



CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Is it? Well, no, they didn't tell me that," admitted the visitor, "or I'd not started so late. You see, I come up on a schooner. This here lake boatin' ain't in my line. I'm deep-water, I am."

"So I should s'pose," said Mr. Parlow. "How'd you git up here, anyway?"

"The war," said the visitor. "The war done it. Couldn't git a good berth in any deep-water bottom. So I thought I'd try fresh-water sailin'. I tell you, matey, I been workin' as quartermaster's mate on the old Cross and Crescent line, a-scootin' 'cross to Naples from N'York—there and back—goin' on ten year."

"What did you leave your boat for?" asked the carpenter curiously.

"She was sunk. There's things happenin' over to the other side of the ocean, mate," said the injured man earnestly, "that you wouldn't believe—no, sir! The Cross and Crescent line's give up business till after the war's over, I reckon."

"You'd better not encourage him to talk any more, father," interposed Miss Amanda, coming into the room again. "The best thing he can do for himself is to sleep for a while."

"Thank ye, ma'am," said the sailor humbly. "I'll try."

Darkness came on apace. The sky had become overcast, and there was promise of a stormy night—more snow, perhaps. But Miss Amanda would not allow Carolyn May and Prince to start for home at once.

"Watch for your uncle, Carolyn May, out of the front-room window, and be all ready to go with him when he comes along," said Miss Parlow.

When Uncle Joe came along, Carolyn May ran out and hailed him from the porch.

"Wait for me, Uncle Joe! Wait for me and Prince, please! Just let me get my mittens and Prince's harness and kiss Miss Mandy."

That last she did most soundly, and in full view of the man waiting in the white road.

"Oh, Uncle Joe, I've got just the wonderfulest story to tell you! Shall we harness Prince up again, or will you—"

"I can't wait for the dog, Carolyn"



Swiftly Joseph Stagg Trudged Towards Home, Dragging Carolyn May Behind Him.

May, I'm in a hurry. You oughtn't to be out in this wind, either. Get aboard your sled, now, and I'll drag you myself," Mr. Stagg interrupted.

CHAPTER X.

A Salt-Sea Flavor.

Swiftly Joseph Stagg trudged toward home, dragging Carolyn May behind him.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the little girl with exultation, "we're all so excited, Uncle Joe!"

"I can see you're all of a-twitter," he returned absent-mindedly. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, you never could guess!" was Carolyn May's introduction, and forthwith, in breathless sentences, went on to tell of her discovery in the snow and about the old sailor now lying asleep on the Parlow couch.

Of course, when Carolyn May arrived at home, the story had to be told all over again to Aunt Rose Kennedy.

"A mighty plucky youngster, this Carolyn May of ours," Uncle Joe remarked. "What do you say, Aunt Rose?"

"She is, indeed, Joseph Stagg," agreed the woman.

Carolyn May insisted on going to the Parlow house herself after school the next afternoon to inquire about her "sailor man."

When she had been kissed by Miss Amanda, and Prince had lain down by the kitchen range, the little girl demanded:

"And do tell me how my sailor man is, Miss Mandy. He got such a bump on his head?"

"Yes; the man's wound is really serious. I'm keeping him in bed. But you can go up to see him. He's talked a lot about you, Carolyn May."

The sailor lay in the warm bedroom over the kitchen.

Carolyn May prattled on gayly and soon had her "sailor man" telling all about the sea and ships, and "they that go down therein."

"For, you see," explained Carolyn May, "I'm dreadful curmious about the sea. My papa and mamma were lost at sea."

"You don't say so, little miss!" exclaimed the old fellow. "Aye, aye, that's too bad."

Miss Amanda had disappeared, busy about some household matter, and the little girl and the sailor were alone together.

"Yes," Carolyn May proceeded, "it is dreadful hard to feel that it is so."

"Feel that what's so, little miss?" asked the man in bed.

"That my papa and mamma are really drown-ed," said the little girl with quivering lips. "Some of the folks on their boat were saved. The papers said so."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed the sailor, his brows puckered into a frown. "Aye, aye, matey! that's allus the way. Why, I was saved myself from a wreck. I was in the first officer's boat, and we in that boat was saved. There was another boat—the purser's, it was—was driftin' about all night with us. We come one time near smashin' into each other and wreckin' both boats. There was a heavy swell on."

"Yet," pursued the sailor, "come daylight, and the fog splittin', we never could find the purser's boat. She had jest as good a chance as us after the steamship sunk. But there it was! We got separated from her, and we was saved, whilst the purser's boat wasn't never heard on again."

"That was dreadful!" sighed the little girl.

