

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Call the dog, just the same," repeated Amanda Parlow. "Prince will hear you and bark."

"God bless you! So he will," cried Mr. Stagg. "You've got more sense than any of us, Mandy."

"And I'll have the chapel bell rung," she said.

"Huh! what's that for?"

"The wind will carry the sound out across the cove. The boy, Chet, will recognize the sound of the bell and it will give him an idea of where home is."

"You do beat all!" exclaimed Joseph Stagg, starting to leave the house.

"Find a cap of Chet's, Mrs. Gormley," she commanded. "Don't you see Mr. Stagg has no hat? He'll catch his death of cold."

"Why, I never thought!" He turned to speak directly to Miss Amanda, but she had gone back into the room and was putting on her outer wraps. Mrs. Gormley, red-eyed and weeping, brought the cap.

Mr. Stagg plunged down the steps and kept on down the hill to the water front. There was an eating-place here where the waterside characters congregated, and Mr. Stagg put his head in at the door.

"Some of you fellers come out with me on the ice and look for a little girl—and a boy and a dog," said Mr. Stagg. "Like enough, they're lost in this storm. And the ice is going out."

They all rushed out of the eating-house and down to the nearest dock. Even the cook went, for he chanced to know Carolyn May.

"And let me tell you, she's one rare little kid," he declared, out of Mr. Stagg's hearing. "How she come to be related to that hard-as-nails Joe Stagg is a puzzler."

The hardware dealer might deserve this title in ordinary times, but this was one occasion when he plainly displayed emotion.

Hannah's Car'lyn, the little child he had learned to love, was somewhere on the ice in the driving storm. He would have rushed blindly out on the rotten ice, barehanded and alone, had the others not halted him.

Joseph Stagg stood on the dock and shouted at the top of his voice: "Prince! Prince! Prince!"

The wind must have carried his voice a long way out across the cove, but there was no reply.

Then, suddenly, the clear silver tone of a bell rang out. Its pitch carried through the storm startlingly clear.

There was a movement out in the cove. One field of ice crashed against another. Mr. Stagg stifled a moan and was one of the first to climb down to the level of the ice.

"Have a care, Joe," somebody warned him. "This snow on the ice will mask the holes and fissures something scandalous."

But Joe Stagg was reckless of his own safety. He started out into the snow, shouting again: "Prince! Prince! Here, boy! Here, boy!"

There was no answering bark.

The clanging of the chapel bell was a comforting sound. Joseph Stagg did not know that, unable to find the sexton, Amanda Parlow had forced the church door and was tugging at the rough rope herself.

Back and forth she rang the iron clapper, and it was no uncertain note that clanged across the storm-driven cove that afternoon. It was not work to which Carolyn May's "pretty lady" was used. Her shoulders soon ached and the palms of her hands were raw and bleeding. But she continued to toll the bell without a moment's surcease—on and on, till her brain swam and her breath came chokingly from her lungs.

"Joe! Joe!" she muttered each time that she bore down on the bell rope, and the iron tongue shouted the word for her, far across the snow-blotted cove.

Carolyn May was not the first of the trio caught out on the moving ice to be frightened. Perhaps because she had such unbounded faith in the good intentions of everybody toward her, the child could not imagine anything really hurting her.

"Oh, isn't this fun!" she crowed, bending her head before the beating of the storm. "Do hang on, Princey."

But Prince could not hang on so well, now that they faced the wind. He slipped off the sled twice, and that delayed them. Under his skates, Chet could feel the ice heave, while the resonant cracks followed each other like a fire of musketry.

"Goodness me!" gasped Carolyn May "the ice seems to be going all to

pieces, Chet. I hope it won't till we get back to the shore."

"I'm hopin' that, too," returned the boy.

He had quickly realized that they were in peril, but he would not let Carolyn May see that he was frightened—no, indeed!

The boy unstrapped the skates swiftly. He had a very good reason for removing them. If the ice was breaking up into floes, he might skate right off into the water, being unable to halt quickly enough, if on the steel runners. He now plodded on, head down, dragging the sled and the child, with Prince slipping and scratching along beside them.

