

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"No, I should say they're not," Aunt Rose observed with grimness. "Far from it. It's a fact! I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Holding hands in there like a pair of— Well, do you know what it means, Carolyn May?"

"That they love each other," the child said boldly. "And I'm so glad for them!"

"So am I," declared the woman, still in a whisper. "But it means changes here. Things won't be the same for long. I know Joseph Stagg for what he is."

"What is he, Aunt Rose?" asked Carolyn May in some trepidation, for the housekeeper seemed to be much moved.

"He's a very determined man. Once he gets set in a way, he carries everything before him. Mandy Parlow is going to be made Mrs. Joseph Stagg so quick that it'll astonish her. Now, you believe me, Carolyn May."

"Oh!" was the little girl's comment.

"There'll be changes here very sudden. Two's company, three's a crowd," Carolyn May. "Never was a truer saying. Those two will want just each other—and nobody else."

"Well, Carolyn May, if you've finished your supper, we'd better go up to bed. It's long past your bedtime."

"Yes, Aunt Rose," said the little girl in a muffled voice.

Aunt Rose did not notice that Carolyn May did not venture to the door of the sitting room to bid either Uncle Joe or Miss Amanda good-night. The child followed the woman upstairs with faltering steps, and in the unlighted bedroom that had been Hannah Stagg's she knelt at Aunt Rose's knee and murmured her usual petitions.

"Do bless Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda, now they're so happy," was a phrase that might have thrilled Aunt Rose at another time. But she was so deep in her own thoughts that she heard what Carolyn May said perfunctorily.

With her customary kiss, she left the little girl and went downstairs. Carolyn May had seen so much excitement during the day that she might have been expected to sleep at once, and that soundly. But it was not so.

The little girl lay with wide-open eyes, her imagination at work.

"Two's company, three's a crowd." She took that trite saying, in which Aunt Rose had expressed her own feelings, to herself. If Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda were going to be married, they would not want anybody else around! Of course not!

"And what will become of me?" thought Carolyn May chokingly.

All the "emptiness" of the last few months swept over the soul of the little child in a wave that her natural cheerfulness could not withstand. Her anchorage in the love of Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda was swept away.

The heart of the little child swelled. Her eyes overflowed. She sobbed herself to sleep, the pillow muffling the sounds, more forlorn than ever before since she had come to The Corners.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Journey.

It was certainly a fact that Amanda Parlow immediately usurped some power in the household of the Stagg household. She ordered Joseph Stagg not to go down to his store that next day. And he did not!

Nor could he attend to business for several days thereafter. He was too stiff and lame and his burns were too painful.

Chet Gormley came up each day for instructions and was exceedingly full of business. A man would have to be very exacting indeed to find fault with the interest the boy displayed in running the store just as his employer desired it to be run.

"I tell you what it is, Car'lyn," Chet drawled, in confidence. "I'm mighty sorry Mr. Stagg got hurt like he did. But lemme tell you, it's just givin' me the chance of my life!"

"Why, maw says that Mr. Stagg and Miss Mandy Parlow'll get married for sure now!"

"Oh, yes," sighed the little girl. "They'll be married."

"Well, when folks git married they allus go off on a trip. Course, they will. And me—I'll be runnin' the business all by myself. It'll be great! Mr. Stagg will see jest how much value I be to him. Why, it'll be the makin' of me!" cried the optimistic youth.

Yes, Carolyn May heard it on all sides. Everybody was talking about the affair of Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda.

Every time she saw her uncle and her "pretty lady" together the observant child could not but notice that they were utterly wrapped up in each other. Miss Amanda could not go past the easy chair in which the hardware dealer was enthroned without touching him. He, as bold as a boy, would seize her hand and kiss it.

Love, a mighty, warm, throbbing spirit, had caught them up and swept them away out of themselves—out of their old selves, at least. They had

eyes only for each other—thoughts only for each other.

Even a child could see something of this. The absorption of the two made Aunt Rose's remarks very impressive to Carolyn May.

A week of this followed—a week in which the trouble in Carolyn May's heart and brain seethed until it became unbearable. She was convinced that there would soon be no room for her in the big house. She watched Aunt Rose pack her own trunk, and the old lady looked very glum, indeed. She heard whispers of an immediate marriage, here in the house, with Mr. Driggs as the officiating clergyman.

