



BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN
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SYNOPSIS

Old Tomah not forget. He hope he come back to see him soon. "Tell Mr. Frisbie I shall be here, waitin' to meet him, when he sends word," Levi said; and shaking hands with both of his good friends, Ray now bade them good-by with many thanks for all they had done. Of his homeward trip and all the churning anticipations now his mention need be made. They are but the flowers widely strewn in the path of youth, and Ray—now more a man than when he entered the woods—full well deserved all that lay before him. But Old Tomah's head was sad, and over his forehead a rippled lake was another who felt the same.

CHAPTER XVII.

Chip's success and popularity in Greenville was practically nullified by Hannah, who from wounded vanity and petty jealousy became her enemy from the outset. Aunt Comfort did not know it. Angie was not conscious of the facts, or busy with her own social duties and home-making, gave them no thought. And yet, inspired by Hannah's malicious tongue, Greenville looked upon poor Chip as one it was best to avoid. With Angie as sponsor, she had been made one of the Christmas card decorators, and had been twice invited to the absence. Both boys and girls during the two fights to the death, during a wintery game together.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

How welcome he was, and how all eyes turned to him. He was a man of spry vivid with each other in making him the guest of honor, need not be asserted. He had been a part of the return to Greenville. He had been, with all its joys and dangers, and now seemed one of them. When mutual experiences and their own morning history had been reviewed of course Chip's rescue, the half-breed's escape, and the whereabouts of her father came up for discussion that evening.

"I've heard from Tim's Place two or three times this winter," said Levi, "an' neller 's' he nor old McGuire has been seen or heard on since. Pete got that all safe, but vowed revenge on McGuire, as Martin and I found, when we went out. He stayed round a week or so, but then he started for his cabin on the Fox Hole, 'n' since then hasn't never been seen or heard of by nobody. Tim an' Mike went over to his cabin in the winter, but no signs of him was found, or even of his belt 'n' since then McGuire's cabin has been empty and he dropped out o' business and ain't been heard on since in the summer. We've expected him all winter at the lumber camp, but he ain't never come. "We've seen him," put in Old Cy, "flashing a smile at Ray, 'leas'twise I called 'twas him, though I never let it go to that effect. He was here, an' over beyond a big swamp last fall, 'n' he paid us a visit, his trade-mark o' our catches 'n' left his trade-mark on our canoe." And then Old Cy told the story of their adventure, omitting, however, any reference to the supposed cave.

"He's a cur! what has become o' him," Levi said, when the tale was told, "and our camp crowd all believe that that's been foul play, with Pete at the bottom o' it, an' we don't want to see him up in it. Ez for the cave, if 'twas found we found one, the folks at Tim's Place 'd go huntin' for it, sure, 'n' I've my reasons for not wantin' to see that cave, 'n' so much the more to Levi 'bout it."

Levi's arrival, however, changed the plans, for he at once offered to convey Ray out of the woods, and leaving Old Cy, and three days later these two, with well-laden canoes, started on the outgoing journey. It was not without incident, for when the main stream was reached, it was dotted with floating logs and the dark-shirted drivers with the bateaux and spoke shores were in a most orderly monster jam was met at the first rapid, the bags of gum nuts, bundles of fish, and canoes had to be carried around it, and when Tim's boat had reached, a score of the good-natured woodsmen were in possession.

Levi discreetly avoided all questions as to what Tim's new camp was, and he was also asked, and so both escaped such questioning. Here, also, they learned that both had guessed that the McGuire and Pete had either left the wilderness or had perished that winter. Where and how, if such was the case, no one seemed to know, and a close observer would have said that every one at Tim's Place hoped that these two outlaws had met their fate.

Old Tomah was also found at Tim's Place, and he was undeniably glad to see his Ray and Levi, and to learn that Chip was likely to be well cared for. When these two voyagers were ready to start, he joined and kept with them until the settlement was reached, knowing full well the value of gum and fish, he soon found a purchaser. Ray's store and stock at its full value, and when that month was elapsed as never before, was ready to start for Greenville, the fine old Indian showed almost a white man's emotion. "Take this little gift," said he, handing Ray a package, "and tell her

would keep on "taking in" homeless waifs and outcast mortals as long as his house or house room held out. And it was true.

