Carolyn *of the* Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XII.

Something Carolyn May Wishes to Forget.

Carolyn May's heart was filled with trouble.

This was the result of her first talk with the old sailor. Not from him, nor from anybody else, did Carolyn May get any direct information that the sailor had been aboard the Dunraven on her fatal voyage to Europe, but it awoke in the child's breast doubts and fears and bitterness and desires that had lain dormant for many weeks.

Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose loved her and were kind to her. But that feeling of "emptiness" that had at first so troubled Carolyn May was returning.

She began to droop. Keen-eyed Aunty Rose discovered this physical change very quickly.

"She's just like a droopy chicken," declared the good woman, "and, good soul soon knows, I also have seen enough of them."

So, as a stimulant and a preventive of consequences, Aunty Rose prescribed a vacation trip, "plenty of it."

These times a day Carolyn May was dosed with honest tea. How long the child's stomach would have endured under this treatment will never be known. Carolyn May got her choice, that was sure, but one day something happened.

Winter had moved on in its usual dreary and severe way. Carolyn May had kept up all her interests—after a fashion.

Beginning hardly had gone to Admiral Tim's work. It seemed he could use a pearly, or cockatoo, pretty well, having done something besides sailing in his day. Tim, the bachelor, worked at logging in the whaler months, too. He usually spent the Boxing-place with a team four times each day.

The excitement of preparing to go to the camp the next morning brought the news that Carolyn May's cheeks and made her eyes sparkle. When Tim, the backman, went into town with his first load he was forewarned by Aunty Rose that he would have company going back.

"Picture of George Washington!" exclaimed Tim, "The boys will wear bear hide a holiday."

There was but one woman in the camp, Aunt Mona, and she lived in one of the log huts with her beloved Jim, Jr., their grandson, and Judy did the necessary washing.

Benjamin Hardy was pleased, indeed, to see his little friend again.

"You come with me, please," she whispered to Aunty Rose at the door. "You can smoke. You haven't got to go back to work yet, and Tim is only just hauling his sled. So we can talk."

"Arn, sir, little now. What'll we talk about?" queried Benjamin.

"I've Been So Near Drownin' Myself, Twot They Thought I Was Dead When I Was Hauled Aboard."

timely, for he remembered that he ought to be very circumspect in his conversation. It was, indeed.

"Why, Benjamin—you near know, you know, for you've been to sea as much—Dadmind, I want to know if it hurts much to be drowned—like?"

"Hurts much?" gasped the old sea-dog.

"Yes, sir. Do you hurt much, and drown—like Jonah? Did it hurt Benjamin, whose leg pops and creaks when it rains, and Jim Hawkins, who has a limp—like Peg Leg Joe, and Tom Morris, who has a wooden arm?"

"Arn, sir," answered the mate, "I've been drowned myself. I've been nearly drowned—twice. I've been drowned—twot times. I was near when I was hoofed inboard.

"Cassie" back from drowning is a whole lot worse than bein' drowned. You take it from me."

"Then," sighed Carolyn May, "I'm glad to know that. It's bothered me a good deal. If my mamma and I had to die—I mean, maybe that was the best way for us."

Since Joseph Stagg had listened to the consoling tales of the sailor regarding the sinking of the Dunraven, he had borne the face of his sister and her husband much in mind.

He had come no nearer to deciding what to do with the apartment in New York and its furnishings.

After listening to Benjamin Hardy's story, the hardware dealer felt a little relieved than before to close up the apartment and store the furniture "for the time being."

Not that he for a moment believed that Mrs. Gormley's testimony of Hannah and her husband being alive. Five months had passed. In these days of wireless telegraphy, fast and fast sea trafic such a thing could not be possible. The tough nature of the practical hardware man could not visualize it.

One day when Carolyn May was visiting Mrs. Gormley Chet burst in quite unexpectedly. It was not yet mid-afternoon.

Mrs. Stagg has let me off to take Carolyn May riding. The ice is getting good to travel on the cove for long runs, Spring is in the air already. Feel how warm it is."

Carolyn May was delighted. Although the sky was overcast and a storm threatening when they got down on the ice, the hotter the boy nor the little girl gave the weather a second thought. Nor had Mr. Stagg considered the weather when he had allowed Chet to leave the store that afternoon.

Chet strapped on his skates and then settled the little girl firmly on her sled, with Prince Rupert to guard her.

The boy harnessed himself with the short rope and started the sled down the cove.

"Where's That Plagued Boy?"

It's anybody's fault. The mischief's done. The ice is breaking up. It's a—"

Just at this moment an unexpected visitor broke into the discussion.

"Arn, you're quite right, sir," said the newcomer to Mr. Mrs. Gormley?"

"Why, yes, I do, Mandy," answered the seamstress. "Chet said he was going to take Carolyn May riding. Isn't he always does?"

"Then the ice has broken away and they have been carried out into the lakes," groaned Mr. Stagg.

Mandy Parlow came quickly to the little hall.

"Perhaps not, Joseph," she said, "Chet is a careful boy. The hardware dealer, "It may be the storm. It seems to me that I can hear the gale turned around—for while he said the storm Mandy Parlow was listening.

"Chet! Where's Prince gone with you?" she called.

"Oh, yes, he did," wailed Mrs. Gormley.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW THEY HELP TO WIN WAR

Country's Youngsters More Than "Doing Their Bit" for the Country We Love.

