

# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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## LOOK UP!

You will feel better for having known Carolyn of the Corners. She is a lovable little girl, who not only preaches but practices the gospel of "looking up" and always making things "a wee bit better." To become acquainted with her is like letting in the sunshine and looking up at the blue sky. You will want to follow Carolyn through this story after you have read the opening chapter.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Ray of Sunlight.

Just as the rays of the afternoon sun hesitated to enter the open door of Joseph Stagg's hardware store in Sunrise Cove and lingered on the sill, so the little girl in the black frock and hat, with twin braids of sunshiny hair on her shoulders, hovered at the entrance of the dim and dusty place.

She carried a satchel in one hand, while the fingers of the other were hooked into the rivet-studded collar of a mottled, homely mongrel dog.

"Oh, dear me, Prince!" sighed the little girl. "This must be the place. We'll just have to go in. Of course I know he must be a nice man; but he's such a stranger."

Her feet faltered over the door sill and paced slowly down the shop between long counters. She saw no clerk.

At the back of the shop was a small office closed in with grimy windows. The uncertain visitor and her canine companion saw the shadowy figure of a man inside the office, sitting on a high stool and bent above a big ledger. The dog, however, scented something else.

In the half darkness of the shop he and his little mistress came unexpectedly upon what Prince considered his arch-enemy. There rose up on the end of the counter nearest the open office door a big, black tomcat whose arched back, swollen tail and yellow eyes blazed defiance.

"Ps-s-s—ye-ow!"

The rising yowl broke the silence of the shop like a trumpet call. The little girl dropped her bag and seized the dog's collar with both hands.

"Prince!" she cried, "don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"

"Bless me!" croaked a voice from the office.

The tomcat uttered a second "ps-s-s—ye-ow!" and shot up a ladder to the top shelf.

"Bless me!" repeated Joseph Stagg, taking off his eyeglasses and leaving them in the ledger to mark his place. "What have you brought that dog in here for?"

He came to the office door. "I—I didn't have any place to leave him," was the hesitating reply.

"Hum! Did your mother send you for something?"

"No-o, sir," sighed the little visitor. At that moment a more daring ray of sunlight found its way through the transom over the store door and lit up the dusky place. It fell upon the slight, black-froaked figure and for an instant touched the pretty head as with an aureole.

"Bless me, child!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg. "Who are you?"

The flowerlike face of the little girl quivered, the blue eyes spilled big drops over her cheeks. She approached Mr. Stagg, stooping and squinting in the office doorway, and placed a timid hand upon the broad band of black crepe he wore on his coat sleeve.

"You're not Hannah's Car'lyn?" questioned the hardware dealer huskily.

"I'm Car'lyn May Cameron," she confessed. "You're my Uncle Joe. I'm very glad to see you, Uncle Joe, and— and I hope—you're glad to see me—and Prince," she finished rather falteringly.

"Bless me!" murmured the man again.

Nothing so startling as this had entered Sunrise Cove's chief "hardware emporium" for many and many a year.

Hannah Stagg, the hardware merchant's only sister, had gone away from home quite fifteen years previously. Mr. Stagg had never seen Hannah again; but this slight, blue-eyed,

sunny-haired girl was a replica of his sister, and in some dusty corner of Mr. Stagg's heart there dwelt a very faithful memory of Hannah.

Nothing had served to estrange the brother save time and distance.

"Hannah's Car'lyn," muttered Mr. Stagg again. "Bless me, child! how did you get here from New York?"

"On the cars, uncle. You see, Mr. Price thought I'd better come. He says you are my guardian—it's in papa's will and would have been so in mamma's will, if she'd made one. Mr. Price put me on the train and the conductor took care of me."

"Who is Mr. Price?" the storekeeper asked.

"He's a lawyer. He's written you a long letter about it. It's in my bag. Didn't you get the telegram he sent you last evening, Uncle Joe? A 'night letter,' he called it."

"Never got it," replied Mr. Stagg shortly.

"Well, you see, when papa and mamma had to go away so suddenly they left me with the Prices. I go to school with Edna Price and she slept with me at night in our flat—after the Dunraven sailed."

"But—what did this lawyer send you up here for?" asked Mr. Stagg.

The question was a poser and Carolyn May stammered: "I—I— Don't guardians always take their little girls home and look out for them?"

"Hum—I don't know." The hardware merchant mused grimly. "I—I guess we'd better go up to The Corners and see what Aunty Rose has to say about it. You understand, I couldn't really keep you if she says 'No!'"

