



Carolyn of the Corners

—BY—
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PRINCE PROVES HIMSELF A REAL CANINE HERO AND WINS APPROVAL OF THE CORNERS.

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 Car'lyn—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.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Aunt Rose remained, apparently, as austere as ever, while Joseph Stagg was quite as much immersed in business as formerly. Yet there were times, when she and the child were alone, that Mrs. Kennedy unbent, in a greater or less degree. And on the part of Joseph Stagg, he found himself thinking of sunny-haired, blue-eyed "Hanna's Car'lyn" with increasing frequency.

"Didn't you ever have any little girls, Aunt Rose?" Carolyn May asked the housekeeper on one of these intimate occasions. "Or little boys? I mean of your very own."

"Yes," said Aunt Rose in a matter-of-fact tone. "Three. But only to have them in my arms for a very little while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite wrong with them all, so the doctors said."

"Oh, my dear! All three of them?" sighed Carolyn May.

"Two girls and a boy. Only one lived to be three months old. They are all buried behind the church yonder."

The next morning early Carolyn May, with Prince, went over into the churchyard and found the three little stones in a row. She knew they must be the right ones, for there was a bigger stone, with the inscription, "Frank Kennedy, beloved spouse of Rose Kennedy," upon it.

The names on the three little stones were Emeline, Frank, Jr., and Clarissa. Weeds and tall grass had begun to sprout about the little, lozenge-shaped stones and about the taller one.

While she was thus engaged, a tall man in black—looking rather "weedy" himself, if the truth were told—came across the graveyard and stood beside her. He wore a broad band of crepe around his hat and on his arm, and was very grave and serious-looking.

"Who are you, little girl?" he asked, his voice being quite agreeable and his tone kindly.

"I'm Carolyn May, if you please," she replied, looking up at him frankly.

"Carolyn May Stagg?" he asked.

"You're Mr. Stagg's little girl? I've heard of you."

"Carolyn May Cameron," she corrected seriously. "I'm only staying with Uncle Joe. He is my guardian, and he had to take me, of course, when my papa and mamma were lost at sea."

"Indeed?" returned the gentleman. "Do you know who I am?"

"I—I think," said Carolyn May, doubtfully, "that you must be the undertaker."

For a moment the gentleman looked startled. Then he flushed a little, but his eyes twinkled.

"The undertaker?" he murmured. "Do I look like that?"

"Excuse me, sir," said Carolyn May. "I don't really know you, you know. Maybe you're not the undertaker."

"No, I am not. Though our undertaker, Mr. Sullivan, is a very good man."

"Yes, sir," said the little girl, politely.

"I am the pastor here—your pastor, I hope," he said, putting a kind hand upon her head.

"Oh, I know you now!" said Carolyn May brightly. "You're the man Uncle Joe says is going to get a strange hold on Satan now that vacation is over."

Rev. Afton Driggs looked rather odd again. The shocking frankness of the child came pretty near to flooring him.

"I—ahem! Your uncle compliments me," he said drily. "You don't know that he is ready to do his share, do you?"

"His share?" repeated the puzzled little girl.

"Toward strangling the Evil One," pursued the minister, a wry smile curling the corners of his lips.

"Has he got a share in it, too?" asked Carolyn May.

"I think we all should have," said the minister, looking down at her with returning kindness in his glance. "Even little girls like you."

Carolyn May looked at him quite seriously.

"Do you s'pose," she asked him confidentially, "that Satan is really wicked enough to trouble little girls?"

It was a startling bit of new philoso-

phy thus suggested, and Mr. Driggs shook his head in grave doubt. But it gave him something to think of all that day; and the first sermon preached in The Corners church that autumn seemed rather different from most of those solid, indigestible discourses that the good man was wont to drone out to his parishioners.

"Dunno but it is worth while to give the parson a vacation," pronounced Uncle Joe at the dinner table. "Seems to me his sermon this morning seemed to have a new snap to it. Mebbe he'll give old Satan a hard rub this winter, after all."

"Joseph Stagg!" said Aunt Rose admonishingly.

"I think he's a very nice man," said Carolyn May suddenly. "And I kept awake most of the time—you see, I heard poor Princey howling for me here, where he was tied up."

