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se Teathered folk were There was a wide-branching bak tree on a knoll overlooking the brook. Around its trunk Uncie Joe had built a seet. Carolyn May found this a grand place to sit and dream, while

Prince my at her feet. When they saw Aunty Rose in her sunbonnet going toward the feaced-in garden they both jumped up and bounded down the slope after her. It was just here at the corner of the garden fence that Carolys May had

particles rence that Chrolys May had ber first adventure. Prince, of course, disturbed the se-renity of the positry. The hens went shricking one way, the guines fowl lifted up their veloes in angry chat-ter, the turkey hens scarted to cover, but the turkey cock, General Boli-rar, a big, white Holland fowl, was

in the

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Hye will be backed the to a arg at the Owners the to the herself and her showner to arg CHAPTER II Anny Rose rules and the with an iron hand, but a not

Carolyn

of the

Corners

RUTH BELMORE

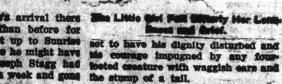
ENDICOTT

CHAPTER III Stars leaves etter from a New York lawy hild has been left practically Carolyn's sunny dispestion

Any time these fifte m years b might have run down to New York to see her. First she had worked in the newspaper office he a stanogra-pher. Then she had married John Lewis Cameron and they had gone immediately to house

Cameron was a busy man; he held a "desk job" on the paper. Vacations had been hard to get. And before long Hannah had written about her baby "Hannah's Carlyn."

After the little ours arrival there seemed less chance than before for the city family to get up to Sunrise Gove. But at any time he might have goue to them. If Joseph Stagy had





He made for the state of the barked to the barked loadly, sireling around the bristling turkey cock, undertided just how to get nto the battle. But Amaty Rose knew no fear of anything wearing feathers. "Scat, you brute?" she cried, and ade a grab for the turkey, gripping

head, bearing his long nock downward. In her other hand she seized a piece of lath and with it chastised the big

could not allow the child to there, however; an stooping steep there, however; an stoosteep picked up Carolyn May and carried her comfortably into the house laying her down on the sitting-room couch is have her nap out—as she supposed, without awakening her.

Annty Rose came away softly and closed the door and while she finished getting dinner she tried to make a holse which would awaken the child. Mr. Stage came home at neon, quite as full of business as usual. To be the truth, Mr. Stagg always felt be tul in Aunty Rose's presence; and he tried to hide his affiction by conversa-tion. So he talked steadily through

But somewhere about at the purcourse, it was he stopped and looked around curiously. "Bless me !" he exclaimed, "wh Hannsh's Carlyn ?"

"Taking a nap," said Aunty Reed

composedly. "Hum I can't the child get up to have victuals?" demanded Mr. Stags. "You begin serving that young one pepa-rately and you'll make yourself work. unty Rose."

Aunty Rose." "Never trouble about that which doesn't concern you, Joseph Stags" responded his housekeeper rather tarily. "The Lord has placed the care of Hannah's Car'lyn on you and me and I'll do my share and de it proper Mr. Stagg shook his head and lost There are institutions-" he began veakly; but Aunty Rose said quickly; "Joseph Singg ! I know you for whe "Joseph Stagg I I know you for what you are—other people don't. If the neighbors heard you say that they'd think you were a heathen. Your own elster's child?" "Now, you send Thm, the hackman, up after me this afternoon. I've got to go shouping. The child heart's thing to wear but that fancy little black frock, and she'll ruin that play-ing around. She's got to have frocks

ing around. She's got to have fro shees and another hat-all sorts of things. Seems a shame to dress a child like her in black—it's punish-ment. Makes her affliction double, I

de say." "Well, I suppose we've got to fatter Custom or Custom will weep," growled Mr. Stagg. "But where the "Didn't Carlyn's pa leave her none?"

asked Aunty Rose promptly. "Well-not what you'd call a for-tune," admitted Mr. Stagg slowly.

"Thanks be you've got plenty, then, And if you haven't I have," said the woman in a tone that quite closed the

"I knew that young one would be Carolyn May, who was guite used to taking a map on the days that she did not go to school, woke up, as bright as a newly minted dollar, very soon after her Uncle Joe left for the store. "I'm awfully sorry I missed him," she confided to Aunty Rose when the

May at to be hard to de dt." "Oh, is that so? and is it going to be hard to get acquainted with me?" "You took like her."

reckon," put in Tim, the backman, "May I come down the road to meet you, Aunty Rose?" asked the little girl. "I know the way to Uncle Joe's "I don't know any reason why you

can't come to meet me," replied Mrs. Kennedy. "Anyway, you can come along the road as far as the first house. You know that one?" "Yes, ma'an. Mr. Parlow's," said "Ice, ma'am. Mr. Parlow's," said Carelyn May. Carelyn May went back into the yand and sat on the frent-porch steps and Prince, yawaing mhappily, curied down at her feet. There did not seem to be much to do at this place.

