CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

—14—

"Pick him up and put him on the sled here, boys," Mr. Stagg said. "I'll carry Hannah's Car'lyn myself."

The party, including the excited Prince, got back to the docks without losing any time and without further accident. Still the chapel bell was ringing and somebody said:

"We'd have been up a stump for knowing the direction if it hadn't been for that bell."

"Me, too," muttered Chet Gormley. "That's what kep' me goin', folks—the chapel bell. It just seemed to be callin' me home."

Joseph Stagg, carried his niece up to Mrs. Gormley's little house, while one of the men helped Chet along to the same destination. The seamstress met them at the door, wildly excited.

"And what do you think?" she cried. "They took Mandy Parlow home in Tim's hack. She was just done up, they tell me, pullin' that chapel bell. Did you ever hear of such a silly critter—just because she couldn't find the sexton!"

"Hum! you and I both seem to be mistaken about what constitutes silliness, Mrs. Gormley," grumbled the hardware dealer. "I was for calling your Chet silly, till I learned what he'd done. And you'd better not call Miss Mandy silly. The sound of the chapel bell gave us all our bearings. Both of 'em, Chet and Miss Mandy, did their best."

Carolyn May was taken home in Tim's hack, too. To her surprise, Tim was ordered to stop at the Parlow house and go in to ask how Miss Amanda was.

By this time the story of her pulling of the chapel bell rope was all over Sunrise Cove and the hack driver was naturally as curious as anybody. So he willingly went into the Parlow cottage, bringing back word that she was resting comfortably, Doctor Nugent having just left her.

"An' she's one brave gal," declared Tim. "Pitcher of George Washington! pullin' that bell rope ain't no baby's job."

Carolyn May did not altogether understand what Miss Amanda had done, but she was greatly pleased that Uncle Joe had so plainly displayed his interest in the carpenter's daughter.

The next morning Carolyn May seemed to be in good condition. Indeed, she was the only individual vitally interested in the adventure who did not pay for the exposure. Even Prince had barked his legs being hauled out on the ice. Uncle Joe had caught a bad cold in his head and suffered from it for some time. Miss

"Carolyn May," He Said, "What Are You Writing?"

Amanda remained in bed for several days. But it was poor Chet Gormley who paid the dearest price for participation in the exciting incident. Doctor Nugent had hard work fighting off pneumonia.

Mr. Stagg surprised himself by the interest he took in Chet. He closed his store twice each day to call at the Widow Gormley's house.

Mr. Stagg found himself talking with Chet more than he ever had before. The boy was lonely and the man found a spark of interest in his heart for him that he had never previously discovered. He began to probe into his young employee's thoughts, to learn something of his outlook on life; perhaps, even, he got some inkling of Chet's ambition.

That week the ice went entirely out of the cove. Spring was at hand, with its muddy roads, blue skies, sweeter airs, soft rains and a general revivifying feeling.

Aunty Rose declared that Carolyn May began at once to "perk up." Perhaps the cold, long winter had been hard for the child to bear.

One day the little girl had a more than ordinarily hard school task to perform. Everything did not come easy to Carolyn May, "by any manner of means," as Aunty Rose would have said. Composition writing was her bane and Miss Minnie had instructed Carolyn May's class to bring in a written exercise the next morning. The little girl wandered over to the churchyard with her slate and pencil—and Prince, of course—to try to achieve the composition.

The windows of the minister's study overlooked this spot and he was sitting at his desk while Carolyn May was laboriously writing the words on her slate (having learned to use a slate), which she expected later to copy into her composition book.

The Rev. Afton Driggs watched her puzzled face and laboring fingers for some moments before calling out of his window to her. Several sheets of sermon paper lay before him on the desk and perhaps he was having almost as hard a time putting on the paper what he desired to say as Carolyn May was having with her writing.

Finally, he came to the window and spoke to her. "Carolyn May," he said, "what are you writing?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs, is that you?" said the little girl, getting up quickly and coming nearer. "Did you ever have to write a composition?"

