

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Call the dog, just the same," repeated Amanda Parlow. "Prince will bear you and bark."

"God bless you! So he will," cried Mr. Stagg. "You've got more sense than any of us, Mandy."

"And I'll have the chapel bell rung," she said.

"Huh! What's that for?"

"The wind will carry the sound out across the cove. The boy, Chet, will recognize the sound of the bell and it will give him an idea of where home is."

"You do beat all!" exclaimed Joseph Stagg, starting to leave the house.

"Find a cap of Chet's, Mrs. Gormley," she commanded. "Don't you see Mr. Stagg has no hat? He'll catch his death of cold."

"Why, I never thought!" He turned to speak directly to Miss Amanda, but she had gone back into the room and was putting on her outer wraps. Mrs. Gormley, red-eyed and weeping, brought the cap.

Mr. Stagg plunged down the steps and kept on down the hill to the water front. There was an eating-place here where the waterside characters congregated, and Mr. Stagg put his head in at the door.

"Some of you fellows come out with me on the ice and look for a little girl—and a boy and a dog," said Mr. Stagg. "Like enough, they're lost in this storm. And the ice is going out."

They all rushed out of the eating-house and down to the nearest dock. Even the cook went, for he chanced to know Carolyn May.

"And let me tell you, she's one rare little kid," he declared, out of Mr. Stagg's hearing. "How she come to be related to that hard-as-nails Joe Stagg is a puzzle."

The hardware dealer might deserve this title in ordinary times, but this was one occasion when he plainly displayed emotion.

Hannah's Carolyn, the little child he had learned to love, was somewhere on the ice in the driving storm. He would have rushed blindly out on the rotten ice, barchanded and alone, had the others not halted him.

Joseph Stagg stood on the dock and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Prince! Prince! Prince!"

The wind must have carried his voice a long way out across the cove, but there was no reply.

Then, suddenly, the clear silver tone of a bell rang out. Its pitch carried through the storm startlingly clear.

There was a movement out in the cove. One field of ice crashed against another. Mr. Stagg stifled a moan and was one of the first to climb down to the level of the ice.

"Have a care, Joe," somebody warned him. "This snow on the ice will mask the holes and fissures something scandalous."

But Joe Stagg was reckless of his own safety. He started out into the snow, shouting again:

"Prince! Prince! Here, boy! Here, boy!"

There was no answering bark.

The clanging of the chapel bell was a comforting sound. Joseph Stagg did not know that, unable to find the sexton, Amanda Parlow had forced the church door and was tugging at the rough rope herself.

Back and forth she rang the iron clapper, and it was no uncertain note that clanged across the storm-driven cove that afternoon. It was not work to which Carolyn May's "pretty lady" was used. Her shoulders soon ached and the palms of her hands were raw and bleeding. But she continued to toll the bell without a moment's surcease—and on and on, till her brain swam and her breath came chokingly from her lungs.

"Joe! Joe!" she muttered each time that she bore down on the bell rope, and the iron tongue shouted the word for her, far across the snow-blotted cove.

Carolyn May was not the first of the trio caught out on the moving ice to be frightened. Perhaps because she had such unbounded faith in the good intentions of everybody toward her, the child could not imagine anything really hurting her.

"Oh, isn't this fun!" she crowed, bending her head before the beating of the storm. "Do hang on, Princey!"

But Prince could not hang on so well, now that they faced the wind. He slipped off the sled twice, and that delayed them. Under his skates, Chet could feel the ice heave, while the resonant cracks followed each other like a fire of musketry.

"Goodness me!" gasped Carolyn May. "The ice seems to be going all to pieces, Chet. I hope it won't till we get back to the shore."

"I'm hopin' that, too," returned the boy.

He had quickly realized that they were in peril, but he would not let Carolyn May see that he was frightened—no, indeed!

The boy unstrapped the skates swiftly. He had a very good reason for removing them. If the ice was breaking up into floes, he might skate right off into the water, being unable to halt quickly enough, if on the steel runners. He now plodded on, head down, drag-

ging the sled and the child, with Prince slipping and scratching along beside them.

Suddenly he came to open water. It was so broad a channel that he could not hope to leap it; and, of course, he could not get the sled and the little girl across.

