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 one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc and 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 Greenvale, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenvale, 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 Greenvale 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 relinquishes. 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.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"I was born close to the wilderness," she said, "and my mother died when I was about eight years old. Then my father took me into the woods, where I worked at a kind of a boarding house for lumbermen. I ran away from that when I was about 16. I had to; the reasons I don't want to tell. I found some people camping in the woods when I'd been gone three days and 'most starved. They felt pity for me, I guess, and took care of me. I stayed at their camp that summer, and then they fetched me home with them and I was sent to school. Somebody said something to me there, somebody who hated me. She had been pestering me all the time, and I ran away. Uncle Jud found me and took care of me until you came, and that's all I want to tell. I could tell a lot more, but I don't ever want those people to find me or take me back where they live, and that's why I don't tell where I came from. Then I felt I was so dependent on them—I was twitted of it—that it's another reason why I ran away. I wouldn't have stayed with Uncle Jud more than over night except that I had a chance to work and earn my board."

"But wasn't it unkind of you—isn't it now—not to let these people know you are alive?" answered Aunt Abby. "They were certainly good to you."

"I know that they were," returned Chip, somewhat contritely; "but I couldn't stand being dependent on them any longer. If they found where I was, they'd come and fetch me back; and I'd feel so ashamed I couldn't look 'em in the face. I'd rather they'd think I was dead."

"Well, perhaps it is best you do not," returned Aunt Abby, sighing; "but years of doubt, and not knowing whether some one we care for is dead or alive, are hard to bear. And now that you have told me some of your history, I will tell you a lifelong case of not knowing some one's fate. Many years ago my sister and myself, who were born here, became acquainted with two young men, sailor boys from Bayport, named Cyrus and Judson Walker. Cyrus became attached to me and we were engaged to marry. It never came to pass, however, for the ship that Judson was captain of, with Cyrus as first mate, foundered at sea. All hands took to the two boats. The one Judson was in was picked up, but the other was never heard of afterward. In due time Judson and my sister Amanda married. He gave up a sailor's life, and they settled down there, they now live. I waited many years, vainly hoping for my sweetheart's return, and finally, realizing that he must be dead, married Capt. Bemis. That all happened so long ago that I do not care to count the years; and yet all through them has lingered that pitiful thread of doubt and uncertainty, that vain hope that somehow and someway Cyrus may have escaped death and may return. I know it will never happen. I know he is dead; and yet I cannot put away that faint hope and quite believe it is so, and never shall so long as I live. Now you have left those who must have cared something for you in much the same pitiful state of doubt, and it is not right."

For one moment something almost akin to horror flashed over Chip.

"And was he called—was he never—I mean this brother, ever heard from?" she stammered, recovering herself in time.

"Why, no," answered Aunt Abby, looking at her curiously, "of course not. Why, what alls you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Oh, nothing," returned Chip, now more composed; "only the story and how strange it was."

It ended the conversation, for Chip, so overwhelmed by the flood of possibilities contained in this story, dared not trust herself longer with Aunt Abby, and soon escaped to her room.

And now circumstances came trooping upon her: the shipwreck, which she had heard Old Cy describe so often; the name she knew was really his; the almost startling resemblance to Uncle Jud in speech, ways, and opinions; and countless other proofs. Surely it must be so. Surely Old Cy, of charming memory, and Uncle Jud no less so, must be brothers, and now it was in her power to—and then she paused, shocked at the position she faced.

She was now known as Vera Raymond, and respected; she had cut loose forever from the old shame of an outlaw's child; of a wretched drudge at Tim's Place; of being sold as a slave; and all that now made her blush.

And then Ray!

Full well she knew now what must have been in his heart that last evening and why he acted as he did. Hannah had told her the bitter truth, as she had since realized. Ray had been assured that she was an outcast, and despicable in the sight of Greenvale. He dared not say "I love you; be my wife." Instead, he had been hurried away to keep them apart; and as all this dire flood of shame that had driven her from Greenvale surged in her heart, the bitter tears came.

Followed the Winding Stream.

In calmer moments, and when the heart-hunger controlled, she had hoped he might some day find her and some day say, "I love you." But now, so soon, to make herself known, to tell who she was, to admit to these new friends that she was Chip McGuire with all that went with it, to have to face and live down that shame, to admit that she had taken Ray's first name for her own—no, no, a thousand times no!

But what of Old Cy and Uncle Jud, and their life-long separation?