"Yes, Carolyn May, I have to write one or two each week." And he sighed.

"Oh, yes! So you do!" the little girl agreed. "You have to write sermons. And that must be a terribly tedious thing to do, for they have to be longer than my composition—a great deal longer."

"So it is a composition that is troubling you," the young minister remarked.

"Yes, sir. I don't know what to write—I really don't. Miss Minnie says for us not to try any flights of fancy. I don't just know what those are. But she says, write what is in us. Now, that don't seem like a composition," added Carolyn May doubtfully.

"What doesn't."

"Why, writing what is in us," explained the little girl, staring in a puzzled fashion at her slate, on which she had written several lines. "You see, I have written down all the things that I 'member is in me."

"For pity's sake! let me see it, child," said the minister, quickly reaching down for the slate. When he brought it to a level with his eyes he was amazed by the following:

"In me there is my heart, my liver, my lungs, my verform pendicks, my stummick, two ginger cookies, a piece of pepmint candy and my dinner."

"For pity's sake!" Mr. Driggs shut off this explosion by a sudden cough.

"I guess it isn't much of a composition, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May said frankly. "But how can you make your inwards be pleasant reading?"

The minister was having no little difficulty in restraining his mirth.

"Go around to the door, Carolyn May, and ask Mrs. Driggs to let you in. Perhaps I can help you in this composition writing."

"Oh, will you, Mr. Driggs?" cried the little girl. "That is awful kind of you."

The clergyman did not seem to mind neglecting his task for the pleasure of helping Carolyn May with hers. He explained quite clearly just what Miss Minnie meant by "writing what is in you."

"Oh! it's what you think about a thing yourself—not what other folks think," cried Carolyn May. "Why, I can do that. I thought it was something like those physerology lessons. Then I can write about anything I want to, can't I?"

"I think so," replied the minister.

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Mr. Driggs," the little girl said. "I wish I might do something for you in return."

"Help me with my sermon, perhaps?" he asked, smiling.

"I would if I could, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May was very earnest.

"Well, now, Carolyn May, how would you go about writing a sermon if you had one to write?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs!" exclaimed the little girl, clasping her hands. "I know just how I'd do it."

"You do? Tell me how, then, my dear," he returned, smiling. "Perhaps you have an inspiration for writing sermons that I have never yet found."

"Why, Mr. Driggs, I'd try to write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier. That's what I'd do. I'd make 'em look up and see the sunshine and the sky—and the mountains, 'way off yonder—so they'd see nothing but bright things and breathe only good air and hear birds sing—Oh, dear me, that—that is the way I'd write a sermon."

The clergyman's face had grown grave as he listened to her, but he kissed her warmly as he thanked her and bade her good-by. When she had gone from the study he read again the text written at the top of the first sheet of sermon paper. It was taken from the book of the prophet Jeremiah.

"'To write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier,'" he murmured as he crumpled the sheet of paper in his hand and dropped it in the waste-basket.

CHAPTER XV.

The Awakening.

With the opening of spring and the close of the sledding season, work had stopped at Adams' camp. Rather, the entire plant had been shipped twenty

"I Know My Uncle Joe Likes Miss Amanda."

miles deeper into the forest—mill, bunkhouse, cook shed and such corrugated-iron shacks as were worth carting away.

All that was left on the site of the busy camp were huge heaps of sawdust, piles of slabs, discarded timbers and the half-burned bricks into which had been built the portable boiler and engine.

And old Judy Mason. She was not considered worth moving to the new site of the camp. She was bedridden with rheumatism. This was the report Tim, the hackman, had brought in.

The old woman's husband had gone with the outfit to the new camp, for he could not afford to give up his work. Judy had not been so bad when the camp was broken up, but when Tim went over for a load of slabs for summer firewood, he discovered her quite helpless in her bunk and almost starving. The rheumatic attack had become serious.

