

SERIAL STORY

The Girl from Tim's Place

By CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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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 who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning 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. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They penetrate further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been sneaking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Bolduc finds McGuire and the two fight to the death, finding a watery grave together. Ray returns to Greenvale and finds Chip waiting for him. Ray wants Chip to return to the woods with them, but she, feeling that the old comradeship with Ray has been broken refuses. When they part, however, it is as lovers. Chip runs away from Aunt Comfort's and finds another home with Judson Walker. She gives her name as Vera Raymond. Aunt Abby, Aunt Mandy Walker's sister, visits them, and takes Chip home with her to Christmas Cove. Chip goes to school at Christmas Cove. She tells Aunt Abby the story of her life. Aunt Abby tells her of their family, and she discovers that Cy Walker is a long-lost brother of Judson Walker, but fear of betraying her hiding place prevents her telling of Cy.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

It is said that great discoveries are almost invariably made by some trifling accident—a gold mine found by stumbling over a stone, a valley prolific of diamonds disclosed by digging for water.

In this case it was true, for as Old Cy bent to light his second torch ere he withdrew from the inner cave, a flash of reflected light came from beneath this slab—only for one second, but enough to attract his attention.

He stooped again and lifted the slab. Six large tin cans had been hidden by it. He grasped one and could scarce lift it. Again his fingers closed over it. He crawled backward to the better-lighted cave and drew the cover off the can with eager motion, and poured a heap of shining, glittering coin out upon that food-littered table.

Into that dark hole he dived again, as a starved dog leaps for food, seized the cans, two at a time, almost tumbled back, and emptied them. Four had been filled with gold coin and two stuffed with paper money.

Folded with these bills of all denominations from one to fifty dollars was a legal paper yellowed by age, with a red seal still glowing like a spot of blood.

It was an innholder's license, authorizing one Thomas McGuire to furnish food, shelter, and entertainment for man and beast.

With eyes almost tear-dimmed and heart throbbing at having found poor Chip's splendid heritage, Old Cy now gazed at it.

The sharp stones upon which he knelt nearly pierced his flesh, but he felt them not.

The glint of sunlight from the crack above caressed his scant gray hairs and white fringing beard, forming almost a halo, yet he knew it not.

He only knew that here, before him, on this rude stone table, lay thousands of dollars, all belonging to the child he loved.

"Thank God, little gal," he said at last, "I've found what belongs to ye, 'n' ye hain't got to want for nothin' no more. I wish I could kiss ye now."

Little did he realize that at this very moment of thankfulness for her sake, poor Chip was lost to all who knew her, and, half starved and al-

most hopeless, knew not where to find shelter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Old Cy emerged from the cave, his face glorified and heart throbbing with the blessings now his to give Chip, he looked about with almost fear. The two abandoned canoes and the rusty rifle had seemed an assurance of tragic import, and yet no proof of this outlaw's death. That this cave had been his lair, could not be doubted; and so momentous was this discovery, and so anxious was Old Cy to rescue this fortune, that he trembled with a sudden dread.

But no sign of human presence met his sweeping look.

The lake still rippled and smiled in the sunlight. Two deer, a buck and doe, were feeding on the rushgrown shore just across, while at his feet that rusty rifle still uttered its fatal message.

Once more Old Cy glanced all about, and then entered the cave again. Here, in the dim light and with trembling hands, he filled the cans once more, and almost staggered, so faint was he from excitement, he hurried to the canoe, and packing them in its bow, covered the precious cargo with his blanket.

Then he ran like a deer back to the cave, closed it with the slab, grasped his rifle, and not even looking at the rusty one, bounded down the path to his canoe again, launched it, and pushed off.

Never before had it seemed so frail a craft. And now, as he swung its prow around toward the outlet, a curious object met his eyes.

Far up the lake, and where no ripple concealed it, lay what looked like a floating log, clasped by a human arm.

