

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN'S SUNNY DISPOSITION BEGINS TO HAVE ITS EFFECT UPON AUNT ROSE.

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 Aunt Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper. Stagg is dismayed when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left practically penniless and consigned to his care as guardian.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Therefore General Bolivar charged with outspread wings and quivering fan. His eyesight was not good, however. He charged the little girl instead of the roistering dog.

Carolyn May frankly screamed. Had the angry turkey reached the little girl he would have beaten her down and perhaps seriously injured her.

He missed her the first time, but turned to charge again. Prince barked loudly, circling around the bristling turkey cock, undecided just how to get into the battle. But Aunt Rose knew no fear of anything wearing feathers.

"Scat, you brute!" she cried, and made a grab for the turkey, gripping him with her left hand behind his head, bearing his long neck downward. In her other hand she seized a piece of lath and with it chastised the big turkey across the haunches with vigor.

"Oh, don't spank him any more, Aunt Rose!" gasped Carolyn May at last. "He must be sorry."

With a final stroke Aunt Rose allowed the big fowl to go—and he ran away fast enough.

"Your dog, child, does not know his manners. If he is going to stay here with you he must learn that fowl are not to be chased nor startled."

"Oh, Aunt Rose!" begged the little girl, "don't punish Prince! Not—not that way. Please don't! Why, he's never been spanked in his life! He wouldn't know what it meant. Dear Aunt Rose—"

"I shall not beat him, Carolyn May," interrupted Aunt Rose. "But he must learn his lesson. He must learn that liberty is not license. Bring him here, Carolyn May."

She led the way to an open coop of laths in the middle of the back yard. This was a hutch in which she put broody hens when she wished to break up their desire to set. She opened the gate of it and motioned Prince to enter.

The dog looked pleadingly at his little mistress's face, then into the woman's stern countenance. Seeing no reprieve in either, with drooping tail he slunk into the cage.

With one hand clutching her frock over her heart, Carolyn May's big blue eyes overflowed.

"It's just as if he was arrested," she said. "Poor Prince! Has he got to stay there always, Aunt Rose?"

"He'll stay till he learns his lesson," said Mrs. Kennedy grimly, and went on into the garden.

Carolyn May sat down close to the side of the cage, thrust one hand between the slats and held one of the dog's front paws. She had hoped to go into the garden to help Aunt Rose pick peas, but she could not bear to leave Prince alone.

By and by Mrs. Kennedy came up from the garden, her pan heaped with pods. She looked neither in the direction of the prisoner nor at his little mistress.

Prince whined and lay down. He had begun to realize now that this was no play at all, but punishment. He blinked his eyes at Carolyn May and looked as sorry as ever a dog with cropped ears and an abbreviated tail could look.

The peas and potatoes were cooking for dinner when Aunt Rose appeared again. There was the little girl, all of a dewy sleep, lying on the grass by the prison pen. Aunt Rose would have released Prince, but, though he wagged his stump of a tail at her and yawned and blinked, she had still her doubts regarding a mongrel's good nature.

She could not allow the child to sleep there, however; so, stooping, picked up Carolyn May and carried her comfortably into the house, laying her down on the sitting-room couch to have her nap out—as she supposed, without awakening her.

Aunt Rose came away softly and closed the door and while she finished

getting dinner she tried to make no noise which would awaken the child.

Mr. Stagg came home at noon, quite as full of business as usual. To tell the truth, Mr. Stagg always felt bashful in Aunt Rose's presence; and he tried to hide his affliction by conversation. So he talked steadily through the meal.

But somewhere—about at the pie course, it was—he stopped and looked around curiously.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, "where's Hannah's Carolyn?"

"Taking a nap," said Aunt Rose composedly.

"Hum! can't the child get up to her victuals?" demanded Mr. Stagg. "You begin serving that young one separately and you'll make yourself work, Aunt Rose."

"Never trouble about that which doesn't concern you, Joseph Stagg," responded his housekeeper rather tartly. "The Lord has placed the care of Hannah's Carolyn on you and me and I'll do my share and do it proper."

Mr. Stagg shook his head and lost interest in his wedge of berry pie. "There are institutions—" he began weakly; but Aunt Rose said quickly: "Joseph Stagg! I know you for what you are—other people don't. If the neighbors heard you say that they'd think you were a heathen. Your own sister's child!"