Carolyn May studied things out for herself. Being a child, her conclusions were not always wise ones.

She felt that she might be a stumbling block to the complete happiness of Uncle Joe and Amanda Parlow. They might have to set aside their own desires because of her. She felt vaguely that this must not be.

"I can go home," she repeated over and over to herself.

"Home" was still in the New York city apartment house where she had lived so happily before that day when her father and mother had gone aboard the ill-fated Durvane.

Their complete loss out of the little girl's life had never become fixed in her mind. It had never seemed a surety—not even after her talks with the sailor, Benjamin Hardy.

Friday afternoon the little girl went to the churchyard and made neat the three little graves and the one long one on the plot which belonged to Aunt Rose Kennedy. She almost burst into tears that evening, too, when she kissed Aunt Rose good night at bedtime. Uncle Joe was down at the Parlows'. He and Mr. Parlow actually smoked their pipes together in harmony on the cottage porch.

Aunt Rose was usually an early riser; but the first person up at The Corners on that Saturday morning was Carolyn May. She was dressed a full hour before the household was usually astir.

She came downstairs very softly, carrying the heavy bag she had brought with her the day she had first



The Brakeman Was Nice, Too, and Brought Her Water in a Paper Cup.

come to The Corners. She had her purse in her pocket, with all her money in it and she had in the bag most of her necessary possessions.

She washed her face and hands. Her hair was already combed and neatly braided. From the pantry she secured some bread and butter, and, with this in her hand, unlocked the porch door and went out. Prince got up, yawning, and shook himself. She sat on the steps to eat the bread and butter, dividing it with Prince.

"This is such a beautiful place, Princely," she whispered to the mongrel. "We are going to miss it dreadfully, I s'pose. But then— Well, we'll have the park. Only you can't run so free there."

Prince whined. Carolyn May got up and shook the crumbs from her lap. Then she unchained the dog and picked up her bag. Prince pranced about her, glad to get his morning run.

The little girl and the dog went out of the gate and started along the road toward Sunrise Cove.

The houses had all been asleep at The Corners. So was the Parlow cottage when she trudged by. She would have liked to see Miss Amanda, to kiss her just once. But she must not think of that! It brought such a "gulpy" feeling into her throat.

Nobody saw Carolyn May and Prince until she reached Main street. Then the sun had risen and a few early persons were astir; but nobody appeared who knew the child or who cared anything about her.

At the railroad station nobody spoke to her, for she bought no ticket. She was not exactly clear in her mind about tickets, anyway. She had found the conductor on the train coming up from New York a kind and pleasant man and she decided to do all her business with him.

Had she attempted to buy a ticket of the station agent undoubtedly he would have made some inquiry. As it

was, when the train came along Carolyn May, after seeing Prince put into the baggage car, climbed aboard with the help of a brakeman.

"Of course, if he howls awfully," she told the baggageman, who gave her a check without question, "I shall have to go in that car and sit with him."

There were not many people in the car. They steamed away from Sunrise Cove and Carolyn May dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief and told herself to be brave.

The stations were a long way apart and the conductor did not come through for some time. When he did open the door and come into the car Carolyn May started up with a glad cry. It was the very conductor who had been so kind to her on the trip up from New York.

"Where are you going, Carolyn May?" he asked.

"All the way with you, sir," she replied.

"To New York?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going home again."

"Then I'll see you later," he said, without asking for her ticket.

The conductor remembered the little girl very well, although he did not remember all the details of her story. He was very kind to her and brought her satisfying news about Prince in the baggage car. The brakeman was nice, too, and brought her water to drink in a paper cup.

At last the long stretches of streets at right angles with the tracks appeared—asphalt streets lined with tall apartment houses. This could be nothing but New York city. Her papa had told her long ago that there was no other city like it in the world.

She knew One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and its elevated station. That was not where she had boarded the train going north, when Mr. Price had placed her in the conductor's care, but it was nearer her old home—that she knew. So she told the brakeman she wanted to get out there and he arranged to have Prince released.

The little girl alighted and got her dog without misadventure. She was down on the street level before the train continued on its journey downtown.

At the Grand Central terminal the conductor was met with a telegram sent from Sunrise Cove by a certain frantic hardware dealer and that telegram told him something about Carolyn May of which he had not thought to ask.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Home of Carolyn May.

