# 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 Boldine, 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 accompany same camp. 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.

### CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"It's the spites," whispered Chip to Ray. "They allus act that way when it's stormin'."

The next day the gale began to lessen, and by night the moon, now half-full, peeped out of the scurrying clouds. At bedtime it was smiling serenely, well down toward the tree-tops, and Chip's spites had ceased their wailing.

Fortunately, however, Martin's quest for game had been successful. A saddle of venison, a dozen or more partridges and two goodly strings of trout hung in cold storage.

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

In front, on the sand, was the same tell-tale moccasin tracks.

"Wall, by the Great Horn Spoon," if that cuss hain't swiped the hull business," Old Cy ejaculated, as he looked in and then at the tracks. "Crossed over last night," he added, noting where a canoe had cut its furrow, "an' steered plumb for my icehouse! The varmint!"

But Martin was angry, thoroughly angry, at the audacious insolence of the theft, and the thought that just now this sneaking half-breed was doubtless enjoying grilled venison and roast partridge in some secure shelter. It also opened his eyes to the fact that this chap would hang about, watching his chance, until they started out of the wilderness, and then capture the girl if he could. For a little while Martin wondered over the situation and then announced his plans.

"There's law, and officers to execute it," he said, "if a sufficient reward be offered; and to-morrow you and I, Levi, will start for the settlement and fetch a couple in. I'll gladly give $500 to land this sneak behind the bars. If he can't be caught, we can at least have two officers to guard us going out."

All that day he and Levi spent in hunting. Another deer was captured, more birds secured, and when evening came plans to meet the situation were discussed.

"You or Ray must remain on guard daytimes near the cabin," Martin said to Old Cy. "My wife and Chip had better keep in it, or near it most of the time; and both of you must sleep there nights. One or the other can fish or hunt, as needed. We must be gone a week or more, even if we have good luck; but fetching the officers here is the best plan now."

Levi was up early the next morning, and had the best canoe packed for a hurry trip ere breakfast was ready. No tent was to be taken, only blankets, a rifle, a bag of the simplest cooking utensils, pork, bread and coffee. A modest outfit—barely enough to sustain life, yet all a woodsman carries when a long canoe journey with many carries must be taken.

There were sober faces at the landing when Martin was ready to start —Chip most sober of all—for now she realized as never before how serious a burden she had become.

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

And now, also, for the first time, Angie realized how much the presence of these two strong and resourceful men meant to her. All that day she and Chip clung to the cabin, while Old Cy, a long, lanky Leatherstocking, patrolled the premises, rifle in hand.

"We hain't a mite o' cause to worry," he said when nightfall drew near. "The pesky varmint's a coward, 'n' knows guns are plenty here, an' we folks handy in usin' 'em. I've rigged a fish line to the ice house door so it'll rattle some tinware in the cabin if he meddles it again. I sleep with one eye 'n' both ears open, an' if he comes prowlin' round night-times, he'll hear bullets whizzin' an' think Fourth o' July's opened up arly."

But for all his cheerful assurance, time passed slowly, and a sense of real danger oppressed Angie and Chip as well. Ray shared it also. He was not as yet hardened to the wilderness, and like all who are thus tender, its vast somber solitude seemed ominous.

Only the hermit, with his moonlike eyes and impassive ways, showed no sign of trouble. What this half-breed wanted, other than food, he seemed not to understand; and while he helped about the camp work and followed Old Cy like a dog, he was of no other aid.

One, two, three days of watchful guard and evenings when even Old Cy's cheerful philosophy or Ray's banjo failed to dispel the gloom, and then, just as the sun was setting once again, a canoe with one occupant was seen to enter the lake and head for the landing.

### CHAPTER VII.

An unexpected canoe entering a lake so secluded and so seldom visited as this lake must needs awaken the keenest surprise, and especially in the case of a party situated as this one was. Ray, who had just returned from a berry-picking trip over at the "blow down," and Old Cy, carrying his suggestive rifle, were at the landing some time before this canoe reached it, while Angie and Chip waited almost breathlessly on the cabin piazza. A stout, bare-headed Indian, clad in white man's raiment, was paddling. He glanced at the two awaiting him at the landing, with big black, emotionless eyes, and then up to the cabin.