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1920.

She had time now, had Carelyn May, to compare The Corners with the busy Harlem streets with which she had "Goodness me !" thought Carolyn

May, startled by her own imagination "suppose all the folks in all these houses around here were dead !" They might have been for all the

human noises she heard. "Goodness me !" she said again, and this time she jumped up, startling Tince from his nap. "Maybe there

is a spell cast over all this place," she went on. "Let's go and see if we can find somebody that's alive." They went out of the yard together and took the dusty road toward the

town They soon came in sight of the Par-low house and carpenter shop. "We can't go beyond that," said sleeping dogs lie," Mrs. Kennedy ob-

Carolyn May. "Aunty Rose told us not to. And Uncle Joe says the carserved. penter-man isn't a pleasant man." She looked wistfully at the premises. The cottage seemed quite as

much under the "spell" as had been those dwellings at The Corners. But from the shop came the sound of a plane shrieking over a long board. "Oh, Princey !" gasped Carolyn May. "I b'lieve he's making long, curly

shavings !" If there was one thing Carolyn May adored it was curls. Suddenly Mr. Jedidiah Parlow looked

up and saw the wistful, dust-streaked face under the black hat brim and above the black frock. He stared at her for fully a minute, poising the plane over his work. Then he put it

down and came to the door of the "You're Hannah Stagg's little girl,

weren't saved."

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eren't you?" he asked. "Yes, sir," she said, and Dear me, he knew who she was right away! There would not be any chance of her getting a suit of long curls.

question of finances. "Which shows me just where I get off at," muttered Joseph Stagg as he started down the walk for the store. "You've come here to live, have rou?" said Mr. Parlow slowly. "Yes, Sill Mr. Farlow mowly. "Tes, sir. You see, my pape and mamma were lost at see—with the Dunraven. If was a mistake, I guess." sighed the little girl, "for they weren't fighting anybedy. But the Dunraven got in the way of some ships that were fighting, in a place called the Mediterranean ocean, and the Dunraven

"Oh, don't spanit him any more," Aunty Rose !" gasped Carolyn May at hast. "He must be sarry." With a final stroke Aunty Rose al-lowed the big fowl to and to be hard to ent of and is it going to hard to ent of and is it going to

"No. Most little girls that come bare want shavings to play with," skill the carpenter, quissically cying her over his work. "Oh!" cried Carelyn May, almost jumping. "And do you show 'on the aping. "And do you give 'en

'Most always," admitted Mr. Par-"Oh! Can I have some?" she

"All you want," said Mr. Parlow.

"All you want," said Mr. Parnow. When Tim's old hack crawled along the road from town with Aunty Bese sitting inside, enthroned amidet a mul-titude of bundles, Carolyn May was bedeeked with a veritable wig of long, crisp curis.

"Well, child, you certainly have made a mess of yourself," said the house-keeper. "Has she been anaoying you, Jedidiah Parlow?"

"She's the only Stagg that ain't annoyed me since her mother went away," said the carpenter gruffly. Aunty Rose looked at him levelly.

"I wonder," she said. "But, you see, she isn't wholly a Stagg." This, of course, did not explain matters to Carolyn May in the least. Nor did what Aunty Rose said to her on the way home in the hot, stuffy hack help the little girl to understand the

trouble between her uncle and Mr. Parlow.

CHAPTER V.

A Tragic Situation

Such was the introduction of Ourolyn May to The Corners. It was not a very exciting life she had entered into, but the following two or three weeks were very full.

Aunty Rose insisted upon her being properly fitted out with clothing for summer and fall. Carolyn May had to go to the dressmaker's house to be fitted and that is how she became acquainted with Chet Gormley's mother.

Mrs. Gormley was helping the dressmaker and they both made much of Carelyn May. Aunty Bose allowed her to go for her fitting alone of course with Prince as a companion-so, with-out doubt, Mrs. Gormley, who loved a "dish of gossip," talked more freely with the little girl than she would have done in Mrs. Kennedy's presence. One afternoon the little girl ap-peared at the dessamaker's with Prince's collar decounted with short,

curiy shavings. "I take it you've stapped at Jed Par-low's shop, child," said Mrs. Gormley with a sigh.

