Carolyn *of the* Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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LOOK UP!

You will feel better for having known Carolyn of the Corners. She is a lovable little girl, who not only preaches but practices the gospel of "looking up" and always making things "a wee bit better." To become acquainted with her is like letting in the sunshine and looking up at the blue sky. You will want to follow Carolyn through this story after you have read the opening chapter.

CHAPTER I.

The Party at Sunlight.

Just as the shades of the afternoon **sun hesitated** to enter the open door of Joseph Stagg's hardware store in Sunrise Cove and lingered on the sill, so the little girl in the black frock and hat, with twin braids of smoothly hair on her shoulders, hovered at the entrance of the dim and dusty place.

She carried a satchel, and her eyes, while the fingers of the other hand nervously clutched the unbuckled strap of a satchel, homely mongrel dog.

"Oh, dear me, Prince!" sighed the little girl. "You must be the place. We'll just have to go in. Of course I know he must be a nice man, but he's such a stranger."

Hop-Scotch peered over the door sill and paced nervously down the step to the sidewalk and return. She saw no clerk.

At the back of the store was a small office closed in with grimy windows. The uncertain voice and the fur-coated companion saw the shadowy figure of a man beside the office, sitting on a high stool and bent above a big ledger book.

The dog, however, seemed reassured by the half darkness of the shop he and his little mistress came unexpectedly upon what Prince considered his arch-enemy. There rose up on the end of the counter nearest the open office door a big, lean tomcat whose arched back, swollen tail and yellow eyes bespoke anger.

"He's an ugly one!"

The rising pearl broke the silence of the shop like a trumpet call. The little girl dropped her bag and seized the dog's collar with both hands.

"Prince!" she cried. "Don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"

"Come on!" croaked a voice from the office.

The tomcat uttered a second "pss-s-s-pssew!" and shot as a ladder to the top shelf.

"Come on!" repeated Joseph Stagg taking off his eyeglasses and leaning them in the ledger to mark the place. "What have you brought that dog in here for?"

He came to the office door.

"I—I didn't have any place to leave him," was the hesitating reply.

"Hum! Did your mother send you for something?"

"Nos, sir," sighed the little visitor.

At that moment a mote caught ray of sunlight found its way through the transom over the store door and lit up the dusty place. The old man spied the cat on the shelf and figured out the lesson. He leaned forward for a better look.

"What have you brought that dog in here for?"

"Prince" she cried "Don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"

"Prince!" he echoed. "Don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"