"Oh, Uncle Joe, couldn't you?"

"No," he declared, wagging his head decidedly. "And what she'll say to that dog—"

"Oh!" Carolyn May cried again, and put both arms suddenly about the neck of her canine friend. "Prince is just the best dog, Uncle Joe."

Mr. Stagg shook his head doubtfully. Then he went into the office and shut the big ledger into the safe. After locking the safe door, he slipped the key into his trousers pocket and glanced around the store.

"I'd like to know where that useless Gormley boy is now," muttered Mr. Stagg.

"Chet! Hey! you Chet!"

To Carolyn May's amazement and to the utter mystification of Prince, a section of the floor under their feet began to rise.

"Oh, mercy me!" squealed the little girl, and she hopped off the trapdoor; but the dog uttered a quick, threatening growl and put his muzzle to the widening aperture.

"Hey! call off that dog!" begged a muffled voice from under the trapdoor.

"He'll eat me up, Mr. Stagg."

"Lie down, Prince!" commanded Carolyn May hastily. "It's only a boy. You know you like boys, Prince," she urged.

"Come on up out o' that cellar, Chet. I'm going up to The Corners with my little niece—Hannah's Car'lyn. This is Chetwood Gormley. If he ever stops growin' longitudinally mebbe he'll be a man some day and not a giant. You stay right here and tend store while I'm gone, Chet."

Carolyn May could not help feeling some surprise at the finally revealed proportions of Chetwood Gormley. He was lathlike and gawky, with very prominent upper front teeth, which gave a sort of bow-window appearance to his wide mouth. But there was a good-humored twinkle in the overgrown boy's shallow eyes; and, if uncouth, he was kind.

"I'm proud to know ye, Car'lyn," he said. He stepped quickly out of the way of Prince when the latter started for the front of the store.

Once out of the shop in the sunlit street, the little girl breathed a sigh of relief. Mr. Stagg, peering down at her sharply, asked:

"What's the matter?"

"I—I— Your shop is awful dark, Uncle Joe," she confessed. "I can't seem to look up in there."

"Look up?" repeated the hardware dealer, puzzled.

"Yes, sir. My papa says never to get in any place where you can't look up and see something brighter and better ahead," said Carolyn May softly. "He says that's what makes life worth living."

"Oh, he does, does he?" grunted Mr. Stagg.

He noticed the heavy bag in her hand and took it from her. Instantly her released fingers stole into his free hand. Mr. Stagg looked down at the little hand in his palm, somewhat startled and not a little dismayed.

The main street of Sunrise Cove on

this warm afternoon was not thronged with shoppers. Not many people noticed the tall, shambling, round-shouldered man in rusty black, with the petite figure of the child and the mongrel dog passing that way, though a few idle shopkeepers looked after the trio in surprise. But when Mr. Stagg and his companions turned into the pleasantly shaded street that led out of town towards The Corners—where was the Stagg homestead—Carolyn May noticed her uncle become suddenly flustered. She saw the blood flood into his face and neck, and she felt his hand loosen as though to release her own. The little girl looked ahead curiously at the woman who was approaching.

She was not a young woman—that is, not what the child would call young. Carolyn May thought she was very nice looking—tall and robust. Her brown eyes flashed an inquiring glance upon Carolyn May, but she did not look at Mr. Stagg, nor did Mr. Stagg look at her.

"Oh! who is that lady, Uncle Joe?" asked the little girl when they were out of earshot.

"Hum!" Her uncle's throat seemed to need clearing. "That—that is Mandy Parlow—Miss Amanda Parlow," he corrected himself with dignity.

The flush did not soon fade out of his face as they went on in silence.

It was half a mile from Main street to The Corners. There was tall timber all about Sunrise Cove, which was built along the shore of a deep inlet cutting in from the great lake, whose blue waters sparkled as far as one might see towards the south and west.

Uncle Joe assured Carolyn May when she asked him, that from the highest hill in sight one could see only the lake and the forest-clothed hills and valleys.

"There's lumber camps all about. Mebbe they'll interest you. Lots of building going on all the time, too."

He told her, as they went along, of the long trains of cars and of the strings of barges going out of the Cove, all laden with timber and sawed boards, millstuffs, ties and telegraph poles.

They came to the last house in the row of dwellings on this street, on the very edge of the town. Carolyn May saw that attached to the house was a smaller building, facing the roadway, with a wide-open door, through which she glimpsed benches and sawed lumber, while to her nostrils was wafted a most delicious smell of shavings.

"Oh, there's a carpenter shop!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "And is that the carpenter, Uncle Joe?"