"Yes, malam," returned Carolyn May. "Do you know, he's very lib'ral?" "Lib'ral? repeated Mrs. Gormley, "I never heard of old Sed Parlow bein" accused of that before. Did you, Mrs was sunk, and only a few folks were saved from it. My pape and mamma Maine?"

Mrs. Maine was the dressmaker; and she bit off her words when she spoke, much as she bit off her threads. "Ne. I never-heard Jed Parlow-called that-no!" desinged Mrs. Maine

added, winking his eyes, Carolyn May thought, a good deal as Prince did, "You took like her." "Do I?" Carolyn May returned, drawing nearer. The gind I do. And 'm giad I sleep in what used to be her bed, too. If Gener't seem so lone-some." "So? I reckness met d'ant does at the bas a thing to the server." "So? I reckness met d'ant de lonesome p there at The Corners," and the bas a thing to the server."

"Oh, Mrs. Kennedy hadn't gone to keep house for Mr. Stagg then," re-plied Mrs. Gormley. "He tried sey'ral triflin' critters there at the Stagg place before she took hold." Carolyn May looked at Mrs. Gorm-

ley encouragingly. She was very much interested in Uncle Joe and Miss Amanda Parlow's love affair.

"Why didn't they get marsied like my papa and mamma?" she asked. "Oh, goodness knows I" exclaimed Mrs. Gormley. "Some says 'twas his fault and some says 'twas hern. And mebbee 'twas a third party's that I might mention at that," added Mrs.

Gormley, pursing up her lips in a very knowing way. "One day," she said, growing conf

dential, "it was in camp-meeting time --one day somebody seen Joe Starg drivin' out with another girl-Char-lotte Lenny, that was. She was married to a man over in Springdale long ago. Mr. Stagg took Charlotte

Faith camp meeting. "Then, the very next week, Mandy, went with Evan Peckham to a barn dance at Crockett's, and nobody am't ever seen your uncle and Mandy Par low speak since, much less over walk together."

One particularly muddy day Prince met the returning hardware merchan at the gate with vecklereus barking and a plain desire to implant a we coming tongue on the man's cheek. He succeeded in muddying Mr. Stags's suit with his front paws, and almost cast the angry man full length inte

mud puddle, "Drat the Beast?" sjaculated Mr. Stagg. "I'd rather have an oplicptic fit loose around here than him. New look at these clo'es! I declare, Oarlyn, you've jest got to the that mongre m-and keen him tied !"

"All the time, Uncle Joe?" whis pered the little girl. "Yes, ma'am, all the time! If I find him loose again, Fil the a bag of rocks

to his neck and drop him in the deepest hole in the brook." After this awful threat Prince lived

precarious existence, and his mistress was much worried for him. Aunty Rose said nothing, but she saw that both the little girl and her canine friend were very unhappy.

Mrs. Kennedy, however, had watch ed Mr. Joseph Stagg for years. Indeed, she had known him as a boy. long before she had closed up her own little cottage around on the other road and come to the Stagg place to mave the hardware merchant from the continued reign of these "trifling cres-tures" of whom Mas. Gormley had spoken.

As a bachelor Jeseph Stagg had been preyed upon by certain female haspies so prevalent in a country com-munity. Some had families whom they partly supported out of Mr. Stage's larder; some were willows who looked upon the well-to-do merchant as a marrying proposition.

Aunty Rose Kennedy did not need the position of Mr. Stagg's housekeeper and could not be accused of assuming it from mercenary motives. Over her back fence she had seen the haves

walked down to the corner of the gan den fence, and there saw the have Prince had wrought. In following the line of the mole's last tunnel he had worked his way under the picket fence and had torn up two currant and done some damage in the straw-

berry patch. "And the worst of it is." grumbled the hardware dealer. "he never caught the mole. That mongrel seally isn't worth a bag of dornicks to sink him in the brook. But that's what he's going to get this very evening when I come me. I won't stand for him a day longer."

Carolyn May positively turned paid as she crouched beside the now chained-up Prince, both arms about his rough neck. He licked her check. Fortunately, he could not understand everything that was said to him, there fore the pronouncement of this terrible sentence did not agitate him an atom.

Carolyn May sat for a long time under the tree beside the sleeping deg and thought how different this life at The Corners was from that she had lived with her father and mother in the city home.

