

Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

He knew very well that what she had said about his daughter and Joseph Stagg was quite true. In his selfishness he had been glad all these years that the hardware merchant was bullied at the hardware store.

The carpenter had always been a self-centered individual, desirous of his own comfort, and rather miserly. He had not approved, in the first place, of the intimacy between Joseph Stagg and his daughter, Amanda.

"No good'll come o' that," he had told himself.

That is, no good to Jedidiah Parlow. He foresaw at the start the loss of the girl's help about the house, for his wife was then a helpless invalid.

Then Mrs. Parlow died. This death made plain still to the carpenter that Mandy's marriage was bound to bring inconvenience to him. Especially if she married a chisel-headed young business man like Joe Stagg would this be true. For at the reading of his wife's will Mr. Parlow discovered that the property they occupied, even the shop in which he worked, which had been given to Mrs. Parlow by her parents, was to be the sole property of her daughter, Mandy, with the heir, Mr. Parlow did not possess even a life interest in the estate.

It was a blow to the carpenter. He made a good income and had money in bank, but he loved money too well to wish to spend it after he had made it. He did not want to give up the place. If Mandy remained unmarried there would never be any question between them of rent or the like.

Therefore, if he was not actually the cause of the difference that arose between the two young people, he seized and enlarged upon it and did all in his power to make a mere misunderstanding grow into a quarrel that neither of the proud, high-spirited lovers would bridge.

Jedidiah Parlow knew why Joe Stagg had taken that other girl to Fifth camp meeting. The young man had stopped at the Parlow place when Amanda was absent and explained to the girl's father. But the latter had never mentioned this fact to his daughter.

Instead he had made Joe's supposed offense the greater by suggestion and innuendo. And it was he, too, who had urged the hurt Mandy to retaliate by going to the dance with another young man. Meeting Joe Stagg later, the carpenter had said bitter things to him, purporting to come from Mandy. It was all mean and vile; the old man knew it now—as he had known it then.

All these years he had tried to add fuel to the fire of his daughter's anger against Joe Stagg. And he believed he had benefited thereby. But, somehow, during the past few months, he had begun to wonder if, after all, "the game was worth the candle."

Suddenly he had gained a vision of what Amanda Parlow's empty life meant to her.

Carolyn May, interested only in seeing her friends made happy, had no idea of the turmoil she had created in Mr. Parlow's mind.

During the time that the nurse was at the abandoned lumber camp caring for Judy Mason, Carolyn May hoped that something might take Uncle Joe there.

The next Friday, after school was out, Miss Amanda appeared at the Stagg home and suggested taking Carolyn May into the woods with her, "for the week-end," as she laughingly said. Jim, the blackman, had brought the nurse home for a few hours and would take her back to Judy's cabin.

"Poor old Judy is much better, but she is still suffering and cannot be left alone for long," Miss Amanda said. "Carolyn May will cheer her up."

Mr. Parlow would drive over on Sunday afternoon and bring the little girl home. Of course, Prince had to go along.

That Friday evening at supper matters in the big kitchen of the Stagg house were really at a serious pass. Joseph Stagg sat down to the table visibly without appetite. Aunt Rose drank one cup of tea after another without putting a crumb between her lips.

"Say, Aunt Rose," demanded Mr. Stagg, "what under the sun did we do before Hannah's Carolyn came here, anyway? Seems to me we didn't really live, did we?"

Aunt Rose had no answer to make to these questions.

In the morning there was a smoky fog over everything—a fog that the sun did not dissipate, and behind which it looked like an enormous sar-fon ball.

Mr. Stagg went down to the store as usual. News came over the long-distance wires that thousands of acres of woodland were burning, that the forest reserves were out, and that the farmers of an entire township on the far side of the mountain were engaged in trying to make a barrier over which the flames would not leap. It was the consensus of opinion, however, that the fire would not cross the range.

"Scarcely any chance of its swooping down on us," decided Mr. Stagg. "Reckon I won't have to go home to look for fire furrows."

At the usual hour he started for The Corners for dinner. Having remained in the store all the morning, he had not realized how much stronger the smell of smoke was than it had been at breakfast time. Quite involuntarily he quickened his pace.

The fog and smoke overcast the sky thickly and made it of a heavy color, just as though a huge copper pot had been overturned over the earth. Women stood at their doors, talking back and forth in subdued tones. There was a murmur of expectancy in the air.

