

Carroll Warren's Wards

By
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CHAPTER X—Continued.

At last the bell rang. Captain Ellisha sprang up, smiling, his impatience and worry forgotten, and, pushing the butler aside, hurried to open the door himself. He did so, and faced not his niece and nephew, but Pearson.

"Good evening, captain," hailed the young man cheerily. "Didn't expect me, did you? I dropped in for a moment to shake hands with you and to offer congratulations to Miss Warren." Then, noticing the expression on his friend's face, he added: "What's the matter? Anything wrong? Am I intruding?"

"No, no! Course not. You're as welcome as another egg in a poor man's henhouse. Come right in and take off your things. I'm glad to see you. Only—well, the fact is I thought 'twas Caroline comin' home. She and Stevie was to be here over two hours ago, and I can't imagine what's keepin' 'em."

He insisted upon his visitor's remaining, although the latter, when he understood the situation, was reluctant to do so.

But a good many minutes passed, and still they did not come. Pearson, aware of his companion's growing anxiety, chatted of the novel, of the people at the boarding house, of anything and everything he could think of likely to divert attention from the one important topic. The answers he received were more and more brief and absent. At last, when Edwards again appeared, appealingly mute, at the entrance to the dining room Captain Ellisha, with a sigh which was almost a groan, surrendered.

"I guess," he said reluctantly—"I guess, Jim, there ain't any use waitin' any longer. Somethin's kept 'em, and they don't be here for dinner. You and I'll set down and eat—though I ain't got the appetite I cal'lated to have."

CHAPTER XI.

"Caroline, I Want You."

PEARSON had dined hours before, but he followed his friend, resolved to please the latter by going through the form of pretending to eat.

They sat down together. Captain Ellisha, with a rueful smile, pointed to the floral centerpiece.

"We won't touch the birthday cake, Jim," he added a little later. "She's got to cut that herself."

The soup was only lukewarm, but neither of them commented on the fact. The captain had scarcely tasted of his when he paused, his spoon in air.

"Hey?" he exclaimed. "Listen! What's that? By the everlastin', it is. Here they are at last!"

He sprang up with such enthusiasm that his chair tipped backward against the butler's devoted shins. Pearson, almost as much pleased, also rose.

Captain Ellisha paid scant attention to the chair incident.

"What are you waitin' for?" he demanded, whirling on Edwards, who was righting the chair with one hand and rubbing his knee with the other. "Don't you hear 'em at the door? Let 'em in!"

He reached the library first, his friend following more leisurely. Caroline and Stephen had just entered.

"Well," he cried in his quarterdeck voice, his face beaming with relief and delight, "you are here, ain't you? I begun to think—Why, what's the matter?"

The question was addressed to Stephen, who stood nearest to him. The boy did not deign to reply. With a contemptuous grunt he turned scornfully away from his guardian.

"What is it, Caroline?" demanded Captain Ellisha. "Has anything happened?"

The girl looked coldly at him. A new brooch—Mrs. Corcoran Dunn's birthday gift—sparkled at her throat. "No accident has happened, if that is what you mean," she said.

"But—why, yes, that was what I meant. You was so awful late, and you know you said you'd be home for dinner, so—"

"I changed my mind. Come, Steve." She turned to leave the room. Pearson at that moment entered it. Stephen saw him first.

"What?" he cried. "Well, of all the nerve! Look, Carol!"

"Jim—Mr. Pearson I mean—ran in a few minutes ago," explained Captain Ellisha, bewildered and stammering. "He thought, of course, we'd had dinner—and—and—he just wanted to wish you many happy returns, Caroline."

Pearson had extended his hand, and a "Good evening" was on his lips. Stephen's strange behavior and language caused him to halt. He flushed, awkward, surprised, indignant.

CAROLINE AND STEPHEN BREAK OFF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH THE CAPTAIN.

