

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

They ventured along their block. The children all seemed strange to Carolyn May. But people move so frequently in Harlem that this was not at all queer. She hoped to see Edna or some other little girl with whom she had gone to school. But not until she reached the very house itself did anybody call her.

"Oh, Carolyn May! Is that you?" A lame boy was looking through the iron fence of the arway. He was the janitor's son.

"Oh, Johnny! I'm real glad to see you!" cried the little girl. Then she added more slowly, "We—we've come home again—me and Prince."

"You've grown a lot, Carolyn May," said the boy. "My pop and mom's away."

"I'll go up into Edna's flat, then," the weary little girl sighed.

"The Prices have gone away, too. They won't be back till tomorrow sometime."

"Oh!" murmured Carolyn May. "But, say, I can get the keys to your flat. The water's turned on, too. Everything's all right up there, for Mrs. Price she sweeps and dusts it all every once in a while. Shall I get the keys?"

"Oh, if you will, please!" returned the relieved child.

The boy hobbled away, but soon returned with the outer-door key and the key to the apartment itself. Carolyn May took them and thanked him. Then she gladly went in and climbed the two flights to their floor.

She saw nobody and easily let herself into the flat. It had been recently aired and dusted. Every piece of furniture stood just as she remembered it.

"Oh, Princey, it's home!" she whispered. "This is our real home! I—I loved 'em all at the Corners; but it wasn't like this there!"

Prince perhaps agreed, but he was too deeply interested in sniffing at the package of meat scraps she had purchased for his supper to reply.

"Well, well, Prince," she said, "you shall have it at once."

Dropping the bag in the private hall, she went into the kitchen and stood on tiptoe to open the door of the closet above the dresser. Securing a paper, she emptied the contents of the paper into it and set the plate down on the floor.

In spreading out the paper she saw some big-type headlines on the front page:

ROMANCE OF THE GREAT WAR

The Experiences of This Newspaper Man Like Those of a Character in a Novel—Lost for Eight Months in the Desert—At the Mercy of Semi-savage Tribes, Man and Wife Escape at Last to Return in Safety and Health.

His Story Told to Beacon Reporter at Quarantine.

Carolyn May read no further. It did not particularly interest the little girl. Besides, she was very tired—too tired to think of her own supper. Had she read on, however, even her simple mind might have been started by the following paragraphs printed below the heading of this startling story:

Their wonderful good fortune in escaping from the disaster that overtook the steamer on which they traveled and which was caught between the guns of a French battleship and two of a Turkish squadron can only be equaled by the chance which followed. Naturally, as a journalist himself, Mr. Cameron is prepared to tell the details of his remarkable adventure in the columns of the Beacon at a later date.

The boat in which they left the sinking Dunraven was separated in the night and fog from that of the other refugees and was carried by the current far to the south. In fact, they were enveloped by fog until they landed upon a stretch of deserted beach.

There was no town near, nor even an encampment of Arabs. But soon after their disembarkation and before the officer in command could take means to communicate with any civilized, or semi-civilized, place a party of mounted and armed tribesmen swooped down on the castaways.

These people, being Mohammedans, and having seen the battle the day before between the French and the Turks, considered the castaways enemies and swept them away with them into the desert to a certain oasis, where for nearly eight months Mr. John Lewis Cameron and his wife and the other refugees from the Dunraven were kept without being allowed to communicate with their friends.

Mr. Cameron was on furlough from his paper because of ill health. At the beginning of his captivity he was in a very bad way, indeed, it is said. But the months in the hot, dry atmosphere of the desert have made a new man of him, and he personally cannot hold much rancor against the Mohammedan tribe that held him a prisoner.

There was more of the wonderful story, but the sleepy little girl had given it no attention whatsoever. Prince had eaten and lain down in his familiar corner. The little girl had gone softly into her own room and made up her bed as she had seen her mother and Mrs. Price make it.

