

# From The Swamp Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN  
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LOTHROP, LEE & CHEPARD CO.

## SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 15-year-old girl living at "The Swamp Place," a half-breed, has run away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by her father, Martin Frisbie, and her mother, Mrs. Frisbie. She is met by Martin Frisbie, who tells her story, and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into the swamp for many years. When Chip is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father, who is occupied by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former associate of the party. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in the canoe. One realizes this but Cy Walker, strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement in the swamp. Chip McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, and his wife, Mrs. Ray, believe he has a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by the party. Chip escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning to Greenville. Chip with her canoe. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the wilderness. Boldness escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the wilderness. Boldness escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the wilderness. Boldness escapes.

## CHAPTER XII.

The streams and swamps contiguous to this lake were well adapted for the habitat of mink, and other fisher and those large fur-bearing animals, the lynx and lutecine. Old Cy, familiar as he was with the habits, and the manner of catching these cunning animals, soon began his trapping-campaign. A few dozen steel traps were first set along the stream and in the swamps, and then he and Ray pushed up Beaver brook, and leaving their canoe, followed its narrow valley in search of suitable spots to set the more elaborate deadfalls.

As gum-gathering was also a part of their season's plan, they now left the swamp valley, and, ascending the spruce-cleared upland, began this work. There was also another element that entered into the trapping and gum-gathering life—the possible return of the half-breed. "He ha'n't nothin' agin us," Old Cy asserted, when the question came up. "We didn't chase him the day we shot Chip, 'n' yet I s'pose he'll show up some day, 'n' maybe do us harm."

It was this fear that had led Old Cy to leave one of their canoes in a log locker, securely fastened, and also to caution the hermit to remain on guard at the cabin while he and Ray were away.

A canoe is the one most vital need of a wildwood life, for the reason that the streams are the only avenues of escape and afford the only opportunities for travel.

Old Cy knew, or at least he felt almost sure, that the half-breed would return in good time. He had also reasoned out his failure to do so at once, and knew that tragic day, his only course must be the one he actually followed. A month he elapsed without them, with no sign of this "varmint's" return, and now Old Cy was on the watch for it.

They had first visited the small traps near the lake, securing a couple of mink and three muskrats, which were left in the canoe. An otter was sprung in one of the deadfalls, and talking with them, they entered the spruce timber and hung it on a conspicuous limb. Then the search for gum began. As usual, they worked hard. The days were short, the best of sunlight was needed to see the brown gum nuts in the spongy forest, and so they paid no heed to night except what was overhead. When time to return arrived, Old Cy picked up his rifle and led the way back to where the otter had been left, but it had vanished. Glancing about to make sure that he was right, he advanced to the tree, looked down, and saw two footprints. These seemed ominous. "Blooming over to examine them better in the uncertain light, he noted also that they were not his own, but larger, and made by some one wearing boots. "Tain't the half-breed," he muttered, with an accent of relief, and looking about he saw a well-defined trail leading down the slope and thence onward toward the swamp.



The Two Watched in Silent Amazement.

Some one had crossed this broad, oval, spruce-covered upland while they were not 200 rods away from this tree, had stolen their otter and gone on into the swamp.

Another freshly made human footprint found in a vast wilderness awakens curiosity; these seemed ominous. "He must 'a' seen us 'fore he did the otter," Old Cy ejaculated, "an' it's cur'se he didn't make himself known. Neighbors ain't over plenty, here-abouts!" But the sun was nearing the treeline, the canoe was a mile away, and after one more look around, Old Cy started for it. There was no use in following this trail now, for it led into the tangled swamp, and so, skirting this until a point opposite Ray then plunged into it. Twilight had begun to shadow this vale ere the canoe was reached. And here was another surprise, for the

up the brook valley a little way, to find that only one track came down, he then circled about the canoe, until, like a bound, he found where the clearly defined trail left the swamp again. Here in the soft carpet under the spruce trees one could follow this trail on the run, and here also Old Cy found where this enemy had halted beside trees, evidently while watching them, as the tracks indicated. When the bordering swamp was reached, the trail turned in a westerly direction, skirting thus for half a mile, and here, as evidences of skulking along were visible.

