# 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 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 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 Amat 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 has 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. Chip tells Judson of 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 lost 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. Chip again at Christmas Cove with Aunt Abby is visited by Ray, and all the differences of the past are forgotten in the bliss of love.

**CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued).**

Old Cy evidently felt it a subject to avoid, and not until the next day did he even ask how Aunt Abby looked or what had been her life experiences. A little of this reticence wore away in due time, however, and then Aunt Mandy once more referred to her sister.

"I kinder feel you blame Abby somehow, Cyrus, the way you act," she said, "and yet thar ain't no cause for it. She'd waited 'most sevein years. We'd all given you up for dead, and life in Christmas Cove wa'n't promisin' much for Abby."

"I don't blame her a mite," Old Cy answered quickly, "an' no need o' yer thinkin' so. I don't blame no woman fer makin' the best shift they kin. They've got to hev a home 'n' pertecter, bless 'em, or be nobody in this world. Comin' here and findin' how things are, sorter makes me realize how much I've missed in life, though, an' how much sorrer I've had to outgrow. I don't lay up nothin' 'gainst Abby, not for a minit. Only I hated to hev ye tell me what I knew ye'd hev to, that fust night."

"But you're goin' to see her, ain't ye, Cyrus?" Aunt Mandy asked anxiously. "Ye won't shame her by not goin', will ye?"

"Wal, mebbe," he answered slowly, and after a long pause. "I wouldn't want to hurt her knowin'ly. I callate I've done more grievin'n she has, though, ten times over, an' seein' her now's a good stan' like openin' an old tomb—a sorter invitin' ghosts o' old heartaches to step out. Abby's outgrowed the old times, 'n' I'm sartin, too, won't be the happier by seein' me ag'in. I may be wrong, but I've a notion she'll sorter hate to see me. 'Twas to keep her from feelin' 'shamed 'n' miserable a't spottin' her life, I've never let her nor nobody that knew her find out I was alive. I'm doubtin' I would now if she hadn't larned it from Chip."

He relented a little from this strange and almost cruel whim a week later, and after visiting the Riggsville store and obtaining what really amounted to a disguise in new garments, he announced his plans.

"I've got to see Chip," he said, "an' see how she 'n' Ray's gittin' on. I've got to see Abby, I s'pose. I want to, an' I don't want to, both in one. Then ag'in, these two young folks—Chip 'n' the boy—her sorter got tangled up in my feelin's, 'n' I can't rest content till I've seen 'em settled in life. I'm goin' to Christmas Cove fer a day. Then back here till they hitch up, 'n' then—wal, then mebbe I'd better go to the woods ag'in. I ain't fitted by natur fer dressed-up folks."

No opposition to this unseemly outcome was made by Uncle Jud or Aunt Mandy. They knew, or hoped, the leaven of bygone memories and association would change the hermit-like impulse of Old Cy, and all in good time a better ending of his life would seem possible to him. To argue it now was apparently useless. A man so set in his ideas as to remain a homeless wanderer for almost a lifetime, was not to be changed in a month, or perhaps in a year.

Neither did Old Cy seem in a hurry to visit Christmas Cove.

"I don't look nat'ral or feel nat'ral in them new clothes," he said to Aunt Mandy one day, "an' while I want to see Abby, I've lived in the woods so long I'm sorter 'shamed to go 'mongst respectable people. Then I look like one of them wooden men dressed up in a store window with that new rig on, an' jest know folks'll all be laughin' at me. I've got to go, I callate, but I'd like to make the trip in a cage. I'm sartin sure Abby'll laugh at me arterwards." From which it may be seen how hard it was for Old Cy to fit himself into civilized life once more.

He nerved himself for the trip to Christmas Cove in a few days, however, and how he met and renewed acquaintance with his old-time sweetheart shall be told in his own words.

