



Carolyn of the Corners

BY
RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

COPYRIGHT - 1916 - BY
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY.

PRINCE PROVES HIMSELF A REAL CANINE HERO AND WINS APPROVAL OF THE CORNERS.

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 Carlyn—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. Carolyn learns of the estrangement between her uncle and his one-time sweetheart, Amanda Parlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Aunt Rose remained, apparently, as austere as ever, while Joseph Stagg was quite as much immersed in business as formerly. Yet there were times, when she and the child were alone, that Mrs. Kennedy unbent, in a greater or less degree. And on the part of Joseph Stagg, he found himself thinking of sunny-haired, blue-eyed "Hannah's Carlyn" with increasing frequency.

"Didn't you ever have any little girls, Aunt Rose?" Carolyn May asked the housekeeper on one of these intimate occasions. "Or little boys? I mean of your very own."

"Yes," said Aunt Rose in a matter-of-fact tone. "Three. But only to have them in my arms for a very little while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite wrong with them all, so the doctors said."

"Oh, my dear! All three of them?" sighed Carolyn May.

"Two girls and a boy. Only one lived to be three months old. They are all buried behind the church yonder."

The next morning early Carolyn May, with Prince, went over into the churchyard and found the three little stones in a row. She knew they must be the right ones, for there was a bigger stone, with the inscription, "Frank Kennedy, beloved spouse of Rose Kennedy," upon it.

The names on the three little stones were Emmeline, Frank, Jr., and Clarissa. Weeds and tall grass had begun to sprout about the little, lozenge-shaped stones and about the taller one.

While she was thus engaged, a tall man in black—looking rather "weedy" himself, if the truth were told—came across the graveyard and stood beside her. He wore a broad band of crepe around his hat and oh his arm, and was very grave and serious-looking.

"Who are you, little girl?" he asked, his voice being quite agreeable and his tone kindly.

"I'm Carlyn May, if you please," she replied, looking up at him frankly.

"Carlyn May Stagg?" he asked.

"You're Mr. Stagg's little girl? I've heard of you."

"Carlyn May Cameron," she corrected seriously. "I'm only staying with Uncle Joe. He is my guardian, and he had to take me, of course, when my papa and mamma were lost at sea."

"Indeed?" returned the gentleman. "Do you know who I am?"

"I—I think," said Carolyn May, doubtfully, "that you must be the undertaker."

For a moment the gentleman looked startled. Then he flushed a little, but his eyes twinkled.

"The undertaker?" he murmured.

"Do I look like that?"

"Excuse me, sir," said Carolyn May. "I don't really know you, you know. Maybe you're not the undertaker."

"No, I am not. Though our undertaker, Mr. Salvins, is a very good man."

"Yes, sir," said the little girl, politely.

"I am the pastor here—your pastor, I hope," he said, putting a kind hand upon her head.

"Oh, I know you now!" said Carolyn May brightly. "You're the man Uncle Joe says is going to get a strange hold on Satan now that vacation is over."

Rev. Afton Driggs looked rather odd again. The shocking frankness of the child came pretty near to flooring him.

"I—ahem! Your uncle compliments me," he said drily. "You don't know that he is ready to do his share, do you?"

"His share?" repeated the puzzled little girl.

"Toward strangling the Evil One,"

pursued the minister, a wry smile curling the corners of his lips.

"Has he got a share in it, too?" asked Carolyn May.

"I think we all should have," said the minister, looking down at her with returning kindness in his glance. "Even little girls like you."

Carolyn May looked at him quite seriously.

"Do you s'pose," she asked him confidentially, "that Satan is really wicked enough to trouble little girls?"

It was a startling bit of new philosophy thus suggested, and Mr. Driggs shook his head in grave doubt. But it gave him something to think of all that day; and the first sermon preached in The Corners church that autumn seemed rather different from most of those solid, indigestible discourses that the good man was wont to drone out to his parishioners.

"Dunno but it is worth while to give the parson a vacation," pronounced Uncle Joe at the dinner table. "Seems to me his sermon this morning seemed to have a new snap to it. Mebbe he'll give old Satan a hard rub this winter, after all."

"Joseph Stagg!" said Aunt Rose admonishingly.

"I think he's a very nice man," said Carolyn May suddenly. "And I kept awake most of the time—you see, I heard poor Princey howling for me here, where he was tied up."

"Hum!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg. "Which kept you awake—the dog or the minister?"

"Oh, I like Mr. Driggs very much," the little girl assured him. "And he's in great 'flection, too, I am sure. He wears crepe on his hat and sleeve."

"Huh, so he does," grunted Mr. Stagg. "He's 'most always in mourning for somebody or something."

"Do you s'pose, Uncle Joe, that he looks up enough? It does just seem to me as though poor Mr. Driggs must always be looking down instead of looking up to see the sunshine and the blue sky and—the mountains, like my papa said you should."

Uncle Joe was silent. Aunt Rose said, very briskly for her:

"And your papa was right, Carlyn May. He was a very sensible man. I have no doubt."

