

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

He knew very well that what she had said about his daughter and Joseph Stagg was quite true. In his selfishness he had been glad all these years that the hardware merchant was balked of happiness.

The carpenter had always been a self-centered individual, desirous of his own comfort, and rather miserly. He had not approved, in the first place, of the intimacy between Joseph Stagg and his daughter Amanda.

"No good'll come o' that," he had told himself.

That is, no good to Jedidiah Parlow. He foresaw at the start the loss of the girl's help about the house, for his wife was then a helpless invalid.

Then Mrs. Parlow died. This death made plainer still to the carpenter that Mandy's marriage was bound to bring inconvenience to him. Especially if she married a close-fisted young business man like Joe Stagg would this be true. For, at the reading of his wife's will Mr. Parlow discovered that the property they occupied, even the shop in which he worked, which had been given to Mrs. Parlow by her parents, was to be the sole property of her daughter. Mandy was the heir. Mr. Parlow did not possess even a life interest in the estate.

It was a blow to the carpenter. He made a good income and had money in bank, but he loved money too well to wish to spend it after he had made it. He did not want to give up the place. If Mandy remained unmarried there would never be any question between them of rent or the like.

Therefore, if he was not actually the cause of the difference that arose between the two young people, he seized and enlarged upon it and did all in his power to make a mere misunderstanding grow into a quarrel that neither of the proud, high-spirited lovers would bridge.

Jedidiah Parlow knew why Joe Stagg had taken that other girl to Faith camp meeting. The young man had stopped at the Parlow place when Amanda was absent and explained to the girl's father. But the latter had never mentioned this fact to his daughter.

Instead he had made Joe's supposed offense the greater by suggestion and innuendo. And it was he, too, who had urged the hurt Mandy to retaliate by going to the dance with another young man. Meeting Joe Stagg later, the carpenter had said bitter things to him, purporting to come from Mandy. It was all mean and vile; the old man knew it now—as he had known it then.

All these years he had tried to add fuel to the fire of his daughter's anger against Joe Stagg. And he believed he had benefited thereby. But, somehow, during the past few months, he had begun to wonder if, after all, "the game was worth the candle."

Suddenly he had gained a vision of what Amanda Parlow's empty life meant to her.

Carolyn May, interested only in seeing her friends made happy, had no idea of the turmoil she had created in Mr. Parlow's mind.

During the time that the nurse was at the abandoned lumber camp caring for Judy Mason, Carolyn May hoped that something might take Uncle Joe there.

The next Friday, after school was out, Miss Amanda appeared at the Stagg home and suggested taking Carolyn May into the woods with her, "for the week-end," as she laughingly said. Jim, the hackman, had brought the nurse home for a few hours and would take her back to Judy's cabin.

"Poor old Judy is much better, but she is still suffering and cannot be left alone for long," Miss Amanda said. "Carolyn May will cheer her up."

Mr. Parlow would drive over on Sunday afternoon and bring the little girl home. Of course, Prince had to go along.

That Friday evening at supper matters in the big kitchen of the Stagg house were really at a serious pass. Joseph Stagg sat down to the table visibly without appetite. Aunt Rose drank one cup of tea after another without putting a crumb between her lips.

"Say, Aunt Rose," demanded Mr. Stagg, "what under the sun did we do before Hannah's Carlyn came here, anyway? Seems to me we didn't really live, did we?"

Aunt Rose had no answer to make to these questions.

In the morning there was a smoky fog over everything—a fog that the sun did not dissipate, and behind which it looked like an enormous sardine ball.

Mr. Stagg went down to the store as usual. News came over the long-distance wires that thousands of acres of woodland were burning, that the forest reserves were out, and that the farmers of an entire township on the far side of the mountain were engaged in trying to make a barrier over which the flames would not leap. It was the consensus of opinion, however, that the fire would not cross the range.

"Scarcely any chance of its swooping down on us," decided Mr. Stagg. "Reckon I won't have to go home to plow fire furrows."

At the usual hour he started for The Corners for dinner. Having remained in the store all the morning, he had not realized how much stronger the smell of smoke was than it had been at breakfast time. Quite involuntarily he quickened his pace.

The fog and smoke overcast the sky thickly and made it of a brassy color, just as though a huge copper pot had been overturned over the earth. Women stood at their doors, talking back and forth in subdued tones. There was a spirit of expectancy in the air.

The hardware merchant was striding along at a quick pace when he came to the Parlow place; but he was not going so fast that he did not hear the carpenter hailing him in his cracked voice.