Amanda Parlow had at once ridden over with Doctor Nugent.

"How brave and helpful it is of Miss Amanda!" Carolyn May cried. "Dear me, when I grow up I hope I can be a gradjerate nurse like Miss Mandy."

"I reckon that's some spell ahead," chuckled Mr. Parlow, to whom she said this when he picked her up for a drive after taking his daughter to the camp.

"Mr Parlow," the girl ventured after a time, "don't you think now that Miss Amanda ought to be happy?"

"Happy!" exclaimed the carpenter, startled, "What about, child?"

"Why, about everything. You know, once I asked you about her being happy, and—and you didn't seem fav'rable. You said 'Bah!'"

The old man made no reply for a minute and Carolyn May had the patience to wait for her suggestion to "sink in." Finally he said:

"I dunno but you're right, Car'lyn May. Not that it matters much, I guess, whether a body's happy or not in this world," he added grudgingly.

"Oh, yes, it does, Mr. Parlow! It matters a great deal, I am sure—to us and to other people. If we're not happy inside of us, how can we be cheerful outside, and so make other people happy? And that is what I mean about Miss Amanda."

"What about Mandy?"

"She isn't happy," sighed Carolyn May. "Not really. She's just as good as good can be. She is always doing for folks and helping. But she can't be real happy."

"Why not?" growled Mr. Parlow, his face turned away.

"Why—'cause— Well, you know, Mr. Parlow, she can't be happy as long as she and my Uncle Joe are mad at each other."

Mr. Parlow uttered another grunt, but the child went bravely on.

"You know very well that's so. And I don't know what to do about it. It just seems too awful that they should hardly speak, and yet be so fond of each other deep down."

"How d'you know they're so fond of each other—deep down?" Mr. Parlow demanded.

"I know my Uncle Joe likes Miss 'Mandy, 'cause he always speaks so—so respectful of her. And I can see she likes him, in her eyes," replied the observant Carolyn May. "Oh, yes, Mr. Parlow, they ought to be happy again, and we ought to make 'em so."

"Huh! Who ought to?"

"You and me. We ought to find some way of doing it. I'm sure we can, if we just think hard about it."

"Huh!" grunted the carpenter again, turning Cherry into the dooryard. "Huh!"

This was not a very encouraging response. Yet he did think of it. The little girl had started a train of thought in Mr. Parlow's mind that he could not sidetrack.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOT AT ALL EAGER TO GO

Old Jeff Had No Desire Whatever to Be Translated From His Comfortable Cabin.

It is commonly supposed that negroes fearing death will make all sorts of promises because of their dread of future punishment. But Prof. Ulrich B. Phillips in "American Negro Slavery," tells the story of at least one old hard-headed fellow who steadfastly resisted the hypnotic suggestion of the preacher, and even repudiated glorification on his deathbed. A Louisiana physician recounted to Professor Phillips the final episode in the career of "Old Uncle Caleb," who had long been a-dying. "Before his departure, Jeff, the negro preacher, gathered his sable flock of saints and sinners around the bed. He read a chapter and prayed, after which they sang a hymn. Uncle Caleb lay motionless with closed eyes and gave no sign. Jeff approached and took his hand. "Uncle Caleb," he said earnestly, "de doctor says you are dying, and all de bredderin has come in for to see you fo' de las' time. And now, Uncle Caleb, dey wants to hear from your own mouf de precious words, dat yo feels prepared to meet yo God, and is ready an' willin' to go." Old Uncle Caleb opened his eyes suddenly and in a very irritable tone, rebuffed the pious functionary in the following unexpected manner: "Jeff, don't talk yo nonsense to me. You jess knows dat I ain't ready to go and dat I ain't prepared to meet nobody . . . dis ole cabin suits me monstrously well!" And so he died.

Not for Me, but of Me.