"Oh, he was quite a wonderful man," said the little girl with full assurance.

It was on the following morning that school opened. The Corners district school was a red building, with a squatty bell tower and two front doors, standing not far up the road beyond the church.

Miss Minnie Lester taught the school, and although Miss Minnie looked very sharply through her glasses at one, Carolyn May thought she was going to love the teacher very much.

Indeed, that was Carolyn May's attitude toward almost everybody whom she met. She expected to love and to be loved. Was it any wonder she made so many friends?

There proved, however, at the start, to be a little difficulty with Miss Minnie. Prince would not remain at home. He howled and whined for the first half of Monday morning's session—as Aunt Rose confessed, almost driving her mad. Then he slipped his collar and tore away on Carolyn May's cold trail.

Into the school marched the dog, having drawn the staple with which his chain had been fastened to the bole of the tree in Mr. Stagg's back yard.

Miss Minnie was both alarmed and angry. Some of the little girls shrieked and wept when Prince pranced over to Carolyn May's seat.

"If you do not shut that awful dog up so that he cannot follow you here, Carolyn May, I shall speak to your uncle, Mr. Stagg, about it. Ugh, the ugly beast! Take him away at once!"

So Carolyn May's schooldays at The

Corners did not begin very happily, after all. She had always loved and been loved by every teacher she had ever had before. But Miss Minnie seemed prejudiced against her because of Prince.

The little girl felt badly about this, but she was of too cheerful a temperament to droop for long under the pressure of any trouble. The other children liked her, and Carolyn May found plenty of playmates.

It was on the last Friday in the month that something happened which quite changed Miss Minnie's attitude towards "that mongrel." Incidentally, The Corners, as a community, was fully awakened from its lethargy, and, as it chanced, like the Sleeping Beauty and all her retinue, by a Prince.

The school session on Friday afternoons was always shortened. This day Mr. Brady, one of the school trustees, came to review the school and, before he left, to pay Miss Minnie her salary for the month.

Carolyn May had permission from Aunt Rose to go calling that afternoon. Freda Payne, whom she liked very much, lived up the road beyond the schoolhouse, and she had invited the little city girl to come to see her. Of course, Prince had to be included in the invitation. Freda fully understood that, and Carolyn May took him on his leash.

They saw Miss Minnie at her desk when they went past the schoolhouse. She was correcting written exercises. Carolyn May secretly hoped that her own was much better than she feared it was.

Not far beyond the schoolhouse Prince began to growl, and the hairs stiffened on his neck.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Prince?" demanded Carolyn May.

In a moment she saw the cause of the dog's continued agitation. A roughly dressed, bewhiskered man sat beside the road eating a lunch out of a newspaper. He leered at Carolyn May and said:

"I guess you got a bad dog there, ain't ye, little girl?"

"Oh, no! He's usually very polite," answered Carolyn May. "You must be still, Prince! You see," she explained, "he doesn't like folks to wear old



But He Was Soon Baying the Fellow Past the Blacksmith Shop and the Store.

clothes. If—if you had on your Sunday suit, I'm quite sure he would not growl at you."

"He wouldn't, hey?" said the man hoarsely, licking his fingers of the last crumbs of his lunch. "An' suppose a feller ain't got no Sunday suit?"

"Why then, I s'pose Prince wouldn't ever let you come into our yard—if he was loose."

"Don't let him loose now, little girl," said the fellow, getting up hurriedly and eyeing the angry dog askance.

"Oh, no, sir. We're going visiting up the road. Come away, Prince. I won't let him touch you," she assured the man.

The latter seemed rather doubtful of her ability to hold the dog long, and he hobbled away towards the schoolhouse.

Carolyn May had a very pleasant call—Freda's mother even approved of Prince—and it was an hour before the two started for home. In sight of the school house Prince gave evidence again of excitement.

"I wonder what is the matter with you now," Carolyn May began, when suddenly she sighted what had evidently so disturbed the dog.

A man was crouching under one of the schoolhouse windows, bobbing up now and then to peer in. It was the man whom they had previously seen beside the road.

"Hush, Prince!" whispered little Carolyn May, holding the dog by the collar.

She, too, could see through the open window. Miss Minnie was still at her desk. She had finished correcting the pupils' papers. Now she had her bag open and was counting the money Mr. Brady had given her.

"O-o-oh!" breathed Carolyn May, clinging to the eager dog's collar.

The man at the window suddenly left his position and slipped around to

the door. In a moment he appeared in the schoolroom before the startled teacher.

Miss Minnie screamed. The man, with a rough throat, darted forward to seize her purse.

Just then Carolyn May unsnapped the leash from Prince's collar and let him go.

"Save Miss Minnie, Prince!" she cried after the charging dog.

Prince did not trouble about the door. The open window, through which the tramp had spied upon the schoolmistress, was nearer. He went up the wall and scrambled over the sill with a savage determination that left no doubt whatever in the tramp's mind.

With a yell of terror the fellow bounded out of the door and tore along the road and through The Corners at a speed never before equaled in that locality by a knight of the road.

