



Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN AND PRINCE HAVE ANOTHER ADVENTURE WHICH BRINGS THEM NEW LAURELS.

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 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. 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. The following Sunday, while Carolyn and her uncle, accompanied by Prince, are taking a walk in the woods they encounter Amanda Parlow. Prince kills a snake about to strike Amanda, and Stagg and Amanda speak to each other for the first time in years. Carolyn is dismayed when she learns from Chet Gormley, her uncle's clerk, that she was left practically penniless and is a "charity" orphan.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"So, you see," added the child, "I am charity. I'm not like other girls that's got papas and mammas. 'Course I knowed that before, but it didn't seem—seem so hard as it does now," she confessed with a sob.

"My dear! my dear!" cried Miss Amanda, dropping on her knees beside the little girl, "don't talk so! I know your uncle must love you."

"Oh, Miss Mandy!" gasped Carolyn May, "don't you s'pose he loves other folks, too? You know—folks he'd begun to love ever so long ago?"

The woman's smooth cheeks burned suddenly and she stood up.

"I'm most sure he'd never stop loving a person if he'd once begun to love 'em," said Carolyn May, with a high opinion of the faithfulness of Uncle Joe's character.

"Do you want to know if your Uncle Joe loves you?" she asked Carolyn May at last. "Do you?"

"Oh, I do!" cried the little girl.

"Then ask him," advised Miss Amanda. "That's the only way to do with Joe Stagg, if you want to get at the truth. Out with it, square, and ask him."

"I will do it," Carolyn May said seriously.

Joseph Stagg had become quite excited.

"Bless me!" he finally cried once more. "How do you know I don't love you, Carolyn May?"

"Why—why— But, Uncle Joe! how do I know you do love me?" demanded the little girl. "You never told me so!"

The startled man sank upon the log again.

"Well, maybe that's so," he murmured. "I s'pose it isn't my way to be very—very—softlike. But listen here, Carolyn May."

"I ain't likely to tell you very frequently how much I—I think of you. Ahem! But you'd better stop worrying about such things as money and the like. What I've got comes pretty near belonging to you. Anyway, unless I have to go to the poorhouse myself, I reckon you needn't worry about going," and he coughed again dryly.

"As far as loving you— Well, I'll admit, under cross-examination, that I love you."

"Dear Uncle Joe!" she sighed ecstatically. "I don't mind if I am charity. If you love me, it takes all the sting out. And I'll help to make you happy, too!"

CHAPTER IX.

A Find in the Drifts.

Before the week was over, winter had come to Sunrise Cove and The Corners in earnest. Snow fell and drifted, until there was scarcely anything to be seen one morning when Carolyn May awoke and looked out of her bedroom windows but a white, fleecy mantle.

This was more snow than the little girl had ever seen in New York. She came down to breakfast very much excited.

Uncle Joe had shoveled off the porch and steps, and Prince had beaten his own dooryard in the snow in front of his house. For he had a house of his own, now—a roomy, warm one—built by Mr. Parlow.

It must be confessed that, although Uncle Joe paid for the building of his doghouse, it never would have been built by Jeddiah Parlow had it not been for Carolyn May.

At noon Uncle Joe came home, dragging a sled—a big roomy one, glistening with red paint. Just the nicest sled Carolyn May had ever seen, and one of the best the hardware dealer carried in stock.

"Oh, my, that's lovely!" breathed the little girl in awed delight. "That's ever so much better than any sled I ever had before. And Prince could draw me on it, if I only had a harness for him. He used to drag me in the park. Of course, if he saw a cat, I had to get off and hold him."

Mr. Stagg, once started upon the path of good deeds, seemed to like it. At night he brought home certain straps and rivets, and in the kitchen, much to Aunt Rose's amazement, he fixed Prince to a harness which the next day Carolyn May used on the dog, and Prince drew her very nicely along the beaten paths.

By Saturday the roads were in splendid condition for sleighing.

So Carolyn May went sledding.

Out of sight of the houses grouped at The Corners the road to town seemed as lonely as though it were a veritable wilderness. Here and there the drifts had piled six feet deep, for the wind had a free sweep across the barrens.

