

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 built of happiness.

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 plainer still to the carpenter that Mandy's marriage was bound to bring inconvenience to him. Especially if she married a close-fisted 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 was 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 set and enlarged upon it and did all in his power to make a more 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 Faith 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. Tim, the hackman, 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 Carlyn 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 satyr from hell.

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 blow the 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 brassy 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 spirit 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 premises, groaning at every step, scarcely able to walk.

"That scalded's got me ag'in," he snarled. "I'm almost 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 Carlyn 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 line 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

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 him nor to retard the pace.

The smoke swirled around their heads. The driver could not see ten feet beyond 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! Princey, 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, Princey! We're coming!"

He picked up the reins and Coe 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 moraine in the bottom of the hollow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



He Plunged Forward Leaped the Blazing Brand and Galloped Down the Road.

Crumpled 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 crabbed old carpenter.

"Wal!" exclaimed Parlow, "glad to 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 hafter take the Fallow road," the carpenter shouted after him. "And have a care drivin' Cherry!"

Horse and buckboard 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. Forewarned, 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

The KITCHEN CABINET

A little thing, a sunny smile, A loving word at morn, And all day long the sun shone bright, The curve of life were made more light, And the sweetest hopes were born.

MORE GOOD SALADS.

Fruit and vegetables are absolutely essential to good health and should not be considered an extravagance. This does not mean buying them out of season, however, for there are always fruits to be had in the markets that are reasonable in price and are nutritious.



Mock Lobster Salad.—Mix two cupfuls of cold flaked cooked haddock with two cupfuls of celery, add two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped pimento, season with salt, paprika and add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and let stand half an hour. Add a cupful of mayonnaise and serve at once. Garnish with lemon slices decorated with paprika.

New York Salad.—Arrange four slices of pineapple on lettuce leaves. Cut one-half cupful of celery into long slender strips and mix with one-half cupful of nut meats. Pile in the center of the pineapple and garnish with four sections freed from its membrane, laid symmetrically on the pineapple. The dressing is passed separately.

Marshmallow Salad.—Cut two oranges in halves, remove the pulp carefully leaving the cups. Cut a slice of pineapple and eight marshmallows in bits, chop one-fourth cupful of nuts, skin and seed one-half cupful of white grapes, mix with the orange pulp and a little dressing. Fill the cups, cover with dressing and cross with two strips of canned pimento. Place a half grape on the center of the salad and bits of chopped parsley between the strips of pimento.

Nut Fruit Salad.—Take one cupful of cooked peas, one cupful of celery, cut in cubes, one cupful of walnut meats and one cupful of shredded orange. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Chicken Salad.—Cut chicken into bits, using two cupfuls, add one cupful of celery, one cupful of diced cucumber and two tablespoonfuls of capers. Season with salt and pepper and mix with a boiled or mayonnaise dressing to which an equal quantity of whipped cream has been added. Serve on lettuce.

Friendship supplies the place of everything to those who know how to make the right use of it. It makes your property more happy and it makes your adversity more easy.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

Gelatin is an easily digested food and one especially good for desserts after a hearty meal.

Jellied Prunes.—Wash one pound of prunes, soak in cold water over night and cook until tender; cut each prune into three or four pieces (discarding the stones). There should be about five cupfuls of the prunes and liquid. Dissolve one package of gelatin softened in one cupful of cold water in the hot prune juice; add one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of orange marmalade or the juice of one lemon; stir until it begins to thicken, then turn into a mold. Set aside in a cool place. When unmolded serve with sugar and cream or a boiled custard.

Date Cornmeal Pudding.—Scald one pint of milk and pour over one-half cupful of cornmeal, add one tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon and three-fourths of a cupful of dates cut in pieces. Lastly add two well-beaten eggs and bake in a buttered baking dish until the consistency of ordinary custard. Serve with a hard sauce.

Casseroles of Rice and Veal.—Line a mold slightly greased with steamed rice. Fill the center with two cupfuls of cold cooked, chopped veal, seasoned with salt, pepper, celery salt, cayenne, onion and lemon juice. Add one-fourth of a cupful of cracker crumbs, one egg slightly beaten and enough hot stock or water to moisten. Cover the meat with rice, cover the rice with a buttered paper to keep out the moisture, and steam 45 minutes. Serve on a platter surrounded with tomato sauce.

Tomato Sauce.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and when well-blended and cooked add one cupful of strained tomato which has been cooked with a slice of onion for flavor. Cook all together, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper.

Cream of Celery With Almonds.—Cook two cupfuls of chopped celery until tender, then drain. Add a tablespoonful of corn starch mixed with a cupful of cream and one cupful of almond meats blanched and chopped. Cook until thick. Season with salt and paprika.

Peach Custard.—Arrange alternate layers of cake and sections of canned peaches in a dish and cover with a boiled custard. Bananas, sweet oranges or preserves of various kinds may be used in place of the peaches.

TAKE EATONIC TODAY FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

These painful attacks of indigestion, heart-burn, hatching, disgusting food-repeating; that puffy, bloated, lumpy feeling after eating, dyspepsia and stomach miseries—all point to just one awful American disease—commonly known as ACID-STOMACH.