If only that big ship, the Dunraven, had not sailed away with her pape and her mamma !

Carolyn May had been very brave on that occasion. She had gone ashore with Mrs. Price and Edna after her mother's last clinging embrace and her father's husky "Good-by, daughter," with scarcely a tear.

Of course she had been brave ! Mann ma would return in a few weeks, and then, after a time, pape would like-wise come back-and oh ! so rosy and stout!

And then, in two weeks, came the fatal news of the sinking of the Dun-raven and the loss of all but a small part of her crew and passengers.

Vaguely these facts had become mown to Carolyn May, the never spoke of them. They fid not seem real to the little girl.

But now, sitting beside the an demned Prince-her companion and only real contactor during these yeaks of her orghanhood the little girl felt bitterly her loneliness and grief.

If Uncle Joe did as he had threatened, what should she do? There seemed to be no place for her and Prince to run away to.

"I'm quite sure I don't want to live," thought Carolyn May dismally. "If papa and mamma and Prince are all dead-why! there aren't enough other folks left in the world to make it worth while living in, I don't be-

lieve. If Prince isn't going to be alive, then I don't want to be alive, either." By and by Prince began to get very measy. It was long past his dinner hour, and every time he heard the screen door slam he jumped up and gazed eagerly and with cocked ears and wagging tail in that direction. "You poor thing, you," said Carolyn May at hast. "I s'pose you are hungry.

It isn't going to do you a bit of good to eat; but you don't knew it. I'll ask

Aunty Rose if she has something for

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ng the apprecia after which the art proceeded. a good listener of the matrimoFlaning He Charged the Little Girl Insteam the Roistering Dog.

to New York, 18 would not have

brought the world to an end. Nor was it because he was stingy that he had not done this. No, he was ho miser. But he was fairly buried in his business. And there was no "look up" in that dim little office in

"Oh, Aunty Rose I" begged the Hume girl, "Son't punish Prince! Not-ant that way. Please don't Why, have never been spanked in his life! He would be know what it meant. Dans Aunty Rose-" "I shall not beat him. Carlyn. Mag." interrupted Annty Rose. "But he must fearn his lesson. He must learn that liberty is not lesses. Bring him here, Carlyn May." "look up" in that dim little office is the back of the hardware store. On this evening he closed the store tater than usual and set out for The Contiers slowly. To tell the truth, Mr. Stagg rather shrank from arriving home, The strangeness of having a child in the house disturbed his trans antility.

broody hens when she wished to break the their desire to set. She opened the gate of it and motioned Prince to

The kitchen only was lighted when he approached; therefore he was re-assured. He knew Hannah's Carlyn must have been put to bed long since.

the gate of it and motioned Prince to enter. The dog looked pleadingly at his little mistress face, then into the work an's stern countenance. Seeing no reprieve in either, with drooping init he slunk into the cage. With one hand clutching her frock over her heart, Carolyn May's big bins It was dark under the trees and only long familiarity with the walk enabled him to reach the back porch noiselessly. Then it was that some thing scrambled up in the dark and the part of a dor's batking much is

the roar of a dog's barking made Jo soph Stagg leap back in fright. "Drat that mongrei!" he ejaculated, remembering Prince.

"It's just as if he was arrested," the The kitchen door opened, revealing Aunty Rose's ample figure. Prince whined sheepishly and dropped his ab-breviated tail, going to lie down again at the extreme end of his leash and blinking his context of the state of the st

blinking his eyes at Mr. Stagg. "The critter's as savage as a bear !"

grumbled the hardware merchant. "He is a good watchdog; you must allow that, Joseph Stagg," Aunty Rose said calmly.

The hardware dealer gasped again. It would be hard to say which had startled him the most-the dog or Aunty Rose's manner.

mistress, CHAPTER IV.

Aunty Rose Unbends. There never was a loveller place for a little girl—to say nothing of a dog— to play in than the yard about the Stagg homestead; and this Osrolyn May confided to Aunty Rose one fore-hoon after her arrival at The Cor-ners.

hoon after her arrival at The Oor-ners. Behind the house the yard sloped down to a broad, calanly flowing brook. Here the goose and duck pens were fenced off, for Anniy Rose would hot allow the web-footed fowl to wan-der at large, as did the other poultry. It was difficult for Prince to learn

mid. "Poor Prince! Has he got to stay there always, Aunty Rose?" "He'll stay till be learns his lesson," said Mrs. Kennedy grimly, and went on into the garden. show?" Carelyn May sat down close to the side of the cage, thrust one hand be-tween the slats and held one of the

dog's front paws. She had hoped to go into the garden to help Aunty Rose pick peas, but she could not bear to leave Prince alone. By and by Mrs. Kennedy came up from the model here to help and the state of the second

com the garden, her pan heaped with ods. She booked neither in the di-action of the prisoner nor at his little

