

# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

COPYRIGHT - 1918 - BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Aunt Rose Unbends.

There never was a lovelier place for a little girl—to say nothing of a dog—to play in than the yard about the Stagg homestead; and this Carolyn May confided to Aunt Rose one forenoon after her arrival at The Corners.

Behind the house the yard sloped down to a broad, calmly flowing brook. Here the goose and duck pens were fenced off, for Aunt Rose would not allow the web-footed fowl to wander at large, as did the other poultry.

It was difficult for Prince to learn that none of those feathered folk were to be molested.

There was a wide-branching oak tree on a knoll overlooking the brook. Around its trunk Uncle Joe had built a seat. Carolyn May found this a grand place to sit and dream, while Prince lay at her feet.

When they saw Aunt Rose in her sunbonnet going toward the fenced-in garden they both jumped up and bounded down the slope after her. It was just here at the corner of the garden fence that Carolyn May had her first adventure.

Prince, of course, disturbed the serenity of the poultry. The hens went shrieking one way, the guinea fowl lifted up their voices in angry chatter, the turkey voices scurried to cover, but the turkey cock, General Bolivar, a big, white Holland fowl, was not to have his dignity disturbed and his courage impugned by any four-footed creature with waggish ears and the stump of a tail.

Therefore General Bolivar charged with outspread wings and quivering



He Charged the Little Girl Instead of the Roistering Dog.

fan. His eyesight was not good, however. He charged the little girl instead of the roistering dog.

Carolyn May frankly screamed. Had the angry turkey reached the little girl he would have beaten her down and perhaps seriously injured her.

He missed her the first time, but turned to charge again. Prince barked loudly, circling around the bristling turkey cock, undecided just how to get into the battle. But Aunt Rose knew no fear of anything wearing feathers.

"Scat, you brute!" she cried, and made a grab for the turkey, gripping him with her left hand behind his head, bearing his long neck downward. In her other hand she seized a piece of lard and with it chastised the big turkey across the haunches with vigor.

"Oh, don't spank him any more, Aunt Rose!" gasped Carolyn May at last. "He must be sorry."

With a final stroke Aunt Rose allowed the big fowl to go—and he ran away fast enough.

"Your dog, child, does not know his manners. If he is going to stay here with you he must learn that fowl are not to be chased or startled."

"Oh, Aunt Rose!" begged the little girl, "don't punish Prince! Not—not that way. Please don't! Why, he's never been spanked in his life! He wouldn't know what it meant. Dear Aunt Rose—"

"I shall not beat him, Carolyn May," interrupted Aunt Rose. "But he must learn his lesson. He must learn that liberty is not license. Bring him here, Carolyn May."

She led the way to an open coop of laths in the middle of the back yard. This was a hutch in which she put broody hens when she wished to break up their desire to set. She opened the gate of it and motioned Prince to enter.

The dog looked pleadingly at his little mistress's face, then into the woman's stern countenance. Seeing no reprieve in either, with drooping tail

he slunk into the cage. With one hand clutching her frock over her heart, Carolyn May's big blue eyes overflowed.

"It's just as if he was arrested," she said. "Poor Prince! Has he got to stay there always, Aunt Rose?"

"He'll stay till he learns his lesson," said Mrs. Kennedy grinsly, and went on into the garden.

Carolyn May sat down close to the side of the cage, thrust one hand between the slats and held one of the dog's front paws. She had hoped to go into the garden to help Aunt Rose pick pens, but she could not bear to leave Prince alone.

By and by Mrs. Kennedy came up from the garden, her pan heaped with pods. She looked neither in the direction of the prisoner nor at his little mistress.

Prince whined and lay down. He had begun to realize now that this was no play at all, but punishment. He blinked his eyes at Carolyn May and looked as sorry as ever a dog with cropped ears and an abbreviated tail could look.

