



## CAROLYN LEARNS WHY HER UNCLE AND AMANDA PARLOW DO NOT SPEAK AS THEY PASS.

**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 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.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"So?" said the carpenter, pushing his big spectacles up to his forehead. "I read about it. Too bad—too mighty bad! I remember Hannah Stagg," he added, winking his eyes. Carolyn May thought, a good deal as Prince did. "You look like her."

"Do I?" Carolyn May returned, drawing nearer. "I'm glad I do. And I'm glad I sleep in what used to be her bed, too. It doesn't seem so lonesome."

"So? I reckoned you'd be lonesome up there at 'The Corners,'" said the carpenter.

Mr. Parlow stripped another shaving from the edge of the board he was plumbing. Carolyn May's eager eyes followed that curling ribbon and her lips parted.

The carpenter paused before pushing the plane a second time the length of the board. "Don't you want a drink of water, little girl?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir—I would. And I know Prince would like a drink," she told him quickly.

"Go right around to the well in the back yard," said Mr. Parlow. "You'll find a glass there—and Mandy keeps a pan on the well curb for the dogs and cats."

"Thank you, I'll go," the little girl said. She hoped she would see Miss Amanda Parlow, but she saw nobody.

She went back to the door of the carpenter shop and found Mr. Parlow still busily at work.

"Seems to me," he said, in his dry voice, after a little while, "you aren't much like other little girls."

"Aren't I?" responded Carolyn May wonderingly.

"No. Most little girls that come here want shavings to play with," said the carpenter, quizzically eyeing her over his work.

"Oh!" cried Carolyn May, almost jumping. "And do you give 'em to 'em?"

"Most always," admitted Mr. Parlow. "Oh! Can I have some?" she gasped.

"All you want," said Mr. Parlow. When Tim's old hack crawled along the road from town with Aunt Rose sitting inside, enthroned amidst a multitude of bundles, Carolyn May was bedecked with a veritable wig of long, crisp curls.

"Well, child, you certainly have made a mess of yourself," said the housekeeper. "Has she been annoying you, Jeddiah Parlow?"

"She's the only Stagg that ain't annoyed me since her mother went away," said the carpenter gruffly.

Aunt Rose looked at him levelly. "I wonder," she said. "But, you see, she isn't wholly a Stagg."

This, of course, did not explain matters to Carolyn May in the least. Nor did what Aunt Rose said to her on the way home in the hot, stuffy hack help the little girl to understand the trouble between her uncle and Mr. Parlow.

"Better not let Joseph Stagg see you so friendly with Jeddiah Parlow. Let sleeping dogs lie," Mrs. Kennedy observed.

### CHAPTER V.

#### A Tragic Situation.

Such was the introduction of Carolyn May to The Corners. It was not a very exciting life she had entered into, but the following two or three weeks were very full.

Aunt Rose insisted upon her being properly fitted out with clothing for the summer and fall. Carolyn May had to go to the dressmaker's house to be fitted and that is how she became acquainted with Chet Gormley's mother.

Mrs. Gormley was helping the dressmaker and they both made much of Carolyn May. Aunt Rose allowed her to go for her fitting alone—of course with Prince as a companion—so, without doubt, Mrs. Gormley, who loved a "dish of gossip," talked more freely with the little girl than she would have done in Mrs. Kennedy's presence.

One afternoon the little girl appeared at the dressmaker's with Prince's collar decorated with short, curly shavings.

"I take it you've stopped at Jed Parlow's shop, child," said Mrs. Gormley with a sigh.

"Yes, ma'am," returned Carolyn May.

May. "Do you know, he's very lib'ral." "Lib'ral?" repeated Mrs. Gormley. "I never heard of old Jed Parlow being accused of that before. Did you, Mrs. Maine?"

Mrs. Maine was the dressmaker; and she bit off her words when she spoke, much as she bit off her threads. "No. I never—heard Jed Parlow—called that—no!" declared Mrs. Maine emphatically.

