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try Review ative of Sidother of our an, Mr. R.

the pressure one need be

ong when so loway's Corn

II, was apan annual

He rolled back the big door and saw Cherry already harnessed in his bex-

Carolyn

Corners

RUTH HELMORE

right, 1918, by Dodd, Month

CHAPTER II—Aunty Rose relations with an iren hand, but in rick

shyway? Seems to me we didn't really.

In the morning there was a smally fog over everything—a sog that the sun did not dissipate, and behind which it looked like an enermous suf-

ive, did we?"

plow fire furrows."

the Parlow place; but he was not going so fast that he did not hear the

arpenter halling him in his cracked

"Hey, you, Joe Stagg! Hey, you!"
Amased, Mr. Stagg turned to look.
Parlow was hobbling from the rear
premises, groaning at every step,
searcely able to walk.
"That sciatica's got me ag'in," he
marled. "Tim a'most doubled up.
Couldn't climb into a carriage to save
my soul."

"What d'you want to climb into

earriage 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'

"Haven't I heard what?" returned

the other with fine 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 Crummit drove through and says that you can't git by on the main road. The fire's followed the West Brook right down and is betwixt us and Adams'

"Bless me!" gasped the hardware dealer, paling under his tan.

dealer, paling under his tan.

"Wal?" maried Parlow. "Goln' to stand there chatterin' 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 ter see you're awake."

carpenter's barn. Hey, you!

ENDICOTT

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 should after him, "And

have a care drivin' Cherry-" Horse and buckboard whirled out of the pard and his voice was lost to the

hardware merchant. 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 order. shortest way to the cabin where are you?"

Amanda Parlow and Carolyn May were Again and again he called, but there

Flecks of foam began to appear on save himself and the horse. Cherry's glossy coat almost at once.

The air was very oppressive, and there board again, when there was an exe

lowed down the banks of West brook moved mysteriously. He could see the smoke of it now.

Amanda Parlow and his niece might on the buckboard so as to reach him.

Now that danger threatened the showed it as plainly as a dumb bruise 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 same ty, and terrified for fear that some body, even Jedidiah Parlow, should suspect just how he felt about it.

The house hoofs was charactered. The mongrel was delighted, and showed it as plainly as a dumb bruise 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 abouted to him again:

"Go ahead, Princey! We're coming!"

suspect just how he felt about it.

The horse's hoofs rang charply 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. Stage aware that the hollow was filled, chokingly filled, with

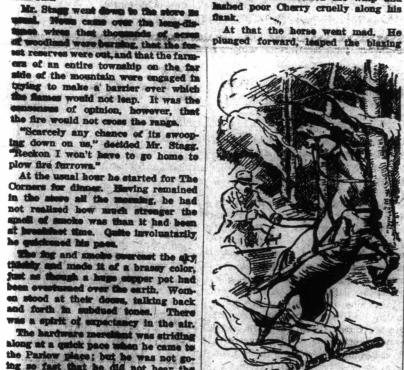
Another man one as cautious as the hardware merchant notoriously was would have pulled the horse down to a walk. But Joseph Stage's cautiousness had been flung to the winds. Instead, he should to Cherry, and the beast increased his stride.

Ten rods further on the horse snorted stumbled and tried to stop. writhing, flaming snake a burning

branch plunged down through smoke directly shead.

"Go on!" shouted Joseph Stage, was sharpness that would ordinately have the control of at a gallop. But, as the morting creature still shied, the man selzed the whip and

nahed poor Cherry cruelly along



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 them. The driver could not see ten feet be-youd 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

The man knew which was Judy's cubin. He leaped from the vehicle, leaving the pasting 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 wom-an's bunk. But neither she nor Amanda Parlow ner little Carolyn May was

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 Caro-

lyn 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.

"Oh, I'm awake," the other returned shortly. "I was feel aguring on who's got the best horse."

"I have," snapped Barlow.

"Yes. And I'd decides on taking Cherry, too," the heaftware dealer added, and swung into the hor toward the carrenter's have. The old women's clothing was scattered about, toe. It did not look as though anything had been removed from the hut. Coming out, he found another article on the threshold—one of Amenda's glove.
Joseph Stage 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

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 di-rection on leaving the cabin. Therefore, Joseph Stags went that way set-ting off down the tote read, leading

Cherry by his birdie.
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 deg now. "Prince! Princey, old boy! where

perhaps even now threatened by the forest fire. The Fallow road turned stifling and the heat more intense every minute. Mr. Stagg realized that he must get out quickly if he would

was no breeze.