Fortunately there has been discovered a wonderful modern remedy—called EATONIC—that brings instant relief from all these stomach miseries because it absorbs the harmful excess acid in the stomach and drives out the blood and gas. You won't know you have a stomach, so free of pain you'll feel. Besides, it saves you from more serious ailments because it is a scientific fact that ACID-STOMACH frequently causes conditions which baffles the best medical skill. Many cases of chronic stomach trouble, biliousness, nerve headache, general weakness, rheumatism, gout, indigestion, intestinal ulcers, cancer of the stomach, heart

pains and even heart failure can be traced directly to Acid-Stomach. Avoid these dangers—don't let acid-stomach wreck your health. Don't drag out your days feeling all in, down and out, weak and ailing. Keep the vital spark flaming. Eat the things you like and digest your food in comfort. Then you'll feel fine—be mentally alert—have pep and punch—the power and will to do things.

Take EATONIC and give your stomach the help to get it in a fine, healthy condition so that it will digest your food perfectly and make every mouthful you eat register 100% in enriching your blood and building up your body strength.

Get a big box of EATONIC TABLETS from your druggist today. They taste good—just like a bit of candy. The cost is trifling. It is absolutely guaranteed. If it fails to relieve your stomach misery, your druggist will refund your money.

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HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES IF YOUR BACK ACHES

Do you feel tired and "worn-out"? Are you nervous and irritable? Don't sleep well at night? Have a "dragged out," unrested feeling when you get up in the morning? Dizzy spells? Bilious? Bad taste in the mouth, back-ache, pain or soreness in the loins, and abdomen? Severe distress when urinating, bloody, cloudy urine or sediment? All these indicate gravel or stone in the bladder, or that the poisonous microbes, which are always in your system, have attacked your kidneys.

You should use GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules immediately. The oil soaks gently into the walls and lining of the kidneys, and the little poisonous animal germs, which are causing the inflammation, are immediately attacked and chased out of your system without inconvenience or pain.

Don't ignore the "little pains and aches," especially backaches. They may be little now but there is no telling how soon a dangerous or fatal disease of which they are the forerunners may show itself. Go after the cause of that backache at once, or you may find yourself in the grip of an incurable disease.

Do not delay a minute. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. In 24 hours you will feel renewed health and vigor.

After you have cured yourself, continue to take one or two Capsules each day so as to keep in first-class condition, and ward off the danger of future attacks. Money refunded if they do not help you. Ask for the original Imported GOLD MEDAL brand, and thus be sure of getting the genuine.—Adv.

Boys' Hero Worship. Boys and youths have not to be taught gratitude to the wounded soldier. They are hero-worshippers.

A correspondent writes to the London Daily Mail that a silver-badge blinded man who alighted from an omnibus at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, wished to cross to Fleet street. Immediately boys seemed to spring from nowhere and guided him across with almost reverential tenderness.

"Hero worship and chivalry are certainly growing among the youths of London," said an official of the boy scout organization. "In my opinion the war has done much to bring out boys' finer instincts."

Unwinning Prospects. "So you would object to marrying a man for money?"

"Certainly," said Miss Cayenne. "Wouldn't you like to be a bird in a gilded cage?"

"No. Too many people think that all a bird in a golden cage needs is a little cereal food and an occasional drink of water."

Effective Rheumatic Remedy. Remarkable results are reported from the use of Dr. Whitehall's Rheumatic Remedy. Stiffness and soreness seem to vanish from the joints, pain and aches just naturally disappear and swelling is taken off. Results from the use of this remedy have been especially satisfactory in chronic cases, and where there seem to be complications.

You can get Dr. Whitehall's Rheumatic Remedy from your druggist for 50c a package or a free sample will be sent direct if you will write to The Dr. Whitehall Magnesian Co., 111 N. LaFayette St., South Bend, Ind.—Adv.

Snubbed. "If, as the poet says, ladies' looks are our books, will you not let me learn from your eyes?"

"Thanks, but my eyes are already supplied with pupils."

Cuticura for Sore Hands. Soak hands on retiring in the hot soaps of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

Mind-Reading. Mistress—"Bridget, you have been sitting on the sofa." Bridget—"Shure, miss, an' it's a most tender ye are."

An Imperfect Job. "Anne married a self-made man." "Yes, but she has compelled him to make extensive alterations."

When Children are Sickly

are Constipated, Feverish, Cry out in their sleep, Take cold easily, Have Headaches, Stomach or Bowel trouble, Try

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

They are pleasant to take and a certain relief. They act on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels and tend to correct intestinal disorders. 10,000 testimonials from mothers and friends of little ones telling of relief. No mother should be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for use when needed. At Druggists. Ask to-day. The need of them often comes at inconvenient hours. Used by Mothers for over thirty years. Do Not Accept Any Substitute for MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS.

Acid-Stomach Now Quickly Relieved

Those painful attacks of indigestion, heart-burn, hatching, disgusting food-repeating; that puffy, bloated, lumpy feeling after eating, dyspepsia and stomach miseries—all point to just one awful American disease—commonly known as ACID-STOMACH.

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