

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.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"It's the spites," whispered Chip to Ray. "They allus act that way when it's stormin'."

The next day the gale began to lessen, and by night the moon, now half-full, peeped out of the scurrying clouds. At bedtime it was smiling serenely, well down toward the treetops, and Chip's spites had ceased their wailing.

Fortunately, however, Martin's quest for game had been successful. A saddle of venison, a dozen or more partridges and two goodly strings of trout hung in cold storage.

But utter and almost speechless astonishment awaited Old Cy at the ice-house when he visited it the next morning, for the venison was gone, not a bird remained, and one of the two strings of trout had vanished.

In front, on the sand, was the same tell-tale moccasin tracks.

"Wall, by the Great Horn Spoon! if that cuss hain't swiped the hull business," Old Cy ejaculated, as he looked in and then at the tracks. "Crossed over last night," he added, noting where a canoe had cut its furrow, "an' steered plumb for my icehouse! The varmint!"

But Martin was angry, thoroughly angry, at the audacious insolence of the theft, and the thought that just now this sneaking half-breed was doubtless enjoying grilled venison and roast partridge in some secure shelter. It also opened his eyes to the fact that this chap would hang about, watching his chance, until they started out of the wilderness, and then capture the girl if he could. For a little while Martin pondered over the situation and then announced his plans.

"There's law, and officers to execute it," he said, "if a sufficient reward be offered; and to-morrow you and I, Levi, will start for the settlement and fetch a couple in. I'll gladly give \$500 to land this sneak behind the bars. If he can't be caught, we can at least have two officers to guard us going out."

All that day he and Levi spent in hunting. Another deer was captured, more birds secured, and when evening came plans to meet the situation were discussed.

"You or Ray must remain on guard daytimes near the cabin," Martin said to Old Cy. "My wife and Chip had better keep in it, or near it most of the time; and both of you must sleep there nights. One or the other can fish or hunt, as needed. We must be gone a week or more, even if we have good luck; but fetching the officers here is the best plan now."

Levi was up early the next morning, and had the best canoe packed for a hurry trip ere breakfast was ready. No tent was to be taken, only blankets, a rifle, a bag of the simplest cooking utensils, pork, bread and coffee. A modest outfit—barely enough to sustain life, yet all a woodsman carries when a long canoe journey with many carries must be taken.

These were sober faces at the landing when Martin was ready to start—Chip most sober of all—for now she

realized as never before how serious a burden she had become.

No time was wasted in good-bys. Martin grasped the bow paddle, and with "Old Faithful" Levi wielding the stern one, they soon crossed the lake and vanished at its outlet.

And now, also, for the first time, Angle realized how much the presence of these two strong and resourceful men meant to her. All that day she and Chip clung to the cabin, while Old Cy, a long, lanky Leatherstocking, patrolled the premises, rifle in hand.

"We hain't a mite o' cause to worry," he said when nightfall drew near. "The pesky varmint's a coward, 'n' knows guns are plenty here, an' we folks handy in usin' 'em. I've rigged a fish line to the ice house door so it'll rattle some tinware in the cabin if he meddles it again. I sleep with one eye 'n' both ears open, an' if he comes prowlin' round night-times, he'll hear bullets whizzin' an' think Fourth o' July's opened up arly."

But for all his cheerful assurance, time passed slowly, and a sense of real danger oppressed Angle and Chip as well. Ray shared it also. He was not as yet hardened to the wilderness, and like all who are thus tender, its vast somber solitude seemed ominous.

Only the hermit, with his moonlike eyes and impassive ways, showed no sign of trouble. What this half-breed wanted, other than food, he seemed not to understand; and while he helped about the camp work and followed Old Cy like a dog, he was of no other aid.

One, two, three days of watchful guard and evenings when even Old Cy's cheerful philosophy or Ray's banjo failed to dispel the gloom, and then, just as the sun was setting once again, a canoe with one occupant was seen to enter the lake and head for the landing.

CHAPTER VII.

An unexpected canoe entering a lake so secluded and so seldom visited as this lake must needs awaken the keenest surprise, and especially in the case of a party situated as this one was. Ray, who had just returned from a berry-picking trip over at the "blow down," and Old Cy, carrying his suggestive rifle, were at the landing some time before this canoe reached it.