"Hey, you, Joe Stagg! Hey, you!" Amazed, Mr. Stagg turned to look. Parlow was hobbling from the rear premises, groaning at every step, scarcely able to walk.

"That scatica's got me ag'in," he snarled. "I'm a'most doubled up. Couldn't climb into a carriage to save my soul."

"What d'you want to climb into a carriage for?" demanded Mr. Stagg.

"Cause somebody's got to go for that gal of mine—and little Carlyn May. Ain't you heard—or is your mind so sot on makin' money down there your store that you don't know nothin' else?"

"Haven't I heard what?" returned the other with fine restraint, for he saw the old man was in pain.

"The fire's come over to this side. I saw the flames myself. And Aaron

brook moved mysteriously. He could see the smoke of it now.

Amanda Parlow and his niece might even now be threatened by the flames! Now that danger threatened the woman he had loved all these years, it seemed as though his mind and heart were numbed. He was terrified beyond expression—terrified for her safety, and terrified for fear that somebody, even Jedidiah Parlow, should suspect just how he felt about it.

The horse's hoofs rang sharply over the stony path. Presently they crept a little ridge and started down into a hollow. Not until they were over the ridge was Mr. Stagg aware that the hollow was filled, chokingly filled, with billowy white smoke.

Another man—one as cautious as the hardware merchant notoriously was—would have pulled the horse down to a walk. But Joseph Stagg's cautiousness had been flung to the winds. Instead, he shouted to Cherry, and the beast increased his stride.

Ten rods further on the horse snorted, stumbled, and tried to stop. A writhing, flaming snake—a burning branch—plunged down through the smoke directly ahead.

"Go on!" shouted Joseph Stagg, with a sharpness that would ordinarily have set Cherry off at a gallop.

But, as the snorting creature still shied, the man seized the whip and lashed poor Cherry cruelly along his flank.

At that the horse went mad. He plunged forward, leaped the blazing brand, and galloped down the road at a perilous gait. The man tried neither to soothe him nor to retard the pace.

The smoke swirled around them. The driver could not see ten feet beyond the horse's nose. Ten minutes later they rattled down into the straight road, and then, very soon, indeed, were at the abandoned camp.

The fire was near, but it had not reached this place. There was no sign of life about.

The man knew which was Judy's cabin. He leaped from the vehicle, leaving the panting Cherry unattended, and ran to the hut.

The door swung open. The poor furniture was in place. Even the bed-clothing was rumpled in the old woman's bunk. But neither she nor Amanda Parlow nor little Carolyn May was there.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Laurel to the Brave.

The heart of the man was like a weight in his bosom. With so many hundred acres of forest on fire, and that, too, between the abandoned camp and The Corners and Sunrise Cove, how would Amanda Parlow and Carolyn May know where to go?

Certainly the place must have been deserted in haste. There was Carolyn May's coat. The man caught it up and stared around, as though expecting the child to be within sight.

The old woman's clothing was scattered around, too. It did not look as though anything had been removed from the hut. Coming out, he found another article on the threshold—one of Amanda's gloves.

Joseph Stagg lifted the crumpled glove to his lips.

"Oh, God, spare her!" he burst forth. "Spare them both!"

Then he kissed the glove again and hid it away in the inner pocket of his vest.

The hardware dealer tried to think of just what the fugitives might have done when they escaped from the cabin.

If it were true that Amanda would not run toward the fire, then she more than likely had taken the opposite direction on leaving the cabin. Therefore, Joseph Stagg went that way—setting off down the tote road, leading Cherry by his birds.

Suddenly he remembered calling Prince the day Carolyn May had been lost on the ice. He raised his voice in a mighty shout for the dog now.

"Prince! Princey, old boy! where are you?"

Again and again he called, but there was no reply. The smoke was more stifling and the heat more intense every minute. Mr. Stagg realized that he must get out quickly if he would save himself and the horse.

He had just stepped into the buckboard again, when there was an excited scrambling in the underbrush, and a welcoming bark was given.

"Prince! Good boy!" the man shouted. "Where are they?"

The excited dog flew at him, leaping on the buckboard so as to reach him. The mongrel was delighted, and showed it as plainly as a dumb brute could.