"Hum!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg. "Which kept you awake—the dog or the minister?"

"Oh, I like Mr. Driggs very much," the little girl assured him. "And he's in great f'lection, too, I am sure. He—he wears crepe on his hat and sleeve."

"Huh, so he does," grunted Mr. Stagg. "He's most always in mourning for somebody or something."

"Do you s'pose, Uncle Joe, that he looks up enough? It does just seem to me as though poor Mr. Driggs must always be looking down instead of looking up to see the sunshine and the blue sky and—the mountains, like my papa said you should."

Uncle Joe was silent. Aunt Rose said, very briskly for her:

"And your papa was right, Car'lyn May. He was a very sensible man, I have no doubt."

"Oh, he was quite a wonderful man," said the little girl with full assurance.

It was on the following morning that school opened. The Corners district school was a red building, with a squat bell tower and two front doors, standing not far up the road beyond the church.

Miss Minnie Lester taught the school, and although Miss Minnie looked very sharply through her glasses at one, Carolyn May thought she was going to love the teacher very much.

Indeed, that was Carolyn May's attitude toward almost everybody whom she met. She expected to love and to be loved. Was it any wonder she made so many friends?

There proved, however, at the start, to be a little difficulty with Miss Minnie. Prince would not remain at home. He howled and whined for the first half of Monday morning's session—as Aunt Rose confessed, almost driving her mad. Then he slipped his collar and tore away on Carolyn May's cold trail.

Into the school marched the dog, having drawn the staple with which his chain had been fastened to the bole of the tree in Mr. Stagg's back yard.

Miss Minnie was both alarmed and angry. Some of the little girls shrieked and wept when Prince pranced over to Carolyn May's seat.

"If you do not shut that awful dog up so that he cannot follow you here, Carolyn May, I shall speak to your uncle, Mr. Stagg, about it. Ugh, the ugly beast! Take him away at once!"

So Carolyn May's schooldays at The Corners did not begin very happily, after all. She had always loved and been loved by every teacher she had ever had before. But Miss Minnie seemed prejudiced against her because of Prince.

The little girl felt badly about this, but she was of too cheerful a temperament to droop for long under the pressure of any trouble. The other children liked her, and Carolyn May found plenty of playmates.

It was on the last Friday in the month that something happened which quite changed Miss Minnie's attitude towards "that mongrel." Incidentally, The Corners, as a community, was fully awakened from its lethargy, and, as it chanced, like the Sleeping Beauty and all her retinue, by a Prince.

The school session on Friday afternoons was always shortened. This day Mr. Brady, one of the school trustees, came to review the school and, before he left, to pay Miss Minnie her salary for the month.

Carolyn May had permission from

Prince to go craning that afternoon. Freda Payne, whom she likes very much, lived up the road beyond the schoolhouse, and she had invited the little city girl to come to see her. Of course, Prince had to be included in the invitation. Freda fully understood that, and Carolyn May took him on his leash.

They saw Miss Minnie at her desk when they went past the schoolhouse. She was correcting written exercises. Carolyn May secretly hoped that her own was much better than she feared it was.

Not far beyond the schoolhouse Prince began to growl, and the hairs stiffened on his neck.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Prince?" demanded Carolyn May.

In a moment she saw the cause of the dog's continued agitation. A roughly dressed, bewhiskered man sat beside the road eating a lunch out of a newspaper. He leered at Carolyn May and said:

"I guess you got a bad dog there, ain't ye, little girl?"

"Oh, no! He's us'ally very polite," answered Carolyn May. "You must be still, Prince! You see," she explained, "he doesn't like folks to wear old clothes. If—if you had on your Sunday suit, I'm quite sure he would not growl at you."

"He wouldn't, hey?" said the man hoarsely, licking his fingers of the last crumbs of his lunch. "An' suppose a feller ain't got no Sunday suit?"

"Why then, I s'pose Prince wouldn't ever let you come into our yard—if he was loose."

"Don't let him loose now, little girl," said the fellow, getting up hurriedly and eyeing the angry dog askance.

"Oh, no, sir. We're going visiting up the road. Come away, Prince. I won't let him touch you," she assured the man.

