

From the FACT

BY CHARLES CLARK MURIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 17-year-old girl living at her father's place in the Maine woods, is sold by her father to a "low-souled, half-bred" who runs away and reaches the home of Martin. She is taken care of by Mrs. Fribble. Journeyed of Fribble's party into woods to visit father. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same cabin. The party reaches the home of Mrs. Fribble's father and are welcomed by him and his wife. Chip's old friend and former townswoman of the hermit, they settle and stay for a summer. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Chip's father. Strange camps found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange things seem to occur on the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to go to work at Greenacres. Chip is known as a outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's old friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Chip believes he is the man who has stolen by Pete Boldo. Chip is captured by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the woods with himself and camp. 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 Greenacres, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to work at Greenacres and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Corny's. Chip returns to the woods and finds Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. Chip and Ray go into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the outlaw. Chip and Ray are speaking about their cabin. They investigate the tracks. Boldo finds McGuire's cabin. McGuire's father is coming to the water party again. Ray returns to the woods and finds a letter from his father. Ray writes to Martin which discloses the whole romance with Ray. How Ray came to the woods. How Ray came to know Mrs. Raymond. Aunt Abby, Aunt Mandy, Uncle Jud and Mrs. Fribble, Mrs. Fribble's husband, Mrs. Fribble's mother, Mrs. Fribble's father, Mrs. Fribble's brother, Mrs. Fribble's sister, Mrs. Fribble's uncle, Mrs. Fribble's aunt, Mrs. Fribble's cousin, Mrs. Fribble's nephew, Mrs. Fribble's niece, Mrs. Fribble's grandfather, Mrs. Fribble's grandmother, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandfather, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandmother, Mrs. Fribble's great-granduncle, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandniece, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandnephew, Mrs. Fribble's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandson, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandfather-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandmother-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-granduncle-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandniece-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandnephew-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandson-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandfather-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandmother-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-granduncle-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandniece-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandnephew-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. Fribble's great-grandson-in-law.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

That evening was one that none were in that wildwood camp ever forgot. Old Cy was the central figure, and told as only he could the story of his year's wandering in search of Chip. It was humorous, pathetic and tragic all in one, and a tale that held its listeners spellbound for three delightful hours. "I had dogs set on me, hundreds on 'em," Old Cy said, in conclusion, "and I never knew a dog how many kinds 'n' sizes of dogs there was in this world. I utter think that warnt' more'n two dozen or so kinds. I know now that's two million 'n' a few more he didn't want to count. I got 'rested a few times on account o' not havin' visible means o' support. I've been lashed over by his doctors tryin' to make me out a lunatic 'n' I'd 'a' done time in jail if I hadn't had money to show. I tell ye, boys, this is an awful 'spicious world for stragglers, 'n' that's the opinion of me. I'm mostly the milk of human kindness in this old cheese, 'n' all rind at that. I had a little fun, too, mixed in with all the trouble, 'n' one woman who owned a place where I piled for lodgins 'jest 'bout told me she'd be willin' to marry me if I'd stay 'n' work the farm. She had red hair, hard eyes, 'n' a bossy sort of ways, 'n' that's a dangerous combination. I watched my chance when she wa'n't lookin', 'n' lit out middlin' lively."

And now life at this wilderness camp, less restrained than when womanly were, became one of work, and persistent, steady, no time-wasting work at that. Martin had said that Levi could boss matters, but it was Ray who assumed management instead. Two years had changed him almost from boy to man. His new ambition was the controlling power. He was here to make his mark, as it were, as the half-civilized, boyish interest in work had faded into a tireless leadership. Then, too, an unspoken, tacit interest in his ambition was felt by those who helped. They knew what he was striving for, and that Chip was the ultimate object. Her history, known as it now was to all who came into the wilderness, influenced the woods. Chip had been of them and from them, and as an ex-ville village will gather to help at a house-raising, so these three, Levi and the two helpers, now felt the same incentive.

Success usually comes to all who strive for it, and now, with four willing workers to aid him, Ray was rapidly making a success of this venture. Old Cy, the most valuable assistant, was indefatigable. He not only kept the ladder well supplied with game, but tended and set traps, wrote the game, and his cheerful optimism and droll humor bridged a stormy day and shortened many weary

that, the care of another sutor for Chip's favor now entered Ray's calculations, and the slight trifles, which are others, was with him every waking moment—a much-deserved punishment, all womankind will say.

CHAPTER XXXII.

One day while Aunt Abby and Chip were enjoying the newly furnished home of Uncle Jud, a cautious carriage drawn by a handsome pair of horses halted there and Martin and Angela alighted.

"We're taking a cross-country drive for an outing," he explained, after Angela had kissed Chip tenderly and greeted him with a courteous nod. "We have come and visit us," he added, turning to Chip, "until we couldn't wait any longer and so came to look for you. We have also some news that may interest you. Old Cy has been heard from at last. He spent a year looking for you. He has now gone into the woods, to my camp, where Ray located for the winter, and when spring comes, I can guess where they will head for."

How welcome this news was to Chip, her face fully indicated; but neither Martin nor Angela realized how much or for what reason it interested this soft-voiced, gracious lady whom Chip called Aunt Abby. They knew Uncle Jud was Old Cy's brother and that they had once been sailors from Bayport, but the engaging romance of Aunt Abby's life was unknown to them.

