

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XII.

Something Carolyn May Wishes to Know.

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. But his story awoke in the child's breast doubts and longings, uncertainties and desires that had lain dormant for many weeks.

Uncle Joe and Aunt 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 Aunt Rose discovered this physical change very quickly.

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

So, as a stimulant and a preventive of "droopiness," Aunt Rose prescribed bone-set tea, "plenty of it."

Three times a day Carolyn May was dosed with bone-set tea. How long the child's stomach would have endured under this treatment will never be known. Carolyn May got no better, that was sure; but one day something happened.

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

Benjamin Hardy had gone to Adams' camp to work. It seemed he could use a peevy, or canthook, pretty well, having done something besides sailing in his day. Tim, the hackman, worked at logging in the winter months, too. He usually went past the Stagg place with a team four times each day.

There was something Carolyn May wished to ask Benjamin Hardy, but she did not want anybody else to know what it was—not even Uncle Joe or Aunt Rose. Once in the fall and before the snow came she had ridden as far as Adams' camp with Mr. Parlow. He had gone there for some hickory wood.

But, now, to ride on the empty sled going in and on top of the load of logs coming out of the forest, Carolyn May felt sure, would be much more exciting. She mentioned her desire to Uncle Joe on a Friday evening.

"Well, now, if it's pleasant, I don't see anything to forbid. Do you, Aunt Rose?" Mr. Stagg returned.

"I presume Tim will take the best of care of her," the woman said. "Maybe, getting out more in the air will make her look less peaked, Joseph Stagg."

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

"Pitcher of George Washington!" exclaimed Tim. "The boys will near 'bout take a holiday."

There was but one woman in the camp, Judy Mason. She lived in one of the log huts with her husband. He was a sawyer, and Judy did the men's washing.

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

"You come with me, please," she whispered to the old seaman after dinner.

"I've been so near drownin' myself, that they thought I was dead when I was hauled inboard."

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you know, for you've been to sea so much—Benjamin, I want to know if it hurts much to be drown-ed?"

"Hurts much?" gasped the old seaman.

"Yes, sir. Do people that get drown-ed feel much pain? Is it a sufferin' way to die? I want to know, Benjamin, 'cause my papa and mamma died that way," continued the child, choking a little. "It does seem as though I'd just got to know."

"Aye, aye," muttered the man. "I see. An' I kin tell ye, Car'lyn May, as clost as anybody kin. I've been so near drownin' myself that they thought I was dead when I was hauled inboard."

"Comin' back from drownin' is a whole lot worse than bein' drown-ed. You take it from me."

"Well," sighed Carolyn May, "I'm glad to know that. It's bothered me a good deal. If my mamma and papa had to be dead, maybe that was the nicest way for them to go."

Since Joseph Stagg had listened to the rambling tale of the sailor regarding the sinking of the Dunraven, he had borne the fate 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 less inclined than before to close up the affairs of Carolyn May's small "estate." Not that he for a moment believed that there was a possibility of Hannah and her husband being alive. Five months had passed. In these days of wireless telegraph and fast sea traffic such a thing could not be possible. The imagination of the practical hardware merchant could not visualize it.

One day when Carolyn May was visiting Mrs. Gormley she burst in quite unexpectedly, for it was not yet mid-afternoon.

"Mr. Stagg has let me off to take Carolyn May sledin'. The ice ain't goin' to be safe in the cove for long now. Spring's in the air o'ready. Both brooks are runnin' full."

Carolyn May was delighted. Although the sky was overcast and a storm threatening when they got down on the ice, neither 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 riding behind.

The boy harnessed himself with the long towrope and skated away from the shore, dragging the sled after him at a brisk pace.

"Oh, my!" squealed Carolyn May, "there isn't anybody else on the ice." "We won't run into nobody, then," laughed the boy.

It was too misty outside the cove to see the open water; but it was there, and Chet knew it as well as anybody. He had no intention of taking any risks—especially with Carolyn May in his charge.

The wind blew out of the cove, too. As they drew away from the shelter of the land they felt its strength.

Naturally, neither the boy nor the little girl—and surely not the dog—looked back toward the land. Otherwise, they would have seen the snow flurry that swept down over the town and quickly hid it from the cove.

Chet was skating his very swiftest. Carolyn May was screaming with delight. Prince barked joyfully. And, suddenly, in a startling fashion, they came to a fissure in the ice!

The boy darted to one side, heeled on his right skate, and stopped. He had jerked the sled aside, too, yelling to Carolyn May to "hold fast!" But Prince was flung from it, and scrambled over the ice, barking loudly.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Carolyn May. "You stopped too quick, Chet Gormley. Goodness! There's a hole in the ice!"

"And I didn't see it till we was almost in it," acknowledged Chet. "It's more'n a hole. Why! there's a great field of ice broke off and sailin' out into the lake."