Suddenly he came to open water. It was so broad a channel that he could not hope to leap it; and, of course, he could not get the sled and the little girl across.

"My!" cried Carolyn May, "that place wasn't here when we came out, was it, Chet? It must have just come here."

"I don't think it was here before," admitted the boy.

Suddenly a sound reached their ears that startled both; it even made Prince prick up his ears and listen. Then the dog sat up on his haunches and began to howl.

"Oh, don't Prince!" gasped Carolyn May. "Who ever told you you could sing, just because you hear a church bell ringing?"

"That's the chapel bell!" cried Chet Gormley. "Now I'm sure I'm right. But we must get around this open patch in the water."

He set off along the edge of the open water, which looked black and angry. The ice groaned and cracked in a



He Turned a Bright Face on Her as He Struck Out for the Edge of the Other Ice Floe.

threatening way. He was not sure whether the floe they were on had completely broken away from the great mass of ice in the cove and was already drifting out into the lake or not.

Haste, however, he knew was imperative. The tolling of the chapel bell coming faintly down the wind, Chet drew the sled swiftly along the edge of the opening, the dog trotting along beside them, whining. Prince plainly did not approve of this.

"Here it is!" shouted the boy in sudden joy. "Now we'll be all right, Car'lyn May!"

"Oh, I'm so glad, Chet," said the little girl. "For I'm getting real cold, and this snow makes me all wet."

"Keep up your heart, Car'lyn May," he begged. "I guess we'll get through all right now."

"Oh, I'm not really afraid," the little girl answered. "Only I'd really like to be on shore."

Chet hastened on toward the sound of the tolling bell, sharply on the watch for other breaks in the ice.

Here was another—a wide-spreading crevasse filled with black water. Chet had no idea to which direction he should turn. And, indeed, it seemed to him as though the opening was growing wider each moment. The ice on which they stood must be completely severed from that further up in the inlet!

The boy had become frightened. Carolyn May had little idea of their danger. Prince sat up and howled. It seemed to the boy as though they were in desperate straits, indeed.

"You've got to be a brave girl, Car'lyn May," he said. "I'm goin' to swim across this place and then drag you over. You stick to the sled and you won't scarcely get wet even."

"Oh, Chet! don't you dare get

drown-ed!" begged Carolyn May, terrified now by the situation.

He turned a bright face on her as he struck out for the edge of the other ice floe. Chet might not have been the wisest boy who ever lived, but he was brave, in the very best sense of the word.

"Don't worry about me, Car'lyn May," he chattered.

The desperate chill of the water almost stopped the boy's heart.

Three strokes took him across the patch of open water.

"We'll be all right in a minute, Car'lyn May!" he called, climbing to his feet.

And then he discovered something that almost stunned him. The line he had looped around his wrist had slipped off! He had no way of reaching the rope attached to the sled save by crossing back through the water.

Chet felt that he could not do it. "Oh, Chet! Chet!" wailed Carolyn May, "you've dropped my rope!"

What he should do, poor Chet could not think. His brain seemed completely clouded.

But what was the little girl doing? He saw her hauling in on the wet rope and she seemed to be speaking to Prince, for he stood directly before her, his ears erect, his tail agitated. By and by he barked sharply.

"Now, Princey!" Chet heard her cry. She thrust the end of the rope into the dog's jaws and waved her mittened hand towards the open water and the unhappy Chet beyond it.

Prince sprang around, faced the strait of black water, shaking the end of the rope vigorously. Chet saw what she meant and he shrieked to the dog: "Come on, Prince! Come on, good dog! Here, sir!"

Prince could not bark his reply with the rope in his jaws, but he sprang into the water and swam sturdily toward Chet.

He stooped and seized the dog's forelegs when he came near and helped him scramble out on the ice. The end of the rope was safely in his grasp again.

"My goodness! My goodness! I could sing a hallelujah!" declared Chet, his eyes streaming now. "Hold on, now, Car'lyn May! I'm goin' to drag you across. You hang right on to that sled."

"Oh, I'll cling to it, Chet," declared the little girl. "And do take me off this ice, quick, for I think it's floating out with me."

