

FROM THE SPACE

BY CHARLES CLARK MURIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Chip Moutrie, a 15-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods, is sold by her father to Pete Beldine, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Fribble, a scout for Mrs. Fribble. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Fribble. Journey of Fribble's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Fribble. Mrs. Fribble and her party resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken up, Mrs. Fribble is welcomed by Jim and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsmen of the girl. The party settles down for the winter. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this. Mrs. Fribble and her party came across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as a criminal and escaped murderer.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"It's the spies," 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. As bedtime drew near, the children, well down toward the tree-tops, and Chip's spies had ceased their walling.

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 old Mr. McGuire's tent.

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

In front of the stand, was the same tell-tale moose-horn tracks.

"Wall, by the Great Horn Spoon! If that hole-huntin' critter, the all-but-honest," Old Cy ejaculated, as he looked in and then at the tracks. "Crossed over last night," he added, noting where a canoe had been, and had steered plumb for my loobose! The varmint!"

But Martin was angry, thoroughly angry, at the sudden disclosure of the theft, and the thought that just now this sneaking half-breed was doubtless enjoying griled venison and roast partridge soon assailed his mind. It also opened his eyes to the fact that the chap would hang about, watching his movements, and he started out of the wilderness, and then captured the girl if he could. For a little while Martin pondered over the situation and then announced his plans.

"There's the law, and officers to execute it," he said, "if a sufficient reward be offered, and I, Levi, will start for the settlement and fetch a couple in, I'll give five \$500 to land the varmint 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 duty near the cabin," Martin said to Old Cy. "If the varmint should 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 they choose, but give a week's 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 over 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.

There 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 business she had become.

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

And now, also, for the first time, Angie realized how much the presence of those two strong and capable men meant to her. All that day she and Chip clung to the cabin, while Old Cy, a long, cautious, catlike mouse, patrolled the premises, like his hand.

"We hadn't a mile of canoe to worry," he said, then nightfall drew near. "The pesky varmint's a coward, 'n' knows guns are plenty here, 'n' he jinks handy. I'll take 'em. Two-fingered his line into the ice house, so I'll rattle some tinware in the cabin if he meddles it again. I sleep with one eye 'n' both ears open, 'n' if he comes prowlin' round night-time, he'll hear bullets whizzin' 'n' think Fourth of July's opened up ar'y."

But for all his cheerfulness, the time passed slowly, and a sense of real danger oppressed Angie and Chip as well. Ray always hid in the cabin, and was not as yet hardened to the wilderness, and like all who are thus tender,

to the out of his clothing, as all women will, had ere now absorbed the appearance of this swarthy redskin, and was not at all surprised when he came to him to share their table or say nothing.

But the Indian solved his own problem by saying the outdoor life, in which Old Cy now retreated, he bowed again and strode away toward it.

"He cook here?" he asked of Old Cy. With an "Of course, an' you've well come 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, as 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 she knew all that was to be known about her.

His replies were blunt and brief, after the manner of such. Now and then he would give an answer 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 for Pete's movements, he was equally in the dark, and when Chip told him what her friends here suspected, he merely granted. As he seemed in wish to define his own cooking Old Cy, having completed his task, offered him a partridge and a couple of trout fresh from the ice-house, also some dried potatoes, and left him to care for himself.

He became more sociable later, and when supper was over and the rest had all gathered on or grum filled in the place of the new cabin, he joined them.

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

"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 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 got for home."

"Did this critter scatter your rabbit a woodchuck runnin'?" put in Old Cy.

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

"I think a bear," muttered Old Cy, and then, as if the unwisdom of asking suspicion in Angie's mind occurred, he added hastily, "but maybe 'a dog, walkin' head down 'n' feedin'."

No further notice was taken of Ray's adventures. 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 leaves the shelter of woods to wander in open daylight.

"It's an over to land in the mornin'," he said to himself, "I may get a chance to wing that varmint 'n' end our worryin'."



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

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 on her.

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

"I'm lookin' bow'd low, and a 'flow 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.

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CHAPTER VIII.

The largest of the came from the Philippine Islands, some of them being 18 inches in length.

