

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, Andrew 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 Anzi and trap during the winter, and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenville, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenville, 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 Greenville 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 Judson Walker is a long-lost brother of Judson Walker, but fear of betraying her hiding place prevents her telling of Cy. Old Cy investigates McGuire's cave in the wilderness and finds a fortune that belongs to Chip. Old Cy returns to the wilderness camp with the news that Chip had disappeared and proposes to start out to find her. He turns over to Martin a bank book showing a deposit of \$9,000 in Chip's name. Chip returns to the home of Judson Walker at Peaceful Valley for a summer vacation. Chip tells Judson of Cy and writes a note to Martin which discloses her hiding place. Martin immediately visits the Walters, he gives her money and asks if he shall send Ray to her, but she says no. Aunt Abby's husband dies. Chip asks Martin to find Cy who is seeking the country over for her. He had been a youthful lover of Aunt Abby, and was supposed to have been lost at sea. Ray wants to go to Chip, but Martin advises him not to. Chip receives a letter from Ray, asking forgiveness for seeming slight and neglect.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

That evening was one that none who were in that wildwood camp ever forgot, for Old Cy was the central figure, and told as only he could the story of his year's wandering in search of Chip.

It was humorous, pathetic and tragic all in one, and a tale that held its listeners spellbound for three delightful hours.

"I had dogs set on me, hundreds on 'em." Old Cy said, in conclusion, "an' I never knew afore how many kinds 'n' sizes o' dogs thar was in this world. I uster think thar warn't more'n two dozen or so kinds. I know now thar's two million 'n' a few more I didn't wait to count. I got 'rested a few times on account o' not havin' visible means o' support. I've been hauled over the coals by doctors tryin' to make me out a lunatic, 'n' I'd 'a' done time in jail if I hadn't had money to show. I tell ye, boys, this is an awful 'spicious world for strangers, 'n' the milk o' human kindness is mostly old cheese, 'n' all rind at that. I had a little fun, too, mixed in with all the trouble, 'n' one woman who owned a place where I 'piled for lodgin' jest 'bout told me she'd be willin' to marry me if I'd stay 'n' work the farm. She had red hair, hard eyes, 'n' bossy sort o' ways, an' that's a dangerous combination. I watched my chance when she wa'n't lookin', 'n' lit out middlin' lively."

And now life at this wilderness camp, less restrained than when womankind were here, became one of work, and persistent, steady, no time-wasted work at that. Martin had said that Levi could boss matters, but it was Ray who assumed management instead. Two years had changed him

almost from boy to man. His new ambition was the controlling power. He was here to make his mark, as it were, and the half-hearted, boyish interest in work had changed into a tireless leadership. Then, too, an unspoken, tacit interest in his ambition was felt by those who helped. They knew what he was striving for, and that Chip was the ultimate object. Her history, known as it now was to all who came into the wilderness, influenced the woodsmen. She had been of them and from them, and as an entire village will gather to help at a house-raising, so these three, Levi and the two helpers, now felt the same incentive.

Success usually comes to all who strive for it, and now, with four willing workers to aid him, Ray was rapidly making a success of this venture. Old Cy, the most valuable assistant, was indefatigable. He not only kept the larder well supplied with game, but tended and set traps, worked in the woods with the rest between times, and his cheerful optimism and droll humor bridged many a stormy day and shortened many a weary tramp. And he seemed to grow younger in this new, helpful life for others. His eyes were bright, his step elastic, his spirits buoyant, his strength tireless.

With Chip safe and provided for, with Ray succeeding in manhood's natural ambition, Old Cy saw his heart's best hopes nearing fruition, and for these two and in these two all his interest centered.

Only once was the bond of feeling between Ray and Chip referred to by Old Cy, and then in response to a wish of Ray's that he might hear from her.

"I don't think ye've cause to worry now, arter ye've sent her word what ye're doin' 'n' who for," he answered. "Chip's true blue, not one o' the fickle sort, 'n' once she keeps fer a man, she won't give him up till he's married or dead. I think ye'd orter sent her word sooner,—ye know she run 'way out o' spunk,—but when ye go to her like a man 'n' say, 'I've been workin' 'n' waitin' fer ye all the time,' thar won't be no quarrelin'."