"Why, yes," little Carolyn May said quite eagerly, "he gives me all the shavings I want. I—I guess folks don't just understand about Mr. Parlow," she added, remembering what her uncle had first said about the carpenter. "He is real lib'ral."

"It's a wonder to me," drawled Mrs. Gormley, "that he has a thing to do with a certain party, Mrs. Maine, considering how his daughter feels toward that certain party's relation. What d'you think?"

"I guess—there's sumpin'—to be said—on both sides o' that controversy," responded the dressmaker.

"Meanin' that mebbe a certain party's relative feels just as cross as Mandy Parlow?" suggested Mrs. Gormley.

"Yep," agreed the other woman. Carolyn May listened, much puzzled. She wondered just who "a certain party" could be.

Mrs. Maine was called away upon some household task and Mrs. Gormley.

"I Reckoned You'd Be Lonesome Up There at the Corners," said the Carpenter.

Carolyn May seemed to change the subject of conversation.

"Don't your uncle, Mr. Stagg, ever speak to you about Mandy Parlow?" she asked the little girl.

"Carolyn May had to think about this before answering. Then she remembered."

"Oh, yes," she said brightly. "He does? Do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Gormley eagerly. "What does he say?"

"Why, he says her name is Miss Amanda Parlow."

Mrs. Gormley flushed rather oddly and glanced at the child with suspicion. But little Carolyn May was perfectly frank and ingenuous.

"Humph!" ejaculated Chet's mother. "He never says nothing about being in love with Mandy, does he? They was goin' with each other steady once."

The little girl looked puzzled.

"When folks love each other they look at each other and talk to each other, don't they?" she asked.

"Well—yes—generally," admitted Mrs. Gormley.

"Then my Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda Parlow aren't in love," announced Carolyn May with confidence, "for they don't even look at each other."

"They used to. Why, Joseph Stagg and Mandy Parlow was sweethearts years and years ago! Long before your mother left these parts, child."

"That was a long time 'fore I was borned," said the little girl wonderingly.

"Oh, yes. Everybody that went to The Corners' church thought they'd be married."

"My Uncle Joe and Miss Mandy?"

"Yes."

"Then, what would have become of Aunt Rose?" queried Carolyn May.

"Oh, Mrs. Kennedy hadn't gone to keep house for Mr. Stagg then," replied Mrs. Gormley. "He tried sev'ral

triffin' critters there at the Stagg place before she took hold."

Carolyn May looked at Mrs. Gormley encouragingly. She was very much interested in Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda Parlow's love affair.

"Why didn't they get married—like my papa and mamma?" she asked.

"Oh, goodness knows!" exclaimed Mrs. Gormley. "Some says 'twas his fault and some says 'twas hers. And mebbe 'twas a third party's that I might mention at that," added Mrs. Gormley, pursing up her lips in a very knowing way.

"One day," she said, growing confidential, "it was in camp-meeting time—one day somebody seen Joe Stagg drivin' out with another girl—Charlotte Lenny, that was. She was married to a man over in Springdale long ago. Mr. Stagg took Charlotte to Faith camp meeting."

"Then, the very next week, Mandy went with Evan Peckham to a barn dance at Crockett's, and nobody ain't ever seen your uncle and Mandy Parlow speak since, much less ever walk together."

One particularly muddy day Prince met the returning hardware merchant at the gate with vociferous barking and a plain desire to implant a well-coming tongue on the man's cheek. He succeeded in muddying Mr. Stagg's suit with his front paws, and almost cast the angry man full length into a mud puddle.

"Drat the beast!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg. "I'd rather have an epileptic fit loose around here than him. Now, look at these clo'es! I declare, Carolyn, you've jest got to tie that mongrel up—and keep him tied!"

"All the time, Uncle Joe?" whispered the little girl.

"Yes, ma'am, all the time! If I find him loose again, I'll tie a bag of rocks to his neck and drop him in the deepest hole in the brook."

After this awful threat Prince lived a precarious existence, and his mistress was much worried for him. Aunt Rose said nothing, but she saw that both the little girl and her canine friend were very unhappy.

