

RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

(Copyright, 1918, by Dodd, Mend & Company, Inc.) "But I'm here, Mandy, and I'm not too late!" he cried; and, somehow-neither of them could, perhaps, have evplained just how-his arms went ground her and her hands rested on his shoulders, while she looked earnestly into his face.

"Oh, Joe! Joe!" It was like a sur-

"It's not too late, is it, Mandy? Say it isn't too late!" he pleaded. "No, it's not too late," she whis-

"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!" and suddenly he stooped and kissed her. Bless me! what fools we've been all this time !"

"Oh, Uncle Joe J. Oh, Miss Amenda!" cried Caroyin May, standing before them, and pointing with a rather grimy index finger. "You aren't mad at each other any more, are you? Oh, I am so glad! so glad!" and her face showed her pleasure.

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 w, when Uncle Joe is here, Miss Mandy," Carolyn May declared with confidence. "See how nice he and Prince found us? Why, they are reg'lar beroes, aren't thes?"

"They are, indeed, child," agreed the woman. She turned to Joseph Stagg, sheltered Carolyn May as well. happiness shining in her eyes, and her life, he thought.

The hollow was rapidly becoming filled with smoke. The man did not understand this, but it foreboded Amanda into the seat.

"Up you go, too, Car'lyn May," he the blaze. mid, lifting the little girl into the rear of the buckboard.

Joseph Stagg felt very serious as he picked up the reins. The horse quick- by the burn, Cherry had taken the bit ly retraced his steps up the hill to the in his teeth and was running away. tote road. As they came out into this broader path they saw the smoke pouring through it in a choking cloud. "Oh, Joe," gasped Amanda, "it's did not want to stop him.

girl. But trust to me-" "Oh, I do, Joe!" she exclaimed. squeezing his arm. "I am sure you

w what is best to do." "I'll try to prove that so," he said

with a subdued chuckle. "Oh, Uncle Joe!" cried Carolyn May uddenly, "can't we get out of this awful smoke? It-it chokes me!"

"Walt," whispered Amanda to the man. "I'll lift her over the back of the sent. I think she had better be in

"P'r'aps that's so," he agreed, and moment till the change was accom-

and louder in their ears. morted and hesitated, for the smoke

was blinding him. "I pretty near missed these forks!"

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

his left road takes us toward the "Oh, Joe, can we reach it?" whispered Amanos 'We've got to!" he returned grimly. "It's three miles, if it's an inch, but

Cherry has got to make it." They were relieved after a minute or two in this new road. The smoke had not so completely filled it. But it was a rougher way, and the buckboard bounced until Carolyn May cried out

They drove over a little hillock that raised them higher than the tote road had done. Amanda clutched Mr. Stagg's arm again and uttered a halfstifled "Oh!"

He shot a glance to the left." 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 selzed 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 folinge. The wind seemed fairly to scorch the fugitives.

The roaring of the fire increased. Through the more open woods which 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 spirited Cherry leaped forward, both the woman and the calld scream-

"Is it far? Is it far?" gasped Aman-"Too far for comfort. But keep your

As the man spoke, a blazing brand swung through the air and came down, right on Amanda's shoulders. Carolyn May shricked. 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

"Now, good horse!" he yelled to looking prettier than ever before in Cherry, leaping back to the seat. "Gid-

The horse started up the slope. Another swirling brand came down upon them. Joseph Stagg fought it off with trouble. He turned Cherry and the his bare hand. His shirt sleeve caught buckboard around, and then he helped fire and he was painfully burned on the forearm before he could smother

Another flaming brand fell, landing on Cherry's back. The horse squenled and leaped forward at a pace which seated himself by Amanda's side and Mr. Stagg could not control. Maddened

> The man threw down the reins, He could do nothing toward retarding the frightened horse's pace. Indeed, he

His left arm he itung around Miss "It surely is," agreed the hardware Amanda and the child, and with his we're in a not corner, my 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 ex-

