

Carolyn of the Corners

By RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER IX.

A Find in the Drifts.

Before the week was over, winter had come to Sunrise Cove and The Corners in earnest. Snow fell and drifted, until there was scarcely anything to be seen one morning when Carolyn May awoke and looked out of her bedroom windows but a white, fleecy mantle.

This was more snow than the little girl had ever seen in New York. She came down to breakfast very much excited.

Uncle Joe had shoveled off the porch and steps, and Prince had beaten his own dooryard in the snow in front of his house. For he had a house of his own, now—a roomy, warm one—built by Mr. Parlow.

It must be confessed that, although Uncle Joe paid for the building of his doghouse, it never would have been built by Jedidah Parlow had it not been for Carolyn May.

At noon Uncle Joe came home, dragging a sled—a big roomy one, glistening with red paint. Just the nicest sled Carolyn May had ever seen, and one of the best the hardware dealer carried in stock.

"Oh, my, that's lovely!" breathed the little girl in awed delight. "That's ever so much better than any sled I ever had before. And Prince could draw me on it, if I only had a harness for him. He used to drag me in the park. Of course, if he saw a cat, I had to get off and hold him."

Mr. Stagg, once started upon the path of good deeds, seemed to like it. At night he brought home certain straps and rivets, and in the kitchen, much to Aunt Rose's amazement, he fitted Prince to a harness which the next day Carolyn May used on the dog, and Prince drew her very nicely along the beaten paths.

By Saturday the roads were in splendid condition for sleighing.

So Carolyn May went sledding. Out of sight of the houses grouped at The Corners the road, to town seemed as lonely as though it were a veritable wilderness. Here and there the drifts had piled six feet deep, for the wind had a free sweep across the barrens.

"Now, there's somebody coming," said Carolyn May, seeing a moving object ahead between the clouds of drifting snow spray. "Is it a sleigh, Prince, or just a man?"

She lost sight of the object, then sighted it again.

"It must be a man. It can't be a bear, Prince."

The strange object had disappeared again.

It was just at the place where the spring spouted out of the rocky hillside and trickled across the road. There was a sort of natural watering trough here in the rock where the horses stopped to drink. The dog drew the little girl closer to the spot.

"Where has that man gone to? If it was a man."

Prince stopped suddenly and whined and then looked around at his mistress, as though to say: "See there!"

Carolyn May tumbled off the sled in a hurry. When she did so she slipped on a patch of snow-covered ice and fell. But she was not hurt.

"There! that's where the water runs across the road. It's all slippery—Oh!"

It was the sleeve of a man's rough coat thrust out of the snowbank that brought this last cry to the child's lips.

"Oh, oh! It's a man!" burst from Carolyn May's trembling lips. "How could he be here?"

She plumped down on her knees and began brushing the snow away. She uncovered his shoulder. She took hold of this with her mittened hands and tried to shake the prone figure.

"Oh, do wake up! Please wake up!" she cried, digging away the snow as fast as possible.

A shaggy head was revealed, with an old cap pulled down tightly over the ears. The man moved again and grunted something. He half turned over, and there was blood upon the snow, and a great frosted cake of it on the side of his face.

Carolyn May was dreadfully frightened. The man's head was cut and the blood was smeared over the front of his jacket. Now she could see a puddle of it, right where he had fallen on the ice—just as she had fallen herself. Only, he had struck his head on a rock and cut himself.

"You poor thing!" murmured Carolyn May. "Oh, you mustn't lie here! You must get up! You'll—you'll be frozen!"

"Easy, mate," muttered the man. "I ain't just right in my top-hammer, I reckon. Hold hard, matey."

He tried to get up. He rose to his knees, but pitched forward again. Carolyn May was not afraid of him.

"I'll take you to Miss Amanda's," cried the little girl, pulling at his coat again. "She's a nurse, and she'll know just what to do for you. Come, Prince and I will take you."

Then she guided the half-blinded man to the sled, on which he managed to drop himself.

