The Girl from Miss Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 15-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 Frisble, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisble. Journey of Frisbe's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisble, 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. Frisble'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 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 Amsi 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 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 bank book showing a deposit of $60,000 in Chip's name. Chip returns to the home of Judson Walker at Peaceful Valley for a summer vacation.

CHAPTER XXVII—(Continued).

Martin had expected this news to be overpowering, and a "Good God!" from Uncle Jud, and a gasping "Land sakes!" from Aunt Mandy proved that it was.

Chip's face, however, was a study. First she grew pale, then flashed a scared glance from one to another of the three who watched her, and then almost did her shame and hatred of this vile parent find expression.

"I'm glad he—no, I won't say so, for he was my father," she exclaimed; "but I want Old Cy to have some of the money, and Uncle Jud here, and you folks, all. I was a pauper long enough," and then, true to her instinct of how to escape from trouble, she ran out of the room.

"She's a curis gal," asserted Uncle Jud, looking after her as if feeling that she needed explanation, "the most curis gal I ever saw. But we can't let her go, money or no money, Mr. Frisble. I found her one night upon top o' Bangall hill. She was so starved an' beat out from trampin' she couldn't hardly crawl up on to the wagon, 'n' yet she said she wouldn't be helped 'thout she could arn it. I think she's like folks we read about, who starve ruther'n beg. But she kin have all we've got some day, an' we jest can't let her go."

And Martin, realizing its futility, made no further protest.

Something of chagrin also came to him, for, broad-minded as he was, he realized how partial neglect, the narrow religious prejudice of Greenvale, and unwise notice of her childish ideas about spites and Old Tomah's superstitions had all conspired to drive her away. She was honest and self-respecting, "true blue," as Old Cy had said, grateful as a fawning dog for all that had been done for her, and in spite of her origin, a circumstance that carried no weight with Martin, she was one, he believed, who would develop into a splendid womanhood. That she was well on her way toward that goal, her improved speech and devotion to these new friends gave ample evidence.

And now Ray's position in this complex situation occurred to Martin; for this young man's interest in Chip and almost heart-broken grief over her disappearance had long since betrayed his attachment.

"I suppose you may have guessed that there was a love affair mixed up with this episode," he said to the two somewhat dazed people.

"I callated thar was, that fust night," Uncle Jud responded, his eyes twinkling again, "an' told Mandy so. 'Twas that more'n anything else kept us from quizzin' the gal. I knowed by her face she had heart trouble, 'n' I've seen the cause on't."

"You have," exclaimed Martin, astonished in turn, "for heaven's sake, where?"

"Oh, down to the Corners, 'most a year ago, 'n' a likely boy he was, too."

"And never told her?"

"No, why should I, thinkin' she'd run away from him. We didn't want to spile her plans. We found out, though, her name was McGuire, but never let on till she told us a spell ago." And then Uncle Jud told the story of Ray's arrival in Riggsville in search of Chip.

"That fellow is my nephew, Raymond Stetson," rejoined Martin with pride, "he also is an orphan, and I have adopted him. Chip has no cause to be ashamed of his attachment."

"I don't callate she is," replied Uncle Jud. "'Tain't that that jinerally makes a gal kick over the traces. Mebbe 'twas suthin some o' you folks said." And then a new light came to Martin.

"Mr. Walker," he answered impressively; "in every village there is always a meddlesome old maid who invariably says things she'd better not, and ours is no exception. In this case it was a dependent of our family who took a dislike to Chip, it seems, and her escapade was its outcome."

"Wal, ye've got to hev charity for 'em," replied Uncle Jud, with a broad smile. "Never havin' suffered the joys 'n' sorrows o' love, they look at it sorter criss-cross, an' mebber this 'un did. Old maids are a good deal like cider—sat'rally turn to vinegar. What wimmin need more'n all the rest is bein' loved, 'n' if they don't get it, they sour up in time an' ain't no comfort to themselves nor nobody else. Then ag'in, not havin' no man nor no babies to look arter, they take to coddlin' cats 'n' dogs 'n' parrots, which ain't nat'ral.