"Abby hain't changed near so much as I callated," he said on his return; "a leetle fuller in figger, but jest the same easy-spoken, sweet sorter woman I always knew she'd be. She was 'lone when I called, an' fer a minit arter we shook hands neither on us could speak ag'in. Then she kinder bit her lip 'n' swallered her feelin's, keepin' her face turned away, an' then we sot down 'n' begun talkin'. It was techin', foo, the way she acted, fer she kept tryin' to smile, 'n' all the while the tears kept startin'. It was like one o' them summer days when the rain patters while the sun is shining'. I don't think she noticed my clothes much, either, an' we got up till 'most midnight talkin' over old times. It all turned out 'bout the way I 'spected—a sorter funeral o' old hopes with us two for mourners. She's powerful considerate, too, Abby is, for the time we was talkin' she never once spoke o' Cap'n Bemis, 'n' I didn't. It was jest as if we started in where we left off, 'n' skippin' the gap between. She 'lowed she hoped she'd see me soon ag'in, that she felt like a mother to Chip; an' when I bid her good-by, she kinder choked once more.

"I didn't see much o' Chip, either, which sorter hurt me. Take it all in all, my visit thar upset me more'n I callated, 'n' I guess when Chip's settled, I'd best go to the woods 'n' forgit all that's past. My life's been a failure, anyway."

Love in youth is a sweet song of joy and hope and promise. But love that spans a lifetime, that reaches and caresses our heartstrings once again as we enter the final shadows, has only the pathos of parting and the tender chords of almost forgotten melodies in it. Vainly do we strive to enter the enchanted garden once more. Vainly do our heart throbs beat against its adamant walls. Vainly do we hope to catch just one more of the old bygone thrills. It is useless, for none can live life over, and once age has locked the portals of youth and fervor, they are never opened again.

"I've Had a Short Spell o'joy."

**CHAPTER XXXVI.**

With September came a supreme event in the lives of Chip and Ray, when Mr. and Mrs. Frisbie, Aunt Comfort, Miss Phinney and Hannah, Uncle Jud and Aunt Mandy, and Old Cy, all gathered in Aunt Abby's quaint parlor to see her aged pastor join their hands and lives. Then came the kisses, the congratulations, the rice, and old-shoe throwing, and then solitude and tears for Aunt Abby. All the wedding guests except Old Cy hied themselves away with the new pair, and he left for Bangor.

And thus closes the history of Chip McGuire, waif of the wilderness and slave of Tim's Place.

Bless her!

Two days later Old Cy returned.

No one was in the house when he knocked at Aunt Abby's door, and then, led perhaps by the invisible chord that spanned 40 years, he slowly strolled up the path beside the old-mill pond, which he and she had often followed in the old, old days.

His heart had lien him aright, for there, at the foot of the ancient oak that had once been their trysting-place, she sat.

"I thought I'd come over 'n' bid ye good-by, Abby," he said gently, as she arose to meet him. "I've been doin' a good deal o' biddin' good-by today. I bid good-by to the old graveyard whar my folks is; it's all growed up to weeds 'n' bushes, I'm sorry to say. But that can't be helped. It's the way o' natur. I've been down to the p'int whar you 'n' I used to go, an' I bid that good-by," he added, seating himself near her. "Ye 'member it, don't ye, Abby, 'n' them days when we went thar to watch the waves?"

"I do, Cyrus," she answered, her voice trembling. "I remember all the old days only too well."

"They all come back to me, too," he continued in a lower tone, "an' I wish I could skip back to 'em, but I can't. I'm an old man now, an' no use to nobody, 'n' not much to myself. I've been a wanderer many years—ye know why, Abby. I've had a short spell o' joy, kinder helpin' this boy 'n' gal into sunshine 'n' a home. They've gone their way now 'n' sure to forgit me an' you. It's nat'ral they should, 'n' all that's left me is to go back to the woods 'n' stay."

He paused a moment, glancing up the narrow pond to where it ended in shadow, and then continued: "It's curis, Ab . . . how life begins with bow-de-do's 'n' smilin' friends 'n' cheerin' prospects, 'n' then ends with good-bys 'n' bein' forgot. It's what we must callate on, though, an' a good deal like a graveyard is left to weeds 'n' bushes."

