

# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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## PRINCE BECOMES A HERO OF ANOTHER ADVENTURE WHICH INCREASES HIS POPULARITY.

**Synopsis.**—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk. Carolyn May Cameron—Hanna'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. Prince, the mongrel dog that Carolyn brought with her, and the boon companion of the lonesome girl, is in disfavor with Uncle Joe, who threatens to dispose of him, but Prince becomes a hero and wins the approval of the Corners by routing a tramp in the act of robbing the schoolteacher.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A Sunday Walk.

Really if Prince had been a vain dog his ego would certainly have become unduly developed because of this incident. The Corners, as a community, voted him an acquisition, whereas heretofore he had been looked upon as a good deal of a nuisance.

After she recovered from her fright Miss Minnie walked home with Carolyn May and allowed Prince's delighted little mistress to encourage the "hero" to "shake hands with teacher."

"Now, you see, he's acquainted with you, Miss Minnie," said Carolyn May. "He's an awful nice dog. You didn't know just how nice he was before."

Almost everybody went to church and all the children to Sunday school, which was held first.

The Rev. Afton Driggs, though serious-minded, was a loving man. He was fond of children and he and his childless wife gave much of their attention to the Sunday school. Mrs. Driggs taught Carolyn May's class of little girls. Mrs. Driggs did her very best, too, to get the children to stay to the preaching service, but Carolyn May had to confess that the pastor's discourses were usually hard to understand.

"And he is always reading about the 'Begats,'" she complained gently to Uncle Joe as they went home together on this particular Sunday. "and I can't keep interested when he does that. I s'pose the 'Begats' were very nice people, but I'm sure they weren't related to us—they've all got such funny names."

"Hum!" ejaculated Uncle Joe, smothering a desire to laugh. "Flow gently, sweet Afton, does select his passages of Scripture mostly from the 'valleys of dry bones.' I allow. You've got it about right there, Carolyn May."

"Uncle Joe," said the little girl, taking her courage in both hands, "will you do something for me?" Then, as he stared down at her from under his bushy brows, she added: "I don't mean that you aren't always doing something for me—letting me sleep here at your house and eat with you and all that. But something special."

"What is the 'something special?'" asked Mr. Stagg cautiously.

"Something I want you to do today. You always go off to your store after dinner and when you come home it's too dark."

"Too dark for what?"

"For us to take a walk," said the little girl very earnestly. "Oh, Uncle Joe, you don't know how dreadful I miss taking Sunday walks with my papa! Of course we took 'em in the morning, for he had to go to work on the paper in the afternoon, but we did just about go everywhere. If you would go with me," the little girl added wistfully, "just this afternoon, seems to me I wouldn't feel so—so empty."

"Humph!" said Uncle Joe, clearing his throat. "If it's going to do you any particular good, Carlyn May, I suppose I can take a walk with you."

It was a crisp day—one of those autumn days when the tang of frost remains in the air, in spite of all the efforts of the sun to warm it.

Here and there they stopped to pick up the glossy brown chestnuts that had burst from their burrs. That is, Carolyn May and her uncle did. Prince, after a single attempt to nose one of the prickly burrs, left them strictly alone.

"You might just as well try to eat Aunt Rose's strawberry needle cushion, Princey," the little girl said wisely. "You'll have a sorer nose than Anos Bartlett had when he tried to file it down with a wood rasp."

"Hum!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg. "Whatever possessed that Bartlett child to do such a fool trick?"

"Why, you know his nose is awfully big," said Carolyn May. "And his mother is always worried about it. She must have worried Amos, too, for one day last week he went over to Mr. Parlow's shop, borrowed a wood rasp and tried to file his nose down to a proper size. And now he has to go with his nose all greased and shiny till the new skin grows back on it."

"Bless me, what these kids will do!" muttered Mr. Stagg.

It was just at that moment that the little girl and the man, becoming really good comrades on this walk, met with an adventure. At least to Carolyn May it was a real adventure and one she was not to forget for a long, long time.

Prince suddenly bounded away, barking, down a pleasant glade, through the bottom of which flowed a brook. Carolyn May caught a glimpse of something brown moving down there and she called shrilly to the dog to come back.

"But that's somebody, Uncle Joe," Carolyn May said with assurance, as the dog slowly returned. "Prince never barks like that unless it's a person. And I saw something move."

"Somebody taking a walk, like us. Couldn't be a deer," said Mr. Stagg. "Oh," cried Carolyn May later. "I see it again. That's a skirt I see. Why it's a lady!"

