

CHAPTER XII. -12

Something Carolyn May Wishes to Know

Carolyn May's heart was filled with trouble.

This was the result of her first talk with the old sailor. Not from him, nor from anybody else, did Carolyn May get any direct information that the sailor had been aboard the Dunraven on her fatal voyage. But his story awoke in the child's breast doubts and longings, uncertainties and desires that had lain dormant for many weeks.

Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose loved her and were kind to her. But that feeling of "emptiness" that had at first so troubled Carolyn May, was returning.

She began to droop, Keen-eyed Aunty Rose discovered this physical change very quickly.

"She's just like a droopy chicken," declared the good woman, "and, goodness knows, I have seen enough of them."

So, as a stimulant and a preventive of "droopiness," Aunty Rose prescribed boneset tea, "plenty of it."

Three times a day Carolyn May was dosed with boneset tea. How long the child's stomach would have endured under this treatment will never be known. Carolyn May got no better, that was sure; but one day something happened.

Winter had moved on in its usual frosty and snowy way. Carolyn May had kept up all her interests-after a fashion.

Benjamin Hardy had gone to Adams' camp to work. It seemed he could use a peevy, or canthook, pretty well, having done something besides sailing in his day. Tim, the hackman, worked at logging in the winter months, too. He usually went past the Stagg place with a team four times each day.

There was something Carolyn May wished to ask Benjamin Hardy, but she did not want anybody else to know what it was-not even Uncle Joe or Aunty Rose. Once in the fall and before the snow camp she had ridden as far as Adams' camp with Mr. Parlow, He had gone there for some hickory wood.

But, now, to ride on the empty sled going in and on top of the load of logs coming out of the forest, Carolyn May felt sure, would be much more exciting. She mentioned her desire to Uncle Joe on a Friday evening.

'Well, now, if it's pleasant, I don't see anything to forbld. Do you, Aunty Rose?" Mr. Stagg returned.

"I presume Tim will take the best of care of her," the woman said, "Maybe, getting out more in the air will make her look less peaked, Joseph Stagg."

The excitement of preparing to go

got to go back to work yet, and Tim | be careful in making his way home is only just loading his sled. So we with the little girl. Having seen one can talk. great fissure in the ice, he might come

"Aye, aye, little miss. What'll we talk about?" queried Benjamin cauupon another. It seemed to him as tiously, for he remembered that he of a reverberating crash that could was to be very circumspect in his conmean but one thing. The ice in the versation with her. "I want you to tell me something,

cove was breaking up! Benjamin," she said. "Sail ahead, matey," he responded pouring down into the cove. Spring with apparent heartiness, filling his had really come, and the annual freshet pipe meanwhile. was likely now to force the ice entirely

Why, Benjamin-you must know, you know, for you've been to sea so much-Benjamin, I want to know if it hurts much to be drownd-ed?"

"Hurts much?" gasped the old sea man.

sir. Do people that get "Yes, drownd-ed feel much pain? Is it a sufferin' way to die? I want to know, Benjamin, 'cause my papa and mamma died that way," continued the child, choking a little. "It does seem as though I'd just got to know."

"Aye, aye," muttered the man. "1 see. An' I kin tell ye, Car'lyn May, as clos't as anybody kin. I've been so near drownin' myself that they thought I was dead when I was hauled inboard.

"Comin' back from drowning is a whole lot worse than bein' drowned. You take it from me." "Well," sighed Carolyn May, "I'm

glad to know that. It's bothered me a good deal. If my manyon and papa had to be dead, maybe that was the nicest way for them to go."

Since Joseph Stagg had listened to

the rambling tale of the sailor regarding the sinking of the Dunraven, he had borne the fate of his sister and her husband much in mind. He had come no nearer to deciding what to do with the apartment in New

York and its furnishings. After listening to Benjamin Hardy's story, the hardware dealer felt less in-

fined than before to close up the affairs of Carolyn May's small "estate." Not that he for a moment believed that there was a possibility of Hannah and her husband being allve. Five months had passed. In these days of wireless telegraph and fast sea traffic such a thing could not be possible. The imagination of the practical hardware merchant could not visualize it.

One day when Carolyn May was visiting Mrs. Gormley Chet burst in quite unexpectedly, for it was not yet midafternoon.

"Mr. Stagg has let me off to take Carolyn May slidin'. The ice ain't goin' to be safe in the cove for long now. Spring's in the air o'ready, Both brooks are runnin' full,"

Carolyn May was delighted. Although the sky was overcast and a storm threatening when they got down He opened the store door. There was on the ice, neither the boy nor the little girl gave the weather a second thought. Nor had Mr. Stagg considered the weather when he had allowed Chet to leave the store that afternoon. Chei strapped on his skates, and then settled the little girl firmly on her sled, with Prince riding behind.

"But it wasn't snowin' when they went," said Mrs. Gormley, plucking up some little spirit. "I'm sure it wasn't Chetwood's fault. Oh, dear !"

