



BY CHARLES CLARK MURIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 22-year-old girl living at her father's in the Maine woods is... Mrs. Frisbie, an old maid, who has resided in the village for many years... The half-dozen loafers who met every afternoon in the Quabog house office arrived in about the same order...

thenes around to the Quabog house... On the instant all converse in the office ceased, and the six constant callers hardly breathed until Sam Gates hastened to the parlor and returned... "By gosh, it's her!" exclaimed one in an awed whisper, "an Jim was right, she's a stunner!"



A Few of the Quabog Retinue Followed Her About.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued. A rapid and almost wonderful growth of this rule-like impulse now swept over Chip, so much so that it must be told... "I was all a most delightful episode which was now anticipated by Chip. Again and again she lived it over, especially her arrival in Greenvale, and how like a Lady Bonifant she would present herself to her friends."

smoked, drank, told their yarns, gaver all the same, and departed at nearly the same moment. Their evening visits partook of the same clock-like regularity... "I would like \$300, if you please, sir," she said, presenting her little book, and he had to count it over four times, to make in the account was right. Then he passed the thick bundle of currency under his latticed window, seeing only the two wide-open, fathomless eyes and dimpled face that gazed at him, and feeling, as he afterward admitted, like 60 cents."

Chip's arrival there with the Frisbie family, her life history, learned from Uncle Joe, furnished a fertile topic, her escapade in running away from Greenvale, a more exciting one, while Chip's visit and deposit of a fabulous sum in the bank in her name had been a nine days' wonder... "Young lady, sir, a stunner, wants room over night, sir," he announced to the landlord in the office a moment later. "Goin' to Greenvale to-morrow, she says."

For Nezer. Then as her roll of money grew less, she began to pick up small articles—handkerchiefs, slippers, and the like... "Send them to the hotel, please," she said to one of the boys who she purchased articles of any size, marked for Vera McGuire... "That was enough!"

DRIVER CAME BACK

GHOSTLY APPARITION IN THE ENGINE CAB.

Story is Vouched for by Two Men of Good Reputation—Recognition of Friends Seemed to Please Phantom.

"MOST remarkably fantastic of ghostly apparitions occurred in the train of one of the big railroads during the winter of 1896."

Engine No. 587 was one of the largest and best on the division, and had been relegated to the switch yards for bad luck."

Ever since No. 587 had been built it had been run by Mr. W., one of the oldest engine drivers on the railroad.

When she returned to the hotel, the old guard, recruited by every idle man in town, filled the office, awaiting her.

He begged her into the parlor, like the most timid gallant he was. He had brushed his hair and clothing, and awaited her readiness to dine, without holding further converse with the curious crowd.

"There was no need of that," answered Chip, pleased, as well she might be, "I am just the same girl that I always was."

And never during all the 20 years in which Uncle Joe had journeyed twice each day over this road had the way seemed shorter or had been blessed with so much interest.

"There was no need of that," answered Chip, pleased, as well she might be, "I am just the same girl that I always was."

At Greenvale, Chip met almost an ovation. Aunt Comfort kissed her and cried over her. Nezer ran for Angie, who soon appeared on the scene, and Hannah, who so dutifully she was unable to speak after the first greeting.

"I'm a miserable sinner 'n' the Lord'll never forgive me," she half sobbed, and then she came out and said, "An' to think you feel the way you say, 'n' to bring me a present, after all the mean things I said. It's a-hear'n' to see a man do that to it!"

"I have forgotten all about them, Hannah, truly I have," Chip assured her, "and I wish you would. You didn't see me when I was here, or I you, so let us be friends now."

The next afternoon, Chip, who had learned that Miss Phinney's school was to close the day following, set out to call on her in time to arrive at its adjournment.

No hint of her return had reached Miss Phinney, no letters had been exchanged, and not since that tearful scene at the bank door, yet the legend, "Open from ten a. m. to two p. m.," turned away, and once more resumed her leisurely stroll up and down the street while she peered into store windows.

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WOMEN'S KIDNEYS.

Are the Source of Most of Women's Sickness.

Mrs. Rebecca Mock, 1798 E. Rich Street, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I believe I would still be troubled but for Doan's Kidney Pills, for when I started using them I was in constant pain with my back, and no other remedy had been of any use. My kidney secretions were irregular, and I was nervous and lacked energy. But Doan's Kidney Pills gave me prompt relief and continued use cured me."



ON THE GLAD HIGHWAY.

"Say, boss, you hasn't er dme in yer eye, an' you's a sinner. No, my man, I have not. But how did you guess it?"

"New I Cured Sweeney and Flatula. 'I want to tell you how I saved one of our horses that had a distula. We had the horse doctor out and he said it was so bad that he would not think he could cure it, and did not come again. Then we tried Sloan's Lintment and it cured it up nicely."

"One day last spring I was plowing for a neighbor who had a horse with sweeney, and I told him about Sloan's Lintment and he had me get a bottle for him, and it cured his horse all right, and he goes off now like a colt. 'We had a horse that had sweeney awfully bad and we thought it was never going to be any good, but we used Sloan's Lintment and it cured it up nicely. I told another neighbor about it and he said it was the best Lintment he ever used."

"We are using Sloan's Sure Colic Cure and we think it is all right." A. D. Bruce, Aurelia, Ia.

The Mean Man Again. "Come on, son," said the old farmer, after the daybreak breakfast, "and get up into the fields and start plowing."

"But I can't plow to-day," protested the youngster, "I have chills. Why, did I ever shake all over?"

The old farmer grinned and took a fresh chew. "All the better, my son. If you can't plow you can scatter the seed. All you have to do is hold the reins in your hand and every time you shake it will send them in all directions. Better than a patent seeder, begosh."

Willing to Oblige. The poor but very young man was after the hand of the belle.

"Young man," roared her father, "never darken my door again." "All right, sir," replied the suitor, blandly, "I'll come around to-morrow and give it a coat of bright red paint. That will be much better than darkening it."

Money to Burn. The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike trembled to disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Thin, but you can't get a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money." "An', be the smell av it," snuffed Pat, "it's a shame that the money we do be hearin' so much about."

BUILT RIGHT. Brain and Nerves Restored by Grape-Nuts Food.

The number of persons whose ailments were such that no other food could be retained at all, is large and reports are on the increase.

"For 12 years I suffered from dyspepsia, finding no food that did not distress me," writes a Wis. lady, "I was reduced from 145 to 90 lbs., gradually growing weaker until I could leave my bed only in order to eat, and became unable to speak aloud."

"My stomach was so weak I could not take cream, but I used Grape-Nuts with milk and lime juice. It helped me from the first, building up my system in a manner most astonishing to the friends who had thought my recovery impossible."

"Soon, however, I was able to take Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, and lunch at night, with an egg and Grape-Nuts for dinner."

"I am now able to eat fruit, meat and nearly all vegetables for dinner, but fondly continue Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper."

Fast Travel in England. The Bristol to Paddington (Eng.) express covers 11 1/2 miles in two hours.