

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN CANNOT FACE PROSPECT OF LOSING HER ONLY FRIEND AND COMPANION.

Synopsis.—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg, at the Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic. Carolyn is also chilled by the stern demeanor of Aunt Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper. Stagg is dismayed when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left practically penniless and consigned to his care as guardian. Carolyn learns of the estrangement between her uncle and his one-time sweetheart, Amanda Parlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

The mole in question lived under a piece of rock wall near the garden fence.

When Uncle Joe came home to dinner on one particular Saturday he walked down to the corner of the garden fence, and there saw the havoc Prince had wrought. In following the line of the mole's last tunnel he had worked his way under the picket fence and had torn up two currant bushes and done some damage in the strawberry patch.

"And the worst of it is," grumbled the hardware dealer, "he never caught the mole. That mongrel really isn't worth a bag of dorricks to sink him in the brook. But that's what he's going to get this very evening when I come home. I won't stand for him a day longer."

Carolyn May positively turned pale as she crouched beside the now chained-up Prince, both arms about his rough neck. He licked her cheek. Fortunately, he could not understand everything that was said to him, therefore the pronouncement of this terrible sentence did not agitate him an atom.

Carolyn May sat for a long time under the tree beside the sleeping dog and thought how different this life at The Corners was from that she had lived with her father and mother in the city home.

If only that big ship, the Dunraven, had not sailed away with her papa and her mamma!

Carolyn May had been very brave on that occasion. She had gone ashore with Mrs. Price and Edna after her



The Little Girl Felt Bitterly Her Loneliness and Grief.

mother's last clinging embrace and her father's husky "Good-by, daughter," with scarcely a tear.

Of course she had been brave! Mamma would return in a few weeks, and then, after a time, papa would likewise come back—and oh! so rosy and stout!

And then, in two weeks, came the fatal news of the sinking of the Dunraven and the loss of all but a small part of her crew and passengers.

Vaguely these facts had become known to Carolyn May. She never spoke of them. They did not seem real to the little girl.

But now, sitting beside the condemned Prince—her companion and only real comforter during these weeks of her orphanhood—the little girl felt bitterly her loneliness and grief.

If Uncle Joe did as he had threatened, what should she do? There seemed to be no place for her and Prince to run away to.

"I'm quite sure I don't want to

live," thought Carolyn May dully. "If papa and mamma and Prince are all dead—why! there aren't enough other folks left in the world to make it worth while living in, I don't believe. If Prince isn't going to be alive, then I don't want to be alive, either."

By and by Prince began to get very uneasy. It was long past his dinner hour, and every time he heard the screen door slam he jumped up and gazed eagerly and with cocked ears and wagging tail in that direction.

"You poor thing, you," said Carolyn May at last. "I s'pose you are hungry. It isn't going to do you a bit of good to eat; but you don't know it. I'll ask Aunt Rose if she has something for you."

She got up wearily and went across the yard. Aunt Rose stood just inside the screen door.

"Don't you want any dinner, Carolyn May?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. I guess I'd better not eat," said the child.

"Why not?"

"Cause my stomach's so trembly. I just know I couldn't keep anything down, even if I could swallow it. But Prince'll eat his, please. He—he don't know any better."

"Tut, tut!" murmured the woman. "He's the most sensible of the two of you, I declare."

The minutes of that afternoon dragged by in most doleful procession. There was no idea in the little girl's mind that Uncle Joe might change his intention and Prince be saved from the watery grave promised him. When she saw the hardware dealer come into the yard almost an hour earlier than their usual supper time she was not surprised. Nor did she think of pleading with him for the dog's life.

The little girl watched him advance. Mr. Stagg came directly through the yard, stopping only at the shed for a moment. There he secured a strong potato sack, and with it trailing from his hand went half-way up the knoll to where there was a heap of stones. He stooped down and began to select some of these, putting them in the bag.