Mrs. Kennedy, however, had watched Mr. Joseph Stagg for years. Indeed, she had known him as a boy, long before she had closed up her own little cottage around on the other road and come to the Stagg place to save the hardware merchant from the continued reign of those "trifling creatures" of whom Mrs. Gormley had spoken.

As a bachelor Joseph Stagg had been preyed upon by certain female harpies so prevalent in a country community. Some had families whom they partly supported out of Mr. Stagg's larder; some were widows who looked upon the well-to-do merchant as a marrying proposition.

Aunt Rose Kennedy did not need the position of Mr. Stagg's housekeeper and could not be accused of assuming it from mercenary motives. Over her back fence she had seen the havoc going on in the Stagg homestead after Hannah Stagg went to the city and Joseph Stagg's final female relative had died and left him alone in the big house.

One day the old Quaker-like woman could stand no more. She put on her sunbonnet, came around by the road to the front door of the Stagg house, which she found open, and walked through to the rear porch on which the woman who then held the situation of housekeeper was wrapping up the best feather bed and pillows in a pair of the best homespun sheets, preparatory to their removal.

The neighbors enjoyed what followed. Aunt Rose came through the ordeal as dignified and unflustered as ever; the retiring incumbent went away wrathfully, shaking the dust of the premises from her garments as a testimony against "any such actions."

When Mr. Stagg came home at supper time he found Aunt Rose at the helm and already a different air about the place.

"Goodness me, Aunt Rose," he said, biting into her biscuit ravenously, "I was a-goin' down to the mill-hands' hotel to board. I couldn't stand it no longer. If you'd stay here and do for me, I'd feel like a new man."

"You ought to be made over into a new man, Joseph Stagg," the woman said sternly. "A married man."

"No, no! Never that!" gasped the hardware dealer.

"If I came here, Joseph Stagg, it would cost you more money than you've been paying these no-account women."

"I don't care," said Mr. Stagg recklessly. "Go ahead. Do what you please. Say what you want. I'm home."

Thereby he had put himself into Aunt Rose's power. She had renovated the old kitchen and some of the other rooms. If Mr. Stagg at first trembled for his bank balance, he was made so comfortable that he had not the heart to murmur.

Of course, Carolyn May let Prince run at large when she was sure Uncle Joe was well out of sight of the house, but she was very careful to chain him up again long before her uncle was expected to return.

Prince had learned not to chase anything that wore fethers; Aunt Rose herself had to admit that he was a very intelligent dog and knew what punishment was for. But how did he know that in trying to dig out a mole he would be doing more harm than good?

Carolyn is heartbroken and decides upon drastic action when Uncle Joe passes sentence on Prince. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

### COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest and Other Things Worth Knowing.

Five transports and the battleship North Carolina steamed into New York harbor Tuesday, bringing a total of nearly 9000 officers and men of the army and navy from France.

The Red Cross canteen service, both at home and abroad, will be maintained "until every soldier is home," according to George F. Scott, general manager of the American Red Cross.

The Greek military mission to Bulgaria, according to a report from Sofia, has demanded the immediate release of young Greek girls who were taken from eastern Macedonia by the Bulgarians.

Higher shoes for women in 1919, higher prices rather than reductions, and short skirts are the views of the National Shoe Travelers' association as expressed in resolutions at the close of its seventh annual convention in Chicago.

President Wilson will return to the United States to attend the closing sessions of the present congress, according to present plans, and will come back to France for the later sittings of the peace congress, says a Paris dispatch.

Lieutenant David L. Fultz, United States army, was unanimously elected president of the new International Baseball League at a meeting of club owners in New York Tuesday night. At his own request the term was limited to one year.

August A. Busch, president of Anheuser Busch, announced this week that he would complete the organization of the Bevo Packing company, which within two weeks will enter the pork packing business in St. Louis on a large scale.

While no poll has been taken of members-elect of the legislature which will convene in Boise, Idaho, Monday, on the ratification of the national prohibition amendment, it can be said safely that one of the first acts of that body will be to ratify the amendment.

