumped into each other soon after the Dunraven sunk. So, then, we pulled off away from each other. Then the fog rolled up from the African shore—a heap o' fog, mate. It sponged out the lamp in the purser's boat. We never seen no more of 'em—nor heard no more."

"And were Hannah—were my sister and her husband in that boat?" queried Mr. Stagg thoughtfully.

"I am sure, by the details Benjamin has given me," said Miss Amanda softly, "that your sister and Mr. Cameron were two of its passengers."

"Well, it's a long time ago, now," said the hardware dealer. "Surely, if they had been picked up or had reached the coast of Africa, we would have heard about it."

"It would seem so," the woman agreed gently.

"You never know what may happen at sea, mister, till it happens," Benjamin Hardy declared. "What became of that boat—"

He seemed to stick to that idea. But the possibility of the small boat's having escaped seemed utterly preposterous to Mr. Stagg. He arose to depart.

Miss Amanda followed the hardware dealer to the outer door.

"I'm sorry," she said simply.

"Thank—thank you," murmured Joseph Stagg before she closed the door.

He went on to town, his mind strangely disturbed. It was not his sister's fate that filled his heart and brain, but thoughts of Miss Amanda.

She had deliberately broken the silence of years! Of course, it might be attributed to her interest in Carolyn May only, yet the hardware dealer wondered.



"We Nigh Bumped Into Each Other After the Dunraven Sunk."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Relieved.

At Camp Dodge one night a Swede was on guard duty. Being new to the business, time dragged slowly, but finally the officer with relief came along. The Swede said: "Halt." They halted, and next he said: "Who was dat?" The officer replied: "Officer with relief." The sentry, after waiting several minutes in a vain attempt to recall to mind what he should say, brought forth this startling command: "Dismiss yourselfs and be reconciled." Needless to say the stillness of the night was broken by a roar of laughter.

BLEACHED OATS ARE POOR SEED

Sulphur Process Brightens Grains, but It Reduces Germinating Qualities.

PAY ATTENTION TO QUALITY

Same Amount of Time, Labor and Money Required to Sow Field, Whether Viability High or Low—Buy Under Contract.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In the purchase and selection of oats for seed farmers are warned to be careful of grain that has been bleached by the sulphur process. This process is now used extensively by commercial grain dealers to give oats of inferior quality a bright, clean appearance. In experiments conducted by the specialists of the United States department of agriculture, it was found that in nearly every sample of sulphur bleached oats there was a great reduction in the germinating power. The largest reduction was in a sample which germinated 97.5 per cent before treating and 9.5 per cent after treating, or a total reduction in germination of 88 per cent caused by sulphuring.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the quality of seed for the same amount of time, labor and money is required to sow a field of oats, whether the viability of the seed be high or low, and the product will be influenced directly by the percentage of germination of the seed. A casual observer is probably more likely to be misled as to the true quality of oats than of any other grain for seeding purposes, because oats that have been sulphured present an attractive appearance; therefore special care must be taken to ascertain whether this appearance is due to bleaching by sulphur or whether it is natural.

Feed Oats Not Good for Seed.

It is not an uncommon practice throughout the smaller oat-growing areas for farmers to use for seed, oats that have been purchased for feeding purposes, especially when these oats appear to be of good quality. Frequently very poor yields are obtained from feed oats, because these oats may have been sulphur bleached.

Seedmen generally buy their oats under contracts, stipulating that such oats shall germinate not less than a specific percentage, and further that they shall not be sulphur bleached. This provision, of course, safeguards the farmer when he buys oats from a seedman who states that such oats are suitable for seed. However, as there is no general regulation governing oats handling in intrastate transactions which requires that sulphured oats are to be labeled as such, the farmer generally is without protection and often sows oats that have been sulphured.

Process of Bleaching.

Two processes are in use in bleaching oats; known as the cold process and the warm process, the only difference being that in one case steam is used to moisten the grain and in the other cold water is used. As the moistened oats fall from the top of a tower they pass through sulphur fumes which come in contact with every kernel. After the oats have passed through the bleaching tower they are usually run in a bin and allowed to stand over night when they are cooled or dried as necessity may require.

SIRUP WILL REPLACE SUGAR

Novel Scheme Being Carried Out in Nebraska Community—Demand Bigger Than Supply.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A scheme to utilize a part of the sorghum crop for making a sugar substitute for human food is being carried out in Douglas county, Nebraska. In one community, through the efforts of the local county agent, six farmers co-operated in purchasing a small



At Work in a Sirup-Making Mill.

sorghum mill, and secured the services of an experienced sorghum-sirup maker. Although the sirup made at this mill is being sold at \$1.25 to \$1.50 a gallon, present indications are that the demand cannot be met. Five sorghum mills are now in operation in the county.

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Why Swift & Company Handle Poultry, Eggs, Butter and Cheese

Swift & Company went into the produce business because they saw a crying need for the kind of service they were equipped to perform.

The produce business was in chaos. Collecting, transportation, preparation and distribution was hit or miss, with delay, deterioration and loss on every hand.

The farmer was at the mercy of an uncertain, localized market. He had no way of reaching through to the people who needed what he was raising for them. There was no premium upon improving his stocks, for grading was lax or lacking.

The consumer had to accept produce that, as a rule, had no known responsible name behind it. He had no way of knowing how long the eggs or the butter he was buying had been lying around in miscellaneous lots in the back room of a country store. Much of the poultry was not properly refrigerated before shipment or properly protected by refrigeration in transit.

Swift & Company's initiative brought system to this chaos. Their organization, equipment, and experience in handling perishable food products were already adjusted to the task. Their refrigerator cars, branch houses, central points, far-reaching connections, trained sales force, supplied just what was demanded.

Now the farmer has a daily cash market in touch with the nation's needs with better prices. Standardization makes better produce more profitable. More consumers are served with better, fresher, finer foodstuffs.

Nothing suffers from this save inefficiency, which has no claim upon public support.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.



Daily Thought. Whatever chance shall bring we will bear with equanimity.—Terence.

Riches are a disgrace to him who hath kinsmen in want.

Set in Their Ways. Will Meddle, the efficiency sharp, is trying to teach the hens to lay square eggs so they can be packed to better advantage, but is not meeting much encouragement from the old-fashioned hens.

Javanese Orchids. There is a very interesting orchid in Java, the grammatophyllum, all the flowers of which open at once, and they also all wither together.

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