Then she turned on the water in the bathtub and took a bath. It was delightful to have a real tub instead of the galvanized bucket they used at Uncle Joe's.

She put on her nightgown at last, knelt and said her prayer, including that petition she had never left out of

it since that first night she had knelt at Aunt Rose's knee:

"God bless my papa and mamma and bring them safe home."

The faith that moves mountains was in that prayer.

Carolyn May slept the sleep of the wearied if not of the carefree. The noises of the street did not disturb her, not even the passing of the fire-department trucks some time after midnight.

Nor did nearer sounds arouse her. She had no knowledge of the fact that a procession of A. D. T. boys and messengers from the railroad-company came to ring the bell of the Price's apartment. Later the janitor's family was aroused, but the little lame boy thought it would be better for him to say nothing about having seen Carolyn May and of having given her the keys.

So when in the early morning a taxi-cab stopped at the street door and a bushy-haired, troubled-looking man got out and helped a woman clad in brown to the sidewalk the janitor had no knowledge of the fact that Carolyn May and Prince were upstairs in the apartment that had been so long empty.

"And the Prices are away," said Uncle Joe in a troubled voice. "What do you think of that, Mandy?"

"Oh, Joe! where could the dear child have gone?"

"I haven't seen her," declared the janitor. "But I can let you into the flat. There's been lots of telegrams to Mr. Price in the night—and they weren't all yours. You're Carolyn May's uncle, ain't you?" he asked Mr. Stagg.

Uncle Joe acknowledged the relationship. "Let's go upstairs," he said to Amanda. "Now that I'm here—"

"Oh, dear, Joe!" almost wretched Amanda, "could anything have happened to her in this big city?"

"Most anything, I s'pose," growled Joseph Stagg, following close on the janitor's heels.

The janitor's passkey grating in the lock of the private hall door started



Caught Her Up in His Strong Arms and Hugged Her.

ed something that none of them expected. A startling bark echoed in the rooms which were supposed to be empty.

"Whatever is that?" gasped the janitor.

"It's Prince! It's her dog!" shouted Uncle Joe.

"The child is here!" cried Amanda Parlow, and she was the first to enter the apartment.

Prince bounded wildly to meet her. He leaped and barked. A cry sounded from a room beyond. Miss Amanda and Uncle Joe rushed in.

Sleepily, her face flushed, rubbing her blue eyes wide open, Carolyn May sat up in bed.

"Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Miss Amanda!" she said. "I—I was just dreaming my own papa and mamma had come home and found me here."

"My dear! My dear!" sobbed Amanda Parlow, dropping to her knees beside the bed.

"You're a great young one!" growled Uncle Joe, blowing his nose suspiciously. "You've nigh about scared everybody to death. Your Aunt Rose is almost crazy."

"Oh—I'm sorry," stammered Carolyn May. "But—you—see— Uncle Joe! You and Miss Amanda are going to be happy now. Aunt Rose says 'two is company.' So you wouldn't have room for me."

"Bless me!" gasped the hardware dealer. "What do you know about this child's feeling that way, Mandy?"

"I am afraid we have been selfish, Joe," the woman said, sighing. "And that is something that Carolyn May has never been in her life!"

"I dunno—I dunno," said Uncle Joe ruefully and looking at the little, flower-like face of the child. "How about Aunt Rose? How d'you s'pose she feels about Hannah's Carly's running away?"

"Oh!" ejaculated the little girl. "It may be that 'two's company and three's a crowd,' but you and Aunt Rose would be two likewise, wouldn't you, Carolyn May?"

"I—I never thought of that, Uncle Joe," the child whispered.

"Why, your running away from The Corners this way is like to make both Mandy and me unhappy, as well as Aunt Rose. I—I don't b'lieve Mandy could get married at all if she didn't have a little girl like you to carry flowers and hold up her train. How about it, Mandy?"

"That is quite true, Carolyn May," declared Miss Amanda, hugging the soft little body of the child tightly again.