Because of the big demand for shoes, especially those of American make, the price is not likely to drop for a long while, John F. O'Connor, president of the national Shoe Retailers' association, said recently in addressing the national convention of that organization.

Theodore Roosevelt's death came as a shock to Paris, which was unaware of his illness. The public had been expecting the fulfillment of his proposed visit to France. The news of Colonel Roosevelt's death was communicated by the Associated Press to the peace commission and other officials in diplomatic circles, eliciting general expressions of shock and regret.

President Poincare may visit the United States in August, writes Charles Omessa in L'Information.

After being closed to the public for nearly two years because of the war, the White House was reopened to visitors Friday.

Edwin T. Earl, owner and publisher of the Los Angeles Evening and Sunday Express, and a well-known financier of California, died at his home there late Friday.

It is reported in Washington that Secretary Lane has been offered the director-generalship of railroads, and that to make the proposal attractive a salary of \$50,000 a year is offered.

The British and Dutch governments have arrived at an agreement regarding the status of the former German emperor. This information was contained in a dispatch to the Telegraaf from The Hague.

There are 15,000 more British prisoners in Germany than the British records show, so that a number of men previously given up as dead or missing will return to their homes. It was stated in London Saturday.

The Pershing Theatre, said to be the only playhouse in the United States maintained exclusively for soldiers, and to which admittance is free, was opened in New York Saturday night by the New York Community Camp Service.

### 91ST DIVISION COMES HOME

Plans for Reception of Western Men Is Being Made.

Washington, D. C.—The 91st Division, composed of selected men from Oregon, Washington and other northwestern states, which has been honored by being selected as one of the first combatant divisions to return from France, probably will disembark at New York City, and from there will be sent to Camp Merritt, N. J., near New York, where commodious and well-heated barracks will be ready for the troops, according to information obtained at the war department.

At Camp Merritt the soldiers will be put through the delousing treatment to rid them of any cotes they may have acquired in Belgium and France.

The division may remain in Camp Merritt a week or two, depending on transportation arrangements, but it is not expected to stay there long. The trip from Camp Merritt to Camp Lewis, Tacoma, will be in tourist sleepers, which will be a welcome change from the box cars which had to be used on the European continent.

The division will be demobilized at Camp Lewis. As the first step toward it, it has been ordered to proceed from Belgium, where it was when the armistice was signed, to Lemans, France, a concentration point for divisions awaiting transports to come home.

In a letter to Senator Jones, Adjutant-General Harris expresses regret that no definite date can be fixed for the demobilization of the organizations of the Eighth Division, now at Camp Lee, Virginia. He adds:

"This division, which is made up to a great extent of Pacific Coast men, and the other divisions in the United States to include the 20th Division are last on the order of demobilization."

### REDS DRIVEN BACK UNDER YANK FIRE

With the Allied Army of the Dvina.—American troops fighting desperately near Kadish have driven back Bolshevik troops which made an advance there. The Bolsheviks also launched attacks on the Onega sector and bombarded the allied front. The Americans came into battle along the Petrograd road and in the frozen swamps that border it. The battle was fought in snow from two to four feet in depth.

American forces captured Kadish last Monday, after a display of gallantry that evoked the admiration of the allied commanders. Special care has been taken of the American wounded, and the body of an American officer was taken back 100 miles by sled and then shipped to Archangel for burial. There were some casualties on Monday, but they were small in comparison to those inflicted upon the enemy.

Tuesday, the Bolsheviks opened a terrific fire from three and six-inch guns and launched a counter-attack against the buildings held by Americans in Kadish. So hot was the artillery fire that the Americans were withdrawn temporarily from the village. The line, however, was not taken back very far and the new positions were firmly held.

The enemy did not occupy Kadish because the barrage fire from the American guns made the place untenable. Shells falling on the frozen ground spread their zones of destruction twice as far as they would under normal conditions.