Truly her footsteps had led her to a parting of the ways, one sign-board lettered "Duty and Shame," the other a blank.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Old Cy especially found life dull after Ray had gone. The hermit also appeared to miss him and became more morose than ever. He never had been what might be termed social, speaking only when spoken to, and then only in the fewest possible words. Now Old Cy became almost a walking sphinx, and found that time passed slowly. His heartstrings had somehow become entwined with Ray's hopes and plans. He had bent every energy and thought to secure for Ray a valuable stock of furs and gum, and, as with his nature, felt a keen satisfaction in helping that youth to a few hundred dollars.

Now Ray had departed, furs, gum and all. He had promised to return with Martin and Angie later on, but of that Old Cy felt somewhat dubious, and so the old man mourned.

There was no real reason for it, for all Nature was now smiling. The lake was blue and rippled by the June breezes; trout leaped out of it night and morning; flowers were blooming, squirrels frisking, birds singing and nest-building; and what Old Cy most enjoyed, the vernal season was at hand.

Another matter also disturbed him—the whereabouts of McGuire and the half-breed, Pete Bolduc.

Levi had brought the information that neither had been seen nor heard of since the previous autumn; but that was not conclusive, and somehow Old Cy felt that a certain mystery had attached itself to them, and once we suspect a mystery, it pursues us like a phantom. He did not fear either of these renegades, however. He had never harmed them. But he felt that any day might bring a call from one or the other, or that some tragic outcome would be disclosed.

Another problem also annoyed him—who this thief of their game could be, and whether his supposed cave lair was a permanent hiding spot.

Two reasons had kept Old Cy from another visit to that sequestered lake during the fall trapping season: first, its evident danger, and then lack of time. But now, with nothing to do except wait for the incoming ones, an impulse to visit again this mysterious spot came to him.

He had, at the former excursion, felt almost certain that this unknown trapper was either McGuire or the half-breed. Some assertions made by Levi seemed to corroborate that theory, and impelled by it, Old Cy started alone, one morning, to visit this lake again. It took him until midday to carry his canoe, camp outfit, rifle, and all across from the stream to stream, and twilight had come ere he reached the lagoon where he and Ray had left the main stream and camped. Up here Old Cy now turned his canoe, and repairing the bark shack they had built, which had been crushed by winter's snow, he camped there again.

Next morning, bright and early, he launched his canoe and once more followed the winding stream through the dark gorge and out into the rippled lake again.

Here he halted and looked about.

No signs of aught human could be seen. The long, narrow lakelet sparkled beneath the morning sun. The bald mountain frowned upon it, the jagged ledges just across faced him like serried ramparts, an eagle slowly circled overhead, and, best indication of primal solitude, an antlered deer stood loking at him from out an opening above the ledges.

"Guess I'm alone here!" exclaimed Old Cy, glancing around; "but if this ain't a pictur worth rememberin', I never saw one. Wish I could take it with me into t'other world; an' if I was sure o' findin' a spot like it thar, I'd never worry 'bout goin' when my time comes."

After a long wait, as if he wanted to observe every detail of this wondrous picture of wildwood beauty, he dipped his paddle, crossed the sheet of rippled water, and stepped ashore at the very spot where he and Ray had landed over eight months before.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, glancing around, "if that ain't a canoe, bottom up! Two, by ginger!" he added, as he saw another drawn out and half hid by a low ledge.

To this second one he hastened at once and looked into it.

It had evidently rested there all winter, for it was partially filled with water, and half afloat in it were two paddles and a setting pole. A gunny-cloth bag, evidently containing the usual coking outfit of a woodsman, lay soaking in one end, a frying-pan and an axe were rusting in the other, and a coating of mould had browned each crossbar and thwart.

"Been here quite a spell, all winter, I guess," muttered Old Cy, looking it over, and then he advanced to the other canoe. That was, as he asserted, bottom up, and also lay half hid back of a jutting ledge of slate. Two paddles leaned against this ledge, and near by was another setting pole. All three of these familiar objects were brown with damp mould and evidently had rested there many months.

"Curls, curls," muttered Old Cy again. "I callated I'd find nothin' here, 'n' here's two canoes left to rot, 'n' been here all winter."

Then with a vague sense of need, he returned to his canoe, seized his rifle, looked all around, over the lake, up into the green tangle above the ledges, and finally followed the narrow passage leading to where he had once watched smoke arise. Here on top of this ledge he again halted and looked about.