Another trail was now come upon, but leading directly over the ridge, and just beyond this juncture both the trails now joined, entered the swamp, and ended at a lagoon opening out from the stream. Here, also, evidences of a canoe having been hauled up into the bog were visible.

"That sneakin' pirate come up this 'ream," Old Cy observed to Ray, as the two stood looking at these marks. "He left his canoe here 'n' crossed the ridge above us 'n' down to whar we left the otter 'n' on to our canoe. Then he come back the way we tollored, 'my idee is he had his eye on us most of the time. I calculate he has been laughin' ever since at what we'd say when we found that mud dabb on our canoe, durn him!"

But their canoe was now a half-mile away, and for the little time Old Cy looked at the black, currentless stream and considered. Then he glanced up at the noon. "I've a notion we'd best fetch our canoe over here," he said at last, "an' follo' this trail a spell farther. We may come on to suthin'."

"Won't he shoot at us?" returned Ray, more impressed by this possible danger than was Old Cy. "An' I ain't nothin' but a speck of lead, 'n' I'll be a-sartin' you 'n' maybe not," answered the old man. "Shootin' a game two kin play at, 'n' we've jist got a right to follo' the stream 'er head, 'n' but when their canoe had been carried over and launched in this lagoon, Ray's spirits rose. It was an expedition into new waters, somewhat venturesome, and for that reason it appealed to him.

For two hours they paddled along this serpentine highway, and then the vastness of this morass began to impress them. No halt for dinner had yet been made. They were both faint from need of food, and so Old Cy reached for the

also the same footprints they had followed. Another bit of hard bottom was reached, and here again was another deadfall. Tracks evidently made with a heavy stone were about here, and tied to its legs a dead spadix was a freshly caught brook sucker.

"The sec'n's gettin' warm," Old Cy muttered, as he examined these signs of a trap set for a fish, and the mindful of the sun, he paddled on again.

And now an upland growth of tall spruce trees ahead, the banks became in evidence, and a slight current was met. One more long bend in the stream was followed, then came certain banks and large boulders appeared. They were out of the swamp.

Soon a more distinctive current appeared, a low murmur of running water came from ahead, and then a pass between two abutting ledges was entered. Here the stream eddied over sunken rocks, and pushing on, the force of the eddies was about here, and they emerged from the gloom of this short canyon, and the next moment they caught sight of a long, narrow lakelet, in the lee of a high, rocky ledge, the top of which, a reddish glow upon its placid surface, and so welcome a change was it from the ghostly, forbidding swamp by which they had passed, their canoe at once to look out upon it. It was seemingly a mile long, but quite a narrow lake. A bold, rocky shore rising in a bold, unbroken cliff was outlined clear and distinct.

The strip of water, for it was not much more, seemingly filled an oblong gorge in the hills, only meeting the stream, then, to the left of this bare peak; and as Old Cy urged their canoe out of the alder-choked stream, now curving once more, a narrow line of rushes and reeds was seen to form that shore. Back of these, also, rose the low ledge they had passed.

Old Cy, looking at the spot for a pirate, he exclaimed, glancing up and down the smiling lakelet. "Thar ain't many folks liable to tackle that swamp 'n' look us 'most all day long. I'll be lumberman ever tried it twice, 'n' if I wanted to get absolutely 'way from ben' molested,' I'd locate my traps 'n' dwell whether we'd be 'cross 'n' make camp 'mong them ledges or go back into the woods. Guess we'd best go back 'n' take a sneak round 'mong the ledges, 'n' notice a loggin' leadin' up that way 'fore we left the swamp."

But now something was discovered that proved Old Cy's suspicion, for they observed somewhat by the spot, yet feeling it forbidding, still glanced up and down the bold shore just across suddenly a thin column of smoke rose from away to the right, amid the bare ledges.

