Carolyn of the Corners

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

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"Pick him up and put him on the sled here, boys," Mr. Stagg said. "Tell Harry Hunter Carlyn's mad."

The party, including the excited Carolyn, moved on toward the village, leaving Jerry and Jud without further comment. Still the chapel bell was ringing and occasionally it stopped.

"We'd have been up a stump for knowing the direction if it hadn't been for that bell."

"Mr. Ian," muttered Clint Gormley. "That's what key me point," follow the chapel bell. It just seemed to be callin' me home."

Joseph Stagg carried his niece up to Mrs. Gormley's little house, while the rest of the men helped Clint along the same destination. The seamstress met them at the door with a cry of alarm.

"And what do you think?" she cried. "They took Mandy Parlee home in Tim's hack. She was just done up, they tell me, puffin' that chapel bell. Did you ever hear of such a silly sister—just because she couldn't find the fire section."

"Hum! you and I both need to be reminded about that sometimes with ease, Mrs. Gormley," grumbled the barrister. "I was for calling your Chet silly, till I learned what he'd done. And better not call Mrs. Mandy silly. The sound of the chapel bell was what brought me back to my self. Poor old Mrs. Mandy, she does her best."

Carolyn May sat altogether undersized what Miss Amanda had done, but she was greatly pleased that Uncle Joe had so plainly displayed his interest in the mysterious package.

The next morning Carolyn May seemed to be in good condition. Indeed, she was the only individual village interviewed by the advertisers who did not pay for the exposure. Even Jerry Hunter had been forced to contribute to the fire. Uncle Joe had caught a fine mess of fish, and a quarter from Miss Amanda remained in bed for several days. But it was poor Chet Gormley who paid the dearest price for participation in the surprising incident. Days for August had been fighting off pneumonia.

Mr. Stagg surprised himself by the interest he took in Chet's case. Before his state twice each day to call at the Widow Gormley's house.

Mr. Stagg found himself talking with Chet more than ever had before. The boy was keenly and the man found much of interest in his honest for him. He had never previously discovered that Chet was a reader. He had a very positive opinion's thoughts, at least something of his authors on life; perhaps, even, he had some ability in Chet's undoing.

That week in the new art entirely out of the cure. Spring was at hand, with its rapid growth, bird songs, sooner ice, soft rains and a general stirring of life.

Aunty Rose declared that Carolyn May began to grow in height. She hoped the cold, long winter had been hard for the child's health.

One day the little girl had a note then ordinary hard school work to perform. Everything did not come more to Carolyn May. The summer

"Carolyn May," He Said, "What Are You Working?"

of school, as Aunty Rose would have it, found Carolyn May in her own home and She Minnie had instructed Carolyn May to come to the house to see exercise the next morning. The little girl went over to the church yard with her coin and pencil—and Prince, of course, to keep her company in the composition.

The windows of the minister's study overlooked this spot and he was sitting at his desk when Carolyn May was laboriously writing the words on

ALASKA CARES FOR PIONEERS

Territory Provides Home in Former Naval Barracks for Aged

Total Is Eleven.

Sitka, Alaska.—Alaska's aged and disabled pioneers—men who helped blaze the first trails across the golden northland—always seeking but seldom finding their claims' Eldorado—are cared for at the Alaska Pioneers' home at Sitka, the first capital of the territory, in grounds and buildings formerly used by the United States navy.

Eleven old men are now living in the home, which was established by an act of the territorial legislature in 1913. In 1912 the territory appropriated $50,000 for the purchase of the property, which was formerly known as the Sitka barracks. Under the provisions of the act, any pioneer who has lived in Alaska 20 years or more, who is 60 years old or more, who is destitute and who has no relatives able to support him, is entitled to a home in the institution.

Cpl. Thomas Riggs, Jr., of Alaska, recently issued several days inspecting the home, he took several snaps with the new and talked with the old pioneers and employees.

Buildings used by the home were formerly occupied by the United States marines before 1911. In 1912 the

"I Know My Uncle Joe Likes Miss Amanda."

as good can be. She is always doing kind of folks and helping. But she was so real happy."

"Why, now!" frowned Mr. Parlow, his face turned away.

"Yes, indeed—now. Well, you know, Mr. Parlow, she can't be happy as long as she and my Uncle Joe are such enemies with each other."

Mr. Parlow uttered another grunt but the child went bravely on:

"You know very well that's so. And I don't know what to do about it. It just seems too awful that they should hardly speak, and yet be so fond of each other deep down."

"How d'you know they're so fond of each other—deep down?" Mr. Parlow demanded.

"I know my Uncle Joe likes Miss Amanda's cooking, and he's always spoken so respectful of her. And I can see she likes him in her eyes," explained the observant Carolyn May. "Oh, yes, Mr. Parlow, I'm sure they're fond of each other, and we ought to make up our minds."

"Huh! Who ought to?"

"You and me. We ought to find some way of doing it. I'm sure we can, if we just put our heads together."

"Huh!" grunted the carpenter again, and Carolyn knew the effect of "Huh!"

This was not a very encouraging response. Yet he did think of it. This little girl had started a train of thought in Mr. Parlow's mind that he could not dismiss.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NOT AT ALL EAGER TO GO

Old Jeff Had No Desire Whatever to Be Translated From His Comfortable Cabin.

It is occasionally supposed that the grave fearing death will make all sorts of promises if because of their desire for future punishment. But Prof. Elliott Flood, of Chicago, has found that it isn't quite the story of at least one old backwoodsman who was called upon to remind the hopeless suggestion of the preacher that he was in imminent peril of starvation on his deathbed. A Louisville Courier-Journal says that the old man was living in a cabin in the center of the Cumberland mountains. Jeff, the negro preacher, gathered his flock of sables and went more around the bed. He read a chapter from the Bible and then knelt and said a prayer. Uncle Caleb lay motionless with closed eyes and gave no sign. Then he approached and took his hand. "Uncle Caleb," he said impressively, "are you ready to go home?"