Mr. Stagg suddenly grew very stern-looking, as well as silent. All the beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. He went on stubbornly, yet as though loath to proceed.

"Why," murmured Carolyn May. "It's Miss Amanda Parlow! That's who it is!"

The carpenter's daughter was sitting on a bare brown log by the brook. She was dressed very prettily, all in brown.

Carolyn May wanted awfully to speak to Miss Amanda. The brown lady with the pretty roses in her cheeks sat on a log by the brook, her face turned from the path Joseph Stagg and his little niece were coming along.

And Uncle Joe was quite stubborn. He stared straight ahead down the path without letting the figure on the log get into the focus of his vision.

Hanging to Uncle Joe's hand but looking longingly at the silent figure on the log, Carolyn May was going down to the stepping stones by which they were to cross the brook, when suddenly Prince came to a halt right at the upper end of the log and his body stiffened.

"What is it, Prince?" whispered his little mistress. "Come here."

But the dog did not move. He even growled—not at Miss Amanda, of course, but at something on the log. And it was just then that Carolyn May wanted to scream—and she could not!

For there on the log, raising its flat, wicked head out of an aperture, was a snake, a horrid, silent, writhing creature, the look of which held the little girl horror-stricken and speechless.

Uncle Joe glanced down impatiently, to see what made her hold back so. The child's feet seemed glued to the earth. She could not take another step.

Writhing out of the hole in the log and coiling, as it did so, into an attitude to strike, the snake looked to be dangerous indeed. The fact that it was only a large blacksnake and non-poisonous made no difference at that moment to the dog or to the little girl—nor to Joseph Stagg when he saw it.

It was coiled right at Miss Amanda's back. She did not see it, for she was quite as intent upon keeping her face turned from Mr. Stagg as he had been determined to ignore her presence.

Carolyn May was shaking and helpless. Not so Prince. He repeated his challenging growl and then sprang at the vibrating head. Miss Amanda uttered a stifled scream and jumped up from the log, vixing to see what was happening behind her.

Joseph Stagg dropped Carolyn May's hand and leaped forward with his walking stick raised to strike. But the mongrel dog was there first. He wisely caught the blacksnake behind the head, his strong, sharp teeth severing its vertebrae.

"Good dog!" shouted Mr. Stagg excitedly. "Fine dog!"

"Oh, Miss Amanda!" shrieked Carolyn May. "I—I thought he was going to sting you—I did!"

She ran to the startled woman and clung to her hand. Prince nosed the dead snake. Mr. Stagg looked exceedingly foolish. Miss Amanda recovered her color and her voice simultaneously.

"What a brave dog yours is, little girl," she said to Carolyn May. "And I do so despise snakes!" Then she looked directly at Mr. Stagg and bowed gravely. "I thank you," she said, but so coldly, so Carolyn May thought, that her voice might have come "just off an iceberg."

"Oh, I didn't do anything—really I didn't," stammered the man. "It was the dog."

Both looked very uncomfortable. Joseph Stagg began to pick up the scattered chestnuts from the overturned basket. The lady stooped and whispered to Carolyn May:

"Come to see me, my dear. I want to know you better."

Then she kissed Carolyn May and slipped quietly away from the brook, disappearing quickly in the undergrowth.

Joseph Stagg and the little girl went on across the stepping stones, while Prince splashed through the



Leaped Forward With His Walking Stick to Strike.

water. Carolyn May was thinking about Miss Amanda Parlow and she believed her Uncle Joe was, too.

"Uncle Joe," she said, "would that bad old snake have stung Miss Amanda?"

"Huh? No; I reckon not," admitted Mr. Stagg absent-mindedly. "Blacksnakes don't bite. A big one like that can squeeze some."

"But you were scared of it—like me and Prince. And for Miss Amanda," said Carolyn May very much in earnest.

"I guess 'most everybody is scared by the sight of a snake, Carlyn May." "But you were scared for Miss Amanda's sake—just the same as I was," repeated the little girl decidedly.

"Well?" he growled, looking away, troubled by her insistence.

"Then you don't hate her, do you?" the child pursued. "I'm glad of that, Uncle Joe, for I like her very much. I think she's a beautiful lady."

To this Uncle Joe said nothing.

"I guess," thought Carolyn May wisely, "that when two folks love each other and get angry the love's there just the same. Getting mad doesn't kill it; it only makes 'em feel worse."

"Poor Uncle Joe! Poor Miss Amanda! Maybe if they'd just try to look up and look for brighter things they'd get over being mad and be happy again."