Synopsis.—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Ellisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends. The captain makes friends with James Pearson, a reporter; then he consults with Sylvester, head of Graves' firm. The captain decided to accept his brother's trust. Sylvester is pleased, but Graves expresses disgust and dismay. Pearson calls and is surprised, for he had known the young Warrens and their father. Caroline asks the captain's aid for a servant whose father was hurt by an auto. The captain finds that Malcolm Dunn had caused the injury, and makes him help in paying the sufferer's expenses until his death. Pearson tells the captain of a difference he had with Rogers Warren because he refused to help the latter in a shady transaction. The captain plans a birthday celebration for Caroline, but the latter, who with Steve had been spending the day with Dunns, falls to return for dinner.

Caroline turned and saw him. She started, and her cheeks also grew crimson. Then, recovering, she looked him full in the face and deliberately and disdainfully turned her back.

"Come, Steve," she said again, and walked from the room.

Her brother hesitated, glared at Pearson and then stalked haughtily after her.

Captain Ellisha's bewilderment was supreme. He stared open mouthed after his nephew and niece and then turned slowly to his friend.

"What on earth, Jim?" he stammered. "What's it mean?"

Pearson shrugged his shoulders. "I think I know what it means," he said. "I presume that Miss Warren and her brother have learned of my trouble with their father."

"Hey? No, you don't think that's it?" "I think there's no doubt of it."

"But how?" "I don't know how. What I do know is that I should not have come here. I felt it and, if you will remember, I said so. I was a fool. Good night, captain."

Hot and furiously angry at his own indecision which had placed him in this humiliating situation, he was striding toward the hall. Captain Ellisha seized his arm.

"Stay where you are, Jim!" he commanded. "If the trouble's what you think it is I'm more to blame than anybody else, and you shan't leave this house till I've done my best to square you."

"Thank you, but I don't wish to be 'squared.' I've done nothing to be ashamed of, and I have borne as many insults as I can stand. I'm going."

"No, you ain't. Not yet. I want you to stay."

At that moment Stephen's voice reached them from the adjoining room.

"I tell you I shall, Carol!" it proclaimed fiercely. "Do you suppose I'm going to permit that fellow to come here again—or to go until he is made to understand what we think of him and why? No, by gad! I'm the man of this family, and I'll tell him a few things."

Pearson's jaw set grimly. "You may let go of my wrist, Captain Warren," he said. "I'll stay."

Possibly Stephen's intense desire to prove his manliness made him self-conscious. At any rate, he never appeared more ridiculously boyish than when, an instant later, he marched into the library and confronted his uncle and Pearson.

"I—I want to say"—he began majestically. "I want to say—"

He paused, choking, and brandished his fist.

"I want to say"—he began again.

"All right, Stevie," interrupted the captain dryly, "then I'd say it if I was you. I guess it's time you did."

"I want to—to tell that fellow there," with a vicious stab of his forefinger in the direction of Pearson, "that I consider him an—an ingrate—and a scoundrel—and a miserably!"

"Steady!" Captain Ellisha's interruption was sharp this time. "Steady now! Leave out the pet names. What is it you've got to tell?"

"I—my sister and I have found out what a scoundrel he is, that's what! We have learned of the lies he wrote about father. We know that he was responsible for all that cowardly, lying stuff in the Planet—all that about the trolley combine. And we don't intend that he shall sneak into this house again. If he was the least part of a man he would never have come."

"Mr. Warren"—began Pearson, stepping forward. The captain interrupted.

"Hold on, Jim!" he said. "Just a minute now. You've learned somethin', you say, Stevie. The Dunns told you, I s'pose."

"Never mind who told me!"

"I don't—much. But I guess we'd better have a clear understandin', all of us. Caroline, will you come in here, please?"

He stepped toward the door. Stephen sprang in front of him.

"My sister doesn't intend to cheapen herself by entering that man's presence," he declared hotly. "I'll deal with him myself."

"All right. But I guess she'd better be here just the same. Caroline, I want you."

"She shan't come."

"Yes; she shall. Caroline!"

The boy would have detained him, but he pushed him firmly aside and walked toward the door. Before he reached it, however, his niece appeared.

"Well," she said coldly, "what is it you want of me?"

"I want you to hear Mr. Pearson's side of this business—and mine before you do anything you'll be sorry for."