Prince whined and lay down. He had begun to realize now that this was no play at all, but punishment. He blinked his eyes at Carelyn May and looked as sorry as ever a deg with cropped cars and an abbreviated tail could look. The pess and potatoes were cooli-

lowed the big fowl to goasked the househosper curiously. "Oh, no!" cried Osnolyn May, snug-gling up to the good woman and pat-ting her plump base asm. "Why, I'm getting 'quainted with you fast, Aunty away fast enough. "Your dog, child, does not know his manners. If he is going to stay here with you he must learn that fowl are not to be chased nor startled."

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when you laid me down on the couch just now you kissed me." Aunty Rose actually blushed. "There, there, child i" she artistimed. "You're too noticing. Bat your dinner, that I've saved warm for you."

"Just' Prince to have' any dinner. Aunty Rese?" asked the little girl. "You may let him out, if you wish, after you have had your dinner. You can feed him under the tree."

Carolyn May was very much excited about an hour later when a rusty closed hack drew up to the front gate of the Stagg place and stopped. An old man with a square-cut chin

lisker and clothing and hat as rusty as the back itself held the reins over the bony back of the horse that drew the ancient equipage.

"I say, young'un, sin't you out o' yer bailiwick?" queried Tim, the hackman, staring at the little girl in the Stags

Carolyn May stood up quickly and tried to look over her shoulder and down her back. It was hard to get all those buttons buttoned straight. "I don't know," she said, perturbed. "Does it show?"

"Huh?" grunted Tim. "Does what

"What you said," said Carolyn May ccusingly. "I don't believe it does." "Hey!" chuckled the back driver uddenly. "I meant, do you "low Mrs. Kennedy knows you're playing in her front yard?" "Aunty Rose? Why, of course !"

Carelyn May declared. "Don't you know I live here?" "Live here? Get out!" exclaimed the surprised hackman. "Yes, sir. And Prince too. With my

Uncle Joe and Aunty Rose." "Pitcher of George Washington I" ejaculated Tim. "You don't mean Joe

tagg's taken a young'un to board?" "He's my guardian," said the little girl primly. Aunty Rose appeared. She wore a close bonnet, trimmed very plainly, and carried a parasol of thab silk.

Aunty Rose climbed into the creaky old vehicle.

"Are you going to be gone long?" asked Carolyn May politely. "Not more than two hours, child," said the housekeeper. "Nobody will-bother you here--"

"Not while that dog's with her, I

Gormiey, "that he has a thing to de with a certain party, Mrs. Maine, con-siderin' how his daughter feels toward up there at The Corners," said the

Mr. Parlow siripped another shav-ing from the edge of the board he was that certain party's relation. What d'you think?"

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III)

CO Ros

"I guess-there's sumpin-to be said—on both sides o' that contro-versy," responded the dressmaker. "Meanin' that mebbe a certain par-

ty's relative feels just as cross as Mandy Parlow?" suggested Mrs. Gorm-Yep," agreed the other woman.

Carolyn May listened, much punted, he wondered just who "a certain party" could be. Mrs. Maine was called away upon some household task and Mrs. Gorm-

ley seemed to change the subject of

"Don't your uncle, Mr. Stagg, ever speak to you about Mandy Parlow?" asked the little girl. Carolyn May had to think about this fore answering. Then she remem-

'Oh, yes," she said brightly. oes? Do tell !" exclaimed Mrs. ruley eagerly. "What does he

"Why, he says her name is Miss

Amanda Parlow." Mrs. Gormley Sushed rather addly and glanced at the child with suspi-cion. But little Carolyn May was perned You'd Be Lonesome Up There, at the Corners," said the Car-

fectly frank and ingenuous. "Humph?" ejaculated Chet's mother. columbing. Carolyn May's eager eyes He never says nothing about bein' in love with Mandy, does he? They was goin' with each other steady once." The little girl looked pumied. The carpenter paused before push-ing the plane a second time the length of the board. "Don't you want a drink of water, little girl?" he asked. "Oh, yes, sir-I would. And I know Prince would like a drink," she told "When folks love each other they ok at each other and talk to each

other, don't they?" she asked. "Well-yes-generally," admitted Mrs. Gormley. "Then my Uncle Joe and Miss Aman

