



Carolyn of the Corners
-BY-
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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"Go on! Good dog!" cried Mr. Stagg. "Lead the way to Hannah's Carlyn!"

He heard the little girl screaming. "Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Uncle Joe! Here we are!"

Cherry rattled the buckboard down to the bottom of the hollow and stopped. There was some smoke here, but not much.

"Oh, Joe! Joe!" she said, "I feared you would come too late!"

"But I'm here, Mandy, and I'm not too late!" he cried; and, somehow—neither of them could, perhaps, have explained just how—his arms went around her and her hands rested on his shoulders.

"Oh, Joe! Joe!" It was like a surrendering sob.

"It's not too late, is it, Mandy? Say it isn't too late," he pleaded.

"No, it's not too late," she whispered. "If—if we're not too old."

"Old!" almost shouted Joseph Stagg. "I don't remember of ever feeling so young as I do right now!"

"Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Miss Amanda!" cried Carolyn May, standing before them, and pointing with a rather grimy index finger.

But the situation was too difficult to allow of much but practical thoughts.

"Where's the old woman?" asked Joseph Stagg quickly.

"Her husband came with a horse and buggy late last night and took her over to the new camp," was the reply.

"The fire was coming into the camp when I left. We must get out of here in a hurry," declared Mr. Stagg.

"We aren't going to be burned up now, when Uncle Joe is here, Miss Mandy," Carolyn May declared with confidence.

"They are, indeed, child," agreed the woman. She turned to Joseph Stagg, happiness shining in her eyes, and looking prettier than ever before in her life, he thought.

The hollow was rapidly becoming filled with smoke. The man did not understand this, but it foreboded trouble.

"Up you go, too, Carlyn May," he said, lifting the little girl into the rear of the buckboard.

Joseph Stagg felt very serious as he seated himself by Amanda's side and picked up the reins. The horse quickly retraced his steps up the hill to the tote road.

"Oh, Joe," gasped Amanda, "it's coming!"

"It surely is," agreed the hardware merchant. "We're in a hot corner, my girl. But trust to me—"

"Oh, I do, Joe!" she exclaimed, squeezing his arm. "I am sure you know what is best to do."

"I'll try to prove that so," he said with a subdued chuckle.

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" cried Carolyn May suddenly, "can't we get out of this awful smoke? It—it chokes me!"

"Wait," whispered Amanda to the man. "I'll lift her over the back of the seat. I think she had better be in my lap."

"Perhaps that's so," he agreed, and he held in the nervous Cherry for a moment till the change was accomplished.

mass of flame broke out in the wood not far off this trail—the top of a great tree was on fire.

"The wind is carrying brands this way," muttered the man. "A dozen new fires will be started. Well, gid-ap, Cherry!" and he seized the whip again.

The horse was well spent now, but he was plucky. He tried to increase his stride. A hot breath of wind came rushing through the forest, bending the branches and shaking the leafy foliage.

The roaring of the fire increased. Through the more open woods which



"Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Miss Amanda," Cried Carolyn May.

bordered this path they saw the smoke advancing in a thicker wall—and one as high as the tree tops.

"You've got to make it, old boy," muttered Joseph Stagg, and he lashed the horse again.

The spirited Cherry leaped forward, both the woman and the child screaming.

"Is it far? Is it far?" gasped Amanda in his ear.

"Too far for comfort. But keep your heart up."

As the man spoke, a blazing brand swung through the air and came down, right on Amanda's shoulders. Carolyn May shrieked, Joseph Stagg brushed off the burning stick.

Cherry mounted another small ridge and then they clattered down into a little hollow where there was a slough beside the road. The water was green and stagnant, but it was water.

The man pulled in the hard-pressed horse and leaped down, passing the reins to Amanda. He whipped off his coat and dipped it in the mudhole. He drew it out dripping with water and slime.

"Look out, here! Have to shut your eyes!" he warned his two companions on the seat of the buckboard, and threw the saturated coat over Miss Amanda's head. The dripping garment sheltered Carolyn May as well.

"Now, good horse!" he yelled to Cherry, leaping back to the seat. "Gid-ap!"

The horse started up the slope. Another swirling brand came down upon them. Joseph Stagg fought it off with his bare hand. His shirt sleeve caught fire and he was painfully burned on the forearm before he could smother the blaze.