"Now, you send Tim, the hackman, up after me this afternoon. I've got to go shopping. The child hasn't a thing to wear but that fancy little black frock, and she'll ruin that playing around. She's got to have frocks and shoes and another hat—all sorts of things. Seems a shame to dress a child like her in black—it's punishment. Makes her affliction double, I do say."

"Well, I suppose we've got to fatter Custom or Custom will weep," growled Mr. Stagg. "But where the money's coming from—"

"Didn't Carolyn's pa leave her none?" asked Aunt Rose promptly.

"Well—not what you'd call a fortune," admitted Mr. Stagg slowly.

"Thanks be you've got plenty, then. And if you haven't I have," said the woman in a tone that quite closed the question of finances.

"Which shows me just where I get off at," muttered Joseph Stagg as he started down the walk for the store. "I knew that young one would be a nuisance."

Carolyn May, who was quite used to taking a nap on the days that she did not go to school, woke up, as bright as a newly minted dollar, very soon after her Uncle Joe left for the store.

"I'm awfully sorry I missed him," she confided to Aunt Rose when she danced into the kitchen. "You see, I want to get acquainted with Uncle Joe just as fast as possible. And he's at home so little I guess that it's going to be hard to do it."

"Oh, is that so? And is it going to be hard to get acquainted with me?" asked the housekeeper curiously.

"Oh, no!" cried Carolyn May, snuggling up to the good woman and patting her plump bare arm. "Why, I'm getting acquainted with you fast, Aunt Rose! You heard me say my prayers and when you laid me down on the couch just now you kissed me."

Aunt Rose actually blushed. "There, there, child!" she exclaimed. "You're too noticing. Eat your dinner, that I've saved warm for you."

"Isn't Prince to have any dinner, Aunt Rose?" asked the little girl. "You may let him out, if you wish, after you have had your dinner. You can feed him under the tree."

Carolyn May was very much excited about an hour later when a rusty closed hack drew up to the front gate of the Stagg place and stopped.

An old man with a square-cut chin whisker and clothing and hat as rusty as the hack itself held the reins over the bony back of the horse that drew the ancient equipage.

"I say, young'un, ain't you out o' yer bailiwick?" queried Tim, the hackman,

staring at the little girl in the Stagg yard.

Carolyn May stood up quickly and tried to look over her shoulder and down her back. It was hard to get all those buttons buttoned straight.

"I don't know," she said, perturbed. "Does it show?"

"Huh?" grunted Tim. "Does what show?"

"What you said," said Carolyn May accusingly. "I don't believe it does."

"Hey!" chuckled the hack driver suddenly. "I meant, do you 'low Mrs. Kennedy knows you're playing in her front yard?"

"Aunt Rose? Why, of course!" Carolyn May declared. "Don't you know I live here?"

"Live here? Get out!" exclaimed the surprised hackman.

"Yes, sir. And Prince too. With my Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose."

"Pitcher of George Washington!" ejaculated Tim. "You don't mean Joe Stagg's taken a young'un to board?"

"He's my guardian," said the little girl primly.

Aunt Rose appeared. She wore a close bonnet, trimmed very plainly, and carried a parcel of drab silk.

Aunt Rose climbed into the creaky old vehicle.

"Are you going to be gone long?" asked Carolyn May politely.

"Not more than two hours, child," said the housekeeper. "Nobody will bother you here—"

"Not while that dog's with her, I reckon," put in Tim, the hackman.

"May I come down the road to meet you, Aunt Rose?" asked the little girl. "I know the way to Uncle Joe's store."

"I don't know any reason why you can't come to meet me," replied Mrs.



He Charged the Little Girl Instead of the Roistering Dog.

Kennedy. "Anyway, you can come along the road as far as the first house. You know that one?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Parlow's," said Carolyn May.

Carolyn May went back into the yard and sat on the front-porch steps and Prince, yawning unhappily, curled down at her feet. There did not seem to be much to do at this place.

She had time now, had Carolyn May, to compare The Corners with the busy Harlem streets with which she had been familiar all her life.

LANDMARK IN CITY OF PENN

Many Philadelphia Citizens Would Deeply Regret the Passing of Famous Old Alehouse.

Some Philadelphians of sentimental and convivial turn are disposed to regard the possible advent of prohibition with gloomy mien, if for no other reason than because it would mean the passing of the Old Ale House, on Drury street near Thirteenth.

It is not age that gives flavor to the Old Ale House. The legend on the rusty signboard which states that it was established by Mary McGillan in 1870 does not count for much in a city where many taverns can trace a direct lineage from the days of Penn. It is rather the garment of tradition with which the old taproom has covered itself.

