

# 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 own woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees 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 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 a 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 and Chip are in love. Chip runs to Greenville 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. 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 \$50,000 in Chip's name. Chip returns to the home of Judson Walker at Bearful 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 Walkers. He gives Chip her money and asks if she shall send Ray to her, but she says that 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 goes to go to Chip, but Martin advises him not to. Chip receives a letter from Ray, asking forgiveness for seeming slight and neglect. Ray and Levi return to the wilderness camp and find Cy. They tell him of his brother and the finding of Chip. Chip starts for a visit to Greenville.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

A rapid and almost wonderful growth of this yule-tide impulse now swept over Chip, so much so that it must be told. At first it took shape in the intended purchase of comparative trifles,—a fishing-rod for Uncle Jud, a pipe for Martin, gloves for Aunt Abby, and so on. Then as that seemingly vast fortune, now hers to spend, occurred to Chip, and her sense of obligation as well, the intended gifts increased in proportion until a costly picture of some camp or wildwood scene for Phiney and a valuable watch for Miss Phinney were decided upon.

Her plan as to how to obtain these presents also took shape. Riverton was the only place where they could be obtained. To that village she would go first, obtain the money needed, devote one entire day to making her purchases, and then go on to Greenville and astonish these good friends from whom she was once so eager to escape.

It was all a most delightful episode which was now anticipated by Chip. Again and again she lived it over, especially her arrival in Greenville, and how like a Lady Bountiful she would present her gifts to her friends.

So eager was she thus to make some compensation to them that lessons became irksome, the day seemed weeks in length, and she could scarce sleep when bedtime came.

But the slow days dragged by at last, and when Chip, happier than ever before in her life, dressed in her best, bade Aunt Abby good-by and started on her journey alone.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Riverton, less provincial than Greenville, was a village of some two thousand inhabitants. A few brick blocks, with less pretentious wooden buildings, formed a nucleus of stores. A brown-stone bank, four churches, two hotels, the Quaboag house and the Astor house were intermingled among these, and a railroad with two trains in each direction a day added life and interest to the place. Each of the hotels sent a conveyance to meet every train, with a loud-voiced emissary to announce the fact of free transportation. In each hostelry a bar flourished and like rival clubs, each had its afternoon and evening gathering of loafers who swapped yarns and gossip, smoked and chewed incessantly, and contributed little else to support the establishments. Three times daily, at meal hours, each of the rival landlords banged a discordant gong in his front doorway, without apparent result.

At about 11 in the forenoon each week-day in summer, Uncle Joe Barnes on his lumbering two-horse stage, arrived from Greenville, paused at the post office, threw off a mail-pouch, thence around to the Quaboag house stable, and cared for his horses. At two he was ready for the return trip and mounting his lofty seat, he again drove to the front of the hotel, shouting "All aboard!" dismounted to assist lady passengers, but let masculine ones do their own climbing, and after halting to receive a mail-bag, again departed on his return trip.

A certain monotonous regularity was apparent in every move and every act and function of village life in Riverton. At precisely seven o'clock each morning the two landlords appeared simultaneously and banged their gongs. At 12 and six, this was repeated. At eight o'clock the three principal storekeepers usually entered their places of business; at nine, while the academy bell was ringing near by, every village doctor might be seen starting out. At ten exactly, Dwight Bennett, the cashier of the bank, unlocked its front door, and the two hotel 'buses invariably started so nearly together that they met at the first turn going stationward. Even the four church clocks had the same habit, and it was often related that a stranger there, a traveling man, on his first visit, made an amusing discovery.

"What kind of a fool clock have you got in this town?" he said to Sam



A Few of the Quaboag Retinue Followed Her About.

Gates, the landlord of the Quaboag, next morning after his arrival. "I went to bed in good season last night an' just got asleep when I heard it strike 32. I dozed off an' the next I knew it began clanging again, and I counted 44. What sort of time do you keep here, anyway? Do you run your town by the multiplication table?"

The half-dozen loafers who met every afternoon in the Quaboag house office arrived in about the same order, smoked, drank, told their yarns, gathered all the gossip, and departed at nearly the same moment. Their evening visits partook of the same clock-like regularity.

These of the old guard were also dressed much the same, and "slouchy" best describes it. Gray flannel shirts in winter or summer alike. Collars, cuffs, and ties were never seen on them, though patches were, and as for shaving or hair-cutting, a few shaved once a week, some never did, and semi-annual hair-cuts were a fair average.

The worst sinner in this respect, Luke Atwater, occasionally called "Lazy Luke," never had his beard shortened but once, and that was due to its being burnt off while he was fighting a brush fire in spring.

It was related of him, and believed by many, that once upon a time many years previous he had had his hair cut and on that occasion the barber had found a whetstone concealed in Luke's shock of tangled hair. It was also asserted that he admitted always carrying his whetstone back of his ear while mowing, and so losing it that way.

