

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XII.

Something Carolyn May Wishes to Know.

Carolyn May's heart was filled with trouble.

This was the result of her first talk with the old sailor. Not from him, nor from anybody else, did Carolyn May get any direct information that the sailor had been aboard the Dunraven on her fatal voyage. But his story awoke in the child's breast doubts and longings, uncertainties and desires that had lain dormant for many weeks.

Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose loved her and were kind to her. But that feeling of "emptiness" that had at first so troubled Carolyn May was returning. She began to droop. Keen-eyed Aunt Rose discovered this physical change very quickly.

"She's just like a droopy chicken," declared the good woman, "and, goodness knows, I have seen enough of them."

So, as a stimulant and a preventive of "droopiness," Aunt Rose prescribed boneset tea, "plenty of it."

Three times a day Carolyn May was dosed with boneset tea. How long the child's stomach would have endured under this treatment will never be known. Carolyn May got no better, that was sure; but one day something happened.

Winter had moved on in its usual frosty and snowy way. Carolyn May had kept up all her interests—after a fashion.

Benjamin Hardy had gone to Adams' camp to work. It seemed he could use a peevy, or canthook, pretty well, having done something besides salting in his day. Tim, the hackman, worked at logging in the winter months, too. He usually went past the Stagg place with a team four times each day.

There was something Carolyn May wished to ask Benjamin Hardy, but she did not want anybody else to know what it was—not even Uncle Joe or Aunt Rose. Once in the fall and before the snow came she had ridden as far as Adams' camp with Mr. Parlow. He had gone there for some hickory wood.

But, now, to ride on the empty sled going in and out of the load of logs coming out of the forest, Carolyn May felt sure, would be much more exciting. She mentioned her desire to Uncle Joe on a Friday evening.

"Well, now, if it's pleasant, I don't see anything to forbid. Do you, Aunt Rose?" Mr. Stagg returned.

"I presume Tim will take the best of care of her," the woman said. "Maybe, getting out more in the air will make her look less peaked, Joseph Stagg."

The excitement of preparing to go to the camp the next morning brought the roses into Carolyn May's cheeks and made her eyes sparkle. When Tim, the hackman, went into town with his first load he was forewarned by Aunt Rose that he would have company going back.

"Pitcher of George Washington!" exclaimed Tim. "The boys will near 'bout take a holiday."

There was but one woman in the camp, Judy Mason. She lived in one of the log huts with her husband. He was a sawyer, and Judy did the men's washing.

Benjamin Hardy was pleased, indeed, to see his little friend again.

"You come with me, please," she whispered to the old seaman after din-



"I've Been So Near Drownin' Myself, That They Thought I Was Dead When I Was Hauled Inboard."

ner. "You can smoke. You haven't got to go back to work yet, and Tim is only just loading his sled. So we can talk."

"Aye, aye, little miss. What'll we talk about?" queried Benjamin cautiously, for he remembered that he was to be very circumspect in his conversation with her.

"I want you to tell me something, Benjamin," she said.

"Sail ahead, mutiny," he responded with apparent heartiness, filling his pipe meanwhile.

"Why, Benjamin—you must know,

you know, for you've been to sea so much—Benjamin, I want to know if it hurts much to be drown-ed?"

"Hurts much?" gasped the old seaman. "Yes, sir. Do people that get drown-ed feel much pain? Is it a sufferin' way to die? I want to know, Benjamin, 'cause my papa and mamma died that way," continued the child, choking a little. "It does seem as though I'd just got to know."

"Aye, aye," muttered the man. "I see. An' I kin tell ye, Carolyn May, as close as anybody kin. I've been so near drownin' myself that they thought I was dead when I was hauled inboard. 'Comin' back from drownin' is a whole lot worse than bein' drown-ed. You take it from me."

"Well," sighed Carolyn May, "I'm glad to know that. It's bothered me a good deal. If my mamma and papa had to be dead, maybe that was the nicest way for them to go."