The hardware merchant was striding along at a quick pace when he came to the Parlow place; but he was not going so fast that he did not hear the carpenter hailing him in his cracked voice.

"Hey, you, Joe Stagg! Hey, you!" Amazed, Mr. Stagg turned to look. Parlow was hobbling from the rear porch, groaning at every step, scarcely able to walk.

"That scatica's got me agin," he snarled. "I'm a'most doubled up. Couldn't climb into a carriage to save my soul."

"What d'you want to climb into a carriage for?" demanded Mr. Stagg.

"Cause somebody's got to go for that gal of mine—and little Carolyn May. Ain't you heard—or is your mind so set on makin' money down there to your store that you don't know nothin' else?"

"Haven't I heard what?" returned the other with fine restraint, for he saw the old man was in pain.

"The fire's come over to this side. I saw the flames myself. And Aaron

Crummit drove through and says that you can't get by on the main road. The fire's followed the West Brook right down and is betwixt us and Adams' old camp."

"Bless me!" gasped the hardware dealer, paling under his tan.

"Wal!" snarled Parlow. "Goin' to stand there chattering all day, or be you goin' to do something?"

"Somebody must get over to that cabin and bring them out," Joseph Stagg said, without taking offense at the cracked old carpenter.

"Wal!" exclaimed Parlow, "glad ter see you're awake."

"Oh, I'm awake," the other returned shortly. "I was just figuring on who's got the best horse."

"I have," snapped Parlow.

"Yes, and I'd decided on taking Cherry, too," the hardware dealer added, and swung into the lane toward the carpenter's barn.

"Hey, you! Needn't be so brash about it," growled the carpenter. "He's my boss, I s'pose?"

Joseph Stagg went straight ahead, and without answering. Having once decided on his course, he wasted no time.

He rolled back the big door and saw Cherry already harnessed in his box-stall.

Together they backed the animal between the shafts, fastened the traces, and Mr. Stagg leaped quickly to the seat and gathered up the reins.

"You'll hafta take the Fallow road," the carpenter shouted after him. "And have a care drivin' Cherry—"

Horse and blackboard whirled out of the yard and his voice was lost to the hardware merchant.

Cherry stepped out splendidly, and they left a cloud of dust behind them as they rolled up the pike, not in the direction of the abandoned camp. Forwarned, he did not seek to take the shortest way to the cabin where Amanda Parlow and Carolyn May were perhaps even now threatened by the forest fire. The Fallow road turned north from the pike three miles from The Corners.

Flecks of foam began to appear on Cherry's glossy coat almost at once. The air was very oppressive, and there was no breeze.

The streak of flame that had followed down the banks of West

brook moved mysteriously. He could see the smoke of it now.

Amanda Parlow and his niece might even now be threatened by the flames! Now that danger threatened the woman he had loved all these years, it seemed as though his mind and heart were numbed. He was terrified beyond expression—terrified for her safety, and terrified for fear that somebody, even Jedidiah Parlow, should suspect just how he felt about it.

The horse's hoofs rang sharply over the stony path. Presently they capped a little ridge and started down into a hollow. Not until they were over the ridge was Mr. Stagg aware that the hollow was filled, chokingly filled, with billowy white smoke.

Another man—one as cautious as the hardware merchant notoriously was—would have pulled the horse down to a walk. But Joseph Stagg's cautiousness had been flung to the winds. Instead, he shouted to Cherry, and the beast increased his stride.

Ten rods further on the horse snorted, stumbled, and tried to stop. A writhing, flaming snake—a burning branch—plunged down through the smoke directly ahead.

"Go on!" shouted Joseph Stagg, with a sharpness that would ordinarily have set Cherry off at a gallop.

But, as the snorting creature still shied, the man seized the whip and lashed poor Cherry cruelly along his flank.

At that the horse went mad. He plunged forward, leaped the blazing brand, and galloped down the road at a perilous gait. The man tried neither to soothe his horse nor to retard the pace.

The smoke swirled around them. The driver could not see ten feet before the horse's nose. Ten minutes later they rattled down into the straight road, and then, very soon, indeed, were at the abandoned camp.

The fire was near, but it had not reached this place. There was no sign of life about.

The man knew which was Judy's cabin. He leaped from the vehicle, leaving the panting Cherry unhitched, and ran to the hut.

