# 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 Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Sherman, 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 mark 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 has 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 Aunt 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 it 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 thief who had been sneaking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Bolduc finds McGuire and the one fight to the death. Bolduc's 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 end of romance with Ray has been broken, refuses. When they part, now over, it is as lovers. Chip goes 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 delivers that to Walker, 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 Greenvale with the money belonging to Chip.

## CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Somehow this strange wanderer, this unaccounted-for waif, had crept into his life and love as a flower would and "Pattycake," as he had named her, with her appealing eyes and odd ways, was never out of his thoughts.

And so the winter dragged its slow chill course. Spring finally unlocked the skies—once more, the apple and cherry blossoms came, the robins began nest building, and one day Uncle Jud returned from the corner with a glad smile on his face.

"Pattycake's comin' to close in a couple o' weeks more, 'n' then she's comin' home," he announced. And Aunt Mandy, her face beaming, made haste to wipe her "specs" and read the joyous tidings.

For a few days Uncle Jud acted as if he had forgotten something and knew not where to look for it. He fingered about the house when he would naturally be at work. He peered into one room and then another, in an abstracted way, and finally Aunt Mandy caught him in the keeping-room, with one curtain raised,—a thing unheard of,—spated in one of the haircloth chairs and looking around.

"Mandy," he said, as she entered, "do you know, I think them pictures we've had hangin' here nigh on to 40 year is homely 'nuff to stop a horse, 'n' they make me feel like I'd been to a funeral. That's that 'Death Bed o' Dan'l Webster,' an' 'Death o' Abe Lincoln,' specially. I jest can't stand 'em no longer, an' 'The Father o' His Country.' I'm gittin' tired o' that,—the smirk he's got on his face. I feel jest as though I'd like to throw a stun at him this minute. You may feel sort on them pictures, but I'd like to chuck the hull kit 'n' boodle into the cow shed. An' them winder curtains," he continued, looking around, "things so blue they make me shiver, an' this carpet with the figgers o' green and yaller-birds, it sorter stuns me.

"Now Pattycake's comin' purty soon. She must 'a' seen more cheerful keepin' rooms'n ourn, 'n' I'm callatin' we'd best rip this 'un all up an' fix it new. Then thar's the front chamber—in fact, both on 'em—with the yaller spindle beds 'n' blue curtains, an' only a square of rag carpet front o' the dressers. Say, Mandy," he continued, looking around once more, "howd we ever happen to git so many 'blue curtains?'"

His discontent with their home now took shape in vigorous action, and Aunt Mandy came to share it. Trip after trip to the Riggsville store was made. Two new chamber sets and rolls of carpeting arrived at the station via Giles' way, and came up the valley. A paperhanger was engaged and kept busy for ten days. The death-bed pictures were literally kicked into the cow shed, and in three weeks four rooms had been so reconstructed and fitted anew that no one would recognize them.

Meanwhile Uncle Jud had utterly neglected his "craps," while he worked around the house. The wide lawn had been clipped close. A new picket fence, painted white, replaced the leaning, zigzag one around the garden. Weeds and brush disappeared, and only Aunt Mandy's protest saved the picturesque brown house from a coat of paint.

And then "Pattycake" arrived.

Nearly a year before she had been brought here, a weary, bedraggled, dusty, half-starved waif. Now Uncle Jud met her at the station, his face shining; Aunt Mandy clasped her close to her portly person; and as Chip looked around and saw what had been done in her honor and to make her welcome, her eyes filled.

"I never thought anybody would care for me like this," she exclaimed, and then glancing at Uncle Jud, her eyes alight, she threw her arms about his neck and, for the first time, kissed him.

And never in all his life had he felt more amply paid for anything he had done.

Then and there, Chip resolved to do something that now lay in her power—to face shame and humbled pride and all the sacrifice it meant to her in the end, and reunite these two long-separated brothers. But not now, no, not yet.

Before her lay two golden joyous summer months. Aunt Abby was coming up later. She could not face her own humiliation now. She must wait until these happy days were past, then tell her wretched story, not sparing herself one iota, and then, if she must go her way, an outcast into the world once more.