Cited scrambling in the underbrush, and a welcoming bark was given.

Amanda Pariow and his niece insuit on the buckboard so as to reach him, even now be threatened by the flames! The mongrel was delighted, and

seph Stagg knew immediately where this path led to. There was a spring and a small morass in the bottom the hollow.

"Go on! Good dog!" cried Mr. Stagg. "Lead the way to Hannah's Car'lyn!" He heard the little girl screaming:

"Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Uncle Joe! Here we are!" Cherry rattled the buckboard down to the hottom of the hollow and stopped. There was some smoke here. but not much. The man leaped to the ground when he saw a figure rise up

from the foot of a tree by the springfigure in brown.
"Joseph! Thank God!" murmured

The hardware dealer strode to her. She had put out both her hands to him, and he saw that they were trem-bling, and that tears filled her great brown eyes.
"Oh, Joe!" she said, "I feared you

would come too late!" "But I'm here, Mandy, and I'm not too late!" he cried; and, somehow-neither of them could, perhaps, have evplained just how his arms went around her and her hands rested on his shoulders, while she looked earnestly into his face.

"Oh, Jee! Joe!" It was like a surrendering sob.
"It's not too late, is it, Mandy? Say it isn't too late!" he pleaded.
"No, it's not too late," she whis-

ared. "If-if we're not too old." "Old!" almost shouted Joseph Stage.
"I don't remember of ever feeling so
young as I do right now!" and suddealy he stooped and kissed her.
"Bless me! what fools we've been all;

"Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Miss Amanda!" cried Caroyin May, standing before them, and pointing with a rather grimy index finger. "Tou aren't med at each other any more, are yeu? Oh, I am so glad! so glad!" and her face showed

But the situation was too difficult to allow of much but practical thoughts. "Where's the old woman?" asked Je-

seph Stagg quickly.

"Her husband came with a horse and buggy late last night and took her over to the new camp," was the reply,
"The fire was coming into the camp
when I left. We must get out of here
in a hurry," declared Mr. Stags.

"We aren't going to be burned up now, when Uncle Joe is here, Misse Mandy," Carolyn May declared with confidence. "See how nice he and Prince found us? Why, they are reg'lar

"They are, indeed, child," agreed the woman. She turned to Joseph Stage, appiness shining in her eyes, and coking prettier than ever before in

The hollow was rapidly becoming filled with smoke. The man did not estand this, but it foreboded rouble. He turned Cherry and the

Amanda into the seat. "Up you go, too, Car'lyn May," he said, lifting the little girl into the rear

Joseph Stagg felt very serious as he seated himself by Amarda's side and picked up the reins. The horse quickly retraced his steps up the hill to the tote road. As they came out into this broader path they saw the smoke ing through it in a choking cloud. "Oh, Joe," gasped Amanda, "It's

"It surely is," agreed the hardware merchant. "We're in a hot corner, my girl. But trust to me-" "Oh, I do, Joe!" she exclaimed squeezing his arm. "I am sure you know what is best to do."

"I'll try to prove that so," he said with a subdued chuckle. "Oh, Uncle Joe!" cried Carolyn May suddenly, "can't we get out of this awful smoke? It—it chokes me!"

"Walt," whispered Amanda to the man. "I'll lift her ever the back of the seat. I think she had better be in "Pr'aps that's so," he agreed, and he held in the nervous Cherry for a moment till the change was accom-

The roaring of the fire grew louder and louder in their ears.
Suddenly Joseph Stagg dragged
Cherry's head around. The horse
snorted and hesitat. for the smoke

was blinding him. "I pretty near missed these forks!" the hardware merchant.



Uncle Joel Oh, Miss Amanda," Cried Carolyn May.

left road takes us toward the

pered Amanda. "It's three miles, if it's an inch, but

Cherry has got to make it." They were relieved after a minute or two in this new road. The smoke had not so completely filled it. But it was a rougher way, and the buckboard bounced until Carolyn May cried out not so completely filled it. But it was

in fear.

great tree was on fire. "The wind is carrying brands this

The herse was well spent now, but he was plucky. He tried to increase his stride. A hot breath of wind came rushing through the forest, bending a dead base.

The roaring of the fire increased. Through the more open woeds which bordered this path they saw the smoke ware dealer and these of whom he had advancing in a thicker wall—and one set forth in search.

as high as the tree tops. "You've got to make it, 'old' muttered Joseph Stagg, and he lashed

the horse again.