Another flaming brand fell, landing on Cherry's back. The horse squealed and leaped forward at a pace which Mr. Stagg could not control. Maddened by the burn, Cherry had taken the bit in his teeth and was running away.

The man threw down the reins. He could do nothing toward retarding the frightened horse's pace. Indeed, he did not want to stop him.

His left arm he flung around Miss Amanda and the child, and with his right hand clung to the rocking seat of the careening buckboard.

The wet steaming coat saved the woman and the child from injury. Joseph Stagg had lost all count of time. The forest road might still extend ahead of them for a mile, for all he knew.

But suddenly they broke cover, Cherry still galloping wildly, and plunged down an open ravine to the edge of a lake of sparkling water.

"Bless me! The lake! The lake!" hoarsely shouted the man.

The walls of the ravine sheltered them from smoke and fire for a moment, but the brands still fell. Cherry had halted on the edge of the lake, but Joseph Stagg urged him on into the water, flank deep. The shore was narrow and afforded little space for refuge. He lifted Amanda and the child bodily from the seat and dropped them into the water.

ter enough here, thanks be! Hang on to me, Mandy. I'm not going to let you get away—no more, never!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"Two's Company."

Toward the east the forest tract was completely burned to the banks of Codler's creek. As the wind which had sprung up had driven the fire westward, there was little danger of the flames pressing nearer than the creek to Sunrise Cove and The Corners.

Joseph Stagg led the horse out of the water and advised Miss Amanda and Carolyn May to get into the seat of the buckboard again. Then he set forth, leading the horse along the narrow beach, while Prince followed wearily in the rear.

It was a rough route they followed, but the blackened forest was still too hot for them to pass through, had they been able to find a path. This was a lonely strip of shore and they saw no living soul but themselves.

It was a long tramp, and the horse, the dog, and the man were all weary. Carolyn May went fast asleep with her head pillowed in Miss Amanda's lap.

The woman, worn and scorched of face, looked down on the smuttied and sweating man with an expression in her eyes that warmed him to the marrow. She was proud of him. And the gaze of love and longing that the hardware merchant turned upon Amanda Parlow would have amazed those people that believed he had consideration and thought only for business.

In these few hours of alarm and close intimacy the man and the woman had leaped all the barriers time and pride had set up. Nothing further could keep Joseph Stagg and Amanda Parlow apart. And yet they never for one instant discussed the original cause of their estrangement. That was a dead issue.

The refugees reached The Corners about nine o'clock. Jeddiah Parlow had hobbled up to the store and was just then organizing a party of searchers to go to the rescue of the hardware dealer and those of whom he had set forth in search.

The village turned out en masse to welcome the trio who had so miraculously escaped the fire. Aunt Rose's relief knew no bounds. Mr. Parlow was undeniably glad to see his daughter safe; otherwise, he would never have overlooked the pitiable state his horse was in. Poor Cherry would never be the same unblemished animal again.

"Well, I vum!" he said to Joseph Stagg. "you done it! Better'n I could, too, I reckon. I'll take the boss home. You comin' with me, Mandy?"

Then he saw the burns on the younger man's shoulders and arms. "The good land of Jehoshaphat! here's work for you to do, Mandy. If you air any sort of a nurse, I reckon you got your hands full right here with Joe Stagg," he added, with some pride in his daughter's ability. "Phew! them's bad-lookin' burns!"

"They are indeed," agreed Aunt Rose.

It was a fact that Mr. Stagg was in a bad state. Carolyn May had suggested that Aunt Rose would dress his burns, but Miss Amanda would allow nobody to do that but herself.

When the curious and sympathetic neighbors had gone and Miss Amanda was still busy making Joseph Stagg comfortable in the sitting room, Aunt Rose came out into the kitchen, where

she had already bathed and helped Carolyn May to undress, and where the little girl was now sleepily eating her supper of bread and milk.

"Well, wonders don't ever cease, I guess," she said, more to herself than to her little confidant. "Who'd have thought it!"

"Who'd have thought what, Aunt Rose?" inquired Carolyn May.

"Your uncle and Mandy Parlow have made it up," breathed the woman, evidently much impressed by the wonder of it.

