

# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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## LOOK UP!

You will feel better for having known Carolyn of the Corners. She is a lovable little girl, who not only preaches but practices the gospel of "looking up" and always making things "a wee bit better." To become acquainted with her is like letting in the sunshine and looking up at the blue sky. You will want to follow Carolyn through this story after you have read the opening chapter.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Ray of Sunlight.

Just as the rays of the afternoon sun hesitated to enter the open door of Joseph Staggs' hardware store in Sunrise Cove and lingered on the sill, so the little girl in the blue frock and hat, with twin braids of sunshiny hair on her shoulders, hovered at the entrance of the dim and dusty place.

She carried a satchel in one hand, while the fingers of the other were hooked into the riveted collar of a mottled, homely mongrel dog. "Oh, dear me, Prince!" sighed the little girl, "this must be the place. We'll just have to go in. Of course I know he must be a nice man; but he's such a stranger."

Her feet faltered over the door sill and paced slowly down the shop between long counters. She saw no clerk. At the back of the shop was a small office closed in with grimy windows. The uncertain visitor and her canine companion saw the shadowy figure of a man inside the office, sitting on a high stool and bent above a big ledger. The dog, however, scented something else.

In the half darkness of the shop he and his little mistress came unexpectedly upon what Prince considered his arch-enemy. There rose up on the end of the counter nearest the open office door a big, black tomcat whose arched back, swollen tail and yellow eyes blazed defiance.

"Pss—ss—yowow!" The rising wail broke the silence of the shop like a trumpet call. The little girl dropped her bag and seized the dog's collar with both hands. "Prince!" she cried, "don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"

"Bliss me!" croaked a voice from the office. The tomcat uttered a second "pss—ss—yowow!" and shot up a ladder to the top shelf.

"Bliss me!" repeated Joseph Staggs, taking off his eyeglasses and leaving them in the ledger to mark his place. "What have you brought that dog in here for?"

He came to the office door. "I—didn't have any place to leave him," was the hesitating reply. "Turn! Did your mother send you for something?"

"No, sir," sighed the little visitor. At that moment a more daring ray of sunlight found its way through the transom over the store door and lit up the dusky place. It fell upon the silent, black-frosted figure and for an instant touched the pretty head as with an aureole.

"Bliss me, child!" exclaimed Mr. Staggs. "Who are you?" The flowerlike face of the little girl quivered, but the blue eyes spilled big drops over her cheeks. She approached Mr. Staggs, stooping and squinting in the office doorway, and placed a timid hand upon the broad band of black crepe he wore on his coat sleeve.

"You're not Hannah's Carlyn?" questioned the hardware dealer quickly. "I'm Carlyn May Cameron," she confessed. "You're my Uncle Joe. I'm very glad to see you, Uncle Joe, and— and I hope—you're glad to see me—and Prince," she finished rather faintly.

"Bliss me!" murmured the man again. "Nothing so startling as this had entered Sunrise Cove's chief 'hardware emporium' for many and many a year. Hannah Staggs, the hardware merchant's only sister, had gone away from home quite fifteen years previously. Mr. Staggs had never seen Hannah again; but this silent, blue-eyed, sunshiny-haired girl was a replica of his sister, and in some dusty corner of Mr. Staggs' heart there dwelt a very faithful memory of Hannah.

Nothing had served to estrange the brother save time and distance. "Hannah's Carlyn," the hardware merchant said. "Bliss me, child! how did you get here from New York?"

"On the cars, uncle. You see, Mr. Staggs thought I'd better come. He says you are my guardian—it's in papa's will and would have been so in mama's will, if she'd made one, Mr.

Price put me on the train and the conductor took care of me.

"Who is Mr. Price?" the storekeeper asked. "He's a lawyer. He's written you a long letter about it. It's in my bag. Didn't you get the telegram he sent you last evening, Uncle Joe? A 'night letter,' he called it."

"Never got it," replied Mr. Staggs shortly. "We'll go see when papa and mama had to go so suddenly they left me with the Prices. I go to school with Edna Price and she slept with me at night in our flat—after the Dunnaven sailed."