As his canoe now grated on the sandy beach close by, he laid aside his paddle, stepped forward and out, drew his craft up, and folding his arms glanced at Old Cy again, as if waiting for a welcome. None was needed, however, for on the instant, almost, came an exclamation of joy from Chip, and with a "Hullo, Poppy Tomah," she was down the bank, with both her hands in his.

A faint smile of welcome spread over his austere face as he looked down at the girl, but not a word, as yet, came.

Old Cy, quick to see that he was a friend, now advanced.

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

The Indian bowed low, and a "How do," like a grunt, was his answer. A

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

calm, slow, motionless type of a now almost extinct race, as he seemed to be, he would utter no word or move a step farther until invited. But now, led by Chip, he advanced up the path.

"It's Tomah, old Poppy Tomah," she said with pride, as Angie rose to meet them, "and he's the only body who was ever good to me."

"I am glad to see you, sir," Angie said, with a gracious bow and smile, "and you are welcome here."

"I thank the white lady—I not forget,' came the Indian's dignified answer with a stately bow.

Not a word of greeting for Chip or of surprise at finding her here—only the eagle glance, accustomed to bright sunlight, or to following the flight of a bird far out of white man's vision.

"We shall have supper soon," Angie added, uncertain what to say to this impassive man, "and some for you."

It was a deft speech, for Angie, accustomed to take in every detail of a man from the condition of his nails to the cut of his clothing, as all women will, had ere now absorbed the appearance of this swarthy redskin, and was not quite sure whether to invite him to share their table or say nothing.

But the Indian solved his own problem, for spying the outdoor fire to which Old Cy now retreated, he bowed again and strode away toward it.

"Me cook here?" he said to Old Cy. With an "Of course, an' you're welcome to," the question was settled.

Chip soon drew near, and now for the first time the Indian's speech seemed to return, and while Old Cy busied himself about the cooking, these two began to visit.

Chip, as might be expected, did most of the talking, asked questions as to Tim's place, where he was there, and what they said about her running away, in rapid succession. Her own adventures and how she came here soon followed, and it was not long before he knew all that was to be known about her.

His replies were blunt and brief, after the manner of such. Now and then an expressive nod or grunt filled in the place of an ordinary answer. He knew but little about the recent happenings at Tim's place, as he had stayed there only one night since Chip had departed with her father—as he was told. He had been away in the woods, looking for places to set traps later, and had no idea Chip was here.

As to Pete's movements, he was equally in the dark, and when Chip told him what her friends here suspected, he merely grunted. As he seemed to wish to do his own cooking, Old Cy, having completed his task, offered him a partridge and a couple of trout fresh from the icehouse, also pork and potatoes, and left him to care for himself.

He became more sociable later, and when supper was over and the rest had, as usual, gathered on the piazza of the new cabin, he joined them.

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

"I saw a bear over back of the ridge this afternoon," he said, "or I don't know but it was a wildcat. I'd just filled my pail with berries, when way up, close to the rocks, I saw something moving. I crouched down back of a bush, thinking it might be a bear, and if it was, I'd get a chance to see it nearer. I could only see the top of its back above the bushes, and once I saw its head, as if it was standing up. Then I didn't see it for quite a spell, and then I caught sight of its back again, a good deal nearer, and then it went into one of the gullies in the hog-back. I didn't wait to see if it came out, but cut for home."

"Did this critter sorter wobble like a woodchuck runnin'?" put in Old Cy.

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

"Twa'n't a b'ar," muttered Old Cy, and then, as if the unwisdom of waking suspicion in Angie's mind occurred, he added hastily, "but mebbe 'twas a doe, walkin' head down 'n feedin'."

No further notice was taken of Ray's adventure. The sight of deer everywhere about was a ten-times daily occurrence, and Old Cy's dismissal of the matter ended it.

His thoughts, however, were a different matter. Full well he knew it was no bear thus moving. A deer would never enter a crevasse, nor a wildcat or lynx ever leave the shelter of woods to wander in open sunlight. "I'll go over thar in the mornin'," he said to himself; "I may git a chance to wing that varmint 'n' end our worryin'."

### CHAPTER VIII.

Old Cy's suspicions were correct. It was neither bear, deer, nor wildcat that Ray saw skulking along the ridge, but the half-breed.

Believing Chip's father had taken her out of the wilderness, or more likely up-stream to find a place with these campers, he had come here to seek her. To find her here, as he of course did, only convinced him that his suspicions were true and that her father had thus meant to rob him.