By midwinter Martin's new house was all furnished, and social obligations began to intrude. And, which made matters all the worse for Chip, for now Hannah could persecute her with less danger of exposure. But Chip was hard to persecute. She had known adversity in its worst form. Her life at Tim's Place had been practical slavery, and the worst that Hannah could do was as pit-pricks compared to it.

It is certain, also, if Chip had "spunked up," as Hannah would call it, and said that it would have been better for her; but it wasn't Chip's way. To work and suffer in silence had been her lot at Tim's Place. Angie had said, "You must obey everybody and make friends," and impelled by experience, and this somewhat broad order, Chip was doing her best.

One hope cheered her all that long, hard winter of monotonous study—the return of Ray, and possibly Old Cy, when summer came. Somehow these two had knit themselves into her life as no one else had or could. Then she wondered how Ray would seem to and feel toward her when he came, and if the little bond—a wondrous strong one, as still as his feelings went—would still call him to her side.

It had all been a beacon of hope to her in the uphill road toward the temple of learning; and how hard she had studied, and how patiently she had tried to correct her own speech, nor even her teacher guessing.

It is also possible, in fact almost certain, that that unfortunate waif's somewhat pitiful tale had won her teacher's interest and affection as naught else could. Only one reservation was made by Chip—her own feelings toward Ray. All else became an open book to Miss Phinney.

When school was out the two walked homeward together as far as their ways permitted, and then Chip obtained the one hour of the day which she felt was quite her own. At first, during the autumn days, she had used it for a scamp, through the nut-brown woods. When winter came it was not too cold, she occasionally visited the mill pond above the village, where, if the conditions were right, all were there.

Her hero had arrived. They had met, and she had seen him, and she was lonely waiting and watching days for an end and a new life was to begin for Chip.

Little did she realize what it would mean for her, or how utterly her hopes were to fail. "It'll come tonight," her heart assured her, and that evening, without a word to Aunt Comfort or Hannah as to whom she expected, she arranged a charter-room for the evening and awaited his coming at the porch of Aunt Comfort's home. Aunt Comfort had just departed to make a call, and Hannah was at the meeting, and "no one else to hinder."

But Chip waited in vain! At school next day her mind and heart were at work, and she was actually put out the fire. The prejudice against the "stone coal" was so great that it was years before another attempt was made to burn it.

John Binna, who some 50 years or more ago was a democratic politician of importance in the Quaker city, in his book of recollections claims the honor of having been the first to make the attempt to burn Lehigh coal. He fails to give the exact date, but what he says possesses interest. "When the first attempt was made in the year 1805," he says, "there was much speculation, and not a little anxiety, as to its quality and quantity, for the Legislature of 1801-1802 an application was made for an act of assembly to incorporate a company to work the Lehigh anthracite mines in order to obtain this charter. The persons most interested induced a German mineralogist to explain to the members of the Lehigh Board of Commissioners the coal, the probable extent of the mines and the facility with which, at a moderate expense, the coal could be transported to the market."

Change for an Old Joe. A French company arrived in New York the other day dressed like a dog like Bessie. This ought to be a warning to the dog's breath and attire.

Her plans for assisting her young were well considered. She was sure she would like her new seat with Uncle Joe. That important person, whose heart she had won by her devotion of his horse on her arrival, would surely have led her into the village, if he saw her. If he was alone, she would remain hid; but if some one was with him, she would then disclose herself and the invitation and meeting with Ray would follow.

It was just-acting when Chip began her work which she had planned, unless a peevish rain prevented. It was June or she won her reward, and then one rainy afternoon when she was on the stage, she saw the next day Uncle Joe, was a companion!

How sure that weary, waiting wait that her heart was not mistaken! Her eyes were fixed on the next day the slow-moving stage crept up the hill; and how Ray, eager to catch the first glimpse of his native village, saw in the distance the old mill, the flower-decked hall, peeping at him over a wall, was a minor episode in the lives of these two; yet one to be remembered many times afterward and always with a heartache.

None came to them now, for on the instant Ray saw who was waiting for him behind the stage, at that moment he was beside his sweetheart, Aunt Uncle Joe, with the wisdom and sympathy of old age, discreetly averted his face, and said "I'll see to his horses, and drive on alone."