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!" oarsely shouted the man. The walls of the ravine sheltered he held in the nervous Cherry for a them from smoke and fire for a moment, but the brands still fell. Cherry

had halted on the edge of the lake, but The roaring of the fire grew louder Joseph Stagg urged him on into the water, flank deep. The shore was nar-Suddenly Joseph Stagg dragged row and afforded little space for Cherry's head around. The horse refuge. He lifted Amanda and the child bodily from the seat and dropped them into the water.
"We're safe now," he said hoarsely,

exclaimed the hardware merchant. Jumping in himself, and holding Carolyn May and Amanda. "We've got water enough here, thanks be! Hang on to me, Mandy. I'm not going to let you get away-no more, never!"

And by the way in which the woman clung to his arm it was evident that she did not propose to lose him.

"My. Uncle Joe! you are just the brayest man!" declared Carolyn May, finding her voice, "Isn't he, Miss Mandy? And, see, his arm is all burned. Dear me, we must get home to Aunty Rose and let her do it up for

CHAPTER XVII.

"Two's Company."

Toward the east the forest tract was completely burned to the banks of Coder's creek. As the wind which had sprung up had driven the fire westward, there was little danger of the finmes 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 sent of the buckboard again. Then he set forth, leading the horse along the narbeach, while Prince followed wearly 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 deg. and the man were alike wearied. Carolyn May went fast asleep with her head pillowed in Miss Amanda's lan.

The latter and Joseph Stagg talked much. Indeed, there was much for them to say after all these years of silence.

The woman, worn and scorched of face, looked down on the smutted and swenting 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 n dead issue.

The refugees reached The Corners about nine o'clock. Jedidiah 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. Aunty 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

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

It was a fact that Mr. Stagg was in n bad state. Carolyn May had suggested that Aunty 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, Aunty Rose came out into the kitchen, where she had already bathed and helped Carolyn May to undress, and where the little girl was now sleeplly eating her supper of bread and milk.

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

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

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

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

"No, I should say they're not," Aunty Rose observed with grimness, "Far from it. It's a fact! I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Holding hands in there like pair of- Well, do you know what It means, Carolyn May?"

"That they love each other," the child said boldly. "And I'm so glad for

"So am I," declared the woman, still in a whisper. "But it means changes here. Things won't be the same for long. I know Joseph Stagg for what

"What is he, Amnty Rose?" asked Carolyn May in some trepldation, for the housekeeper seemed to be much

"He's a very determined man. Once he gets set in a way, he carries everything before him. Mandy Parlow ts going to be made Mrs. Joseph Stagg so quick that it'll astonish her. Now, you believe me, Carolyn May.'

"Oh!" was the little girl's comment. "There'll be changes here very sudden. 'Two's company, three's a crowd,' Carolyn May. Never was a truer say-Those two will want just each

No Mystery

in Meat

Some things are so simple

that they have to be explained

again and again. When things

are obvious, people keep looking

So it is with the packing bus-

iness. The mere size of Swift

& Company confuses many.

Because their imaginations are

not geared up to scale, they be-

lieve there must be magic in it

somewhere-some weird power.

other manufacturing business run by

human beings like yourself; it takes in

raw material on the one hand and turns

Swift & Company keeps down the

"spread," or the expense absorbed be-

tween raw and finished material, to as

low a figure as possible. (If it didn't

it would be put out of business by

How much Swift & Company pays

for the raw material, and how much

it gets for the finished product, depends

upon conditions which Swift &

It depends entirely upon how much

people want the finished product, and

how much raw material there is avail-

The profits of Swift & Company

Keep Your Pledge

Make Good for Our Fighting Men

BUY WAR - SAVINGS

amount to less than one cent per pound

on all meats and by-products-less than

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Company does not control.

one-fourth of a cent on beef.

able to make it from.

others who do.)

out a finished product on the other.

Swift & Company is just like any

for mysteries behind them.

other-and nobody sise

"Well, Carolyn May, if you've fin-ished your supper, we'd better go up to hed. It's long past your bedtime,

"Yes, Aunty Rose," said the little and no home rises above the level of girl in muffled voice.