"Yes, little miss. And the poor passengers! Purser had twenty or more in his boat. Women mostly. But there was a sick man, too. Why, I helped lower his wife and him into the boat 'fore I was called to go with the first officer in his boat. We was the last to cast off. The purser had jest as good a chance as we did."

"I guess I won't never forget that time, little miss," went on the seaman, seeing the blue eyes fixed on his face, round with interest. "No! And I've seen some tough times, too."

"The ship was riddled. She had to sink—and it was night."

"There was a sick man I told you about, little miss. He was a wonder, that feller! Cheerful—brave—Don't often see a feller like him. Jokin' to the last, he was. He didn't want to go in the purser's boat, if there was more women or children to go."

"We told him all the women folk had left the ship. So, then, he let me lower him down into the purser's boat after his wife. And that boat had as good a chance as we had, I tell you," repeated the seaman in quite an excited manner.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "My papa and mamma might have been just like that," she added.

"Of course, we don't know whether they got off the steamship at all."

"Aye, aye!" the sailor said. "Pretty tough on you, little miss."

Miss Amanda had come back into the room, and she stood listening to the old man's talk. She said:

"Carolyn May, I think you had better go downstairs now. We mustn't let our patient talk too much. It won't be good for him."

So Carolyn May shook hands with the old sailor and started downstairs ahead of Miss Amanda. The latter lingered a moment to ask a question.

"What was the name of the steamship you were wrecked on?" she asked.

"The one you were jest telling about."

"She was the Dunraven—the Dunraven, of the Cross and Crescent line," replied the mariner. "Didn't I tell you that before, ma'am?"

CHAPTER XI.

Will Wonders Never Cease?

Again it snowed all night.

It was on the next day, and at noon time, when Mr. Stagg was returning to the store, that a most astounding thing happened.

Mr. Stagg was walking briskly toward Sunrise Cove in his big felt snow-boots, such as all men wore in that locality, and was abreast of the Parlow shop and cottage—which he always sought to avoid looking at—when he heard a door open and close.

He tried not to look that way. But his ear told him instantly that the person who had come out was Miss Amanda, rather than her father. Knowing this, how could he help darting a glance at her?

Miss Amanda stood on the porch, looking directly at him.

"Mr. Stagg," she called earnestly, "I must speak to you."

Save on the Sunday when Prince had killed the blacksnake, Miss Amanda

"We Nigh Bumped Into Each Other After the Dunraven Sunk."

had not spoken directly to the hardware merchant in all these hungry years. It rather shocked Joseph Stagg now that she should do so.

"Will you come in?" she urged him, her voice rather tremulous.

There was a moment of absolute silence.

"Bless me! Yes!" ejaculated the hardware man finally.

"I assure you, Mr. Stagg," Miss Amanda said hurriedly, "it is no personal matter that causes me to stop you in this fashion."

"No, ma'am?" responded the man stiffly.

"I want you to come in and speak with this sailor who was hurt," she finally said. "There is something he can tell you, Mr. Stagg, that I think you should know."

The big rocking-chair by the window, in which Miss Amanda's mother had for several years before her death spent her waking hours, was now occupied by the sailor.

"This is the little girl's uncle, Benjamin," Miss Amanda said quietly. "He will be interested in what you have already told me about the loss of the Dunraven. Will you please repeat it all?"

"The Dunraven?" gasped Mr. Stagg, sitting down without being asked.

"Hannah—"

"There is no hope, of course," Amanda Parlow spoke up quickly, "that your sister, Mr. Stagg, and her husband were not lost. But having found out that Benjamin was on the steamer with them, I thought you should know. I have warned him to be careful how he speaks before Carolyn May. You

LINGERIE TO BE ADORNED

"Frillery" Must Be Ornamented With Hand Painting, is a Coming Edict of Fashion.

Well, girls, you will soon be wearing your own art gallery. Painted lingerie is coming, and who knows but what you will have a birdseye view of the Steel city, with its mills in full blast, running around the bottom of your skirt? For it is said that lingerie that once screamed will make its painted approach much more noiselessly and without ostentation, but with force. Oil paintings done to suit individual taste on the lingerie are among the fall announcements. Each place is to follow a master design, and sets will have their day in court. Thus, a mosquito-net dress will put a spider web stocking most eminently in the shade, if not entirely out of business, and a whole flock of vultures opens up before those of us who have eyes with limitless possibilities as to scenic effects, with startling backgrounds and atmospheric tonalities. "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices," "The Battle of Waterloo" and examples of the shot-to-pieces school may all be harnessed to the new fad. The artistic temperament may now take on a new lease of life, in spite of the agitation

may wish to hear the story at first hand.

"Thank you," choked Joseph Stagg. He wanted to say more, but could not.

Benjamin Hardy's watery eyes blinked, and he blew his nose.

