CAROLYN AND PRINCE MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF AUNTY ROSE, MR. STAGG'S HOUSEKEEPER

Synopsis.—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg at The Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

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A voice calling, "Chuck! Chuck! Chuck-a-chuck!" came from behind the old house. A few white-feathered fowls that had been in sight scurried wildly away in answer to the summons.

Mr. Stagg, still looking at the little girl, set down the bag and reached for the dog's leash. The loop of the latter he passed around the gatepost.

"I tell you what it is, Car'lyn May. You'd better meet Aunty Rose first alone. I've my fears about this mongrel."

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" quivered his niece.

"You go ahead and get acquainted with her," urged Mr. Stagg. "She don't like dogs. They chase her chickens and run over her flower beds. Aunty Rose is peculiar, I might say."

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" repeated the little girl faintly.

"You've got to make her like you, if you want to live here," the hardware dealer concluded firmly.

He gave Carolyn May a little shove up the path and then stood back and mopped his brow with his handkerchief. Prince strained at the leash and whined, wishing to follow his little mistress.

Mr. Stagg said: "You'd better keep mighty quiet, dog. If you want your home address to be The Corners, sing small!"

Carolyn May did not hear this, but disappeared after the fowls around the corner of the wide, vine-draped porch. The pleasant back yard was full of sunshine. On the gravel path beyond the old well, with its long sweep and bucket, half a hundred chickens, some guineas and a flock of turkeys scuffled for grain which was being thrown to them from an open pan.

That pan was held in the plump hand of a very dignified-looking woman, dressed in drab and with a sunbonnet on her head.

Aunty Rose's appearance smote the little girl with a feeling of awe.

There was no frown on her face; it was only calm, unruffled, unemotional. It simply seemed as though nothing, either material or spiritual, could ruffle the placidity of Aunty Rose Kennedy.

She came of Quaker stock and the serenity of body and spirit taught by the sect built a wall between her and everybody else.

"Child, who are you?" asked Aunty Rose with some curiosity.

The little girl told her name; but perhaps it was her black frock and hat that identified her in Aunty Rose's mind, after all.

"You are Hannah Stagg's little girl," she said.

"Yes'm—if you please," Carolyn May confessed faintly.

"And how came you here alone?"

"If you please, Uncle Joe said I'd better prob'ly come ahead and get acquainted with you first."

"'First?' What do you mean, 'first?'" asked Aunty Rose sternly.

"First—before you saw Prince," responded the perfectly frank little girl. "Uncle Joe thought maybe you wouldn't care for dogs."

"Dogs!"

"No, ma'am. And of course where I live Prince has to live too. So—"

"So you brought your dog?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Of course," said Aunty Rose composedly. "I expected you to come here. I do not know what Joseph Stagg expected. But I did not suppose you would have a dog. Where is Joseph Stagg?"

"He—he's coming."

"With the dog?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Aunty Rose seemed to take some time to digest this; but she made no further comment in regard to the matter, only saying:

"Let us go into the house, Car'lyn May. You must take off your hat and bathe your face and hands."

Carolyn May Cameron followed the stately figure of Aunty Rose Kennedy into the blue-and-white kitchen of the old house, with something of the feeling of a culprit on the way to the block.

Such a big kitchen as it was! The little girl thought it must be almost as big as their whole apartment in Harlem "put together."

The little girl took off her plain black hat, shook back her hair and patted it smooth with her hands, then plunged her hands and face into the basin of cool water Aunty Rose had drawn for her at the sink. The dust was all washed away and a fresh glow came into her flowerlike face. Aunty Rose watched her silently.

Such a dignified, upright, unresponsive woman as she seemed standing there! And so particular, neat and immaculate was this kitchen!

Carolyn May, as she dried her face and hands, heard a familiar whine at the door. It was Prince. She wondered if she had at all broken the ice for him with Aunty Rose.

"Oh," the little girl mused, "I wonder what she will say to a mongorel."

CHAPTER II.

Going to Bed.

Mr. Stagg had fastened Prince's strap to the porch rail and he now came in with the bag.

"Is that all the child's baggage, Joseph Stagg?" asked Aunty Rose, taking it from his hand.

"Why—why, I never thought to ask her," the man admitted. "Have you a trunk check, Car'lyn?"

"No, sir."

"They sent you up here with only that bag?" Mr. Stagg said with some exasperation. "Haven't you got any clothes but those you stand in?"