The spirited Cherry leaped forward, both the woman and the child scream-

'Is it far? Is it far?" gasped Amanda in his ear. "Too far for comfort. But keep your heart up."

As the man spoke, a blazing brand swing through the air and came down, right on Amanda's shoulders. Carolyn May shrieked. Joseph Stagg brus off the burning stick.

Cherry mounted another small ridge and then they clattered down into a little hollow where there was a slo beside the road. The water was green and stagnant, but it was water.

The man pulled in the hard-pressed horse and leaged down, passing the reins to Amanda. He whipped off his coat and dipped it in the mudhole. He drew it out dripping with water and

"Look out, here! Have to shut your eyes!" he warned his two companions on the seat of the buckboard, and threw the saturated coat over Miss

Amanda's head. The dripping garment sheltered Carolyn May as well. "Now, good horse!" he yelled to Cherry, leaping back to the seat. "Gid-

The horse started up the slope. Another swirling brand came down upon them. Joseph Stagg fought it off with his bare hand. His shirt sleeve caught fire and he was painfully burned on

the blaze. Another flaming brand fell, landing n Cherry's back. The horse squeale and leaped forward at a pace which Mr. Stagg could not control. Maddened by the burn, Cherry had taken the bit in his teeth and was running away. The man threw down the reins. He

could do nothing toward retarding the frightened horse's pace. Indeed, he did not want to stop him. His left arm he flung around Miss Amanda and the child, and with his right hand clung to the rocking seat of

The wet steaming coat saved the woman and the child from injury.

Joseph Stagg had lost all count of time. The forest read might still extend ahead of them for a mile, for all

he knew.

But suddenly they broke cover,
Cherry still galloping wildly, and
plunged down an open ravine to the
edge of a lake of spartling water.

"Bless me! The lake! the lake!"
hoarsely shouted the man.

them from smoke and fire for a me-ment, but the brands still fell. Cherry had halted on the edge of the lake, but Joseph Stagg urged him on into the water, fishik deep. The shore was nerrow and afforded little space for refuge. He lifted Amanda and the

refuge. He lifted Amanda and the child bedfly from the seat and dropped them into the water.

"We're safe now," he said hearsely, jumping in himself, and helding Carolyn May and Amanda. "We've get water enough here, thanks be! Hang on to me, Mandy. Fin not going to let you get away—no more, never!"

And by the way in which the woman clung to his awa it was evident that she did not premose to lose him.

clung to his arm it was evident that she did not propose to love him.

"My, Uncle Joe! you are just the heavest man!" declared Carolyn May, finding her voice. "Im't he, Miss Mandy? And, see, his arm is all hurned, Dear me, we must get home to Aunty Rose and let her de it up for

They drove over a little hillock that raised them higher than the tote road had done. Amanda clutched Mr. Stagg's arm again and uttered a half-stiffed "Oh!"

He shot a glance to the left: A mass of flame broke out in the wood not far off this trail—the top of a great tree was on fire.

The veman, were and scorched of the amounted than to the market warned him to the market level and longing that the hardware merchant turned upon Amanda Parlow would have amaned those peonet far off this trail—the top of a great tree was on fire. and thought only for business.

"The wind is carrying brands this way," muttered the man. "A dozen new fires will be started. Well, gid-ap, had leaped all the barriers time and Cherry!" and he seized the whip pride had set up. Nothing further again.

The herse was well spent now, but Pariow apart. And yet they never for he was plucky. He tried to increase the instant discussed the original capse of their estrangement. That was

the branches and shaking the leafy foliage. The wind seemed fairly to scorch the fugitives.

The refugees reached The Corners about nine o'clock. Jedidiah Parlow had hobbled up to the store and was just then organizing a party of searchers to go to the rescue of the hard-

The village turned out en masse to welcome the trie who had so miraculously escaped the fire. Aunty Rose's relief knew no bounds. Mr. Parlow was undeniably glad to see his daugh Her eyes overflowed. She sobbed herself to sleep, the pillow muffling ter safe; otherwise, he would never have everlooked the pitiable state his herse was in. Poor Cherry would never be the same unblemished anima

well, I vam !" he said to Joseph Stage, "you done it! Better'n I could, too, I reakon. I'll take the hoss home. You comin' with me, Mandy?" Then he saw the burns on the younger man's shoulders and arms. "The good land of Jehoshaphat! here's work for you to do Mandy. If you air any sort of a surse, I recken you get your hands full right here with Joe Stagg," he added, with some price in his daugh-ter's ability. "Phew! them's bad-lophin' burns!"
"They are indeed," agreed Aunty

It was a fact that Mr. Stagg was in a bad state. Carolyn May had suggest ed that Aunty Rose would dress his burns, but Miss Amanda would allow

nobody to do that but herself. When the curious and sympathetineighbors had gone and Miss Amanda was still busy making Joseph Stage comfortable in the sitting room, Aunty Bose cause out into the kitchen, where she had already bathed and helped Carolyn May do undress, and where the little girl was new alcepily eating

ber supper of bread and milk.