"I think I've heard quite enough of Mr. Pearson already. Nothing he can say or do will make me more sorry than I am or humiliate me more than the fact that I have treated him as a friend."

The icy contempt in her tone was cutting. Pearson's face was white, but he spoke clearly and with deliberation.

"Miss Warren," he said, "I must insist that you listen for another moment. I owe you an apology for—"

"Apology!" broke in Stephen, with a scornful laugh. "Apology! Well, by gad, just hear that, Carol!"

The girl's lip curled. "I do not wish to hear your apology," she said.

"But I wish you to hear it not for my attitude in the trolley matter nor for what I published in the Planet nor for my part in the disagreement with your father. I wrote the truth and nothing more. I considered it right then—I told your father so—and I have not changed my mind. I should act exactly the same under similar circumstances."

"You blackguard!" shouted Stephen. Pearson ignored him utterly.

"I do owe you an apology," he continued, "for coming here as I have done knowing that you were ignorant of the affair. I believe now that you are misinformed as to the facts, but that is immaterial. You should have been told of my trouble with Mr. Warren. I should have insisted upon it. That I did not do so is my fault, and I apologize, but for that only. Good evening."

He shook himself free from the captain's grasp, bowed to the trio and left the room. An instant later the outer door closed behind him.

Caroline turned to her brother.

"Come, Steve," she said.

"Stay right where you are!" Captain Ellisha did not request now, he commanded. "Stevie, stand still. Caroline, I want to talk to you."

The girl hesitated. She had never been spoken to in that tone before. Her pride had been already deeply wounded by what she had learned that afternoon; she was fiercely resentful, angry and rebellious. She was sure she never hated any one as she did this man who ordered her to stay and listen to him. But—she stayed.

"Caroline," said Captain Ellisha, after a moment of silence, "I presume likely—of course I don't know for certain, but I presume likely it's Mrs. Dunn and that son of hers who've told you what you think you know."

"It doesn't concern you who told us!" blustered Stephen, pushing forward. He might have been a fly buzzing on the wall for all the attention his uncle paid to him.

"I presume likely the Dunns told you, Caroline," he repeated calmly. His niece met his gaze stubbornly.

"Well," she answered, "and if they did? Wasn't it necessary we should know it? Oh,—with a shudder of disgust—"I wish I could make you understand how ashamed I feel—how wicked and ashamed I feel that I—I should have disgraced my father's memory by—Oh, but there! I can't! Yes; Mrs. Dunn and Malcolm did tell us—many things. Thank God that we have friends to tell us the truth!"

"Amen!" quietly. "I'll say amen to that, Caroline, any time. Only I want you to be sure those you call friends are real ones and that the truths they tell ain't like a bait on a fishhook, put on for bait and just thick enough to cover the barb."

"Do you mean to insinuate?" screamed the irrepressible nephew, wild at being so completely ignored. His uncle again paid not the slightest attention.

"But that ain't neither here nor there now," he went on. "Caroline, Mr. Pearson just told you that his coming to this house without tellin' you first of

his quarrel with Bije was his fault. That ain't so. The fault was mine altogether. He told me the whole story; told me that he hadn't called since it happened, on that very account. And I took the whole responsibility and asked him to come. I did! Do you know why?"

If he expected an answer none was given. Caroline's lids dropped disdainfully. "Steve," she said, "let's go."

"Stop! You'll stay here until I finish. I want to say that I didn't tell you about the trolley fuss because I wanted you to learn some things for yourself. I wanted you to know Mr. Pearson—to find out what sort of man he was afore you judged him. Then, when you had known him long enough to understand he wasn't a liar and a blackguard, and all that Steve has called him, I was goin' to tell you the whole truth, not a part of it. And, after that, I was goin' to let you decide for yourself what to do. I'm a lot older than you are. I've mixed with all sorts of folks. I'm past the stage where I can be fooled—by false hair or soft soap. You can't pour sweet oil over a herrin' and make me believe it's a sardine. I know the Pearson stock. I've sailed over a heap of salt water with one of the family. And I've kept my eyes open since I've run across this particular member. And I knew your father, too, Caroline Warren. And I say to you now that, knowin' Jim Pearson and Bije Warren—yes, and knowin' the rights and wrongs of that trolley business quite as well as Malcolm Dunn or anybody else—I say to you that, although Bije was my brother, I'll bet my life that Jim had all the right on his side. There! That's the truth, and no hook underneath it. And some day you'll realize it too."