"Why, I—I—"

Carolyn May was for once beyond verbal expression. Besides there was a noise in the outer hall and on the stairway. The door had been left open by the surprised janitor.

A burst of voices came into the apartment. Uncle Joe turned wondering. Miss Amanda stood up. Carolyn May flew out of bed with a shriek that startled them both.

"My papa! My mamma! I hear them! They're not drown-ed! God didn't let 'em be lost in the sea!"

She was out of the room in her nightgown, pattering in bare feet over the floor. A brown man, with a beard and twinkling blue eyes, caught her up in his strong arms and hugged her swiftly—safely—to his breast.

"Snuggly!" he said chokingly. "Papa's Snuggly!"

"My baby! My baby!" cried the woman at whom Joseph Stagg was staring as though he believed her to be the ghost of his lost sister Hannah.

It was several hours later before a really sane thing was said or a sane thing done in that little Harlem flat.

"It's like a lovely fairy story!" cried Carolyn May. "Only it's better than a fairy story—it's real!"

"Yes, yes, it's real, thank God!" murmured the happy mother.

"And I'm never going away from my little girl again," added the father, kissing her for at least the tenth time.

"But what Aunt Rose is going to do I don't see," said Uncle Joe, shaking his head with real commiseration.

"I've sent her a dispatch saying that the child is safe. But if we go back without Hannah's Carly—"

"The poor soul!" said his sister. "I can believe that in her secret, subdued way Aunt Rose Kennedy is entirely wrapped up in Carolyn May. She will suffer if they are separated for long—and so abruptly."

"That's true," Miss Amanda said gently. "And Joe will feel it, too."

"I bet I will," agreed Joseph Stagg. "But I have you, Mandy. Aunt Rose isn't going to have anybody. And for her to go back alone into her old house—for she won't stay with us, of course—" he shook his head dolefully.

"Let us write to Aunt Rose," said Hannah Cameron briskly. "We want her here. Why, of course we do! Don't we, Carolyn May?"

"Why!" cried the child delightedly, "that's just the way out of it, isn't it? My! how nice things do come about in this world, don't they? Aunt Rose shall come here. You'll like her ever so much, papa. And Prince will be glad to have her come, for she always has treated Princey real well."

Prince, who had been standing by with his ears cocked, yawned, whined and lay down with a sigh, as though considering the matter quite satisfactorily settled.

Carolyn May, having climbed up into her father's arms, reached out and drew her mother close beside her.

THE END.

MADE OCCASION FOR FESTIVAL

Travelers in Northern Russia Fittingly Celebrate the Crossing of the Arctic Circle.

On the trains running northward across north Russia, the crossing of the arctic circle is made the occasion for a festival similar to that which tourists used to enjoy on shipboard when crossing the equator. The train makes a stop of several hours in the midst of a snow-covered waste on the shores of the White sea. The passengers stretch their legs and take a constitutional out over the frozen surface of the White sea, while a picnic dinner is being prepared.

The exact spot where the railroad crosses the circle is probably not determined with scientific accuracy, but the men who built the railroad apparently agreed on an approximate location, and this is marked with a suitable inscription. At this point also the railroad builders have left a slight gap, probably not more than a quarter of an inch, between the rails, so that, as passengers often notice, "when the train passes over the circle there is a distinct jolt and jar."

The Whippoorwill.

The favorite hunting ground of the whippoorwill is about the edges of a forest, or over the tops of the trees, where the big, fat moths are to be found at night. It makes no noise as it flies, because its feathers are soft and fluffy, but as it darts past you sometimes it utters a sort of groan. The nighthawk occasionally gives vent to a loud "yawk" as it flies through the evening air.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL GOLDEN TEXT—SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR JANUARY 26

ISRAEL CROSSING THE RED SEA.

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 14:13-15:21. GOLDEN TEXT—Thus the Lord saved the Israelites that day out of the hands of the Egyptians. Exodus 14:20. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Deuteronomy 4:22-26; Psalms 78:1-14; 106:7-12; Hebrews 11:29.