During CHAPTER XVIII. During the winter months while Chip had awaited her lover's coming, one hope had been hers—that his return would end all her loneliness and that the sun of the world would shine days like those by the lake once more. For the first few moments after he kissed her upraised lips, she could not believe that she was really in his hand they started toward the village, her speech came.

"I've been so lonesome," she said, "I've thought of you every day, and I've come down here to meet you daily, for over a month. I don't like it, and nobody likes it, I guess. I'm so glad you're here, and I'm so glad you're lonesome no more. I've studied hard, too," she added, with an accent of pride. "I can read and spell words of my own choice. I've learned to read, and I can read and spell words of my own choice."

"I'm glad to see you," answered Ray, as simply. "It was lonesome in the woods, but now we couldn't tend the traps. But I've made a lot of money—most five hundred dollars—my mine, too. How is everybody? And how are you? Did you get any news from the settlement into commonplace."

At the tavern he secured his belongings. At the corner where their ways parted he bade Chip "good-by" and with an "I'll see you soon," left her.

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WATER WORKS WHERE ANTHRACITE WAS FIRST TRIED IN PHILADELPHIA. House Builders of Blinn, Pre-Babylonian City, Showed Considerable Inequality in Continuation That Carried Off Waste Water. It is generally supposed that it is only modern men who have perfected a system of drainage and sewerage to carry from his house and city the overflowing rain water and filth and garbage which accumulate. In the excavation of Blinn, the ancient Babylonian or pre-Babylonian city which displaced 4,000 years ago, a remarkable system of drainage, perfectly adapted to the alluvial plain of the Mesopotamian desert, has been discovered. Babylon is perfectly level; from Bagdad to the Persian gulf there is not the slightest elevation, save for the artificial mounds of mud, and an occasional changing sand dune. In many places there is a crust of hard clay upon the surface, baked by the hot sun of summer months, so hard that it resembles stone. Parts of the desert are perfect for bicycle riding. Beneath the crust, which at Blinn is seldom more than four or five inches thick, and in places entirely lacking, is loose, caving sand reaching to an unknown depth. Drainage in such a country is without a doubt, and streams of running water, might tax the ingenuity of the modern builder. The ancient Sumerian of most thousands ago first dug a hole into the sand to a considerable depth; at Blinn several instances of this practice were found, where the shaft had reached the depth of 14 meters beneath the foundation of the house. At the bottom he built a vertical drain of bare cylindrical terra-cotta sections, each of which is provided with grooved flanges to receive the sections above and below. The drain were 19 inches in diameter and six in height; the thickness of the wall was about an inch. The sections were punctured at intervals with small holes. The section at the top of the drain was semicircular, fitting over it like a cap and providing with an opening for the water from above. Sand and potsherds were then filled in about the drain, and it was ready for use. Into it was rapidly absorbed by the sand at the bottom, and if there it became clogged the water escaped through the holes in the sides of the tiles. The temple at Blinn was provided with several such drains. One palace was excavated, the sections of one bath, resembling a modern Turkish bath and provided with a bitumen floor, sloping to one corner, emptied into a gutter into a drain. In clearing out the drains at the temple were removed dozens of shallow terra-cotta drinking cups, not unlike those now in use in the East. Evidently it received the waste water of a drinking fountain, and the cups had been scattered in the temple room, constructed about 2,500 B. C. uncovered a horizontal drain of tiles, each of which was about a yard long, and not unlike in shape to the one employed. It conducted the rain water from the platform to one of the main drains. The Babylonians of a later period, who buried instead of cremating their dead, carefully provided their cemeteries with drains. The sections of one small house-shaped structure, entirely, or partly above ground, and whenever they were found upon the sloping side of a hill, they were always found above by a breaker, while along the sides were square, open, brick drains.