From Behind a Low Spruce One Evil, Sinister Eye Watched Her.

while Angle and Chip waited almost breathlessly on the cabin piazza. A stout, bare-headed Indian, clad in white man's raiment, was paddling. He glanced at the two awaiting him at the landing, with big black, emotionless eyes, and then up to the cabin.

As his canoe now grated on the sandy beach close by, he laid aside his paddle, stepped forward and out, drew his craft up, and folding his arms glanced at Old Cy again, as if waiting for a welcome. None was needed, however, for on the instant, almost, came an exclamation of joy from Chip, and with a "Hullo, Poppy Tomah," she was down the bank, with both her hands in his.

A faint smile of welcome spread over his austere face as he looked down at the girl, but not a word, as yet, came.

Old Cy, quick to see that he was a friend, now advanced.

"We're glad to see ye," he said, "an' as ye seem to be a friend o' the gal's, we'll make ye welcome."

The Indian bowed low, and a "How do," like a grunt, was his answer. A calm, slow, motionless type of a now almost extinct race, as he seemed to be, he would utter no word or move a step farther until invited. But now, led by Chip, he advanced up the path.

"It's Tomah, old Poppy Tomah," she said with pride, as Angle rose to meet them, "and he's the only body who was ever good to me."

"I am glad to see you, sir," Angle said, with a gracious bow and smile, "and you are welcome here."

"I thank the white lady—I not forget," came the Indian's dignified answer with a stately bow.

Not a word of greeting for Chip or of surprise at finding her here—only the eagle glance, accustomed to bright sunlight or to following the flight of a bird far out of white man's vision.

"We shall have supper soon," Angle added, uncertain what to say to this impressive man, "and some for you."

It was a deft speech, for Angle, accustomed to take in every detail of a man from the condition of his nails to the cut of his clothing, as all women will, had ere now absorbed the appearance of this swarthy redskin, and was not quite sure whether to invite him to share their table or say nothing.

But the Indian solved his own problem, for spying the outdoor fire to which Old Cy now retreated, he bowed again and strode away toward it.

"Me cook here?" he said to Old Cy. With an "Of course, an' you're welcome to," the question was settled.

Chip soon drew near, and now for the first time the Indian's speech seemed to return, and while Old Cy busied himself about the cooking, these two began to visit.

Chip, as might be expected, did most of the talking, asked questions as to Tim's place, when he was there, and what they said about her running away, in rapid succession. Her own adventures and how she came here soon followed, and it was not long before he knew all that was to be known about her.

His replies were blunt and brief, after the manner of such. Now and then an expressive nod or grunt filled in the place of an ordinary answer. He knew but little about the recent happenings at Tim's place, as he had stayed there only one night since Chip had departed with her father—as he was told. He had been away in the woods, looking for places to set traps later, and had no idea Chip was here.

As to Pete's movements, he was equally in the dark, and when Chip told him what her friends here suspected, he merely grunted. As he seemed to wish to do his own cooking, Old Cy, having completed his task, offered him a partridge and a couple of trout fresh from the icehouse, also pork and potatoes, and left him to care for himself.

He became more sociable later, and when supper was over and the rest had, as usual, gathered on the piazza of the new cabin, he joined them.

And now came a recital from Ray of far more interest to these people than they suspected.

"I saw a bear over back of the ridge this afternoon," he said, "or I don't know but it was a wildcat. I'd just filled my pail with berries, when way up, close to the rocks, I saw something moving. I crouched down back of a bush, thinking it might be a bear, and if it was, I'd get a chance to see it nearer. I could only see the top of its back above the bushes, and once I saw its head, as if it was standing up. Then I didn't see it for quite a spell, and then I caught sight of its back again, a good deal nearer, and then it went into one of the gullies in the hog-back. I didn't wait to see if it came out, but cut for home."

"Did this critter sorter wobble like a woodchuck runnin'?" put in Old Cy.

"No, it just crept along evenly," answered Ray. "I'd see it when it would come out between the bushes."

"Twa'n't a bear," muttered Old Cy, and then, as if the unwisdom of waking suspicion in Angle's mind occurred, he added hastily, "but maybe 'twas a doe, walkin' head down 'n' feedin'."