"Oh, my!" gasped the little girl. The boy knew at once that he must be careful in making his way home with the little girl. Having seen one great fissure in the ice, he might come upon another. It seemed to him as though the ice under his feet was in motion. In the distance was the sound of a reverberating crash that could mean but one thing. The ice in the cove was breaking up!

The waters of the two brooks were pouring down into the cove. Spring had really come, and the annual freshet was likely now to force the ice entirely out of the cove and open the way for traffic in a few hours.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Chapel Bell.

If Joseph Stagg had obeyed the precept of his little niece on this particular afternoon and had been "looking up," instead of having his nose in the big ledger, making out monthly statements, he might have discovered the coming storm in season to withdraw his permission to Chet to take Carolyn May out on the ice.

It was always dark enough in the little back office in winter for the hardware dealer to have a lamp burning. So he did not notice the snow flurry that had taken Sunrise Cove in its arms until he chanced to walk out to the front of the store for needed exercise.

"I declare to man, it's snowin'!" muttered Joseph Stagg. "Thought we'd got through with that for this season." He opened the store door. There was a chill, clammy wind, and the snow was damp and packed quickly under foot.

"Hum! If that Chet Gormley were here now, he might be of some use for once," thought Mr. Stagg.

Suddenly he bethought him of the errand that had taken the boy away from the store.

"Hey, Stagg!" shouted a shopkeeper from over the way, who had likewise come to the door, "did you hear that?" "Hear what?" asked Joseph Stagg, puzzled.

"There she goes again! That's ice, old man. She's breaking up. We'll have spring with us in no time now."

The reverberating crash that had startled Chet Gormley had startled Joseph Stagg as well.

"My goodness!" gasped the hardware dealer, and he started instantly away from the store, bareheaded as he was, without locking the door behind him—something he had never done before, since he had established himself in business on the main street of Sunrise Cove.

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YANKS OCCUPY CITY OF TREVES

American Troops Enter an Ancient Town, Once a Roman Stronghold.

THAW GETS FOE PLANES

Germans Surrender Airships to Yankee Ace—Bavarians and Prussians at Swords' Points Over the War.

Treves, Rhenish Prussia, Nov. 28.—This ancient city on the Moselle, which still has many a landmark dating from the time when it was a Roman capital, was entered by American troops Tuesday.

Less than fifty-two miles to the northeast from Treves, or Trier, as it is called in German, lies Coblenz, the ultimate destination of General Dickman's army of occupation. The road runs along the Moselle river, which flows into the Rhine at Coblenz.

Our main forces have not yet reached Treves. Those here form Dickman's advanced guard. In accordance with the armistice terms, a certain number of airplanes were surrendered here by the Germans.

Maj. William Thaw, one of the American "aces," superintended the transfer of the aircraft and of considerable quantities of material.

American Army of Occupation, Nov. 28.—Bad feeling has developed between the Prussians and Bavarians in the German army withdrawing before the American army of occupation. Responsibility for the loss of the war is one of the chief causes of dissension, according to reports.

The trouble is said to have reached such a stage that the Bavarians and Prussians refused to divide their rations with each other or to share billets.

Beyond Treves the withdrawing German troops are being received with open arms by the civilians in the villages. This is reported by British soldiers reaching the American lines.

Everywhere, the Britishers said, the civilians had strung signs of welcome over the village streets and were receiving the German soldiers as heroes.

BOLSHEVIKI CAPTURE PSKOV

Red Soldiers Take Town 160 Miles Southwest of Petrograd—Bombard Narva.

Helsingfors, Finland, Nov. 30.—Reports from the Baltic province of Esthonia say that Russian bolshevik troops on Tuesday captured Pskov, 160 miles southwest of Petrograd. The fate of the volunteer northern army was unknown.

It was also reported that Dunaburg, 10 miles southeast of Riga, had been taken by the bolshevik forces and that Narva, 81 miles southwest of Petrograd, was being bombarded.

GREAT THROGS IN PARIS

French Capital is Already Overcrowded—Practically Out of Question to Get Rooms.

Paris, Nov. 30.—Paris is already badly overcrowded and indications are that the convening of the peace conference will see conditions unequalled in any other city. It will be practically out of the question to get rooms in any of the hotels.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR

Paris, Nov. 30.—Col. E. M. House left his bed and went outdoors this morning for the first time since he was stricken with the grip.

Mexico City, Nov. 28.—President Carranza has stated that under no consideration would he accept the nomination for a second term of the presidency.

Washington, Nov. 28.—Elimination of the one-half cent a mile extra railroad fare for Pullman transportation, effective December 1, has been decided on by Director General McAdoo.

London, Nov. 27.—Russian bolshevik troops have crossed the River Narva on a broad front and have entered Esthonia, between the Gulf of Finland and Lake Peipus, says a Central News dispatch from Stockholm.