"But—that did this lawyer send you up here for?" asked Mr. Staggs. The question was a poser and Carolyn May stammered: "I—I—Don't guardians always take their little girls home and look out for them?"

"Hum—I don't know." The hardware merchant mused grimly. "I—I guess we'd better go up to The Corners and see what Aunt Rose has to say about it. You understand, I couldn't really keep you if she says 'No.'"

"Oh, Uncle Joe, couldn't you?" "No," he declared, wagging his head decidedly. "And what she'll say to that dog—"

"Oh!" Carolyn May cried again, and put both arms suddenly about the neck of her canine friend. "Prince is just the best dog, Uncle Joe."

Mr. Staggs shook his head doubtfully. Then he went into the office and shut the big ledger into the safe. After locking the safe door, he slipped the key into his trousers pocket and glanced around the store.

"I'd like to know where that useless Gormley boy is now," muttered Mr. Staggs. "Cheer! He's your Chet!"

To Carolyn May's amazement and to her utter mystification of Prince, a section of the floor under their feet began to rise.

"Oh, mercy me!" squealed the little girl, and she hopped off the trapdoor:



"Oh! Who is That Lady, Uncle Joe?" but the dog uttered a quizzical, threatening growl and his muzzle to the widening aperture.

"Hey! call off that dog!" begged a muffled voice from under the trapdoor. "He'll eat me up, Mr. Staggs."

"Let me see," Prince," it's only a boy. You know you like boys, Prince," she urged. "Come on up out of that cellar, Chet. I'm going up to the Corners with my little niece—Hannah's Carlyn. This is Chetwood Gormley. If he ever stops growling longitudinally mebbe he'll be a man some day and not a giant. You stay right here and tend store while Tim goes, Chet!"

Carolyn May could not help feeling some surprise at the finally revealed proportions of Chetwood Gormley. He was lathlike and gawky, with very prominent upper front teeth, which gave a sort of bow-window appearance to his wide mouth. But there was a good-humored twinkle in the over-grown boy's shallow eyes; and, if uncounted, he was kind.

"I'm proud to know ye, Carlyn," he said. He stopped quickly out of the way of Prince when the latter started for the front of the store. Once out of the shop in the sunlit street, the little girl breathed a sigh of relief. Mr. Staggs, peering down at her sharply, asked:

"What's the matter?" "I—I—Your shop is awful dark, Uncle Joe," she confessed. "I can't see to look up in there."

"Look up?" repeated the hardware dealer, puzzled. "Yes, sir. My papa says never to get in any place where you can't look up and see something brighter and better ahead," said Carolyn May softly. "He says that's what makes life worth living."

"Oh, he does, does he?" grunted Mr. Staggs. He noticed the heavy bag in her hand and turned it from her. Instantly her released fingers stole into his free

hand. Mr. Staggs looked down at the little hand in his palm, somewhat startled and not a little dismayed.

"The main street of Sunrise Cove on this warm afternoon was not thronged with shoppers. Just when Mr. Staggs had finished that tall, shambling, round-shouldered man in rusty black, with the petite figure of the child and the mongrel dog passing that way, though a few die shopkeepers looked after the trio to remark that when Mr. Staggs and his companions turned into the pleasantly shaded street that led out of town towards The Corners—where was the Staggs homestead—Carolyn May noticed her uncle become suddenly flustered. She saw the blood flood into his face and neck, and she felt his hand loosen as though to release her own. The little girl looked ahead curiously at the woman who was approaching.

She was not a young woman—that is, not what the child would call young. Carolyn May thought she was very nice looking—tall and robust. Her brown eyes flashed an inquiring glance upon Carolyn May, but she did not look at Mr. Staggs, nor did Mr. Staggs look at her.

"Oh! who is that lady, Uncle Joe?" asked the little girl when they were out of earshot. Her uncle's throat seemed to need clearing. "That—that is Mandy Parlow—Miss Amanda Parlow," he corrected himself with dignity.

