

# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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## PRINCE BECOMES A HERO OF ANOTHER ADVENTURE WHICH INCREASES HIS POPULARITY.

**Synopsis.**—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hanna's Carlyn—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. Prince, the mongrel dog that Carolyn brought with her, and the boon companion of the lonesome girl, is in disfavor with Uncle Joe, who threatens to dispose of him, but Prince becomes a hero and wins the approval of the Corners by routing a tramp in the act of robbing the schoolteacher.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A Sunday Walk.

Really if Prince had been a vain dog his ego would certainly have become unduly developed because of this incident. The Corners, as a community, voted him an acquisition, whereas heretofore he had been looked upon as a good deal of a nuisance.

After she recovered from her fright Miss Minnie walked home with Carolyn May and allowed Prince's delighted little mistress to encourage the "hero" to "shake hands with teacher."

"Now, you see, he's acquainted with you, Miss Minnie," said Carolyn May. "He's an awful nice dog. You didn't know just how nice he was before."

Almost everybody went to church and all the children to Sunday school, which was held first.

The Rev. Afton Driggs, though serious-minded, was a loving man. He was fond of children and he and his wife gave much of their attention to the Sunday school. Mrs. Driggs taught Carolyn May's class of little girls. Mrs. Driggs did her very best, too, to get the children to stay to the preaching service, but Carolyn May had to confess that the pastor's discourses were usually hard to understand.

"And he is always reading about the 'Beggars,'" she complained gently to Uncle Joe as they went home together on this particular Sunday, "and I can't keep interested when he does that. I s'pose the 'Beggars' were very nice people, but I'm sure they weren't related to us—they've all got such funny names."

"Hum!" ejaculated Uncle Joe, smothering a desire to laugh. "Flow gently, sweet Afton, does select his passages of Scripture mostly from the 'valleys of dry bones,' I allow. You've got it about right there, Carolyn May."

"Uncle Joe," said the little girl, taking her courage in both hands, "will you do something for me?" Then, as she stared down at her from under his bushy brows, she added: "I don't mean that you aren't always doing something for me—letting me sleep here at your house and eat with you and all that. But something special."

"What is the 'something special'?" asked Mr. Stagg cautiously.

"Something I want you to do to-day. You always go off to your store after dinner and when you come home it's too dark."

"Too dark for what?"

"For us to take a walk," said the little girl very earnestly. "Oh, Uncle Joe, you don't know how dreadful I miss taking Sunday walks with my papa! Of course we took 'em in the morning, for he had to go to work on the paper in the afternoon, but we did just about go everywhere. If you would go with me," the little girl added wistfully, "just this afternoon, seems to me I wouldn't feel so—so empty."

"Humph!" said Uncle Joe, clearing his throat. "If it's going to do you any particular good, Carolyn May, I suppose I can take a walk with you."

It was a crisp day—one of those autumn days when the tang of frost remains in the air, in spite of all the efforts of the sun to warm it.

Here and there they stopped to pick up the glossy brown chestnuts that had burst from their burrs. That is, Carolyn May and her uncle did. Prince, after a single attempt to nose one of the prickly burrs, left them strictly alone.

"You might just as well try to eat Aunt Rose's strawberry needle cushion, Princey," the little girl said wistfully. "You'll have a sorer nose than Amos Bartlett had when he tried to tie it down with a wood rasp."

"Hum!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg. "Whatever possessed that Bartlett child to do such a fool trick?"

"Why, you know his nose is awfully big," said Carolyn May. "And his mother is always worried about it. She must have worried Amos, too, for one day last week he went over to Mr. Parlow's shop, borrowed a wood rasp and tried to file his nose down to a proper size. And now he has to go with his nose all greased and shiny all the new skin grows back on it."

"Eless me, what these kids will do!" muttered Mr. Stagg.

It was just at that moment that the

little girl and the man, becoming really good comrades on this walk, met with an adventure. At least to Carolyn May it was a real adventure and one she was not to forget for a long, long time.

Prince suddenly bounded away, barking, down a pleasant glade, through the bottom of which flowed a brook. Carolyn May caught a glimpse of something brown moving down there and she called shrilly to the dog to come back.