A tall old man, lean-faced and closely shaven, with a hawk's-beak nose straddled by a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles, came out of the shop at that moment, a jackknife in his hand. He saw Mr. Stagg and, turning sharply on his heel, went indoors again.

"Who is he, Uncle Joe?" repeated the little girl. "And, if I asked him, do you s'pose he'd give me some of those nice, long, curly shavings?"

"That's Jed Parlow—and he wouldn't give you any shavings; especially after having seen you with me," said the hardware merchant brusquely.

The pretty lady whose name was Parlow and the queer-looking old carpenter, whose name was likewise Parlow, would neither look at Uncle Joe! Even such a little girl as Carolyn May could see that her uncle and the Parlows were not friendly.

By and by they came in sight of The Corners—a place where another road crossed this one at right angles. In one corner was a white church with a square tower and green blinds. In another of the four corners was set a big store, with a covered porch all across the front, on which were sheltered certain agricultural tools.

There was no sound of life at The Corners save a rhythmic "clank, clank, clank" from the blacksmith shop on the third corner.

On the fourth corner of the cross-roads stood the Stagg homestead—a wide, low-roofed house of ancient appearance, yet in good repair. Neatness was the keynote of all about the place.

"Is this where you live, Uncle Joe?" asked Carolyn May breathlessly. "Oh, what a beautiful big place! It seems awful big for me to live in!"

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Carolyn and Prince make the acquaintance of Aunty Rose, and the latter's attitude is not very reassuring to the lonely little girl. Carolyn's first experiences in her new home are told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SEES LITTLE IN ALHAMBRA

Writer Says Famous Building Expresses Mere Beauty, Without Any Sense of Power or Vigor.

The Alhambra is on the shoulder of a mountain. It overlooks the town, Bart Kennedy writes in the Wide World. It was built by the Moors, and I take it that it was built overlooking the town for the usual reason. The ruling Moors lived therein and they wished to be in a position to give the nonruling Moors "what for" when they became too critical. There is a lot of human nature in ruling people just as there is in ruled people. A beautiful place, this Alhambra. But to me its architecture expressed decadence and weakness. There was nothing strong or massive about it. Whether a race expresses truly its character in architecture or not is not for me to say. To be able to give a reliable opinion as to this would necessitate the living of a life that lasted through a couple of thousand years. But certainly the Alhambra did not suggest power and vigor. Beauty, yes, and also fancy, but nothing more.

But on the Cuesta de los Muertos (the hill of the dead), which was outside the actual palace of the Alhambra, were three massive square towers. They expressed strength. In them had lived—centuries before—the Mohammedan soldiers of the guard. These towers impressed me and I often went to see them in the moonlight, for then there seemed to be in their strength and power some weird effect.

## Insects Still Used as Food.

Tales of the use of insects as food are very frequently discredited. The locust and wild honey fare on which John the Baptist is described as having lived in the wilderness has been claimed by some to have been a plant, such as is to be found in Bermuda under the name of tornela, or more popularly "locust and wild honey." On the other hand, there have been earnest supporters of the theory that the manna on which the people of Israel fed was an insect excretion. While the development of agriculture and commercial facilities have rendered the use of insects as food in most cases unnecessary, in other times and under other conditions men have not despised the insect as a means of subsistence; and even today various insects are eaten and relished by men, although their relative importance as food is now of course almost negligible.

## Painters Have Long Lives.

Painting and longevity seem somehow connected. James Sant died lately at ninety-five; Sidney Cooper, the cattle painter, exhibited five canvases at the same age and died at ninety-nine; Thomas Macquoid lived to be ninety-two, and John Massey Wright worked up to the day of his death at ninety-three. But, of course, the most famous long-lived painter the world has known was Titian. Born in 1477, he lived just a year short of a century. His canvases are as fresh today as when they came from his brush, although they are mostly between four hundred and five hundred years old. Several fine examples are in the national gallery.

## Its Class.

She—"I heard a noise very late when you came in." He (facetiously)—"Was it the night falling?" She (sternly)—"No; it was the day breaking."

Sausage casings have been invented which are made of wood pulp cellulose.

It is difficult to judge a woman by the things she doesn't say.

## IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat, also take glass of Salts before eating breakfast.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.—Adv.

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## Hard to Beat This.

Women seem to be more given to the "marrying habit" than men. A Boer woman named De Boer has been "spliced" to no fewer than seven different husbands, and is the proud mother and stepmother of 58 children, while her grandchildren number well over 300.

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