New York, Nov. 27.—Fourteen enemy-owned seats on the New York stock exchange, the New Orleans cotton exchange, the New York cotton exchange and other markets have been seized by A. Mitchell Palmer, alien property custodian, it was announced here. The seats will be sold shortly to American citizens.

S. O. T. C. Units Broken Up. Washington, Dec. 2.—The complete demobilization of the student officers' training corps comprising units in hundreds of institutions throughout the country has been decided upon by the war department.

Five Billion in Year for Army. Washington, Dec. 2.—It cost \$5,645,000,000 to run the American army during the year ending June 30 last; \$1,368,000,000 for the navy and \$1,546,000,000 for the civil government proper.



Back Feel Achy After Grip?

COLDS and influenza leave thousands with weak kidneys and aching backs. The kidneys have to do most of the work of fighting off a cold or a contagious disease. They weaken—slow up. Then you feel dull and drabby, irritable or nervous, and have headaches, dizzy spells, lame back, backache, sore joints and irregular kidney action. Give the kidneys quick help and avoid serious kidney troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills are always in unusual demand after grip epidemics as so many people have learned their reliability. Doan's are used the world over. They are recommended by your own friends and neighbors.

Personal Reports of Real Cases

A SOUTH DAKOTA CASE. Mrs. Cecil Rishling, 320 E. Tenth St., Mitchell, S. D., says: "I had typhoid fever about five years ago and my kidneys were bad after that. My back ached just like a toothache and I could hardly get around to sweep because the sharp pains caught me across my kidneys. I was also annoyed with bladder weakness. My kidneys weren't working right, I knew, because my feet swelled so badly and I could hardly get on my shoes. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box. I used them and nothing ever helped me as much."

AN IOWA CASE. Alonzo Adams, Osceola, Iowa, says: "Colds settling in my kidneys caused lumbago. Sharp, shooting pains went through my kidneys and left me almost helpless. After one of these attacks, I could neither stoop nor straighten. Mornings I was tired and exhausted, owing to lack of sleep. My kidneys acted irregularly and the secretions were unnatural. I used different remedies and plasters, but with no benefit. Finally I took Doan's Kidney Pills and the trouble entirely disappeared."



60c a Box at All Stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y. Mfg. Chem.

BETTER LET CHILD CHOOSE

Writer in Mother's Magazine Gives Advice as to Treatment of the Small People.

Mantha G. Nichols makes a strong plea in Mother's Magazine, to allow the child to choose between right and wrong:

"Don't make me do it, mamma, let me do it," pleaded a little fellow one day when his mother was trying to exercise rather arbitrary authority.

A small boy was objecting to doing an errand for his mother. She said pleasantly, "I can manage if you do not do it, but I can get my work out of the way much sooner, if you do. Supposing I let you choose whether you will accommodate me, or I accommodate you. I'll say nothing more about this, and you may do just what you think it is fair for a boy to do by his mother." It did not take long for the son to choose the better way and to walk off proud of his independent action.

Coaxing a child to do what he ought to is a questionable policy, yet in a dignified, matter-of-fact manner to show him that you give him credit for common sense and a fair amount of amiability and right purpose is to encourage him to use those qualities. It helps him to do his best in the best possible way—he chooses his own action, and can choose again.

Cows and Ships. "How many ships are you going to get into the water this year?" Mr. Schwab asked Rear Admiral F. T. Bowles, assistant general manager of the Emergency Fleet corporation, in charge of construction at the Hog Island yards.

"Our program calls for 31, but we are going to try for 48," was the reply.

"Make it 50, and I'll see that you get the best Jersey cow in America," said Mr. Schwab. The admiral has a dairy farm in Massachusetts. "I'm going to begin picking out that cow right away," said Admiral Bowles.

Its Kind. "I would like to have a swell luncheon." "Why not try one of dried apples and water?"

Far Fetched. Groom—Why so sad, sweetheart? Bride—I was just thinking how miserable I'd be if I had never met you.

Always proud to show white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue does make them white. All grocers. Adv.

Sympathy is one thing most men are always careful not to waste.

Your Eyes. A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "2 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist or Murine when your Eyes Need Care. M-I-I Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

PRETTY TEETH. A clean mouth and healthy gums. Send 50 cents to PROF. GRAY'S, Box 221, Mineral Wells, Texas, for 3 months' supply Tooth Powder, Tartar and Gum Remover and Mouth Wash. All three preparations sent with full instructions for 85 cents.

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

ner. "You can smoke. You haven't got to go back to work yet, and Tim is only just loading his sled. So we can talk."

"Aye, aye, little miss. What'll we talk about?" queried Benjamin cautiously, for he remembered that he was to be very circumspect in his conversation with her.

"I want you to tell me something, Benjamin," she said.

"Sail ahead, matey," he responded with apparent heartiness, filling his pipe meanwhile.

"Why, Benjamin—you must know,