And now ensued a welcome to the callers such as only Uncle Jud and Aunt Mandy could offer. "You've got me robbed ye," remarked Ray, Uncle Jud explained, "though we've got any intention on our part, 'n' so ye must give us some chance to make amends. We callate twan't no fault o' yours, either, only one o' them happens that's one long to be remembered by all who were present for Chip's history, as told by Martin and Angela, was the entertaining topic, and the humorous side was made the most of by Martin. Chip was in no wise annoyed by Martin's fun-making, either. Instead, conscious of the good-will and affection of the friends who had rescued her from the wilderness, she rather enjoyed it and laughed heartily



Visited a Strange Romantic Grotto Up in the Mountains.

at Martin's description of various incidents, especially her first appearance in their camp, and the language she used.

"I couldn't help swearing," she exclaimed. "I never had heard much except 'cuss' words. I think also, now as I recall my life at Tim's place, I would never have dared that desperate mode of escape had I not been hardened by such a life. I wish I could see Old Tomah once more," she added, "and I'd like to send him some gift. He was the best-hearted Indian I ever saw or heard of, and his good teachings about spites and how they rewarded us for good deeds and punished us for evil ones, was no harm, for it set me thinking. The one thought that encouraged me most during those awful days and nights alone in the woods was the belief that among the spies which I was sure followed me was my mother's soul. I've never changed in my belief, either, and shall always feel that she guided me to your camp."

Uncle Jud also obtained his share of fun at Chip's expense, describing his finding of her with humorous details.

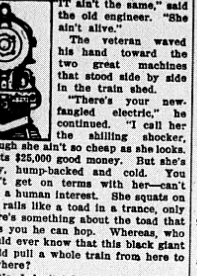
"She was all best out that night I found her on top o' Bagrall hill, 'n' away from us as she'd been, 'n' away from some poor fella, who was ready to claw my eyes out, 'n' damn I blame her. I was innocent, too, for I really exposed she had."

Martin's visit at this hospitable home was not allowed to terminate for a week, for visitors seldom came, and Uncle Jud, like his boy at home, was more than pleased to see his brother when the chance came, planned all sorts of trips and outings

CLING TO ENGINES

DRIVERS HAVE REAL AFFECTION FOR MACHINES

Electric Locomotive Unable to Inspire Sentiments Such as Spring Up Between the Engineer and His Steed of Steam.



"It ain't the same," said the old engineer, "she ain't alive."

The veteran waved his hand toward the two great machines that stood side by side in the train shed.

"This's your new 'electric,'"

"I call her the shilling shucker, though she ain't worth a nickel. Costs \$25,000 good money. But she's ugly, hump-backed and cold. You get on terms with her—can't feel a hum or a vibration. She squeaks on the rails like a toad in a trance, only there's something about the goat that you'd ever hear of from here, who would ever claim that this black giant could pull a whole train from west to nowhere?"

"No, I don't take any shine to this big lightning-bolt. Me for the neighbor here, that has just stumped with the limited. There's something for your eyes—and the real thing in railroading."

"Nothing cold about her! And nothing dead. She's panting for the road again this minute. You can tell that by the way she stands. She's ready for the springing away—she's ready as the racehorse that prances at the post. And I want to say right now that there's something like the experience that she's making like a machine like at the throttle of a machine, like you—feel her way as you hang over miles of steel, through light and air, nervous and eager, but always obedient to the rein."

"No, I ain't talking a lot, stranger, but I can't help it. I've been at the throttle a long time. I know engines. And I don't believe any man who drives one of these electric critters is going to get to me. This machine is just the same way. It ain't natural. The thing can't make him understand. You can give a regular talk to this machine, and he'll steam here, but what can you have to say to this other thing, and what can it answer back, of itself, when it has been to pick up its power from a third rail—an outsider?"

"Engines—the steam kind—begin to have whims and notions the minute they get to work. They have to be broke, like horses. I've seen 'em buck like broncos, in the old times, but I've seen 'em return to make a wrecker's job get quite ready. Then sometimes they are coltish and just cut capers by the mile. Mostly they settle down in the end, but some of 'em stay pretty wild and sulky, and only fit to draw local freight. It takes a clever engineer to do nimble yard work."

"An' speaking of cleverness, did anybody tell you of the old Delaware & Hudson locomotive that jumped herself back on the track? No? Well, she did it all right, but she was a Binghamton. I've forgotten her number, but she was an engine that the boys used to say she never done a mean thing. She was so smart, she was positively ashamed of herself when she left the rails that night."

"It was stormy and dark when the thing happened, and the train cover was about as gummy as they could make 'em. They thought they saw a long, hard job and perhaps a long wait for a wrecker to come. They were a little at the machine, but the engineer wouldn't stand for much of that, and, besides, there was the crooked rail in plain sight that had done the mischief."

"Yes, I'm prejudiced. I don't deny it. But I don't go so far as the other engineer who said once that he would reverse his horse and locomotive in sure enough the most human of machines, and I know how a fellow in the way of progress. That dead engine that he had in his hands was scientific and new. Its day is coming fast, as near as I can see, and some day there won't be any of these fellows who have handled a steam throttle. Unless human nature gets some way electrified, too, there ain't going to be much sentiment along the road then, nor engineers for a lot of machines that come to their doom in the scrap-heap."

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"This is an age of steel," said the after-dinner speaker.

"Permit me to suggest," interrupted the chairman, courteously, "that for the benefit of the reporters present you spell that word."

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Hope, without action, is a sad undertaker.—Feilhaber.

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