

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 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. Abby 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 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 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. 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 book showing a deposit of \$50,000 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 Walkers. He gives Chip her money and asks if she 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 advises her 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 spends Christmas at Greenville. Old scenes bring back her love for Ray.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

And then while she, thus lone and lonesome, was putting away books, slates, ink-bottles and all the badges of her servitude, Chip, without knocking, walked in.

How they first exclaimed, then embraced, then kissed, and then repeated it while each tried to wink the tears away, and failed; how they sat hand in hand in that dingy, smoke-browned room with its knife-backed benches, unconscious of the chill, while Chip told her story; and how, just as the last rays of the setting sun flashed from the icicles along its eaves, they left it, still hand in hand, was but an episode such as many a schoolgirl can recall.

Of the few friends Greenville held for Chip, none seemed quite so near and dear as Miss Phinney, and none lived longer in her memory. They had been for many months not teacher and pupil, but rather two sisters, confiding, patient, and tender. Life swept them apart. They might never meet again, and yet, so long as both lived, never would those school days be forgotten.

With Sunday came Chip's most gratifying experience, perhaps, for her arrival was now known by the entire village and the fact that she was an heiress as well. Her fortune (also known) was considered almost fabulous according to Greenville standards, and when Chip with Angle entered the church porch, it was crowded with people waiting to receive them. Chip, of course, now well clad and well poised, was once more the cynosure of

a. eyes except when the pastor prayed. At the close of service a score, most of whom she knew by sight only, waited to greet her and shake hands with her in the porch. The parson hurried down the aisle to add his smile and hand clasp, and, all in all, it was a most gratifying reception.

And here and now, let no carping critic say it was all due to that bank account, but rather a country town's expression of respect and good will toward one whom they felt deserved it.

That it all pleased Angie, goes without saying. That Chip well deserved this vindication, no one will question; and when her visit ended and she departed, no one, not even Miss Phinney, missed her more than Angie.

Only one thread of regret wove itself into Chip's feelings as she rode away with Uncle Joe, whose horses were now decked properly for this important event. She had received a most cordial reception on all sides—almost a triumph of good will. Her gifts had brought an oft-repeated chorus of thanks and a few tears. On all sides and among all she had been welcome, even receiving a call and words of praise from Parson Jones. She was a nobody no longer; instead, a somebody whom all delighted to honor and commend.

But the one whose motherly pride would have been most gratified, she for whom Chip's heart yearned for oftenest, would never know it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

With the birds and flowers once more returning to Christmas Cove, came outdoor freedom for Chip again. Like the wood-nymph she was in character and taste, the wild, rock-bound coast outside and the low, wooded mountain enclosing this village were her playgrounds where she found companionship. Other associates she cared but little for, and a few hours alone on a wave-washed shore, watching the wild ocean billows tossing spray aloft, or a long ramble in a deep, silent forest, appealed to her far more than parties and girlish enjoyments.

The wood-bordered road, leading from the village to the railroad ten



"Say You Love Me."

miles away, was now a favorite walk of hers. It was suited to her in many ways, for it was seldom traveled; it followed the sunny side of the low mountain range back of Christmas Cove, not a house stood along its entire way, and to add charm, a brook kept it company, crossing and recrossing it for two miles. That feature was the most especial attraction, for beds of watercress waved beneath the limpid waters in deep pools, bunches of flag grew along its banks, their blue flowers bending to kiss the current; its ripples danced in the sunlight; its music was a tinkling melody, and these simple attractions appealed to Chip.

There was also another reason for now choosing this byway walk. She knew, or felt sure, that Ray would visit Christmas Cove on his return from the woods. He must come in the old carryall,—about the only vehicle ever journeying along the road,—and now, like a brownie of the forest, she watched until she spied it afar and then hid in the bushes and peeped out until it passed each day.

A curious and somewhat complex feeling toward this young man had also come to her. At first, like a child, she had loved him unasked. She had known no different. He had seemed like a young god to her, and to cling to him was supreme happiness. Then had come an awakening, a consciousness that this freedom was not right and must be checked. Following that also—a bitter lesson—it had come to her that she was a kind of outcast, a child of shame, as it were, whose origin was despicable, and who was dependent upon the charity of others. This awakening, this new consciousness, was like a black chasm in front of her, a horror and shame combined, and true to her nature, she fled from it like one pursued.

But two years had changed her views of humanity. She had learned

that money and social position did not always win friends and respect. That birth and ancestry were of less consideration than a pure mind and honest intentions, and that fine raiment sometimes covered a base heart and vile nature.

