The Girl from Tim's 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 Boldue, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Steesan, 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 Boldue who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Boldue 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 farther 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. Boldue 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. 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 he 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 shot at sea. Ray wants 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 Greenvale. 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-hacked 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 Greenvale 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 Greenvale standards, and when Chip with Angie entered the church porch, it was crowded with people waiting to receive them. Chip, of course, now well clad and self poised, was once more the cynosure of all 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 to all discerning Angie, good 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 John, 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 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, be 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 Greenvale." 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 wi' 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 calc late her arly edducation 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 git home hev. If ye be it, ye kin. She's 'most allus out this way 'n,' curislike, hides 'fore I git '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 wise 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 spites, 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.)

"Say You Love Me."

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 vastly 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.

Pride.

Doubtless Prince Fushimi, of Japan, made the acquaintance of Highland pipers in the course of his visit to Scotland. It is recalled that Lord John Russell, when on a visit to Queen Victoria at Balmoral, asked her majesty's own piper to have some one play in his presence.

"What kind of a piper do you want?" asked the man.

"Just such another as yourself," said the English statesman.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Raised Up When Science Said There Was No Hope.

G. W. L. Nesbitt, Depot Street, Marion, Ky., writes: "I was a chronic invalid with kidney troubles, and often wished death might end my awful sufferings. The secretions were thick with sediment, my limbs swollen and my right side so nearly paralyzed I could not raise my hand above my head. The doctor held out no hope of my recovery, and I had given up, but at last started using Doan's Kidney Pills and made a rapid gain. After three months' use I was well and at work again."

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

GEORGIA BRAND OF LOVE.

Mr. Sanders Makes Declaration as to His Position.

"Gi' me the kind of love we have in Georgy, whar the gal knows she's got a lover ef she gits a stick of red-streaked candy by the hand of a messenger—though I've know'd a stick of peppermint candy to break up a match, bekaze the feller didn't have sense enough to send a thrip' wuth of lemon draps," Mr. Sanders concluded. "I never see a feller in love but what I want to tell him for to keep his hands off'n the door knob, an' I never see a gal looking kinder sticky around the mouth but what I wanter say: 'Good luck, honey! Come an' buss your Uncle Billy!' I wish 'em all well, an' I'm allers glad when a gal gits a beau-lover. It keeps the world a-movin', an' helps civilization along. Hard work an' a weak stomach has kept me out'n the rush, but thar aint a lover in the wide world that kin run away from my blessin'."—Joel Chandler Harris, in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

NO MARRIAGE BELLS FOR HIM.

"What's the matter, boy?"

"Gee! Mamie says it's leap year an' she's goin' ter propose to me!"

He Didn't Care.

"I like simplicity," said Senator Beveridge to a Washington reporter. "Simplicity saves us a lot of trouble, too. Two men met in front of a hotel one day and fell into a political argument. They were ordinary, every-day sort of men, but one of them had an extraordinary flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a doze.

"'An' now,' the speaker pompously concluded, 'perhaps you will coincide with me?'

"The other's face brightened up. 'Why, yes, thanks, old man,' he declared heartily, moving toward the barroom door, 'I don't care if I do.'"—Home Magazine.

The Details.

"The particulars—?"

"Well, Capt. Peebles was shot in the back, originally, and went around with his back bent a good deal like an interrogation mark, until he got a portly slab of back pension. Then he straightened up his back until it was decidedly concave instead of considerably convex, dyed his whiskers a fighting black and set out in pursuit of a buxom widow, who, being a widow, knew exactly how to be caught while maintaining all the symptoms of eluding capture to the very best of her ability."—Smart Set.

FRIENDS HELP.

St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W. C. T. U., told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum.

"Another lady who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum twice a day. She was wholly cured. Still another friend told me she found Postum Food Coffee was a Godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BORAX IN THE DAIRY

A Matter of Profitable Interest to the Farmer and Dairyman

The problem of keeping sweet all the utensils used in connection with milk and cream selling, and butter making, has been a serious one with the farmer.

He has come to realize fully that the slightest taint or hint of staleness left in a can, tin or churn may ruin a whole output; that the taint which is left is in the form of bacteria which grow and multiply in milk or butter, producing disastrous results.

The farmer has learned that hot water won't rinse away the greasy residue in dairy utensils.

He has learned that soap leaves a residue of its own which is, if anything, worse than the milk or cream residue, and it is little wonder that that there has been a constant clamor for a dairy cleanser and sweetener that will meet modern requirements.

A few of the largest creamery establishments have called experts into consultation on this problem and have with this scientific aid hit upon a product of nature which exactly fills the bill—borax.

Scientists have long known borax as a cleanser, a sweetener and an antiseptic destroyer of bacteria and germ growths. Destroys all that is harmful and promotes and preserves freshness, sweetness and purity, relieving the dairyman and dairy housewife of drudgery and of needless work and worry.

Its cheapness and value should give it first place in the necessities of every dairy.

The cow's udder is kept in a clean, healthy and smooth condition by washing it with borax and water, a tablespoonful of borax to two quarts of water.

This prevents roughness and soreness or cracking teats, which make milking time a dread to the cow and a worry to the milker.

TO MOTHERS.—A dainty book in colors, called "Jingle Book," sent free to any Mother sending name and address of her baby, and tops from one pound carton of "20 Mule Team" Package Borax, with 4c in stamps.

Address Pacific Coast Borax Co., Chicago, Ill.

Soporific Discourse.

The elder's wife was seriously ill, and the doctor advised rest and quiet. But the lady was very devoted to church work, and worried herself into hysteria because she could not attend services and hear her favorite pastor preach.

"She must not leave the house," warned the doctor, "but you can easily arrange to have her hear the sermon by telephone."

The elder grasped the suggestion and made the necessary arrangements for transmitting the sermons into his wife's room.

At noon on the Sabbath the doctor called and asked: "How did it work?"

"Fine," declared the elder, rubbing his hands gleefully, "ten minutes after the sermon began she fell sound asleep."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Revenge's Furious Appetite.

He who, from a natural sweetness and facility of temper, should despise injuries received, would doubtless do a very great and a very laudable thing; but he who, provoked and nettled to the quick by an offense, should fortify himself with the arms of reason against the furious appetite of revenge, and, after a great conflict, master his own passion, would doubtless do a great deal more.—Montaigne.

Insect Chemists.

Failing to bite sugar from several lumps, some marked bees under observation of Gaston Bonnier, a French naturalist, flew away, returning in an hour or two with other workers, after first visiting a fountain. Settling on the sugar, they were seen to pump water from their crops, when they sucked up the syrup so formed.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Use Where Needed.

Starboarder—I'm going to buy the landlady a bottle of hair restorer.

Hallroom—Why she seems to have a good head of hair.

Starboarder—Oh, hers is all right. I'm going to get her to use it on the mattresses.—Philadelphia Record.

Through Struggle to Repose.

Struggle and anguish have their place in every genuine life, but they are the stages through which it advances to a strength which is full of repose.—Mable.

GARFIELD
Digestive Tablets.

From your druggist, or the Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. 25c per bottle.

The best teacher of duties that still lie dim to us is the practice of those we see and have at hand.—Geikie.