The flush did not soon fade out of his face as they went on in silence. It took them some half a street to "The Corners. There was tall timber all about Sunrise Cove, which was built along the shore of a deep inlet cutting in from the great lake, whose blue waters sparkled as far as one might see towards the south and west.

Uncle Joe assured Carolyn May when she asked him, that from the highest hill in sight one could see only the lake and the forest—clothed hills and valleys.

"The lumber camps all about. Mebbe they'll interest you. Lots of building going on all the time, too." He told her, as they went along, of the long trains of cars and of the strings of barges going out of the Cove, all laden with sawed and sawed boards, millstuffs, ties and telegraph poles.

They came to the last house in the row of dwellings on this street, on the very edge of the town. Carolyn May saw that attached to the house was a smaller building, facing the roadway, with a wide-open door, through which she glimpsed benches and sawed lumber, while to her nostrils was wafted a manly, hearty odor.

"Oh, there's a carpenter shop!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "And is that the carpenter, Uncle Joe?"

A tall old man, lean-faced and closely shaven, with a hawk's-beak nose straddled by a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles, came out of the shop at that moment, a jackknife in his hand. He saw Mr. Staggs and, turning sharply on his heel, went indoors again.

"Who is he, Uncle Joe?" repeated the little girl. "And, if I asked him, do you s'pose he'd give me some of those nice, long, curly shavings?"

"That's Jed Parlow—and he wouldn't give you any shavings; especially after having been with me," said the hardware merchant brusquely.

The pretty lady whose name was Parlow and the queer-looking old carpenter, whose name was likewise Parlow, were neither look at Uncle Joe; even such a little girl as Carolyn May could see that her uncle and the Parlows were not friendly.

By and by they came in sight of The Corners—a place where another road crossed this one at right angles. In one corner of a white church with a square tower and green blinds. In another of the four corners was set a big store, with a covered porch along the front, on which were sheltered certain agricultural tools.

There was no sound of life at The Corners save a rhythmic "clank, clank, clank" from the blacksmith shop on the third corner.

On the fourth corner of the cross-road stood the Staggs homestead—a wide, low-roofed house of ancient appearance, yet in good repair. Next was the keynote of all about the place.

"In this where you live, Uncle Joe?" asked Carolyn May breathlessly. "Oh, that's a beautiful big place. It seems awful big for me to live in."

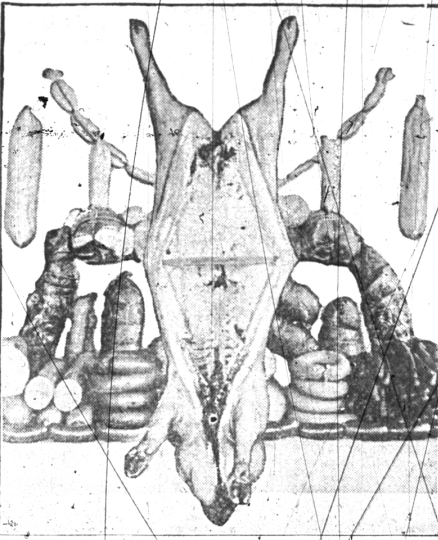
Mr. Staggs had halted at the gate and now looked down upon Carolyn May with perplexed brow. "Well, we'll see about that first," he muttered. "There's Aunt Rose—"

Carolyn and Prince make the acquaintance of Aunt Rose, and the latter's attitude is not very reassuring to the lonely little girl. Carolyn's first experience in her new home are told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) It is difficult to judge a woman by the things she doesn't say.

## Helping the Meat and Milk Supply

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)  
PLENTY OF MEAT FROM THE PORK BARREL.



Farm-Killed Hogs Are Valuable Sources of Country Meat Supply.

## USUAL METHODS OF BUTCHERING

Better Results Obtained From Home Work Where Suggestions Given Are Followed.

## ELIMINATE POSSIBLE WASTE

Use Fat Trimmings for Lard and Lard for Sausage—In Trimming for Bacon, Keep Sides as Square as Possible.

