



JOSEPH STAGG IS FILLED WITH DISMAY WHEN HE LEARNS CAROLYN HAS BEEN LEFT TO HIS CARE.

Synopsis.—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at the Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic. Carolyn is also chilled by the stern demeanor of Aunty Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

The window was open and she went to it and looked out. A breath of honeysuckle blew in. Then, below, on the porch, she heard the uneasy movements of Prince. And he whined.

"Oh, poor Princey! He doesn't know what's become of me," thought Carolyn May.

Downstairs, in the great kitchen, Aunty Rose was stepping back and forth, from table to sink, from sink to dresser, from dresser to pantry.

"You know, mother," he said, on this evening of the arrival of Carolyn May. "I never have seen any great chance to rise, workin' for Mr. Joseph Stagg."

"But he pays you, Chet," his mother said anxiously.

"Yep. I know. Don't be afraid I'll leave him till I see something better," he reassured her. "But I might be clerkin' for him till the cows come home and never see more'n six or eight dollars a week. But now it's apt to be different."

"How different, Chet?" she asked, puzzled.

"You know Mr. Stagg's as hard as nails—as hard as the goods he sells," declared the gawky boy. "Mind you, he don't do nothin' mean. That ain't his way. But he don't seem to have a mite of interest in anything but his shop. Now, it seems to me, this little niece is bound to wake him up. He calls her 'Hannah's Carolyn.'"

"Hannah Stagg was his only sister," said Mrs. Gornley softly. "I remember her."

"And she's just died, or something, and left this little girl," Chet continued. "Mr. Stagg's bound to think of something now besides business. And maybe he'll need me more. And I'll get a chance to show him I'm worth something to him. So, by and by, he'll put me forward in the business," said the boy, his homely face glowing.

"Who knows? Maybe it'll be Stagg & Gornley over the door one of these days. Stranger things have happened."

Perhaps even Chetwood's assurance would have been quenched had he just then known the thoughts in the hardware merchant's mind. Mr. Stagg sat in his back office poring over the letter written by his brother-in-law's lawyer friend, a part of which read:

From the above recital of facts you will plainly see, being a man of business yourself, that Mr. Cameron's financial affairs were in a much worse condition when he went away than he himself dreamed of.

I immediately looked up the Stone-bridge Building and Loan association. It is even more moribund than the papers state. The fifteen hundred dollars Mr. Cameron put into it from time to time might just as well have been dropped into the sea.

You know he had only his salary on the Morning Beacon. They were rather decent to him, when they saw his health breaking down, to offer him the chance of going to the Mediterranean as correspondent. He was to furnish articles on "The Debris of a World War"—stories of the peaceful sections of Europe which have to care for the human wrecks from the battlefields.

It rather cramped Mr. Cameron's immediate resources for your sister to go with him, and he drew ahead on his expense and salary account. I know that Mrs. Cameron feared to allow him to go alone across the ocean. He was really in a bad way; but she proposed to come back immediately on the Dunraven if he improved on the voyage across.

Their means really did not allow of their taking the child; the steamship company would not hear of a half-fare for her. She is a nice little girl, and my wife would have been glad to keep her longer, but in the end she would have to go to you, as I understand, there are no other relatives.

CHAPTER III.

"Well—She'll Be a Nuisance."

Mr. Joseph Stagg, going down to his store, past the home and carpenter shop of Jedidiah Parlow, at which he did not even look, finally came to his destination in a very brown study. So disturbed had he been by the arrival of his little niece that he forgot to question and cross-question young Chetwood Gornley regarding the possible customers that had been in the store during his absence.

"And I tell you what I think, mother," Chet said, with his mouth full, at

supper that evening. "I think her coming's going to bring about changes. Yes, ma'am!"

Mrs. Gornley was a faded little woman—a widow—who went out sewing for better-to-do people in Sunrise Cove. She naturally thought her boy Chetwood a great deal smarter than other people thought him.

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Of course the flat is here, and the furniture. If you do not care to come on to attend to the matter yourself, I will do the best I can to dispose of either or both. Mr. Cameron had paid a year's rent in advance—rather an unwise thing, I thought—and the term has still ten months to run. He did it so that his wife, on her return from abroad, might have no worry on her mind. Perhaps the flat might be sublet, furnished, to advantage. You might state your pleasure regarding this.