Chet drew on the rope, the sled moved forward and plunged, with just a little splash, into the pool.

In a few seconds he had "snaked" the sled to the edge of the ice floe on which he stood. He picked the sobbing Carolyn May off the sled and then lifted that up too. The little girl was wet below her waist.

"I'm—I'm just as cold as I—I can be," she chattered. "Oh, Chet! take me home, please!"

"I'm a-going to," chattered the lad in return.

He dragged off his coat now, wrung it as dry as he could and wrapped it around Carolyn May's legs before he seated her on the sled again. Then he seized the rope once more and started toward the sound of the chapel bell.

Prince began to bark. He could not move forward much faster than Chet did, but he faced the wind and began to bark with persistence.

"There—there's something over there, Chet," murmured Carolyn May. She was all but breathless herself.

Then, through the wind and storm, came a faint hail. Prince eagerly pursued his barking. Chet tried to reply to the hail, but his voice was only a hoarse croak.

"We've got to keep on—we've got to keep on," muttered the lad, dragging the sled slowly.

The dog had disappeared. Carolyn May was weeping frankly. Chet Gormley was pushing slowly through the storm, staggering at each step, scarcely aware in what direction he was heading.

CHAPTER XIV.

How to Write a Sermon.

Joseph Stagg heard the dog bark first of all.

The men with Mr. Stagg having spread out on the ice like a skirmishing party, now closed in toward the point from which sounded the dog's barking. The hardware dealer shouted as he ran. He was the most reckless of them all and on several occasions came near falling.

Suddenly an object appeared in the smother of falling snow. Hoarsely the dog barked again. Mr. Stagg shouted:

"Hey, Prince! Prince! Here we are!"

The mongrel made for the hardware merchant and almost knocked him over. He was mad with joy.

"Show 'em to us, good dog!" cried Uncle Joe. "Take us to 'em! Where's Hannah's Car'lyn? Show us, boy!"

Prince lapped Mr. Stagg's face and then ran off through the falling snow, barking and leaping. The men hurried after him. Twice or thrice the dog was back, to make sure that he was followed. Then the men saw something outlined in the driving snow.

"Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe!"

The child's shrill voice reached the hardware merchant. There was poor Chet, staggering on, leaning against the wind, and pulling the sled behind him.

"Well, you silly chump!" growled Joseph Stagg. "Where're you going, anyway?"

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" wailed Carolyn May, "he isn't anything like that at all! He's just the bravest boy; and he's all wet and cold."

At the conclusion of this declaration poor Chet fell to his knees and then slipped quietly forward on his face.

"I yum!" grunted the hardware dealer. "I guess the boy is all in."

But Chet did not lose consciousness. He raised a faint murmur which reached Mr. Stagg's ears.

"I—I did the best I could, Mr. Stagg. Take—take her right up to mother. She'll fix Car'lyn up, all right."

"Say, kid!" exclaimed the cook, "I guess you need a bit of fixin' up yourself. Why, see here, boys, this chap's been in the water and his clothes is froze stiff."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROAD MUCH LIKE CORKSCREW

Railway in India Makes Complete Double Loop on Its Way to the Top of Mountain.

One of the most interesting railroad lines, the construction of which meant the solution of difficult engineering problems, is the narrow-gauge railway which winds its way up the steep slopes of the Darjeeling range of the Himalayas to Darjeeling.

Darjeeling is a noted health resort of the British rulers of India and the summer seat of the Bengal government. It is 7,400 feet above sea level. Its delightful climate and the magnificent scenery surrounding it, including a panorama of the highest peaks of the Himalayas, make it one of the most desirable places in India during the hot season. One of the remarkable features of the mountain railway is the Chimbatti loop, probably the only example of its kind in the world. The tracks, rising at a steep grade, make a complete double loop to reach the station on the mountain top.—Popular Science Monthly.

Clumsy Birds.