"Mrs. Price said—said they weren't suitable," explained the little girl. "You see, they aren't black."

"Oh!" exploded her uncle.

"You greatly lack tact, Joseph Stagg," said Aunty Rose, and the hardware dealer cleared his throat loudly as he went to the sink to perform his

"Child, Who Are You?" Asked Aunty Rose With Some Curiosity.

pre-supper ablutions. Carolyn May did not understand just what the woman meant.

"Ahem!" said Uncle Joe gruffly. "S'pose I ought t've read that letter before. What's come of it, Car'lyn May?"

But just then the little girl was so deeply interested in what Aunty Rose was doing that she failed to hear him. Mrs. Kennedy brought out of the pantry a tin pie plate, on which were scraps of meat and bread, besides a goodly marrow bone.

"If you think the dog is hungry, Car'lyn May," she said, "you would better give him this before we break our fast."

"Oh, Aunty Rose!" gasped the little girl, her sober face all a-smile. "He'll be de-light-ed."

She carried the pan out to Prince.

When the door closed again, Mrs. Kennedy went to the stove and instantly, with the opening of the oven, the rush of delicious odor from it made Carolyn May's mouth fairly water.

Such flaky biscuit—two great pans full of the brown beauties! Mr. Stagg sat down at the table and actually smiled.

The little girl took her indicated place at the table timidly.

"Joseph Stagg," said Aunty Rose, sitting down, "ask a blessing."

Uncle Joe's harsh voice seemed suddenly to become gentle as he reverently said grace.

Mr. Stagg was in haste to eat and get back to the store. "Or that Chet Gormley will try to make a meal off some of the hardware, I guess," he said gloomily.

"Oh, dear me, Uncle Joe!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "If he did that, he'd die of indignation."

"Huh? Oh! I guess 'twould cause indigestion," agreed her uncle.

Aunty Rose did not even smile.

"Bless me!" Mr. Stagg exclaimed suddenly. "What's that on the mantel, Aunty Rose? That yaller letter?"

"A telegram for you, Joseph Stagg," replied the old lady composedly.

"Well!" muttered the hardware dealer, and Carolyn May wondered if he were not afraid to express just the emotion he felt at that instant. His face was red and he got up clumsily to secure the sealed message.

"Who brought it, and when?" he asked finally, having read the lawyer's night letter.

"A boy. This morning," said Aunty Rose, utterly calm.

"And I never saw it this noon," grumbled the hardware dealer.

Mrs. Kennedy quite ignored any suggestion of impatience in Mr. Stagg's voice or manner. But he seemed to lose taste for his supper after reading the telegram.

"Where is the letter that this Mr. Price wrote and sent by you, Car'lyn?" he asked as he was about to depart for the store.

The little girl asked permission to leave the table and then ran to open her bag. Mr. Stagg said doubtfully:

"I s'pose you'll have to put her somewhere—for the present. Don't see what else we can do, Aunty Rose."

"You may be sure, Joseph Stagg, that her room was ready for her a week ago," Mrs. Kennedy rejoined, quite unruffled.

The surprised hardware dealer gurgled something in his throat. "What room?" he finally stammered.

"That which was her mother's, Hannah Stagg's room. It is next to mine and she will come to no harm there."

"Hannah's!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg. "Why, that ain't been slept in since she went away."

"It is quite fit, then," said Aunty Rose, "that it should be used for her child. Trouble nothing about things that do not concern you, Joseph Stagg," she added with, perhaps, additional sternness.

Carolyn May did not hear this. She now produced the letter from her lawyer.

"There it is, Uncle Joe," she said. "I—I guess he tells you all about me in it."

"Hum!" said the hardware man, clearing his throat and picking up his hat. "I'll read it down at the store."

"Shall—shall I see you again tonight, Uncle Joe?" the little girl asked wistfully. "You know, my bedtime's half-past eight."

"Well, if you don't see me tonight again, you'll be well cared for, I haven't a doubt," said Uncle Joe shortly, and went out.

Carolyn May went soberly back to her chair. She did not eat much more. Somehow there seemed to be a big lump in her throat past which she could not force the food. As the dusk fell, the spirit of loneliness gripped her and the tears pooled behind her eyelids, ready to pour over her cheeks at the least "joggle." Yet she was not usually a "cry-baby" girl.