"I think," continued Uncle Jud, "now that we've turned another furrow, you'd best stop a day or two with us, 'n' sorter git 'quainted. We'll be mighty glad to hev ye, me an' Mandy, an' then ag'in thar's a lot o good trout holes up the brook. We hev plenty to eat, 'n' mebbe a few days here in Peaceful Valley'll sorter reconcile ye to leavin' the gal with us." And nothing loath, Martin accepted.

Aunt Mandy and Chip now bestirred themselves as never before. The dressmaker was left to her own resources, Martin and Uncle Jud rigged fishpoles and started for the brook. Chip, with pail in hand, hurried away to the fields, and when tea-time arrived, the big platter of crisp fried trout, saucers filled with luscious blackberries, and ample shortcake of the same with cream that poured in clots, assured Martin that these people did indeed have plenty to eat.

Chip, with Pail in Hand, Hurried Away to the Fields.

"How did this come to be named Peaceful Valley?" he queried, when they had gathered around the table. "It's very appropriate."

"Wal," answered Uncle Jud, "we got it from a feller that come up here paintin' pictures one summer, an'," chuckling, "'twas all we got for a month's board, at that. He was a short o' skimpy critter, with long hair, kinder pale, and chawed tobacco stiddy. He 'lowed his name was Grahame, that he was in the show business 'n' gittin' backgrounds, as he called 'em, fer show pictures. He roved up 'n' down the brook, puttin' rocks 'n' trees 'n' waterfalls on paper, allus gittin' 'round reg'lar 'bout meal time—must 'a' gained 20 pounds while here. An' then one mornin' he was missin', 'n' so was Aunt Mandy's gold thimble 'n' all her silver spoons. She'd sorter took to him, too, he was that palaverin' in his way."

There now ensued a series of questions from Uncle Jud in regard to Old Cy—how long Martin had known him, and all that pertained to his history.

It was gladly recited by Martin, together with all the strange happenings in the wilderness, the finding of Chip, the half-breed's pursuit and abduction of her, and much else that has been told. It was almost midnight ere Martin was shown to the best front chamber, and even then he lay awake an hour, listening to the steady prattle of a near-by brook and thinking of all that had happened.

A tone of regret crept into his voice, however, when, after thanking Uncle Jud and Aunt Mandy, and bidding them good-by, he addressed Chip.

"I wish I could take you back with me," he said; "your return would be such a blessing to Aunt Comfort and my wife. You may not believe it, but you are dear to them both. I must insist that you at least pay us a visit soon. Here is your bank book," he added, presenting it. "You are rich now, or at least need never want, for which we are all grateful. And what about Ray?" he added, pausing to watch her. "What shall I say to him? Shall I tell him to come and see you?"

Chip shook her head firmly. "No, no," she answered, "please don't do that. Some day I may feel different, but not now."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sad news arrived in Peaceful Valley a week later, for Captain Bemis had passed on, Aunt Abby was in lonely sorrow, and wrote for Chip to come at once.

Her fate was now linked with these people. Aunt Abby had been kind and helpful, and Chip, more than glad to return a little of the obligation, hurried to Christmas Cove.

It was a solemn and silent house she now entered. Aunt Abby, despite the fact that it was not a love match, mourned her departed companion. The mill's pertinent silence added gloom, and Chip's smiling face and affection-ate interest was more than welcome to Aunt Abby.

And now that concealment was no longer needed, Chip hastened to tell her story in full.

How utterly Aunt Abby was astonished, how breathlessly she listened to Chip's recital, and how, when the climax came and Chip assured her that good Old Cy Walker was still alive, Aunt Abby collapsed entirely, sobbing and thanking God all at once, is but a sidelight on this tale.