How utterly wrong she was in this conclusion, and how little she understood the broad charity of Uncle Jud, need not be explained. She was only a child as yet in all but stature. The one most bitter sneer of malicious Hannah still rankled and poisoned her common sense. Its effect upon Chip had been as usual on her nature and belief, and this waif of the wilderness, this gnome child, must not be judged by ordinary standards. Like reflections from grotesque mirrors, so find her ideas of right and duty been distorted by eerie influences and weird surroundings. There was first the unspeakable brutality of her father; then the mental years at Tim's Place, with no 'more' consideration than a horse or pig received, her only education being the uncanny teachings of old Tomah. Under this baleful influence, coupled with the ever present menace and mystery of a vast wilderness, she passed from childhood into womanhood, with the fixed belief that human kind were no better than brutes; that the forest was peopled by a nether world of spites, the shadowy forms of both man and beast; and worse than this, that all thought and action here must be the selfish ones of personal gain and personal protection. Like a dog forever expecting a blow, like any dumb brute ever on guard against superior force, so had Chip grown to maturity, a cringing, helpless, almost hopeless creature, and yet one whose inborn impulses and desires revolted at her surroundings.

Once removed from these, however, and in a purer atmosphere, she was like one born again. Her past impressions still remained, her queer belief of present and future conditions was still a motive force, and the cringing, blow-expecting nature was yet here.

For this reason, and because this new world and these new people were so unaccountable and quite beyond her ken in tender influence and loving care, what they had done and for what purpose seemed all the more impressive. But it was in no wise wasted; instead, it was like God-given sunshine to a flower that had never known aught except the chilling shadow of a dense forest.

And now ensued an almost pathetic play of interest, for Chip set herself about the duty of giving instead of obtaining pleasure.

She became what she was at Tim's Place,—a menial, so far as they would let her,—and from early morning until bedtime, some step, some duty, some kindly care for her benefactors, was assumed by her. She worked and weeded in the garden, she drove and milked the cows, she followed Uncle Jud to the hayfield, insisting that she must help, until at last he protested.

"I like ye 'round me all the time, girlie," he assured her, "for ye're the best o' company, 'n' I'd rather see yer face'n any posy that ever grew. But you've got to quit workin' so much in the sun. T'will get yer hands all calloused 'n' face freckled, an' I won't have it. I want ye to injie yourself, read books, pick flowers, 'n' sit in the shade. I see ye've got into the habit o' workin', which ain't a bad 'un, but thar ain't no need on't here."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

For many weeks now Chip had suffered from a troubled conscience, and, like most of us, was unable to face its consequences and admit her sin.

Time and again she had planned how she could best evade it and yet bring those two brothers together without first confessing. Old Cy must be told, of course. She could explain her conduct to him. He would surely forgive her, she thought, and then, maybe, find another home for her somehow and somewhere. Oversensitive as she was, to now confess her cowardly concealment and her deception of those who had loved and trusted her, seemed horrible.

But events were stronger than her will, for one day in the last of August, Uncle Jud returned from the village store, bringing dress materials and startling information. "Cap'n Bemis is failin' purty fast," he said, "so Aunt Abby writes, an' she ain't comin' up here. It won't make no difference to you girlie," he continued, turning to Chip. "I've brought home stuff to rig ye out for school. Miss Solon, the dressmaker's comin' to-morrer, 'n' we'll take keer o' ye in good shape. We've made up our minds ye belong to us for good, me 'n' Mandy," he added, smiling at Chip, "an' I shall go with ye to Christmas Cove, if Cap'n Bemis ain't improvin', 'n' find ye a boardin' place."

"I'm awful sorry to hear 'bout the Cap'n," interrupted Aunt Mandy, as if the other matter and Chip's future were settled definitely; "but if he drops off, Aunt Abby must come here for good. I dunno but it'll be a relief," she added, looking at Uncle Jud and sighing. "I want no loyematch in the first place, 'n' Abby's mind's always been set on your brother Cyrus.

"We'll All Love Ye Ten Times More."

But Uncle Jud thought otherwise, for now he drew the sobbing girl into his lap.

"Quit takin' on so, girlie," he said, choking back a lump; "why, we'll all love ye ten times more for all this, an' ye ain't no nobody, ye're a blessed angel to us for bringin' the news ye hev." And then he kissed her, while Aunt Mandy wiped her eyes on her apron.

The shower, violent for a moment, was soon over; for as Chip raised her wet eyes, a sunshiny smile illumined Uncle Jud's face.

"If Cyrus is alive," he said, "as ye callate, I'll thank God till I set eyes on him, and then I think I'll lick him fer not huntin' me up all these years.

"But mebbe he found Abby was married 'n' didn't want to," interposed Aunt Mandy. "We mustn't judge him yet."