No further notice was taken of Ray's adventure. The sight of deer everywhere about was a ten-times daily occurrence, and Old Cy's dismissal of the matter ended it.

His thoughts, however, were a different matter. Full well he knew it was no bear thus moving. A deer would never enter a crevasse, nor a wildcat or lynx ever leave the shelter of woods to wander in open sunlight. "I'll go over thar in the mornin'," he said to himself; "I may git a chance to wing that varmint 'n' end our worryin'."

CHAPTER VIII.

Old Cy's suspicions were correct. It was neither bear, deer, nor wildcat that Ray saw skulking along the ridge, but the half-breed.

Believing Chip's father had taken her out of the wilderness, or more likely up-stream to find a place with these campers, he had come here to seek her. To find her here, as he of course did, only convinced him that his suspicions were true and that her father had thus meant to rob him.

Two determined impulses now followed this discovery: First, to make the girl he had bought a prisoner, carry her into the woods, and then, when the chance came, revenge himself on McGuire. No sense of law, or decency even, entered his calculation. He was beyond such scruples, and what he wanted was his only law.

The fear of rifles, which he knew were plenty enough at this camp, was the only factor to be considered. For days he watched the camp from across the lake, hoping that the girl he saw canoeing with a boy so often

might come near enough for him to make a capture. Many times, when darkness served, he paddled close to where the cabin stood, and once landed and watched it for hours.

Growing bolder, as the days wore on, he hid his canoe below the outlet of the lake and taking advantage of this overcropping slate ledge with its many fissures, secreted himself and watched.

But some shelter, at least to cook and eat in, he must have, and this he found in a distant crevasse of this same ledge, and from this he sneaked along back of it until he could hide and watch the camp below. From this vantage-point he saw that the girl no longer went out upon the lake, but remained near the cabin; then, later, he noticed the two men leave the lake one morning. This encouraged him, and now he grew still bolder, even descending the ridge and watching those remaining at the cabin, from a dense thicket.

From this new post he saw that but one man seemed on guard, and almost was he tempted to shoot him from ambush and make a dash to capture his victim. Cautious and cunning, he still waited a chance involving less risk.

And now he saw that certain duties were performed by these people; that one man and the boy always started the morning fire; that the girl invariably went to the landing alone for water, at about the same time. Here for the moment she was out of sight from either cabin, and now in this act of hers, he saw his opportunity to land from his canoe near this spot before daylight, and hide in the bushes fringing the shore here and below the bank, watch his chance and seize and gag her before an outcry could be made. To tie her hands and feet and to push the other canoe out into the lake, thus avoiding pursuit until they could get a good start, was an easy matter.

It was risky, of course. She might hear or see him in time to give one scream. The old man who had said foolish things to him, and now seemed to be on guard, would surely send bullets after him as he sped away; but once out of the lake, he would be safe. It was a dangerous act; yet the other two men might return any day, and with this in prospect, this wily half-breed now resolved to act.

Old Cy was up early that fatal morning. Somehow a sense of impending danger haunted him, and calling Ray, he unlocked the cabin door and began starting the morning fire. He wanted to get breakfast out of the way as speedily as possible, and then visit this ridge, feeling almost sure that he would find where this half-breed had been watching them.

When Ray came out, and before the hermit or Chip appeared, Old Cy hurried over to the ice-house, and now Chip came forth as usual, and without a word to anyone, she took the two pails and started for the landing. It was, perhaps, ten rods to this, down a narrow path winding through the scrub spruce. The morning was fair, the lake without a ripple.

Above the ridge, and peeping through its topping of stunted fir, came the first glance of the sun, and Chip was happy.

Old Tomah, her one and only friend for many years, was here. A something Ray had whispered the night before, now returned like a sweet note of music vibrating in her heart, and as if to add their cheer, the birds were piping all about.

For weeks the cheerful words of one of Ray's songs had haunted her with its catchy rhythm:—

Dar was an old nigger and his name was Uncle Ned,
He died long 'go, long 'go."

They now rose to her lips as she neared the lake. Here she halted, filled a pail, and set it on the log landing.

From behind a low spruce one evil, sinister eye watched her.

And now Chip, still humming this ditty, glanced up at the rising sun and out over the lake.