"I'm not so sure about that," responded Ray, soberly. "From what Uncle Martin said, my chance is gone



Visited a Strange Romantic Grotto Up in the Mountains.

with Miss Chip, and I don't blame her for feeling so. Like every young fellow, I took it for granted that she was in love with me and ready to fall into my arms on call. Then I hadn't any plans in life, anyway, and, like a fool, believed it made no difference to her. To mix matters up still more, Hannah crowded herself into our affairs and said things to Chip, with the result that Chip got mad, ran away, and you know the rest."

"Wal," asserted Old Cy, his eyes twinkling, "the time to hug a gal is when she's willin', 'n' ye orter spunked up that night 'fore ye come away 'n' told her ye was callatin' to make yer fortin' in the woods, an' that ye wanted her to wait 'n' share it—then troubles, 'n', if need be she'd 'a' starved fer ye. I tell ye, boy, wimmin like her is scarce in this world, 'n' when ye hugged 'n' kissed her a little more by way o' bindin' the bargain, an'—knowin' that gal ez I do, she'd fought Hannah, tooth 'n' nail, 'n' walked through fire 'n' brimston fer ye. I think, stead o' hidin' herself fer two years, an' changin' her name, she'd 'a' tramped clear to Grindstone jest to tell ye her find one young 'n' pretty ez she is, hang on to her an' hang hard."

"I know it now well enough," returned Ray, ruefully; "but that don't help matters. Then that fortune you found for her makes my case all the worse, and Chip quite independent."

"It do, it do," chuckled Old Cy, as if glad of it, "an' all the more need o' you hustlin'. It's a case o' woodchuck with ye now. But don't git discouraged. Jest dig. Chip's worth it, ten times over, 'n' no man ever worked to win a woman 'thout bein' bettered by it."

It was terse and homely advice, and not only convinced Ray that he had neglected one whom he now felt

meant home, wife, happiness, and all that life might mean for him, but made him realize that all possible striving and self-denial must be made in atonement. With whom and what sort of people Chip had found asylum, he knew not. What influence they would have upon her feelings was an equally unknown matter; and worse than that, the ogre of another sutor for Chip's favor now entered Ray's calculations, and the slang truism, "There are others," was with him every waking moment—a much-deserved punishment, all womankind will say.

CHAPTER XXXII.

One day while Aunt Abby and Chip were enjoying the newly furnished home of Uncle Jud, a capacious carriage drawn by a handsome pair of horses halted there and Martin and Angie alighted.

"We are taking a cross-country drive for an outing," he explained, after Angie had kissed Chip tenderly and greetings had been exchanged. "We have waited for you, Miss Runaway, to come and visit us," he added, turning to Chip, "until we couldn't wait any longer and so came to look for you. We have also some news that may interest you. Old Cy has been heard from at last. He spent a year looking for you. He has now gone into the woods, to my camp, where Ray located for the winter, and when spring comes, I can guess where they will head for."

How welcome this news was to Chip, her face fully indicated; but neither Martin nor Angie realized how much or for what reason it interested this soft-voiced, gracious lady whom Chip called Aunt Abby. They knew Uncle Jud was Old Cy's brother and that they had once been sailors from Bayport, but the long-ago romance of Aunt Abby's life was unknown to them.

And now ensued a welcome to the callers such as only Uncle Jud and Aunt Mandy could offer.

"We sorter feel we robbed ye o' Vera," Uncle Jud explained, "though 'twan't any intention on our part, an' so ye mst gin us some chance to make amends. We callate 'twan't no fault o' yourn, either, only one o' them happenin's that was luck for us."

That evening was one long to be remembered by all who were present, for Chip's history, as told by Martin and Angie, was the entertaining topic, and its humorous side was made the most of by Martin. Chip was in no wise annoyed by Martin's fun-making, either. Instead, conscious of the good-will and affection of the friends who had rescued her from the wilderness, she rather enjoyed it and laughed heartily at Martin's description of various incidents, especially her first appearance in their camp, and the language she used.