Once more he paused, closed his eyes, and remained silent for a time.

"Wal, I might as well be goin'," he said finally, rising and extending his hand, "so good-by, Abby. I wish ye well in life."

"But is there any need of it?" she answered, turning her face to hide the tears as his hand clasped hers.

"Why, no, only to forgit my sorrer," he answered; "I can't do it here."

"But who will care for you there—at last—and—must you go?" Then she turned to him again.

And then he saw, not the gentle, saddened face upraised to his, but the tender face of sweet Abby Grey of the long, long ago.

"Must you leave us—me?" she whispered once again.

"Wal, mebbe not," he answered.

THE END.

# DEATHS IN TORNADO

## SEVERAL TOWNS IN NEBRASKA ARE PARTLY WRECKED.

## COLLEGE IS DEMOLISHED

### Institution at Bellevue Suffers Severely—Loss of Life Heaviest at Louisville—Cyclone in Missouri.

Omaha, Neb.—Twelve persons are known to have been killed and a score injured by a tornado which swept over the northern part of Sarpy county at five o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

The storm, which gained velocity on its way south, started in Omaha about 4.30. At Bellevue the college buildings were damaged to the extent of probably $50,000 and several persons were injured, none fatally. The storm then moved on to Louisville, Richfield and Springfield, where the principal damage and loss of life occurred.

The storm was the most severe that ever struck eastern Nebraska. The damage to the college buildings at Bellevue was heavy. The tower was blown from Park hall and the building wrecked. Lowry hall and Rankin hall were unroofed.

The panic-stricken students ran to the basement, and in this way many fatalities were probably averted. The college stables were wrecked and all the horses killed. A number of small buildings and stores in the village were blown down.

Moving southward, the tornado struck Fort Crook, damaging several of the barracks buildings, but nobody was injured. In the town of Fort Crook, however, a number of buildings were entirely wrecked.

Springfield, Neb.—A tornado late Tuesday afternoon wrecked the towns of Louisville, Bellevue and Richfield, killing several persons and injuring a large number. The heaviest loss of life and injured is reported from Louisville, a junction point of the Missouri Pacific and Burlington railroads in Cass county.

St. Joseph, Mo.—A cyclone which swept the country half a mile north and half a mile east of Waston, Mo., in the northwest corner of the state, completely demolished the house and barn on the Good farm. The occupants, Mel Cox, wife and son, escaped serious injury by seeking refuge in the cellar.

## CONFERENCE ON RESOURCES.

### President Opens Important Meeting at the White House.

Washington.—The national conference on the Conservation of Natural Resources opened at Washington Wednesday morning, with the governors of nearly all the states of the union and prominent men representing every line of thought and industry of the nation in attendance. The conference will continue in session for three days, and is destined to prove of value and importance to the entire nation in the results achieved.

The feature of the first session was the address of President Roosevelt welcoming the visiting delegates, who came at his request, and outlining the purpose of the conference and the need of conserving the natural resources of the nation.

## MICHIGAN SOLID FOR TAFT.

### Republican Convention Instructs for Secretary of War.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Michigan's delegation to the Republican national convention was instructed Tuesday by the state Republican convention to "cast an undivided vote of the whole state in favor of the nomination of Secretary Taft." The following delegates-at-large were chosen by unanimous vote: E. D. Stair, Detroit; John W. Blodgett, Grand Rapids; Frank W. Gilchrist, Alpena, and James McNaughton of Calumet.

## CHURCH AND SCHOOL BURN.

### Catholic Building in Cleveland is Destroyed by Flames.

Cleveland, O.—The church and school of the Immaculate Heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary were completely destroyed by fire Tuesday. Church and school occupied the same building. The fire occurred during the afternoon recess and very few children were in the building at the time. They escaped from the building easily.

### Pensions for Two Loyal Indians.

Washington.—The senate Tuesday passed a bill to give pensions at the rate of $20 per month to Bull Snake and Old Coyote, Crow Indians who went to the relief of Custer and Crook in their fight with the Sioux Indians in 1876. Both were wounded.