Two determined impulses now followed this discovery: First, to make the girl he had bought a prisoner, carry her into the woods, and then, when the chance came, revenge himself on McGuire. No sense of law, or decency even, entered his calculation. He was beyond such scruples, and what he wanted was his only law.

The fear of rifles, which he knew were plenty enough at this camp, was the only factor to be considered. For days he watched the camp from across the lake, hoping that the girl he saw canoeing with a boy so often might come near enough for him to make a capture. Many times, when darkness served, he paddled close to where the cabin stood, and once landed and watched it for hours.

Growing bolder, as the days wore on, he hid his canoe below the outlet of the lake and taking advantage of this outcropping slate ledge with its many fissures, secreted himself and watched.

But some shelter, at least to cook and eat in, he must have, and this he found in a distant recess of this same ledge, and from this he retreated along back of it until he could hide and watch the camp below. From this vantage-point he saw that the girl no longer went out upon the lake, but remained near the cabin; then, later, he noticed the two men leave the lake one morning. This encouraged him, and now he grew still bolder, even descending the ridge and watching those remaining at the cabin, from a dense thicket.

From this new post he saw that but one man seemed on guard, and almost was he tempted to shoot him from ambush and make a dash to capture his victim. Cautious and cunning, he still waited a chance involving less risk.

And now he saw that certain duties were performed by these people; that one man and the boy always started the morning fire; that the girl invariably went to the landing alone for water, at about the same time. Here for the moment she was out of sight from either cabin, and now in this act of hers, he saw his opportunity to land from his canoe near this spot before daylight, and hide in the bushes fringing the shore here and below the bank, watch his chance and seize and gag her before an outcry could be made. To tie her hands and feet and to push the other canoe out into the lake, thus avoiding pursuit until they could get a good start, was an easy matter.

It was risky, of course. She might hear or see him in time to give one scream. The old man who had said foolish things to him, and now seemed to be on guard, would surely send bullets after him as he sped away; but once out of the lake, he would be safe. It was a dangerous act; yet the other two men might return any day, and with this in prospect, this wiley half-breed now resolved to act.

Old Cy was up early that fatal morning. Somehow a sense of impending danger haunted him, and calling Ray, he unlocked the cabin door and began starting the morning fire. He wanted to get breakfast out of the way as speedily as possible, and then visit this ridge, feeling almost sure that he would find where this half-breed had been watching them.

When Ray came out, and before the hermit or Chip appeared, Old Cy hurried over to the ice-house, and now Chip came forth as usual, and without a word to anyone, she took the two pails and started for the landing. It was, perhaps, ten rods to this, down a narrow path winding through the scrub spruce. The morning was fair, the lake without a ripple.

Above the ridge, and peeping through its topping of stunted fir, came the first glance of the sun, and Chip was happy.

Old Tomah, her one and only friend for many years, was here. A something Ray had whispered the night before, now returned like a sweet note of music vibrating in her heart, and as if to add their cheer, the birds were piping all about.

For weeks the cheerful words of one of Ray's songs had haunted her with its catchy rhythm:—

Dar was an old nigger and his name was Uncle Ned,
He died long ago, long ago.

They now rose to her lips as she neared the lake. Here she halted, filled a pail, and set it on the log landing.

From behind a low spruce one evil, sinister eye watched her.

And now Chip, still humming this ditty, glanced up at the rising sun and out over the lake.

A crouching form with hideous face now emerged from behind the bush; step by step, this human panther advanced. A deer, with cat-like movement, without sound, as each moccasined foot touched the sand. Nearer and nearer that unconscious girl it crept! Now 20 feet away, now ten, now five.

And now came a swift rush, two fierce hands enclosed the girl's face and drew her backward on to the sand.

Ray and the hermit were beside the fire, and the Indian just emerging from the hut where he had slept, when Old Cy returned from the icehouse.

"Where's Chip?" he questioned.

"Gone after water," answered Ray. And the two glanced down the path.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Astonished Child of Slums.

