



**CHAPTER XIV—Continued.**

"Pick him up and put him on the sled here, boys," Mr. Stag said. "I'll carry Hannah's Carlyn myself."

The party, including the excited Prince, got back to the docks without losing any time and without further accident. Still the chapel bell was ringing and somebody said:

"We'd have been up a stump for knowing the direction if it hadn't been for that bell."

"Me, too," muttered Chet Gormley. "That's what kep' me goin', folks—the chapel bell. It just seemed to be callin' me home."

Joseph Stag, carried his niece up to Mrs. Gormley's little house, while one of the men helped Chet along to the same destination. The seamstress met them at the door, wildly excited.

"And what do you think?" she cried. "They took Mandy Parlow home in Tim's hack. She was just done up, they tell me, pullin' that chapel bell. Did you ever hear of such a silly critter—just because she couldn't find the sexton!"

"Hum! you and I both seem to be mistaken about what constitutes silliness, Mrs. Gormley," grumbled the hardware dealer. "I was for calling your Chet silly, till I learned what he'd done. And you'd better not call Miss Mandy silly. The sound of the chapel bell gave us all our bearings. Both of 'em, Chet and Miss Mandy, did their best."

Carolyn May was taken home in Tim's hack, too. To her surprise, Tim was ordered to stop at the Parlow house and go in to ask how Miss Amanda was.

By this time the story of her pulling of the chapel bell rope was all over Sunrise Cove and the hack driver was naturally as curious as anybody. So he willingly went into the Parlow cottage, bringing back word that she was resting comfortably, Doctor Nugent having just left her.

"An' she's one brave gal," declared Tim. "Pitcher of George Washington! pullin' that bell rope ain't no baby's job."

Carolyn May did not altogether understand what Miss Amanda had done, but she was greatly pleased that Uncle Joe had so plainly displayed his interest in the carpenter's daughter.

The next morning Carolyn May seemed to be in good condition. Indeed, she was the only individual who did not pay for the exposure. Even Prince had barked his legs being hauled out on the ice. Uncle Joe had caught a bad cold in his head and suffered from it for some time. Miss Amanda remained in bed for several days. But it was poor Chet Gormley who paid the dearest price for participation in the exciting incident. Doctor Nugent had hard work fighting off pneumonia.

Mr. Stag surprised himself by the interest he took in Chet. He closed his store twice each day to call at the Widow Gormley's house.

Mr. Stag found himself talking with Chet more than he ever had before. The boy was lonely and the man found a spark of interest in his heart for him that he had never previously discovered. He began to probe into his young employee's thoughts, to learn something of his outlook on life; perhaps, even, he got some inkling of Chet's ambition.

That week the ice went entirely out of the cove. Spring was at hand, with its muddy roads, blue skies, sweeter air, soft rains and a general revivifying feeling.

Aunt Rose declared that Carolyn May began at once to "perk up." Perhaps the cold, long winter had been hard for the child to bear.

One day the little girl had a more than ordinarily hard school task to perform. Everything did not come easy to Carolyn May, "by any manner of means," as Aunt Rose would have said. Composition writing was her bane and Miss Minnie had instructed Carolyn May's class to bring in a written exercise the next morning. The little girl wandered over to the churchyard with her slate and pencil—and Prince, of course—to try to achieve the composition.

The windows of the minister's study overlooked this spot and he was sitting at his desk while Carolyn May was laboriously writing the words on her slate (having learned to use a slate), which she expected later to copy into her composition book.

coming nearer. "Did you ever have to write a composition?"

"Yes, Carolyn May, I have to write one or two each week." And he sighed.

"Oh, yes! So you do!" the little girl agreed. "You have to write sermons. And that must be a terribly tedious thing to do, for they have to be longer than my composition—a great deal longer."

"So it is a composition that is troubling you," the young minister remarked.

"Yes, sir. I don't know what to write—I really don't. Miss Minnie says for us not to try any flights of fancy. I don't just know what those are. But she says, write what is in us. Now, that don't seem like a composition," added Carolyn May doubtfully.

"What doesn't?"

"Why, writing what is in us," explained the little girl, staring in a

puzzled fashion at her slate, on which she had written several lines. "You see, I have written down all the things that I'm member in me."

"For pity's sake! let me see it, child," said the minister, quickly reaching down for the slate. When he brought it to a level with his eyes he was amazed by the following:

"In me there is my heart, my liver, my lungs, my verform pendicks, my stummick, two ginger cookies, a piece of peppint candy and my dinner."

"For pity's sake!" Mr. Driggs shut off this explosion by a sudden cough.

"I guess it isn't much of a composition, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May said frankly. "But how can you make your inwards be pleasant reading?"

The minister was having no little difficulty in restraining his mirth.

"Go around to the door, Carolyn May, and ask Mrs. Driggs to let you in. Perhaps I can help you in this composition writing."