"No, I won't judge him," asserted Uncle Jud; "I'll jest cuff him, good 'n' hard, an' let it go at that.

"Ez fer you, girlie, an' jest to set yer mind at rest, we found out what your right name was and where ye run away from last fall, but never let on to nobody. 'Twas your business and nobody else's, an' made no difference in our feelin's, ez ye must see; an' now I'll tell ye how I found out.

"I was down to the Corners one day arter ye went to Christmas Cove, 'n' a feller—nice-lookin' feller, too, with honest brown eyes—was askin' if anybody had seen or heard o' a runaway girl by the name o' McGuire. Said she'd run away from Greenvale—'That's 'bout a hundred miles from here,' he said—an' he was huntin' for her. Nobody at the Corners knew about ye 'n' I kept still, believin' ye had reason fer not wantin' to be found out."

And now another tide—the thrill of love—surged in Chip's heart, and her face became glorified.

And so the clouds rolled away. That night Chip wrote a brief but curious letter, so odd, in fact, it must be quoted verbatim:

Mr. Martin Frisbie:

"There's a kind word at once to Mr. Cyrus Walker that his brother Judson, who lives in Riggsville, wants to see him. No one else must be told of this, for it's a secret. ONE WHO KNOWS."

But Chip's secret was a most transparent one, for when this missive reached Martin three days later, he recognized its angular penmanship and similarity to the note Aunt Comfort still treasured, and knew that Chip wrote it.

It startled him somewhat, however, for Old Cy's youthful history was unknown to him, and suspecting that some mystery lay beneath this information, he told no one, but started for Riggsville at once.

The tide of emotion that had upset the even tenor of Uncle Jud's home-life slowly ebbed away, and a keen sense of expectancy took its place.

Chip, after giving him her letter, explained that Old Cy was most likely in the wilderness, and that the letter might not reach him for weeks.

And then one day a broad-shouldered, rather commanding, and somewhat stuffed man drove up to the home of Uncle Jud.

"Does Mr. Judson Walker live here?" he inquired of Aunt Mandy, who met him at the door.

Her admission of that fact was scarce uttered when there came a rustling of skirts, a "Why, Mr. Frisbie!" and Chip was beside her, at which Martin, collected man of the world that he was, felt an unusual heart-throb of thankfulness.

A little later, when Uncle Jud had been summoned into their newly furnished "keeping-room," disclosures astonishing to all followed.

"We have been searching for you, Chip, far and near," Martin assured them, "and Old Cy is still at it. He left us at the camp, almost a year ago, came to Greenvale, found you had run away, and came back to tell us. It upset us all so that we broke camp at once, taking Amzi with us, and returned to Greenvale. Old Cy therebade us goodby and started to find you. Ray also began a search as well. I've advertised in dozens of papers. I have kept men on watch for you at Grindstone ever since, and now I hope you will return with me to Greenvale."

"I thank you all, oh, so much," answered Chip, scared a little at this proposal, "but I don't want to. I'm nobody there and never can be. I'd be ashamed to face folks there any more."

"I guess she best stay with us," put in Uncle Jud, "fer we sorter 'dopted her, 'n' 'not meanin' no disrespect to you folks, I callate she'll be more content here. I'd like ye to get word to Cyrus, though, soon's possible. I hain't set eye on him for 40 years, 'n,' his eyes twinkling, "I'm jest spilin' to pull his hair 'n' cuff him."

"I will help out in that matter at once, and more than gladly," replied Martin, again looking at Chip and noting how improved she was; "but I still think Miss Runaway had better return with me. We need you, Chip," he continued earnestly, "and so does some one else I can name, more than you imagine, I fancy, and my wife will welcome you with open arms, you may be sure. As for that foolish Hannah, she's the most penitent person in Greenvale. There's another reason still," he added, glancing around with a smile, "and no one is more glad of it than we all are. It's a sixty-thousand-dollar reason—your heritage, Miss Vera McGuire, for your father is dead and that amount is now in the Riverton Savings bank awaiting you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


## Spider Webs Sure Cure for Cuts.

**Primitive Treatment Fails, However, and Receives a Black Eye.**

Caramba, Ia.—Spider webs are still used by many persons to cure cuts. How this idea started is not known, but there are hundreds of families in this and adjoining counties that believe in the cure implicitly.

It is the impression that no matter how serious a fresh cut is, the application of a wad of spider webs will quickly check the flow of blood and materially aid in healing the wound.