It was some distance from the railroad station to the block on which Carolyn May Cameron had lived all her life until she had gone to stay with Uncle Joe Stagg. The child knew she could not take the car, for the conductor would not let Prince ride.

She started with the dog on his leash, for he was not muzzled. The bag became heavy very soon, but she staggered along with it uncomplainingly. Her disheveled appearance, with the bag and the dog, gave people who noticed her the impression that Carolyn May had been away, perhaps, for a "fresh-air" vacation, and was now coming home, brown and weary, to her expectant family.

But Carolyn May knew that she was coming home to an empty apartment—to rooms that echoed with her mother's voice and in which lingered only memories of her father's cheery spirit.

Yet it was the only home, she felt, that was left for her.

She could not blame Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda for forgetting her. Aunt Rose had been quite disturbed, too, since the forest fire. She had given the little girl no hint that provision would be made for her future. Wearily, Carolyn May traveled through the Harlem streets, shifting the bag from hand to hand, Prince pacing sedately by her side.

"We're getting near home now, Princely," she told him again and again.

Thus she tried to keep her heart up. She came to the corner near which she had lived so long and Prince suddenly sniffed at the screened door of a shop.

"Of course, poor fellow! That's the butcher's," Carolyn May said.

She bought a penny afternoon paper on a news stand and then went into the shop and got a nickel's worth of bones and scraps for the dog. The clerk did not know her, for he was a new man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

That Strict Confidence.

We were listening (and who wouldn't!) to two women talking at each other on a Fifth Avenue bus in the more or less busy city of Gotham, and in so doing we heard one of the master paradoxes. One woman said to the other: "Why, she told me in strictest confidence only the other day"—New York Sun.

Will It Return to Its Owner?

Flexible tips feature new umbrellas ribs, which their inventor claims will prevent an umbrella from being blown inside out.

Gay Party Frocks Return



Gay troops of party frocks are fairly dancing in, no longer fearing frowns of disapproval. They are to play a part in our welcome home to our conquering heroes. As these heroes have sung the praises of American girls and have made comparisons odious to the maids of other lands, while sojourning "over there," our own girls are determined to look their best now that the boys are coming home.

"Let no maid think she is not fairer in new clothes than old"—or words to that effect—said the great poet laureate. Here, in the picture above, is portrayed a dance frock which is pretty enough to inspire appreciative people like poets and returning heroes. It is of Nile green tulle over a satin petticoat with an underbodice of cloth of silver. Iridescent bands, made of sequins that do much gleaming and twinkling, have occasional white daisies, in narrow ribbon embroidery, placed upon them. These always suggest youth. The bands are used in a border at the bottom of the

tulle skirt and in two spiral lines above. There is a short overdress, without a hem, joined to a yoke developed of the iridescent bands extended into a corselet. The tulle bodice is puffed and the sleeves are puffs confined by bands with pointed flounces falling from them.

Some one should whisper in the ears of auburn-haired and red-haired girls, that here is a frock that will make them look their loveliest. But this green is not a difficult color for almost any girl whatever her complexion. A radiant skin and bright hair are wonderfully set off by it.

Somber Hues.

Beige, crepe de Chine and dark blue satin, tete de negre velvet and black satin, blue serge and black satin, and black georgette and black satin are favorite combinations. A certain soft shade of terra cotta is also used effectively with black. The scarcity of fabrics and the necessity for conserving wool are responsible for this foible of fashion.

For Devotees of Midwinter Sports



Due to arrive just now are the more or less pretentious outfits for the devotees of midwinter sports. Pleasure-seekers are divided into two factions; one of them lured by sunshine and soft air, gay companionship and new adventure, to the South, and the other, strong for the North with its ice and snow and lusty sports. In the South fashions add their interest to every occupation, and this element of interest is not lacking where the background of all apparel is a world covered with snow and ice-bound. Since such a background calls for the sparkle of brilliant color, we await the entry of a lot of fascinating and snappy togs for Northern sportsmen. Just as we would that of a heart-stirring military band.