The peas and potatoes were cooking for dinner when Aunt Rose appeared again. There was the little girl, all of a dewy sleep, lying on the grass by the prison pen. Aunt Rose would have released Prince, but, though he wagged his stump of a tail at her and yawned and blinked, she had still her doubts regarding a mongrel's good nature.

She could not allow the child to sleep there, however; so, stooping, picked up Carolyn May and carried her comfortably into the house, laying her down on the sitting-room couch to have her nap out—as she supposed, without awakening her.

Aunt Rose came away softly and closed the door and while she finished getting dinner she tried to make no noise which would awaken the child.

Mr. Stagg came home at noon, quite as full of business as usual. To tell the truth, Mr. Stagg always felt bashful in Aunt Rose's presence; and he tried to hide his affliction by conversation. So he talked steadily through the meal.

But somewhere—about at the picnic course, it was—he stopped and looked around curiously.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, "where's Hannah's Carolyn?"

"Taking a nap," said Aunt Rose composedly.

"Hum! Can't the child get up to her victuals?" demanded Mr. Stagg. "You begin serving that young one separately and you'll make yourself work, Aunt Rose."

"Never trouble about that which doesn't concern you, Joseph Stagg," responded his housekeeper rather tartly. "The Lord has pledged the care of Hannah's Carolyn on you and me and I'll do my share and do it proper."

Mr. Stagg shook his head and lost interest in his wedge of berry pie. "There are institutions—" he began weakly; but Aunt Rose said quickly:

"Joseph Stagg! I know you for what you are—other people don't. If the neighbors heard you say that they'd think you were a heathen. Your own sister's child!"

"Now, you send Tim, the hackman, up after me this afternoon. I've got to go shopping. The child hasn't a thing to wear but that fancy little black frock, and she'll ruin that playing around. She's got to have frocks and shoes and another hat—all sorts of things. Seems a shame to dress a child like her in black—it's punishment. Makes her affliction double, I do say."

"Well, I suppose we've got to flatter Custom or Custom will weep," growled Mr. Stagg. "But where the money's coming from—"

"Didn't Carolyn's pa leave her none?" asked Aunt Rose promptly.

"Well—not what you'd call a fortune," admitted Mr. Stagg slowly.

"Thanks be you've got plenty, then. And if you haven't I have," said the woman in a tone that quite closed the question of finances.

"Which shows me just where I get off at," muttered Joseph Stagg as he started down the walk for the store. "I knew that young one would be a nuisance."

Carolyn May, who was quite used to taking a nap on the days that she did not go to school, woke up, as bright as a newly minted dollar, very soon after her Uncle Joe left for the store. "I'm awfully sorry I missed him," she confided to Aunt Rose when she danced into the kitchen. "You see, I just got acquainted with Uncle Joe just as fast as possible. And he's at home so little I guess that it's going to be hard to do it."

"Oh, is that so? And is it going to be hard to get acquainted with me?" asked the housekeeper curiously.

"Oh, no!" cried Carolyn May, snuggling up to the good woman and patting her plump bare arm. "Why, I'm getting acquainted with you fast, Aunt Rose! You heard me say my prayers

and when you laid me down on the couch just now you kissed me." Aunt Rose actually blushed. "There, there, child!" she exclaimed. "You're too nothing. Eat your dinner, that I've saved warm for you."

"Isn't Prince to have any dinner, Aunt Rose?" asked the little girl.

"You may let him out, if you wish after you have had your dinner. You can feed him under the tree."

Carolyn May was very much excited about an hour later when a rusty closed hack drew up to the front gate of the Stagg place and stopped.

An old man with a square-cut chin whisker and clothing and hat as rusty as the hack itself held the reins over the bony back of the horse that drew the ancient equipage.

"I say, young'un, ain't you out o' yer balltwick?" queried Tim, the hackman, staring at the little girl in the Stagg yard.

Carolyn May stood up quickly and tried to look over her shoulder and down her back. It was hard to get all those buttons buttoned straight.

"I don't know," she said, perturbed. "Does it show?"

