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# CASTORIA

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# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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**LOOK UP!**

You will feel better for having known Carolyn of the Corners. She is a lovely little girl, who not only preaches but practices the gospel of "looking up" and always making things "a vabe bit better." To become acquainted with her is like letting in the sunshine and looking up at the blue sky. You will want to follow Carolyn through this story after you have read the opening chapter.

**CHAPTER I.**

**The Ray of Sunlight.**

Just as the rays of the afternoon sun hesitated to enter the open door of Joseph Stag's hardware store in Sunrise Cove and lingered on the sill, so the little girl in the black frock and hat, with twin braids of sunshiny hair on her shoulders, hovered at the entrance of the dim and dusty place. She carried a satchel in one hand, while the fingers of the other were hooked into the rivet-studded collar of a mottled, homely mongrel dog.

"Oh, dear me, Prince!" sighed the little girl, "this must be the place. Well, just have to go in. Of course I know he must be a nice man; but he's such a stranger."

Her feet faltered over the door sill and paced slowly down the shop between long counters. She saw no clerk. At the back of the shop was a small office closed in with grimy windows. The uncertain visitor and her canine companion saw the shadowy figure of a man inside the office, sitting on a high stool and bent above a big ledger. The dog, however, scented something else.

In the half darknes of the shop he and his little mistress came unexpectdly upon what Prince considered his arch-enemy. There rose up on the end of the counter nearest the open office door a big, black toad whose arched back, swollen tail and yellow eyes blazed defiance.

"Ps-s-st—ye-ow!"

The rising yowl broke the silence of the shop like a trumpet call. The little girl dropped her bag and seized the dog's collar with both hands.

"Prince!" she cried, "don't you speak to that cat—don't you dare speak to it!"

"Bless me!" croaked a voice from the office.

The toad uttered a second "ps-s-st—ye-ow" and shot up a ladder to the top shelf.

"Bless me!" repeated Joseph Stag, taking off his eyeglasses and leaving them in the ledger to mark his place. "What have you brought that dog in here for?"

He came to the office door.

"I—I didn't have any place to leave him," was the hesitating reply.

"Hum! Did your mother send you for something?"

"No-o, sir," sighed the little visitor. At that moment a more daring ray of sunlight found its way through the transom over the store door and lit up the dusky place. It fell upon the slight, black-frooked figure and for an instant touched the pretty head as with an aureole.

"Bless me, child!" exclaimed Mr. Stag. "Who are you?"

The flowerlike face of the little girl quivered; the blue eyes spilled big drops over her cheeks. She approached Mr. Stag, stooping and squinting in the office doorway; and placed a timid hand upon the broad band of black crepe he wore on his coat sleeve.

"You're not Hannah's Carlyn?" questioned the hardware dealer huskily.

"I'm Carlyn May Cameron," she confessed. "You're my Uncle Joe. I'm very glad to see you, Uncle Joe, and I hope you're glad to see me—and Prince," she finished rather faintly.

"Bless me!" murmured the man again.

Nothing so startling as this had entered Sunrise Cove's chief "hardware emporium" for many a sundry year.

Hannah Stag, the hardware merchant's only sister, had gone away from home quite fifteen years previously. Mr. Stag had never seen Hannah again; but this slight, blue-eyed, sunny-haired girl was a replica of his sister, and in some dusty corner of Mr. Stag's heart there dwelt a very faithful memory of Hannah.

Nothing had served to estrange the brother save time and distance.

"Hannah's Carlyn," muttered Mr. Stag again. "Bless me, child! how did you get here from New York?"

"Oh, the cars, you see. Yes, see, Mr. Price thought I'd better come. He says you are my guardian—it's in papa's will and would have been so in mamma's will if she'd been one. Mr. Price put me on the train and the conductor took care of me."

"What is Mr. Price?" the hardware dealer asked.

"He's a lawyer," she explained. "He lives in the city and he's the one who looks after the money that papa and mamma left me."

"What was that lawyer's name?" asked the little girl when they were out of earshot.

"Stagg!" Her uncle's throat seemed to need clearing. "That—that is Mandry Parlow—Miss Amanda Parlow," he corrected himself with dignity.

The flush did not soon fade out of his face as they went on in silence.

It was half a mile from Main street to The Corners. There was tall timber all about Sunrise Cove, which was built along the shore of a deep inlet cutting in from the great lake, whose blue waters sparkled as far as one might see towards the south and west.

Uncle Joe assured Carolyn May when she asked him, that from the highest hill in sight one could see only the lake and the forest—clothed hills and valleys.