"Woman," groaned Joseph Stagg, "It doesn't matter whose fault it is-or if it's anybody's fault. The mischlef's done. The ice is breaking up. It's drifting out of the inlet."

Just at this moment an unexpected volce broke into the discussion. "Are you positive they went out on

the cove to slide, Mrs. Gormley?"

"Oh, yes, I be, Mandy," answered the seamstress. "Chet said he was goin' there, and what Chet says he'll do, he always does."

"Then the ice has broken away and they have been carried out into the lake," groaned Mr. Stagg.

Mandy Parlow came quickly to the though the ice under his feet was in little hall. motion. In the distance was the sound

"Perhaps not, Joseph," she said, speaking directly to the hardware dealer. "It may be the storm. It snows so fast they would easily get turned around-be unable to ...nd the shore." Another reverberating crash echoed from the cove. Mrs. Gormley wrung her hands. out of the cove and open the way for

"Oh, my Chet! Oh, my Chet!" she walled. "He'll be drowned !"

"He won't be, if he's got any sense," snapped Mr. Stagg. "I'll get some men and we'll go after them."

"Call the dog, Joseph Stagg. Call the dog." advised Miss Amanda,

"Heh? Didn't Prince go with 'em?" "Ob, yes, he did," walled Mrs. Gormley.

CTO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW THEY HELP TO WIN WAR

Country's Youngsters More Than "Doing Their Bit" for the Country

More than 2,400,000 boys and girls were reached through club work last year, according to a compilation recently made by the United States department of agriculture, which supervises this work in co-operation with the State Agricultural colleges, Of this number approximately 350,000 made complete reports, which show that they produced and conserved products amounting to \$10,000 000. In the 33 Northern and Western states \$40,606 boys and girls were enrolled. products valued at \$4,500,000, and 74,-306 girls who produced and conserved products valued at \$1,500,000. In the and weaken, then you suffer with a emergency club work in the South the and approximately 1,000,000 girls who

Meals and Marriage.

The length of time that a woman has been married can be told approximately by the manner in which she eats her refreshments at an afternoon party. If she excuses herself, just before the refreshments are served, and

absent-mindedly with her eyes on the longer irritates, thus ending bladder six months, but has not yet become weakness. clock, she has been married at least calloused to suffer because her hus jure, and makes a delightful efferves-band is kept waiting for his evening cent lithia-water drink. meal.

DRINK HOT WATER **BEFORE BREAKFAST**

Says you really feel clean, sweet and fresh inside, and are seldom ill.

If you are accustomed to wake up with a coated tongue, foul breath or a dull, dizzy headache; or, if your meals sour and turn into gas and acids, you have a real surprise awaiting you.

To-morrow morning, immediately upon arising, drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is intended to first neutralize and then wash out of your stomach, liver, kidneys and thirty feet of intestines all the indigestible waste, poisons, sour bile and toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal. Those subject to sick headaches,

backache, billous attacks, constipation or any form of stomach trouble, are urged to get a quarter pound of lime-stone phosphate from the drug store and begin enjoying this morning in-side-bath. It is said that men and women who try this become enthusiastic and keep it up dally.

Just as hot water and soap cleanse, purify and freshen the skin, so hot water and a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Limestone phosphate is an inexpensive white powder and almost tasteless .--- Adv.

Daily Thought.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep .--Benjamin Franklin.



Take Salts to flush Kidneys if Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

If you must have your meat every Of this number 160.625 had reported day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with products valued at \$3,700,000. In the salts occasionally, says a noted au-South there were 115,745 boys enrolled thority who tells us that meat forms in the regular work, who produced uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache. club leaders reached over 400 000 boys dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue coated and when the weather is produced and conserved products val-ued at more than \$4,000,000. trine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a flounces out in a righteous, you-neglect few days and your kidneys will then your-husband-shamefully look at the act fine. This famous salts is made other guests, she is a bride of not more than two months. When a woman sits nervously on been used for generations to flush and the very edge of her chair and ents stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to



The waters of the two brooks were

CHAPTER XIII.

The Chapel Bell.

If Joseph Stagg had obeyed the pre-

cept of his little niece on this particu-

lar afternoon and had been "looking

traffic in a few hours.

"Where's That Plagued Boy?"

up," instead of having his nose in the big ledger, making out monthly statements, he might have discovered the coming storm in senson to withdraw his permission to Chet to take Carolyn May out on the ice.

It was always dark enough in the little back office in winter for the hardware dealer to have a lamp burning. So he did not notice the snow flurry that had taken Sunrise Cove in its arms until he chanced to walk out to the front of the store for needed exercise.

"I declare to man, it's snowing!" muttered Joseph Stagg. "Thought we'd He opened the store door. There was

We All Love. More than 2,400,000 boys and girls

to the camp the next morning brought the roses into Carolyn May's cheeks



"I've Been So Near Drownin' Myself, That They Thought I Was Dead When I Was Hauled Inboard.

and made her eyes sparkle. When Tim, the hackman, went into town with his first lond he was forewarned by Aunty Rose that he would have company going back.