"Now, there's somebody coming," said Carolyn May, seeing a moving object ahead between the clouds of drifting snow spray. "Is it a sleigh, Princey, or just a man?"

She lost sight of the object, then sighted it again.

"It must be a man. It can't be a bear, Princey."

The strange object had disappeared again.

It was just at the place where the spring spouted out of the rocky hillside and trickled across the road. There

was a sort of natural watering trough here in the rock where the horses stopped to drink. The dog drew the little girl closer to the spot.

"Where has that man gone to? If it was a man."

Prince stopped suddenly and whined and then looked around at his mistress, as though to say: "See there!"

Carolyn May tumbled off the sled in a hurry. When she did so she slipped on a patch of snow-covered ice and fell. But she was not hurt.

"There! that's where the water runs across the road. It's all slippery—Oh!"

It was the sleeve of a man's rough coat thrust out of the snowbank that brought this last cry to the child's lips.

"Oh, oh! It's a man!" burst from Carolyn May's trembling lips. "How could he be here?"

She plumped down on her knees and began brushing the snow away. She uncovered his shoulder. She took hold of this with her mittened hands and tried to shake the prone figure.

"Oh, do wake up! Please wake up!" she cried, digging away the snow as fast as possible.

A shaggy head was revealed, with an old cap pulled down tightly over the ears. The man moved again and grunted something. He half turned over, and there was blood upon the snow, and a great frosted cake of it on the side of his face.

Carolyn May was dreadfully frightened. The man's head was cut and the blood was smeared over the front of his jacket. Now she could see a puddle of it, right where he had fallen on the ice—just as she had fallen herself. Only, he had struck his head on a rock and cut himself.

"You poor thing!" murmured Carolyn May. "Oh, you mustn't lie here! You must get up! You'll—you'll be frozen!"

"Easy, mate," muttered the man. "I ain't jest right in my top-hammer, I reckon. Hold hard, matey."

He tried to get up. He rose to his knees, but pitched forward again. Carolyn May was not afraid of him now—only troubled.

"I'll take you to Miss Amanda's," cried the little girl, pulling at his coat again. "She's a nurse, and she'll know just what to do for you. Come, Prince and I will take you."

Then she guided the half-blinded man to the sled, on which he managed to drop himself.

Prince pulled, and Carolyn May pulled, and together they got the sled, with



"If You Love Me It Takes All the Sting Out."

the old sailor upon it, to the Parlow carpenter shop.

Mr. Parlow slid back the front door of his shop to stare in wonder at the group.

"For the great land of Jehoshaphat!" he croaked. "Carolyn May! what you got there?"

"Oh, Mr. Parlow, do come and help us—quick!" gasped the little girl. "My friend has had a dreadful fall."

"Your friend?" repeated the carpenter. "I declare, it's that tramp that went by here just now!"

Mr. Parlow made a clucking noise in his throat when he saw the blood.

"Guess you're right, Carolyn May," he admitted. "Call Mandy. She must see this."

Miss Amanda's attention had already been attracted to the strange arrival. She ran out and helped her father raise the injured man from the sled. Together they led him into the cottage.

He was not at all a bad-looking man, although his clothing was rough and coarse.

Miss Amanda brought warm water and bathed the wound, removing the congealed blood from his face and neck.

When the last bandage was adjusted and the injured man's eyes were closed, Mr. Parlow offered him a wine-glass of a home-made cordial. The sailor gulped it down, and the color began to return to his cheeks.

"Where was you goin', anyway?" demanded the carpenter.

"Lookin' for a job, mate," said the sailor. "There's them in town that tells me I'd find work at Adams' camp."

"Ha! didn't tell you 'twas ten mile away from here, did they?"

Miss Amanda gets some surprising information from the old sailor and she, in turn, gives Joseph Stagg a shock. Read about how it happened in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Steel that will resist corrosion is being made; it contains 12 per cent of chromium.