"There's lumber camps all about. Mebbe they'll interest you. Lots of building going on all the time, too."

He told her, as they went along, of the long trains of cars and of the strings of barges going out of the Cove, all laden with timber and sawed boards, millstuffs, ties and telegraph poles.

They came to the last house in the row of dwellings on this street, on the very edge of the town. Carolyn May saw that attached to the house was a smaller building, facing the roadway, with a wide-open door, through which she glimpsed benches and sawed lumber, while her nostrils was wafted a most delicious smell of shavings.

"Oh, there's a carpenter shop!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "And is that the tall old man, lean-faced and closely shaven, with a hawk's-beak nose straddled by a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles, came out of the shop at that moment, a jackknife in his hand. He saw Mr. Stag and, turning sharply on his heel, went indoors again.

"Who is he, Uncle Joe?" repeated the little girl. "And if I asked him, do you s'pose he'd give me some of those nice, long, curly shavings?"

"That's Jed Parlow—and he wouldn't give you any shavings; especially after having seen you with me," said the hardware merchant brusquely.

The pretty lady whose name was Parlow and the queer-looking old carpenter, whose name was likewise Parlow, would neither look at Uncle Joe! Even such a little girl as Carolyn May could see that her uncle and the Parlows were not friendly.

By and by they came in sight of The Corners—a place where another road crossed this one at right angles.

In one corner was a white church with a square tower and green blinds. In another of the four corners was set a big store, with a covered porch all across the front, on which were sheltered certain agricultural tools.

There was no sound of life at The Corners save a rhythmic "clank, clank, clank" from the blacksmith shop on the third corner.

On the fourth corner of the cross-roads stood the Stag homestead—a wide, low-roofed house of ancient appearance, yet in good repair. Neatness was the keynote of all about the place.

"Is this where you live, Uncle Joe?" asked Carolyn May breathlessly. "Oh, what a beautiful big place! It seems awful big for me to live in!"

Mr. Stag had halted at the gate and now looked down upon Carolyn May with perplexed brow. "Well, we've got to see about that first," he muttered. "There's Aunt Rose—"

Carolyn and Prince make the acquaintance of Aunt Rose, and the latter's attitude is not very reassuring to the lonely little girl. Carolyn's first experiences in her new home are told in the next installment.



Oh! Who is That Lady, Uncle Joe?

Carolyn and Prince make the acquaintance of Aunt Rose, and the latter's attitude is not very reassuring to the lonely little girl. Carolyn's first experiences in her new home are told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**SEES LITTLE IN ALHAMBRA**

Writer Says Famous Building Expresses Mere Beauty, Without Any Sense of Power or Vigor.

The Alhambra, by the shoulder of a mountain, overlooks the town. Bart Kennedy writes in the Wide World. It was built by the Moors, and I take it that it was built overlooking the town for the usual reason. The ruling Moors lived therein and they wished to be in a position to give the appalling Moors "what for" when they became too critical. There is a lot of human nature in pulling people just as there is in rapping people. A beautiful place, this Alhambra. But to me its architecture expressed decadence and weakness. There was nothing strong or impressive about it. Whether a race expresses truly its character in architecture or not is not for me to say. To be able to give a reliable opinion as to this would necessitate the living of a life that lasted through a couple of thousand years. But certainly the Alhambra did not suggest power and grandeur. Beauty, yes, and also fancy, but not power.

But on the Costa de los Muertos (the hill of the dead), which was outside the actual palace of the Alhambra, were three massive square towers. They expressed strength. In them had been embodied the spirit of the Moors. They were the towers of the Alhambra. They were the towers of the Alhambra. They were the towers of the Alhambra.

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## Help That Weak Back!

IN THESE trying times the utmost effort of every man and every woman is necessary. But the man or woman who is handicapped with weak kidneys finds a good day's work impossible, and any work a burden. Lame, aching back, daily headaches, dizzy spells, urinary irregularities and that "all-worn-out" feeling are constant sources of distress and should have prompt attention.

Don't delay! Neglected kidney weakness too often leads to gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills today. They have brought thousands of kidney sufferers back to health. They should help you.

**Personal Reports of Real Cases**

**A MICHIGAN CASE.**  
Mrs. James M. Murphy, 510 Maple St., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., says: "Kidney trouble came on me and I was so miserable from a steady ache across my back that I was often unable to attend to my work about the house. My kidneys were out of order. My feet and hands swelled and I suffered from headaches and dizzy spells. I felt all run down, until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. This medicine built me up in health, cured all the kidney symptoms and put me in the best of shape. By using Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally since I have kept in good condition."