"I couldn't help swearing," she explained. "I never had heard much except 'cuss' words. I think also now, as I recall my life at Tim's Place, I would never have dared that desperate mode of escape had I not been hardened by such a life. I wish I could see Old Tomah once more," she added musingly, "and I'd like to send him some gift. He was the best-hearted Indian I ever saw or heard of, and his queer teachings about spites and how they rewarded us for good deeds and punished us for evil ones was no harm, for it set me thinking. The one thought that encouraged me most during those awful days and nights alone in the woods was the belief that among the spites which I was sure followed me was my mother's soul. I've never changed in my belief, either, and shall always feel that she guided me to your camp."

Uncle Jud also obtained his share of fun at Chip's expense, describing his finding of her with humorous additions.

"She was all beat out that night I found her on top o' Bangall hill, 'n' yet when I asked her if she'd run away from some poor farm, she was ready to claw my eyes out, an' dunno's I blame her. I was innocent, too, fer I really s'posed she had."

Martin's visit at this hospitable home was not allowed to terminate for a week, for visitors seldom came here, and Uncle Jud, as big a boy as his brother when the chance came, planned all sorts of trips and outings to entertain them, and quite characteristic affairs they were, too.

One day they drove to a wood-bordered pond far up the valley, fished a few hours for pickerel and perch, and had a fish fry and picnic dinner.

The next day they visited a strange, romantic grotto up in the mountains, known as the Wolf's Den, and here a table was set, broiled chicken, sweet corn, and such toothsome fare formed the meal, with nut-gathering for amusement.

Squirrel and partridge shooting also furnished Martin a little excitement. When he and Angie insisted that they must leave, both host and hostess showed genuine regret. A few remarks made by Angie to her former protegee, in private, the last evening of this visit, may be quoted.

"I must insist, my dear child," she said, "that you make us a visit in the near future. You left us under an entirely false impression and it has grieved me more than you can im-

agine. There was never a word of truth in anything that Hannah said. She was spiteful and malicious and desired to get even with you for a hurt to her pride. We had no thought of hurrying away to the woods to separate you and Ray for any reason whatever. Of course, as you must know, I had no suspicion of any attachment between you, and if I had, I certainly should not have tried to break it off in that way. That is a matter that concerns only you and him. My own life experience shows that first love is the wisest and best, and while you were both too young then for an engagement, you must believe me when I tell you that I had no wish to interfere."

And so the breach was healed.

This visit of the Frisbies to Peaceful Valley also awakened something of repentance in Chip's mind, and more mature now, it occurred to her that leaving Greenville as she did, was, after all, childish.

Then Angie's part in this drama of her life now returned to Chip in a new light. Once she began to reflect, her self-accusation grew apace and her repentance as well. Now she began to see herself as she was at Tim's Place.

"I think I treated my Greenville friends very ungratefully," she said to Aunt Abby one evening after they had returned to Christmas Cove once more, "and what Mrs. Frisbie said to me has made me realize it. I know now that few would have done what she did for me. I was an ignorant, dirty, homeless creature and no relation of hers, and yet she took charge of me, bought me clothes, paid all my expenses going to Greenville, clothed me there, and always treated me nicely without my even asking for it."

"The Frisbies certainly ran some risk by keeping me at their cabin when they knew that half-breed was after me. I don't know why they should have done all this. I was nothing to them. And yet when I recall the night I stumbled into their camp, how Mrs. Frisbie dressed me in her own clothes, shared her tent with me, and even prayed for me, I feel ashamed to think of what I have done. I did think that Mrs. Frisbie despised me from what Hannah said. I know now that I was wrong, and running away as I did, was very ungrateful."

"I think it was, myself," responded Aunt Abby, "and yet believing as you did, Mrs. Frisbie ought not to blame you. I don't think she does, either. She seems a very sensible woman, and I like her. You made your mistake in not confiding in her more. You should have gone to her as you would to a mother, in the first place, and told her just what Hannah had said to you and how you felt about it. To brood over such matters and imagine the worst possible, is unwise in any one. I think from what you have told me, that this person who sneered against you so much must have had a spite against you."