The usual farm method of cutting up a hog is to sever the ribs on each side of the backbone, take out the backbone and split the carcass down the middle. The ribs are taken out before the sides are "blocked." Another method is to split with a saw or cleaver as near the mid-line as possible. Then divide each half into four parts—head, shoulder, a middle and bacon, as shown in accompanying illustration. Remove the leaf if this was not done before. Peel the leaf backward with the fingers, starting at the front end. The kidneys are in this fat.

The head is generally removed before the carcass is split into halves. Cut about an inch back of the ears, making a complete circle around the head. If the cut does not happen to strike the atlas joint, twist the head and it will yield. The fattest part of the head can be used for lard and the more fleshy parts may be used for sausage or headcheese. The jaw is sometimes used for cooking with sauerkraut or baked beans and in the spring with turnip greens.

### Cutting Up Carcass.

One-half the carcass should be placed on a cutting table and cut up. Cut off the front foot about 1 inch above the knee and the hind foot the same distance above the hock. The feet can be used to make pickled pigs' feet or pigs' feet jelly. The shoulder cut is made between the fourth and fifth ribs. Remove the ribs from the shoulders, also the piece of backbone which may be attached. Cut close to the ribs in removing them, so as to leave as much meat on the shoulder as possible. These are "square ribs" and make an excellent dish when fried or baked. If only a small amount of cured meat is desired, the top of the shoulder may be cut off about one-third the distance from the top and parallel to it. The fat of the shoulder top may be used for lard and the lean meat for steak or roasts. It should be trimmed up smoothly. The fat trimmings should be used for lard and the lean trimmings for sausage.

### Removing the Ham.

The ham is removed from the middle by cutting just back of the rise in the backbone. Cut from the flank toward the root of the tail to an angle of about 45 degrees. Loaf meat is thus saved which would otherwise be trimmed off the ham and used for sausage. Remove the ribs from the top, cutting as close to the ribs as possible. The loin and fatback are cut off in one piece; cut parallel with the back just below the tenderloin muscle on the rest part of the middle. Remove the fat on the top of the loin, but do not cut into the loin meat. The lean meat is used for chops or roasts and the fatback for lard. The remainder of the middle should then be trimmed for

bacon. If it is a very large side, it may be cut in two pieces. Trim all sides and edges as square as possible.

All rounded hanging pieces of meat should be trimmed from the ham. The ham should then be trimmed smoothly, exposing the little lean meat as possible, because the curing hardens it. All lean trimmings should be saved for sausage and fat trimmings for lard. The other half of the carcass should be cut up in similar fashion.

### Meat and Fat Trimmings.

After the carcass has been cut up and the pieces are trimmed and shaped properly for the curing process, there are considerable pieces of lean meat, fat meat and fat which can be used for making sausage and lard. The fat should be separated from the lean and used for lard. The meat should be cut into convenient pieces to pass through the grinder.

### Rendering Lard.

The leaf lard is of the best quality. The back strip of the side also makes good lard, as do the trimmings of the ham, shoulder and neck. Intestinal or gut fat is an inferior grade and is best rendered by itself. It should be thoroughly washed and left in cold water for several hours before rendering, which will partially eliminate the offensive odor. Leaf lard, back strips and lard trimmings can be rendered together. If the gut fat is included, the lard takes on a very offensive odor.

First, remove all skin and lean meat from the lard trimmings. To do this cut the lard into strips about 1 1/2 inches wide, then place the strip on the table, skin down, and cut the fat from the skin. When a piece of skin large enough to grasp is freed from the fat, take it in the left hand, knife held in the right hand inserted between the fat and skin, pull the skin and with the knife slanted downward slightly this will cleanly remove the fat from the skin. The strips of fat should then be cut into pieces of 1 to 1 1/2 inches square, making them about equal in size, so they try out evenly.