"I couldn't tell you before," Chip assured her, while her own tears still flowed. "I was so ashamed and guilty all in one, I couldn't bear to. I never did so mean a thing in all my life, and never will again. But when Uncle Jud told me what you didn't, and how much he cared for me, and how you once cared for Uncle Cy, I went all to pieces and told the whole story and sent word to Uncle Cy that day. I feel so guilty now, and so mean, I don't see how you can forgive me."

But Aunt Abby's forgiveness was not slow in coming. The past ten days of sorrow had left her heart very tender. In spite of being "book-larned," she was very humane. Chip's sad life and misfortunes appealed to her, as they had to Uncle Jud, and true Christian woman that she was, her heart opened to Chip.

"I hope we shall never be parted while I live," she said, as the tears came again. "I have no children, and no one to live for but my sister. I am so wonted to Christmas Cove, I could not feel at home anywhere else. If Uncle Jud will consent, I will adopt you legily, and when I am laid away all I have shall be yours."

And so Chip McGuire, waif of the wilderness, child of an outlaw, once sold to a human brute, yet fighting her way upward and onward to a better life, despite every drawback, now found a home and mother.

No light of education had illumined her pathway, no Christian teaching and no home example, only the inborn and God-given impulse of purity, self-respect and gratitude; and yet, like a bud forcing its way up out of a muck heap and into the sunshine, so Chip emerged to win respect and love.

But all her history is not told yet. She still lacked even a common education. There was still an old man seeking to find her, who was yet wandering afar. A homeless, almost friendless old man was he, whose life had gone amiss, and whose sole ambition was to do for her and find content in her happiness. A wanderer and recluse for many years, he was still among the busy haunts of men. More than that, he was an object of curiosity to all grown people who met the pest of the young, as he tramped up and down the land in search of Chip.

And what a pitiful quest it was—this asking the same question thousands of times, this lingering in towns to watch mill operatives file out, this peering into stores and mills to go on again, and repeat it for months and months.

There was still another link in this chain—a boy, so far as experience goes, who was only deterred from unwise haste by a cool headed man.

"You had better not go to Chip now," Martin said to him on his return from Peaceful Valley. "She is an odd child of nature, and you won't lose by waiting. My advice to you is to forget her for the present, find some profitable occupation, and then, when you have made a little advancement in life, go and woo her if you can. To try it now is foolish."

It was cold comfort for Ray.

One of Chip's first acts of emancipation was to write to Aunt Comfort and Angie, assuring both of her love and best wishes, and thanking them for all they had done. Both letters were cramped in chirography, but correct in spelling, and in Angie's was a note for Martin, asking that he draw $100 of her money and send it to her, and as much more to pay some one to follow Old Cy. The latter request Martin ignored, however, for he had already set the machinery of newspaperdom at work, and an advertisement for information of that wanderer was flying far and wide.

Of the money sent her, Chip made odd and quite characteristic uses, only one of which needs mention—the purchase of a banjo. Had Ray known this, and that the tender memory it invoked was the reason for this investment, he would have had less cause for grief. But Ray did not, which was all the better for him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Life, always colorless at Christmas Cove, except in midsummer, now became changed for Aunt Abby. For all the years since her one girlish romance had ended, she had been a patient helpmate to a man she merely respected. Religion had been her chief solace. The annual visit to her sister's gave the only relief to this motionless life, monotonous as the tides sweeping in and out of the cove; but now a counter-current slowly flowed into it.

Chip, of course, with her winsome eyes and grateful ways, was its mainspring, and so checkered had been her career and so humiliating all her past experiences, that now, escaped from dependence and feeling herself a valued companion, she tasted a new and joyous life. So true was this, that hard lessons at school, the regularity of church-going, and the unvarying tenor of it all seemed less by comparison.