Since Joseph Stagg had listened to the rambling tale of the sailor regarding the sinking of the Dunraven, he had borne the fate of his sister and her husband much in mind.

He had come no nearer to deciding what to do with the apartment in New York and its furnishings.

After listening to Benjamin Hardy's story, the hardware dealer felt less inclined than before to close up the affairs of Carolyn May's small "estate." Not that he for a moment believed that there was a possibility of Hannah and her husband being alive. Five months had passed. In these days of wireless telegraph and fast sea traffic such a thing could not be possible. The imagination of the practical hardware merchant could not visualize it.

One day when Carolyn May was visiting Mrs. Gormley Chet burst in quite unexpectedly, for it was not yet mid-afternoon.

"Mr. Stagg has let me off to take Carolyn May slidin'. The ice ain't goin' to be safe in the cove for long now. Spring's in the air o'ready. Both brooks are runnin' full."

Carolyn May was delighted. Although the sky was overcast and a storm threatening when they got down on the ice, neither the boy nor the little girl gave the weather a second thought. Nor had Mr. Stagg considered the weather when he had allowed Chet to leave the store that afternoon.

Chet strapped on his skates, and then settled the little girl firmly on her sled, with Prince riding behind. The boy harnessed himself with the long towrope and skated away from the shore, dragging the sled after him at a brisk pace.

"Oh, my!" squealed Carolyn May, "there isn't anybody else on the ice."

"We won't run into nobody, then," laughed the boy.

It was too misty outside the cove to see the open water; but it was there, and Chet knew it as well as anybody.

He had no intention of taking any risks—especially with Carolyn May in his charge.

The wind blew out of the cove, too. As they drew away from the shelter of the land they felt its strength. Naturally, neither the boy nor the little girl—and surely not the dog—looked back toward the land. Otherwise, they would have seen the snow flurry that swept down over the town and quickly hid it from the cove.

Chet was skating his very swiftest. Carolyn May was screaming with delight. Prince barked joyfully. And, suddenly, in a startling fashion, they came to a fissure in the ice!

The boy darted to one side, heeled on his right skate, and stopped. He had jerked the sled aside, too, yelling to Carolyn May to "hold fast!" But Prince was flung from it, and scrambled over the ice, barking loudly.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Carolyn May. "You stopped too quick, Chet Gormley. Goodness! There's a hole in the ice!"

"And I didn't see it till we was almost in it," acknowledged Chet. "It's more'n a hole. Why! there's a great field of ice broke off and sailin' out into the lake."

"Oh, my!" gasped the little girl.

The boy knew at once that he must be careful in making his way home with the little girl. Having seen one great fissure in the ice, he might come upon another. It seemed to him as though the ice under his feet was in motion. In the distance was the sound of a reverberating crash that could mean but one thing. The ice in the cove was breaking up!

The waters of the two brooks were pouring down into the cove. Spring had really come, and the annual freshet was likely now to leave the ice entirely out of the cove and open the way for traffic in a few hours.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Chapel Bell.

If Joseph Stagg had obeyed the precept of his little niece on this particular afternoon and had been "looking up," instead of having his nose in the big ledger, mulling out monthly statements, he might have discovered the coming storm in season to withdraw his permission to Chet to take Carolyn May out on the ice.

It was always dark enough in the little back office in winter for the hardware dealer to have a lamp burning. So he did not notice the snow flurry that had taken Sunrise Cove in its arms until he chanced to walk out to the front of the store for needed exercise.

"I declare to man, it's snowing!" muttered Joseph Stagg. "Thought we'd got through with that for this season."

He opened the store door. There was a chill, clammy wind, and the snow was damp and packed quickly under foot.

"Hum! If that Chet Gormley were here now, he might be of some use for once," thought Mr. Stagg.

Suddenly he bethought him of the errand that had taken the boy away from the store.