"Aye, aye, mate!" he rumbled, "hard lines—for a fact. I give my testimony 'fore the consul when we was landed—so did all that was left of us from the Dunraven. Me bein' an unlettered man, they didn't run me very close. I can't add much more to it."

"As I say, that purser's boat your sister and her sickly husband was in had jest as good a chance as we had. We nigh bumped into each other soon after the Dunraven sunk. So, then, we pulled off aways from each other. Then the fog rolled up from the African shore—a heap o' fog, mate. It sponged out the lamp in the purser's boat. We never seen no more of 'em—nor heard no more."

"And were Hannah—were my sister and her husband in that boat?" queried Mr. Stagg thoughtfully.

"I am sure, by the details Benjamin has given me," said Miss Amanda softly, "that your sister and Mr. Cameron were two of its passengers."

"Well, it's a long time ago, now," said the hardware dealer. "Surely, if they had been picked up or had reached the coast of Africa, we would have heard about it."

"It would seem so," the woman agreed gently.

"You never know what may happen at sea, mister, till it happens," Benjamin Hardy declared. "What became of that boat—"

He seemed to stick to that idea. But the possibility of the small boat's having escaped seemed utterly preposterous to Mr. Stagg. He arose to depart.

Miss Amanda followed the hardware dealer to the outer door.

"I'm sorry," she said simply.

"Thank—thank you," murmured Joseph Stagg before she closed the door. He went on to town, his mind strangely disturbed. It was not his sister's fate that filled his heart and brain, but thoughts of Miss Amanda. She had deliberately broken the silence of years! Of course, it might be attributed to her interest in Carolyn May only, yet the hardware dealer wondered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YANKS DISLIKE FRENCH CASH

Call Greenbacks "Real Money"—Complain That Francs Slip Through Fingers.

Forgetting how to figure in "regular money" and learning how to calculate in "this doggon stuff" is one of the first worries of the American soldiers in France, says New York Evening Sun.

"Regular money" is good old dollars and cents, nickels, dimes and quarters.

"This doggon stuff" is the name applied to French francs, usually paper money, often as low as single francs, or 20 cents, for most small cities have issued local small change currency.

The Americans do not like French paper money. They say it is trash, and tears, and is hard to count.

On the other hand, the French are shocked when an American crumples French paper up and shoves it in his pocket the "way they do back home." French money is to be handled in big pocketbooks and not crumpled.

"Look at some real money once," a doughboy told a merchant, and flashed a bright new silver certificate. When he crumpled it up in his fist to show how "real money can be used" the Frenchman almost fainted.

The Americans are paid almost entirely in French money and they are getting used to francs, though they all agree "a franc's so small it slips through your fingers like water."

Relieved.

At Camp Dodge one night a Swede was on guard duty. Being new to the business, time dragged slowly, but finally the officer with relief came along. The Swede said: "Halt." They halted, and next he said: "Who was dat?" The officer replied: "Officer with relief." The sentry, after waiting several minutes in a vain attempt to recall to mind what he should say, brought forth this startling command: "Dismiss yourself and be reconciled." Needless to say the stillness of the night was broken by a roar of laughter.

Llamas Burden Bearers.

Llamas are employed in transport work in Peru. These animals work in herds of about a hundred, and each carries a load equivalent to a hundred-weight. After two weeks' work each llama has a week's rest.

DRINK A GLASS OF REAL HOT WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Says we will both look and feel clean, sweet and fresh and avoid illness.

Sanitary science has of late made rapid strides with results that are of untold blessing to humanity. The latest application of its untiring research is the recommendation that it is as necessary to attend to internal sanitation of the drainage system of the human body as it is to the drains of the house.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should each morning before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatic stiffness; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.—Ady.

Appeal to Psychologists.

We are going in strong for psychology and invite assistance. Why is it that whenever sheriffs, marshals and constables have their photographs taken they invariably wear their hats?—Houston Post.

YES! MAGICALLY! CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callous stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callous loosens so it can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callous. This should be tried as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house. It is fine stuff and acts like a charm every time.—Ady.

Embarrassing.

At a place of worship in Bedfordshire, England, a member of the congregation went to sleep during the sermon and slipped off the seat just as the hymn, "Christians, seek not yet repose," was announced.

TO ALL WOMEN WHO ARE ILL

This Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Personal Experience.

McLean, Neb.—"I want to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who suffer from any functional disturbance, as it has done me more good than all the doctor's medicine. Since taking it I have a fine healthy baby girl and have gained in health and strength. My husband and I both praise your medicine to all suffering women."—Mrs. JOHN KOPPELMANN, R. No. 1, McLean, Nebraska.



This famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has been restoring women of America to health for more than forty years and it will well pay any woman who suffers from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues" to give this successful remedy a trial.

For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.