Aunty Rose was watching her more closely than Carolyn May supposed. After her third cup of tea she arose and began quietly clearing the table. The newcomer was nodding in her place, her blue eyes clouded with sleep and unhappiness.

"It is time for you to go to bed, Car'lyn May," said Aunty Rose firmly. "I will show you the room Hannah Stagg had for her own when she was a girl."

"Thank you, Aunty Rose," said the little girl humbly.

She picked up the bag and followed the stately old woman into the back hall and up the stairway into the ell. Carolyn May saw that at the foot of the stairs was a door leading out upon the porch where Prince was now moving about uneasily at the end of his leash. She would have liked to say "good night" to Prince, but it seemed better not to mention this feeling to Aunty Rose.

The fading hues of sunset in the sky gave the little girl plenty of light to undress by. She thought the room very beautiful, too.

"Do you need any help, child?" asked Mrs. Kennedy, standing in her soldierly manner in the doorway. It was dusky there and the little girl could not see her face.

"Oh, no, ma'am," said Carolyn May faintly.

"Very well," said Aunty Rose and turned away. Carolyn May stood in the middle of the room and listened to her descending footsteps. Aunty Rose had not even bidden her good night!

Like a marooned sailor upon a desert island the little girl went about exploring the bedroom which was to be hers—and which had once been her mother's. That fact helped greatly. Then she looked at the high, puffy bed.

"How ever can I get into it?" sighed Carolyn May.

She had to stand upon her tiptoes in her fluffy little bedroom slippers to pull back the quilt and the blanket and sheet underneath it. The bed was just a great big bag of feathers!

"Just like a big, big pillow," thought the little girl. "And if I do get into it I'm li'ble to sink down and down and down till I'm buried, and won't ever be able to get up in the morning."

Joseph Stagg is filled with dismay when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left penniless and has been consigned to his care. His frame of mind does not promise well for Carolyn's future happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES.

From the Emergency Fleet News we learn that the Coast Shipbuilding company of Portland, Ore., has started a new fashion in the ceremony of launching. H. E. Pennell, president of the company tells the story thus:

"When about to launch the 'Cahuna,' the first of this month, we bethought ourselves of the waste connected with the following of the time-honored custom of christening a new ship by breaking a bottle of wine across her bows, and although we would advocate nothing to detract from the pleasure and satisfaction of putting a good new ship into the water, we thought at this particular time it would be more appropriate to utilize the money usually spent for a ship's christening for the purpose of aiding the distresses of the dependent children of French and Belgians, and, instead of bedecking the ship with ribbons and smashing the customary bottle of wine, we took the stand which has been placed in the gateway of our yard, containing a slotted milk bottle into which our employees drop from time to time pennies and small change for these dependent children, placed it on the stand at the bow of the ship, attached a substantial piece of money to a small ribbon, placed this money inside of the bottle and drew the ribbon through the slot and tacked it to the bow of the ship.

"The young lady who was chosen sponsor for this launching, instead of breaking the bottle of wine when the ship started to move, cut the ribbon, which, figuratively speaking, releases the ship from its attachment to the land, and while she sped upon her way to aid our men at the battle front, she left behind her as an omen of good luck and Godspeed a bit of substantial good cheer to those who have been left to suffer while their parents had gone forth in their protection, as well as the country for which they were offering their all.

"We are mentioning this circumstance thinking it might be of material help in the raising of funds for the care of these dependent children, if the builders of ships generally saw fit to adopt this during the war period as a universal custom."

AMERICA'S ANSWER.

Great Britain is deeply impressed with America's solution of the conservation problem as regards beer. The Sunday Evening Telegram of London thus comments:

"No more beer will be brewed in the United States after November; that is a simple if drastic way of answering the question of bread or beer. As America sends us grain, it looks as if she is closing her breweries that ours may remain open. It is very doubtful if, supposing the circumstances were reversed, we should do the same for her; but it is a notable example of the determination of the United States to let nothing stand in the way of carrying on the war."

JOINED TO A BETTER MAN.

A recent cartoon depicts Miss Barley-Rye turning her back upon Mr. Beer Barrel and walking off with Mr. Flour Barrel who wears a military hat and carries a gun. She is saying to the jilted B. B.:

No, thanks, Mr. Brew; I'm through with you,
I'm joined to a better man
Who treats me white to my great delight,
A man who can work and a man who can fight.
I'm done with bottle and can.

Too long has the yield of my barley field
Been brewed into deadly beer,
I shall now turn to flour, I'm the maid of the hour;
From being a curse I now become power,
I'm through with you, sir. Do you hear?