Moses Selig has been in business for a long time but never until recently had he received a purely business letter from a small granddaughter. The letter was sent by his granddaughter, Evelyn Hahn, who formerly lived in Indianapolis, and was as follows:

"Dearest Grandpa: This is a business note. . . . I am selling Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps. Please buy of me, not for me, and help me to receive a position in the army of thrift workers. Send me a check if you will, payable to cash, and I will send you the stamps. You will oblige and help me very much. Much love.

"EVELYN."

It is needless to say that Mr. Selig regarded this as one of the most important business notes he ever received.—Indianapolis News.

At Everyone's Door.

Some sage has said that opportunity knocks at everyone's door, yet the really level-headed person will not idly sit around waiting to hear this welcome summons. He or she, like the early bird that simply cannot miss the worm, must be up and doing, hunting around for the opportunity that always comes to those who determinedly seek it. Perform well today's duties, look on the bright side of life and keep your grievances to yourself. Success is sweet—no one will deny this truth—but if we do not work for it and if we do not learn to face the world bravely, with a smile on our lips, then we may as well make up our minds that success will never come our way.

Cure for Hiccoughs.

Small pieces of ice applied suddenly, so as to surprise the patient, will stop persistent hiccoughing. Also hot drinks of weak coffee and milk taken frequently has the desired effect. A lump of sugar saturated with vinegar will often relieve hiccoughs.

Walnut for Gunstocks.

Some of the oldest walnut trees in this country were originally planted, not for the sake of the fruit, but because the wood makes the best gunstocks, being light, strong and not easily warped.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUTS AS "NUT PATRIOTS"

The boy is coming into his own. Every human boy always knew deep within his heart that he was the natural keeper of the peace, the very present help in time of trouble, but the difficulty lay in convincing his elders.

The boy scout movement was his first great opportunity for demonstration, and he seized it. Under its beneficent rays his natural inclination and operations emerged from the black shadow of paternal disapproval or lack of interest and assumed their deserved place.

Swimming, woodcraft and camping became dignified professions, in the pursuit of which the boy himself was made strong and thereby fitted to defend the weak.

His value as a part of civic life next became apparent, and he distributed important literature, helped care for the crowds at parades and public meetings, learned to observe city laws and traffic regulations and to encourage their observance in others.

Having borne himself worthily in all these matters, behold his just reward! No more did the boy need to ask fearfully if he might go nutting. His country called him, he must go. Gathering nuts for gas masks was recognized by the highest authorities as an essential industry. But the boy knew it all the time.

TAXING CENSUS OF TREES.

Interesting Work Successfully Handled by Youngsters.

SCOUT'S BRAVERY TESTED.

What his medal for war work means to a boy scout is illustrated by this little story. Robert Goodwin, a scout in Des Moines, Ia., was lying in the hospital very ill from typhoid when Scout Executive Gendall received the boy's Ace Medal for selling War Savings stamps for the government.

Ill as the scout was it was decided that he should receive his medal, and it was taken to him in the hospital. He wanted it pinned on the pocket of his nightgown.

Shortly after that it was discovered that he also had appendicitis and he was prepared for an operation. As he was placed upon the wheeled table to be carried into the operating room his mother asked him if he was afraid. "No," he said, "one of the twelve points of the scout law is that a scout is brave."

Scout Goodwin's mother says that she is convinced that if the scout law meant so much to her boy at such a time its application to all boys would be a good thing.

SCOUTS RUN AN AMBULANCE.

The boy scouts of Richmond during the influenza epidemic performed a great service. The scouts voluntarily secured, equipped and manned an ambulance.

This ambulance carried more than 75 patients to the emergency hospital at the high school. The scouts took every precaution. They wore masks and bathed their hands and faces in bichloride solution.

As many as eight patients were brought from one home, each one carefully placed upon the stretcher by their trained hands, borne to the ambulance and taken out with skill not excelled by veteran ambulance drivers.

This ambulance was on duty night and day. At times it was necessary to carry as many as five patients at one time.