"Pitcher of George Washington !" exclaimed Tim. "The boys will near 'bout take a holiday."

There was but one woman in the camp, Judy Mason. She lived in one of the log buts with her husband. He was a sawyer, and Judy did the men's washing.

Benjamin Hardy was pleased, indeed, to see his little friend again.

"You come with me, please," she whispered to the old seaman after dis-"You can smoke. You haven't DATE

The boy harnessed himself with the long towrope and skated away from the shore, dragging the sled after him at a brisk pace.

"Oh, my !" squenled Carolyn May, 'there isn't anybody else on the ice.'

"We won't run into nobody, then," laughed the boy. It was too misty outside the cove to

see the open water; but it was there, and Chet knew it as well as anybody. He had no intention of taking any risks-especially with Carolyn May in his charge.

The wind blew out of the cove, too. As they drew away from the shelter of the land they felt its strength.

Naturally, neither the boy nor the little girl-and surely not the doglooked back toward the land. Otherwise, they would have seen the snow flurry that swept down over the town and quickly hid it from the cove.

Chet was skating his very swiftest. Carolyn May was screaming with delight. Prince barked joyfully. And, suddenly, in a startling fashion, they came to a fissure in the ice!

The boy darted to one side, heeled on his right skate, and stopped. He had jerked the sled aside, too, yelling to Carolyn May to "hold fast !" But Prince was flung from it, and scrambled over the ice, barking loudly.

"Oh, dear me !" cried Carolyn May. You stopped too quick, Chet Gormley. Goodness! There's a hole in the Ice !"

"And I didn't see it till we was almost in it," acknowledged Chot. "It's more'n a hole. Why! there's a great field of ice broke off and sailin' out into the lake."

"Oh, my !" gasped the distle girl. The boy knew at once that he must

a chill, clammy wind, and the snow was damp and packed quickly under foot.

"Hum ! If that Chet Gormley were here now, he might be of some use for once," thought Mr. Stagg.

Suddenly he bethought him of the errand that had taken the boy away from the store.

"Hey, Stagg!" shouted a shopkeeper from over the way, who had likewise come to the door, "did you hear that?" "Hear what?" asked Joseph Stagg. puzzled.

"There she goes again! That's ice, old man. She's breaking up. We'll have spring with us in no time now." The reverberating crash that had

startled Chet Gormley had startled Joseph Stagg as well.

"My goodness !" gasped the hardware dealer, and he started instantly away from the store, bareheaded as he was, without locking the door behind him-something he had never done before, since he had established himself in business on the main street of Sunrise Cove.

Just why he ran he could scarcely have explained. Of course, the children had not gone out in this snowstorm ! Mrs. Gormley-little sense as he believed the seamstress possessedwould not have allowed them to venture.

Yet, why had Chet not returned? He quickened his pace. He was running-slipping and sliding over the wet snow-when he turned into the street on which his store boy and his widowed mother lived.

Mrs. Gormley saw him coming from the windows of the tiny front room. Mr. Stagg plunged into the little house, head down, and belligerent.

"Where's that plagued boy?" he demanded. "Don't tell me he's taken Hannah's Car'lyn out on the cove in other natural agency. this storm !"

"But-you told him he could !" walled the widow.

"What if I did? I didn't know 'twas going to snow like this, did 17"

After women have been married from one to thirty years they settle down to a thorough enjoyment of what the hostess' best efforts have produced in the enting line, which no vision of cross, impatient and starving husbands can dim .- Atchison Globe.

Inherited Talents.

The Dumas, father and son, form a splendid example of inherited talents. Alexandre Dumas, called Dumas pere, the great French romantic novelist, was a strange embodiment of the mental and physical characteristics of his grandparents. He was a grandson of the Marquis Alexandre Davy de la Pallieterie and a negress, both of Haiti; his father, Alexandre Davy de la Pailleterie Dumas, was for a time a general under Napoleon.

The son, Alexandre Dumas, was one of the most distinguished of modern French dramatists. Born in Paris in 1824, he was a prolific writer of romantic and chivalric passion. His "La Dame aux Camelias," which was dramatized in 1887, was one of the plays in which the divine Sarah scored her greatest success.

Must Be a Branch of Hades.

Men do live and work and accomplish things in Mesopotamia between May and October, says a returned traveler, but the requisites are sunheimets, spine pads, deep dugouts or thick walls, and a larger measure of pure grit than is necessary in any other country on earth that I know of. And in spite of all the precautions that are taken, more men are killed each year by heatstroke than by any

If a man ever becomes truly great it is usually the help of a devoted wife that is responsible for it .- Chicage Dully News.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot in-

Daily Thought.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.-Tennyson.



Mitchell, Ind .- "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much

Her Permission.

during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, somedays I suffered with neuraigia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pin k-ham's Vegetable Compound I was en-tirely rallowed of tirely relieved of neuralgia, 1 had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all

my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."-Mrs. PEARL MONYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have beer received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine 7.0., Lynn, Mass., telling of bealth restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vego-table formation table Compound.