

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 chided 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 donkeys 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 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

May at last. "I s'pose you are hungry. It isn't long to go, 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?" murmured the woman.

"'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."

"That's all right," 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. Not until she thought of pleading with him for the dog's life.

The little girl watched him askance. 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 pain for the leather leash 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. Quietly 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 comical 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 such a death.

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 accosted Carolyn May.

"Oh, Miss Mandy?" 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 such declaration.

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

So Carolyn May told her—and with tears.

drowned—ed." Carolyn May sobbed. "I don't want to be drowned—ed 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 leap off my heart! I'll run and ask him right away."

She raced with the barking Prince back to the Stagg premises. Mr. Stagg



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

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."

"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 Ait 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 Stagg and the parson had 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.

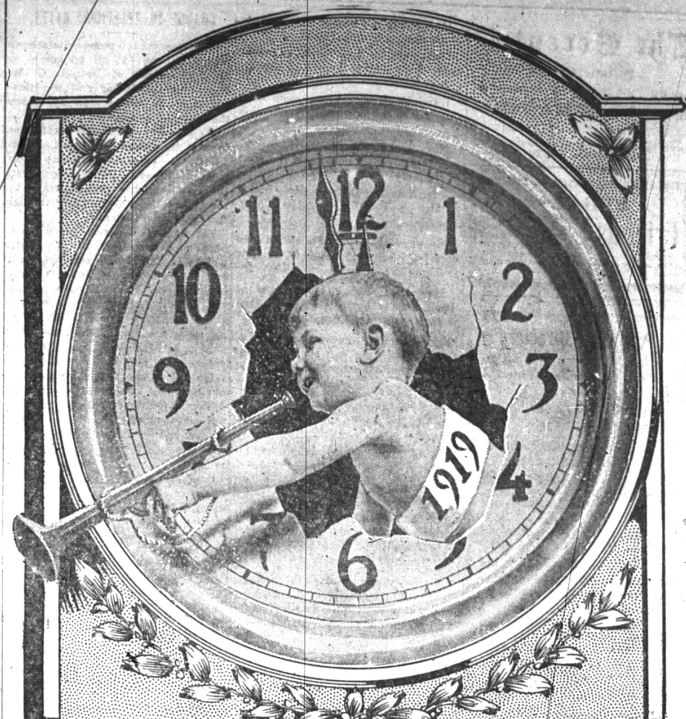
Carolyn May, however, seemed not to have heard Uncle Joe's pessimistic remark; she was too greatly excited by the prospect of Sunday school. And the very next week-day school would begin!

By this first week in September the little girl was quite settled in her new home at The Corners. Prince was still a doubtful addition 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.)

An order for 240,096 pairs of knee-length rubber boots for the French army has been placed with American manufacturers.



Hello People!

MY NAME is Nineteen Nineteen—
You see I'm just brand-new;
With a big joyous shout, Daddy Time let me out
To bring new hope to you.

NOW that you've got my number,
Perhaps you rather doubt
That I have come here to scatter good cheer,
And all the glooms to flout.

DAD says the world's gone crazy
And things are all dead wrong;
But a new little boy brings a promise of joy,
So greet me with a song!

REMEMBERED and FORGOTTEN

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

"The heart is hard in nature and unfit for human fellowship, as being void of sympathy and therefore dead alike to love and friendship both, that is not pleased with sight of others enjoying life. Nor feels their happiness argument his own."

At the beginning of the New Year one should brush the dust off his list of friends, looking up those who have dropped quietly out of one's everyday life without a very good reason for it. Making new acquaintances is usually an easy matter. But to nurture those acquaintances until they blossom into friends, cemented by loyalty and constancy, is a different problem.

A man or woman may count acquaintances by the score—people who invite them to their homes to dine, to theater party, or merry-making—yet they are still acquaintances only. Friendship means much more than this, while few actually understand it. Many a one has counted up a hundred so-called friends today. But if adversity assails one tomorrow there may not be one heart among the many one could turn to for solace and cheer.

Not one pair of hands would be extended to draw one in from the cold, the storm and darkness, if one is suddenly bereft of shelter. Past benefits are not remembered. Acquaintances find it easy to forget. Only friends remember the past and its hallowed memories.

of her courtship—where she first met her lover, their introduction, the impression she formed of him at first sight. She even remembers what her reveries were and her wonderment as to whether or not he thought of her. She remembers each call he made; all that was said or done; how she had detected his growing love for her even before he guessed it himself. She remembers the hour of their betrothal and the conversation that brought it quite unexpectedly about.

As for the man she married, not one man in a hundred can remember what emotion swept across his heart at his first meeting with her whom he was to love evermore till death did them part. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will confess to their wives. "I'm blest if I just know just how I happened to propose to you." When a man can forget that most thrilling of all moments in his life he can forget anything. Such men find it very easy to forget their wife's or children's birthdays, realizing that remembrance would call for presents.

Many wives are glad to have the children not forgotten. But they are just as well satisfied that he has forgotten how swiftly time is running away with their good looks and aging them. Last, and by no means least, no man or woman, no matter how happily married, should allow the old folks at home to imagine themselves forgotten by them. It doesn't take much time to write a few lines once in a fortnight. We should always remember not to forget those who have been dear to us.

Only Keep Green Ones.
Don't carry over any old bills into the New Year—barring, of course, green bills.

A Good Resolve.
Resolve to be better natured during the coming year.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

I mood on a sparrow in the west,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "O years that meet in wars,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing!
Science enough and exploring,
Wanders coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing!"
Seas as my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.
—Alfred Lord Tennyson.

GOOD NEW YEAR ADVICE.

"The old familiar wish rings true,
A Happy New Year, friends, to you."
A man who keeps up the custom of sending New Year cards to his friends includes this year a second card bearing these words:

"Instead of returning evil for evil, try to return evil with good; to say nothing ill of others; to act kindly even with dumb animals.

"Live thus one day, two days, or more, and compare the state of your mind with its state in former days."
"Make the attempt and you will see how the dark, evil moods have passed away and how the soul's happiness has increased.

"Make the attempt, and you will see that the gospel of love brings the greatest and most desirable of all things."

On these cards is written, "This is Tolstoy's advice. It is good to pin on a calendar where it will be seen every day."



The Little Girl Felt Bitterly Her Loneliness and Grief.

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.

"The quite sure I don't want to live," thought Carolyn May dismally. "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

and gazed eagerly with coiled ears and wagging tail in that direction.

"You see that, yes," said Carolyn