What intuition led him hither, Old Cy never could explain, for escape from the lake was now his sole thought. And yet, with one sweep of his paddle he turned his canoe and sped across the lake. And now, as he neared this object, it slowly outlined itself, and he saw a grewsome sight,—two bloated corpses grasping one another as if in a death grapple. One had hair of bronze red, the other a hideously scarred face with lips drawn and teeth exposed.

Hate, Horror and Death personified. Only for a moment did Old Cy



Old Cy Now Gazed at It.

glance at this ghastly sight, and then he turned again and sped back across the lake.

The bright sun still smiled calm and serene, the morning breeze still kissed the blue water, the two deer still watched him with curious eyes; but he saw them not—only the winsome face and appealing eyes of Chip as he last beheld them.

And now in the prow of his canoe lay her fortune, her heritage, which was, after all, but scant return for all the shame and sigma so far meted out to her.

It was almost sunset ere Old Cy, his nerves still quivering and wearied as never before, crossed the little lake and breathed a sigh of heart-felt gratitude as he drew his canoe out on the sandy shore near the ice house. No one was in sight, nor likely to be. A thin column of smoke rising from the cabin showed that the hermit was still on earth, and now for the first time, Old Cy sat down and considered his plans for the near future.

First and foremost, not a soul, not even his old trusted companion here, not even Martin, or Angie, and certainly not Ray, must learn what had now come into his possession. Neither must his journey to this far-off lake or aught he had learned there be disclosed.

But how was he to escape from the woods and these people, soon to arrive for their summer sojourn? And what if Chip herself should come? Two conclusions forced themselves upon him now: first, he must so conceal the fortune that none of these friends even could suspect its presence; next, he must by some pretext leave here as soon as Martin and his party arrived, and cease not his watchful care until Chip's heritage

was safe in some bank in her name.

And now, with so much of his future moves decided upon, he hurried to the cabin, greeted Amzi, urged him to hasten supper, and, securing a shovel, returned to his canoe.

In five minutes the cans of gold were buried deep in the sand, and upon Old Cy's person the bills found concealment. How much it all amounted to, he had not even guessed, nor scarce thought. To secure it and bear it safely away from this now almost accursed lake had been his sole thought and must be until locks and bolts could guard it better. That night Old Cy hardly slept a moment.

Two days after, just as the sun was nearing the mountain top, Martin, Angie, Levi and Ray entered the lake.

How grateful both Old Cy and Amzi were for their arrival, how eagerly they grasped hands with them at the landing, and how like two boys Martin and Ray behaved needs no description.

All that had happened in Greenvale was soon told. Chip's conduct and progress were related by Angie. Ray's plans to remain here another winter were disclosed by him; and then, when the cheerful party had gathered about the evening fire, Martin touched upon another matter.

"I met Hersey as we were coming in," he said, "and he says that neither McGuire nor the half-breed has been seen or heard of since early last fall. Hersey came in early this spring with one of his deputies; they visited a half dozen lumber camps, called twice at Tim's Place, and even went over to Pete's cabin on the Fox Hole, but nowhere could they learn anything of these two men. More than that, no canoe was found at Pete's hut, and there was no sign of occupation at all this past winter. Nothing could be learned from Tim, either, although not much was expected from that source. It is all a most mysterious disappearance, and the last that we can learn of Pete was his arrival and departure from Tim's Place after we rescued Chip."

"I think both on 'em has concluded this section was gittin' too warm for 'em," remarked Levi, "an' they've lit out."

"It's good riddance if they have," answered Old Cy, "an' I'm sartin none on us'll ever set eyes on 'em ag'in."

And Old Cy spoke the truth, for none of this party ever did. In fact, no human being, except himself and Martin, ever learned the secret that this mountain-hid lake could tell.

But another matter now began to interest Old Cy—how Ray and Chip stood in their mutual feelings. That all was not as he wished, Old Cy soon guessed from Ray's face and actions, and he was not long in verifying it.

"Wal, how'd ye find the gal?" he said to Ray when the chance came. "Was she glad to see ye?"