Pour into the kettle about a quart of water, then fill it nearly full with the lard cuttings. The fat will then heat and bring out the grease without burning. Cook the lard over a moderate fire. When starting the temperature should be about 160 degrees F. and should be run up to 195 degrees F. Frequent stirring is necessary to prevent burning. When the cracklings are brown by color and light enough to float, the lard should be removed from the fire. Press the fat from the cracklings and use them to make crackling bread or feed them to the chickens. When the lard is rendered from the fire, allow it to cool a little. To aid cooling stir the lard. This also tends to whiten the lard and make it smooth. Then strain it through a muslin cloth into the containers.

### Wholesome Meat.

A large amount of fat is essential to wholesome meat and is far more important than an animal, be in good health than that it is extremely fat.

"Never kill an animal that is losing flesh," is a maxim that is followed by butchers, and observation points to a logical reason. When an animal is falling in flesh the muscle fibers are shrinking in volume and contain correspondingly less water, as a consequence the meat is tougher and drier. When an animal is gaining in flesh the opposite condition obtains and a better quality of meat is the result. Also, a better product will be obtained from an animal in only medium flesh but gaining rapidly than from a very fat animal that is at a standstill or that is losing flesh.

## Had to Give Up Work

Mr. McMurray Was in a Bad Way Until He Used Doan's—They Brought a Quick Cure.

P. K. McMurray, 48 W. Hickory St., Chicago Heights, Ill., says: "I was a strong man until I was taken with a severe case of kidney trouble many years ago. I worked hard and my work brought the trouble on. When I awoke over there was a grinding pain in my back and I couldn't get up to put on my shoes. I got so bad, I had to lay off work for four or five minutes. Sometimes it took me half an hour to get up. Often I would have to get up a dozen times at night, to breathe and get a little sleep. I was so weak that I had to get up a box. I began to feel relieved. I bent on my back and I felt as well and strong as ever."

DAVID H. SHAPIRO, Notary Public.

Get Doan's Backache Kidney Pills

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste

MORGAN'S SAPHOLIO SCOURING SOAP Economy in Every Case

## Night Photographs From Airplane.

An Italian invention which permits photographs being taken at night has been submitted to the signal corps of the United States army. According to the inventor who control the new device, it will soon be possible to take excellent pictures of enemy positions from airplanes flying at low height on moonlight nights. It is also claimed that the invention can be fitted to motion picture cameras, which would permit the photographing for the screen of much of the fighting in the air, the greater part of which takes place in the early morning hours. Up to the present time the chief obstacle to the daylight aerial photographs is that the anti-aircraft guns force the flyers to take pictures from a great height, and much of the detail of the enemy lines is therefore lost. It is held that flyers are in little danger from artillery when flying at night—Aviation.

## UPSET STOMACH

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GAS, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

Don't stay upset! When meals don't fit and you belch gas, acids and undigested food. When you feel lumps of indigestion pain, flatulence, heartburn or headache you can get instant relief.



No waiting! Pape's Diapsin will put you on your feet. As soon as you eat one of these pleasant, harmless tablets all the indigestion, gases, acidity and stomach distress ends. Your druggist sells them. Adv.

### Doubling Up on Him.

"Hey! Come down, there—your pinched! Who'd you think you are, anyhow? Barney Oldfield?"

"No, sir," replied the frightened motorist, "but I'm a doctor."

"Yes, I know. You was makin' 62 miles an hour. What'd you mean?"

"Well, sir, I was arrested back there about two miles by that officer just going over the hill on that motorcycle. He said 'Follow me, you're a hurry up,' and that's what I was doing when you got me."—Kansas City Star.

## KIDNEY TROUBLE OFTEN CAUSES SERIOUS BACKACHE

When your back aches, and your bladder and kidneys seem to be disordered, go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle of Dr. Klinger's Swamp-Root. It is a physician's prescription for ailments of the kidneys and bladder.

It has stood the test of years and has a reputation for curing and effectively giving results in thousands of cases. This preparation so very effective, has been placed on the market. Get a bottle, medium or large size, at your nearest druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this preparation send a note to Dr. Klinger & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper—Adv.

United States War bill is about \$1,000,000,000 a month.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy