

SERIAL STORY

The Girl from Tim's Place

By CHARLES CLARK MUNN

(Copyright 1906, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc and escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returned from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenvale, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenvale, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Hannah.

CHAPTER XII.

The streams and swamps contiguous to this lake were well adapted for the habitat of mink, muskrat, otter, fisher, and those large fur-bearing animals, the lynx and lucivee.

Old Cy, familiar as he was with the homes, habits, and the manner of catching these cunning animals, soon began his trap-setting campaign. A few dozen steel traps were first set along the stream and lagoons entering the lake, and then he and Ray pushed up Beaver brook, and leaving their canoe, followed its narrow valley in search of suitable spots to set the more elaborate deadfalls.

As gum-gathering was also a part of their season's plan, they now left the swamp valley, and ascending the spruce-clad upland, began this work.

There was also another element that entered into the trapping and gum-gathering life,—the possible return of the half-breed.

"He hain't nothin' agin us," Old Cy asserted, when the question came up. "We didn't chase him the day he stole Chip, 'n' yet I s'pose he'll show up some day, 'n' mebbe do us harm."

It was this fear that had led Old Cy to leave one of their canoes in a log locker, securely barred, and also to caution the hermit to remain on guard at the cabin while he and Ray were away.

A canoe is the one most vital need of a wildwood life, for the reason that the streams are the only avenues of escape and afford the only opportunities for travel.

Old Cy knew, or at least he felt almost sure, that the half-breed would return in good time. He had also reasoned out his failure to do so at once, and knew that left canoeless, as he had been that tragic day, his only course must be the one he actually followed. A month had elapsed since then, with no sign of this "varmint's" return, and now Old Cy was on the watch for it.

They had first visited the small traps near the lake, securing a couple of mink and three muskrats, which were left in the canoe. An otter was found in one of the deadfalls, and taking this with them, they entered the spruce timber and hung it on a conspicuous limb. Then the search for gum began.

As usual, they worked hard. The days were short, the best of sunlight was needful to see the brown gum nuts in the somber forest, and so they paid no heed to aught except what was overheard. When time to return arrived, Old Cy picked up his rifle and led the way back to where the otter had been left, but it had vanished. Glancing about to make sure that he was right, he advanced to the tree, looked down, and saw two footprints. Stooping over to examine them better

in the uncertain light, he noted also that they were not his own, but larger, and made by some one wearing boots. "Tain't the half-breed," he muttered, with an accent of relief, and looking about he saw a well-defined trail leading down the slope and thence onward toward the swamp.

Some one had crossed this broad, oval, spruce-covered upland while they were not 200 rods away from this tree, had stolen their otter and gone on into the swamp.

Any freshly made human footprint found in a vast wilderness awakens curiosity; these seemed ominous.

"He must 'a' seen us 'fore he did the otter," Old Cy ejaculated, "an' it's curis he didn't make himself known. Neighbors ain't over plenty, hereabout."

But the sun was nearing the tree-tops, the canoe was a mile away, and after one more look around, Old Cy started for it. There was no use in following this trail now, for it led into the tangled swamp, and so, skirting this until a point opposite the canoe was reached, Old Cy and Ray then plunged into it.

Twilight had begun to shadow this vale ere the canoe was reached. And here was another surprise, for the canoe was found turned half over, and on its broad oval bottom was a curious outline of black mud. The light was not good here. A fir-grown ledge shadowed the spit; but as Old Cy stooped to examine this mud-made emblem, it gradually took shape, and he saw—a skull and cross bones!

"Wal, by the Great Horn Spoon!" he exclaimed, "I never s'posed a pirate 'ud fetch in here! An' he's swiped our muskrats and mink," he added, as he looked under the canoe, "darn him!"

Then the bold bravado of it all occurred to Old Cy. The theft was doubtless made by whosoever had taken



The Two Watched in Silent Amusement.

their otter, and not content with robbing them, he had added insult.

"I s'pose we'd orter be grateful he left the paddles 'n' didn't smash the canoe," Old Cy continued, turning it over. "I wonder who't can be?"

One hasty look around revealed the same bootmarks in the soft earth near the stream, and then he and Ray launched their craft and started for home.

"I'm goin' to foller them tracks to-morrow," Old Cy said, when they were entering the lake and a light in the cabin just across reassured him. "It may be a little resky, but I'm goin' to find out what sorter a neighbor we've got."

CHAPTER XIII.

All fellow-sojourners in the wilderness awaken keen interest, and the unbroken silence and solitude of a boundless forest make a fellow human being one we are glad to accost.

A party of lumbermen wielding axes causes one to turn aside and call on them. A sportsman's camp seen on a lake shore or near a stream's bank always invites a landing to interview whoever may be there.

All this interest was now felt by Old Cy and Ray, and with it an added sense of danger. No friendly hunter or trapper would thus ignore them in the woods. This piratically minded thief must have seen them, for the spruce-clad oval, perhaps half a mile in width, was comparatively free from undergrowth where they had been working. He had crossed it within fairly open sight of them, had found the otter hanging from a limb, had taken it, and thence on to rob their canoe, daub it with that hideous emblem, world-wide in meaning, and then had gone on his way. Almost could Old Cy see him watching them from behind trees, skulking along when their backs were turned, a low, contemptible thief.

Old Cy knew that bordering this oval ridge on its farther side was a swamp, that a stream flowed through it, and surmising that this fellow might have come up or down this stream, he left their cabin prepared for a two or

three days' sojourn away from it, which meant that food, blankets and simple cooking utensils must be taken along.

No halt was made to visit traps. Old Cy was trailing bigger game now; and when the point where they had left the canoe the day previous was reached, the canoe was pulled out on the stream's bank, the rifles only taken and the trailing began. He followed up the brook valley a little way, to find that only one track came down; he then circled about the canoe, until, like a hound, he found where the clearly defined trail left the swamp again.

Here in the soft carpet under the spruce trees one could follow this trail on the run, and here also Old Cy found where this enemy had halted beside trees, evidently while watching them, as the tracks indicated. When the bordering swamp was reached, the trail turned in a westerly direction, skirting thus for half a mile, and here, also, evidences of skulking along were visible.

Another trail was now come upon, but leading directly over the ridge, and just beyond this juncture both the trails now joined, entered the swamp, and ended at a lagoon opening out from the stream. Here, also, evidences of a canoe having been hauled up into the bog were visible.

"That sneakin' pirate come up this stream," Old Cy observed to Ray, as the two stood looking at these unmistakable signs. "He left his canoe here 'n' crossed the ridge above us 'n' down to whar we left the otter 'n' on to our canoe. Then he come back the way we follered, 'n' my idee is he had his eye on us most o' the time. I cullate he has been laughin' ever since at what we'd say when we found that mud daub on our canoe, darn him!"

But their canoe was now a half-mile away, and for a little time Old Cy looked at the black, currentless stream and considered. Then he glanced up at the sun.

"I've a notion we'd best fetch our canoe over here," he said at last, "an' foller this thief a spell farther. We may come on to suthin'."

"Won't he shoot at us?" returned Ray, more impressed by this possible danger than was Old Cy.

"Wal, mebbe and mebbe not," answered the old man. "Shootin's a game two kin play at, an' we've jist ez good a right to foller the stream ez he has."

But when their canoe had been carried over and launched in this lagoon, Ray's spirits rose. It was an expedition into new waters, somewhat venturesome, and for that reason it appealed to him.

For two hours they paddled along this serpentine highway, and then the vastness of this morass began to impress them.