"Why, yes," answered Ray, looking away, "she appeared to be. I wasn't in Greenvale but two weeks, you know."

"Saw her 'most every evenin' durin' that time, I s'pose?"

"No, not every one," returned Ray, vaguely; "her school hadn't closed when I got home, and she studied nights, you see."

Old Cy watched Ray's face for a moment.

"I ain't pryin' into yer love matters," he said at last, "but as I'm on your side, I'd sorter like to know how it's progressin'. Wan't thar nothin' said 'tween ye—no sort o' promise, 'fore ye come 'way'?"

"No, nothing of that sort," answered Ray, looking confused, "though we parted good friends, and she sent her love to you. I'm afraid Chip don't quite like Greenvale."

Old Cy made no answer, though a smothered "hum, ha" escaped him at the disclosure of what he feared.

"I wish ye'd sorter clinched matters 'fore ye left," he said, after a pause; "that is, if ye're callatin' to be here 'nother winter. It's most too long to keep a gal guessin'; 'sides, 'tain't right."

Ray, however, made no defense, in fact, seemed guilty and confused, so Old Cy said no more.

A few days later he made a proposal that astonished Martin.

"I've been here now 'bout two years," he said, "an' I'm gittin' sorter oneasy. I callate ye kin spare me a couple o' weeks."

No intimation of his real errand escaped him, and so adroitly had he laid his plans and timed his movements, that when his canoe was packed and he bade them good-by, no one suspected how valuable a cargo it carried.

But Old Cy was more than "sorter oneasy," for the only spot where he dared close his eyes in sleep during that three days' journey out of the wilderness was in his canoe, with his head pillowed on that precious gold.

CHAPTER XXV.

When Old Cy joined the little party at the lake again he seemed to have aged years. His sunny smile was gone. He looked weary, worn and disconsolate.

"Chip's run away from Greenvale," he said simply, "an' nobody can find hide nor hair on her. They've folloed the roads for miles in every direction. Nobody c'd be found; that's

seen anybody like her 'n' they've even dragged the mill-pond. She left a note chargin' it to that darn fool, Hannah, and things she said, which I guess was true. I'd like to duck her in the hoss-pond!"

Such news was like a bombshell in the camp, or if not, what soon followed was, for after a few days Old Cy made another announcement which upset the entire party.

"I think I'd best go back to Greenvale," he said, "an' begin a sarch for that gal. I ain't got nobody in the world that needs me so much, or I them. I'm a sorter outcast myself, ez you folks know. That little gal hez crept into my heart so, I can't take no more comfort here. Anzi don't need me so much as I need her 'n' I've made up my mind I'll start trampin' till I find her. I've a notion, too, she'll head for the wilderness ag'in, 'n' I'm most sartin she'll fetch up whar her mother was buried. I watched that gal middlin' clus all last summer. She's true blue 'n' good grit. She won't do no fool thing, like makin' 'way with herself, 'n' I'll find her somewhar arnin' her own livin' if I live long 'nuff. From the note she left, I know that was in her mind."

Martin realized that there was no use in trying to change Old Cy's intent—in fact, had no heart to do so, for he too felt much the same toward Chip.

"I'll give you all the funds you need, old friend," he made answer, "and wish you God-speed on your misson. I'll do more than that even. I'll pay some one to watch at Grindstone for the next year, so if Chip reaches there, we can learn it."

That night he held a consultation with his wife.

"I suspect we are somewhat to blame for this unfortunate happenin'," he said to her, "or, at least, some thoughtless admissions you may have made led up to it. It's a matter we are responsible for, or I feel so, anyway. I think as Old Cy does, that this girl must be found if money can do it, and I propose that we break camp and return to Greenvale. If Amzi can't be coaxed to go along, I must leave Levi with him. No power on earth can keep Old Cy here any longer."

But the old hermit had changed somewhat since that night he broke away and returned to this camp, and when the alternative of remaining here alone, or going out with them all, was presented, he soon yielded.