"Oh, will you, Mr. Driggs?" cried the little girl. "That is awful kind of you."

The clergyman did not seem to mind neglecting his task for the pleasure of helping Carolyn May with hers. He explained quite clearly just what Miss Minnie meant by "writing what is in you."

"Oh! it's what you think about a thing yourself—not what other folks think," cried Carolyn May. "Why, I can do that. I thought it was something like those physerology lessons. Then I can write about anything I want to, can't I?"

"I think so," replied the minister. "I'm awfully obliged to you, Mr. Driggs," the little girl said. "I wish I might do something for you in return."

"Help me with my sermon, perhaps?" he asked, smiling.

"I would if I could, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May was very earnest.

"Well, now, Carolyn May, how would you go about writing a sermon if you had one to write?"

"Oh, Mr. Driggs!" exclaimed the little girl, clasping her hands. "I know just how I'd do it."

"You do? Tell me how, then, my dear," he returned, smiling. "Perhaps you have an inspiration for writing sermons that I have never yet found."

"Why, Mr. Driggs, I'd try to write every word so's to make folks that heard it happier. That's what I'd do. I'd make 'em look up and see the sunshine and the sky—and the mountains, 'way off yonder—so they'd see nothing but bright things and breathe only good air and hear birds sing—Oh, dear me, that—that is the way I'd write a sermon."

The text written at the top of the n. s. sheet of sermon paper. It was taken from the book of the prophet Jeremiah.

**CHAPTER XV.**

**The Awakening.**  
With the opening of spring and the close of the sledging season, work had stopped at Adams' camp. Rather, the entire plant had been shipped twenty miles deeper into the forest—mill, bunkhouse, cook shed and such corrugated-iron shacks as were worth carting away.

All that was left on the site of the busy camp were huge heaps of sawdust, piles of slabs, discarded timbers and the half-burned bricks into which had been built the portable boiler and engine.

And old Judy Mason. She was not considered worth moving to the new site of the camp. She was bedridden with rheumatism. This was the report Tim, the hackman, had brought in.

The old woman's husband had gone with the outfit to the new camp, for he could not afford to give up his work. Judy had not been so bad when the camp was broken up, but when Tim went over for a load of slabs for summer firewood, he discovered her quite helpless in her bunk and almost starving. The rheumatic attack had become serious.

Amanda Parlow had at once ridden over with Doctor Nugent.

"How brave and helpful it is of Miss Amanda!" Carolyn May cried. "Dear me, when I grow up I hope I can be a gradgerate nurse like Miss Mandy."

"I reckon that's some spell ahead," chuckled Mr. Parlow, to whom she said this when he picked her up for a drive after taking his daughter to the camp.

"Mr Parlow," the girl ventured after a time, "don't you think now that Miss Amanda ought to be happy?"

"Happy!" exclaimed the carpenter, startled. "What about, child?"

"Why, about everything. You know, once I asked you about her being happy, and—and you didn't seem favorable. You said 'Bah!'"

The old man made no reply for a minute and Carolyn May had the patience to wait for her suggestion to "sink in." Finally he said:

"I dunno but you're right, Carlyn May. Not that it matters much, I guess, whether a body's happy or not in this world," he added grudgingly.

"Oh, yes, it does, Mr. Parlow! It matters a great deal, I am sure—to us and to other people. If we're not happy inside of us, how can we be cheerful outside, and so make other people happy? And that is what I mean about Miss Amanda."

"What about Mandy?"

"She isn't happy," sighed Carolyn May. "Not really. She's just as good as good can be. She is always doing for folks and helping. But she can't be real happy."

"Why not?" growled Mr. Parlow, his face turned away.

"Why—'cause— Well, you know, Mr. Parlow, she can't be happy as long as she and my Uncle Joe are mad at each other."

Mr. Parlow uttered another grunt, but the child went bravely on.

"You know very well that's so. And I don't know what to do about it. It just seems too awful that they should hardly speak, and yet be so fond of each other deep down."

"How d'you know they're so fond of each other—deep down?" Mr. Parlow demanded.

"I know my Uncle Joe likes Miss Mandy, 'cause he always speaks so respectful of her. And I can see she likes him, in her eyes," replied the



"I Know My Uncle Joe Likes Miss Amanda."

observant Carolyn May. "Oh, yes, Mr. Parlow, they ought to be happy again, and we ought to make 'em so."

"Huh! Who ought to?"

"You and me. We ought to find some way of doing it. I'm sure we can, if we just think hard about it."

"Huh!" grunted the carpenter again, turning Cherry into the dooryard.

"This was not a very encouraging response. Yet he did think of it. The little girl had started a train of thought in Mr. Parlow's mind that he could not sidetrack."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**BABY TAKES JOY RIDE ON TRAIN**

May Arnett Travels 280 Miles While Parents Search for Her.