All the news and every happening

in Riverton, from the catching of an extra big trout to twins, was duly commented upon and discussed by this coterie. Village politics, how much money each storekeeper was making, crop prospects, the run of sap every spring, drouth, weather indications, rain or snow falls, each and all formed rotating subjects upon which every one of this faithful-to-the-post clique expressed opinions.

Chip's arrival there with the Frisbie family, and her later history, learned from Uncle Joe, furnished a fertile topic, her escapade in running away from Greenville, a more exciting one, while Old Cy's visit and deposit of a fabulous sum in the bank in her name had been a nine days' wonder. That amount, hinted at only by the cashier as a comfortable fortune, soon grew in size until it was generally believed to be almost a million.

This was Riverton and its decidedly rural status when late one December afternoon the Quaboag free 'bus (a two-seated pung, this time) swept up to that hotel's front door, where the porter assisted a stylish young lady to alight, and he, stepping like a drum major, led the way into the Quaboag's unwarmed parlor.

"Young lady, sir, a stunner, wants room over night, sir," he announced to the landlord in the office a moment later. "Goin' to Greenville to-morrow, she says."

On the instant all converse in the office ceased, and the six constant callers hardly breathed until Sam Gates hastened to the parlor and returned.

"It's that McGuire gal—lady, I mean," he asserted pompously; then the porter, "Git a move on, Jim, 'n' start a fire in Number 6, an' quick, too!" And hastily brushing his untidy hair before the office mirror, he left the room again, followed by six envious glances. Then those astonished loafers grouped themselves, the better to observe the passage between parlor and office.

Only one instant sight of this important guest was obtained by them as Chip emerged from the parlor and followed the landlord upstairs, and then the hushed spell was broken.

"By gosh, it's her!" exclaimed one in an awed whisper, "an' Jim was right, she's a stunner!"

"What do ye s'pose she's here for," queried a fourth, "to draw the interest on her money, or what?"

It was precisely four forty-five when Chip appeared before the judge and jury of all Riverton's happenings. At five forty-five they had agreed that she was the handsomest young lady who had ever set foot in the town, that she must be going to get married soon, and that her mission there was to draw out a few thousand dollars for wedding finery. Then they dispersed, and at six forty-five, when they assembled at the Quaboag again, half of Riverton knew their conclusions, and by bedtime all knew them.

By eight-thirty next morning, this all-observant and all-wise clique had gathered in the hotel office once more, an unusual proceeding, and when Chip tripped out, eight pairs of eyes watched her depart. Then they dispersed.

At nine o'clock Chip walked up the stone steps to the bank door, read the legend, "Open from ten a. m. to two p. m.," turned away, and once more resumed her leisurely stroll up and down the street while she peered into store windows. At ten precisely by the four clocks she was back at the bank again, and the cashier lost count of the column he was adding when he saw her enter.

"I would like \$300, if you please, sir," she said, presenting her little book, and he had to count it over four times, to make sure the amount was right. Then he passed the thick bundle of currency out under his latticed window, seeing only the two wide-open, fathomless eyes and dimpled face that had watched him, and feeling, as he afterward admitted, like 50 cents.

And now ensued an experience the like of which poor Chip had never even dreamed,—the supreme joy of spending money without stint for those near and dear to her. And what a medley of gifts she bought! Two silk dress patterns, two warm wraps, three winter hats, a gold watch for Miss Phinney, an easy-chair, two of the finest pipes she could find, a trout rod, four pairs of gloves, and finally a gun for Nezer. Then as her roll of money grew less, she began to pick up smaller articles,—handkerchiefs, slippers, and the like.

"Send them to the hotel, please," she said to one and all of whom she purchased articles of any size, "marked for Vera McGuire."

That was enough! Riverton had sensations, mild ones, of course. Now and then a fire had occurred, once an elopement. Occasionally a horse ran away, causing damage to some one. But nothing had occurred to compare with the arrival of a supposed fabulously rich young lady who came without escort, who walked into and out of stores like a goddess, noticing no one, and who spent money as if it were autumn leaves.

A few of the Quaboag retinue followed her about in a not-to-be-observed manner. Women by the dozen hastily donned outdoor raiment and visited

stores, just to observe her. They crossed and recrossed the street to meet her, and a battery of curious eyes was focussed on her for two hours.

When she returned to the hotel, the old guard, recruited by every idle man in town, filled the office, awaiting her. Uncle Joe, who had heard of her arrival the moment he came, was among them, recounting her history once more, and when she neared the hotel, he emerged to meet her.

"Why, bless yer eyes, Chip," he said, extending a calloused hand, "but I'm powerful glad to see ye once more. Whatever made ye run away the way ye did, 'n' what be ye doin' here? Buyin' out the hull town? I've got the pung filled w' bundles a'ready w' yer name on 'em."