The latter seemed rather doubtful of her ability to hold the dog long, and he hobbled away towards the schoolhouse.

Carolyn May had a very pleasant call—Freda's mother even approved of Prince—and it was an hour before the two started for home. In sight of the school house Prince gave evidence again of excitement.

"I wonder what is the matter with you now," Carolyn May began, when suddenly she sighted what had evidently so disturbed the dog.

A man was crouching under one of the schoolhouse windows, bobbing up now and then to peer in. It was the man whom they had previously seen beside the road.

"Hush, Prince!" whispered little Carolyn May, holding the dog by the collar.

She, too, could see through the open window. Miss Minnie was still at her desk. She had finished correcting the pupils' papers. Now she had her bag open and was counting the money Mr. Brady had given her.

"O-o-oh!" breathed Carolyn May, clinging to the eager dog's collar.

The man at the window suddenly left his position and slipped around to the door. In a moment he appeared in the schoolroom before the startled teacher.

Miss Minnie screamed. The man, with a rough throat, darted forward to seize her purse.

Just then Carolyn May unsnapped the leash from Prince's collar and let him go.

"Save Miss Minnie, Princey!" she cried after the charging dog.

Prince did not trouble about the door. The open window, through which the tramp had spied upon the schoolmistress, was nearer. He went up the wall and scrambled over the sill with a savage determination that left no doubt whatever in the tramp's mind.

With a yell of terror the fellow bounded out of the door and tore along the road and through The Corners at a speed never before equaled in that locality by a knight of the road.

Prince lost a little time in recovering his footing and again getting on the trail of the fleeing tramp. But he was soon buying the fellow past the blacksmith shop and the store.

The incident called the entire population of The Corners, save the bedridden, to the windows and doors. For once the little, somnolent village awoke.

Prince continues to prove that he is a very important character in this story. The next installment tells how he is concerned in another incident that may be heard from later. Don't miss this.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Naughty Mamma's Boy.
My husband, who is at Camp Sherman, wrote home and told us this joke the boys played on a "mamma's boy" who was the goat of the whole company. One night while he was over to the Y. M. C. A. they fixed up the head of his cot with sticks and tied a string to them, then waited until he got sound asleep and pulled the strings, out came the sticks and down went the bed. He nearly exploded he was so mad and my husband said had you been listening you could have heard him swearing clear home.—Chicago Tribune.

All in Some Day.
One day at a Southern camp one of the negro soldiers was showing me a service pin with three stars which he always carried in his pocket. I asked him who the relatives were and he replied: "One is fo' masef an' the other two is fo' ma brudders; one is going to enlist an' the other is in the next draft."—Exchange.

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.



Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.—Adv.

She Took the Job Herself.
"We've let the maid go."
"That so?"
"Yes. She finally insisted on the wages that were so high that I simply couldn't resist taking the job myself, and collecting the money."

Soothe Baby Rashes
That itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointments of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

During the latter months of the siege of Ladysmith tobacco was sold in the town for \$30 a pound.

Keep clean inside as well as outside by taking a gentle laxative at least once a week, such as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Adv.

Los Angeles destroyed 4,300 cats this year in the interest of food conservation.

SPANISH INFLUENZA---WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT SHOULD BE TREATED

Nothing New—Simply the Old Grip or La Grippe That Was Epidemic in 1889-90, Only Then It Came From Russia by Way of France and This Time by Way of Spain

Go to Bed and Stay Quiet—Take a Laxative—Eat Plenty of Nourishing Food—Keep Up your Strength—Nature Is the Only "Cure"

ALWAYS CALL A DOCTOR

NO OCCASION FOR PANIC
Spanish influenza, which appeared in Spain in May, has all the appearances of grip, or la grippe, which has swept over the world in numerous epidemics as far back as history runs. Hippocrates refers to an epidemic in 412 B. C., which is regarded by many to have been influenza. Every century has had its attacks. Beginning with 1831 this country has had five epidemics, the last in 1889-90.

There is no occasion for panic—Influenza itself has a very low percentage of fatalities—not over one death out of every 400 cases, according to the N. C. board of health. The chief danger lies in complications arising, attacking principally patients in a run-down condition—those who don't go to bed soon enough or those who get up too early.

