



**CAROLYN LEARNS WHY HER UNCLE AND AMANDA PARLOW DO NOT SPEAK AS THEY PASS.**

**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.**

"So?" said the carpenter, pushing his big spectacles up to his forehead. "I read about it. Too bad—too mighty bad! I remember Hannah Stagg," he added, winking his eyes, Carolyn May thought, a good deal as Prince did. "You look like her."

"Do it?" Carolyn May returned, drawing nearer. "I'm glad I do. And I'm glad I sleep in what used to be her bed, too. It doesn't seem so lonesome."

"So? I reckoned you'd be lonesome up there at The Corners," said the carpenter.

Mr. Parlow stripped another shaving from the edge of the board he was plumbing. Carolyn May's eager eyes followed that curling ribbon and her lips parted.

The carpenter paused before pushing the plane a second time the length of the board. "Don't you want a drink of water, little girl?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir—I would. And I know Prince would like a drink," she told him quickly.

"Go right around to the well in the back yard," said Mr. Parlow. "You'll find a glass there—and Mandy keeps a pan on the well curb for the dogs and cats."

"Thank you, I'll go," the little girl said.

She hoped she would see Miss Amanda Parlow, but she saw nobody. She went back to the door of the carpenter shop and found Mr. Parlow still busily at work.

"Seems to me," he said, in his dry voice, after a little while, "you aren't much like other little girls."

"Aren't I?" responded Carolyn May wonderingly.

"No. Most little girls that come here want shavings to play with," said the carpenter, quizzically eyeing her over his work.

"Oh!" cried Carolyn May, almost jumping. "And do you give 'em to 'em?"

"Most always," admitted Mr. Parlow.

"Oh! Can I have some?" she gasped.

"All you want," said Mr. Parlow.

When Tim's old hack crawled along the road from town with Aunt Rose sitting inside, enthroned amidst a multitude of bundles, Carolyn May was bedecked with a veritable wig of long, crisp curls.

"Well, child, you certainly have made a mess of yourself," said the housekeeper. "Has she been annoying you, Jedidiah Parlow?"

"She's the only Stagg that ain't annoyed me since her mother went away," said the carpenter gruffly.

Aunt Rose looked at him levelly. "I wonder," she said. "But, you see, she isn't wholly a Stagg."

This, of course, did not explain matters to Carolyn May in the least. Nor did what Aunt Rose said to her on the way home in the hot, stuffy hack help the little girl to understand the trouble between her uncle and Mr. Parlow.

"Better not let Joseph Stagg see you so friendly with Jedidiah Parlow. Let sleeping dogs lie," Mrs. Kennedy observed.

**CHAPTER V.**

**A Tragic Situation.**

Such was the introduction of Carolyn May to The Corners. It was not a very exciting life she had entered into, but the following two or three weeks were very full.

Aunt Rose insisted upon her being properly fitted out with clothing for the summer and fall. Carolyn May had to go to the dressmaker's house to be fitted and that is how she became acquainted with Chet Gormley's mother.

Mrs. Gormley was helping the dressmaker and they both made much of Carolyn May. Aunt Rose allowed her to go for her fitting alone—of course

with Prince as a companion—so, without doubt, Mrs. Gormley, who loved a "dish of gossip," talked more freely with the little girl than she would have done in Mrs. Kennedy's presence.

One afternoon the little girl appeared at the dressmaker's with Prince's collar decorated with short, curly shavings.

"I take it you've stopped at Jed Parlow's shop, child," said Mrs. Gormley with a sigh.

"Yes, ma'am," returned Carolyn May. "Do you know, he's very lib'ral."

"Lib'ral?" repeated Mrs. Gormley. "I never heard of old Jed Parlow being accused of that before. Did you, Mrs. Maine?"

Mrs. Maine was the dressmaker; and she bit off her words when she spoke, much as she bit off her threads. "No, I never—heard Jed Parlow—called that—no!" declared Mrs. Maine emphatically.

