

**Carolyn
of the
Corners**

By
**RUTH BELMORE
ENDICOTT**

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 one set ten, "plenty of it."

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

Winter had moved on in its usual costly 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 peevy, or canthook, pretty well, having done something besides sailing in a day. Tim, the hackman, worked at going in the winter months, too. He usually went past the Stagg place with team four times each day.

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

But, now, to ride on the empty sledging in and on top of the load of logs being out of the forest, Carolyn May was sure, would be much more exciting.

He mentioned her desire to Uncle Joe 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, going 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 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 be 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.

"Come with me, please," she whispered to the old seaman after dinner.

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

"Aye, aye, little miss. What'll we talk about?" queried Benjamin curiously, 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.

"Well, ahead, matey," he responded in apparent heartiness, filling his pipe with tobacco.

"Why, Benjamin—you must know, I know, for you've been to sea so long—Benjamin, I want to know if it is much to be drowned-ed?"

"Drowned-ed?" gasped the old seaman.

"Yes, sir. Do people that get drowned feel much pain? Is it a awful way to die? I want to know, Benjamin, 'cause my papa and mamma that way," continued the child, looking a little.

"It does seem as if I'd just got to know," he said.

"Aye, aye," muttered the man. "I've kin told ye, Carolyn May, as

and 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 those 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 '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.

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

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 force 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, making 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 changed 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 breaking 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

she was—putting on her outer wraps. Mrs. Gormley, red-eyed and weeping, brought the cap.

Mr. Stagg plunged down the steps and kept on down the hill to the water front. There was an eating-place here where the waterside characters congregated, and Mr. Stagg put his head in at the door.

"Some of you fellows come out with me on the ice and look for a little girl—and a boy and a dog," said Mr. Stagg. "Like enough, they're lost in this storm. And the ice is going out."

They all rushed out of the eating-house and down to the nearest dock. Even the cook went, for he chanced to know Carolyn May.

"And let me tell you, she's one rare little kid," he declared, out of Mr. Stagg's hearing. "How she come to be related to that hard-as-nails Joe Stagg is a puzzler."

The hardware dealer might deserve this title in ordinary times, but this was one occasion when he plainly displayed emotion.

Hannah's Curlyn, the little child he had learned to love, was somewhere on the ice in the driving storm. He would have rushed blindly out on the rotten ice, bareheaded and alone, had the others not halted him.

Joseph Stagg stood on the dock and shouted at the top of his voice: "Prince! Prince! Prince!"

The wind must have carried his voice a long way out across the cove, but there was no reply.

(To be continued)



"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 Curlyn 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," growled 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—be 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 drowned!"

"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.

"Call the dog, just the same," repeated Amanda Parlow. "Prince will hear you and bark."

"God bless you! So he will," cried Mr. Stagg. "You've got more sense than any of us, Mandy."

"And I'll have the chapel bell rung," she said.

"Tut! tut! what's that for?"

"The wind will carry the sound out across the cove. The boy, Chet, will recognize the sound of the bell and it will give him an idea of where home is."

"You do beat all!" exclaimed Joseph Stagg, starting to leave the house.

"Find a cap of Chet's, Mrs. Gormley," she commanded. "Don't you see Mr. Stagg has no hat? He'll catch his death of cold."

"Why, I never thought!" He turned to speak directly to Mrs. Amanda, but she had gone back into the room and

DAIRY PROBLEMS ARE COMPLEX

Consumers Are Counseled Not To Decrease Use of Milk Nor Complain of Prices.

"Unless means are quickly found to remedy conditions existing in the dairy industry as well as in other classes of livestock, serious menace to both industries—which are allied—may be forecast."

This is the statement of Assistant Federal Food Administrator, W. K. Newell.

"With the dairymen selling their businesses as fast as they are able to find purchasers," said Mr. Newell, "with an increasing volume of sales of heavy calves, both male and female, and with already a world's shortage of beef, the outlook for future supplies is not as rosy as one might wish."

It has been charged in some quarters that the price of milk and other products of the dairy have been elevated to such an extent at all Pacific northwest points that the dairy interests should be making a profit and well satisfied with their lot.

"Taking only the retail price as a basis—that which most vitally affects the consumer—the price of milk today in Portland is 16¢ per quart.

"Even with normal prices milk is generally sold retail at 10 cents a quart here, therefore the advance is not nearly as marked as in many other lines of foodstuffs.

"The dairyman today is paying more than double the wages of normal years for his hired help. He is paying more than double for his requirements of hay and a very considerable advance over the normal for his bran and shorts.

"The cost of milk cans and other dairy utensils is practically double the normal. The cost of bottles has soared to such heights as to make one dizzy to think of it. The cost of producing milk today is therefore more than double that of normal periods even without considering the fact that this has been a very abnormal season and the production of milk and cream per cow is far below the normal.

"Laws enacted during the last few years force the dairyman to add to his costs as a matter of cleanliness. The public is no longer willing to tolerate the quality of milk generally marketed a few years ago. All of this costs money and the dairyman has been paying it while the full charges have not been passed back to the consumer.

"It has oftentimes been said that a man very seldom quits a business where liberal profits are available. The fact that so many dairymen are quitting that they are not making adequate profits—if any at all.

"The killing of dairy calves during the present season has broken all records simply because the country producer could not afford to feed them to maturity. Suggestion has been made in some quarters that the killing of female calves be prohibited by law. This would indeed solve the problem providing some means were found to feed and keep the animals.

"Dairy experts have for years preached the gospel of 'getting rid of the star boarder'—the cow that does not pay her expense. That is the situation just now. Few are paying their board and there is no improvement of the situation in prospect.

"Similar conditions may be spoken of in regard to the future of the beef supply. Owing to the shortage and extreme price of feed more light-weight and unfinished cattle have been marketed in the stockyards of the country during the last two seasons than ever before known. The country cannot afford to feed its cattle even at the present price of beef and the journey to market is therefore a necessity. In fact the government has recently requested that the public purchase beef from light weight animals because the stock must be marketed. This means that many thousands of

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