A common sight in farmhouses when one of the help gets a slash with the corn knife is the housewife gathering a bunch of cobwebs on the end of a broom and slapping them against the wound.

This primitive treatment, which has been condemned by physicians, got a black eye last summer when lockjaw developed in the case of one patient who tried the web treatment, and he died in agony.

Since then the dust-covered webs have been permitted to remain on the ceilings.

You cannot establish your citizenship in heaven by dodging your taxes here.



## Valentine

When winter's at his oldest
And coldest
And holdest,
Then cometh good St. Valentine,
To show that love is boring
And sighing and yearning,
And breathe upon the wintry earth his tenderness divine.

When life is at its bleakest
And meekest
And weakest,
Then cometh good St. Valentine,
To show that love is rosy
And wistful-eyed and cosy,
And breathes on every torpid heart his tenderness divine.
—Good Housekeeping.

WONDERFUL day, the fourteenth of February. It is so wonderful that it spreads its charm over the preceding week and the week that comes after. For days and days the Small Person sneaks into the house with unnatural, unhealthy "and suspicious quiet, holding queer shaped bulging packages under her coat or smuggled away in the innermost caverns of her absurd little muff. The paste pot appears everywhere in the house. The paste brush disappears entirely and is finally found in a state of suicide and the ink-bottle. You see something on the floor that looks like a cherry. You pick it up and it is a red paper heart. While you are looking at it the Small Person trots into the room, gives you one mysterious glance, immediately separates you from your treasure and scampers away to a hiding place under the dining-room table, where she sits for three straight hours in a billowy pool of white paper lace, big white envelopes and numberless samples of scissors.

Then, after these charming hours of mysterious preparation, the great day approaches. The mail man is the Kris Kringle, the Santa Claus, the good fairy. With bended shoulders he plods down the street, while the Small Person has her nose glued so tightly to the window pane that there is considerable question whether or not it will detach itself without the aid of a paper knife.

At last! Hooray! The bell rings. At imminent risk of catching everything from a cold to a spanking the Small Person dashes out of the front door and fairly leaps into the mail bag.

She emerges looking like a young stationery establishment, nothing but envelopes, big, little and middle sized. With a squeal and a scurry she flows back into the house and opens up her treasures. There are paper trees filled with brilliant paper roses, and beneath the forest trees sit little cupids without no clo'es on at all," just as if it were not February and chilly. Great big, beautiful white swan cars—more beautiful even than a new automobile—are dragged out of their white casings, and lo! when you touch a little spring somewhere the swan cars are filled with flowers and all sorts of wonderful, exquisite, beautiful things, like birds and jewels and loving hearts. Oh, it is very, very delightful, being a child on St. Valentine's day.

While all this excitement is beating the quiet home atmosphere into quivers you sit down in a faraway corner and think of the time when you were a little girl. Perhaps you didn't have as much attention as the Small Person; perhaps things didn't somehow come your way—and perhaps it's because you had so little that you are ready to make any sacrifice so that the Small Person shall have much. It is from deprivations that you learn what good things mean and how much they mean.

One day there came strange whisperings about St. Valentine. You wondered if he were the man who came to trim the trees in the orchard. It was all very new to you, because everything was new, and you had so much to get acquainted with in a big strange world.

The other children talked knowingly about a St. Valentine's box. Next day they filed in one after another, and into a big wooden box they dropped white envelopes. When school was about to be dismissed the Beautiful Lady who took care of all the children opened up the mysterious affair and took out the envelopes one by one, calling the name of the little boy or girl.

You held your breath. When would yours come? Ah! exquisite moment of anticipation! Your heart—such a tiny little silly, lovable heart, too—fairly ceased to beat, for every moment you expected that your name would be spoken. The other children were busy showing their white lace valentines, and never noticed the wistful little face in a far-back seat.

It was all over. The box was empty. The Beautiful Lady closed her desk. The children ran for their hats and coats. You placed two soiled fat little hands to two very moisty-misty eyes and felt your first great sorrow. You did, didn't you? Well, if you didn't, I did.

The heart of a child is so sensitive a flower. A thought will crush it—a tear will bruise it.

### HIS ONE DAY TO GET EVEN.

**Husband Sent Burlesque Valentines and Had His Wife Guessing.**

"Say, old fellow," said Brown, as he laid his hand familiarly on Potter's shoulder, "didn't I see you in the stationer's a day or two ago looking at valentines?"