This was too much for Carolyn May. With a fearful look at Uncle Joe's uncompromising shoulders, she went to the tree where Prince was chained. Exchanging the chain for the leather leash with which she always led him about, the little girl guided the mongrel across the yard and around the corner of the house.

Her last backward glance assured her that the hardware dealer had not observed her. Quickly and silently she led Prince to the front gate, and they went out together into the dusty road.

"I—I know we oughtn't to," whispered Carolyn May to her canine friend, "but I feel I've just got to save you, Prince. I—I can't see you drowned-dead like that!"

She turned the nearest corner and went up the road towards the little closed, gable-roofed cottage where Aunt Rose had lived before she had come to be Uncle Joe's housekeeper.

Carolyn May had already peered over into the small yard of the cottage and had seen that Mrs. Kennedy still kept the flower-beds weeded and the walks neat and the grass plot trimmed. But the window shutters were barred and the front door built up with boards.

Carolyn May went in through the front gate and sat down on the doorstep, while Prince dropped to a comfortable attitude beside her. The dog slept. The little girl ruminated.

She would not go back to Uncle Joe's—no, indeed! She did not know just what she would do when dark should come, but Prince should not be sacrificed to her uncle's wrath.

A voice, low, sweet, yet startling, aroused her.

"What are you doing there, little girl?"

Both runaways started, but neither of them was disturbed by the appearance of her who had accused Carolyn May.

"Oh, Miss Manly!" breathed the little girl, and thought that the carpenter's daughter had never looked so pretty.

"What are you doing there?" repeated Miss Parlow.

"We—we've run away," said Carolyn May at last. She could be nothing but frank; it was her nature.

"Run away!" repeated the pretty woman. "You don't mean that?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have. And Prince. From Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose." Carolyn May assured her, nodding her head with each declaration.

"Oh, my dear, what for?" asked Miss Amanda.

So Carolyn May told her—and with tears.

Meanwhile the woman came into the yard and sat beside the child on the step. With her arm about the little girl, Miss Amanda snuggled her up close, wiping the tears away with her own handkerchief.

"I just can't have poor Prince drowned," Carolyn May sobbed. "I'd want to be drowned myself, too."

"I know, dear. But do you really believe your Uncle Joseph would do such a thing? Would he drown your dog?"

"I—I saw him putting the stones in the bag," sobbed Carolyn May. "And he said he would."

"But he said it when he was angry, dear. We often say things when we are angry—more's the pity—which we do not mean, and for which we are bitterly sorry afterwards. I am sure, Carolyn May, that your Uncle Joe has no intention of drowning your dog."

"Oh, Miss Amanda! Are you positive?"

"Positive! I know Joseph Stagg. He was never yet cruel to any dumb creature. Go ask him yourself, Carolyn May. Whatever else he may be, he is not a hater of helpless and dumb animals."

"Miss Amanda," cried Carolyn May, with clasped hands, "you—you are just lifting an awful big lump off my heart! I'll run and ask him right away."

She raced with the barking Prince back to the Stagg premises. Mr. Stagg had just finished filling in with the stones the trench Prince had dug under the garden fence.

"There," he grunted. "That dratted dog won't dig this hole any bigger, I reckon. What's the matter with you, Carolyn?"

"Are—are you going to drown Prince, Uncle Joe? If—if you do, it just seems to me, I—I shall die!"

He looked up at her searchingly.

"Humph! is that mongrel so all-important to your happiness that you want to die if he does?" demanded the man.

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAD NOT FULLY UNDERSTOOD

But Officer Realized That Henceforth Young Austrian in His Command Was an American.

The Second Indiana artillery is responsible for this story: In one of its companies there is a young Austrian, who loves America with a greater intensity than he hates the despotism "back home." He was one of the first men from his home town to enlist in that regiment.

A superior officer had come to inspect the company. He gave directions as to the way he was to be saluted, etc. "Now, we'll try you out and see if you've got all my directions," he ended. "We'll begin by calling the roll.