Detroit.—An observation De Havilland airplane reached Detroit Sunday from Ellington Field, Houston, Tex., making the 1650-mile trip in 724 minutes of flying time, and the last lap from Indianapolis at the rate of 122 miles an hour, under adverse weather conditions. The machine was one of three which left Ellington Field December 31, on a "Gulf to Detroit and return" trip to test the operation of the Liberty engine and map an air route.

### Von Hertling Dead.

Copenhagen.—Count George F. von Hertling, the former Imperial German chancellor, died Saturday night at Ruhpolding, Bavaria. He had been ill for six days.

London.—Count George F. von Hertling, former German imperial chancellor, is dead, it was announced in advices received here Sunday.

### Seventy Killed in Explosion

Metz.—Seventy persons were killed as a result of an explosion of firedamp in a mine near here Friday night. Thirty bodies have thus far been brought to the surface. Five men were killed and 21 entombed by a cave-in at another mine.

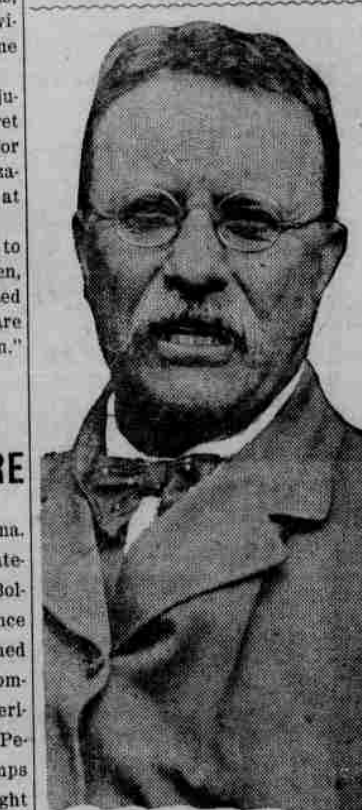
## COL. ROOSEVELT DIES SUDDENLY AT HIS HOME

### Ex-President Passes Following Lodging of Clot on Lungs.

New York, Jan. 6.—Colonel Roosevelt died at his home in Oyster Bay at 4 o'clock this morning.

News of the death of the former president was received here by Miss Josephine Stricker, the colonel's secretary, in a telephone message from Mrs. Roosevelt.

Miss Stricker said that the colonel had suffered an attack of inflammatory rheumatism on New Year's day



and had since been more or less confined to his room.

The attack of rheumatism settled mainly in Colonel Roosevelt's right hand and Mrs. Roosevelt sent at once for a nurse in the village of Oyster Bay. His condition did not at first seem to be alarming and the turn for the worse is believed not to have come until last night.

In announcing Colonel Roosevelt's death, Miss Stricker said:

"Mrs. Roosevelt called me on the telephone shortly before 7 o'clock, saying that the colonel had died early today. She did not give me any particulars and I am leaving at once for Oyster Bay."

"The attack must have been very sudden. On New Year's day inflammatory rheumatism developed in Colonel Roosevelt's right hand which became very much swollen. Mrs. Roosevelt sent for a nurse in the village and the colonel was made as comfortable as possible. It did not occur to me at that time that he was seriously ill."

Miss Stricker went to Oyster Bay last Saturday to pay the colonel a visit. She said:

"At that time the colonel was sleeping in his room and I did not see him and there was nothing in the circumstances of his illness at that time to indicate to me that death was near. When Mrs. Roosevelt called me and told me of the colonel's death I could hardly believe it."

"Mrs. Roosevelt gave me no particulars of his death."

It is understood that only Mrs. Roosevelt and the nurse were with him at the time of his death. The other members of the family are in other parts of the country or abroad. The immediate cause of Colonel Roosevelt's death was pulmonary embolism or lodgment in the lung of a clot from a broken vein, it was said by one of his physicians.

Washington, D. C.—The 1919 war savings campaign will be opened actively by a nation-wide celebration on January 17, the anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. District war savings directors in conference here were so informed by Harold Braddock, the new national director of the war savings movement. That day will be devoted particularly, Mr. Braddock said, to the organization of thousands of war savings societies.