The door swung open. The poor furniture was in place. Even the bed-clothing was rumpled in the old woman's bunk. But neither she nor Amanda Parlow nor little Carolyn May was there.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Laurel to the Brave.

The heart of the man was like a weight in his bosom. With so many hundred acres of forest on fire, and that, too, between the abandoned camp and The Corners and Sunrise Cove, how would Amanda Parlow and Carolyn May know where to go?

Certainly the place must have been deserted in haste. There was Carolyn May's coat. The man caught it up and stared around, as though expecting the child to be within sight.

The old woman's clothing was scattered about, too. It did not look as though anything had been removed from the hut. Coming out, he found another article on the threshold—one of Amanda's gloves.

Joseph Stagg lifted the crumpled glove to his lips.

"Oh, God, spare her!" he burst forth. "Spare them both!"

Then he kissed the glove again and hid it away in the inner pocket of his vest.

The hardware dealer tried to think of just what the fugitives might have done when they escaped from the cabin.

If it were true that Amanda would not run toward the fire, then she more than likely had taken the opposite direction on leaving the cabin. Therefore, Joseph Stagg went that way—setting off down the tote road, leading Cherry by his bridle.

Suddenly he remembered calling Prince the day Carolyn May had been lost on the ice. He raised his voice in a mighty shout for the dog now.

"Prince! Prince, old boy! where are you?"

Again and again he called, but there was no reply. The smoke was more stifling and the heat more intense every minute. Mr. Stagg realized that he must get out quickly if he would save himself and the horse.

He had just stepped into the buckboard again, when there was an excited scrambling in the underbrush, and a welcoming bark was given.

"Prince! Good boy!" the man shouted. "Where are they?"

The excited dog flew at him, leaping on the buckboard so as to reach him. The mongrel was delighted, and showed it as plainly as a dumb brute could.

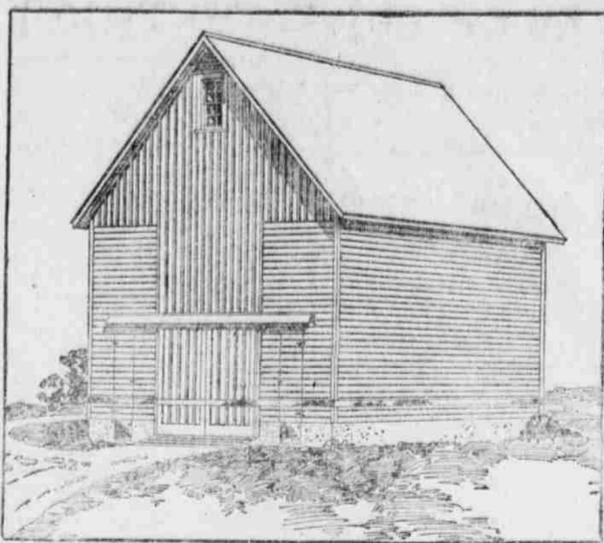
But he was anxious, too. He leaped back to the ground, ran a little ahead, and then looked back to see if the man was following. The hardware dealer shouted to him again:

"Go ahead, Prince! We're coming!"

He picked up the reins and Cherry started. The dog, barking his satisfaction, ran on ahead and struck into a side path which led down a glade. Joseph Stagg knew immediately where this path led to. There was a spring and a small morass in the bottom of the hollow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEPENDABLE PERMANENT STOREHOUSE ON FARM TO INSURE SAFETY OF GRAIN CROPS



CONVENIENT COMBINATION CRIB AND GRANARY.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

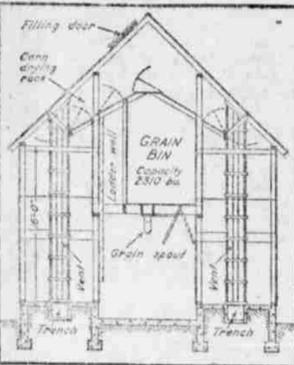
Millions of bushels of corn could have been saved in a marketable condition last fall if proper farm storages had been available for the accommodation of this grain. The farmer possesses no regulatory powers over the weather man; he has no control over season, but he can fortify himself against the crop losses which often occur as a consequence of inadequate equipment and unscrupulous shelter. Time was, with grain dirt cheap, that any sort of a makeshift crib or bin was satisfactory as storage for the grain crops. In actual dollars and cents, many farmers reckoned they could stand the losses of a few bushels of grain better than they could afford the cash outlay for the construction of dependable, permanent storehouses. Fortunately, the prevalent high prices of grains are pushing the pros from under this untenable theory. The loss of several tons of corn or wheat, in view of the present market prices, amounts into three-column figures, and it doesn't take many such losses to make this waste loom large as a mountain.