Prince lost a little time in recovering his footing and again getting on the trail of the fleeing tramp. But he was soon baying the fellow past the blacksmith shop and the store.

The incident called the entire population of The Corners, save the bedridden, to the windows and doors. For once the little, somnolent village awoke.

Prince continues to prove that he is a very important character in this story. The next installment tells how he is concerned in another incident that may be heard from later. Don't miss this.

COAL PYRITE IN EXPLOSIVES

Iowa Geologists Investigate Coal Fields for Needed Mineral, With Excellent Results.

An investigation of pyrite, an essential material in the manufacture of high explosives, is being made in the coal fields of Iowa under the direction of Dean George E. Kay of the University of Iowa, who is director of the Iowa geological survey. High explosives are made with the aid of sulphuric acid, which in turn is made chiefly by roasting pyrite, popularly known as "fool's gold." Hence the mineral is in great demand.

For many years pyrite for acid production has been imported from Spain, states Doctor Kay. But in order to save the ships for more urgent uses, the shipping board has sharply reduced the import of pyrite. The domestic production of the mineral must then be unusually large, he declares.

New York, Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama have pyrite mines, and Illinois and several other states are producing a small tonnage from coal mines. Many hundred thousand tons are quickly available from coal mines, says the state geologist, if the government's explosive program requires it.

The method of preparing coal pyrite for shipment to acid plants is simple and cheap. The "sulphur balls" must be separated from adhering coal, and be crushed, washed and screened into lump and fine sizes. Coal miners are willing to load pyrite, and the operators to hoist and ship it, if war industries demand it.

First-Hand Earthquake News.

A volcanologist of the Carnegie Geophysical laboratory reports that he has nearly perfected apparatus for recording upon wax cylinders the subterranean sounds of earthquakes, says the Scientific American. "The ordinary commercial cylinders are unsuitable for this delicate work, and accordingly the laboratory has secured a supply of cylinders of the old, pure wax type. The microphone used in this connection has also been greatly improved and a perfect little portable field outfit weighing less than a pound has been evolved."

Naughty Mamma's Boy.

My husband, who is at Camp Sherman, wrote home and told us this joke the boys played on a "mamma's boy" who was the goat of the whole company. One night while he was over to the Y. M. C. A. they fixed up the head of his cot with sticks and tied a string to them, then waited until he got sound asleep and pulled the strings, out came the sticks and down went the bed. He nearly exploded he was so mad and my husband said had you been listening you could have heard him swearing clear home.—Chicago Tribune.

All in Some Day.

One day at a Southern camp one of the negro soldiers was showing me a service pin with three stars which he always carried in his pocket. I asked him who the relatives were and he replied: "One is fo' maseif an' the other two is fo' ma brudders; one is going to enlist an' the other is in the next draft."—Exchange.

By No Means Secure. Friend—"I see your son Sambo has secured a position." Rastus—"No, He have got one, but he ain't secured it yet. His boss says he am liable to fire him any minute."—Life.

SALTS FINE FOR ACHING KIDNEYS

We eat too much meat which clogs Kidneys, then the Back hurts.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

His Summer Name.

One day William, while visiting his grandmother, met the woman across the hall with her little dog. William inquired what she called the dog and she replied: "We call him Zero because we got him in the winter." William then asked: "Well, if you call him Zero in the winter what do you call him in the summer?"

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin

When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented, dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

SUFFERING CATS! GIVE THIS MAN THE GOLD MEDAL

No humbug! Any corn, whether hard, soft or between the toes, will loosen right up and lift out without a particle of pain or soreness.

This drug is called Freezone and is a compound of ether discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Ask at any drug store for a small bottle of Freezone, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callous.

Put a few drops directly upon any tender, aching corn or callous. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly the corn or callous will loosen and can be lifted off with the fingers.

This drug Freezone doesn't eat out the corns or callouses but shrivels them without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Just think! No pain at all; no soreness or smarting when applying it or afterwards. If your druggist don't have Freezone have him order it for you.—Adv.

Yes, Why Is It?

Said the facetious feller, "Why is it when a man goes to a butcher shop and learns that the price of chuck roast is 55 cents a pound he involuntarily allows his mind to revert to thoughts of the flesh and the devil?"—Indianapolis Star.

Itching Rashes — Soothed — With Cuticura

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

ELECTRIC MOTORS

Bought, Sold, Rented and Repaired
WALKER ELECTRIC WORKS
Burnside, cor. 16th. Portland, Ore.

BUY DIRECT

Do Your Own Plumbing

By buying direct from us at wholesale prices and save the plumber's profits. Write us today your needs. We will give you our rock-bottom "direct-to-you" prices, f. o. b. rail or boat. We actually save you from 10 to 25 per cent. All goods guaranteed.

Northwest headquarters for Leader Water Systems and Fuller & Johnson Engines.

STARK-DAVIS CO.
212 Third Street. Portland, Oregon

P. N. U. No. 4, 1919