



CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Is it? Well, no, they didn't tell me that," admitted the visitor, "or I'd not started so late. You see, I come up on a schooner. This here lake boatin' ain't in my line. I'm deep-water, I am."

"So I should s'pose," said Mr. Parlow. "How'd you git up here, anyway?"

"The war," said the visitor. "The war done it. Couldn't git a good berth in any deep-water bottom. So I thought I'd try fresh-water sailin'. I tell you, matey, I been workin' as quartermaster's mate on the old Cross and Crescent line, a-scootin' 'cross to Naples from N'York—there and back—goin' on ten year."

"What did you leave your boat for?" asked the carpenter curiously.

"She was sunk. There's things happenin' over to the other side of the ocean, mate," said the injured man earnestly, "that you wouldn't believe—no, sir! The Cross and Crescent line's give up business till after the war's over, I reckon."

"You'd better not encourage him to talk any more, father," interposed Miss Amanda, coming into the room again. "The best thing he can do for himself is to sleep for a while."

"Thank ye, ma'am," said the sailor humbly. "I'll try."

Darkness came on apace. The sky had become overcast, and there was promise of a stormy night—more snow, perhaps. But Miss Amanda would not allow Carolyn May and Prince to start for home at once.

"Watch for your uncle, Carolyn May, out of the front-room window, and be all ready to go with him when he comes along," said Miss Parlow.

When Uncle Joe came along, Carolyn May ran out and halted him from the porch.

"Wait for me, Uncle Joe! Wait for me and Prince, please! Just let me get my mittens and Prince's harness and kiss Miss Mandy."

That last she did most soundly, and in full view of the man waiting in the white road.

"Oh, Uncle Joe, I've got just the wonderfulest story to tell you! Shall we harness Prince up again, or will you—"

"I can't wait for the dog, Carolyn May. I'm in a hurry. You oughtn't to be out in this wind, either. Get aboard your sled, now, and I'll drag you myself," Mr. Stagg interrupted.

CHAPTER X.

A Salt-Sea Flavor.

Swiftly Joseph Stagg trudged toward home, dragging Carolyn May behind him.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the little girl with exultation, "we're all so excited, Uncle Joe!"

"I can see you're all of a-twitter," he returned absent-mindedly. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, you never could guess!" was Carolyn May's introduction, and forthwith, in breathless sentences, went on



Swiftly Joseph Stagg Trudged Towards Home, Dragging Carolyn May Behind Him.

to tell of her discovery in the snow and about the old sailor now lying asleep on the Parlow couch.

Of course, when Carolyn May arrived at home, the story had to be told all over again to Aunt Rose Kennedy.

"A mighty plucky youngster, this Carolyn May of ours," Uncle Joe remarked. "What do you say, Aunt Rose?"

"She is, indeed, Joseph Stagg," agreed the woman.

Carolyn May insisted on going to the Parlow house herself after school the next afternoon to inquire about her "sailor man."

When she had been kissed by Miss Amanda, and Prince had lain down by the kitchen range, the little girl demanded:

"And do tell me how my sailor man is, Miss Mandy. He got such a bump on his head!"

"Yes; the man's wound is really serious. I'm keeping him in bed. But you can go up to see him. He's talked a lot about you, Carolyn May."

The sailor lay in the warm bedroom over the kitchen.

Carolyn May prattled on gayly and soon had her "sailor man" telling all about the sea and ships, and "they that go down therein."

"For, you see," explained Carolyn May, "I'm dreadful curious about the sea. My papa and mamma were lost at sea."

"You don't say so, little miss!" exclaimed the old fellow. "Aye, aye, that's too bad."

Miss Amanda had disappeared, busy about some household matter, and the little girl and the sailor were alone together.

"Yes," Carolyn May proceeded, "it is dreadful hard to feel that it is so." "Feel that what's so, little miss?" asked the man in bed.

"That my papa and mamma are really drown-ed," said the little girl with quivering lips. "Some of the folks on their boat were saved. The papers said so."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed the sailor his brows puckered into a frown. "Aye, aye, matey; that's allus the way. Why, I was saved myself from a wreck. I was in the first officer's boat, and we in that boat was saved. There was another boat—the purser's, it was—was driftin' about all night with us. We come one time near smashin' into each other and wreckin' both boats. There was a heavy swell on."