It was there that this and that heavyweight signed articles for an immortal bout. It was there that politicians hatched a celebrated deal about which newspaper editorials are still being written and public speeches

"Goodness me!" thought Carolyn May, startled by her own imagination, "suppose all the folks in all these houses around here were dead!"

They might have been for all the human noises she heard.

"Goodness me!" she said again, and this time she jumped up, startling Prince from his nap. "Maybe there is a spell cast over all this place," she went on. "Let's go and see if we can find somebody that's alive."

They went out of the yard together and took the dusty road toward the town.

They soon came in sight of the Parlow house and carpenter shop.

"We can't go beyond that," said Carolyn May. "Aunt Rose told us not to. And Uncle Joe says the carpenter-man isn't a pleasant man."

She looked wistfully at the premises. The cottage seemed quite as much under the "spell" as had been those dwellings at The Corners. But from the shop came the sound of a plane shrieking over a long board.

"Oh, Princey!" gasped Carolyn May. "I believe he's making long, curly shavings!"

If there was one thing Carolyn May adored it was curls.

Suddenly Mr. Jedidiah Parlow looked up and saw the wistful, dust-streaked face under the black hat brim and above the black frock. He stared at her for fully a minute, poised the plane over his work. Then he put it down and came to the door of the shop.

"You're Hannah Stagg's little girl, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said, and sighed. Dear me, he knew who she was right away! There would not be any chance of her getting a suit of long curls.

"You've come here to live, have you?" said Mr. Parlow slowly.

"Yes, sir. You see, my papa and mamma were lost at sea—with the Dunraven. It was a mistake, I guess," sighed the little girl, "for they weren't fighting anybody. But the Dunraven got in the way of some ships that were fighting, in a place called the Mediterranean ocean, and the Dunraven was sunk, and only a few folks were saved from it. My papa and mamma weren't saved."

Carolyn learns why her uncle and Amanda Parlow are now so "mad" that they do not speak as they pass each other by. Read all about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOTHERS YIELD TO SCIENCE

Cradle and Crooning Song Both Things of the Past—Baby Must No Longer Be Rocked.

The cradle and the crooning song have gone. Today science says that no mother must rock her baby, either in cradle or in rocking chair. True, the mother may cuddle her cherub while sitting, and the occupation, therefore, while still sedentary, is also stationary.

One ventures much when he takes issue with science. Nevertheless, there were cradles in those days when the earth grew giants. The men of Bunker Hill and of Brandywine all were rocked to sleep in infancy; so were the men of Lundy's Lane and of New Orleans, and likewise, the men of Chautepet, Buena Vista, Gettysburg and Peachtree Creek. Sturdy soldiers they made, and although in this day it perhaps ought not to be said, there are none sturdier fighting anywhere, even though these latter-day warriors were uncradled and uncradled.

She Had Grown Old.

Frederick's mother was showing him a picture just sent from his cousin, a young woman whom he had not seen since she was a young girl. "Why, mother," exclaimed Frederick, "Cousin Elizabeth is old enough to wear hairpins, isn't she?"

still being made. It was there that many a young genius found the inspiration which changed him from a bohemian hack to a successful author. Over it all "Mother" McGillan presided with a discipline at once gentle and stern. The brawls were rare.

The Old Ale House is no less a landmark than a sight. The visitor is usually taken there in the early afternoon, and while he sips the ale from his mug the attentive guide recounts the history, adding a line or two from personal reminiscences. The Ale House seems to fit all moods and to attract a variety of minds. It is furnished in mission wood after the fashion of the English Inns of the eighteenth century, but that is as far as an attempt at atmosphere has been made.

Screen the Waste Can.

The waste can which is effectively screened in with a circle of wire fencing, over which vines have been trained, saves its own particular corner from unsightliness. The vine should be large enough to admit handling of the can it conceals.

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An interesting relic of bygone days has come into the possession of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, in the form of a minute book of the burgh of Selkirk which reveals an instance of a burgher who decided to "take the pledge" not to touch drink, so long ago as 1592. The burgher, Thomas Kerr, gave as his bond "one pair of gray russet breikis."

Practice Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness ought to be the viaticum vitae of their life to the old; age without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun; and this spirit of cheerfulness should be encouraged in our youth if we would have the benefit of it in our old age; time will make a generous wine more mellow; but it will turn that which is early on the fret, to vinegar.—Colton.

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