### Pathos in Little Girl's Exclamation of Wonder.

It was a case of the meeting of extremes. A beautifully appointed baby carriage, enameled in white and with all its fittings and coverlets of snowy spotlessness, was being trundled along an uptown street, says the New York Times. In it lay a pink-and-white baby, nestling amid frills of lawn and lace. Approaching from the other direction was a group of little Italian children, evidently on their way home from school. Dressed in heavy-looking clothes of every possible color, the only uniformity presented was the general hue of dirt, which seemed to be common to the clothing, as well as the hands and faces, of all. Certainly the contrast between the baby in the carriage and the children on the street—many of them scarcely more than babies themselves—could not have been more marked. Something of this seemed to impress the children. Pausing for a moment, they gazed at the carriage with admiring eyes, while one little girl, braver than the rest, peering under the hood to get a better look at the occupant, exclaimed: "My! What a whiteness!"

### Defining Its Status.

She (coaxingly)—I saw a hat today, dear, that was a perfect dream.

He (brutally)—Then it will have to stay one.—Baltimore American.

## How Katy Made Thanksgiving for Her Father and Uncle Will

Although a vain, bronze turkey rustled his gorgeous feathers in a corral, and there was a box of cranberries and some raisins and other "fixings" which showed preperation for a Thanksgiving dinner, Katy Holt grew thoughtful every time that Thanksgiving was mentioned. She had a large scheme on hand that needed tact, courage and good luck to carry it through.

Tom Holt, her father, was a generous man, hospitable, friendly and square, but his temper was violent and flashy. One year ago, when Thanksgiving was drawing near, William Holt, her father's only brother, had been her father's partner in the Red Dog gold mine. In some way a quarrel, the first of their lives, had arisen between the two brothers. They did not eat their Thanksgiving dinner together, but went angrily apart.

Katy.

William deeded his share in the Red Dog to Tom, and Tom gave papers to William for a share in the Golden Wonder mine, on the other side of the mountain, some miles away.

No more partners, both sad at heart, but both too proudt o acknowledge that he was the least in the wrong, they shook hands coldly and separated civilly enough. Since then they had not seen one another. Katy Holt kissed the girls at the school good-bye, took her books in a gripsack, turned her back on the classroom with something of a choking sensation, for she liked study and the association of the young girls at the school, and the next day her father was surprised to see her just at nightfall come into his camp.

Tom Holt smiled, the first time in a month, and felt better already.

Three days before Thanksgiving a large package was brought into camp by Indian Jack. It was addressed to Miss Katy Holt. She took it and gave orders that no one was to open it.

"What is it all about, Sis?" asked her father.

"Something for Thanksgiving—the best of all, and a surprise if I can keep it so."

Then the next day a letter came for Katy, which she opened hurriedly and read with beating heart. It was from her Uncle Will. As she turned the pages—there were many of them—a twenty-dollar bill rustled out. On it was pinned a slip of paper with the words, "For Katy."

A sudden light came into her eyes. She called her father and told him that she wished to ride to the town at once and wished Indian Jack to go with her. Consent being given, she was soon under way, galloping over the trails with speed.

"Hello, Uncle Billy," she cried, as she reached the camp. When she was particularly fond she always called Uncle Will "Billy," and he understood and liked the nickname when she spoke it.

She leaped from her horse, fairly dragged Uncle Will into his cabin and there talked with him for a long time. He shook his head repeatedly, stamped two or three times and would have said some hard words but that Katy each time covered his mouth with kisses and then she hugged him and said:

"Now, Uncle Billy, you know you will make your little girl the saddest of any one in the world if you say 'no;' and she will be the happiest if you say 'yes.'"

"Well," answered Uncle Will, "it is the bitterest pill of my life, but I will do it; but mind you, Katy, it is all for you."

"Thank you, dear; you are the best Uncle Billy in all the world."

"But mind, not a word to Tom."

"Not a word, Uncle."

Then she went to town and there bought two gold rings with her 20-dollar bill and inside of each she had the words engraved, "Day of Thanksgiving." With these rings she went home, and on the way made Indian Jack promise that he would not say where they had been.

When she rang the bell for her father to come in he stood speechless and in surprise to see that the table was set for three.

"How is this, Kitty?" he asked, hastily. "Whom have you asked to come to dinner with us?"

Katy pretended to be busy taking something out of the mysterious package that Indian Jack had brought in some days earlier. Suddenly she said: "Why, here is a letter from grandma, addressed to you, dad.

"And say, dad, just see what grandma has sent to you! Don't you know how you used to say that, when you were a boy, you used to go to grandma's pantry and find an earthen jar full of suga cookies that she had made, and how you used to hook some of them to carry away to your baby brother—'I shall look to you to care for Billy?'"