Back of it was the same V-shaped cleft across which a cord had held drying pelts, the cord was still there, and below it he could see the dark skins amid the confusion of jagged stones.

Turning, he stepped from this ledge to the lower one nearer the lake, walked down its slope, and looked about again. At its foot was a long, narrow, shelf-like projection, ending at the corner of the ledge. Old Cy followed this to its end and stepped down into a narrow crevasse.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, taking a backward step as he did so.

And well he might, for there at his feet lay a rifle coated with rust beside a brown felt hat.

Had a grinning skull met his eyes he would not have been more astounded. In fact, that was the next object he expected to see, and he glanced up and down the crevasse for it. None leered at him, however, and picking up the rusted weapon, he continued his search.

Two rods or so below where he had climbed the upper ledge, he was halted again, for there, at his hand almost, was a curious doorlike opening some three feet high and one foot wide, back of an outstanding slab of slate.

The two abandoned canoes had surprised him, the rusty rifle astonished him, but this, a self-evident cave entrance, almost took his breath away.

For one instant he glanced at it, stepped back a step, dropped the rusty rifle and cocked his own, as if expecting a ghost or panther to emerge. None came, however, and once more Old Cy advanced and peered into this opening. A faint light illumined its interior—a weird slant of sunlight, yet enough to show a roomy cavern.

The mystery was solved. This surely was the hiding spot of the strange trapper!

"Can't see why I missed it afore," Old Cy muttered, kneeling that he might better look within, and sniffing at the peculiar odor. "Wonder if the cuss is dead in thar, or what smells so!"

Then he arose and grasped the slab of slate. One slight pull and it fell aside.

"A nat'ral door, by hokey!" exclaimed Old Cy, and once more he knelt and looked in.

The bravest man will hesitate a moment before entering such a cavern, prefaced, so to speak, by two abandoned canoes, a rusty rifle, human head covering, each and all bespeaking something tragic, and Old Cy was no exception. That he had come upon some grewsome mystery was apparent. Canoes were not left to rot in the wilderness or rifles dropped without cause.

And then, that hat!

Surely here, or hereabouts, had been enacted a drama of murderous nature, and inside this cavern might repose its blood-stained sequel.

But the filtering beams of light encouraged Old Cy, and he entered. No ghastly corpse confronted him, but instead a human, if cramped, abode. A fireplace deftly fashioned of slate occupied one side of this cave; in front a low table of the same flat stone, resting upon small ones; and upon the table were rusty tin dishes, a few mouldy hardtack, a knife, fork, and scraps of meat, exhaling the odor of decay. A smell of smoke from the charred wood in the fireplace mingled with it all. In one corner was a bed of brown fir twigs, also mouldy, a blanket, and tanned deerskins.

The cave was of oval, irregular shape, barely high enough for Old Cy to stand upright. Across its roof, on either side of the rude chimney, a narrow crack admitted light, and as he looked about, he saw in the dim light another doorlike opening into still another cave. Into this he peered, but could see nothing.

"A queer livin' spot," he muttered at last, "a reg'lar human panther den. An' 'twas out o' this I seen the smoke come. An here's his gun," he added, as, more accustomed to the dim light, he saw one in a corner. "Two guns, two canoes, an' nobody to hum," he continued. "I'm safe, anyhow. But I've got to peek into that other cave, sartin sure," and he withdrew to the open air.

A visit to a couple of birches soon provided means of light, and he again entered the cave. One moment more, and then a flaring torch of bark was thrust into the inner cave, a mere crevasse not four feet wide, and stooping, as he now had to, Old Cy entered and knelt while he looked about.

He saw nothing here of interest except the serried rows of jutting slate, across two of which lay a slab of the same—no vestige of aught human, and Old Cy was about to retreat when his flare burning close to his finger tips unnoticed, caused him to drop it on the instant, and drawing another from his pocket he lit it while the flame lasted in the first one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Railroad men should wear large broad ties.

PERUNA EDITORIAL NO. 2.

Dr. Hartman has claimed for many years that Peruna is an EXCELLENT CATARRH REMEDY. Some of the doctor's critics have disputed the doctor's claim as to the efficacy of Peruna.

Since the ingredients of Peruna are no longer a secret, what do the medical authorities say concerning the remedies of which Peruna is composed?