Little Rock, Ark.—With a few pennies clutched in her baby hand, little May Arnett, three years old, enjoyed a 280-mile railroad journey from her home here to Booneville, Ark., while her frantic parents, aided by policemen and detectives, searched Little Rock to find a trace of the missing child.

Kidnaping, death under the wheels of a speeding motorcar, or drowning in the creek near the family home, were only a few of the calamities imagined by the little girl's parents.

And all this time she was sitting in a speeding day coach on a Rock Island railroad train, making friends with



passengers, and yelling with joy at the strange vista of flying scenery passed before her delighted eyes.

Baby May left home early in the afternoon intending to buy candy. Five minutes later her parents were searching the house for her. Believing she had wandered uptown, several men went up and down the streets looking for her. The police were notified, but not until after Rock Island train No. 41 had gone west.

Anyway, the station was the last place the parents and police thought to look for the child. But late in the afternoon a telegram from Booneville, addressed to the chief of police, was received. It read: "Have on train No. 41, out of Little Rock, a three-year-old girl. Think she was deserted. Can't tell where she lives. Am sending her back to Little Rock on No. 44."

When No. 44 arrived at the station Mr. and Mrs. Arnett stood close to the iron gate and watched the detrain passengers. After watching some time their hopes almost faded away, and then they spied their baby in the arms of the conductor.

**WOMAN ROUTS THIEF WITH A BROOMSTICK**

St. Louis.—Mrs. William Bauer, armed with a broomstick, drove a burglar out of the home of her neighbor, Mrs. Annie Miller, while the latter was away. Mrs. Bauer, hearing a noise in the Miller home, investigated. When she made an attack with the broomstick the burglar beat a hasty retreat and escaped.

**BABY RESCUED FROM WELL**

Infant is Taken Out Uninjured After Being Imprisoned Twelve Hours.

Burkbennett, Tex.—After remaining at the bottom of a 35-foot well, a foot in diameter, the eighteen-months-old son of George Kays of this place was rescued uninjured.

The child was playing and accidentally fell feet-first into the well. The mother heard the cries from the well. She obtained a garden hose and an old pair of bellows and pumped air into the well until the neighbors could arrive.

A large crowd soon gathered and the work of digging the child out was begun. A large hole was dug along the side of the well, and at ten o'clock that night it reached the baby. The child was brought to the surface and an examination showed that it had escaped injury.

**STOLE MONEY TO BUY DOGS**

Odd Plea is Made by Teller for Embezzling Forty Thousand Dollars Bank Funds.

Dallas, Tex.—When E. E. Pollard, teller in one of the strongest banks here, was arrested, charged with embezzlement of \$40,000, he is said to have confessed he stole the money and bought blooded dogs for his famous kennels, the finest in the state.

He entered a plea of guilty to charges of embezzlement and was given ten years in prison. His salary as bank teller is said to have been \$4,000 a year.



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This amount is paid to the farmer for live stock, by Swift & Company alone, during the trading hours of every business day.

All this money is paid to the farmer through the open market in competition with large and small packers, shippers, speculators and dealers.

The farmer, feeder, or shipper receives every cent of this money (\$300,000 an hour, nearly \$2,000,000 a day, \$11,500,000 a week) in cash, on the spot, as soon as the stock he has just sold is weighed up.

Some of the money paid to the farmer during a single day comes back to the company in a month from sale of products; much does not come back for sixty or ninety days or more. But the next day Swift & Company, to meet the demands made by its customers, must pay out another \$2,000,000 or so, and at the present high price levels keeps over \$250,000,000 continuously tied up in goods on the way to market and in bills owed to the company.

This gives an idea of the volume of the Swift & Company business and the requirements of financing it. Only by doing a large business can this company turn live stock into meat and by-products at the lowest possible cost, prevent waste, operate refrigerator cars, distribute to retailers in all parts of the country—and be recompensed with a profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit too small to have any noticeable effect on the price of meat or live stock.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Some Difference. Jack Barrymore, the actor, was in a group who were cracking conundrums, when he asked: "Now, you fellows seem very clever at such things, so tell me what is the difference between a mosquito and an elephant?"

"The difference?" asked one.

"Yes," answered Barrymore. "They all gave it up, when the actor, walking away, said: 'Their shape.'"

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No Wonder. The Burglar's Sweetheart—Ya say yer man is a safe robber?

The Yeggman's Wife—Oh, he says he's safe, but I keep tellin' him they'll git him one of these fine nights.

His Mother's Accomplishment. Theodore, aged four, was visiting relatives in the country. He stood watching his aunt preparing to light the kitchen fire, and observing his interest, she inquired if his mother, too, burned wood.

"No," he answered dejectedly, "she don't burn wood." Then his eyes lighted up and he added triumphantly, "but she burns the dinner sometimes!" —Harper's Magazine.

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