"But that's somebody, Uncle Joe," Carolyn May said with assurance, as the dog slowly returned. "Prince never barks like that unless it's a person. And I saw something move."

"Somebody taking a walk, like us. Couldn't be a deer," said Mr. Stagg. "Oh," cried Carolyn May later, "I see it again. That's a skink I see. Why, it's a lady!"

Mr. Stagg suddenly grew very stern-looking, as well as silent. All the beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. He went on stubbornly, yet as though loath to proceed.

"Why," murmured Carolyn May, "it's Miss Amanda Parlow! That's who it is!"

The carpenter's daughter was sitting on a bare brown log by the brook. She was dressed very prettily, all in brown.

Carolyn May wanted awfully to speak to Miss Amanda. The brown



Leaped Forward With His Walking Stick to Strike.

lady with the pretty roses in her cheeks sat on a log by the brook, her face turned from the path Joseph Stagg and his little niece were coming along.

And Uncle Joe was quite stubborn. He stared straight ahead down the path without letting the figure on the log get into the focus of his vision.

Hanging to Uncle Joe's hand but looking longingly at the silent figure on the log, Carolyn May was going down to the stepping stones by which they were to cross the brook, when suddenly Prince came to a halt right at the upper end of the log and his body stiffened.

"What is it, Prince?" whispered his little mistress. "Come here."

But the dog did not move. He even growled—not at Miss Amanda, of course, but at something on the log. And it was just then that Carolyn May wanted to scream—and she could not!

For there on the log, raising its flat, wicked head out of an aperture, was a snake, a horrid, silent, writhing creature, the look of which held the little girl horror-stricken and speechless.

Uncle Joe glanced down impatiently, to see what made her hold back so. The child's feet seemed glued to the earth. She could not take another step.

Writhing out of the hole in the log and coiling, as it did so, into an attitude to strike, the snake looked to be dangerous indeed. The fact that it was only a large blacksnake and non-poisonous made no difference at that moment to the dog or to the little

girl—nor to Joseph Stagg when he saw it.

It was coiled right at Miss Amanda's back. She did not see it, for she was quite as intent upon keeping her face turned from Mr. Stagg as he had been determined to ignore her presence.

Carolyn May was shaking and helpless. Not so Prince. He repeated his challenging growl and then sprang at the vibrating head. Miss Amanda uttered a stifled scream and jumped up from the log, whirling to see what was happening behind her.

Joseph Stagg dropped Carolyn May's hand and leaped forward with his walking stick raised to strike. But the mongrel dog was there first. He wisely caught the blacksnake behind the head, his strong, sharp teeth severing its vertebrae.

"Good dog!" shouted Mr. Stagg excitedly. "Flue dog!"

"Oh, Miss Amanda!" shrieked Carolyn May. "I—I thought he was going to sting you—I did!"

She ran to the startled woman and clung to her hand. Prince nosed the dead snake. Mr. Stagg looked exceedingly foolish. Miss Amanda recovered her color and her voice simultaneously.

"What a brave dog yours is, little girl," she said to Carolyn May. "And I do so despise snakes!" Then she looked directly at Mr. Stagg and bowed gravely. "I thank you," she said, but so coldly, so Carolyn May thought, that her voice might have come "just off an iceberg."

"Oh, I didn't do anything—really I didn't," stammered the man. "It was the dog."

Both looked very uncomfortable. Joseph Stagg began to pick up the scattered chestnuts from the overturned basket. The lady stooped and whispered to Carolyn May:

"Come to see me, my dear. I want to know you better."

Then she kissed Carolyn May and slipped quietly away from the brook, disappearing quickly in the undergrowth.

Joseph Stagg and the little girl went on across the stepping stones, while Prince splashed through the water. Carolyn May was thinking about Miss Amanda Parlow and she believed her Uncle Joe was, too.

"Uncle Joe," she said, "would that had old snake have stung Miss Amanda?"

"Huh? No; I reckon not," admitted Mr. Stagg absent-mindedly. "Blacksnakes don't bite. A big one like that can squeeze some."