You will see, by the copy of your brother-in-law's will that I enclose, that you have been left in full and sole possession and guardianship of his property and affairs, including Carolyn May.

And if somebody had shipped him a crocodile from the Nile Joseph Stagg would have felt little more at a loss as to what disposal to make of the

creature than he felt now regarding his little niece.

"Well—she'll be a nuisance; an awful nuisance," was his final comment, with a mountainous sigh.

Thus far, Aunty Rose Kennedy's attitude towards the little stranger had been the single pleasant disappointment Mr. Stagg had experienced. Aunty Rose was an autocrat. Joseph Stagg had never been so comfortable in his life as since Mrs. Kennedy had taken up the management of his home. But he stood in great awe of her.

He put the lawyer's letter in the safe. For once he was unable to respond to a written communication promptly. Although he wore that band of crepe on his arm he could not actually realize the fact that his sister Hannah was dead.

Any time these fifteen years he might have run down to New York to see her. First she had worked in the newspaper office as a stenographer. Then she had married John Lewis Cameron and they had gone immediately to housekeeping.

Cameron was a busy man; he held a "desk job" on the paper. Vacations had been hard to get. And before long Hannah had written about her baby—"Hannah's Carolyn."

After the little one's arrival there seemed less chance than before for the city family to get up to Sunrise Cove. But at any time he might have gone to them. If Joseph Stagg had shut up his store for a week and gone to New York, it would not have brought the world to an end.

Nor was it because he was stingy that he had not done this. No, he was no miser. But he was fairly buried in his business. And there was no "look up" in that dim little office in the back of the hardware store.

On this evening he closed the store later than usual and set out for The Corners slowly. To tell the truth, Mr. Stagg rather shrank from arriving home. The strangeness of having a child in the house disturbed his tranquillity.

The kitchen only was lighted when he approached; therefore he was reassured. He knew Hannah's Carolyn must have been put to bed long since. It was dark under the trees and only long familiarity with the walk



If the Simple "Now I Lay Me" Was Familiar to Aunty Rose's Ear She Gave No Sign.

enabled him to reach the back porch noiselessly. Then it was that something scrambled up in the dark and the roar of a dog's barking made Joseph Stagg leap back in fright.

"That that mongrel!" he ejaculated, remembering Prince.

The kitchen door opened, revealing Aunty Rose's ample figure. Prince whined sheepishly and dropped his abbreviated tail, going to lie down again at the extreme end of his leash and blinking his eyes at Mr. Stagg.

"The critter's as savage as a bear!" grumbled the hardware merchant.

"He is a good watchdog; you must allow that, Joseph Stagg," Aunty Rose said calmly.

The hardware dealer gasped again. It would be hard to say which had startled him the most—the dog or Aunty Rose's manner.

CHAPTER IV.

Aunty 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 Aunty 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 Aunty 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 sent. Carolyn May found this a

grand place to sit and dream, while Prince lay at her feet.

When they saw Aunty 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 hens scurried to cover, but the turkey cock, General Bollivar, 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.

Carolyn's sunny disposition begins to have its effect upon Aunty Rose, with results that are amazing to Uncle Joe. You will enjoy the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENGLISH ONE-MAN COLLIERY

Unique Industry Is Matched by Railroad That Is Operated in the United States.

One-man businesses are many in these days of depleted staffs, but a working coal mine, controlled, supervised, and staffed entirely by a single individual is something of a novelty, says London Answers.

This one-man colliery is found at Hether Heage, Ambergate. The owner works the mine every day and all day to secure an output of 1,000 tons of coal a year. The mine is small, and the produce near the surface, while the coal is smut—used hitherto in the manufacture of blacking, but thought of greater value in war time.

The other side of the Atlantic can, however, match us in one-man industries. There, on the Idaho Southern system, is found a road run solely by one man.

The track was once a portion of an irrigation system, long since abandoned; and a high-powered motor car with flanged wheels has been built to run along the rails. It carries 16 passengers, and in the two light trailers go the freight and luggage. This quaint railroad has neither guard nor porter, yet it has a printed time table of its own, and runs its trains strictly on time.

Why the Leaves Turn Red.