Spiritual Munitions

By NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONNOR
of The Vigilantes

There has of late shown itself a tendency to tax, and to estimate as useless, the work of American writers who, despite the chaos of war, continue to practice their profession. In the minds of some people who are men of action and affairs rather than of contemplation and of dreams, the imagination should be set at rest and only immediate action allowed to count for anything in this present struggle. How false is such reasoning may be illustrated by the example both of our enemies and of our allies. Certainly the German writers had quite as much to do with bringing to pass the events of August, 1914, as politicians and soldiers; think of the widespread influence of Treitschke and Nietzsche, the training of German thought by these men and their followers, even the glorification of the all-conquering hero in the music dramas of Wagner. It is indeed the singers and saviors of Germany who prepared the way for the soldiers, giving shape to the ideal which these soldiers set out to create. The potency of the pen, its ability to accomplish that which armed men fail to do is well illustrated by the subjugation of Russia.

Morale to Conquer.

How well have our allies appreciated the necessity of great spiritual vitality in enabling armies to sustain the morale to conquer! In the turmoil of the March drive France found time to appoint an official representative to conduct in Switzerland an exhibition of Rodin's sculpture. The desire of the French government to establish Y. M. C. A. huts behind the French lines is further proof of the effort to keep the soldier in touch with spiritual forces.

The interrelation between the spiritual and physical prowess of man was understood in the earliest ages of European history, when the bards of ancient Ireland accompanied armies to battle in order to celebrate the deeds and histories of kings and heroes. Shall we be behind our forefathers in understanding this rudimentary psychology?

Englishmen who have known the rigor of warfare in trench and field have suddenly found in themselves the impulse to expression, and have produced a garland of song which will forever leave a gentle fragrance about these embattled years. Not since the age of Elizabeth have adventurers in war been such brave adventurers in song; the war has been favorable to the minor poet.

Duty of Writers.

Wordsworth, writing a hundred years ago in the seclusion of the English lakes, may have had a far greater influence upon the history of his time than anyone has dared to think. Cer-

Tawdry Things

By EVA DEAN
of The Vigilantes

If only we could hear them oftener—those stories of the battlefields. Over there they are as common as speech itself—true stories—wonderful ones—tales that will dim the imaginations of the boldest of the old romancers. And in addition to being true, the heroes of them are our own boys; our best beloved ones, or our neighbors; or perhaps the boy we never really noticed, though he brought the vegetables to our door every day. Or it may be a boy from the next town, or from Maine, or Alabama—but our boys!

And one or two that I heard this week recall a story I was told by an English girl, the first year of the war. It was the story of a neighboring lad who was at last permitted a few days' leave from the trenches to go home. He had hungered for home so; and how the family had counted on his coming! And yet he had gone back to the trenches even a little before his leave was up. When they had asked him why, all he could say was: "Oh—the family all got so upset, just because the butcher didn't come!"

The boy had gone home expecting to be appreciated. He was worn, fagged, and educated by his experiences. He had felt he would be rightly valued—at home. But the whole family was upset—just because the butcher failed to come. As if it mattered—now—what became of a butcher? To make such a fuss about that! How little and trivial was their world!

One of last week's stories was from a young corporal—one of ours. Part of it was of a comrade, a sensitive boy, with an artist's soul. He was not a fighter; he was a dreamer. The young corporal loved him, and yet he had always been oppressed by a horrible fear that when the test came, his young comrade would fall. The corporal suffered in his fear!

Of course the test did come. There had been a long day of it—with heart-rending details. At night there was the anticipation to move for the next day, for, as part of the road over

tainly, during the first few months of this war, English journals turned to the sonnets of the greatest of poets laureate for inspiration, and for the expression in words of English ideals.

To writers, therefore, falls a distinct duty in wartime; it is for them to interpret the ideals of the nation. The soldier becomes for a moment the living embodiment of these ideals, but when the noise of battle rolls by and the frenzy of the conflict is forgotten, it is the words of the author which remain to succeeding generations; after the burning bush the still small voice. All worthy and idealistic literature should be encouraged at the present time; the writers of the nation are officers of the army and navy no less than the men who bear the president's commission. Let our authors see that our fighting men, well supplied with cartridges, with equipment and with food, do not lack spiritual munitions, that our soldiers may say, in the words of W. B. Yeats: "Dreams, which have had dreams for fathers, live in us!"