"But you were scared of it—like me and Prince. And for Miss Amanda," said Carolyn May very much in earnest.

"I guess 'most everybody is scared by the sight of a snake, Carolyn May." "But you were scared for Miss Amanda's sake—just the same as I was," repeated the little girl decidedly.

"Well?" he growled, looking away, troubled by her insistence.

"Then you don't hate her, do you?" the child pursued. "I'm glad of that, Uncle Joe, for I like her very much. I think she's a beautiful lady."

To this Uncle Joe said nothing.

"I guess," thought Carolyn May wisely, "that when two folks love each other and get angry the love's there just the same. Getting mad doesn't kill it; it only makes 'em feel worse."

"Poor Uncle Joe! Poor Miss Amanda! Maybe if they'd just try to look up and look for brighter things they'd get over being mad and be happy again."

When Uncle Joe and Carolyn May returned from this adventurous walk Mr. Stagg went heavily into his own room, closed the door and even locked it. He went over to the old-fashioned walnut bureau that stood against the wall between the two windows and stood before it for some moments in an attitude of deep reflection. Finally, he drew his bunch of keys from his pocket and opened one of the two small drawers in the heavy piece of furniture—the only locked drawer there was. He drew forth a tintype picture, faded now, but clear enough to show him the features of the two individuals printed on the sensitized plate.

His own eyes looked out of the photograph proudly. They were much younger eyes than they were now.

And the girl beside him in the picture! Sweet as a wild rose, Mandy Parlow's lovely, calm countenance promised all the beauty and dignity her matured womanhood had achieved.

"Mandy! Mandy!" he murmured over and over again. "Oh, Mandy! Why? Why?"

He held the tintype for a long, long time in his hand, gazing on it with eyes that saw the vanished years rather than the portraits themselves. Finally he hid the picture away again, closed and locked the drawer with a sigh and with slow steps left the room.

Carolyn learns from simple Chet Gormley some things about her financial affairs that cause her much worry. Read about it in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# WHAT CAN WE DO?



Women who live near the cantonments have found several ways of making themselves very helpful to the boys stationed in their vicinity. So many of the boys have left home for the first time and so many of them miss the homemade bread, pies, cookies and things that mother used to make.

Women who cannot give time away from home to canteen work are making themselves popular with the soldier lads by baking for them. They make sandwiches of homemade bread and boiled ham or other meats, and all sorts of pies. Of course it is necessary to charge enough for them to cover the expense both of the materials and the fuel and those who have tried the experiment have sold the sandwiches for ten cents each and a generous piece of pie for the same price. The boys will spend their money for things to eat and consider good, substantial homemade things a special dispensation of Providence.

Women who have tried this have won their way into the hearts of many a boy who is a little hungry for his mother's cooking and a little homesick without acknowledging it.

Some of the Red Cross chapters are making hospital slippers for convalescent soldiers of scraps of linoleum and worn-out trousers of heavy wool cloth. It is remarkable the way in which the war is teaching people how to utilize things that used to go to waste. The soles of the slippers are cut from the bits of linoleum, the figured side to be the outside. The linoleum may be somewhat the worse for wear and still be used for these slipper soles. The uppers are cut from the good parts of worn trousers. They are made in different sizes and shapes. Directions for cutting them can be obtained through the Red Cross chapters. Soft insoles such as are used for bedroom slippers or insoles of warm fabrics make them more comfortable. Our casualty lists are growing large and English casualties are much larger. Every woman will be glad to volunteer to do work of this kind for the comfort of the wounded

## Ultra Smart Cape of Mink Fur



Among the high-priced furs that may be regarded as a really safe and good investment, Russian sable and mink have placed themselves firmly in the minds of women, as unquestioned. They are about as secure as a government bond and must inevitably increase in price, since the increase in wealth and in demand for fine furs outstrips that in available pelts. Even in these times women do not regard the finest furs as a luxury and will not anticipate that their price will be lowered after the war. Furriers sell readily all the skins they have bought and made up and wish there were more of them.