"You probably did, as I was in there," was the answer.

"Buying for some sister or niece?"

"No—for my wife."

"But you are over 50 years old and have been married a quarter of a century. You don't say that you are still romantic?"

"I say this—that my wife can beat me at argument or scolding or doing as she pleases whether I like it or not. She's obstinate and pigheaded and touchy, and the only way I can get even with her is on Valentine's day. Then I get 100 of the meanest burlesque valentines I can find and send them to her, and for the next three months she's wondering who sent 'em and treats me fairly well. Try it once. It is a good deal better than threatening her with the family ax."

"I Get a Hundred of the Meanest Burlesque Valentines I Can Find."

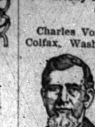
## St. Valentine's Eve

"O, St. Valentine's Eve,
Shall my thanks receive
In many a sonnet and praise-full lay?
For under its cloak
My darling spoke
The love that she would not have whispered by day.
And she is mine
O, bless divine:
And that is the eve of St. Valentine."



### THIRTY YEARS OF IT.

**A Fearfully Long Siege of Daily Pain and Misery.**



Charles Von Soehnen of 310 A St., Colfax, Wash., says: "For at least thirty years I suffered with kidney troubles; and the attacks laid me up for days at a time with pain in the back and rheumatism. When I was up and around sharp twinges caught me, and for fifteen years the frequent passages of kidney secretions annoyed me. But Doan's Kidney Pills have given me almost entire freedom from this trouble and I cannot speak too highly of their praise."

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


### AGREEING WITH THE ASSESSOR.

**His Reason for Building Unneeded Addition to House.**

Representative Birdsall of Iowa objects to the high penalts charged in Washington during the congressional season. He says he feels like an Irish farmer he knew out in his district. The farmer had bought a place out of savings as a farm-hand and renter. The tax assessor came around one day and put a valuation on Pat's new property which Pat thought excessive. His protest, however, was unavailing.

One day a neighbor visited Pat and found him building an addition to his house, and obviously the house was plenty big enough without it.

"Isn't that a piece of extravagance?" he asked Pat.

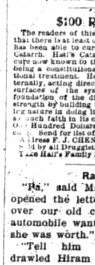
"Think agin it might be," said Pat, "but I'm after havin' the ould place warth that the assisser says it is."


### IT SEEMED INCURABLE

**Body Raw with Eczema—Discharged from Hospitals as Hopeless—Cuticura Remedies Cured Him.**

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable by eczema in its worst form. In spite of treatments the disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. He used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep and the agony he went through is quite beyond words. The regimental doctor pronounced the case hopeless. We had him in hospitals four times and he was pronounced one of the worst cases ever admitted. From each he was discharged as incurable. We kept trying remedy after remedy, but had gotten almost past hoping for a cure. Six months ago we purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies. The result was truly marvelous and to-day he is perfectly cured. Mrs. Lily Hedge, Camblewell Green, England, Jan. 12, 1907."


### DIFFERENT.



"Do you believe in art for art's sake?"

"No; I sell my pictures!"


### $100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


### Rapid Rise.

"Ha," said Mrs. Hardapple, as she opened the letter, "the man who ran over our old crippled cow with his automobile wants to know how much she was worth."

"Tell him about six dollars," drawled Hiram Hardapple. "Let me see, it was that poor village doctor, wasn't it?"

"No, Hiram; it was a city feller."

"Was, eh? Well, by heck, tell him she was a first-class critter and worth every cent of $50."

"And come to think of it, Hiram, his automobile is almost as long as a steamboat, with glass windows, six lights and a horn that you could hear five miles."

"What? Then write and tell him the cow he killed was a genuine imported prize-winning Holstein and worth $500, and if he doesn't settle up every cent in cash I'll put the law on him."

### Midshipmen and Marriage.

Midshipmen and marriage are interesting the navy department at present considerably. In the last three years more than one midshipman has been dismissed from the service for marrying before he has been graduated from Annapolis. Also there have been increasingly numerous requests to the navy department from passed midshipmen asking permission to marry. The department has been thus far lenient with Cupid and has granted most of these requests.

### Surely King of Burglars.

The most enterprising burglar as yet recorded is the Long Island chap who not only escaped from a brand-new county jail the other night but took with him all the locks and doorknobs in the place. If they catch him they ought to promote him to the best penitentiary in the land as a tribute to his genius.