Take, for instance, the ingredient HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS, OR GOLDEN SEAL. The United States Dispensatory says of this herbal remedy, that it is largely employed in the treatment of depraved mucous membranes, chronic rhinitis (nasal catarrh), atonic dyspepsia (catarrh of the stomach), chronic intestinal catarrh, catarrhal jaundice (catarrh of the liver), and in diseased mucous membranes of the pelvic organs. It is also recommended for the treatment of various forms of diseases peculiar to women.

Another ingredient of Peruna, CORYDALIS FORMOSA, is classed in the United States Dispensatory as a tonic.

CEDRON SEEDS is another ingredient of Peruna, an excellent drug that has been very largely overlooked by the medical profession for the past fifty years. THE SEEDS ARE TO BE FOUND IN VERY FEW DRUG STORES. The United States Dispensatory says of the action of cedron that it is used as a bitter tonic and in the treatment of dysentery, and in intermittent diseases as a SUBSTITUTE FOR QUININE.

OIL OF COPAIBA, another ingredient of Peruna, is classed by the United States Dispensatory as a mild stimulant and diuretic. It acts on the stomach and intestinal tract. It acts as a stimulant on the genito-urinary membranes. Useful in chronic cystitis, chronic dysentery and diarrhea, and some chronic diseases of the liver and kidneys.

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These opinions as to the ingredients of Peruna are held by all writers on the subject, including Bartholow and Scudder.

OF HYDRASTIS, BARTHOLOW SAYS: it is applicable to stomatitis (catarrh of the mucous surfaces of the mouth), follicular pharyngitis (catarrh of the pharynx), chronic coryza (catarrh of the head). This writer classes hydrastis as a stomachic tonic, useful in atonic dyspepsia (chronic gastric catarrh), catarrh of the duodenum, catarrh of the gall duct, catarrh of the intestines, catarrh of the kidneys (chronic Bright's disease), catarrh of the bladder, and catarrh of other pelvic organs.

BARTHOLOW REGARDS COPAIBA as an excellent remedy for chronic catarrh of the bladder, chronic bronchitis (catarrh of the bronchial tubes).

BARTHOLOW STATES THAT CUBEB, an ingredient of Peruna, promotes the appetite and digestion, increases the circulation of the blood. Useful in chronic nasal catarrh, follicular pharyngitis (catarrh of the pharynx), increasing the tonicity of the mucous membranes of the throat. It also relieves hoarseness. Useful in atonic dyspepsia (catarrh of the stomach), and in chronic catarrh of the colon and rectum, catarrh of the bladder, prostatorrhea, and chronic bronchial affections.

MILLSPAUGH, MEDICINAL PLANTS, one of the most authoritative works on medicinal herbs in the English language, in commenting upon COLLINSONIA CANADENSIS, says that it acts on the pneumogastric and vaso motor nerves. It increases the secretions of the mucous membranes in general. In the mountains of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Carolina, collinsonia canadensis is considered a panacea for many disorders, including headache, colic, cramp, dropsy and indigestion. DR. SCUDDER regards it highly as a remedy in chronic diseases of the lungs, heart disease and asthma.

These citations ought to be sufficient to show to any candid mind that Peruna is a catarrh remedy. Surely, such herbal remedies, that command the enthusiastic confidence of the highest authorities obtainable, brought together in proper combination, ought to make a catarrh remedy of the highest efficacy.

This is our claim, and we are able to substantiate this claim by ample quotations from the HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN THE WORLD.

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Good Eye, Cuchullin!

Who can set bounds to the soaring imagination of the Celt? An enthusiastic New Yorker recently watching a game of hurling—which resembles lacrosse—between stalwart teams, was moved to ask President Conway of the Irish Athletic association how far a good man could drive the ball.

"Well, I'll tell you," responded Mr. Conway, with a twinkle in his eye that contradicted his serious speech. "In the good old days when Cuchullin was champion of Ireland, the king and all the nobility were assembled at the great games of Tailtin. Cuchullin struck up a hurley ball into the sky, and then walked off to his pavilion and took a drink of potheen, and strolled back to the spot in good time to catch the ball on his hurley."—Harper's Weekly.

Safe Place.

"It states here that bulldog shoes are in fashion again," remarked Mr. Stubb as he perused the "latest styles for men" column.

"That so?" laughed Mrs. Stubb ingredulously. "Why—er—where does a buldog carry his shoes?"

"Don't you know, Maria?"

"No, John."

"Why, in his grip, of course."

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