No halt for dinner had yet been made. They were both faint from need of food, and so Old Cy reached for a small wooden pail containing their sole supply of provisions. Neither was it a luxurious repast which was now eaten. A couple of hardtacks munched by each and moistened with a cup of this swamp water and a bit of dried deer meat was all, and then Old Cy lit his pipe, dipped his paddle in the stream, and once more they pushed on. Soon a low mound of hard soil rose out of the tangle just ahead, an oasis in this unvarying mud swamp, and gazing at them from amid its cover of scrub birch and cedar stood a deadfall. It faced them as they neared this small island, and with log upraised between a pen of stakes it much resembled the open mouth of a huge alligator.

"Hain't been built long," Old Cy exclaimed, after they had landed to examine it. "I've a notion it's the doin's of our pirate friend, an' he's trappin' round about this swamp. He's had good luck lately, anyhow, for he's got six o' our pelts to add to his string."

From here onward signs of human presence in this swamp became more visible. Now and then an opening cut through the limbs of a lopped-over spruce was met; a spot where drift had been pushed aside to clear the stream was found at one place; signs of a canoe having been nosed into the bog grass were seen; and here were also the same footprints they had followed.

Another bit of hard bottom was reached, and here again was another deadfall. Tracks evidently made within a few days were about here, and tied to its figure-four spindle was a freshly caught brook sucker.

"The scent's gettin' warm," Old Cy muttered, as he examined these signs of a trapper's presence, and then, mindful of the sun, he paddled on again.

And now an upland growth of tall spruce was seen ahead, the banks became in evidence, and a slight current was met. One more long bend in the stream was followed, then came curving banks and large-bodied spruce. They were out of the swamp.

Soon a more distinctive current opposed them, a low murmur of running water came from ahead, and then a pass between two abutting ledges was entered. Here the stream eddied over sunken rocks, and pushing on, the forest seemed suddenly to vanish as they emerged from the gloom of this short

canyon, and the next moment they caught sight of a long, narrow lakelet.

The sun, now almost to the tree-tops, cast a reddish glow upon its placid surface, and so welcome a change was it from the ghostly, forbidding swamp just left, that Old Cy halted their canoe at once to look out upon it. It was seemingly a mile long, but quite a narrow lake. A bold, rocky shore rising in ledges faced them just across, and extended along that side, back of these a low, green-clad mountain, to the right, and at the end of this lanlike lake a bolder, bare-topped cliff was outlined clear and distinct.

The strip of water, for it was not much more, seemingly filled an oblong gorge in these mountains, only one break in them, to the left of this bare peak; and as Old Cy urged their canoe out of the alder-choked stream, now currentless, once more, a margin line of rushes and reeds was seen to form that shore. Back of these, also, rose the low ledge they had passed.

"Looks like a good hidin' spot fer a pirate," he exclaimed, glancing up and down the smiling lakelet. "Thar ain't many folks likely to tackle that swamp—it took us 'most all day to cross it. I'll bet no lumberman ever tried it twice, 'n' if I wanted to git absolutely 'way from bein' molested, I'd locate here. I dunno whether we'd best cross 'n' make camp 'mong them ledges or go back into the woods. Guess we'd best go back 'n' take a sneak round behind the ledge. I noticed a loggin' leadin' up that way 'fore we left the swamp."

But now something was discovered that proved Old Cy's wisdom, for as they, charmed somewhat by the spot, yet feeling it forbidding, still glanced up and down the bold shore just across, suddenly a thin column of smoke rose from away to the right, amid the bare ledges.

First a faint haze, rising in the still air, then a burst of white, until the fleecy pillar was plainly outlined as it ascended and drifted backward into the green forest.

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Cy was, above all, a peaceable man, and while curiosity had led him to follow the trail of this robber and to cross this vast swamp, now that he saw the suggestive smoke sign, he hesitated about venturing nearer.

"I guess we'd best be keeful," he whispered to Ray, "or we may wish we had been. I cullate our pirate friend's got a hidin' spot over thar, 'n' most likely don't want callers. He may be only a queer old trapper a little short o' scruples ag'in' takin' what he finds, 'n' then ag'in he may be worse'n that. His campin' spot's ag'in him, anyhow."