### Oklahoma Senators Fight.

Guthrie, Okla.—State Senators Johnson and Mathews engaged in a fight on the floor of the state senate here Tuesday. They were separated by the sergeant-at-arms.

### Millionaire's Son Arrested.

St. Louis.—Robert W. Fullerton, son of S. H. Fullerton, millionaire lumberman of St. Louis, is in San Francisco in the custody of detectives, according to telegrams received here Tuesday. The telegrams also state that the arrest was made at the instance of District Attorney Jerome. In New York Fullerton will answer to a warrant procured by Gladys Hobart, charging breach of promise and offenses said to have occurred when a party of Cornell students went to New York "on a lark."

## FOR THE RAILWAY BEAUTIFUL.

### Good Progress Being Made on Most of the American Lines.

Much is heard—not too much—about the house beautiful and the city beautiful, but what about the railway beautiful? Sylvester Baxter discusses it interestingly in the Century Magazine. With the aid of a profusion of magnificent illustrations he makes an impressive appeal for the beautification of the American railway.

To Germany he awards the palm for this sort of work. The way stations are artistically designed, the terminal stations are monumental and imposing, and the railroad grounds are everywhere decked out with flowers and shrubbery. The way stations in England, he says, are without architectural pretensions, prosaic and commonplace and disfigured with advertisements, though there is an attractive neatness displayed along the wayside as well as at the stations.

Mr. Baxter's treatment of the railway beautiful in the United States is optimistic. He takes pleasure in showing the immense improvement that has taken place in late years and that is now in progress. He spreads before his readers a series of charming views of particular way stations east and west, and makes it perfectly plain that before a great while this country, despite its immense spaces and distances, will be the real home of the railway beautiful.

Nowhere is the improvement more visible than in the suburbs of Chicago. Thirty years ago any shanty was good enough for the suburbanites, but now many of them take their trains from buildings and grounds that would be a credit to any park and that are not often surpassed in any country of Europe. There is a good deal to be desired yet, but the actual improvement is remarkable.

Mr. Baxter has not much to say about terminal stations except to describe the new union station in Washington as the grandest in the world. But he might have said, also, that there are some great terminal stations in this country and that others are projected, in Chicago and New York, which will leave very little to be desired in that line.

The day will come when the railway beautiful will mean the whole railway, from end to end. There is no reason why positive ugliness should not be banished from every railroad track, and much of it give place to neatness and even beauty.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### As to the Speed Mania.

In demanding to be carried in the shortest possible time between, say, New York and Chicago, do travelers relinquish their right to the exercise of due caution by the carrying corporation? Even if they choose to so relinquish, is the company justified in neglecting properly to guard them against the fatal effect of their own inclinations? A man is forcibly restrained from committing suicide when the attempt is discovered in time. The railroad officials say they are using the best machinery and the most perfect type of equipment and are constantly trying to secure the most complete safeguards against accident. But, meantime, the proportion of fatal accidents, when compared to numbers of people carried, increases. Official statistics have shown that the ratio of passengers killed to those carried is nearly six times greater here than in Great Britain. The railroads in Great Britain have faster trains than ours, but the accidents are far less.

### British Trainmen's Pay Small.

British railroads increased their gross receipts by $18,500,000 in 1907, but the holders of ordinary stock received $595,000 less in dividends than the previous year. Neither do the employes fare so well as in the United States. The latest issue of the Railway News, London, contains statistics showing that the expenses of the 28 leading railroads rose $16,900,000, which nullified the greater gross revenue. Compensation of employes required but $145,440,000, as compared with $1,043,401,267 paid to railroad employes in the United States for the corresponding period. In America the employes receive 41.6 per cent. of the operating receipts, while in Britain they get but 26.8.