Crib and Granary.

The specialists of the division of rural engineering of the bureau of public roads have devised a highly efficient and relatively inexpensive combination crib and granary which merits the careful study and investigation of every progressive farmer. This storage has made a hit with practical farmers who have subjected it to the field test of extensive use under a wide range of varying conditions. It is adapted for the average, general purpose, corn-belt farm. It furnishes a nearly ideal conditions for the drying, curing and storage of grains as are practical. It minimizes hand labor in handling the crops, while it favors the maximum utilization of labor-conserving machines. It is free of waste space, while it is equipped with detachable safeguards for protection against damaged grain in the way of ventilators and drying racks which can be removed during seasons when they are unnecessary.

Prevents Spoiled Corn.

Investigations have shown that corn which seems well matured at husking time may contain as high as 33 per cent moisture. If this corn is heaped together in unventilated cribs, much of it will rot and mold. On the other



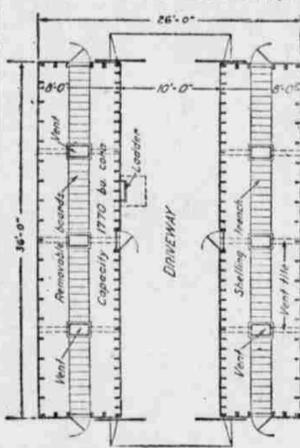
Front View of Granary.

hand, if this grain is properly stored in ventilated cribs, most of the excessive moisture will evaporate in a few days. In order to facilitate the proper curing of the corn, as well as to permit of handling the grain in large quantities, specially planned drying racks are used in the combination granary under discussion.

This crib and granary is 26 feet by 36 feet in floor dimensions with a capacity of 2,810 bushels of small grain and 3,540 bushels of corn. The overhead grain bin occupies space which otherwise would be wasted in an average crib of this character. To give the building proper height and pitch of roof to favor the efficient use of either a stationary or portable elevator, this otherwise surplus space is necessary. It is occupied by the overhead wheat bin. Present-day economical construction necessitates the use of high studding in wooden structures rather than the use of long, sloping roofs.

A special feature of this corn crib which has been devised by the experts of the rural engineering division

consists of drying racks situated near the top of the crib where the corn can be suspended for from three to ten days before being dumped into the crib proper. On these racks the ventilation conditions are extremely favorable to the proper curing of the corn. Furthermore, the crib is provided with removable ventilators which supplement the shelling trench in the floor, to provide a correct system of air drainage; this combats the tendency of moist, damp corn to damage in the crib. As the corn is dumped



Floor Plan of Granary.

from the drying racks it falls into conical piles in the crib, where, over a wide surface, it is exposed to thorough ventilation and drying before more corn is dumped on top of it. These racks do not interfere with the maximum filling of the crib, as the outer rack may be fastened back on the rafters while the inner rack can be raised and the space below filled.

The Shelling Trench.

The shelling trench in the floor of the crib is another valuable labor-saver, because one man with a long-handled rake can roll the grain from the top of the crib into the drag as fast as the ordinary sheller can handle the grain. In this way the attendant is able to prevent corn slides and jams in the drag. The bottom of this drag is at ground level and is smooth so that the drag can be easily pushed under the corn. As already stated, this trench is used as an inlet duct in the ventilation system by screening its ends to keep out rats and other rodents. At regular intervals the trench extends from the shelling trench through the wall in order to provide for a cross draft of air into the trench.

Any or all of these suggestions may be incorporated into any crib of similar design. The expense of such improvements would be repaid in one or two seasons of damp grain. The ventilators which are used are readily removable, while the drying racks are hinged so that they can be drawn back out of the way. The grain bins are easy to install, and they occupy what was formerly waste space in cribs with steep roofs and high peaks. Furthermore, a concrete feeding floor on which corn may be fed to hogs can be installed at the option of the owner. Complete working plans and bills of material for this desirable combination granary and crib will be furnished to any farmer in the United States if he will direct a request for them to the Chief, Division of Rural Engineering, United States Bureau of Public Roads, Washington, D. C.