Toward the boyish lover, also, her feelings had been altered. A little of the old-time fondness remained, however. She could not put that away. She had tried and tried earnestly, yet the wildwood illusion still lingered. She had meant, also to put him and herself quite apart—so far, and in such a way that she would never be found by him. That had failed, however; he knew where she was. He had said that he was coming here. Most likely he would expect to renew the old tender relations; but in that he would be disappointed. She was sure she would be glad to see him for old times' sake, however. She would be gracious and dignified, as Aunt Abby was. She wanted to hear all about the woods and Old Cy again, but caresses must be forbidden. More than that, every time she recalled how freely she had permitted them once, she blushed and felt that it would be an effort to look him in the face again.

But she was anxious to see how he would appear now: whether the same boy, with frank, open face, or a commanding, self-possessed man.

And so each pleasant afternoon she strolled up this byway road. When the ancient carryall was sighted, she hid and watched until passed.

But Captain Mix, its driver, also had observing eyes. He knew her now as far as he could see her, as every one in the village did, and he soon noticed her unusual conduct. He also watched along the wayside where she left it, and slyly observed her peeping out from some thicket. Just why this odd proceeding happened time and again, he could not guess, and not until a strange young man alighted from the train one day and asked to be left at the home of Mrs. Abby Bemis, did it dawn on him.

Then he laughed. "Friend o' Aunt Abby, I 'spose?" he inquired in his Yankee fashion, after they had started.

"No," answered Ray, frankly, "I have never seen the lady. I know some one who is living with her, however. A Miss Mc—Raymond, I mean."

Captain Mix glanced at him, his eyes twinkling. "So ye're 'quainted with Vera, he ye," he responded. "Wal, ye're lucky." Then as curiosity grew he added, "Known her quite a spell, hev ye?"

But Ray was discreet. "Oh, three or four years," he answered nonchalantly. "I knew her when she lived in Greenville." Then to check the stage driver's curiosity, he added, "She was only a little girl, then. I presume she has changed since."

"She's a purty good-lookin' gal now," asserted Captain Mix, "but middlin' odd in her ways. Not much on gallivantin' round w' young folks, but goin' to school stiddy 'n' roamin' round the woods when she ain't. Purty big gal to be goin' to school she is. I calculate her arly eddication must 'a' been sorter neglected. Mebbe ye know 'bout it," and once more this persistent Yankee glanced at his companion.

But Ray was too loyal to the little girl he loved to discuss her further, and made no answer. Instead, he began inquiries about Christmas Cove, and as they jogged on mile after mile, he learned all that was to be known of that quiet village. When they had reached a point some three miles from it, a kindly thought came to the driver.

"If Vera ain't 'spectin' ye," he said, "mebbe ye'd like to 'spise her. If so be it, ye kin. She's 'most allus out this way 'n', curislike, hides 'fore I get 'long whar she is. If I see her to-day, 'n' ye want to, I'll drop ye clus by 'n' let ye."

And so it came to pass.

Chip, as usual, had followed her oft-taken walk on this pleasant May afternoon. When the carryall was sighted also, as usual, she had hidden herself. With beating heart she saw two occupants this time, and looking out of her laurel screen, she saw that one was Ray.

Then she crouched lower. The moment she had waited for had come.

But now something unexpected happened, for after the carryall passed her hiding spot, Ray, brown and stalwart, leaped out. The carryall drove on, and she saw him returning and scanning the bushes.

She was caught, fairly and squarely. One instant she hesitated, then, blushing rose-red, emerged from the undergrowth.

And now came another capture, for with a "Chip, my darling," Ray sprang forward, and although she turned away, the next moment she was clasped in his arms.

In vain she struggled. In vain she writhed and twisted. In vain she pushed him away and then covered her blushing face.

Love, fierce and eager, could not be thus opposed. All her pride, anger, resentment, shame, and intended coldness were as so many straws, for despite her struggles, he pulled her hands aside and kissed her again and again.

"My darling," he exclaimed at last, "say you forgive me; say you love me; say it now!"

Then, as she drew away, he saw her eyes were brimming with tears.

"I won't," she said, "I hate—" but his lips cut the sentence in two, and it was never finished.

"I did mean to hate you," she declared once more, covering her face, "but I—I can't."

"No, you can't," he asserted eagerly. "For I won't let you. You promised to love me once, and now you've got to, for life."

And she did. When the outburst of emotion had subsided and they strolled homeward, Chip glanced shyly up at her lover.

"Why did you pounce on me so?" she queried; "why didn't you ask me, first?"

"My dear," he answered, "a wife man kisses the girl first, and asks her afterwards." Then he repeated the offense.