"Huh?" grunted Tim. "Does what show?"

"What you said," said Carolyn May accusingly. "I don't believe it does."

"Hey!" chuckled the hack driver suddenly. "I meant, do you 'low Mrs. Kennedy knows you're playing in her front yard?"

"Aunt Rose? Why, of course!" Carolyn May declared. "Don't you know I live here?"

"Live here? Get out!" exclaimed the surprised hackman.

"Yes, sir. And Prince too. With my Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose."

"Pitcher of George Washington!" ejaculated Tim. "You don't mean Joe Stagg's taken a young'un to board?"

"He's my guardian," said the little girl primly.

Aunt Rose appeared. She wore a close bonnet, trimmed very plainly, and carried a parasol of drab silk.

Aunt Rose climbed into the creaky old vehicle.

"Are you going to be gone long?" asked Carolyn May politely.

"Not more than two hours, child," said the housekeeper. "Nobody will bother you here—"

"Not while that dog's with her, I reckon," put in Tim, the hackman.

"May I come down the road to meet you, Aunt Rose?" asked the little girl. "I know the way to Uncle Joe's store."

"I don't know any reason why you can't come to meet me," replied Mrs. Kennedy. "Anyway, you can come along the road as far as the first house. You know that one?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Parlow's," said Carolyn May.

Carolyn May went back into the yard and sat on the front-porch steps and Prince, yawning unhappily, curled down at her feet. There did not seem to be much to do at this place.

She had time now, had Carolyn May, to compare The Corners with the busy Harlem streets with which she had been familiar all her life.

"Goodness me!" thought Carolyn May, startled by her own imagination, "suppose all the folks in all these houses around here were dead!"

They might have been for all the human noises she heard.

"Goodness me!" she said again, and this time she jumped up, startling Prince from his nap. "Maybe there is a spell cast over all this place," she went on. "Let's go and see if we can find somebody that's alive."

They went out of the yard together and took the dusty road toward the town.

They soon came in sight of the Parlow house and carpenter shop.

"We can't go beyond that," said Carolyn May. "Aunt Rose told us not to. And Uncle Joe says the carpenter-man isn't a pleasant man."

She looked wistfully at the premises. The cottage seemed quite as much under the "spell" as had been those dwellings at The Corners. But from the shop came the sound of a plane shrieking over a long board.

"Oh, Prince!" gasped Carolyn May. "I believe he's making long, curly shavings!"

If there was one thing Carolyn May adored it was curls.

Suddenly Mr. Jedidiah Parlow looked up and saw the wistful, dust-streaked face under the black hat brim and above the black frock. He stared at her for fully a minute, poisoning the plane over his work. Then he put it down and came to the door of the shop.

"You're Hannah Stagg's little girl, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said, and sighed. Dear me, he knew who she was right away! There would not be any chance of her getting a suit of long curls.

"You've come here to live, have you?" said Mr. Parlow slowly.

"Yes, sir. You see, my papa and mamma were lost at sea—with the Duraven. It was a mistake, I guess," sighed the little girl, "for they weren't fighting anybody. But the Duraven got in the way of some ships that were fighting, in a place called the Mediterranean ocean, and the Duraven was sunk, and only a few folks were saved from it. My papa and mamma weren't saved."

"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 shag log from the edge of the board he was



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

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 eying 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, Jedidiah 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 Jedidiah Parlow. Let sleeping dogs lie," Mrs. Kennedy observed.

(To be continued)

\*\*\*\*\*

MORE FRUIT and LESS SUGAR

How? Less

\* Canned Fruit Jam

\* Dried Fruit Jelly

\* Fruit Butter Preserves

\* Fresh Fruit Sweet Pickles

\*\*\*\*\*

FRANCE AND BELGIUM GET AMERICAN SUGAR

Ninety-five per cent. of all refined sugar sent from the United States to the Allied nations went to France and Belgium during the first five months of this year.