He had spoken with great vehemence. Now he took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead. When he again looked at his niece he found her staring intently at him, and her eyes blazing.

"Have you quite finished—now?" she demanded. "Steve, be quiet!"

"Why, yes; I guess so, pretty nigh. I s'pose there ain't much use to say more. If I was to tell you that I've tried to do for you and Steve in this—same as in everything else since I took this job—as if you were my own children you wouldn't believe it. If I was to tell you, Caroline, that I'd come to think an awful lot of you you wouldn't believe that either. I did hope that since our other misunderstandin' was cleared up and you found I wasn't what you thought I was you'd come to me and ask questions afore passin' judgment, but perhaps—"

And now she interrupted, bursting out at him in a blast of scorn which took his breath away.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried. "Don't say any more. You have insulted father's memory and defended the man who slandered him. Isn't that enough? Why must you go on to prove yourself a greater hypocrite? We learned, my brother and I, today more than the truth concerning your friend. We learned that you have lied—yes, lied—and—"

"Steady, Caroline! Be careful. I wouldn't say what I might be sorry for later."

"Sorry, Captain Warren. You spoke of my misjudging you. I thought I had, and I was sorry. Today I learned that your attitude in that affair was a lie like the rest. You did not pay for Mr. Moriarty's accident. Mr. Dunn's money paid those bills. And you allowed the family—and me—to thank you for your generosity. Oh, I'm ashamed to be near you!"

"There, there! Caroline, be still. I—I shall not be still. I have been still altogether too long. You are our guardian. We can't help that, I suppose. Father asked you to be that for some reason, but did he ask you to live here, where you are not wanted, to shame us before our friends, ladies and gentlemen so far above you in every way, and to try to poison our minds against them and sneer at them when they are kind to us and even try to be kind to you? No, he did not. Oh, I'm sick of it all—your deceit and your hypocritical speeches and your pretended love for us! Love! Oh, if I could say something that would make you understand how thoroughly we despise you and how your presence, ever since you forced it upon Steve and me, has disgraced us! If I only could! I—I—"

She had been near to tears ever since Mrs. Corcoran Dunn, in the kindness of her heart, told her the "truth" that afternoon. But pride and indignation had prevented her giving way. Now, however, she broke down.

The captain leaves the Warrens' apartment, but refuses to give up the guardianship which has caused him so much trouble. Watch for the developments in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

American manufacturers have built one-handed plows for use in Latin America. Tests have proved the worth and popularity of these implements. Farmers in these countries cannot be induced to use a plow having two handles.

THAT CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Mrs. Godden Tells How It May be Passed in Safety and Comfort.

Fremont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. GODDEN, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

Such annoying symptoms as heat flashes, nervousness, backache, headache, irritability and "the blues," may be speedily overcome and the system restored to normal conditions by this famous root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complications present themselves write the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions how to overcome them. The result of forty years experience is at your service and your letter held in strict confidence.



For Constipation
Carter's Little
Liver Pills
will set you right
over night.

Purely Vegetable
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Carter's Iron Pills

Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

Cuticura Stops
Itching and
Saves the Hair

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c



"Invite Gardeners to Church."

Many clergymen in English towns now hold a special morning service on Sunday for men who spend their Sundays in their vegetable gardens. The service lasts only 15 minutes, is held at 9 a. m. and the workers are specifically invited to come in their working clothes.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Not Any More.
"You used to give bread and pickles with the order."
"The old order changed," was the waiter's only reply.

Sometimes we envy an old fellow about everything he has, except the rheumatism in his knee joints.

CHILDREN
Should not be "dosed"
for colds—apply "ex-
ternally"—
VICKS VAPORUB