An examination of the withered leaves of the autumn foliage at the time of their turning red shows that they contain more sugar and less starch than in midsummer. Leaves of evergreens, however, lose their red tints with the return of the warm season, and reassume their green color. In these plants—i. e., the holly and ivy—the sugar of the leaf is transformed into starch in springtime. From these observations two inferences can be drawn—first, that the red coloring substances are probably of the nature of the glucoses, being in most cases compounds of tannic substances with sugar; second, the chief physical conditions for the formation of the red color are sunshine, which, on the one hand, enhances the assimilation and production of sugar, and, on the other hand, quickens the chemical process that leads to the formation of the coloring matter, and, furthermore, a low temperature, which prevents the transformation of the sugar into starch. In other words, the red tints of autumn are the direct product of the meteorological conditions prevailing during that season—i. e., sunshine and low temperature.

Oysters Killed by Poisoned Waters.

A few months ago a phenomenon, known locally as "eltrubio," appeared in a part of the pearl-fishing grounds near Margarita island. This consists in a decomposition or poisoning of the waters, which brings about the death of the oysters and the consequent destruction of the beds.

The immediate loss in pearls from this disaster is estimated at from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 bolivars (\$579,000 to \$772,000), and it was thought best to prohibit fishing in the infected district.—Commerce Reports.

Didn't Intend to Be Fooled.

Manager (of Hickville Academy of Music)—"How many girls with your company?" Advance Agent (evasively)—"We advertise 25." Manager—"Tain't no use advertisin' unless you got 'em. The poppylation of this here burg will be at the depot to check 'em up."—Buffalo Express.

Those Dear Girls.

Nell—"I understand May Cutting remarked that I looked so much like Miss Hoamley-Ritch. Isn't that awful?" Belle—"Yes, she's always knocking Miss Hoamley-Ritch, because she's jealous of her."

Earliest Guide Book.

The earliest guide book printed in English is "Instructions for Foraine Travel," published in 1642 by James Howell, a famous traveler of that day.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUTS ARE FINE SOLDIERS

A letter from a former scoutmaster on active service with the American expeditionary forces tells of the value of scout training. It says:

"Once a scout, always a scout. I meet the scouts in every town and have made many friends, as they are all like the Yanks. I can say advisedly that I don't believe I ever did anything any more worth while than my scout work. With juvenile delinquency increasing in the war countries at an alarming rate, I am just beginning to realize the greatness of the scout movement and its power for good among the boys who take it up. The vast difference between the scout and the other boy is not very pronounced at home, but over here it is glaring and impresses everybody. The boys are keeping clean and straight and will come home the same fine fellows ready to look their girl or mother straight in the eye. They will make great scoutmasters when they get back home."

SCOUTS TO AID AVIATORS.

In appreciation of the guard duty rendered by scouts at Day Flying Field, near Cuero, Texas, the war department has sent the following message to Scoutmaster Willard H. Green:

"A complimentary report has been received concerning the excellent work of your scouts upon the occasion of the unfortunate wrecking of United States airplane near your city. Colonel Pratt states that you turned out your scouts who took charge of the plane, guarding and caring for it most satisfactorily until the arrival of the wrecking truck.

"It is not unlikely that we shall need and use the occasion of instructing the flying fields to call upon boy scouts when necessary. The youngsters of this organization are imbued with a fine sense of patriotism, responsibility and manliness. It not infrequently happens that they can be relied upon under trying conditions to a far greater degree than male adults who are obtained at such times."

THIS ACT PROVES IT.



The Scout Usually Must Share in the Numerous Home Duties.

SCOUTING MAKES GOOD MEN.

The first boy in Washington to earn an Eagle Scout badge enlisted in the United States Naval Reserves as a fourth-class yeoman immediately after graduating from high school, at the age of seventeen years. He was promoted rapidly and recently sailed for European waters as a first-class yeoman.

His father's attitude toward the scout's service in the navy is expressed in the following letter to the chief scout executive:

"I thought you would be interested in the inclosed, as showing what the Boy Scout organization is doing for the young men of the country and the kind of young men it is turning out for Uncle Sam."

WHEN SCOUTS MISUSE AX.

The West side organization of the Chicago local scout council has adopted this regulation: "No scout of this jurisdiction shall carry an ax except when his registered scoutmaster is along."

The mutilation of trees in city parks and on private property has been the cause of much criticism directed at the Boy Scouts of America. It can only happen where the scout leadership overlooks the eagerness of the new scout to try his ax on everything in sight. Every scout should be made to prove that he is a safe person to trust with an ax before he is permitted to carry one.