"Hey, Stagg!" shouted a shopkeeper from over the way, who had likewise come to the door, "did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" asked Joseph Stagg, puzzled.

"There she goes again! That's ice, old man. She's breakin' up. We'll have spring with us in no time now."

The reverberating crash that had startled Chet Gormley had startled Joseph Stagg as well.

"My goodness!" gasped the hardware dealer, and he started instantly away from the store, bareheaded as he was, without locking the door behind him—something he had never done before, since he had established himself in business on the main street of Sunrise Cove.

Just why he ran he could scarcely have explained. Of course, the children had not gone out in this snow storm! Mrs. Gormley—little sense as



"Where's That Plagued Boy?"

he believed the seamstress possessed—would not have allowed them to venture.

Yet, why had Chet not returned? He quickened his pace. He was running—slipping and sliding over the wet snow—when he turned into the street on which his store boy and his widowed mother lived.

Mrs. Gormley saw him coming from the windows of the tiny front room. Mr. Stagg plunged into the little house, head down, and belligerent.

"Where's that plagued boy?" he demanded. "Don't tell me he's taken Hannah's Carolyn out on the cove in this storm!"

"But—you told him he could!" wailed the widow.

"What if I did? I didn't know 'twas going to snow like this, did I?"

"But it wasn't snowin' when they went," said Mrs. Gormley, plucking up some little spirit. "I'm sure it wasn't Chetwood's fault. Oh, dear!"

"Woman," growled Joseph Stagg, "it doesn't matter whose fault it is—or if it's anybody's fault. The mischief's done. The ice is breaking up. It's drifting out of the inlet."

Just at this moment an unexpected voice broke into the discussion.

"Are you positive they went out on the cove to slide, Mrs. Gormley?"

"Oh, yes, I be, Mandy," answered the seamstress. "Chet said he was goin' there, and what Chet says he'll do, he always does."

"Then the ice has broken away and they have been carried out into the lake," groaned Mr. Stagg.

Mandy Parlow came quickly to the little hall.

"Perhaps not, Joseph," she said, speaking directly to the hardware dealer. "It may be the storm. It snows so fast they would easily get turned around—the unable to land the shore."

Another reverberating crash echoed from the cove. Mrs. Gormley wrung her hands.

"Oh, my Chet! Oh, my Chet!" she wailed. "He'll be drown'd!"

"He won't be, if he's got any sense," snapped Mr. Stagg. "I'll get some men and we'll go after them."

"Call the dog, Joseph Stagg. Call the dog," advised Miss Amanda.

"Heh? Didn't Prince go with 'em?"

"Oh, yes, he did," wailed Mrs. Gormley.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



REGULATING NECESSARY

During the rush of spring work milkings in the morning will be done on time but at night the danger is in leaving this work for the women folks to do or until after dark. No grayer mistake can be made. A cow permitted to lose her milk flow cannot again be brought up without every pound of grain costing two prices. Don't save on one hand to lose on the other.

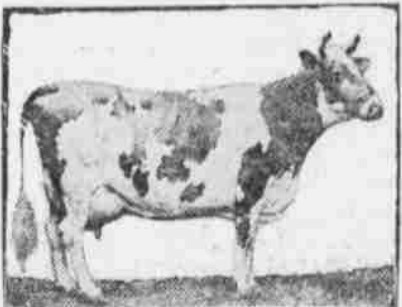
PROBLEMS IN WINTER FEEDS

For Economical Production Wage-Earning Cow Should be Fed Its Full Capacity.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The problems involved in winter feeding are usually distinctly different from those of summer feeding. Pasture (or green feed), usually the basis of summer feeding, is not available. Broadly speaking, there are two factors involved in this problem, first, to satisfy the needs of the cow and, second, to suit the pocketbook. The cow must have an ample supply of feed of a palatable nature, and this feed must be supplied at a price which will permit a profit on the feeding operation.