"Well, wonders don't ever cosse, I guess," she said, more to herself than to her little confident. "Who'd have

thought it!"
"Who'd have thought what, Aunty Rose?" inquired Carelyn May. "Your uncle and Mandy Parlow have

made it up," breathed the woman, evidently much impressed by the wonder "Yes, indeed!" eried the child. "Isn't It nice? They aren't mad at each other

any more." "No, I should say they're not," Aunty Rose observed with grimness. "Far from it. It's a fact! I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Holding hands in there like pair of- Well, do you know what it means, Carolyn May?"

"That they love each other," the child said boldly. "And I'm so glad for "So am I," declared the women, still in a whisper. "But it means changes here. Things wen't be the same for

Carolyn May in a

"He's a very determined man. Once heart and brain seethed until it be he gets set in a way, he carries everything before him. Mandy Parlew is going to be made him. Jeseph Stagg so quick that it'll astesiah her. New, yen believe me, Carolyn May."

"Oh!" was the little girl's comment.

"There'll be changes here very sudden. "Two's company, three's a crowd, Carolyn May. Never was a truer say.

Carolyn May. Never was a truer say.

Carolyn May. Stagg so the officiating clergyman.

Carolyn May. Never was a truer saying. Those two will want just each other—and nobody else.

"Well, Carelyn May, if you've finished your supper, we'd better go up to bed. It's long past your bedtime." bling block to the complete happiness of Uncle Joe and Amanda Parlow. "Yes, Aunty Rose," said the little

girl in muffled voice. Aunty Rose did not notice that Carelyn May did not venture to the door of the sitting room to bid either Uncle Joe or Miss Amanda good-night. The child followed the woman upstairs with faltering steps, and in the unlighted bedroom that had been Hannah Stagg's

"Do bless Uncle Joe and Miss

Their complete loss out of the little sirl's life had never become fixed in her mind. It had never seemed a surety -not even after her talks with the sailor, Benjamin Hardy. Friday afternoon the little girl went to the churchyard and made neat the three little graves and the one long one on the plot which belonged to Aunty Rose Kennedy. She almost burst into tears that evening, too, when she kissed Aunty Rose good night at bedtime. Uncle Joe was down at the Parlows'. He and Mr. Parlow

Driggs as the officiating clergyman. Carolyn May studied things out for

herself. Being a child, her conclu-

She felt that she might be a stum-

They might have to set aside their own

desires because of her. She felt vague-

"I can go home," she repeated over

"Home" was still in the New York

city apartment house where she had

lived so happily before that day when

her father and mother had gone abourd

ly that this must not be.

and over to herself.

the ill-fated Dunraven.

ions were not always wise ones.

actually smoked their pipes together in harmony on the cottage porch. Aunty Rose was usually an early riser; but the first person up at The Corners on that Saturday morning was Carolyn May. She was dressed a full

She came downstairs very softly, carrying the heavy bag she had brought with her the day she had first come to The Corners. She had her purse in her pocket, with all her money in it and she had in the bag most of

her necessary possessions. She washed her face and hands. Her hair was already combed and neatly braided. From the pantry she secured some bread and butter, and, with this in her hand, unlocked the porch door and went out. Prince got up, yawning, and shook himself. She sat on the steps to eat the bread and butter, di-With her customary kiss, she left

viding it with Prince. "This is such a beautiful place. Princey," she whispered to the mongrel. "We are going to miss it dreadfully, I s'pose. But then- Well, we'll have the park. Only you can't

run so free there." Prince whined. Carolyn May got up and shook the crumbs from her lap. "Two's company, three's a crowd." Then she unchained the dog and She took that trite saying, in which picked up her bag. Prince pranced Then she unchained the dog and about her, glad to get his morning run. The little girl and the dog went Miss Amanda were going to be mar- out of the gate and started along the

ried, they would not want anybody road toward Sunrise Cove. The houses had all been asleep at The Corners. So was the Parlow cottage when she trudged by. She would have liked to see Miss Amanda, to nonths swept over the soul of the lit- kiss her just once. But she must not tle child in a wave that her natural | think of that! It brought such a