"Hannah was jealous, I know," Chip interrupted, smiling at the recollection, "and I hurt her feelings because I asked her why she didn't shave."

"Didn't shave!" exclaimed Aunt Abby, wide-eyed; "what do you mean?"

"Why, she has whiskers, you see," laughed Chip, "almost as much as some men—a nice little mustache and some on her chin. I told her the next day after I got there I thought she was a man dressed as a woman. I snickered, too, I remember, when I said it, for she looked so comical—like a goat, almost—and then I asked her why she didn't shave. I guess she laid it up against me ever after."

"She revenged herself amply, it seems," answered Aunt Abby.

When Christmas neared, and with it a vacation for Chip, new impulses came to her: a desire to visit Greenville once more and make amends as best she could to her friends there; and her gift-giving desire was quickened by the coming holidays. She now felt that she had ample means to gratify this latter wish. Day by day, since meeting Angie again, her sense of obligation had increased, and now it was in her power at Christmas-tide to repay at least a little of the debt.

Others were also included in this generous project: Uncle Jud, Aunt Mandy, her foster-mother, Aunt Abby, as well; and then there was Old Cy, whom most of all she now desired to make glad. That was impossible, however. He was still an absent wanderer, and so, as it ever is and ever will be, some thread of regret, some note of sorrow, must be woven into all joys. (To Be Continued.)

Uncle Sam's Pasturage.

Uncle Sam, unlike Job, the rich man of the east, does not own many cattle and horses, or sheep and goats, but he furnishes an enormous amount of grazing land for those who do have herds and flocks, says the Wall Street Journal. The total number of grown stock allowed to graze upon national forest lands during the season of 1907 included 1,388,000 cattle and horses and 4,895,020 sheep and goats.

Small Nest of Humming Bird.—Two infinitesimal white eggs (as the tiny nest of the humming bird.



This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Ga., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from female troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death."

"One day I read how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am entirely cured."

"Every woman suffering with any female trouble should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

STUDY NOT A NECESSITY.

End and Aim of Woman's Life, as Understood by Rosie's Mother.

In one of the Philadelphia public schools is a little girl pupil whose ancestors and coreligionists have ever held that the principal end and aim of the life of a woman is marriage. This little girl is well up in most of her studies, but she has an inveterate dislike of geography and it seems impossible to teach the study to her. The other day her teacher, made impatient by her seeming unwillingness to learn her geography lesson, sent to Rosie's mother a note requesting her to see that the girl studied her lesson. The next day showed no improvement, however, and the teacher asked Rosie whether she had delivered the note.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply. "And did your mother read the note, Rosie," said the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What did she say?"

"My mother said that she didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' my aunt didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' you know geography, an' you didn't get married."

The Trouble.

A man may be religious without belonging to a church, but the trouble is that he generally isn't.

LOST \$300.

Buying Medicine When Right Food Was Needed.

Money spent for "tonics" and "bracers" to relieve indigestion, while the poor old stomach is loaded with pastry and pork, is worse than losing a pocketbook containing the money.

If the money only is lost it's bad enough, but with lost health from wrong eating, it is hard to make the money back.

A Mich. young lady lost money on drugs but is thankful she found a way to get back her health by proper food. She writes:

"I had been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for six years and spent three hundred dollars for treatment in the attempt to get well. None of it did me any good."

"Finally I tried Grape-Nuts food, and the results were such that, if it cost a dollar a package, I would not be without it. My trouble had been caused by eating rich food such as pastry and pork."

"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to me, I am sure, was the change in my condition after I began to eat Grape-Nuts. I began to improve at once and the first week gained four pounds."

"I feel that I cannot express myself in terms that are worthy of the benefit Grape-Nuts has brought to me, and you are perfectly free to publish this letter if it will send some poor sufferer relief, such as has come to me."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."