But he was anxious, too. He leaped back to the ground, ran a little ahead, and then looked back to see if the man was following. The hardware dealer shouted to him again:

"Go ahead, Princey! We're coming!" He picked up the reins and Cherry started. The dog, barking his satisfaction, ran on ahead and struck into a side path which led down a glade. Joseph Stagg knew immediately where this path led to. There was a spring and a small morass in the bottom of the hollow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

America Their Only Hope

By CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT
of The Vigilantes

From far-away Asia comes a cry for help addressed to the wide world. It is a cry made up of many voices. It issues from the desert lands of Arabia, from the mountains of the Russian Caucasus, from the highways and byways of Turkey, of Mesopotamia, of the Holy Land. The individuals who make up the great mass from which comes this call to the civilized world are scattered far and wide. It includes four hundred thousand children in towns and cities and villages or hiding like frightened rabbits in such shelters as they can find in the open country; women, most of them gray and beyond the years of comeliness, and others looking from behind barred windows of the prisons called harems; old men and men disabled, and a few men still in the prime of life but hidden in mountains and obscure places.

All these are joining in the cry that comes to us across the fertile lands and the deserts of Asia, the war-torn countries of Europe, the vast Atlantic and across our own great continent to the very ends thereof. It is a sad cry, an agonized cry, made up of the treble of children, the soft voices of women, the harsh bass of men and, mighty as is the mass of it, rising from four million throats, yet has it the ring of exhaustion, the frenzy of desperation. To the attentive ear it says: This is the end; if help comes not soon, we will call no more—for the end will have come for us.

America Must Respond.

Particularly is this appeal directed to America—the one great country which is prosperous because it entered the war only comparatively recently and has had to bear only a small part of the cost of keeping the world safe for democracy. It is America which must respond—immediately and without stint. Later on there will be time to consider fastening this cost upon the responsible parties in the form of stern demands for reparation and indemnity. There is no time for considering the call of justice now. One does not think first of punishing the assailant when one sees his victim bleeding on the pavement.

If America could only visualize the terrible situation! Here are four million victims of Turkish villainy and brutality, under the guidance of Prussian "efficiency." Here are husbandless wives and fatherless children. Never mind the dead men—more than a million of them, at the least. They

are gone and, though their blood cries to heaven for vengeance, this is not the time for thought of that. We have done but a poor job in this war if we do not help its helpless victims.

And who are these victims? Mostly Christians, like the great majority of Americans—Christians who have been martyrs for their faith; who could have saved their lives, the lives and the honor of their wives and daughters, their homes and their prosperity by denying Christ and accepting Mahomet. They have been the most intelligent, the most orderly and the most industrious inhabitants of the Ottoman empire. They were relying upon the Christians of Europe and America to protect them when the avalanche of murderous persecution burst upon them. They are relying upon Christian America above all to save their exhausted and starving remnants now.

Thoroughly Organized Appeal.

The chance for the American to do his bit towards thwarting the fiendish Turco-Prussian policy of exterminating the Christian Armenians, Syrians and Arabs comes in the \$30,000,000 drive between January 12 and 19. There will be a thoroughly organized appeal all over the United States. It is supported by the president and by the Red Cross. It is conducted by the generous and high-minded citizens who are members of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, and who are not only donating their time and services but are seeing to it that every cent donated shall reach the actual sufferers, all the expenses of administration being already provided by private subscription. It would be a slur upon the American nation to believe that the fund will not be promptly secured. It would be unbelievable that any American could deny this appeal and sleep of nights.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE FISH

By CLINTON SCOLLARD
of The Vigilantes.

It was Captain Cuttle Fish sailed out from a port on the German shore. A brutal lot, with a swinish snout. And a heart of helibore.

"Mein Gott," said he, "now he with me!" This modern Captain Kidd: "Twas the Devil he meant, and he planned, you see. To do as the Devil bid.

"These fatlle Yankee fools," he cried, "I will wreak on them a grievous loss. Then I'll be me back at the turn o' the tide For a waiting Iron Cross."

So he slunk away from his base in the bay, With his subtle, sneaking craft, And he found his prey on a summer day, And he battered it fore and aft.

But, Captain Cuttle Fish, beware! Have a care for your precious bones. For the hour may come when you will share The locker of Davy Jones!

For each hero a tree was planted, and it will always be known as his tree, by his name; and long after the grand-children of those who now live in Norfolk are dead and gone, these trees will still be standing and they will be known through all the sunshine and storm of the ages to come by the names they received at the christening.

A Fine Example.