IS SAFETY DEVICE

NEW APPARATUS IN USE ON ENGLISH RAILROAD.

Shows How Occupants of Engine Cab View Simple Arrangement of Signals and Telegraph Poles with Simple and Safe to Its Infallibility.

There is urgent need, as the appalling Shrewsbury disaster has clearly shown, for the adoption of some safety device which shall infallibly make the driver and boiler of every train fully aware of the position of the signals indicating whether the line is clear or obstructed.

For some months past the South-eastern & Chatham railway has been giving facilities for testing a new apparatus which automatically reproduces in the engine cab both "distant" and "home" signals, in set for an approaching train.

A short double "third" rail is laid between the metals for some distance from a signal box, and electrically connected with the signal box by ordinary telegraph poles with the levers in the signal cabin. In the engine cab, in front of the driver, is a small case about the size of a foot square, and above it a powerful bell.

In the face of the case are two small apertures covered with glass, in which for every alignment and curve, corresponding with the "home" and "distant" signals on the line. Two tiny bulbs of red and green glass are above the apertures.

From beneath the engine head two sets of oral "shoes" directly the bell of the engine, the signal box reaches the short "third" rail the shoes begin to slide firmly over, the contact completing the electric circuit.

Attached to the device is a telephone by which, when the train has been stopped by the signal, the driver can communicate with the signalman. In front of the signalman are green and red lights, corresponding to those in the cab, and a corresponding bell in his cabin rings simultaneously with the bell on the engine, one of the lights glowing and the bell ringing till the whistle has passed over the "third" rail.

Owing to the infallible reproduction of the signals in the engine cab, it is estimated that a train, traveling at high speed in the desert fog in perfect safety.

One of the engines running daily on the branch line between Norwood Junction and Beekham Junction, on the South-eastern & Chatham railway, has been equipped with this remarkable apparatus, and shot lengths of "third" rail have been laid down. Experimental work has proved extremely successful. Perhaps the board of trade, now that such a system has been apparently brought to perfection, will insist that it, or something like it, should be adopted by every railway company.—London Mail.

No Doubt.

"I was counsel for a railway company in the west," says a prominent New York lawyer, "in whose employ a section hand had been killed by an express train. His widow, of course, sued for damages. The principal witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had sounded until after the entire train had passed over his position, and that he had not seen the train until it was within a few feet of him."

"Oh, yes, it blew."

"No," I added, impressively, "if that whistle sounded in time to give Morgan warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said the witness.

"Very well. Now, for what earthly purpose would the engineer blow his whistle after the man had been struck?"

"I presume," replied the witness, with great deliberation, "that the engineer was blowing the whistle on the track."

Fed Locomotive with Fence Rails.

The failure of hard coal as a fuel for a locomotive gave passengers on a Delaware & Eastern train a novel experience recently, says a Middle-town (N. Y.) correspondent. The coal furnished for the engine was so fine that it sifted through the grates of the engine, and near Ostrycriven the fire went out and the train was stalled. The male passengers, when they heard the trouble, got out and helped the train crew demolish near by fence rails to obtain fuel. With this the train was carried along for some distance, and then another engine party secured a new supply of fuel. After several stops the train reached a point where pepper fuel could be obtained and proceeded.

Historic Engine Wrecked.

The locomotive engine used to haul logs for the Mason-Donaldson Lumber Company at State Line was mixed up in a wreck and reduced to kindling wood last week at the Milwaukee Sentinel. It was built by the Grant Locomotive works, and sent to the Paris exposition in the 80s. It was awarded a gold medal for perfection of construction in steam machinery of its class, and was returned to the United States. One of the men of the locomotive was a facsimile of the medal, reverse and obverse.

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Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

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From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

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"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to try your remedy. I have tried many other remedies, but they have done me no good. For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst form of female ills. During this time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue can tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About a year ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

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which by entry may be made by entry on vacant land in the West. For particulars, best time to go and where to locate, apply to J. H. BENTLEY, Room 402, Denver, Colo. U.S. U.S. 50,000, this law, which is now in force, California, California, California.

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