"Why, yes," little Carolyn May said quite eagerly, "he gives me all the shavings I want. I—I guess folks don't just understand about Mr. Parlow," she added, remembering what her uncle had first said about the carpenter. "He is real lib'ral."

"It's a wonder to me," drawled Mrs. Gormley, "that he has a thing to do with a certain party, Mrs. Maine, considerin' how his daughter feels toward that certain party's relation. What d'you think?"

"I guess—there's sumpin'—to be said—on both sides o' that controversy," responded the dressmaker.

"Meanin' that mebbe a certain party's relative feels just as cross as Mandy Parlow?" suggested Mrs. Gormley.

"Yep," agreed the other woman.

Carolyn May listened, much puzzled. She wondered just who "a certain party" could be.

Mrs. Maine was called away upon some household task and Mrs. Gormley seemed to change the subject of conversation.

"Don't your uncle, Mr. Stagg, ever speak to you about Mandy Parlow?" she asked the little girl.

Carolyn May had to think about this before answering. Then she remembered.

"Oh, yes," she said brightly.

"He does? Do tell!" exclaimed Mrs. Gormley eagerly. "What does he say?"

"Why, he says her name is Miss Amanda Parlow."

Mrs. Gormley flushed rather oddly and glanced at the child with suspicion. But little Carolyn May was perfectly frank and ingenuous.

"Humph!" ejaculated Chet's mother. "He never says nothing about bel'n in love with Mandy, does he? They was goin' with each other steady once."

The little girl looked puzzled.

"When folks love each other they look at each other and talk to each other, don't they?" she asked.

"Well—yes—generally," admitted Mrs. Gormley.

"Then my Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda Parlow aren't in love," announced Carolyn May with confidence, "for they don't even look at each other."

"They used to. Why, Joseph Stagg and Mandy Parlow was sweethearts years and years ago! Long before your mother left these parts, child."

"That was a long time 'fore I was borned," said the little girl wonderingly.

"Oh, yes. Everybody that went to The Corners' church thought they'd be married."

"My Uncle Joe and Miss Mandy?"

"Yes."

"Then, what would have become of Aunt Rose?" queried Carolyn May.

"Oh, Mrs. Kennedy hadn't gone to keep house for Mr. Stagg then," replied Mrs. Gormley. "He tried several triffin' critters there at the Stagg place before she took hold."

Carolyn May looked at Mrs. Gormley encouragingly. She was very much interested in Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda Parlow's love affair.

"Why didn't they get married—like my papa and mamma?" she asked. "Oh, goodness knows!" exclaimed Mrs. Gormley. "Some says 'twas his fault and some says 'twas hers. And mebbe 'twas a third party's that I might mention at that," added Mrs. Gormley, pursing up her lips in a very knowing way.

"One day," she said, growing confidential, "it was in camp-meeting time—one day somebody seen Joe Stagg drivin' out with another girl—Charlotte Lenny, that was. She was married to a man over in Springdale long ago. Mr. Stagg took Charlotte to Faith camp meeting."

"Then, the very next week, Mandy went with Evan Peckham to a barn dance at Crockett's, and nobody ain't ever seen your uncle and Mandy Parlow speak since, much less ever walk together."

One particularly muddy day Prince met the returning hardware merchant at the gate with vociferous barking and a plain desire to implant a welcoming tongue on the man's cheek. He succeeded in muddying Mr. Stagg's suit with his front paws, and almost cast the angry man full length into a mud puddle.

"Drat the beast!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg. "I'd rather have an epileptic fit loose around here than him. Now, look at these clothes! I declare, Carolyn, you've lost got to tie that mongrel up—and keep him tied!"

"All the time, Uncle Joe?" whispered the little girl.

"Yes, ma'am, all the time! If I find him loose again, I'll tie a bag of rocks to his neck and drop him in the deep hole in the brook."

After this awful threat Prince lived a precarious existence, and his mistress was much worried for him. Aunt Rose said nothing, but she saw that both the little girl and her canine friend were very unhappy.