AVOID ALL WASTE OF GRAIN

Where an Excess Has Accumulated in Litter Draw It Off and Let Fowls Work It Over.

In case an excess of grain is accumulating in the litter, the best way to readily and quickly is to draw the litter, both coarse and fine, into one or more piles or rows, and give no more food until the hens have worked these over as often as necessary to get all the food.

Another thing to guard against is the waste through feeding very small or finely broken grains. Of the latter, cracked corn, in particular, often contains much fine material which should be sifted out and used elsewhere.

CANADA'S NEW DEVELOPMENT

After the War a Period of Prosperity.

It is evident that the Government of the Dominion in its programme of reconstruction and development is undertaking a work of tremendous importance. There will be available the labor for work that has been silent since 1914, and the rehabilitation of this labor will entail the thought and energy of most capable heads. The transition period from war to peace will be rapid and thorough, and, instead of Canada sinking into a state of lethargy, there will be a continued period of wakefulness that will give employment to the unemployed, a render to the capitalist and producer ample return for his money, effort and enterprise.

The agricultural potentialities of the great Canadian West possess illimitable acres of the best of soil, capable of producing millions of bushels of the best of grain. The cost of growing this is lower than any place on the continent. There will be a greater demand than ever for these lands, the consequent production will be heavier and the profits attractive. Cattle industry will be one of the chief developments, and the encouragement of it will lie in the continued high prices that beef products will bring. European countries have been depleted of cattle, and the demand for beef, cattle and dairy products will tax the efforts of the producer for years to come.

Western Canada offers unequalled opportunities for development in this line.

In the Canadian West plans are being laid for the development of electrical power which can be produced cheaply. There is an abundance of coal and water power that could be used in developing this useful energy. What cheap power produced in this way will mean to the farmer and development of industrial enterprises cannot be estimated in figures.

More extensive development of the water power at Niagara, on the St. Lawrence and at waterfalls all over the country, is ready to be launched.

Peace will see new mine fields opened up, and it is equally certain that shipbuilding, railway equipment, steel production, and many of the industries will go forward with a bound.

Canadian industries will be required in the reconstruction of Europe, and already the Canadian Government has sent across the seas a commission for the purpose of securing orders. Canada took an early and prominent part in the war, and in the days of peace will be found equally active. She feels that by the valor and loyalty of her people she has earned a large share of the business and prosperity that will follow the war period, and she proposes to get it.—Advertisement.

A "Poemess."

An Indianapolis stenographer was much given to the writing of rhymes. His family was so accustomed to this accomplishment that they took little notice of it, but it was quite new and interesting to her little niece Virginia, who had come on a visit. She watched auntie in wonder as she composed several jingles. And then, "Oh, auntie," she exclaimed, "why aren't you a poemess instead of a stenographer?"

Get New Kidneys!

The kidneys are the most overworked organs of the human body, and when they fail in their work of filtering out and throwing off the poisons developed in the system, things begin to happen.

One of the first warnings is pain or stiffness in the lower part of the back; highly colored urine; loss of appetite; indigestion; irritation, or even stone in the bladder. These symptoms indicate a condition that may lead to that dreaded and fatal malady, Bright's disease, for which there is said to be no cure.

Do not delay a minute. At the first indication of trouble in the kidney, liver, bladder or urinary organs start taking Gold Medal Harlem Oil Capsules, and give yourself before it is too late. Instant relief is necessary in kidney and bladder troubles. A delay is often fatal.

You can almost certainly find immediate relief in Gold Medal Harlem Oil Capsules. For more than 200 years this famous preparation has been an unfailing remedy for all kidney, bladder and urinary troubles.

It is the pure, original Harlem Oil your great-grandmother used. About two capsules each day will keep you toned up and feeling fine. Get it at any drug store, and if it does not give you almost immediate relief, your money will be refunded. Be sure you get the GOLD MEDAL brand. None other genuine. In boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

Resourceful Landlord.

"By what stretch of the imagination can you call this a bachelor apartment?"

"Why, it's a single room, isn't it?"—Buffalo Express.

Cuticura for Sore Hands. Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with soft tissue paper. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

It is praiseworthy even to attempt a great action.

Your Eyes

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Gritting, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "2 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when you need it. **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**