"Yet," pursued the sailor, "come daylight, and the fog splittin', we never could find the purser's boat. She had just as good a chance as us after the steamship sunk. But there it was! We got separated from her, and we was saved, whilst the purser's boat wasn't never heard on again."

"That was dreadful!" sighed the little girl.

"Yes, little miss. And the poor passengers! Purser had twenty or more in his boat. Women mostly. But there was a sick man, too. Why, I helped lower his wife and him into the boat 'fore I was called to go with the first officer in his boat. We was the last to cast off. The purser had just as good a chance as we did."

"I guess I won't never forget that time, little miss," went on the seaman, seeing the blue eyes fixed on his face, round with interest. "No! And I've seen some tough times, too."

"The ship was riddled. She had to sink—and it was night."

"There was a sick man I told you about, little miss. He was a wonder, that feller! Cheerful—brave—Don't often see a feller like him. Jokin' to the last, he was. He didn't want to go in the purser's boat, if there was more women or children to go."

"We told him all the women folk had left the ship. So then, he let me lower him down into the purser's boat after his wife. And that boat had as good a chance as we had, I tell you," repeated the seaman in quite an excited manner.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "My papa and mamma might have been just like that," she added.

"Of course, we don't know whether they got off the steamship at all."

"Aye, aye!" the sailor said. "Pretty tough on you, little miss."

Miss Amanda had come back into the room, and she stood listening to the old man's talk. She said:

"Carolyn May, I think you had better go downstairs now. We mustn't let our patient talk too much. It won't be good for him."

So Carolyn May shook hands with the old sailor and started downstairs ahead of Miss Amanda. The latter lingered a moment to ask a question.

"What was the name of the steamship you were wrecked on?" she asked.

"The one you were just telling about."

"She was the Dunraven—the Dunraven, of the Cross and Crescent line," replied the mariner. "Didn't I tell you that before, ma'am?"

CHAPTER XI.

Will Wonders Never Cease?

Again it snowed all night. It was on the next day, and at noon time, when Mr. Stagg was returning to the store, that a most astounding thing happened.

Mr. Stagg was walking briskly toward Sunrise Cove in his big felt snow-boots, such as all men wore in that locality, and was abreast of the Parlow shop and cottage—which he always sought to avoid looking at—when he heard a door open and close.

He tried not to look that way. But his ear told him instantly that the person who had come out was Miss Amanda, rather than her father. Knowing this, how could he help darting a glance at her?

Miss Amanda stood on the porch, looking directly at him.

"Mr. Stagg," she called earnestly, "I must speak to you."

Save on the Sunday when Prince had killed the blacksnake, Miss Amanda had not spoken directly to the hardware merchant in all these hungry years. It rather shocked Joseph Stagg now that she should do so.

"Will you come in?" she urged him, her voice rather tremulous.

"There was a moment of absolute silence."

"Bless me! Yes!" ejaculated the hardware man finally.

"I assure you, Mr. Stagg," Miss Amanda said hurriedly, "it is no personal matter that causes me to step you in this fashion."

"No, ma'am?" responded the man stiffly.

"I want you to come in and speak with this sailor who was hurt," she finally said. "There is something he can tell you, Mr. Stagg, that I think you should know."

The big rocking-chair by the window, in which Miss Amanda's mother had for several years before her death spent her waking hours, was now occupied by the sailor.

"This is the little girl's uncle, Benjamin," Miss Amanda said quietly. "He will be interested in what you have already told me about the loss of the Dunraven. Will you please repeat it all?"

"The Dunraven?" gasped Mr. Stagg, sitting down without being asked. "Hannah—"

"There is no hope, of course," Amanda Parlow spoke up quickly, "that your sister, Mr. Stagg, and her husband were not lost. But having found out



"We Nigh Bumped into Each Other After the Dunraven Sunk."

that Benjamin was on the steamer with them, I thought you should know. I have warned him to be careful how he speaks before Carolyn May. You may wish to hear the story at first hand."

"Thank you," choked Joseph Stagg. He wanted to say more, but could not. Benjamin Hardy's watery eyes blinked, and he blew his nose.

"Aye, aye, mate!" he rumbled, "hard lines—'fore a fact. I give my testimony 'fore the consul when we was landed—so did all that was left of us from the Dunraven. Me bein' an unlettered man, they didn't run me very close. I can't add much more to it."

