

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"No, I should say they're not," Aunt Rose observed with grimace. "Far from it. It's a fact! I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Holding hands in there like a pair of— Well, do you know what it means, Carolyn May?"

"That they love each other," the child said boldly. "And I'm so glad for them!"

"So am I," declared the woman, still in a whisper. "But it means changes here. Things won't be the same for long. I know Joseph Stagg for what he is."

"What is he, Aunt Rose?" asked Carolyn May in some trepidation, for the housekeeper seemed to be much moved.

"He's a very determined man. Once he gets set in a way, he carries everything before him. Mandy Parlow is going to be made Mrs. Joseph Stagg so quick that it'll astonish her. Now, you believe me, Carolyn May?"

"Oh!" was the little girl's comment.

"There'll be changes here very sudden. Two's company, three's a crowd," Carolyn May. Never was a truer saying. Those two will want just each other—and nobody else.

"Well, Carolyn May, if you've finished your supper, we'd better go up to bed. It's long past your bedtime."

"Yes, Aunt Rose," said the little girl in muffled voice.

Aunt Rose did not notice that Carolyn May did not venture to the door of the sitting room to bid either Uncle Joe or Miss Amanda good-night. The child followed the woman upstairs with faltering steps, and in the unlighted bedroom that had been Hannah Stagg's she knelt at Aunt Rose's knee and murmured her usual petitions.

"Do bless Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda, now they're so happy," was a phrase that might have thrilled Aunt Rose at another time. But she was so deep in her own thoughts that she heard what Carolyn May said perfunctorily.

With her customary kiss, she left the little girl and went downstairs. Carolyn May had seen so much excitement during the day that she might have been expected to sleep at once, and that soundly. But it was not so.

The little girl lay with wide-open eyes, her imagination at work.

"Two's company, three's a crowd." She took that trite saying, in which Aunt Rose had expressed her own feelings, to herself. If Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda were going to be married, they would not want anybody else around! Of course not!

"And what will become of me?" thought Carolyn May chokingly.

All the "emptiness" of the last few months swept over the soul of the little child in a wave that her natural cheerfulness could not withstand. Her anchorage in the love of Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda was swept away.

The heart of the little child swelled. Her eyes overflowed. She sobbed herself to sleep, the pillow muffling the sounds, more forlorn than ever before since she had come to The Corners.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Journey.

It was certainly a fact that Amanda Parlow immediately usurped some power in the household of the Stagg homestead. She ordered Joseph Stagg not to go down to his store that next day. And he did not!

Nor could he attend to business for several days thereafter. He was too stiff and lame and his burns were too painful.

Chet Gormley came up each day for instructions and was exceedingly full of business. A man would have to be very exacting indeed to find fault with the interest the boy displayed in running the store just as his employer desired it to be run.

"I tell you what it is, Car'lyn," Chet drawled, in confidence. "I'm mighty sorry Mr. Stagg got hurt like he did. But lemme tell you, it's just givin' me the chance of my life!"

"Why, maw says that Mr. Stagg and Miss Mandy Parlow'll git married for sure now!"

"Oh, yes," sighed the little girl. "They'll be married."

"Well, when folks git married they allus go off on a trip. Course, they will. And me—I'll be runnin' the business all by myself. It'll be great! Mr. Stagg will see jest how much value I be to him. Why, it'll be the makin' of me!" cried the optimistic youth.

Yes, Carolyn May heard it on all sides. Everybody was talking about the affair of Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda.

Every time she saw her uncle and her "pretty lady" together the observant child could not but notice that they were utterly wrapped up in each other.

Miss Amanda could not go past the easy chair in which the hardware dealer was enthroned without touching him. He, as bold as a boy, would seize her hand and kiss it.

Love, a mighty, warm, throbbing spirit, had caught them up and swept them away out of themselves—out of their old selves, at least. They had eyes only for each other—thoughts only for each other.

Even a child could see something of this. The absorption of the two made Aunt Rose's remarks very impressive to Carolyn May.

A week of this followed—a week in which the trouble in Carolyn May's heart and brain seethed until it became unbearable. She was convinced that there would soon be no room for her in the big house. She watched Aunt Rose pack her own trunk, and the old lady looked very glum, indeed. She heard whispers of an immediate marriage, here in the house, with Mr. Driggs as the officiating clergyman.

Carolyn May studied things out for herself. Being a child, her conclusions were not always wise ones.