"As your names are called advance two steps, salute your superior officer and answer 'Here.'"

The clerk took up the list of names and began calling. And lo, the Austrian's name, like "Abou Ben Adhem's," led all the rest. For a few minutes the young fellow stood hesitating, because he had not understood much of what the officer had said.

Encouragingly the officer started to raise his hand. A broad smile of relief spread over the Austrian's face. A few rapid steps—he was across the room, seized his superior officer's hand and gave it a hearty American shake.

And roars of laughter the officer ruefully examined his crushed fingers. "He's an American now, all right," he said sagely.

The Right Kind.

"Did the rich American get any ghosts in the old castle he leased?" "I understand he found quite a stock of good old family spirits in the cellar."

Every time a pessimist smiles he feels ashamed of it.

"Humph!" ejaculated the hardware dealer again. "I believe you think more of that dog than you do of me."

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

The frank answer hit Mr. Stagg harder than he would have cared to acknowledge.

"Why?" he queried.

"Because Prince never said a word to hurt me in his life!" said Carolyn May, sobbing.

The man was silenced. He felt in his inmost heart that he had been judged.

CHAPTER VI.

Prince Awakens The Corners. Camp-meeting time was over, and the church at The Corners was to open for its regular Sunday services.

"Both Satan and the parson have had a vacation," said Mr. Stagg, "and now they can tackle each other again and see which'll get the strange hold 'twixt now and revival time."

"You should not say such things, especially before the child, Joseph Stagg," admonished Aunt Rose.

Carolyn May, however, seemed not to have heard Uncle Joe's pessimistic



With Her Arms About the Little Girl, Miss Amanda Snuggled Her Up Close.

remark; she was too greatly excited by the prospect of Sunday school. And the very next week-day school would begin!

By this first week in September the little girl was quite settled in her new home at The Corners. Prince was still a doubtful acquisition to the family, both Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose plainly having misgivings about him. But in regard to the little girl herself, the hardware merchant and the housekeeper were of one opinion, even though they did not admit it to each other.

Prince proves himself a real canine hero and makes himself "solid" with all the people at the Corners. His exploit is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beavers Teach Engineers.

A group of Uncle Sam's army engineers received an unexpected lesson in engineering at Bronx park. They learned in the space of one hour how to repair a broken dam and prevent a disastrous flood. Their instructors were nine beavers, who were romping in the water of the pond. Above them was a dam 200 feet long and several feet high. Suddenly came a rush of water. The swollen stream broke into a torrent. Old man Beaver appealed to his offspring and the eight sprung after him. They seized pieces of timber, earth, rocks and soil. They worked with feverish haste. Stone by stone and timber by timber the water was slowly held back. One hour after the water broke the dam was repaired. "If we can hold the Huns like those chips stopped that flood of water the war will be over in six months," commented one of the officers. "I reckon science hasn't taught us so much, after all," said a bystander. "Those beavers know more about their specialty than we do about war or building canals."—New York Tribune.

Barnacles on Warships.

Warships have to be cleaned on the outside. On one ship alone 200 men worked all day scraping off 600 tons of animal and plant growth. This tremendous quantity of sea life had accumulated in less than two years, during which time the ship had traveled many thousand miles. The weight of the barnacles was so great that from 25 to 40 per cent more coal was consumed in maintaining the normal speed of the boat.

Business Girl.

Brown—"So Reba broke her engagement. Did she give you back the ring?" Jones—"No; she said diamonds have gone up, but she would give me what I paid for it."—Boston Transcript.

MEAT INJURIOUS TO THE KIDNEYS

Take a tablespoonful of Salts if Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.—Adv.

LISTEN TO THIS! SAYS CORNS LIFT RIGHT OUT NOW

You corn-plagued 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.—Adv.

World's Languages. It has been estimated that the one billion people of the world speak 3,064 languages. The number of men and women in the world is said to be about equal.

Your Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write to MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.

TYPHOID is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from us, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL. PRODUCING VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

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