And now what a charming summer of sweet illusion and castle-building followed for the lovers! How Aunt Abby smiled benignly upon them, quite content to accord ample chance for wooing! How many blissful, dreamy hours they passed on lonely wave-washed cliffs, while the marvel of love was discussed! How its wondrous magic opened a new world whose walks were flower-decked, whose sky was ever serene, where lilies bloomed, birds sang, sea winds whispered of time and eternity, and where Chip was an adored queen! How all the shame and humiliation of her past life faded away and joy supreme entered on the azure and golden wings of this new morning! Even Old Cy was almost forgotten; the spiteful, Old Tomah, and Tim's Place quite so; and all hope, all joy, all protection, and all her future centered in the will and wishes of this Prince Perfect.

"Blind and foolish," I hear some fair critic say. Yes, more than that, almost idiotic; for selfish man never pursues unless forced to do so, and an object of worship once possessed, is but a summer flower.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Quite different from the meeting of the lovers was that which occurred when Old Cy reached Peaceful Valley. There were no heroics, no falling upon one another's necks, no tears. Just a "Hullo, Cyrus!" "Hullo, Judson!" as these two brothers clasped hands, and 40 years were bridged.

Aunt Mandy, however, showed more emotion, for when Old Cy rather awkwardly stooped to kiss her, the long ago of Sister Abby's sorrow welled up in her heart, and the tears came.

That evening's reunion, with its two life histories to be exchanged, did not close until the tall clock had ticked into the wee, small hours.

All of Old Cy's almost marvellous adventures had to be told by him, and not the least interesting were the last few years at the wilderness home of the hermit. Chip's entry into it and her history formed another chapter fully as thrilling, with Uncle Jud's rescue of her for a denouement.

The most pathetic feature of this intermingled history—the years while sweet Abby Grey waited and watched for her lover—was left untold. Only once was it referred to by Aunt Mandy, in an indirect way; but the quick lowering of Old Cy's eyes and the shadow that overspread his face, checked her at once. Almost intuitively she realized its unwisdom, and that it was a sorrow best not referred to.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Japanese Innovation.

An Austrian military organ draws attention to one of the minor details of the Japanese musketry practice during the late war which seems to have escaped notice in Europe. In European armies the question of a rifle rest for long range firing has led to many ingenious contrivances for devising tripod arrangements. The Japanese war department solved the difficulty in a much simpler but equally effective way. They just provided the soldier with a bag of stout cotton eight inches wide and 20 inches long, which he could carry in his cartridge case on the march, and on reaching the fighting line could in a minute stuff with earth or stones. The device gave amazing assistance in accuracy or rifle fire.—New Orleans Picayune.

Coins Found in Old Wall.

A remarkable discovery of a hoard of gold and silver coins, amounting in value to about £200, has been made in the townland of Annaloughy, near Augheloy, county Tyrone. The money was discovered hidden in an old wall beside the house which has been the property of the same family for generations.

The back of the wall at one time formed a portion of the original house. How or when the hoard was placed in position where it was discovered is a mystery, but from the dates on the coins it must have been at least half a century ago.—Westminster Gazette.

To Kill Poison Ivy.

Plenty of salt thrown over the roots of poison ivy will destroy it. Refuse brine, machine brine, or any other strong similar solution will kill ivy.—N. Y. Times.



This woman says that after months of suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her as well as ever.

Maude E. Forgie, of Leesburg, Va., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I want other suffering women to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For months I suffered from feminine ills so that I thought I could not live. I wrote you, and after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and using the treatment you prescribed I felt like a new woman. I am now strong, and well as ever, and thank you for the good you have done me."

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.



WESTERN CANADA

Some of the choicest lands for grain growing, stock raising and mixed farming in the new districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the

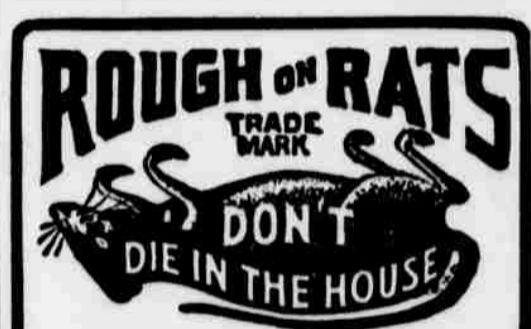
Revised Homestead Regulations

Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are thus now easily available in these great grain-growing, stock-raising and mixed farming sections.

There you will find healthful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is \$10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

W. V. BENNETT,
801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.



UNBEATABLE EXTERMINATOR

The Old Reliable That Never Fails. Being all poison, one 35c box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more rats and mice, and thousands of Roaches, Ants and Bed Bugs. 25c & 75c boxes at all grocers and country stores. FREE Send for our comic postal cards and lithograph which have convulsed the world with laughter.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little 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.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.