THE SYMPTOMS
Grip, or influenza, as it is now called, usually begins with a chill, followed by aching, feverishness, and sometimes nausea and dizziness, and a general feeling of weakness and depression. The temperature is from 100 to 104, and the fever usually lasts from three to five days. The germs attack the mucous membrane or lining of the air passages, nose, throat and bronchial tubes; there is usually a hard cough, especially bad at night; sometimes a sore throat or tonsillitis, and frequently all the appearances of a severe head cold.

THE TREATMENT
Go to bed at the first symptoms, not only for your own sake, but to avoid spreading the disease to others—take a purgative, eat plenty of nourishing food, remain perfectly quiet and don't worry. Quinine, aspirin or Dover's Powders, etc., may be administered by the physician's directions to relieve the aching. But there is no cure or specific for influenza—the disease must run its course. Nature herself will throw off the attack if only you keep up your strength. The chief danger lies in the complications which may arise. Influenza so weakens the bodily resistance that there is danger of pneumonia or bronchitis developing, and sometimes inflammation of the middle ear, or heart affections. For these reasons it is very important that the patient remain in bed until his strength returns—stay in bed at least two days or more after the fever has left you or if you are over 50 or not strong stay in bed four days or more, according to the severity of the attack.

EXTERNAL APPLICATIONS
In order to stimulate the lining of the air passages to throw off the grippe germs, to aid in loosening the phlegm and keeping the air passages open, thus making the breathing easier, Vick's VapoRub will be found effective. Hot, wet towels should be applied over the throat, chest and back between the shoulder blades to open the pores. Then VapoRub should be rubbed in over the parts until the skin is red, spread on thickly and cover with two thicknesses of hot flannel cloths. Leave the clothing loose around the neck, as the heat of the body liberates the ingredients in the form of vapors. These vapors, inhaled with each breath, carry the medication directly to the parts affected. At the same time VapoRub is absorbed through and stimulates the skin, attracting the blood to the surface, and thus aids in relieving the congestion within.

HOW TO AVOID THE DISEASE
Evidence seems to prove that this is a germ disease, spread principally by human contact, chiefly through coughing, sneezing or spitting. So avoid persons having colds—which means avoiding crowds—common drinking cups, roller towels, etc. Keep up your bodily strength by plenty of exercise in the open air, and good food. Above all, avoid colds, as colds irritate the lining of the air passages and render them much better breeding places for the germs.

KEEP FREE FROM COLDS
Use Vick's VapoRub at the very first sign of a cold. For a head cold, melt a little VapoRub in a spoon and inhale the vapors, or better still, use VapoRub in a benzoin steam kettle. If this is not available, use an ordinary tea-kettle. Fill half-full of boiling water, put in half a teaspoon of VapoRub from time to time—keep the kettle just slowly boiling and inhale the steam arising.

Note.—Vick's VapoRub is the discovery of a North Carolina druggist, who found how to combine, in salve form, Menthol and Camphor with such volatile oils as Eucalyptus, Thyme, Cubeb, etc., so that when the salve is applied to the body heat, these ingredients are liberated in the form of vapors.

VapoRub is comparatively new in New York State and New England and a few Western states where it is just now being introduced, but in other sections of the country it is the standard home remedy in more than a million homes for all forms of cold troubles. Over six million jars were sold last year. VapoRub can be had in three sizes at all druggists. It is particularly recommended for children's croup and colds, since it is externally applied and therefore can be used as freely as desired without the slightest harmful effects.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy

Small Pill
Small Dose
Small Price

A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living

Genuine bears signature
Brentwood

A BSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but **CARTER'S IRON PILLS** will greatly help most pale-faced people

Course it is.
"Well, it's a low trick, anyhow," said hubble.
"What, my dear?" asked his wife anxiously.
"The way they are raising prices."

Middle Aged Women

Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

Freemont, 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.

North Haven, Conn.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health after everything else had failed when passing through change of life. There is nothing like it to overcome the trying symptoms."—Mrs. FLORENCE ISILLA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

In Such Cases

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has the greatest record for the greatest good

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