More than 2,000,000 boys and girls were enrolled through club work last year, according to a compilation recently made by the United States department of agriculture, which supervises the activities of the organizations. Another approximate figure, which also was made complete, is that 1,000,000 boys and girls organized and conducted the canning campaign of the year. In the 35 Northern and Western states 940,000 boys and girls were enrolled. Of this number 160,625 had reported products valued at $17,000,000 and in the South there were 115,745 boys enrolled in the regular work, who produced products valued at $4,750,000, and 74,000 girls who produced products valued at $3,700,000. In the canning campaign 1,000,000 boys and girls in the club leaders reached over 4,000,000 persons and approximately 1,000,000 girls who produced and canned products valued at more than $4,000,000.

Must Be a Branch of Hades.

Men do live and work and accomplish things in Mesopotamia between May and October, says a returned traveler, but the requisites are summer helmet, spine pads, deep thirst to think walks, and a larger measure of pure grit than is necessary in any other country on earth; that I know that I am not taken, nor any man that I met taken, more seriously than by any other material at all.

Fish can be solidified into table form by a method a French chemist has invented.

Cocoanut can be solidified into table form by a method a French chemist has invented.

Ireland's Food Production.

Ireland grows more food for Great Britain than for home consumption, even proportionately to the population, and is a very important factor in the British food supply. Although having only 1/80 per cent of the population, 20 per cent of the cattle and 20 per cent of the pigs of the United Kingdom are produced there.

Oh, Crickets!

Said the facetious fellow: "My girl is so small that I can wear jumpers at a leap year party."

BULGARIA'S PRICE FOR PEACE

Serbia and Greece Outline Conditions of Settlement, on Which They Are in Accord.

Serbia and Greece have announced their peace demands on Bulgaria. They are:

1. Separation for all damages in occupied territory.

2. Abandonment of all plans for domination of the Balkans.

3. Guarantees that Greeks living on territory ceded by Bulgaria does not create a final settlement of the differences between Greece, Serbia and Bulgaria," Minister Roosevelt stated.

"As Germany, the accomplice of Bulgaria, must repair all ruins she has accumulated and give guarantees that in the future she will not be a danger for the peace of the world, no Bulgaria must repay all the damage caused to the Serbians and to the Greeks. She must be prevented from forming new designs for the future of the Balkans."

Minister Roosevelt said that the views of the Greek and Serbian governments the armistice

HER SACRIFICE

By PEARL B. MEYER.

Mildred carefully studied herself in the big, bright dialgon. In further introduction to summary! Surely! But discerning will understand that Mildred was mistress of the house, maid.

Her gaze wandered often from her task to the view framed by the long window John had put in above the desk for this very purpose. And the view—the garden—thrilling her because it was not so attractively arranged in near June and so gratifying because it showed flowers that the eye could not have but many hot summer days before. Every casual glance—and there had been a good many—Mildred fields between the trees.

In Mabel's opinion, the whole view was there for only one purpose—to form a fitting background for the broad-shouldered figure of John. Shirt sleeved, with arms comfortably crossed and supporting his favorite briar between, he leaned against the garden gate and thought things out.

As if she could read through that thick mop of hair that he loved to run his thoughts. She almost knew them. She had been there often enough.

She watched him with growing interest. He looked never more handsome. Mildred wiped her hands deliberately. Still gazing through the window, she felt that the moment for her to act had come. Leaving the duster behind, she walked in the gas, she sped through the door, down the hall and out, breathing at John's side.

She felt his gaze resting on her; but she could not lift her eyes. Staring hard at the pipe in his hand, she waited calmly for speech. The first words, the thoughts that came to her mind so recently had ebbed. Consequently as if they had never been.

"John, you've come home again!"

"Home, me," ejaculated John, in an accent that was what you may call the way from the house to tell me?"

Angry with herself that she should be so unnerved, Mildred bit her lip until not express. Mabel hit a true-wet face and, turning away, her eyes burned arm.

"Wait with it, girlie," he said encouragingly.

Mabel, raised her head and smiled into his eyes. Then she plunged into the subject at once.

"You can enlist, John."

Her face flushed as well as it did not quite as she had meant it to. Mildred meant. I can't leave and allow my sister to remain in the house alone. I've given you those arguments before. I've given you those arguments every day."

"I have a secret," commenced Mabel abruptly. "Last year when I visited Aunt Ellen in Boston I took a course in farming. Naturally, John, I've been interested in it ever since. I've read as much as I can, and I have looked forward to the time when I returned Haven's place and I could put my knowledge asked?"

"Why, no, girlie. He stood look- ing over her head far off toward the horizon.

Mabel felt a catch in her throat, but she went on.

"I know all about farm accounting, and I've had a course in practical dairying," she concluded comprehensively. "I've had a year's hard experience and hard, and I've been at it ever since. I've been studying, John, and I've learned a great deal. I've learned how to keep accounts, how to keep something by which we can tell how much we are making, and how much we are losing. I've learned how women can do the work on a farm and still be ladies. I've learned how to cook wholesome meals for men who work hard and need to eat them, they could be cooked and served in a way that is neat and grow as healthy working men should. I've learned how to dress poultry. I have grown to love outdoors and the farm as much as anything that interests I can't stand the thought of your going to war."

As she talked, John's hands were behind him, clasped tightly. His head bowed. His eyes were fixed on the floor.

"Mabel—dear," he said, "I—I—"

"Don't, John! Please go with me," she pleaded.

"Mabel, dear, I honestly feel compelled to go. I feel that every able-bodied person would give me if I needed it. I feel that I owe a duty to the state and to the university for the asking. I could not look myself in the face if I remained here and others were fighting for me. I—"

"Then you refuse to leave me?" she asked. "You refuse to do what I ask?"

"Mabel—dear, I—I—"

"Then I say—even for a man, I say—that you are a coward!" she repeated