"Yes, indeed!" cried the child. "Isn't it nice? They aren't mad at each other any more."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EGGS PRESERVED FOR WINTER USE

Work Should Be Performed in Spring When There is Surplus on Most Farms.

WATERGLASS SOLUTION BEST

Earthen Crocks or Jars Are Preferred as Containers, as Glazed Surface Prevents Chemical Action—Other Methods.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Spring is the season when there is a surplus of eggs on most farms. For this reason it is desirable that a supply be preserved at home to be used next fall and winter when eggs are hard to get and are high in price. There are several methods of preserving eggs which have proven very successful and which, because they are cheap, simple, and effective, should be put into practice more extensively.

Eggs to be preserved must be fresh, and should be placed in the preserving container as soon as possible after they are laid. One of the best methods of preserving is by the use of waterglass, a pale yellow odorless, sirupy liquid that can be bought by the quart or gallon from the druggist or poultry supply man. It should be diluted in the proportion of 1 part of waterglass to 9 parts of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool. Earthenware crocks or jars are the best containers, since their glazed surface pre-



Preserving-Eggs in Waterglass.

vents chemical action from the solution. The crocks or cans should be scalded and allowed to cool before they are used. A container holding 5 gallons will accommodate 15 dozen eggs and will require one quart of waterglass.

To Use Waterglass Solution. Half fill the container with the waterglass solution and place the eggs in it. Eggs can be added from day to day as they are obtained, making sure that the eggs are covered by about 2 inches of waterglass solution. Cover the container and place it in a cool place where it will not have to be moved. Look at it from time to time, and if there seems to be danger of too much evaporation, add sufficient cool boiled water to keep the eggs covered. Eggs removed from the solution should be rinsed in clean, cold water. Before they are boiled holes should be pricked in the large ends with a needle to prevent them from cracking.

Limewater Also Preservative. Limewater also is satisfactory for preserving eggs and is slightly less expensive than waterglass. A solution is made by placing 2 or 3 pounds of unslaked lime in 5 gallons of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool, and allowing the mixture to stand until the lime settles and the liquid is clear. The eggs should be placed in a clean earthenware jar or other suitable vessel and covered to a depth of 2 inches with the liquid. Remove the eggs as desired, rinse in clean, cold water, and use immediately.

HOW BULL ASSOCIATIONS AID

Purchase Price and Maintenance Distributed According to Number of Cows Owned by Members.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Co-operative bull associations are formed by farmers for the joint ownership, use, and exchange of purebred bulls. The purchase price and cost of maintenance are distributed according to the number of cows owned by each, thereby giving the farmer an opportunity to build up his herd at a minimum expense. The organization also helps its members to market dairy stock and dairy products, to fight contagious diseases of cattle intelligently, and in other ways assists in improving the dairy industry.

The bull association does not give something for nothing, but with an outlay of \$90 can furnish a share in five purebred bulls. These bulls, cannot increase the production of the cows in a herd, but they may double the production of their daughters. The daughters of association bulls and grade cows can never be registered, but in all other respects they may be the equal of purebreds.

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The Hebrides.
The great group of islands which lie off the west of Scotland number 500; these islands are called the Hebrides. It has been estimated that only about one-fifth of them are inhabited and that a third of the inhabited ones have each a population of about ten people.

Her Classification.
A trained nurse was taking care of Jack's grandfather. After having been in the family for some time it became necessary for her to leave and a new nurse was employed. She was a practical nurse and Jack had heard his family discuss the difference between the two nurses. The next day Jack said to his father: "We have a new nurse at our house, half trained and half wild."

With the Fingers! Says Corns Lift Out Without Any Pain
You rockless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have at least once a week invited an awful death from lockjaw or blood poison 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 or callous, root and all, lifts off with the fingers. Freezone dries the moment it is applied, and simply shrivels the corn or callous without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. 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 hardened callous. If your druggist hasn't any freezone he can get it at any wholesale drug house for you.—Adv.

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Beauty and Service.
A real woman can make a home in a desert, out of a dry goods box or in a canteen in France. But do not think that she does it by the wave of a magic wand. She does it because she gives her heart and hands and head to it; because she rises early and works late; because she loves beauty as she does her own life, and because she realizes that service is its handmaid.—New York Evening Mail.

Uncle Eben.
"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is willin' to work or fight, but wants to set around too long thinkin' over which dey'll choose."

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