In general farm practice it is advisable, so far as it is economical, to use the feeds produced on the farm. Often the freight rates and the middle-



A Purebred Guernsey With a High Record.

man's charges, if saved, will constitute a good profit for the feeder. This is especially true of roughages. Such feeds are bulky and in most cases must be baled at a considerable cost; the freight rates also are much greater in proportion to the nutrients contained than on the grains.

When land is high in price and the markets for dairy products are good, it is often impracticable to grow all the feeds on the farm. In such cases arrangements first should be made to grow the roughage, on account of the high cost of transporting these feeds. In most cases the prime object of the farm under such conditions will be to supply the greatest possible quantity of roughage.

It is a difficult problem to provide a system of winter feeding of roughage which will make the best use of home-grown roughage and at the same time insure full production.

In addition to containing the proper nutrients in the right proportion, part of the ration should be of a succulent nature. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to keep cows in full production throughout the winter without some succulent feed. There are two chief sources of succulent feed for winter feeding—silage and roots. Of these, silage is in almost universal use by commercial dairymen. While almost any green crop may be used for silage, the heavy yields of corn, as compared with other crops, and its comparative ease of handling, together with its keeping qualities, make it the leading silage crop. Where the cost of land and the prices of dairy products are high, and the system of farming of necessity is intensive, it is questionable whether the dairyman should consider any other silage crop.

ROOTS FOR FEEDING CATTLE

Chief Function Is to Supply Succulence—Have Special Application for Cows Only.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The chief function of roots in cattle feeding is to supply a succulent feed. Under general farm conditions the quantity of nutrients grown per acre in root crops is small in comparison to the cost of production. These root crops, however, can be preserved during the winter equally well whether large or small quantities are fed each day, and therefore have special application when only a few cows are to be fed. Of the different root crops mangel wurzels furnish the greatest yield per acre. Other kinds of beets and turnips and carrots may be used. Turnips, however, should be fed after milking rather than before, as they cause a bad flavor in the products if fed immediately before milking.

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Hurrah! How's This

Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

OUCH! ? ! ? ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freezone when applied to a tender, aching corn or hardened callous stops soreness at once, and soon the corn or callous dries up and lifts right off without pain.

He says freezone dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding skin. A small bottle of freezone will cost very little at any drug store, but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callous from one's feet. Millions of America's women will welcome this announcement since the inauguration of the high heels. If your druggist doesn't have freezone tell him to order a small bottle for you.—Adv.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.
Soak hands on retiring in the hot soaps of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

Giving Herself Away.

A spinster of uncertain age, when asked if she had read Aesop's fables, set her friends a-wondering by stating that she had read them when they first came out.

Anxious Moment.

Agitated Daughter (on the links)—Oh, mother, whatever shall we do? Father's in that bunker and here come the parson and his wife.—Boston Transcript.

First Fixed Ammunition.

It is to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, whose reign began in 1611, that history gives credit for the invention of fixed ammunition. In his cartridges the bullets and the charge were united in a paper case. It was not, however, until 1850 that the first successful metallic cartridge was patented by an American.

AN ACRE!

Texas lands, 640 to 40,000 acres, \$1.05 to \$1.40; one-tenth cash, balance 40 years 5%. Mexico lands, 1,000 to 100,000 acres on Rio Grande, \$1 per acre cash. Texas-Mexico Ranch Co., San Antonio, Texas.

Equal Right, But No Favor.

"I suppose," said a lady to a conductor, "if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers, and be allowed to occupy a seat. 'Of course, madam,' the conductor replied politely, 'he will be treated the same as other passengers, and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it!'"

Wagon Crane.

A Michigan inventor has patented a crane to be attached to any wagon to enable one man to pick up a can of ashes or garbage along a curb and empty it into the wagon.

The Difference.

"A great difference between the human mouth and a city street," observed the facetious philosopher, "is that a street is closed for repairs, while a mouth is opened."

Linings.

An average woman doesn't care anything about the silver linings of clouds if only her own gown is silk lined.

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