### Railroad Built on Ice.

The most curious railroad in the world is built on ice. It is laid between Cronstadt and Oranienbaum, and is in use only during the winter. Its success has suggested the construction of a similar winter railway between the two important commercial centers, Krementchug and Ekaterinoslav, which are united in summer by the steamboat traffic along the Dnieper river. This means of communication is closed in winter by the ice. A costly, roundabout journey has to be made between the two towns, though they do not lie far apart.

### Southern Railroad Expansion.

Texas has for some years led all the states in railway mileage, having at present a total of 13,021 miles, a round thousand in excess of Illinois, Mississippi and Tennessee. Florida and Arkansas have each a greater mileage than North Dakota, where construction has been pushed within the last decade. Railway expansion in the south is keeping pace with, if it is not forging ahead of, industrial development.

### Of Peculiar Construction.

A railway through the mountains north of the Adriatic sea, constructed by the Austrian government to build up the trade of Trieste, though only 130 miles long, has 679 bridges and viaducts. It also runs through 49 tunnels.

## MEAN TRICK OF THE PARROT.

### And Just After Its Mistress Had Made Neat "Bluff."

Young Hankinson (making a call)—You have had that parrot a long time, Miss Laura.

Miss Laura—Yes, we have had him several years.

Young Hankinson—Quite intelligent, is he not?

Miss Laura—Very. Can imitate almost anything.

Young Hankinson—They have a remarkably clever parrot over at the Casterfins', Miss Laura. It can imitate the sound of a kiss to perfection. Is that among the accomplishments of our feathered friend here in the corner?

Miss Laura (indignantly)—No, sir. He does not attempt an imitation of a sound he is not accustomed to hear, Mr. Hankinson. Of that I can assure you.

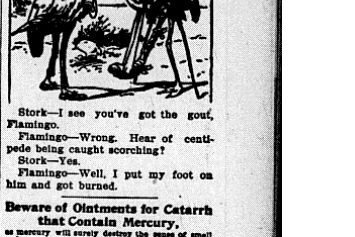
The Parrot—Wait, George, dear, till I take this bird out of the room.—Tatler.


## BOY KEPT SCRATCHING.

### Eczema Lasted 7 Years—Face Was All Raw—Skin Specialists Failed, But Cuticura Effected Cure.

"When my little boy was six weeks old an eruption broke out on his face. I took him to a doctor, but his face kept on getting worse until it got so bad that no one could look at him. His whole face was one crust and must have been very painful. He scratched day and night until his face was raw. Then I took him to all the best specialists in skin diseases but they could not do much for him. The eczema got on his arms and legs and we could not get a night's sleep in months. I got a set of Cuticura Remedies and he felt relieved the first time I used them. I gave the Cuticura Remedies a good trial and gradually the eczema healed all up. He is now seven years old and I think the trouble will never return. Mrs. John G. Klumpp, 80 Niagara St., Newark, N. J., Oct. 17 and 22, 1907."

## VERY O. T.



Stork—I see you've got the gout, Flamingo.

Flamingo—Wrong. Hear of centipede being caught scorching?

Stork—Yes.

Flamingo—Well, I put my foot on him and got burned.

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Laid Off.

"And you say you are looking for work?" asked the kind lady of Frazzled Frankly.

"That's right, mum, but I can't find anything to do."

"How did you lose your last position?"

"I was pardoned, mum."

### In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### Amiability Plus Science.

The public expects much of the modern nurse—the same self-sacrifice, righteousness and pureness of living as in the past, but combined with a technical skill and an amount of learning unknown to our predecessors. —The Nursing Times.

### 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.

### The Problem.

"Literature is very difficult," said one unhappiness.

"Yes," answered the other. "The problem is to be a financial success without being a social failure."—Exchange.

### Kill the Flies Now

before they multiply. A DAISY FLY KILLER kills thousands. Lasts the season. Ask your dealer, or send 20c to H. Somers, 149 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Alike.

Working for a living is like Shakespeare's plays—always praised, but avoided as much as possible.

### Garfield Digestive Tablets

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


"Mum" is no disgrace to be mistaken; it is a crime to be a hypocrite. That is the sin against light—the worst of all.—John Oliver Hobbs.