TO STOP WHISKY.

Whisky will not be dead or ended with the law that makes the traffic illegal. The fight must be continued against illegal whisky, the vilest, most dangerous kind. Only constant vigilance, public co-operation and great forces of detectives can deal adequately with that danger. The best weapon against whisky is thorough understanding of the character of the whisky poisons.—Chicago Herald-Examiner.

ALCOHOL AND DEFENSE

An order issued by the commander-in-chief of the Allied armies, according to L'Abstinence (July 15, 1918), forbids the consumption and sale of "alcohol and alcoholic drinks" in the army zone. The order states that "Everyone must understand that all of this which is capable of diminishing the physical and moral strength of our army becomes, in the face of the enemy, a veritable crime against national defense."

CHILD CONSERVATION

After one year under prohibition in South Dakota, Superintendent Stuckeman of the State Children's Home reports that "For the first time during twenty-five years of our Children's Home society not a single child has been admitted to its custody on account of booze playing a prominent part in establishing its dependency."

Thirteen thousand abstainers are equal to 15,000 nonabstainers. Give me a teetotal army and I will lead it anywhere.—Lord Roberts.

DRUGGISTS!! PLEASE NOTE VICK'S VAPORUB OVERSOLD DUE TO PRESENT EPIDEMIC

Tremendous Demand Last Few Days Has Wiped Out Excess Stocks That We Had Estimated Would Last Until Next January. Last Week's Orders Called For One and Three Quarter Million Jars—Today's Orders Alone Amount to 932,459 Jars.

Big Shipments Are En Route to Jobbers. Until These Arrive There May Be a Temporary Shortage. All Deals Postponed—Buy in Small Lots Only.

RETAILERS CAN GET IMMEDIATE SHIPMENTS DIRECT BY PARCEL POST.

This advertisement is written on Monday, October 21st. It is directed to the attention of all distributors of Vick's VapoRub, both wholesale and retail. In an emergency such as the present epidemic—our duty—and your duty—is to distribute VapoRub in the quickest possible manner to those sections stricken by Influenza. We therefore, call your careful attention to the following:

DANGER OF SHORTAGE IF SUPPLY IS NOT CONSERVED

On October 1st we had on hand, at our Factory and in twenty warehouses scattered over the country, sufficient VapoRub to last us, we thought, until January 1st, allowing for a 50 per cent increase over last year's sales, and not counting our daily output. This big excess stock had been accumulated during the summer months.

Then this epidemic of Spanish Influenza hit us—and in the last ten days this stock has vanished. At first we thought this tremendous demand would last only a few days, but the orders have run:

Wed., Oct. 16	18,504 doz.
Thur., Oct. 17	25,323 doz.
Fri., Oct. 18	39,256 doz.
Sat., Oct. 19	45,833 doz.
Mon., Oct. 21	77,705 doz.

Up to Saturday, October 19th, we have actually shipped for this month $400,284.10, or over two million jars of VapoRub.

THE PROBLEM NOW IS TO DISTRIBUTE VAPORUB QUICKLY.

Most of this tremendous quantity is still en route to the jobbers, but freight and express are both congested nowadays, and it may be some time before this supply reaches the jobbers. In the meantime, therefore, it is necessary that we distribute, as widely as possible, the stock that we are manufacturing daily, together with that now on the jobbers' and retailers' shelves, in order that it may get to the Influenza districts quickly. Our normal output is about 4,000 dozen per day. We are putting on a night shift, but it will be a little while before that is producing.

WHAT WE ASK THE WHOLESALE DRUGGIST TO DO.

Last Saturday we notified all of our jobbers, by Special Delivery, as follows:

1st—Deals and quantity shipments of all kinds are cancelled. Fill no quantity orders of any kind, whether taken by our salesman or by your own. Sell in small lots only.

2nd—Order from us in as small quantities as possible. If you are out we will try to ship a limited amount by Parcel Post or express, and pay the charges ourselves.

3rd—In order to make distribution still quicker, we will ship direct to your retail customers quantities not more than three (3) dozen 50c size at any one shipment.

4th—We are now out of the 60c size and will be for the next ten days.

WHAT WE ASK THE RETAIL DRUGGIST TO DO.