"My!" cried Carolyn May, "that place wasn't here when we came out, was it, Chet? It must have just come here."

"I don't think it was here before," admitted the boy.

Suddenly a sound reached their ears that startled both; it even made Prince prick up his ears and listen. Then the dog sat up on his haunches and began to howl.

"Oh, don't Prince!" gasped Carolyn May. "Who ever told you you could sing, just because you hear a church bell ringing?"

"That's the chapel bell!" cried Chet Gormley. "Now I'm sure I'm right. But we must get around this open patch in the water."

He set off along the edge of the open water, which looked black and angry. The ice groaned and cracked in a threatening way. He was not sure whether the floe they were on had completely broken away from the great mass of ice in the cove and was already drifting out into the lake or not.

Haste, however, he knew was imperative. The tolling of the chapel bell coming faintly down the wind, Chet drew the sled swiftly along the edge of the opening, the dog trotting along beside them, whining. Prince plainly did not approve of this.

"Here it is!" shouted the boy in sudden joy. "Now we'll be all right, Carolyn May!"

"Oh, I'm so glad, Chet," said the little girl. "For I'm getting real cold, and this snow makes me all wet."

"Keep up your heart, Carolyn May," he begged. "I guess we'll get through all right now."

"Oh, I'm not really afraid," the little girl answered. "Only I'd really like to be on shore."

Chet hastened on toward the sound of the tolling bell, sharply on the watch for other breaks in the ice.

Here was another—a wide-spreading crevasse filled with black water. Chet



He Turned a Bright Face on Her as He Struck Out for the Edge of the Other Ice Floe.

had no idea to which direction he should turn. And, indeed, it seemed to him as though the opening was growing wider each moment. The ice on which they stood must be completely severed from that further up in the inlet!

The boy had become frightened. Carolyn May had little idea of their danger. Prince sat up and howled. It seemed to the boy as though they were in desperate straits, indeed.

"You've got to be a brave girl, Carolyn May," he said. "I'm going to swim across this place and then drag you over. You stick to the sled and you won't scarcely get wet even."

"Oh, Chet! don't you dare get drowned-ed!" begged Carolyn May, terrified now by the situation.

He turned a bright face on her as he struck out for the edge of the other ice floe. Chet might not have been the wisest boy who ever lived, but he was brave, in the very best sense of the word.

"Don't worry about me, Carolyn May," he chattered.

The desperate chill of the water almost stopped the boy's heart.

Three strokes took him across the patch of open water.

"We'll be all right in a minute, Carolyn May!" he called, climbing to his feet.

And then he discovered something that almost stunned him. The line he had looped around his wrist had slipped off! He had no way of reaching the rope attached to the sled save by crossing back through the water.

Chet felt that he could not do it.

"Oh, Chet! Chet!" wailed Carolyn May, "you've dropped my rope!"

"What he should do, poor Chet could not think. His brain seemed completely clouded.

But what was the little girl doing? He saw her hauling in on the wet rope and she seemed to be speaking to Prince, for he stood directly before her, his ears erect, his tail agitated. By and by he barked sharply.

"Now, Princey!" Chet heard her cry. She thrust the end of the rope into the dog's jaws and waved her mittened hand towards the open water and the unhappy Chet beyond it.

Prince sprang around, faced the strait of black water, shaking the end of the rope vigorously. Chet saw what she meant and he shrieked to the dog: "Come on, Prince! Come on, good dog! Here, sir!"

Prince could not bark his reply with the rope in his jaws, but he sprang into the water and swam steadily toward Chet.

He stooped and seized the dog's forelegs when he came near and helped him scramble out on the ice. The end of the rope was safely in his grasp again.

"My goodness! My goodness! I could sing a hallelujah!" declared Chet, his eyes streaming now. "Hold on, now, Carolyn May! I'm going to drag you across. You hang right on to that sled."

"Oh, I'll cling to it, Chet," declared the little girl. "And do take me off this ice, quick, for I think it's floating out with me."

Chet drew on the rope, the sled moved forward and plunged, with just a little splash, into the pool.

