

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 hear 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 puzzler."

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

Hannah's Carlyn, 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, barbed 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—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, Carlyn 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, Carlyn 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

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 Carlyn? 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 um!" 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 Carlyn up, all right."

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 sturdily 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, Carlyn May! I'm goin' 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 co-old 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.

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

PROPER CARE OF PASSENGER CARS

Motorists Acquiesce to Suggestions of Defense Council to Learn Their Autos.

WILL KEEP THEM EFFICIENT

Owners Realize Help They Can Render Government by Lightening Load on Garage and Repair Shops—Work Not Difficult.

That passenger car owners have adopted the suggestions recently made by the war economy board of the national council of defense to familiarize themselves with the proper care of their cars, so that they can not only render "first aid" to their cars without depending on mechanics or service men, but keep them 100 per cent mechanically efficient, is the opinion of H. P. Branstetter of a large automobile concern, who adds: "No doubt the increased use to which owners are putting their cars, coupled with a realization of the help they can render the government by lightening the load on garage and repair shops, and desire to economize as much as possible, are the reasons."

"Once owners know the first principles of automobile construction and the proper care of the important mechanical units and parts, they will find that it is not hard nor difficult, and, what is more, they usually develop a pride in being able to keep their cars in first-class condition."

Learn Lubrication.

"One of the first things the owner should learn is how to keep his car properly lubricated. Through the adoption of oil lubrication in place of the grease-cup system, keeping the car properly oiled is no longer the time-consuming bugaboo it used to be.

"How to apply the brakes without skidding or burning the tires or brake bands is another very important point to learn. Proper inflation of tires and quick attention to breaks in the tire tread should be watched for and remedied immediately.

"The adjustment of the carburetor is another item. If the owner will take a ten-minute lesson at any carburetor service station he will find that it not only makes it easier to do this work himself instead of stopping at a garage, but it will keep his motor running smoother and more silently, and at the same time reduce carbon deposits and increase gasoline mileage.

Save Strain on Mechanism.

"Owners should make a point of learning how to drive and handle their cars on all kinds of roads without excessive wear on the transmission and springs and unnecessary strain on the frame and axles. These first principles may sound a little difficult, but they really are simple and practical and become second nature in a very short time.

"The average overhauling or the repair job which consumes the repair man's time and the driver's money, is directly traceable to an owner's neglect to take the proper care of his car from the first day he owns it. Squeaks should be stopped in the beginning before they have developed, necessitating constant watchfulness and tightening up, which was formerly done once a month, but is now recognized by the alert owner of today as part of his daily duties while driving his car."

Convenience for Auto.

A new convenience for automobile tourists is a folding gasoline cooking stove that can be carried in a car and be supplied with fuel from its tank.

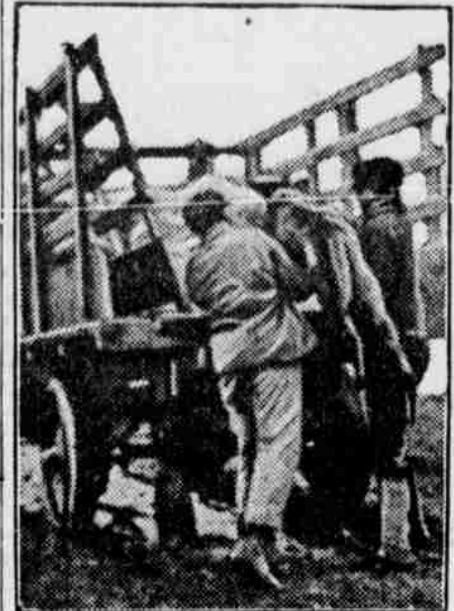
RURAL MOTORTRUCK ROUTES

Bureau of Markets of Department of Agriculture Offers Co-operation to Operators.

The bureau of markets of the United States department of agriculture has announced its readiness to enter into co-operative agreement with operators of rural motortruck routes who desire to work more closely with the government in developing, stabilizing and standardizing this business. Operators who agree to work according to most approved practices, and to conform to the general requirements of the bureau of markets are to be given the advantage of receipt of advice and information developed through the bureau investigations.

Large metal signs for display on trucks will be furnished to operators meeting the requirements. These signs will read, "The Owner of This Truck Is Co-operating with the Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture." The operator also will be privileged to use this sentence on his stationery and in advertising.

Requests for application blanks, to be used in obtaining the signs, should



Loading a Calf into Motor Express for Market.

be made to the Chief of the Bureau of Markets, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Through its co-operation with motortruck operators the bureau of markets hopes to make it easy to place in proper hands such advice and information as it may secure; to act as a medium for distribution of information among operators; to stabilize the rural motor business by requiring adherence to certain business practices, and to give to reliable operators the business advantage of working cooperatively with the bureau of markets.

ALL HAND SIGNALS UNIFORM

Whatever Traffic Regulations May Be, Principal Thing Is to Be Fair to Other Fellow.

In driving through the country it is a little puzzling to know how to act sometimes, for the traffic ordinances vary in different towns. Might it not be well to consider that certain principles should be uniform? For example, the hand signals. The hand held out on either side of the car should indicate that a turn is to be made to that side, or that the car is to be stopped. A rotary motion of the hand would indicate a turn to the opposite side. In turning corners to the right, keep as close to the curb as possible, while in turning to the left go out around the center of the street intersection. Do not draw up to the curb except with the curb to the right side of the car.

But whatever the regulations may be, the principal thing is to be fair to the other fellow and always give him his half, says Dakota Farmer. If all of us kept this in mind and acted accordingly, there would be no road pigs and fewer accidents.

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

A small bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—it costs but a few cents—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp, and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this. Adv.

Just the Thing.

Patience—Haven't you got out your winter furs yet?

Patience—Oh, no. I'm not going to get 'em out.

"But you can't wear your summer furs all winter."

"Yes, I can. I'm going to spend the winter at Palm Beach."

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 befall the over-zealous 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 Dominic—Well, we'll go on passing the plate a little longer, anyway.

Soothe Itching Skins

With Cuticura. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply the Ointment. This usually affords relief and points to speedy healing. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Traffic Requirements.

"Why are you driving a mule instead of a horse these days?"

"I had to have something that could hook."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When soldiers meet in a spirited attack in a cafe, re-treat is the usual order.

Irritating Coughs

Promptly treat coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and similar inflamed and irritated conditions of the throat with a tested remedy

PISO'S

FRENCH ARMY AUTOTRUCKS CARRYING MOTION-PICTURE OUTFIT FOR SOLDIERS



MOVING-PICTURE APPARATUS ON WHEELS IN FRANCE.

French official photograph taken in the region of Meurthe and Moselle showing autotruck laden with moving-picture apparatus for the purpose of amusing the soldiers and giving them a short respite from the hardships and trials of battle. This group of autotrucks is a part of the cinematographic section of the French army.