But the sun was now very low; a camp site must soon be found, and scarce two minutes from the time he saw this rising column of smoke, Old Cy dipped his paddle and slowly drew back into the protecting forest. Once well out of sight, the canoe was turned and they sped back down-stream and into the swamp once more. Here he turned aside into a lagoon they had passed, and at its head they pulled their canoe out into the bog.

The two gathered up their belongings, and picking their way out of the morass, reached the belt of hard bottom skirting the ridge. They were now out of sight from the lake, but still too near the stream to risk a camp-fire, and so Old Cy led the way along this belt until a more secluded niche in the ridge was reached, and here they began camp-making.

"That night was the longest ever passed by Ray, for not until near morning did he fall into a fitful slumber, and scarcely had he lost himself before Old Cy was up and watching for the dawn.

Its first faint glow was visible when Ray's eyes opened, and without waiting for fire or breakfast, they started for the top of the ridge. From here a curious sight met their eyes, for the lake and also the ridges out of which the smoke had risen were hidden beneath a white pall of fog. Back of them also, and completely coating the immense swamp, was the same sea of vapor. It soon vanished with the rising sun, and just as the ledge across the lake outlined themselves, once more that smoke sign rose aloft.

And now the two watchers could better see whence it came. Old Cy had expected to obtain sight of some hut or bark shack nestling among these rocks; but none was visible. Instead, the smoke rose out of a jagged rock, and there was not a cabin roof or sign of one anywhere.

"That feller's in a cave," he whispered to Ray, "an' the smoke's comin' out o' a crack, sure's a gun!"

It seemed so, and for a half-hour the two watched it in silent amazement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Imagination in Business.

Emotion and imagination are sisters and most of the great business successes have been founded in the first place on imagination, writes a sage in Black and White. Calculation, energy, hustling, hard-headedness may carry out the scheme which is to make money, but it is nearly always imagination which makes the scheme.

The area of Japan is 147,487 square miles.

ECZEMA INSTANTLY RELIEVED.

Instant relief for that awful itch! The itch gone the moment the soothing liquid is applied to the skin!

That is what oil of wintergreen, mixed with thymol, glycerine and other mild ingredients, will do for any skin sufferer.

Try a free sample of this oil as compounded in D. D. D. Prescription.

We urge it and recommend it, and surely would not recommend it and offer it to our regular patrons if we did not know what D. D. D. Prescription will do for skin sufferers.

Write to the D. D. D. Co., 112 Michigan St., Dept. 98, Chicago, for a free sample of the wonderful soothing liquid, enclosing only 10c to pay for postage and packing. Now don't fail to try this wonderful soothing refreshing liquid.

Object Lesson.

"Johnny," said Mrs. Blobs, severely, "I am going to punish you. Please open the windows."

"What fer?" asked Johnny, beginning to cry.

"I heard our next door neighbor say I had no authority over my children, and I want her to hear you getting a spanking. Now, come here, sir!"

Galen, Jr., Quits the Job.

"How long have you been here?" asked a physician, when his little office boy announced his intention of resigning his job.

"Six months," replied the boy. "And you don't like the doctor business?"

"Naw, it's no good. I'm mighty sorry I learned it."

Sad Memories.

The commuter handed the brakeman a five-cent cigar.

"Say, George," he said, "why does the engine always let off such a heart-rending howl just as we pass Long Oak?"

George shook his head sadly.

"Ah," said he, "it was here that the engineer, poor fellow, first met his wife."

Try it on the Piano.

There was a young chap in Des Moines who ordered a T-bone sirloin.

Said the waiter: "Not so, Sir, unless you can show A sufficient amount of des coines."

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispel's Colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its Beneficial Effects Always buy the Genuine which has the full name of the Company
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS, one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Brewster
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Ask Your DEALER ABOUT THE
WHITE WASHER
THE WHITE WAY
WHITE LILY MFG. CO.
1700 Rockingham Road
DAVENPORT IOWA