First a faint haze, rising in the still air, then a bill of white smoke, and the fleecy pillar was plainly outlined as it ascended and drifted backward into the green forest.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Old Cy was, above all, a peaceable man, and while curiosity had led him to follow the trail of this robber and to cross this vast swamp, now that he saw the smoke and the sign, he hesitated about venturing near it. "I guess we'd best be keerful," he whispered to Ray, "or we may with us some 'n' s'ceptles agin' 'em, 'n' our friend's got a hidin' spot over thar, 'n' most likely don't want callers. He may be only a queer old trapper a little short 'n' scruples agin' 'em, 'n' what he finds, 'n' then agin he may be worse'n't. His campin' spot's agin' him, anyhow."

# Chicago Directory

## "THE GREAT CENTRAL MARKET"

Income afforded by the five-year securities of the UNITED GAS & ELECTRIC CO.

Domination \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. Single bonds sold. Interest paid every six months at Chicago Bank.

TROWBRIDGE & RIVER CO. 701 National Bank Bldg., CHICAGO, Ill. Phone, Central 1211. Fill out and return this coupon today.

ONIONS, - \$600 per acre High Potatoes, - \$200 per acre Celery, - \$1,800 per acre

MAKE THE BANK Your headquarters when in Chicago. We will gladly attend you the courtesy of each department. Our officers will call on you and will furnish you any advice or service.

D. M. BELL & CO., Brokers 216 LA SALLE ST. CHICAGO STOCKS, GRAIN, PROVISIONS

Rich Farm Lands We offer for sale or exchange whole farms in Illinois, Ind., and other states. We have a large stock of black cow farms, well improved and sold on easy terms to suit purchasers. Can exchange for city or town property, or any other real estate.

STONE & WEBSTER (Established 1882) 604 First National Bank Building CHICAGO, ILL. Please Mention This Paper.

Important to You Why stop at the Hayes Hotel, 10 miles in Chicago. It overlooks the lake, is a magnificent black rock farm, well improved and sold on easy terms to suit purchasers. Can exchange for city or town property, or any other real estate.

Can You Sell Land? We have a few thousand acres of land in Eastern Colorado selling from \$10 to \$20 per acre. We have a large stock of black cow farms, well improved and sold on easy terms to suit purchasers. Can exchange for city or town property, or any other real estate.

GET MONEY QUICK By shipping your Furs, Eggs and Quail to COVNE BROS., 195 So. Water St., CHICAGO. Write for price and map.

LIVE STOCK AND ELECTROTYPES THE MILLER AND ELECTROTYPES CO. at the lowest prices by mail. Write for catalogue.

POOR JOHN! Scruppled-I was a confounded fool when I got married! Mrs. Scruppled-Well, my married life hasn't changed you any!

OPENS GRAVE FOR A PICTURE. Borrowing Widow Had to Have Picture by Which to Remember Hubby.

To be excused after he had been buried for 20 days and told to sit up and "look pleasant," the tough luck that befell a corpse out at Woodlawn cemetery, New York, the other day, Henry Brown, a train dispatcher on the Oneonta and Twenty-ninth street elevated road, died December 6 of rheumatic gout and was buried decently and in order. Some two weeks after the funeral it occurred to Mrs. Brown that she would like a photograph of her husband, having none that did him justice. Immediately she petitioned the New York health department for permission to exhume Henry and snapshot him.

The health department was somewhat wary, but granted the request, and so, with a photographer and an undertaker, Mrs. Brown went to Woodlawn and had the three weeks' corpse dug up. Brown was taken both profit and full face.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

A Baffled Palmist's Journalist. There is a chewing gum slot machine in the waiting-room of the Seaboard Air Line depot in Cheraw that is either out of fix or has no gum in it and should be removed. We deposited two cents in it Saturday night and got no gum. Of course two cents is a small amount, as for that matter, but the machine should be looked after carefully or it will become a public imposition.—Cheraw Daily Advertiser.

When the Band Played "Dixie." Judge Sam White of Baker City, the Tom Taggart of Oregon Democracy, a few years ago, had a five-dollar hat through a skylight 75 feet from the ground in Baker City when the band started on the tune of "Dixie."—Pendleton East Oregonian.

Sincerity is to speak as we think; to do as we pretend and profess; to perform and make a show of what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.—Archbishop Tillotson.

Keep Tobacco at Home. The Turkish government absolutely prohibits the exportation of the seed of Turkish tobacco.