"Katy," cried her father, "I see it all now. Was this what made you leave the school, where you were so happy?"

Katy nodded, breathless.

"Well," said her father, "if you did that you deserve a reward, but let Billy come to me."

Katy went to the door and called "Uncle Billy."

She slipped out of the house to let them meet when no one was by. She made a pretense of being busy outside. When she came back to the cabin she saw the two brothers sitting on a wooden bench, each with an arm about the other and lovelight in their eyes.

When the turkey had been attended to and the other delicacies, also, Katy said: "Why, dad, here is your letter from grandma. Did you read it?"

"Yes, Katy; but it will stand reading again. Read it aloud to Billy."

"My dear Tom and Billy," so read the letter. "I am happy to-day to think how blessed you are in the love of one another. I send you a jar of sugar cookies—such as mother used to make to help out."

"Our love for one another—that is just it," said Tom. "It is like a message that we both needed.

"Just the thing," agreed Billy, reaching out his hand.

Then there was a call for the sugar cookies and they were produced—jar and all—just like the old times; in fact, the old jar.

"And now," cried Katy triumphantly, "here are two gold rings, exactly alike, except for size. For my sake, wear them always from now on in memory of this day and of your loving Katy."

"Such a Pretty Idea."

That was the crowning moment as Katy handed over the gold rings.

"I think," said Tom Holt to Katy, "that we can afford to send you back to school again."

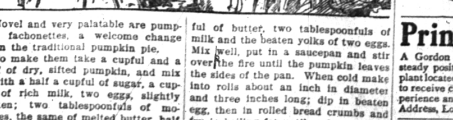
"Yes," said Uncle Billy, to college too."

"Thank you dears, I would like to learn some more."

"But," added Uncle Billy, "it must be with the agreement that you must come home to help us celebrate Thanksgiving every year."

"It is a go," said Katy, in true miner fashion, as she extended one hand to her father and the other to Uncle Billy.—David H. Walker in San Francisco Chronicle.


## IN PUMPKIN TIME



Novel and very palatable are pumpkin fachonettes, a welcome change from the traditional pumpkin pie.

To make them take a cupful and a half of dry, sifted pumpkin, and mix it with a half a cupful of sugar, a cupful of rich milk, two eggs, slightly beaten; two tablespoonfuls of molasses, the same of melted butter, half a tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and a scant half teaspoonful of best table salt. Pour into pastry lined tins and bake for 25 minutes.

PUMPKIN CROQUETTES.—This very toothsome dainty is prepared as follows: To two cupfuls of cooked and mashed pumpkin add seasoning to taste of salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of milk and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Mix well, put in a saucepan and stir over the fire until the pumpkin leaves the sides of the pan. When cold make into rolls about an inch in diameter and three inches long; dip in beaten egg, then in rolled bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat until amber colored. Drain on soft brown paper.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Take one quart of milk with two teacups of strained, boiled pumpkin. To this add one cup of granulated sugar, three well beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ginger and salt to taste. Line pie dishes with pastry and fill with the mixture. Bake in hot oven.



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### An Acute Observer.

A one-armed man sat down to his noonday luncheon in a little restaurant the other day, and seated on the right of him was a big, sympathetic individual from the rural district.

The big fellow noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose and kept eyeing him in a sort of how-did-it-happen way. The one-armed man failed to break the ice, but continued to keep busy with his one hand supplying the inner man.

At last the inquisitive one on the right could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat and said: "I see, sir, you have lost an arm."

Whereupon the unfortunate man picked up the empty sleeve with his right hand, peered into it, looked up with a surprised expression, and said: "By George, sir, you're right."

### DOCTORS IN GRAND JURY NET.

**Two Indicted in Iowa for Conspiracy to Force an Independent Physician from a Surgical Case.**

Waverly, Ia.—The Bremner county grand jury, which a few weeks ago indicted fourteen members of the county medical association, alleging violation of the anti-trust law, recently reported additional indictments against Dr. W. A. Rohlf and Dr. O. L. Chaffee on the general ground of conspiracy. Their alleged offense was of forcing an independent doctor from a surgical case, in which he as well as one of the accused doctors had been employed, after he had refused to sign the union scale.

Greater virtues are needed to bear good fortune than bad.—La Rochefoucauld.


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