"Go right around to the well in the da Parlow aren't in love," announced Carolyn May with confidence, "for they don't even look at each other." back yard," said Mr. Parlow. "You'll and a glass there—and Mandy keeps a pan on the well curb for the dogs and

"They used to. Why, Joseph Stagg and Mandy Parlow was sweethearts "Thank you, I'll go," the little girl years and years ago! Long before your mother left these parts, child." "That was a long time 'fore I wag She hoped she would see Miss smanda Parlow, but she saw nebedy. She went back to the door of the orned," said the little girl wonder-

carpenter shop and found Ms. Pustow still busily at work. "Seems to me," he said, in his dry "Oh, yes. Everybody that went to good? The Corners' church thought they'd be married."

And shares the state of the second state of the

voice, after a little while, "you aren't much like other little girls." "Aren't I?" responded Carolyn Mag "My Uncle Joe and Miss Mandy ?" "Yes."

which she found open, and walked through to the rear porch on which the woman who then held the situation of housekeeper was wrapping up the best feather, bed and pillows in a pair of the best homespun sheets, preparatory

to their removal. The neighbors enjoyed what followed. Aunty Rose came through the ordeal as dignified and unruffied as ever; the retiring incumbent went away wrathfully, shaking the dust of the premises

from her garments as a testimony against "any sich actions." When Mr. Stagg came home at sup-per time he found Aunty Rose at the helm and already a different air about

the place. "Goodness me, Aunty Rose," he said, biting into her biscuit ravenous-ly, "I was a-going down to the mill-hands' hetel to board. I couldn't stand it no longer. If you'd stay here and do for me, I'd feel like a new man." "You ought to be made over into a new man, Joseph Stagg," the woman mid sternly. "A married man." "No, no! Never that!" gasped the

hardware dealer. "If I came here, Joseph Stagg, it .

would cost you more money than you've been paying these ne-account women.

"I don't care," said Mr. Stagg reck-ssly. "Go ahead. Do what you please. Say what you want, I'm

Thereby he had put himself into Aunty Rose's power. She had reno-vated the old kitchen and some of the other rooms. If Mr. Stagg at first trembled for his bank balance, he was made so comfortable that he had not the heart to murmur.

Of course, Carolyn May let Prince run at large when she was sure Unde Joe was well out of sight of the house, but she was very careful to chain him up again long before her uncle was espected to return.

Prince had learned not to chase anything that were feathers; Amaty Rose herself had to admit that be was a very intelligent dog and knew what punishment was for. But how did he know that in trying to dig out a mole he would be doing more harm than

The mole in question lived under E piece of rock wall near the garden

When Uncle Joe came home to din-"Then, what would have become of ner on one particular Saturday he

"'Cause my stomach's so trembly. I just know I couldn't keep anything lown, even if I could swallow it. But Prince'll eat his, please. He-he don't know any better."

"Tut, tut!" marmured the woman. "He's the most sensible of the two of ou. I declare."

The minutes of that afternoon dragged by in most doleful procession. There was no idea in the little girl's mind that Uncie Joe might change his atention and Prince be saved from the watery grave promised him. When she saw the hardware dealer come into the yard almost an hour earlier than their usual supper time she was not surprised. Nor did she think of pleading with him for the dog's life.

The litle girl watched him askange. Mr. Stagg came directly through the where there was a heap of stores. He stooped down and began to select some of these, putting them in the

bag. This was too much for Carolyn May. With a fearful look at Uncle Joe's na-compromising shoulders, she went to the tree where Prince was chained. Exchanging the chain for the leather leash with which she always led him about, the little girl guided the mon-grel across the yard and around the corner of the house.

Her last backward glance assured her that the hardware dealer had not observed her. Quickly and allently she led Prince to the front gate, and they went out together into the dusty road, "I-I know we oughtn't to," whispered Carolyn May to her canine friend, "but I feel I've just got to save you, Prince. I-I can't see you drownd-ed dead like that!"

She turned the nearest corner and went up the road towards the little closed, gable-roafed cottage where Aunty Rose had lived before she had come to be Uncle Jos's housekeeper. Carolyn May had already peered over into the small yard of the cot-inge and had seen that Mrs. Kennedy still kept the flower-beds weeded and the walks neat and the grass plot. trimmed. But the window shufters' were barred and the front door built up with boards.

(Continued Next Week.)