Joe or Miss Amanda good-night. The

child followed the woman upstairs with

faltering steps, and in the unlighted bedroom that had been Hannah Stagg's

she knelt at Aunty Rose's knee and

Amanda, now they're so happy," was

"Yes, Isn't It Nice They Aren't Mad at Each Other."

Aunty Rose at another time. But she

was so deep in her own thoughts that

she heard what Carolyn May said per-

the little girl and went downstairs.

Carolyn May had seen so much excite-

ment during the day that she might

have been expected to sleep at once,

and that soundly. But it was not so.

eyes, her imagination at work. "

else around! Of course not!

thought Carolyn May chokingly.

months swept over the soul of the lit-

tle child in a wave that her natural

cheerfulness could not withstand. Her

anchorage in the love of Uncle Joe

The heart of the little child swelled.

Her eyes overflowed. She sobbed her-

seif to sleep, the pillow muffling

the sounds, more forlorn than ever be-

fore since she had come to The Cor-

(To be continued)

and Miss Amanda was swept away.

With her customary kiss, she left

functorily.

"Do bless Uncle Joe and Miss

murmured her usual petitions.

its reading. The Youth's Companion Aunty Rose did not notice that Caro- introduces the whole family to the lyn May did not venture to the door of best writers of the day—those who the sitting room to bid either Uncle contribute the things that make better minds and happier homes, "No other publication would appeal to me at this time" tells the exact story of the hopefulness and entertainment and information and suggestion and economy that The Companion gives each week in the year. Every age is liberally provided for, every wholesome interest encouraged. Serials, Short Stories, Rare Articles, Digest of the War News, Special Pages and Exceptional Editorials. It is true that your family needs The Companion the coming year. They deserve it with all its help. It takes the place of many papers, so great is itts variety-and at the price of one.

"NO CIVILIZATION EVER RISES

ABOVE THE LEVEL OF ITS

HOMES"-

Don't miss Grace Richmond's great serial, Anne Exter, 10 chapters, beginning December 12.

Still \$2.00 a year, 52 issues.

The following special offer is made to new subscribers:

The Youth's Companion-52 isaues of 1919.

2. All the remaining weekly issues of

3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1919.

All the above for only \$2.00, or you may include McCall's Magazine-12 fashion

numbers. All for only \$2.50. The two magazinės may be sent to separate addresses if desired. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,

Common wealth Ave. & St., Paul St., Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions Received at this

Full of Cold; Had the Grip.

Many will be pleased to read how The little girl lay with wide-open Lewis Newman, 506 Northrand St., Charleston, W. Va., was restored to Two's company, three's a crowd." health. He writes: "I was down sick She took that trite saying, in which Aunty Rose had expressed her own and nothing would do me any good. feelings, to herself. If Uncle Joe and I was full of cold. Had the grip until Miss Amanda were going to be mar-I got two 50c bottles of Foley's Honried, they would not want anybody ey and Tar. It is the best remedy for grip and colds I ever used."-Sold by "And what will become of me?" Reed Brothers. All the "emptiness" of the last few

## HOLY FAMILY CHURCH (Catholic)

Cor Miller and C. Sts. Sunday High Mass at 10:30 o'clock Week days Mass at 7 o'clock. Instructions for children Satur-

lays at 9 A. M. Rev. Father Francis, O. F. M. Rector.

Buy a War Saving Stamp. Buy a War Saving Stamp.

## 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

## The Plumber is a Robber!



Only when the man inside the PLUMBER is crooked. Our aim is to give honest service, and install honest goods AL-WAYS. If you want any such goods and such service in your repairs or in new work, it's easy to get it. Just call us

Our Specialty Plumbing, Sheet Metal Work, Repairing Agents for the De Laval Dairy Supplies Paint, Oil Limited Supply Ammunition Economy Fruit Jars at Right Prices HARDWARE BURNS COMPANY THE

In our new building opposite Lampshire's garage

CALL AND INSPECT IT