Buy in as small quantities as possible. If you have any quantity orders given the jobber's salesmen or given to our salesmen, don't bother about them—no need to write us—it is absolutely impossible to fill these orders at this time. If the jobbers in your territory are out of Vick's VapoRub, we will ship you by Parcel Post, prepaid, quantities not more than three (3) dozen 50c size in any one order. Naturally, we can't open accounts at this time, so your check or money order for this amount must accompany order. Don't write us stating to ship thru your jobber, as we then have to wait until we write this jobber and get his O. K. If you wish the goods to come thru your jobber, have him order them for you.

SNOWED UNDER WITH CORRESPONDENCE.

Our force has already been "shot to pieces"—twenty-four of our men are wearing Uncle Sam's khaki—and this recent rush has simply bowled us. All our sales force has been called in to help in the office and factory. We just mention this so you won't hold it against us if your wires and letters aren't answered promptly.

SPECIAL BOOKLETS ON SPANISH INFLUENZA.

We will send, on request, to any retail druggist, 100 or more little booklets, just issued, on Spanish Influenza, giving the latest information about this disease—its history—the symptoms—the treatment, and particularly the use of Vick's VapoRub as an external application to supplement the physician's treatment.

NEW WAYS TO USE VAPORUB.

In addition to the usual method of using VapoRub—that is, applied over the throat and chest and covered with hot flannel cloths—our customers are writing us daily telling of their success in using VapoRub in other ways, particularly as a preventive. They melt a little in a spoon and inhale the vapors arising, or melt it in a bowl or steam kettle. Where the steam kettle is not available, VapoRub can be used in an ordinary teakettle. Fill the teakettle half full of boiling water, put in half a teaspoon of VapoRub from time to time—keep the kettle just slowly boiling and inhale the steam arising.

According to a Bulletin just issued by the Public Health Service, Dr. Stiles recommends that the nose and throat be kept coated with some oily substance. For this purpose VapoRub is excellent—just put a little up the nostrils from time to time and snuff well back into the air passages.

THE VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY, GREENSBORO, N. C.

Acid-Stomach Makes Millions Old Before Their Time

What is it that robs so many people of their vitality, youth and good looks—makes them old in and decrepit, years before their time? Some say it's rheumatism that is ailing them. Others complain of chronic stomach or liver trouble. Others are bilious. Life is a burden to multitudes of dyspeptics. Severe headaches, extreme nervousness, insomnia, mental depression, melancholia, anemia, dizziness, vertigo, heart and chest pains, constipation, etc., claim other multitudes.

Sometimes these people are downright sick. More frequently they are just weak, sickly and undone, not knowing exactly what is the matter with them. Nearly always they resort to medicines of one kind or another in the hope of getting back their health and strength. And nearly always they are disappointed, because medicines don't build strength unless they set the stomach free from acidity, allowing it to take full strength out of the food eaten.

What is it that causes teeth to decay? Dentists say—acid mouth—that the acid formed by the fermentation of small particles of food lodged in the teeth is powerful enough to eat right through the hard enamel. An acid-stomach promotes a similar condition. Excess acid retards digestion. Food in the stomach sours and ferments, causing pain. Some affect the heart action. The intestines become the breeding place for countless millions of deadly germs or toxic poisons. These poisons are carried by the blood into every part of the system. The famous scientist, Metchnikoff, said—if the system could be kept free from these toxic germs, people might easily live a hundred years or more.

The only safe thing to do is to rid the stomach of its excess acid at once. A way has been found in the wonderful preparation, called RATONIC—a concentrated compound that absorbs the excess acid and carries it away through the bowels. Thousands upon thousands now know of RATONIC and its amazing power to clean out the excess acid and leave the stomach sweet, cool and strong—giving it a chance to properly digest food so that you get full strength of what you eat and in this way help Nature build up vigorous health, strength and vitality to take the place in a few days, of sickness, inactivity, weakness.

RATONIC is worth your trial. Its possibilities for restoring health, vigor, energy and vitality are beyond telling you in mere words—you must "just try it."

RATONIC is absolutely guaranteed, so get a big 50c box from your druggist. If it does not help you your money will be refunded. If your druggist does not keep RATONIC, send your name and address to the Ratonic Remedy Company, 1016 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., and they will of once mail you a 50c box and you can send them the money for it after you receive it.

BLACKMANS MEDICATED SALT BRICK

STOCK LICK IT

STOCK LIKE IT

BLACKMAN STOCK REMEDY COMPANY, Chattanooga, Tenn.