In a few seconds he had "snaked" the sled to the edge of the ice floe on which he stood. He picked the sobbing Carolyn May off the sled and then lifted that up too. The little girl was wet below her waist.

"I'm—I'm just as cold as I—I can be," she chattered. "Oh, Chet! take me home, please!"

"I'm a-going to," chattered the lad in return.

He dragged off his coat now, wrung it as dry as he could and wrapped it around Carolyn May's legs before he seated her on the sled again. Then he seized the rope once more and started toward the sound of the chapel bell.

Prince began to bark. He could not move forward much faster than Chet did, but he faced the wind and began to bark with persistence.

"There—there's something over there, Chet," murmured Carolyn May. She was all but breathless herself.

Then, through the wind and storm, came a faint call. Prince eagerly pursued his barking. Chet tried to reply to the call, but his voice was only a hoarse croak.

"We've got to keep on—we've got to keep on," muttered the lad, dragging the sled slowly.

The dog had disappeared. Carolyn May was weeping frankly. Chet Gormley was pushing slowly through the storm, staggering at each step, scarcely aware in what direction he was heading.

CHAPTER XIV.

How to Write a Sermon.

Joseph Stagg heard the dog bark first of all.

The men with Mr. Stagg having spread out on the ice like a skirmishing party, now closed in toward the point from which sounded the dog's barking. The hardware dealer shouted as he ran. He was the most reckless of them all and on several occasions came near falling.

Suddenly an object appeared in the smother of falling snow. Hoarsely the dog barked again. Mr. Stagg shouted: "Hey, Prince! Prince! Here we are!"

The mongrel made for the hardware merchant and almost knocked him over. He was mad with joy.

"Show 'em to us, good dog!" cried Uncle Joe. "Take us to 'em! Where's Hannah's Carolyn? Show us, boy!"

Prince lapped Mr. Stagg's face and then ran off through the falling snow, barking and leaping. The men hurried after him. Twice or thrice the dog was back to make sure that he was followed. Then the men saw something outlined in the driving snow.

"Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe!"

The child's shrill voice reached the hardware merchant. There was poor Chet, staggering on, leaning against the wind, and pulling the sled behind him.

"Well, you silly chump!" growled Joseph Stagg. "Where're you going, anyway?"

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" wailed Carolyn May, "he isn't anything like that at all! He's just the bravest boy; and he's all wet and cold."

At the conclusion of this declaration poor Chet fell to his knees and then slipped quietly forward on his face.

"I yum!" grunted the hardware dealer. "I guess the boy is all in."

But Chet did not lose consciousness. He raised a faint murmur which reached Mr. Stagg's ears.

"I—I did the best I could, Mr. Stagg. Take—take her right up to mother. She'll fix Carolyn up, all right."

"Say, kid!" exclaimed the cook, "I guess you need a bit of fixin' up yourself. Why, see here, boys, this chap's been in the water and his clothes is froze stiff."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Delos will be found the answer to the question which has been so insistently asked in the caption above. It is a great pleasure to know from time to time just what is being accomplished by the American Red Cross.

The largest American Red Cross hospital form in England is at Salisbury, Southampton, where a considerable part of the 180-acre estate is under cultivation.

One thousand wounded and convalescent American soldiers played hosts to King George, Queen Mary and Princess Mary at a big military hospital in Dartford, just outside London, recently. The royal visitors inspected American Red Cross activities at the hospital. A good time was had by all.

Santa Claus, Christmas and the Red Cross roll call come but once a year. The roll call takes place during the week of December 16. Speak up—and dig down—when your name is called.

One of Christopher J. Kringle's first stops on Christmas eve will be the American hospitals in France. In every ward of every hospital he will find a Christmas tree and Red Cross workers waiting to help him fill soldier socks.

The Belgian commission of the American Red Cross has established a fund known as the "Queen's Purse" for war victims. Queen Elizabeth of Belgium goes about to hospitals constantly supplying little extra comforts to patients. She has spent large sums of her own for this purpose, and in addition the American Red Cross provides a purse of \$5,000 for this purpose.

The American Red Cross at Verona, Italy, is helping an existing orphanage to meet the urgent problem of caring for motherless young children. It has agreed to support ten babies under a year old, and 20 between the ages of one and three.