In the vanguard, having already arrived for Christmas, there are new skating sets in two or three pieces. They are made of soft felts, basket-weave cloths or developed in any of the heavy, soft weaves among winter coatings. Some of these sets add a small muff to the scarf and cap. There are hand-knitted and hand-crocheted sets, of yarns; those of angora having made their entry earliest. In the picture above two sets made of cloths are shown, one of felt and one of a basket-weave.

At the left, a smart set is made of wine-colored felt. The scarf is very wide, worn with a shawl effect, and finished with a knotted fringe of yarn. The cap is an inspiration of the "overseas" cap, and a metallic orna-

ment makes a dashing finish for it. The set at the right is developed in a rose-colored basket cloth. Fringed bands of the material are used for a decoration on both the scarf and cap, but a crocheted rose of chenille blooms on the latter while the scarf, with briar-stitched edges, is cleverly folded up at one end to form a muff.

Julie Bottomley

The Separate Vest.

The separate vest is the most important and popular dress accessory of the season. It has made its appearance in innumerable fabrics, colors and general styles. Primarily the separate vest is intended for wear with the two-piece suit, but it is possible to wear it with a tailored or semitailored street frock, transforming a plain dress into one that is elaborate enough for afternoon wear. These vests may be made with or without collars, and the choice of fabrics covers the entire range from filmy nets and laces to heavy, warm angora. Separate vests of fur and imitation fur are also often made to accompany plain tailored suits, and they may be worn either underneath or outside the suit coat.

Judging Materials.

When buying woollen materials hold them up to the light and look through them; the best qualities are free from uneven and broken threads.



In 1848 Sir Arthur Garrod proved that in gout (also true in rheumatism) there is deficient elimination on the part of the kidneys and the poisons within are not thrown off.

Prof. H. Strauss attributes a gouty attack to the heaping up of poisons where there is an abundance of uric acid which is precipitated in the joints and sheaths, setting up inflammation. Before the attack of gout or rheumatism there is sometimes headache, or what is thought to be neuralgia, or rheumatic conditions, such as lumbago, pain in the back of the neck, or sciatica. As Prof. Strauss says, "The excretion of uric acid we are able to effect by exciting diuresis." Drink copiously of water, six or eight glasses per day, hot water before meals, and obtain Anurie tablets, double strength, for 50 cts., at the nearest drug store and take them three times a day. If you want a trial package send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Anurie" (anti-uric) is a recent discovery of Dr. Pierce and much more potent than lithia, for it will dissolve uric acid as hot tea dissolves sugar.



Cuticura Promotes Hair Health
His Bluff Called.
"These \$6 shoes suit me all right," said the young man who had enough in to feel a bit gay. "I'll take two pairs, size No. 9."

When they were wrapped up the young man tendered him three \$2 bills. "That will be \$12, sir, if you please." "Say, you're a poker player, aren't you? Well, three of a kind beat two pair."

"Yes, but they don't beat four nines," said the salesman. "Twelve dollars, please."—Boston Transcript.

UPSET STOMACH

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GASES, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

Undigested food! Lumps of pain; belching gas, acids and sourness. When your stomach is all upset, here is instant relief—No waiting!



The moment you eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin all the indigestion pain, dyspepsia misery, the sourness, gases and stomach acidity ends. Pape's Diapepsin tablets cost little at any drug store but there is no surer or quicker stomach relief known. Adv.

Precautions.

She—"I have a perfectly killing automobile costume." He—"Then please do not wear it on this trip."

No man is ever great from his neighbor's point of view.

Keep Yourself Fit

You can't afford to be laid up with sore, aching kidneys in these days of high prices. Some occupations bring kidney troubles; almost any work makes weak kidneys worse. If you feel tired all the time, and suffer with lame back, sharp pains, dizzy spells, headaches and disordered kidney action, use Doan's Kidney Pills. It may save an attack of rheumatism, dizziness, or Bright's disease. Doan's have helped thousands back to health.

A South Dakota Case

Chas. H. Trowbridge, prop. of feed store, Main St., Springfield, S. D., says: "My kidneys were disordered and I had backache. I suffered from pains in the small of my back most of the time and sharp twinges took me when I stooped over to lift anything. I had to pass the kidney secretions too often and I suffered from headaches and dizzy spells, too. Several boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 80c a Box.
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Bad Cough

If neglected, often leads to serious trouble. Safeguard your health, relieve your distress and soothe your irritated throat by taking

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