Another undercurrent, aside from Chip's devotion, also swept into Aunt Abby's feelings,—the strange emotions following the knowledge that her former lover was still alive. For many years she had waited and hoped for this sailor boy's return; then her heart had grown silent, as hope slowly ebbed, and then, almost forgetfulness—but not quite, however, for the long, lily-dotted mill-pond just above had now and then been visited by them. A certain curiously grown oak which was secluded near its upper end was once a trysting-place, and even the old mill with its splashing wheel held memories.

And now after 40 years, during which she had become gray-haired and slightly wrinkled, all these memories returned like ghosts of long ago. No word or hint of them fell from her lips, not even to Chip, who was now nearest to her; and yet had that girl been a mind-reader, she would have seen that Aunt Abby's persistent interest in all she had to tell about Old Cy meant something. Where he was now, how soon he would learn that his brother was still alive after all these years, was the one most pertinent subject oft discussed.

How Chip felt toward him, not alone for the heritage he had secured for her, but for other and more valued heart interests, need not be specified. He had seemed almost a father to her at the lake. He was the first of her new-found friends whose feelings had warmed toward her, and Chip was now mature enough to value these blessings at their true worth.

A certain mutual expectancy now entered the lives of Chip and Aunt Abby. Nothing could be done, however. Old Cy had gone out into the wide, wide world, as it were, searching for the little girl he loved. No manner of reaching him seemed possible; and yet, some day, he must learn what would bring him to them as fast as steam could fetch him.

"I know that he loved me, as his own child there at the lake," Chip said once in an exultant tone. "He going after me proves it; and once he hears where I am, he will hurry here, I know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PUT ON AIR BRAKE

ENGINEER SAYS DON'T RUN BY WHITE LIE.

Little Experience That Cured Ole "Portly" of the Idea That It Meant a Clear Track—Honesty Always Best.

"Yes," said the fat engineer, "honesty is the best policy, though it sometimes has the deferred dividend clause attachment.

"Now, when I first went runnin' I wasn't against tellin' a little white lie. White is supposed to be the signal for a clear track, but, my friend, whenever I see a white lie starin' you in the face, just put the air brake in the 'mergency notch 'n' plug her. If you run by many white ones there's danger ahead.

"I had a habit when I first got an engine of bein' a little careless, 'n' I ran by semaphore signals once or twice. I remember one time, after I'd discovered my mistake of signals, of just hittin' the water glass on the injector a sharp crack with a hammer, breakin' the water glass 'n' fillin' the cab with steam, makin' it most impossible to see, but not lettin' enough of the vapor escape to scald you.

"When called upon for an explanation of my not stoppin' at the signal, I just said that the waterglass busted 'n' I couldn't see till I put in a new glass. I hadn't swung the excuse more'n once or twice before I came to be dubbed Water Glass Bill by the boys on the road.

"One dreadful snowy night, as we lay in the bunk shanty at the other end of the division awaitin' our turn out, Charley Cobb got to tellin' fortunes from the tea leaves in the bottom of a cup from which he had been drinkin'. It got around to me.

"'Well, Portly,' said Charley when he had gone through the formula, 'from the dope I get from these tea leaves I'm tipped off that there's a big smash-up comin' your way. Can't you see the big piles of wreckage? It's due soon, too. Kind of a fungy oblong, tubelike object off to one side which plays an important part in it. I can't seem to get the Marcel waves of the wireless as to just what it means.'

"'Humph!' puts in Ira Lewis, 'you're a bum huncher. That's a water glass. That's what that is. Bill never got into trouble yet that the water glass didn't bust.'

"They all joined in the laugh that followed this sally. Then I sank back on my bunk to take a little needed rest.

"All too soon the caller boy came after, 'n' in less time than it takes to tell it I was on my engine 'n' down in the yards hooked onto a fast freight. It sure was an owlish night, the wind 'n' snow cuttin' into one's face like so many little needles.