Mrs. Kennedy, however, had watched Mr. Joseph Stagg for years. Indeed, she had known him as a boy.



"I Reckoned You'd Be Lonesome Up There at the Corners," said the Carpenter.

long before she had closed up her own little cottage around on the other road and come to the Stagg place to save the hardware merchant from the continued reign of those "trifling creatures" of whom Mrs. Gormley had spoken.

As a bachelor Joseph Stagg had been preyed upon by certain female harpies so prevalent in a country community. Some had families whom they partly supported out of Mr. Stagg's larder; some were widows who looked upon the well-to-do merchant as a marrying proposition.

Aunt Rose Kennedy did not need the position of Mr. Stagg's housekeeper and could not be accused of assuming it from mercenary motives. Over her back fence she had seen the havoc going on in the Stagg homestead after Hannah Stagg went to the city and Joseph Stagg's final female relative had died and left him alone in the big house.

One day the old Quaker-like woman could stand no more. She put on her sunbonnet, came around by the road to the front door of the Stagg house, which she found open, and walked through to the rear porch on which the woman who then held the situation of housekeeper was wrapping up the best feather bed and pillows in a pair of the best homespun sheets, preparatory to their removal.

The neighbors enjoyed what followed. Aunt Rose came through the ordeal as dignified and unruffled as ever; the retiring incumbent went away wrathfully, shaking the dust of the premises from her garments as a testimony against "any such actions."

When Mr. Stagg came home at supper time he found Aunt Rose at the helm and already a different air about the place.

"Goodness me, Aunt Rose," he said, biting into her biscuit ravenously. "I was a-goin' down to the mill-hands' hotel to board. I couldn't stand it no longer. If you'd stay here and do for me, I'd feel like a new man."

"You ought to be made over into a new man, Joseph Stagg," the woman said sternly. "A married man."

"No, no! Never that!" gasped the hardware dealer.

"If I came here, Joseph Stagg, it would cost you more money than you've been paying these no-account women."

"I don't care," said Mr. Stagg recklessly. "Go ahead. Do what you please. Say what you want. I'm game."

Thereby he had put himself into Aunt Rose's power. She had renovated the old kitchen and some of the other rooms. If Mr. Stagg at first trembled for his bank balance, he was made so comfortable that he had not the heart to murmur.

Of course, Carolyn May let Prince run at large when she was sure Uncle Joe was well out of sight of the house, but she was very careful to chain him up again long before her uncle was expected to return.

Prince had learned not to chase anything that wore feathers; Aunt Rose herself had to admit that he was a very intelligent dog and knew what punishment was for. But how did he know that in trying to dig out a mole he would be doing more harm than good?

Carolyn is heartbroken and decides upon drastic action when Uncle Joe passes sentence on Prince. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**WARM WELCOME FOR TWINS**

Their Arrival in an English Home Meant Two Extra Sugar Rations for Family.

Capt. Norman Thwaites of the British intelligence department said the other day:

"The sugar shortage is felt keenly over the water. It's odd how you miss your sugar over there. You long for it as you'd long for tobacco."

"A Bayswater special constable hurried home from his beat at the Marble Arch the other evening to be present on a very interesting occasion, and, as he sat in his library in the small hours, the nurse came to him and said:

"It's all right, sir."

"The Bayswater man swallowed; he moistened his dry lips; then he asked: 'Is it a boy?'"

"The nurse smiled soothingly.

"One of 'em's a boy, sir," she said.

"And the Bayswater man, instead of turning pale or smothering an oath, as he'd probably done in peace time, uttered a glad cry of joy.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, "that gives us two extra sugar rations."