"If Cyrus is goin', I'll have to," he said. "I'd be lonesome without him." And to this assertion he adhered.

Ray, however, was the most dejected and unhappy one now here, though fortunately Old Cy was the only one who understood why, and he kept silent.

They were even more sad when Aunt Comfort showed them Chip's message, and Angie read it with brimming eyes.

And now came Old Cy's departure, on a quest as hopeless as that of the Wandering Jew and as pathetic as the Ancient Mariner's.

But the climax was reached when Old Cy gave Martin his parting message and charge:

"Here's a bank book," he said "that calls for 'bout \$60,000. It's the savin's o' McGuire, 'n' belongs to Chip. I found the cave whar 'twas hid. I found McGuire 'n' the half-breed, both dead 'n' floatin in the lake cley by, an' 'twas to keep fer this money I quit ye three weeks ago."

"If I never come back here,—an' I never shall 'thought I find Chip,—keep it fer her. Sometime she may show up. If ever she does, tell her Old Cy did all he could fer her."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Life at Peaceful Valley and the home of Judson Walker fell into its usual monotony after Chip's departure.

Each day Uncle Jud went about his chores and his crop-gathering and watched the leaves grow scarlet, then brown, and finally go eddying up and down the valley, or heap themselves into every nook and cranny for final sleep.

Existence had become something like this to him, but he could no longer anticipate a vernal budding forth as the leaves came, but only the sear and tutum for himself, with the small and sadly neglected churchyard at the Corners for its ending.

Snow came and piled itself into fantastic drifts. The stream's summer chatter was hushed. The cows, chickens, and his horse, with wood-cutting, became his sole care. Once a week he journeyed to the Corners for his weekly paper and Mandy's errands, always hoping for a message from Chip. Now and then one came, a little missive in angular chirography, telling how she longed to return to them, which they read and reread by candlelight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Master's Voice.

Elevator Boy—Elevator going up.
Deaf Old Lady—Which way is it going, bub?
Elevator Boy (Impatiently)—Up!
Up! Up! Up!
Deaf Old Lady (Indignantly)—You talk to me, bub, as if you thought I was a trained dog!—Lippincott's.

TEN YEARS OF BACKACHE.

Thousands of Women Suffer in the Same Way.

Mrs. Thomas Dunn, 153 Vine St., Columbus, Ohio, says: "For more than ten years I was in misery with backache. The simplest housework completely exhausted me. I had no strength or ambition and suffered headache and dizzy spells. After these years of pain I was despairing of ever being cured when Doan's Kidney Pills came to my notice and their use brought quick relief and a permanent cure. I am very grateful."

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COMPULSORY EDUCATION.



The Parson (during a lecture to Tommy on the evils of smoking)—How do you spell "injurious?"

Tommy—I don't spell it at all.

The Parson—What did you go to school for?

Tommy—Because I had to.

EYESIGHT WAS IN DANGER

From Terrible Eczema—Baby's Head a Mass of Itching Rash and Sores—Disease Cured by Cuticura.

"Our little girl was two months old when she got a rash on her face and within five days her face and head were all one sore. We used different remedies but it got worse instead of better and we thought she would turn blind and that her ears would fall off. She suffered terribly, and would scratch until the blood came. This went on until she was five months old, then I had her under our family doctor's care, but she continued to grow worse. He said it was eczema. When she was seven months old I started to use the Cuticura Remedies and in two months our baby was a different girl. You could not see a sign of a sore and she was as fair as a newborn baby. She has not had a sign of the eczema since. Mrs. H. F. Budke, LeSueur, Minn., Apr. 15 and May 2, '07."

Red-Headed Boy Still Busy.

"What," asks the Wyoming Tribune, "has become of the old-fashioned freckled-faced boy who got the water, chopped the wood, split the kindling, milked the cows, fed the pigs, curried the horse and did such other chores as his parents found for him to do?" He's probably being kept busy handling his lazy son money with which to buy rolled-up trousers and cigarettes.—Denver Post.

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