"How clumsily birds fly," said a boy scout, eyeing the rooks flapping their way home. The audacity of this criticism from a youngster staggered me (writes a correspondent); but, by Jove, he was right. High overhead, higher than one ever saw a bird, an airplane dived musically in its effortless, imperial way against the sunset, through the fleecy of clouds and looping in sheer ecstasy of perfect command of power, swept down to earth in great, gorgeous curves. That was the twelve-year-old boy's criterion of flying. Hence his almost pitying contempt for birds with their flurry and visible output of energy. This lad and his contemporaries know nothing of the wonder with which men for untold generations have watched and envied the birds flying in the air. School children criticize the flight of the swallow, for they have grown up with airplanes, which are as little marvelous to them as a railway engine.—London Daily Chronicle.

Too Soon to Tell.

A certain motion picture star, who has a warm spot in his heart for children and makes a great pet of a golden-haired youngster who plays in one of his pictures, quizzes the little fellow every day about his life at home, trying to learn how closely the child, who is not yet five years old, observes what is happening. One morning recently the youngster arrived at the studios with his mother and dashed for the star's dressing room. He was fairly trembling with excitement. "Say," he exclaimed breathlessly, "the family next door to us has a new baby!" The star displayed the keenest interest. "That's fine," he enthused. "What is it, Joey, a boy or a girl?" "Aw, gee," Joey returned with a contemptuous snicker, "they don't know yet. It only came last night."

Homing Instinct Supreme.

Science cannot explain the wonderful instinct which brings the pigeon to its home, but it is stronger than fear or any other obstacle. Liberated in the face of the heaviest barrage, it circles in the air to get its bearings, rises swiftly to a height of half a mile, then is off with the speed of a bullet. For a distance of 30 miles they are capable of making two miles a minute, and have flown 800 miles on a single flight.

ROAD BUILDING

ROAD DRAGGING IS FAVORED

Four Good Points on Simple and Least Expensive Contrivance for Maintenance.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

First, the road drag is the simplest and least expensive contrivance yet devised for maintaining roads constructed of earth or earthy material. Second, the successful operation of a road drag depends to a very great extent on the skill and intelligence of the operator. Third, the time to use the drag is when the material composing the road surface is sufficiently moist to



Keeping Road in Good Condition.

compact readily under traffic after it has been moved by the drag and does not contain sufficient moisture for the traffic following the drag to produce mud. Fourth, dragging cannot usually be so arranged as to keep teams employed all the time, and it is therefore desirable to have it done by interested persons who can find employment for themselves and teams when they are not engaged in dragging.

TELLS GOOD ROADS' NEEDS

Farm and Fireside Explains Best Plan for Oval Surface—Should Be Flat as Possible.

"Everybody agrees that the surface of a road must be oval in its contour," says Farm and Fireside, "but not all understand that this oval ought to be as flat as the character of the road material and the lay of the land will permit. With brick or concrete construction the oval may be very flat, because the traffic makes no ruts to carry the water lengthwise of the road, nor does the pavement soften and develop depressions when kept in contact with water.

"But broken stone (water-bound macadam), being susceptible to penetration by water, and subject to great damage if frozen while soaked, must be given a higher oval; and for gravel roads a still steeper pitch is demanded.

"As for earth roads, the steepness must be governed by the combined influence of a number of factors. Perhaps the leading factor is the quality of the earth in each particular case. And next might be placed the presence or absence of 'seeps' or 'spouts'; while another of these vital factors would be the longitudinal pitch of the highway."

PATCHING OFTEN NEGLECTED

Two Ruts Caused to Form Where There Was but One Before—Work When Road Is Wet.

Patching is usually neglected or done in such a way as to cause two ruts to form where there was but one before. That is the invariable result of filling a rut too full. This work should always be done when the road is wet, preferably when the water is still standing in every little hollow on the road surface, so that the workmen can just see where to place the new gravel and about how much is needed. Unless the rut is a very large one, it is always best to shovel the gravel from the wagon into it, rather than to raise a sideboard and attempt to dump a part of the load.

BETTER WAGON ROADS URGED

Farmers Cannot Take Hold of Problem Any Too Quickly—Cost of Hauling Is Too Big.

Better wagon roads are a problem which farmers cannot take hold of any too quickly. It now costs the average farmer 23 cents per ton mile to haul freight over wagon roads, while the railroads receive on an average of only 7.25 cents per ton mile for performing the same service.