The tenth stroke from the strong hand of the Almighty made Pharaoh willing to let Israel go. The tenth turn of the screw of omnipotence brought him to time. The Israelites go out on their way to the promised land with a high hand. Through the land of the Philistines the journey would have been comparatively short; but God commanded them to turn from that way lest going through the land of the Philistines they see war and desire to turn back to Egypt. The Lord had respect for their needs. "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." (Psalms 103:14). He suits our trials to our ability to meet them.

The Lord went before them in a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. He not only thus indicated unto them the right path, but walked with them in it. God does not deliver and then leave us alone, but becomes our companion. At the Lord's direction they turned from their first course and were made to face a seeming difficulty. The Red sea was before them, and mountains on either side. The stricken Egyptians had recovered from their sorrow and now saw the Israelites in a situation from which they could not extricate themselves. They interpreted this to mean that Moses was unable to lead them out of their difficulty; therefore, they went in pursuit, hoping yet to prevent them from going out of the country.

I. The Miraculous Escape of the Israelites (14:13-22). They were in a straitened condition but had no reason to fear, for the Lord had led them there. It is safe to be where the Lord leads, though every avenue is closed against us. There seems to be a two-fold object in leading them into this peculiar place: to strengthen the faith of the people and to lay a snare for the overthrow of the Egyptians. The people, as usual, displayed their unbelief and even censured Moses for leading them out of Egypt. Moses replied to their murmurs by saying, "Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." Standing still in such a trial is faith taking hold on God's promises. This is hard for the natural man to do. Before the salvation of the Lord can ever be seen or experienced we must come thus to him. While reposing our confidence in the Lord, there comes a time when we must make our faith active. God said, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." Having had his definite promise, to have prayed longer would have been unbelief. The thing to be done then was to step out upon his eternal promise. The lifting up of the rod simply served as something tangible upon which their faith could act. They were to go forward a step at a time, without raising any question as to the outcome; for from the same source from which came the command, came the power to obey. The presence of the Lord was adapted to their needs as they went forward. As they went forward the very thing which seemed their destruction became a wall of protection on either side.

II. The Overthrow of the Egyptians (23:27). Having seen the Israelites go across dry-shod, Pharaoh and his hosts madly pursued them. They insanely thought that they in their unbelief could follow in the wake of God's children. "The very things which are a wall and defense to the faithful become a snare and a means of destruction to the enemies of God's people. The Lord looked forth from the cloud and wrought confusion among the Egyptians. There is a day coming when a look from the Almighty will cause a much greater consternation among the wicked (Revelation 6:16, 17; 20:11-13). He not only looked upon them but took off their chariot wheels, which caused them to realize that God was fighting against them. He then directed Moses to stretch forth his rod and bring destruction upon the Egyptians. So complete was the overthrow that it is said that not one escaped.

III. The Song of Triumph (15:1-21). Standing on the other shore of the Red sea, they could fittingly sing the song of triumph, because of the miraculous deliverance and the overwhelming defeat.

Instruments of Strength.

He is able to bear the crosses of others because he bears his own. He can be of use to men because he can do without men. He is ethically effective because he is spiritually free. He is able to save because he is strong to suffer. His sympathy and his solitude are both alike the instruments of his strength.—Francis G. Peabody.

Our Helper.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke

IS COSTLY TO RUN WHISKY BLOCKADE

Three Dead and Twelve Wounded Trying to Take Liquor Across Colorado Line.

Denver, Col.—Running Colorado's whisky blockade has already cost the lives of three more or less prominent citizens and resulted in the wounding of a dozen others. The third man to try conclusions with the state constabulary over his vested rights to import liquor into dry territory has just been brought back to Denver a corpse.