**To Get Coffee Extract.**

Under a recent French patent an integral coffee extract is obtained in the following manner: Powdered coffee is heated in a series of closed vessels to a heat lying near the roasting point, and it is traversed by a current of cold air or inert gas. Such air charged with aromatic particles is sent direct into another set of chambers holding a dry powder or extract of coffee, this latter having been prepared from previously treated coffee, which has been deprived of aromatic substances. Such dry extract is obtained by infusion, concentration, then evaporation and transforming to a dry powder. To this extract the aromatic substances are added.

**Nature's Coloring.**

For all fruits and flowers only three coloring substances are furnished by nature. One of these is the familiar "chlorophyll," which paints the beans and the peas, the watermelon, and the leaves of the trees so vivid a green. Another is "xanthophyll," which exhibits its intense yellow in the carrot, for example. The third is "erythrophyll," which shows its rich red in the beet. The last two are only modified "chlorophyll," however. But it is marvelous to realize that all the varied hues of flowers and fruits are due to these three substances mixed in different proportions.

**Bell Note Bird.**

A remarkable piping bird is known as the bell-bird. Four species are known of which two are pure, glossy white; one is brownish with a white head and neck, and one is white with black wings. Its call is like the note, clear and melodious, of a beautiful bell. Sometimes it utters only one note, then rests. When several of these birds call and answer, the effect is beautiful. The bell-birds, which belong to the chattering family, are found in Central America south to Brazil.

**How Cloves Are Cured.**

In the Spice Islands the cloves are sometimes cured by being smoked over a wood fire until they assume a deep brown color, when the further drying is accomplished by the sun. Occasionally the buds are scalded before being dried. If bright sunny days prevail artificial heat may be dispensed with and the buds sun-dried from first to last. The crop loses about 60 per cent in drying.



**DIFFERENCES SEEN IN HENS**

Individuals of Same Breed Are Not Always Equal in Respect to Meat or Egg Production.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Among general-purpose fowls all are not equal in respect to either meat or egg production. The difference is not due to size, or to the shape of birds in like condition, but lies in those things which keep one fowl in good laying condition when another goes out of condition, that enable one to lay continuously through a long period and still keep in good condition, while another loses flesh, becomes poor and thin, and incapable of further egg production—until she has had a rest—after a comparatively short period of laying.

The existence of all these, however, is not enough to insure good laying. There must, of course, be reasonably good management, even if the keeper has not special skill. But if with these qualities which make for continual lay-



Rhode Island Red Hen.

ing, there exists a tendency to put on fat whenever laying is interrupted, only unremitting skillful management to keep a hen in good laying condition will make her a first-class egg producer.

The egg type or laying type of hen, in any breed, is the hen that with the qualities that make for good egg production, has no quality which is an obstacle to continual laying. The meat type is not the converse of the egg type, even though the hen that is not a good layer is fit only for meat.

The meat type, in all kinds of poultry, is the type that grows rapidly and at maturity carries abundant flesh, especially where the preferred parts of the meat are produced. The most desirable meat type is rather fine in bone, with the frame well knit but not too compact. Under any kind of good management a hen of this type that is in normal condition will be a good layer. She may not lay any better than a hen not quite as well fleshed, but she ought to lay just as well, and when the time comes to make meat of her she makes more and better meat, and as a breeder she naturally tends to reproduce offspring that will make more and better meat.

Such hens are in reality of the dual purpose type, no matter what their size or breed. They are equally valuable for eggs and meat. That is the kind of stock that will contribute most to the big increase in poultry that is wanted. It is the dual-purpose type of every breed—a type that exists in every breed, and can easily be made the prevalent type without detriment to any breed, and to the benefit of every breed—that has suffered from neglect.

**POULTRY RAISING ON FARMS**

Little Capital is Required and Nothing Equals it as Profitable Side Line.

Poultry raising requires very little capital, but there are very few side-lines, if indeed there are any, that are equal to it for profitable production. Much is said of the time it requires for raising young fowls. But do not forget that when they are managed properly the fowls pay liberally for the time required to raise them. Farming is greatly handicapped for lack of cash and when any side-line can be found that requires little money but considerable labor it is attractive. Such is poultry raising on the farm.