A REFLECTION

By THOMAS ADDISON
of The Vigilantes.

Not yet has America found her soul, but she is trembling on the verge. Everywhere the signs of it are apparent. In a hundred individual cases, my own included, I have discovered the evidences of spiritual growth.

I find it in the larger tolerance we accord the shortcomings of others, and in the frank desire we experience to overcome our own; in the greater kindness, sympathy, compassion we extend to those in need; in the courage of sacrifice for the common good; in the putting aside of self to forward our country's righteous cause; in our reverence of the flag whose stars are heaven-born in the high hopes they symbolize; in short, in a sincere unity of endeavor, founded in fraternal concord, to advance to loftier planes of living than we have ever known before.

For at least this much we have William of Germany to thank. He has shown us the horror of satanic domination, and we have recoiled from it toward the Kingdom of God. Desecration has impelled us toward consecration. And when at last, as a people, we are purified of the dross of long years of fattened ease, and the true gold of the spirit of Christ finds full reflection in us, then will America have made the supreme discovery—will have found her soul.

TO OUR GIRLS

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR
of The Vigilantes.

Our country gives the sons that she has treasured
To suffer—and to die, perhaps—for you.
By God's own standards let your gifts be measured
And to their highest, hold your champions true.
To keep our country free, our children fearless,
Our women clean, they face the hell of war.
Arm them with memories pure to courage peers!
Give them a womanhood worth dying for!

which it must go was exposed to the sight and range of the enemy's guns it must be moved at night.

There had been first one breakdown; and then another, so that dawn was near when the ammunition finally reached the front. By the time the boys started back, it was full daylight, and Boche guns were sputtering constantly. One shell broke close upon another, as they hurried along. One broke behind the corporal, and he looked back. The beloved comrade was gone—and he had not fallen.

We can understand—better now—how this corporal would feel, if the family had got all upset—about the butcher, or the department store's late delivery!

They tell us that some of our young officers are so changed in their first six weeks over there, that friends might not at first recognize them. It is not from suffering or privation—for there has been none; it is only from what they have learned. And they who know tell us our chiefest struggle must be to realize ourselves what they are realizing; and it is much harder for us. We do ourselves injury if we turn away with the words: "It is so horrible I cannot think of it!" The danger is that when our boys come back we will have nothing in common with them. Although dearer than ever, our boys will have grown away from us. We will seem trivial and unsatisfactory to them.

Perhaps a hint dropped all unconsciously last week by an eighteen-year-old soldier, may be valuable: "The silk stockings that our girls all wear look so tawdry to me now."

SPIES

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
of The Vigilantes.

This remark is accredited to Count Johann von Bernstorff, ambassador of Imperial Germany to the United States of America, following the taking of secret pictures of a review of the United States army—pictures which Bernstorff had snapped with a concealed camera placed inside a pair of field glasses:

"Take these to General Hindenburg. I feel sure he will be interested in these tin soldiers that America calls an army."

In the light of recent events from the fighting lines of Europe, one cannot help wondering what Bernstorff and Hindenburg now think of these "tin soldiers."

THAT CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Mrs. Godden Tells How It May be Passed in Safety and Comfort.

Fremont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. GODDEN, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

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If any complications present themselves write the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions how to overcome them. The result of forty years experience is at your service and your letter held in strict confidence.

Relieved the Tension.

A little boy at school saw his teacher faint and fall. In the confusion it was impossible to keep so many heads cool, and the little ones flocked 'round the prostrate lady and her sympathetic colleagues. But this small boy kept both his color and his coolness.

Standing on a bench and raising his hand, he exclaimed: "Please, teacher, can I run and fetch father? He makes coffins." The peal of laughter which greeted this unconscious humor roused the teacher from her short trance, and nobody enjoyed the youngster's saying more than she did when the circumstances were explained to her afterward.

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Don't be too modest. Because of its modesty the lowly violet is often trampled underfoot.

One of the things a man can learn by keeping his ears open is the folly of talking too much.

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