cheerfulness could not withstand. Her | "gulpy" feeling into her throat. anchorage in the love of Uncle Joe | Nobody saw Carolyn May and Prince and Miss Amanda was swept away. \ until she reached Main The heart of the little child swelled. | the sun had risen and a few early persons were astir; but nobody appeared who knew the child or who cared any-

thing about her. At the railroad station nobody spoke to her, for she bought no ticket. She was not exactly clear in her mind about tickets, anyway. She had found the conductor on the train coming up from New York a kind and pleasant man and she decided to do all her

business with him. Had she attempted to buy a ticket of the station agent undoubtedly he would have made some inquiry. As it was, when the train came along Carolyn May, after seeing Prince put into

stiff and lame and his burns were too the help of a brakeman. "Of course, if he howls awfully," she Chet Gormley came up each day for instructions and was exceedingly full told the baggageman, who gave her a check without question, "I shall have of business. A man would have to be very exacting indeed to find fault with to go in that car and sit with him." There were not many people in the car. They steamed away from Sunning the store just as his employer derise Cove and Carolyn May dabbled

her eyes with her handkerchief and told herself to be brave. The stations were a long way apart and the conductor did not come But lemme tell you, it's just givin' me through for some time. When he did open the door and come into the car Carolyn May started up with a glad cry. It was the very conductor who had been so kind to her on the trip up from New York.

The railroad man knew her at once and shook hands most heartily with

"Where are you going, Carolyn May?" he asked. "All the way with you, sir," she re plied.

"To New York?" "Yes, sir. I'm going home again." "Then I'll see you later," he said,

The conductor remembered the little girl very well, although he did not member all the details of her story. He was very kind to her and brought her satisfying news about Prince in the baggage car. The brakeman was nice, too, and brought her water to drink in a paper cup.

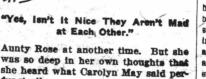
At last the long stretches of streets at right angles with the tracks appeared—asphalt streets lined with tall apartment houses. This could be noth-ing but New York city. Her papa had told her long ago that there was no other city like it in the world.

She knew One Hundred and Twen-Even a child could see something of this. The absorption of the two made Aunty Rose's remarks yery impressive ty-fifth street and its elevated station. That was not where she had boarded the train going north, when Mr. Price had placed her in the conductor's care, but it was nearer her old hor which the treatle Deserve May's she knew. So she told the brakeman

A week of this followed a week in (to be continued)







the little girl and went dewnstairs.

Carolyn May had seen so much excite-

ment during the day that she might

have been expected to sleep at once,

The little girl lay with wide-open

Aunty Rose had expressed her own

feelings, to herself. If Uncle Joe and

"And what will become of me?"

All the "emptiness" of the last few

the sounds, more forlorn than ever be-

fore since she had come to The Cor-

The Journey.

Parlew immediately usurped some power in the household of the Stage

not to go down to his store that next

Nor could he attend to business for

several days thereafter. He was to

the interest the boy displayed in run-

"I tell you what it is, Car'lyn," Chet

"Why, maw says that Mr. Stagg and

"Oh, yes," sighed the little girl.

"Well, when folks git married they

allus go off on a trip. Course, they

ness all by myself. It'll be great! Mr.

Stagg will see jest how much value I

be to him. Why, it'll be the makin' of

Yes, Carolyn May heard it on all

sides. Everybody was talking about the affair of Uncie Joe and Miss

Every time she saw her uncle and

her "pretty lady" together the observe

ant child could not but notice that they

were utterly wrapped up in each other.

Miss Amanda could not go past the

easy chair in which the hardware deal-

er was enthroned without touching

him. He, as bold as a boy, would

Love, a mighty, warm, throbbin

spirit, had caught them up and swept them away out of themselves out of

their old selves, at least. They had

eyes only for each other—thoughts

seize her hand and kiss tt.

only for each other.

to Carolyn May.

me!" cried the optimistic youth.

will. And me I'll be runnin' the busi-

Miss Mandy Parlow'll git married for

drawled, in confidence. "I'm mighty serry Mr. Stagg got hurt like he did.

day. And he did not!

sired it to be run.

"They'll be married."

It was certainly a fact that Amanda

nestead. She ordered Joseph Stags

CHAPTER XVIIL

and that soundly. But it was not so.

eyes, her imagination at work.

else around! Of course not!

thought Carolyn May chokingly.