"I had the side cab window open in order to gaze out occasionally to keep a line on what was goin' on ahead. Just as we went over the pitch of Miller's hill a cold blast of air struck the water glass 'n' she went snap like a piece of clay pipestem, fillin' the cab with steam.

"'It's happenin' just like it was laid out in the blueprint specifications,' I said to myself, grabbin' for the throttle to shut off the steam.

"But the vapor escapin' from the water glass got so dense I couldn't see 'n' it was fairly parboilin' my flesh. I was unsuccessful also in tryin' to locate the air brake handle.

"Here we were flyin' down Miller's grade under full head of steam, me unable to see anything at all. Charley Cobb certainly had the correct dope. If I ever got safely out of that scrape I solemnly promised myself to be pretty careful in the future about semaphore signals 'n' tell no lies of any color, no matter what happened.

"A heavy gust of wind seemed to blow the steam clear of the cab for half a second. In that brief space dead ahead I saw the five tail lights of a caboose, the red lamps flashin' at me like a sparkin' ruby necklace.

"Before I could wink an eyelash my locomotive stuck her nose right through that red circle with a frightful crash. I was still flyin' through space when I felt a poundin' on the soles of my feet 'n' heard a gruff voice sayin':

"'Come, Portly, come out of it. You're called for your fast freight run now.'

"There I'd fallen asleep 'n' dreamed all that about running away down Miller's hill with a cab full of steam. When I awoke I was all in a drippin' sweat.

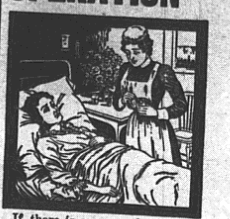
"Now, say, you can bet I kept a sharp lookout for things on that trip 'n' took the tip from tea cup 'n' dream book. No more breakin' water glasses for mine. I've always told the strict truth since, 'n' I've never had any more trouble, either."

Steel Cars.

The advantages which were presented by the advocates of steel freight cars when they were first used in this country have been well sustained by ten years' experience with increasing numbers of them.

The wooden car is shown to be more and more inefficient with each advancing year. The capacity is low and good lumber is scarce and high priced. The cost of repairs to ordinary wooden coal cars is nearly $100 a year, and the time wooden cars are out of service undergoing repairs is about six times that of steel cars. The quality of the material in steel cars is nearly uniform, and good material can be secured by competent test and inspection.—Railway Age

A SURGICAL OPERATION



If there is any one thing that a woman dreads more than another it is a surgical operation.

We can state without fear of a contradiction that there are hundreds, yes, thousands, of operations performed upon women in our hospitals which are entirely unnecessary and many have been avoided by

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

For proof of this statement read the following letters.

Mrs. Barbara Base, of Kingman, Kansas, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For eight years I suffered from the most severe form of female troubles and was told that an operation was my only hope of recovery. I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has saved my life and made me a well woman."

Mrs. Arthur R. House, of Church Road, Moorestown, N. J., writes:

"I feel it is my duty to let people know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female troubles, and last March my physician decided that an operation was necessary. My husband objected, and urged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to-day I am well and strong."

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, and backache.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Ate Sausages to Win Wife.

When Heinrich was courting Mary he had a rival, one Johann Biermann. The two met one evening at her home and got into a dispute as to their capacity for frankfurters.

In the demonstration which followed both ate 47 links, when Johann became ill and had to retire hors de combat. Johann will act as best man at the wedding.—Exchange.

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.

Did you ever hear a man with an obese bank balance say that the love of money was the root of all evil?

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight 5c cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The ancestor of every action is a thought.—Emerson.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE

75 "Guarantee"

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

FREE! NEVADA MINING MAP

We have just compiled at great expense a Mining Map of Nevada, showing new and old Camps, and their production of precious metals. A postal will bring you one of these maps. We want reliable representatives in this locality to sell the stock of a conservative Mining Company. Liberal compensation. J. B. MENARDI CO., Reno, Nev.