France got 72 per cent., or nearly 53,000,000 pounds, and Belgium received nearly 11,000,000 pounds, or 23 per cent.

In each country this sugar was doled out by a strict rationing organization. The entire amount to the Allies in these five months—23,791 tons, almost half of which was shipped in May—is only about one-half of 1 per cent. of our total annual consumption.

SUGAR SHORTAGE HITS SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

In Spain and Portugal sugar prices are soaring. Both countries have been seriously affected by the short beet sugar crop in Europe and the lack of ocean tonnage to move stocks of cane sugar isolated in far away ports.

Granulated sugar, home grown, was being sold in Barcelona, Spain, during the early summer at 19 cents a pound. The price of brown sugar in Lisbon, Portugal, fixed by governmental order, was \$1.04 to \$1.12 a pound.

By comparison the price of beet sugar in Sweden is 14 cents a pound.

## "BADGE OF SHAME" AWAITS FOURTH LOAN SLACKER

Those Who Can But Won't Buy Liberty Bonds Are to Feel Weight Public Scorn

The open season for Liberty Bond slackers begins September 28 in Northern California counties and at the recent conference held in San Francisco the best methods of smoking them out into the open were discussed. A few county chairmen were for "strong arm" measures where the cases were flagrant, but the opinion prevailed that there should be no act not in accord with the rights afforded all under the Stars and Stripes.

It was the sense of the meeting that slackers should be "siled" before a judicial committee made up of the leaders of the community and after it had been determined that the defendant was capable of subscribing and still refused his name should be published in the newspapers, creating a "Badge of Shame" for those refusing to perform their duty.

## KEEP SURPLUS VEGETABLES FOR WINTER

It should be the aim of every boy and girl to keep the surplus vegetables from the war garden for winter use. Potatoes, beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips, salsify and late cabbage may be kept by storing them in the cellar, or in banks or pits. Tomatoes, peas and string beans may be canned. Dry beans may be kept by gathering and storing in a dry place. By storing, canning, or drying all surplus vegetables every boy or girl can help the Nation solve the food problem. The U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington D. C., has published bulletins on canning, drying, and storing garden products. Write for copies of them. They are free.

Tried Many, Found The Best.

Foley Cathartic Tablets keep the bowels regular sweeten the stomach and tone up the liver. J. G. Gaston, Newark, Ind., says he used a great many kinds of cathartics, but Foley Cathartic Tablets gave him more satisfaction than any other. He says they are the best cathartic tablets made.—Sold by Reed Bros.

Buy a War Saving Stamp.

## OUR WORK STICKS

If you just want your car patched up, why most any tinker can satisfy you.

If you want it REPAIRED, remade, built up to full auto efficiency, bring it to us.

### We Don't Have To Do Our Work Twice —It Sticks

When we give your car the once over and turn it out for service, you can bet your life it's "FIT"—in shape to give you satisfactory service.

The longer our work sticks, the bigger advertisement it is for us. That's one reason we take pains.

And then, we like to do the square thing.

We Solicit Your Patronage

## Roy C. Moulten, Mgr.,

### Repair Department Lamphire's Garage

## The Brunswick Phonograph

at The

## WELCOME PHARMACY

Come in and see them and hear their beautiful violin like tone

### They play any Disc Record made

The price is within the reach of all

On display and being demonstrated at the

## WELCOME PHARMACY

## Our Specialty Plumbing, Sheet Metal Work, Repairing

Call and see us, of

## PUMPS, WINDMILLS, GAS ENGINES, PAINTS, OILS GUNS, AMMUNITION, CUTTLERY, ETC

Commission Orders on

## MACHINERY, IMPLEMENTS, STOVES

or anything in the Hardware line

## THE NEW DE LAVAL

A Bigger and Better Cream Separator For The Same Money

## WORLD'S STANDARD

Efficiency, Durability, Simplicity

We are Agents

## THE BURNS HARDWARE COMPANY

Temporary quarters in warehouse at rear of old stand—Phone