The thought is a beautiful one. That little triangle in Norfolk will have many trees and crosses, the boys who died in France will live and grow to an age far beyond the years of the oldest men. The "John Perkins Elm," or the "Henry Smith Oak," as the case may be, will be living in Norfolk 200 years after the day on which they were so lovingly named by a forgotten generation.

And how simple, how easy this way of commemorating the deeds and the spirit of the boys who went forth to the war never to come home again. A little cross of wood for the present, a towering tree for the future, and the name of a hero preserved for an age to come.

What better example could be set for the rest of the country than this beautiful act of the people of Norfolk? Why not in every community, a plot of hallowed ground with its trees bearing the names of the boys who went out and did not come back? A living monument, green and spreading with the years, to stand as a guardian over the memory of him who fell in battle; not the artificial product of man, but the incomprehensible handiwork of God who first put life into the body of the boy whose death dignifies the community that lost him.

ARMENIA TO AMERICA

By THEODOSIA GARRISON
of The Vigilantes.

Through the glad noise of triumph and delight, Through the great resonance that rocks the sky,

A whisper like a wounded thing at night Falls at the threshold of our ecstasy, "Brothers of mine, am I forgotten quite Who in the sound of your rejoicing die?"

"I have no part in all your high estate, I did but share your burden and your trust. Ye could not shield me from the blades of hate, Ye could not save me from the hands of lust.

Yet can ye lift me ere it be too late From this the death I die here in the dust.

"I am the unhealed wound on Triumph's breast— How may she grieve elate unheeding me? Brothers of mine, most bountiful, most blest— You whose vast mercy covers earth and sea,

Reach out your hands and heal me, heal me lest I stain the white robes of this victory."

CANADA'S NEW DEVELOPMENT

After the War a Period of Prosperity.

It is evident that the Government of the Dominion in its programme of reconstruction and development is undertaking a work of tremendous importance. There will be available the labor for work that has been silent since 1914, and the rehabilitation of this labor will entail the thought and energy of most capable heads. The transition period from war to peace will be rapid and thorough, and, instead of Canada sinking into a state of lethargy, there will be a continued period of wakefulness that will give employment to the unemployed, and render to the capitalist and producer ample return for his money, effort and enterprise.

The agricultural potentialities of the great Canadian West possess illimitable acres of the best of soil, capable of producing millions of bushels of the best of grain. The cost of growing this is lower than any place on the continent. There will be a greater demand than ever for these lands, the consequent production will be heavier and the profits attractive. Cattle developments, and the encouragement of it will be in the continued high prices that beef products will bring. European countries have been depleted of cattle, and the demand for beef, cattle and dairy products will tax the efforts of the producer for years to come.

Western Canada offers unequalled opportunities for development in this line.

In the Canadian West plans are being laid for the development of electrical power which can be produced cheaply. There is an abundance of coal and water power that could be used in developing this useful energy. What cheap power produced in this way will mean to the farmer and development of industrial enterprises cannot be estimated in figures.

More extensive development of the water power at Niagara, on the St. Lawrence and at waterfalls all over the country, is ready to be launched. Peace will see new mine fields opened up, and it is equally certain that shipbuilding, railway equipment, steel production, and many of the industries will go forward with a bound.

Canadian industries will be required in the reconstruction of Europe, and already the Canadian Government has sent across the seas a commission for the purpose of securing orders. Canada took an early and prominent part in the war, and in the days of peace will be found equally active. She feels that by the valor and loyalty of her people she has earned a large share of the business and prosperity that will follow the war period, and she proposes to get it.—Advertisement.

Conditional.

Milliner—"I know that hat would please your husband." Customer—"Not unless you took \$20 off the price."

KIDNEY TROUBLE NOT EASILY RECOGNIZED

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected

An examining physician for one of the prominent life insurance companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kimer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

We find that Swamp-Root is strictly an herbal compound and we would advise our readers who feel in need of such a remedy to give it a trial. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kimer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this manner.—Adv.

No Chatter, This!

Furthermore, why do they call an ear-splitting whistle a "siren"? Our understanding of a siren is that people don't try to get away from her.—Galveston News.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot sudsy Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus ointment with soft tissue paper. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Might Finish Him.

"Shall I tell you how you have her down in your will?" "No; the cooking is bad enough as it is."

Keep your liver active, your bowels clean by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and you'll keep healthy, wealthy and wise. Adv.

The Right Place.

"Pop, why do they have cages for prisoners?" "To put the birdmen in, my son."



He Plunged Forward Leaped the Blazing Brand and Galloped Down the Road.