She felt that she might be a stumbling block to the complete happiness of Uncle Joe and Amanda Parlow. They might have to set aside their own desires because of her. She felt vaguely that this must not be.

"I can go home," she repeated over and over to herself.

"Home" was still in the New York city apartment house where she had lived so happily before that day when her father and mother had gone aboard the ill-fated Dunraven.

Their complete loss out of the little girl's life had never become fixed in her mind. It had never seemed a surety—not even after her talks with the sailor, Benjamin Hardy.

Friday afternoon the little girl went to the churchyard and made neat the three little graves and the one long

grave.

"Where are you going, Carolyn May?" he asked.

"All the way with you, sir," she replied.

"To New York?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going home again."

"Then I'll see you later," he said, without asking for her ticket.

The conductor remembered the little girl very well, although he did not remember all the details of her story.

He was very kind to her and brought her satisfying news about Prince in the baggage car. The brakeman was nice, too, and brought her water to drink in a paper cup.

At last the long stretches of streets at right angles with the tracks appeared—paved streets lined with tall apartment houses. This could be nothing but New York city. Her papa had told her long ago that there was no other city like it in the world.

She knew One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and its elevated station. That was not where she had boarded the train going north, when Mr. Price had placed her in the conductor's care, but it was nearer her old home—that she knew. So she told the brakeman she wanted to get out there and he arranged to have Prince released.

The little girl alighted and got her dog without misadventure. She was down on the street level before the train continued on its journey downtown.

At the Grand Central terminal the conductor was met with a telegram sent from Sunrise Cove by a certain frantic hardware dealer and that telegram told him something about Carolyn May of which he had not thought to ask.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Home of Carolyn May.

It was some distance from the railroad station to the block on which Carolyn May Cameron had lived all her life until she had gone to stay with Uncle Joe Stagg. The child knew she could not take the car, for the conductor would not let Prince ride.

She started with the dog on his leash, for he was not muzzled. The bag became heavy very soon, but she staggered along with it uncomplainingly. Her disheveled appearance, with the bag and the dog, gave people who noticed her the impression that Carolyn May had been away, perhaps, for a "fresh-air" vacation, and was now coming home, brown and weary, to her expectant family.

But Carolyn May knew that she was coming home to an empty apartment—to rooms that echoed with her mother's voice and in which lingered only memories of her father's cheery spirit.

Yet it was the only home, she felt, that was left for her.

She could not blame Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda for forgetting her.

Aunt Rose had been quite disturbed, too, since the forest fire. She had given the little girl no hint that provision would be made for her future.

Wearily, Carolyn May traveled through the Harlem streets, shifting the bag from hand to hand. Prince paced sedately by her side.

"We're getting near home now, Princey," she told him again and again.

Thus she tried to keep her heart up. She came to the corner near which she had lived so long and Prince suddenly sniffed at the screened door of a shop.

"Of course, poor fellow! That's the butcher's," Carolyn May said.

She bought a penny afternoon paper on a news stand and then went into the shop and got a nickel's worth of bones and scraps for the dog. The clerk did not know her, for he was a new man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHEN LIFE SEEMED GOOD

All Trials and Troubles Trivial to True American Under Such Glorious Circumstances.

I got up in the morning feeling out of sorts.

I was blue and depressed and had many troubles.

I was short of funds and long on obligations.

The coming cares of the day seemed to be too much for me and I dreaded meeting them.

I was in ill humor as I dressed.

Then I went to the front door and picked up the morning paper and I read:

"Yanks take twenty towns!"

"Yanks capture many guns and prisoners!"

"Yanks drive back the Huns!"

And I forgot all my troubles.

And I gave one loud, American cheer.

For life looked mighty good to me.

—Indianapolis Star.

Remember.

When the war is over, no excuse will go.

Either you were in it or you were not.

Either you shouldered your gun, served in the trenches, or the Young Men's Christian association, the Red Cross or in some place where the door was opened, or else you did nothing.

If you could not serve, you could send your boys with a Godspeed, as they marched out to the front. To hold them back stamped them as slackers.

Either you strained your resources to buy Liberty bonds or you forgot your obligation to those who fought and died for your flag.

Disqualification for active service is no justification for forgetting the boys behind the guns who sacrificed all thought of gain and were willing to sacrifice their lives at their country's call.—Leslie's.

Air Raid Stories.

In a booklet recently published the Bishop of Stepney tells some amusing stories of the behavior of poor people in the East end of London during the raids.