Just 50 years after Judge Fell's death, four young men were riding together in a coach which was traveling toward Wilkes-Barre. One of the four was a grandson of Judge Fell. He said that he had read an account in an old copy of a well known Masonic book of the experiment made by his grandfathers, and when he mentioned it to the other three, they agreed to attempt to recall the date of this event was just 50 years previous. They had been struck by the coincidence, and determined that something should be done. When they arrived in Wilkes-Barre they set about stirring up interest, and the public authorities were held that evening in the same old tavern in which Judge Fell had carried on his experiment. The four young men were Judge Fell's grandsons, John Woodward, and the ward one of the leading jurists of the state. These four became the founders of the Historical and Geological society, formed at the result of that night's meeting. It is this organization that now purposes to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the experiment of Judge Fell and the 50th anniversary of its own founding at the same time.

It is hard to believe that people once thought that anthracite coal was so burnable because too hard, and that it was only by the most persistent efforts of the few investigating minds that it was finally demonstrated that the black rock had a high fuel value, but such is the case. It is now almost a hundred years since it was conclusively shown that anthracite would burn. This was accomplished at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and in February next at that place that event is to be celebrated with the unveiling of the pieces of the Wyoming Valley Historical society.

In Philadelphia attempts to burn the "stone coal" were made before the year 1808, when Judge Jesse Fell of Wilkes-Barre succeeded in burning the coal in a grate which he devised for the purpose. The introduction of anthracite as fuel should not be confused with the successful burning of bituminous coal, which, in a limited range, had been in use in forges for nearly half a century at the time.

What is known as Lehigh coal was discovered by a hunter who was gunning for birds in the neighborhood of the present town of Mauch Chunk in 1791. From its nature it became known as "stone coal," and those who believed it to be a valuable fuel, and who were numbered among the intelligent as well as among the ignorant. Few persons at that time had faith in the value of the coal, and the company was formed in 1792 to take up the land in the immediate vicinity of the discovery. This corporation was called the Lehigh Coal Mine company, and not a little of its early difficulties were connected with the problem of transportation. A great deal of work has to be done before a pound of coal reached Philadelphia.

In time-for there were difficulties with the legislature in the attempts to charter a company to transport the coal brought to Philadelphia. When this was done and where the first attempt was made to burn the fuel here are matters still in dispute. The assertion is made that a load of anthracite was brought to Philadelphia and put under the chimney of the pumping engines in the Center Square water works about the beginning of the last century. It is told that when anthracite was tried in a grate in the water works it actually put out the fire. The prejudice against the "stone coal" was so great that it was years before another attempt was made to burn it.

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Before he left the mines he sent me to Philadelphia a wagonload of the coal, the best he had, in the hope that I would be able to give it some celebrity, which, in truth, I was well disposed to do. To enable me to do I paid a stove-maker \$50 to make a grate for the experiment, and it put up in my private office, in order to burn that coal. A sufficiency of charcoal, it was thought, was put

to-night," then pausing, "no, not to-night, but some day, and I received a good comes in, and he shall have them for his breakfast. Sir Walter Scott's—Youth's Companion. From the Almond Point of View. He—So your marriage was a failure. She—Oh, I don't know. He—Why, I thought you had secured a divorce. She—Well, you don't call that a complete failure. He—Happily, you see, my partner made an admission and I received my very best man as a preferred creditor. He—Oh, um—er—I beg your pardon, Judge. I am sorry, said the lady. "The order was Sir Walter Scott's, madam? Sir Walter Scott? Bless my soul, he shall have them directly if I love to carry them myself. Sir Walter Scott? They shall be with him

Profit and Loss. "Goodness, child, don't eat so many sweets!" "But, ma, you said I could have some sweets for taking that medicine." "But, ma, you said so much will make you ill again." "Well, ma, then I can take some more medicine and have more sweets, can't I?"—Royal Magazine. Mr. Sittler: "The clock strikes every hour, doesn't it?" "Yes, but it doesn't seem to do any good."

Brains Do Best Work at Night.

Quiet Hours the Proper Time for Intellectual Labor. Prof. Victor Hallopeau of the Paris Academy of Sciences declares that the best intellectual work can be accomplished between midnight and dawn. "The true secret of long concentration," he says, "is to be able to 'let the night in.' The scholar, the inventor, the financier, the writer, creator should be asleep every night at eight o'clock, to wake again at two in the morning. Three hours' work from two to five, in the absolute tranquility of the silent hours, should be the rule of the student of the sciences. It is the secret of the great possibilities, a wealth of ideas un-