"As I say, that purser's boat your sister and her sickly husband was in had just as good a chance as we had. We nigh bumped into each other soon after the Dunraven sunk. So, then, we pulled off aways from each other. Then the fog rolled up from the African shore—a heap o' fog, mate. It sponged out the lamp in the purser's boat. We never seen no more of 'em—nor heard no more."

"And were Hannah—were my sister, and her husband in that boat?" queried Mr. Stagg thoughtfully.

"I am sure, by the details Benjamin has given me," said Miss Amanda softly, "that your sister and Mr. Cameron were two of its passengers."

"Well, it's a long time ago, now," said the hardware dealer. "Surely, if they had been picked up or had reached the coast of Africa, we would have heard about it."

"It would seem so," the woman agreed gently.

"You never know what may happen at sea, mister, till it happens," Benjamin Hardy declared. "What became of that boat—"

He seemed to stick to that idea. But the possibility of the small boat's having escaped seemed utterly preposterous to Mr. Stagg. He arose to depart.

Miss Amanda followed the hardware dealer to the outer door.

"I'm sorry," she said simply.

"Thank—thank you," murmured Joseph Stagg before she closed the door.

He went on to town, his mind strangely disturbed. It was not his sister's fate that filled his heart and brain, but thoughts of Miss Amanda.

She had deliberately broken the silence of years! Of course, it might be attributed to her interest in Carolyn May only, yet the hardware dealer wondered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Relieved.

At Camp Dodge one night a Swede was on guard duty. Being new to the business, time dragged slowly, but finally the officer with relief came along. The Swede said: "Halt." They halted, and next he said: "Who was dat?" The officer replied: "Officer with relief." The sentry, after waiting several minutes in a vain attempt to recall to mind what he should say, brought forth this startling command: "Dismiss yours. It's and be reconciled."

Needless to say the stillness of the night was broken by a roar of laughter.

FURS ARE SCARCE

Woolly Novelties From Paris Are to Be Substituted.

ORCHID TULLE DANCE FROCK

New Neck Arrangements Are on Scarf Order; Waistcoats of Angora; Use of Covert Cloth.

Furs are to become scarcer and a new supply is not anticipated, as the trappers have gone to war, and the soldiers sent to Siberia and Russia were not sent out without an effort to mitigate the temperature of the northern climate.

The very high-priced furs and the very cheapest remain in market, but the demand is not great. This is not encouraging, but we still have Paris to depend upon. Not that Paris can supply us with furs—far from it—for there are now very few furs left except American ones. What we do depend upon France for is something which will take the place of fur and satisfy our longing for the beautiful. Our ally has never failed us, either in adversity or in the little things of life which keep our interest fresh.

If we lack furs, novelties are forthcoming in the way of woolly devices and the cleverest of ways in which to wear them. If wool is short Paris invents the newest of ways to make satin and a little lining take its place. And so it goes; she never fails us. Among some of her latest offerings are neck arrangements on the scarflike order, designed to take the place of fur, and waistcoats of Angora of the same intent. A brown velvet model by Doucet was equipped with a striped Angora vest of beige blue and red and scarflike revers which ran to the bottom of the coat with slit pockets in the ends. A tiny bit of fur did duty as a collar.

An "en voyage" model by Lanvin is of gray covert cloth with a collar which develops into a scarf lined with wide black silk braid.

Black silk braid trims many of the velvet suits, and one costume is bordered in white even about the bottom of the skirt.

"CORSETS ARE A NECESSITY"

Apparel Included in Essential Class and No Longer Sold With Fashion and Style Uppermost Thought.

The effect of the world war is making itself felt in the currents of our everyday life. Commercial, civic, social and personal activities have all, to a more or less degree, been subjected to a certain process of readjustment in our effort to win this struggle for a peace that will embrace and succor the world. Therefore, writes Edith M. Burtis, in the People's Home Journal, it has become necessary for women as well as men's apparel to conform to government rulings, so that the necessary conservation of material and labor shall be maintained, and all unnecessary waste eliminated.

There has been considerable discussion about essentials and nonessentials, and women's corsets have been considered in their relation to this matter. Fortunately for women, and for the results expected from them in their taking up the work of men, corsets are included in the essential class. If a reverse decision had been reached, I am convinced it would not only have resulted in suffering, ill-health and

SKIRT OF NAVY GEORGETTE



An unusual and charming dress skirt of navy georgette, paneled in navy pussy willow and stenciled in an attractive orchid design. An added attraction is a large buckle of mother-of-pearl which fastens the crush girdle at the left side.