One woman dwelling in a big block of model dwellings (writes the author) said to me, "You see, we're quite safe, because all here are contrite"—a fine frame of mind, only she meant concrete.

Another woman, a riverside dweller, who caught sight of a Zeppelin when she was out in her back yard in one of the earliest raids, said: "So I runs into me kitchen, and in a minute or two I looks out at the front door, and blest if it wasn't waiting for me there. I don't call it natural."—Pearson's Weekly.

Ask the Thief.

The lawyer was trying hard for his client and was setting the points out in a logical manner. There was one thing he was not quite clear about and he accordingly said:

"Now, sir, you state my client knocked you down and then disappeared in the darkness. What time of night was this?"

"I can't say exactly," the complainant answered dryly. "Your client had my watch."

The Situation.

Though a prophet rose from the dead, he never could have persuaded the third George of England that under the fifth George the nation of George Washington would save England from destruction at the hands of the third George's kin. As old John Phoenix used to say, "truth is often more of a stranger than fiction."—Topeka Capital.

A Stranger's Mistake.

"Mr. Bibbles! You were intoxicated last night. I saw you zigzagging all over the street."

"Merely the result of misapprehension. I didn't know the painted white lines were for automobiles. I thought they were for the guidance of pedestrians."

Flexible tips feature new umbrella ribs, which their inventor claims will prevent an umbrella from being blown inside out.

STUDY BEST USE OF DIVERS FERTILIZERS

Small Field Plots for Purpose Have Been Established.

Special Tests Conducted to Determine Amount of Potash Needed to Meet Requirements of Tobacco Plant.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The enormous fertilizer consumption in the United States, amounting to more than a hundred million dollars prior to the war, has undergone in the last few years a decided change, not so much in volume as in the composition of the fertilizing materials. This has forced a careful study of ratios of essential plant-food constituents on prominent and essential crops.

Accordingly, small field plots for the study of fertilizers have been established by the United States department of agriculture on different soils and under different agricultural conditions. The test fields now in operation are at Prosser, Me.; State College, Pa.; Norfolk, Va.; Florence, S. C.; Pecan City, Ga.; Putney, Ga.; Thomasville, Ga.; Monticello, Fla.; Orlando, Fla.; Ashland, Wis., and Scottsburg, Ind.

Special field tests have been conducted to determine the smallest quantities of potash which will meet the requirements of the tobacco plant, more especially on the lighter soils of the flue-cured district. Marked responses have been obtained with only 24 pounds, and even as low as 12 pounds, of potash per acre. These applications have sufficed to prevent the appearance of the characteristic symptoms of potash deficiency which the plant shows when no potash is supplied in the fertilizer. It has been possible also to establish an appreciable difference between the sulphate and the muriate of potash in their action on the plant.

The unusual fertilizer situation has brought forth numerous fertilizer substitutes of more or less doubtful merit for which extravagant claims are made. Companies are organizing to exploit fertilizer materials, concerning the value of which little is known, and a considerable increase in such test work seems necessary. Several such products have been investigated and tested by the department. Some of them are practically worthless and others have value entirely out of proportion to prices charged.

PLAN FOR MOVING BARB WIRE

Difficult Task Made Much More Easy if Reel is Provided for Winding Up Wire.

Moving a barb-wire fence is a pretty hard job, but it will be much more easily done if a reel is made on which the wire to be moved may be wound.



Moving Barb Wire.

Such a reel is made simply by sawing off a short length of a round pole and nailing crosspieces on the ends. The wire to be moved is then unfastened from the posts and thrown out from them a short distance, after which one end is nailed to the reel. The winding is then easy.

WAYS TO CONTROL HOG LICE

Complete Eradication is Best Secured By Use of Dipping Vats—Rubbing Posts Good.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Lice on hogs can be controlled in various ways, but complete eradication is best secured by the use of dipping vats, experiments show.

Medicated hog wallows and rubbing posts, the experiments showed, kept the number of parasites reduced so that they caused little or no damage, but neither of these methods destroyed all the lice. Crude petroleum was used on the rubbing posts and the wallows were medicated with coal-tar creosote dips, pine tar, crude petroleum, and bland oils. Crude petroleum and coal-tar creosote dips proved to be more effective when applied from an ordinary sprinkling can than when used in wallows or on rubbing posts.

Weed Out Poor Cows.

Now is the time to weed out poor cows and to judge good dairy helper calves.