When Uncle Joe and Carolyn May returned from this adventurous walk Mr. Stagg went heavily into his own room, closed the door and even locked it. He went over to the old-fashioned walnut bureau that stood against the wall between the two windows and

stood before it for some moments in an attitude of deep reflection. Finally, he drew his bunch of keys from his pocket and opened one of the two small drawers in the heavy piece of furniture—the only locked drawer there was. He drew forth a tintype picture, faded now, but clear enough to show him the features of the two individuals printed on the sensitized plate.

His own eyes looked out of the photograph proudly. They were much younger eyes than they were now.

And the girl beside him in the picture! Sweet as a wild rose, Mandy Parlow's lovely, calm countenance promised all the beauty and dignity her matured womanhood had achieved.

"Mandy! Mandy!" he murmured over and over again. "Oh, Mandy! Why? Why?"

He held the tintype for a long, long time in his hand, gazing on it with eyes that saw the vanished years rather than the portraits themselves. Finally he hid the picture away again, closed and locked the drawer with a sigh and with slow steps left the room.

Carolyn learns from simple Chet Gormley some things about her financial affairs that cause her much worry. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS AT NIGHT

Handicaps of Fog and Darkness Have Been Overcome by Development of New Process.

Neither fog nor darkness handicaps the supererogatory of the war department signal corps' cameras, according to Edward Hungerford, who describes the remarkable progress of wartime aerial photography in Everybody's. He gives some interesting examples:

"I have seen a photograph of a waning moon over Rome—taken by the new process. It is the first real picture of the moon that I have ever seen, although I formerly attempted the thing myself. Most of the moonlight pictures that one sees are 'fakes,' made by photographing the sun in various unusual and artistic phases. But this was real. One could see the tiny pools of water standing in the uneven places of the flagging, the flickering street lamps at the corner. A picture whose reality almost makes it uncanny. And the photographer who took the picture in the rain was arrested by a gendarme as being mentally unsound. He was only released when he took a picture of the lieutenant at the police station and proved beyond a question that he could make good portraits by artificial light."

"I have seen photographs made by this new process from the front row of a theater balcony during the progress of the play; others made in church during vespers and illumined entirely by the candles upon the high altar. The process is very new and it is very wonderful. Moreover, it is susceptible of adaptation to night observation, both from airplanes and upon the land."

### Aerial Tank.

An aerial tank has been invented and put into practical use by Italian soldiers who have astounded the world by their extraordinary feats in mountain warfare. An Austrian machine gun emplacement was so situated on a mountain side that it poured a harassing fire into an Italian post. The Austrian position was unassailable by ordinary means, but it was necessary that it be wiped out. A "Teleferica" car, many of which are operated by the Italians across chasms and up mountain sides, was armored and equipped with machine guns. Volunteers were called for, and from the many who responded two were chosen to man the guns. This improvised aerial dreadnaught was then swung out across the valley. After one or two exploration trips at a dizzy height, the men in the car finally located the Austrian post and quickly put it out of action.

### Shipbuilding in a Dry Dock.

It has been proposed that concrete ships be built in a floating dry dock, the principal advantage being that the forms could be retained in the dock so they could be used immediately after launching for another ship. The launching would be effected by withdrawing the outer forms slightly and sinking the dry dock until the ship floated on its own bottom. This would avoid severe launching strains, and would permit of launching the boat while the concrete was still "green." Hence there would be a reduction in the period of construction.—Scientific American.

### Honest Bones.

Bones Jones always was a sport. Before Bones came into the navy as a ship's cook he won many a roll with the old ivory. One day a judge fined him \$5 for some chickens Bones stole on Monday night, whereupon Bones replied, "Make it \$30, Judge, and that'll be up to and including Saturday night, sub."—Our Navy.

## BE PRETTY! TURN GRAY HAIR DARK

Try Grandmother's old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

## With the Fingers! Says Corns Lift Out Without Any Pain

You reckless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have at least once a week invited an awful death from lockjaw or blood poison are now told by a Cincinnati authority to use a drug called freezone, which the moment a few drops are applied to any corn or callous the soreness is relieved and soon the entire corn or callous, root and all, lifts off with the fingers.

Freezone dries the moment it is applied, and simply shrivels the corn or callous without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. A small bottle of freezone will cost very little at any of the drug stores, but will positively rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or hardened callous. If your druggist hasn't any freezone he can get it at any wholesale drug house for you.—Adv.

### Rich Man's Guide to Health.

The only rule for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence—to live as if he were poor.—Sir William Temple.

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