Many ruffles and bands of iridescent trimming are featured on this charming orchid tulle dance frock. Ribbons of pastel shades surround the waist and wreaths of small flowers decorate the waist and skirt.

the lessening of real efficiency among women, but it would have worked to the detriment of future generations.

Corsets are as much an essential of woman's dress as their shoes or outer garments. The corset is no longer manufactured and sold with fashion and style the dominant thought in the manufacturer's and retailer's mind. And progressive, thinking women no longer buy and wear corsets solely because they enhance the beauty of the figure.

Women know, or should know, that upon the selection of a correct corset, and the proper adjustment of it, depends their enjoyment of health and happiness, and their ability to do worthwhile work in the world.

FOR TABLE LINEN ECONOMY

Paper Napkins and Other Necessaries Supplant More Costly Articles—Utilizing Worn-Out Materials.

On many a table formerly graced by the daintiest and costliest table linen one now finds the humble paper napkin used, while even at dinner, in place of a cloth, the simplest of scalloped centerpieces and dollies cover the glass-protected mahogany. Not only are time, labor and money saved, but also the wear and tear on fine linen, when who knows how or at what price it can be replaced. The paper towel may not be very satisfactory, but it is of great advantage where there are children, for it is not only economical, but absolutely sterile.

The hard usage of the laundry causes many a table cloth to wear out on the folds, and, while no longer fit for the table, many are the uses to which it can be put. If still in fairly good condition the two outer sides can be cut into runners about 24 inches wide for the breakfast table, and by crossing them in the center of the table places for four can be set. Or, if you disdain to use paper napkins and towels, cut your old cloths into napkins and towel size, hem neatly and use to save your good linens.

LITTLE SLIPOVER FOR BABY

Warm Garment for Cool Evenings When Infant's Back and Chest Must Have Protection.

A dainty little slipover for the baby is just the thing for cool evenings, when the little back and chest must be protected.

Very little material is required and the directions are easy to follow. The added touch of a row of Angora gives the little sweater quite an air of distinction.

Light-blue Shetland floss and white Angora wool were used to make the model. Medium-sized knitting needles are required.

Cast on fifty-four stitches. Knit three plain, three purl for two inches.

Beginning on the right side, knit one row (two needles) plain, with white Angora.

Then knit sixty-two rows plain.

Bind off the twenty-two stitches in center of back, using separate needle. Knit six rows for shoulder. Increase one stitch at beginning of every other needle toward front ten times.

Knit the other shoulder and front to correspond. Put all stitches on one needle; knit forty-two rows. Knit one row in Angora, and finish with three plain, three purl for two inches.

Sew up under arm seams for forty rows, leaving balance for arm-hole; finish neck and arm-holes with one row of single crochet stitch in Angora.

HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."



"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles."

so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MAUD BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

The cherry, peach and plum originated in Persia.

Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Indigestion, are cured by taking May Apple. Also, Japan made into Pleasant Pellets (Dr. Pierce's Adv.).

Money-Minded.

"Well, I've got a commission." "Good! How much per cent?"—Boston Transcript.

Have a Clear Skin.

Make Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet soap and assist it now and then by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soften, soothe and heal. For free samples address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Pa's Predicament.

Jimmie—Say, pa, I thought you told me a person has only five senses. Pa—So I did, son; what of it? Jimmie—Why, teacher told us that some people have six. Pa—Of course, but one of 'em is the war tax.

One Way of Killing Competitor.

"I want to know if you will give me a recommendation?" "I should say not. I discharged you for incompetency." "Your competitor tells me, sir, that if you will write a letter of recommendation, he will give me a position. I hope you won't stand in my way." "That's different. I don't know any quicker way of crippling his business than to get him to hire you. Sure I'll give you a letter."

"After-the-War" Dressing.

Discussion of the "after-the-war period" is becoming more general, some believing that it is too early to predict which effect victory will have on women and their mode of living. One couturier predicts that the most elaborate things will be made and women should wear them as an expression of victory. Banquets and receptions in honor of foreign visitors and our returning men will demand such clothes, and it is really up to the women to heal their heartaches as best they can and lift the spirit of the country. The English women have been doing this for some time; they have avoided mourning and are creating as gay a note as possible in London.—Women's Wear.

Thousands of under-nourished people have found that Grape-Nuts food—a scientific blend of nourishing cereals—helps wonderfully in building health and happiness. Needs no Sugar