**AN OHIO CASE.**  
Jesse H. Kall, farmer, Port Washington, Ohio, says: "The action of my kidneys was irregular and the kidney secretions contained sediment. I suffered from rheumatic pains and for a year I had to walk with crutches. My limbs were swollen and sore and I became so bent over I had to lower my crutches. I had to have help in getting out of bed and I couldn't turn alone. I doctored and used different remedies, but they didn't do me any good. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills and in a week was able to walk without crutches. I have not had to lose a day on account of rheumatic pains or backache since and I have gained thirty or forty pounds in weight."

# DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

## SURELY MUST HAVE NERVE

British "Chasing Pilots" Are Required to Do All Sorts of Stunts in the Air.

The ordinals that the "chasing pilots" attached to the aviation corps of the British forces at the front have to undergo before they are considered as proficient in their perilous work are sufficiently trying to test the nerve of the bravest flyer. As an army correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger puts it, the candidate who passes the required course of aerial gymnastics must either be all nerve or possessed of no nerves at all.

At this school, he says, you will see an airplane, thousands of feet aloft, suddenly fling its nose up and begin to climb vertically as if the pilot intended to loop the loop. Suddenly it pauses, and remains for perhaps a full minute poised perpendicularly on its tail. Then, with the engine switched off, it falls helplessly, tail first, spinning giddily round and round in a way that resembles the helpless flutter of a falling leaf. Then suddenly the engine roars again, the twisting, fluttering dead thing becomes instinct with life, rights itself majestically on flashing pinions, swoops down in swift and headlong course, mounts the wind and soars up and up, as light and graceful as any bird.

Other nerve-shattering things they do, these soaring young demigods of the air—feats that seem nothing short of miraculous to the earth-bound ones who stand gazing upward in awe—Youth's Companion.

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ALWAYS RELIEVES HAY FEVER ASTHMA

Begin Treatment Today. All Druggists Guarantee.

# Let Cicutura Be Your Beauty Doctor

All Druggists. Sample each box of "Cicutura," Dept. of Health.

# JUDGE DECIDES STOMACH REMEDY A GREAT SUCCESS

Consistent of 100,000,000 and Countless Cases Treated. World's Greatest Remedy.

# Work of an Understanding

Mrs. Flatbush—I wish you'd keep that cat of yours home again.

Mrs. Remondant—Why, what do you mean?

"I mean the old thing was over here on our back fence keeping us all awake last night."

"That wasn't our cat. Our last one Mittens, and she was home sitting on the porch last night. What you heard wasn't our cat's meowings."

**What insignia Was This?**

Members of the Red Cross auxiliaries may be able to explain what is to follow, but it is too much for me. Those who knit, crochet, tat, cross-stitch and otherwise manipulate the elusive needle may be able to tell what it all meant, but all I do is to relate the facts.

"Twas a large colored woman, walking down the street. Around her ample form she wore an apron of black and white checkered material. On it, done in what I was told was cross-stitch, were three large roosters. Perhaps the design was taken from some nursery pattern.

And as if to make sure that there was no mistake, in letters four inches high above the birds was the following legend, also done in cross-stitch: "Roosters."—Washington Star.

**His Views.**

"I see this attempt to utilize free energy didn't pan out."

"No, there's nothing free in this life."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The good life young, but the bad live forever—If tombstone epitaphs tell the truth.

# HAY FEVER-CATARRH

Relief Guaranteed

# SCHIFFMANN'S CATARRH BALM

At Druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

# PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A leading preparation of youth. For itching scalp, dandruff, and all hair troubles.

# Libby's

Savory hot sandwiches—Libby's Dried Beef, toast and cream sauce.

**Tender—Delicate Sliced Beef**

THIS tender delicacy of Libby's Sliced Dried Beef will surprise you. The care with which choice meat is selected, the skill with which it is prepared, give it the exceptionally fine flavor. Its uniform slices will please you, too. Order Libby's Sliced Dried Beef today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

# Help Save the Harvest

When Our Own Harvest Requirements Are Completed United States Help Really Needed Harvest Hands Wanted

Military demands from a limited population have made such a shortage of men in Canada that the appeal of the Canadian Government to the United States Government for help to harvest the Canadian Grain Crop of 1918.

Men with a reputation for all available assistance to the Government are needed. All men who can be of any use in the harvest are needed. All men who can be of any use in the harvest are needed.