He beamed her into the parlor, like the ancient gallant he was. He washed, brushed his hair and clothing, and awaited her readiness to dine, without holding further converse with the curious crowd. He ushered her into the dining-room and made bold to sit and eat with her unasked, and when he assisted her to the front seat in his long box sleigh, crowded with her purchases, and drove away, he was envied by two dozen observers.

"Why didn't ye send us word o' yer comin'," he said as they left Riverton, "so I cud 'n' spruced up some an' come down with a better rig, bells on the hosses and new buffer robes?"

"There was no need of that," answered Chip, pleased, as well she might be. "I am just the same girl that I always was, only happier now that I have more friends. How is dear old Aunt Comfort, and every one in Greenville? I am anticipatin' seeing them so much."

And never during all the 20 years in which Uncle Joe had journeyed twice each day over this road had the way seemed shorter or had he been blessed with a more interesting companion.

The only regret Chip had, was that she had forgotten to buy Uncle Joe a present. She made up for it later, however.

At Greenville, Chip met almost an ovation. Aunt Comfort kissed her and cried over her. Nezer ran for Angie, who soon appeared on the scene, and Hannah was so "flustered" she was unable to speak after the first greeting. Martin, who had heard of Chip's arrival from Uncle Joe, hastened to Aunt Comfort's, and had Chip been a real "millionaire" or some titled lady she could not have awakened more interest or received half so cordial a welcome.

Hannah was the one who felt the most embarrassed, however, and guilty as well. For half an hour, while Chip was the center of interest, she could only stare at her in dumb amazement. Then she stole out of the room, and later Chip found her in the kitchen, shedding copious tears.

"I'm a miserable sinner 'n' the Lord'll never forgive me," she half moaned, when Chip tried to console her. "An' to think ye feel the way ye say, 'n' to bring me a present, arter all the mean things I said. It's a-heavin' coals o' fire on my head, that it is." And the shower increased.

"I have forgotten all about them, Hannah, truly I have," Chip assured her, "and I wish you would. You didn't understand me then, perhaps, or I you, so let us be friends now."

The next afternoon Chip, who had learned that Miss Phinney's school was to close the day following, set out to call on her in time to arrive at its adjournment.

No hint of her return had reached Miss Phinney, no letters had been exchanged, and not since that tearful separation had they met.

And now as Chip followed the lonely by-road so often traversed by her, what a flood of bitter-sweet memories returned,—each bend, each tree, each rock, and the bridge over the Mizzy held a different recollection. Here at this turn she had first met Ray, after her resolve to leave Greenville. At the next landmark, a lane crossing the meadows, she had always parted from her teacher, the last time in tears. And how long, long ago it all seemed!

Then beyond, and barely visible, was the dear old schoolhouse. She could see it now, half hid in the bushes, a lone and lowly little brown building outlined on the winter landscape and apparently dwarfed in size. Once it had awed her; now it seemed pathetic.

The last of its pupils were vanishing as Chip drew near, and inside, and as lonely as that lone temple, Miss Phinney still lingered.

That day had not gone well with her. A note of complaint had come from one parent that morning, and news that a dearly loved scholar was ill as well, and Miss Phinney's own life seemed like the fields just now—cold, desolate and snow-covered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Man's Career.

A man ought to look upon his career as a great artist looks upon his masterpiece, as an outpicturing of his best self, upon which he looks with infinite pride and a satisfaction which nothing else can give. Yet many people are not so loosely connected with their vocation that they are easily separated from it.—Success Magazine.

## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

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Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

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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.

### The Poet's Error.

"Of course," said the poet's friend, "he has his faults, but he's a true poet. He gives his life to the service of the muses—"

"Yes," put in the critic, "but seems to make the mistake of supposing that Bacchus is one of the muses."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

### Explicit.

"This is an age of steel," said the after-dinner speaker.

"Permit me to suggest," interrupted the chairman, courteously, "that for the benefit of the reporters present you spell that last word."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

### For Chinese Forest Protection.

The first Chinese school of forestry has just been opened at Mukden. The Chinese empire paid no attention in the past to the destruction of its forests.

### Who Likes Lemon Pie?

You should try at once "OUR-PIE" Preparation for delicious Lemon pies. A lady says: "I will never again try to make Lemon pie in the old way while I can get 'OUR-PIE' Preparation." Try it and you will say the same. At grocers, 10 cents. "Put up by D-Zertia Co., Rochester, N. Y."

### Very True.

The Best Friend—I hear her old husband shows her a dog-like devotion.

The Casual Gossip—Yes, they say he is always growling at her.

### It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Power, be it ever so great, has not half the might of gentleness.—Hunt.