In selecting garments made of expensive skins it is best to pick out the most conservative designs offered by dealers—so that the style will be good from year to year. Fine furs, like jewels, do not need to change with the changing modes. If they do not belong too palpably to one season, the long, graceful and very beautiful cape shown in the illustration is the sort of garment that may be worn year in and year out. It has a yoke in which the skins run horizontally, joined to a body with skins in which the dark markings run up and down. There are slashes in each side through which the arms slip when the cape is fastened over the front. This is a magnificent cape—made of sable or mink—it is a treasure to outlast a lifetime and is to be cared for as befits its character. Small capes or scarfs, with muffs to match, in the best furs, lend an air of elegance to the costume that will always be a satisfaction to their wearers. A little neckpiece of ermine casts a luster of splendor about it. It is the power of suggestion more than their warmth that makes rich furs desirable in the eyes of women—to whom Tennyson assures us splendor is dear.

There are certain beautiful but short-lived furs that are for those whose resources make generous allowances for dress, without interfering with expenditures for even more essential things. Nearly all furs—if well cared for—will outlast many seasons and prove a good investment. Some of them wear for years; as marten and mink, sable, Persian lamb, otter and others; these are a good investment for anyone. Others by comparison are short lived—or "soft" furs.

Mole skin is most beautiful, but as compared to mink or sealskin for instance, it is fragile. That does not stand in the way of its popularity, especially in small garments, with women of fashion, to whom durability is a secondary consideration. A very lovely and luxurious coat of mole skin is shown above. When one thinks of the number of any skins that must be sewed together for this capacious garment, the item of labor in making it looms large. It is a royal coat and a wide collar of ermine is not too splendid to finish it at the neck. The pockets are generous in size and banded at the top with ermine, the sleeves roomy and flaring.

Julia Bottonaly

### Egyptian In Effect.

The Egyptian is said to be the dominant influence in the new materials for hangings. Fabrics with this type of ornamentation have their use in certain places, but as in the case of the drap de guerre they require a clever hand when the pattern is of decided Egyptian origin. Unless guided by an expert the average woman would do well to be satisfied with an odd piece done in these extreme novelties. Frequently they are most effective when employed as bands on a natural-toned fabric or on a two-toned stripe. Entire hangings or whole sets covered with these designs are likely to prove too heavy, and one soon tires of them.

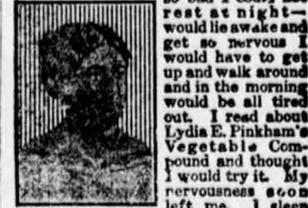
### Plain Tailor-Made.

The ultra-smart suit for young women in this autumn is severely plain and quite distinctly mannish; a trim, unbelted coat without pockets and with narrow notched collar—no extra material anywhere, certainly not in the straight, narrow skirt that falls just over the top of the walking boot. There is a military trimness about these plain, beautiful tailored suits that appeals to the busy girl about on war work business most of the day.

## WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZ, 608 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.



How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultz's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

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insulted.  
Sonny—Father, one of the boys said I look like you.  
Father—Why did you say?  
Sonny—Nothin'. He's a lot bigger than me.

"Cold in the Head"  
is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.  
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F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio

In the march of life don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right.—Holmes.

Beautiful, clear white clothes, delight the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Ad.

Some people are spoiled for the want of good work.

## Suffered Terribly!

"Every Step a Torture," Says Mrs. Whitenack—But Doan's Cured Her

Mrs. Florence Whitenack, 84 Armstrong Ave., Jersey City, N. J., says: "I suffered with rheumatism for six or seven years. My joints ached and were so stiff and swollen, I could walk only with difficulty and the pains in my hips were so severe, I could hardly bear them. Every step I took was torture. My feet and limbs were swollen and so sore, I could hardly bear my weight on them. During the night I would lie awake for hours and become so nervous, I would have to get up. Dizziness came over me suddenly and my sight blurred. I was never free from the miserable backaches and rheumatic pains. I used different remedies, but I didn't get any better. Then I commenced to use Doan's Kidney Pills. The swellings began to leave right away and I continued to use them. The pains and aches left my back and hips and I am cured of the rheumatism and all signs of kidney trouble."

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