Americans in the American Red Cross ambulance service received 65 decorations for work performed in one month. This number includes seven silver medals, four bronze, and 54 war crosses.

Fifteen thousand men a day were served on an average by each of the 16 American Red Cross canteens on the Italian front. Sixteen of these canteens are portable.

Le Havre.—To provide Belgian children with shoes—and they wear them out quite as fast as American youngsters—the American Red Cross has started shoemaking activities at Limoges. Thousands of Belgian children in Red Cross colonies in France will be equipped. The factories will give employment to a number of Belgian adults.

Le Harve.—A Belgian colonel, just from the front, speaking of a canteen for which the American Red Cross provided quarters on very short notice, said: "One live demonstration like this is better than a year of talk." He also stated in a report: "It is wonderful to see how responsive the Belgians are to everything American."

The department of civil affairs of the American Red Cross undertook to establish or maintain 14 institutions in the war zone of Italy, which provided food, clothing and care for 3,477 children.

LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative;" they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

MADE BY AN ARTIST IN FURS



This rich and graceful cape-coatee, with its muff to match, is one of those much-admired, two-in-one garments that are characteristic of this season's styles. Its designer chose Hudson seal and followed two converging paths to its success, combining the free, easy lines of a cape with something of the snugness of a coat. His ingenuity was rewarded in a wrap more graceful than either of its inspirations. It is much more cozy than a cape or scarf, easily made equal to a coat for comfort. But on mild days or in the warmer climates it is worn open at the front and hanging about the shoulders, as casually as either a cape or scarf.

When the wearer of this pretty garment adjusts it as a protection against the cold, the ingenuity of the furrier who made it reveals itself. The narrow scarf, attached to the neck, and passing through straps of fur at the waist line, is slipped from under these straps and wrapped about the throat, and the front of the wrap fastened up to meet it, thereupon it is a warm coatee. The muff is melon-shaped, with slashed frills at the ends and every woman knows that it may actually keep the hands warm, or merely serve as a luxurious and elegant accessory of dress. Both the wrap and muff are distinctly up-to-date.

Hudson seal is a favorite with designers, but these artists in furs have distinguished themselves in other pelts. Squirrel, dyed, and natural, broadtail, ringtail, mole and kolinsky are dividing honors with seal in coats, coatees, capes and in those combination wraps that have so captivated well dressed women. While the shorter garments are having a great vogue the luxurious long coats, like flat scarfs and muffs, are always good style.

Julia B. Bostwick

Ribbon Workbag.

A good workbag for a Christmas gift can be made from two yards of Dresden ribbon six and one-half inches wide and one embroidery hoop. Cut two rounds of cardboard, the size of the hoop for the bottoms of the "double-decker" bag, pad with sheet cotton and cover with the ribbon. Divide the remaining ribbon in halves and seam up both pieces. Then sew one to a cardboard round and fasten at the top of the outside rim of the embroidery hoop. Make the top part of the bag in the same way, save that the cardboard bottom is to be sewed to the inside of the embroidery ring, which has been covered by the silk ribbon.

Dressup Frocks.

A charming and simple dinner gown may be made of black mailles lace and black net over a foundation of white English embroidery. A frock of dark green chamoise, if correctly made, with long, tight sleeves and a narrow, draped skirt, need have no trimming. A pale pink batiste frock should be trimmed with real flit lace and girdled with blue tinsel cloth, glistening with gold and silver threads.

Conserving Paper.

"Don't you have to put paper covers on these sandwiches any more?" asked the traveler at the railroad restaurant stand.

"No. The government's stopped us doing that," replied the chocolate-haired waitress.

"What for?"

"Says we must conserve paper."

"Gee! Won't Hoover let us eat paper, either?"

TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

The "Come-back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stone in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befell the over-tired American. The best known, most reliable remedy for these troubles is GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This remedy has stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient laboratories in Holland. It acts directly and gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. They are the pure, original, imported Haarlem Oil Capsules.—Adv.

Business.

The Deacon—It is said that the preacher who mixes business with his religion never succeeds.

The Dominie—Well, we'll go on passing the plate a little longer, anyway.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.