Prince pulled, and Carolyn May pulled, and together they got the sled, with the old sailor upon it, to the Parlow carpenter shop.

Mr. Parlow slid back the front door of his shop to stare in wonder at the group.

"For the great land of Jehoshaphat!" he croaked. "Carolyn May! what you got there?"

"Oh, Mr. Parlow, do come and help us—quick!" gasped the little girl. "My friend has had a dreadful bad fall."

"Your friend?" repeated the carpenter. "I declare, it's that tramp that went by here just now!"

Mr. Parlow made a clucking noise in his throat when he saw the blood.

"Guess you're right, Carolyn May," he admitted. "Call Mandy. She must see this."

Miss Amanda's attention had already been attracted to the strange arrival. She ran out and helped her father raise the injured man from the sled. Together they led him into the cottage.

He was not at all a bad-looking man, although his clothing was rough and coarse.

Miss Amanda brought warm water and bathed the wound, removing the congealed blood from his face and neck.

When the last bandage was adjusted and the injured man's eyes were closed, Mr. Parlow offered him a wine-glass of a home-made cordial. The sailor gulped it down, and the color began to return to his cheeks.

"Where was you goin', anyway?" demanded the carpenter.

"Lookin' for a job, mate," said the sailor. "There's them in town that tells me I'd find work at Adams' camp."

"Hah! didn't tell you 'twas ten mile away from here, did they?"

"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 wailing 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 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 Aunt Rose Kennedy.

"A mighty, plucky youngster, this Carolyn May of ours," Uncle Joe remarked. "What do you say, Aunt 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 de-



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

"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 drowned-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 we 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 to 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 forget 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 moccasins, such as all men wore in that lo-

cality, 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 so personal matter that causes me to stop you in this fashion."

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

"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 bein' 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 sickly husband was in had just as good a chance as we had. We nigh bumped into each other soon



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

after the Dunraven sunk. So, then, we pulled off aways 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.

(To be continued.)

Buy a Liberty Bond.

MUSIC OF MARVELOUS POWER

More Moving Than Any Sounds of Earth Are Those Heard in Churches of Russia.

And what shall I say of the music of a Russian cathedral? There is no organ and there are no female voices. The chorus choirs are composed of men carefully trained through a long series of years. The Russians have naturally rich, sonorous voices, and their sacred music is inexpressibly moving. At times soft and appealing, at others a weird minor strain, it not infrequently swells into a volume of almost overpowering majesty. I have heard church music in many parts of the world, but such music nowhere else. It voices the sadness and suffering, the implicit faith and the solemn mission of a great people. More truly than any other church music in the world, it is the expression of the deeper soul of a nation, elemental in its moods of storm and tenderness, of half-barbarous passion and of sublime aspiration. Every time we heard it we stood in silence and awe, conscious that the strings of our hearts were being strangely swept and feeling as if we were in wide spaces under the open sky and in the presence of a Mount Sinai from which issued alternately the crashing thunder, the blaring lightning, and then the murmuring of trees and brooks, and the still, small voice. Was this mere emotionalism? It may have been, but the mysterious spell still lingers in my memory.—Exchange

It is seldom that a man is pleased at being called an ugly name, but the marines are proudly advertising the fact that the Germans term them "devil-dogs."

WETTING SPOILS EGGS

More than 5,000,000 dozen eggs spoil needlessly every year in cold storage simply because some one has allowed clean eggs to get wet or has washed dirty eggs before sending them to market, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Investigations have shown that from 17 to 22 per cent of washed eggs become worthless in storage, whereas only 4 to 8 per cent of dirty eggs stored unwashed spoil.

The explanation is simply that water removes from the shell of the egg a gelatinous covering which helps to keep out air and germs.

Took Out Dreadful Soreness.

When the kidneys are weakened and fail to throw impurities out of the blood, the poison remains in the system and backache, soreness and rheumatic pains develop. Mrs. David Henry, 65 S. Lincoln Av., Washington, N. J., writes: "Foley Kidney Pills took the dreadful soreness out of my limbs and I walk good."

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