A crouching form with hideous face now emerged from behind the bush; step by step, this human panther advanced. A slow, cautious, catlike movement, without sound, as each moccasin foot touched the sand Nearer and nearer that unconscious girl it crept! Now 20 feet away, now ten, now five!

And now came a swift rush, two fierce hands enclosed the girl's face and drew her backward on to the sand.

Ray and the hermit were beside the fire, and the Indian just emerging from the hut where he had slept, when Old Cy returned from the icehouse.

"Where's Chip?" he questioned.

"Gone after water," answered Ray. And the two glanced down the path.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Light-Toed Gentry.

"The best pickpockets," said the detective, "are the Hindoos. You have to call them light-toed as well as light fingered, for they can lift a watch or purse as easily with their feet as with their hands. Trained from childhood, these bare-footed rascals are wonderfully skillful with their toes. This gives them a great advantage. A Hindoo in a crowd will stand with his arms ostentatiously folded and sneak with his foot the wallet from your trousers pocket."

VIRGINIA MERCHANT RID OF A VERY BIG GRAVEL STONE.

Another Remarkable Cure of Serious Kidney Trouble.

C. L. Wood, a prominent merchant of Fentress, Norfolk Co., Va., was suffering some months ago with frequent attacks of hard pain in the back, kidneys and bladder and the kidney secretions were irregularly scanty or profuse. Medical treatment failed to cure him.



"At last," says Mr. Wood, "I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and before one box was gone, I went through four days of intense pain, finally passing a stone, one-half by five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. I haven't had a sign of kidney trouble since."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THEN IT LOOKED ABOUT RIGHT.

Coal Dealer Understood When Told What Load Represented.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in one of the last addresses that he made to his Sunday school class before abandoning it, said of carefulness in business:

"Too many business men are careful on one side, their own side, only. Thus a coal dealer whom I used to know shouted one afternoon to an employe who was driving out of the yard: 'Hold on there, Jim! That coal can't have been weighed. It looks a trifle large for a ton to me.'

"Jim shouted back:

"This ain't a ton, boss. It's two ton."

"Oh, all right," said the dealer, in a modified tone. 'Beg your pardon; go ahead.'"

TRUE AFFECTION.



Ethel—Jimmy, do you love me?
Jimmy—Great Scott, girl, do I love you! Ain't I kept my hands and face clean for more than a week all on account of you?

Both Worked Well.

A correspondent sent this "pome" to the New York Sun: Jack Spratt beneath his hat concealed a shining pate; his wife she wore a budding beard, most foeful to relate. Apothecary shops they sought in utterest despair. "Sure Hair Restorer" Jack then bought; his wife bought "Anti-Hair." One night some sprite in dire delight the bottles did misplace, and Mrs. Jack applied, alack, Jack's lotion to her face. While Jack, alack, took from the rack a bottle on which read: "Deplatory. Use with Care," and doused it on his head. Jack Spratt beneath his hat now sports a lion's mane, his wife is happy, for her face is soft and smooth again.

FOUND A WAY

To Be Clear of the Coffee Troubles.

"Husband and myself both had the coffee habit and finally his stomach and kidneys got in such a bad condition that he was compelled to give up a good position that he had held for years. He was too sick to work. His skin was yellow, and I hardly think there was an organ in his body that was not affected.

"I told him I felt sure his sickness was due to coffee and after some discussion he decided to give it up.

"It was a struggle because of the powerful habit. One day we heard about Postum and concluded to try it, and then it was easy to leave off coffee.

"His fearful headaches grew less frequent, his complexion began to clear, kidneys grew better until at last he was a new man altogether, as a result of leaving off coffee and taking up Postum. Then I began to drink it, too.

"Although I was never as bad off as my husband, I was always very nervous and never at any time very strong, only weighing 95 lbs. before I began to use Postum. Now I weigh 115 lbs. and can do as much work as anyone my size, I think.

"Many do not use Postum because they have not taken the trouble to make it right. I have successfully fooled a great many persons who have drunk it at my table. They would remark, 'You must buy a high grade of coffee.' One young man who clerked in a grocery store was very enthusiastic about my 'coffee.' When I told him what it was, he said, 'why I've sold Postum for four years but I had no idea it was like this. Think I'll drink Postum hereafter.'"

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