When the state went dry several years ago the National Guard did the



Blazed Away Twice at the Officer.

polling of the border between Wyoming and Colorado to see that no "bootleggers" crossed into the Silver state carrying their forbidden cargoes. Then came the war and a state constabulary was created to maintain the liquor drought on Colorado soil. A constable and a high power car were on duty on the border when suddenly three machines shot across the state line and headed full speed in the direction of Denver. The constable yelled for the trio to halt, but for answer one of the men in the last car drew a gun and blazed away twice at the officer.

The shots went wild, but the constable retaliated with a little gunplay of his own. His aim was better and the fellow who had fired sank down into the bottom of the car while his two companions called upon the other cars to slow up and take them in. They succeeded in escaping, leaving their unfortunate comrade in the machine. By the time the constable drove up to him it was plain the man was dying. He was rushed to the nearest town where he died in a local doctor's office. Sixty-six pints of whisky were found in the machine which was afterward identified as the property of the dead man, a Greek, who kept a "soft drink" parlor in Denver.

SHOOTS WOULD-BE SUICIDE

Policeman Forced to Take Drastic Steps to Subdue Man Who Had Cut His Own Throat.

New York.—In order to subdue him for a trip to a hospital, a New York policeman recently had to shoot a man who had attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a penknife.

Fred Hood, a clerk in a government shipyard, had stabbed himself in the throat and stomach when his groans attracted the policeman. Hood resisted intrusion by the law and stabbed the policeman in the arm. The patrolman fired three shots in the ceiling to frighten Hood. No results. Hood again went after the policeman with the knife, whereupon the would-be suicide was shot twice in the legs by the policeman. Hood then subsided and was taken to a hospital.

Toss Out Dresser, Carry Down Mattress.

Tulsa, Okla.—During a fire in the negro section of Tulsa the occupants of a two-story house which was on fire threw a dresser from the upstairs window and carried a mattress downstairs. Aside from the loss of the dresser the fire damage was slight.

MINING STOCKS WERE BURNED

Musty Papers Became Eyegore to Housewife and She Destroyed Them—Worth Much Money.

Denver, Colo.—An old-fashioned, brass-bound chest filled with musty papers became an eyegore in the home of Mrs. Curtis Smith of Denver. Mrs. Smith had the brass removed and the chest and contents burned. That was 15 years ago.

Today action is pending in the district court to have restored to Mrs. Smith the equivalent of 7,500 shares of stock in one of the richest silver mines in Colorado.

The stock, believed at the time to be worthless, was fed to the flames in the ancient chest.

HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HILLER, Christopher, Ill.



Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.



PROPER CARE OF THE SICK

Nurse's Duties Are Onerous, but They Must Be Recognized as Highly Necessary.

It is important that the mother or nurse attending a child with a contagious disease should take a long walk in the fresh air every day. The best way for her to arrange this is to keep a change of clothing in the room next to the sick room. She should also bathe before leaving the house or in fact before she comes in contact with anyone. If a bathroom has been set aside for quarantine, she should use this; if not, a screen and a basin must answer. She can then slip into the next room and change her clothing.

She should leave the house by the back way, or, at any rate, avoid coming in contact with any of the occupants of the house. Once on the street she should not use the street cars nor enter another house and, if possible, should avoid touching anyone.

The fumigation of a sick room after a contagious illness is done by the board of health upon request of the family physician.—Exchange.

Impertinent, but True.

A coat was being bought in one of the department stores for a little girl. The price seemed high to the mother and she remarked: "Just think of that much money for a coat for a little girl."

"Little folks are expensive, that's true," said the saleslady, "but we would not do without them."

"No," said the youngster, who was the proverbial little pitcher with the overdeveloped ears, "because if there were no little people in the world, there wouldn't be anyone to grow up into big people."

Small Poem.

He—I put all my brains into that last poem of mine.

She—Four-liner, wasn't it?



The Popular Choice

People of culture, taste and refinement are keen for health, simplicity and contentment. Thousands of these people choose the cereal drink

INSTANT POSTUM

as their table beverage in place of tea or coffee.

Healthful Economical Delicious