

# The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

A New Romance of the Storm Country

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## "TONY, LITTLE TONY!"

Synopsis.—Lonely and friendless, Tomibel Devon, living on a canal boat with a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley. Uriah Devon, Tony's father, announces he has arranged for Tony to marry Reginald Brown, a worthless companion. Mrs. Devon objects, and Uriah beats her. Their quarrel reveals that there is a secret between them in which Tony is the central figure. Tony refuses to marry Reginald and escapes a beating by jumping into the lake. She finds a baby's picture with offer of reward for its delivery to a Doctor Pendlehaven. With the Pendlehavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her daughter and son, Katherine Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is deeply in love with Philip MacCauley. Tomibel returns the picture to Doctor John, and learns it belongs to his brother, Dr. Paul Pendlehaven. It is a portrait of Doctor Paul's child, stolen in infancy. Doctor John goes with Tony to the canal boat. Mrs. Devon is deeply agitated and makes Tony swear she will never tell of Devon's brutality. The older Devons disappear and Tony again visits the Pendlehavens. She is taken into the house as a companion to Doctor Paul. Philip fights with Reginald and saves Tony. Uriah appears.

## CHAPTER VII:—Continued.

"Where's mummy?" she demanded, and again came a sharper "Where's my mother?" Roughly shoving her aside, Uriah walked across the boat deck, his sunken eyes fixed on MacCauley.

"What you mussin' about my boat for, mister?" he demanded. "And what happened to that young feller crawlin' to the beach there?"

"I slung him in the lake," said Philip fiercely. "The pup was—was—" he made a gesture toward Tony as Devon's interruption belched forth.

"Was it any of your business what happened?"

Uriah took another step toward the young captain.

"That's your canoe, ain't it, roped to my dock?" he demanded fiercely. "Well, hop in and get away if you don't want a broken skull!"

Philip sent a flashing glance to the silent, white girl. There was such terror marked on her face that his teeth came together tensely.

"He can't go till my mother comes," she broke out abruptly. "I won't stay if he don't."

Uriah's hand went back to his hip. "I guess he'll go if I tell 'im to," said he. "Just hop into your boat, kid, before I fill you up to your teeth with little bits of hot lead."

Tonnibel had witnessed scenes like this before. She knew but a tiny pressure of her father's finger on the gun he held would kill her sweetheart.

"Go along," she managed to get out between her chattering teeth. "It'll be worse for both of us if you don't!"

Devon was forcing Philip backward toward the end of the dock, and by this time Reginald had crawled to the shore and had lain down upon it.

"Don't lag, mister," cried Tony to Philip. "Go along to Ithaca."

MacCauley stepped into his canoe, and Devon sulkily unfastened the rope and threw it into the bow of the craft.

"Don't come back here if you don't want a taste of this," he snapped, touching his gun. "Get out and stay out, mister."

With the end of the revolver he gave the canoe a shove, and Tony saw the paddle dip into the water and the boy move away.

Uriah stood a moment and looked off to the hills. Then locking Tony in the cabin he went to where Reggie lay on the shore and helped him back to the boat.

## CHAPTER IX.

### The Face in the Window.

By ten o'clock a heavy rain and wind had settled over the Storm Country with such force that the waves were rolling southward like ivory-crested mountains. Once in a while a heavy thud of thunder reverberated over the lake from the north, losing its roar back of the Cornell buildings on the university campus.

Devon's canal boat was following the little tug which was hugging the western shore northward. Tonnibel, in the little room back of the cabin, was searching through the darkness from the small window. But the only thing she could see was the dark bank along which they crept and which

once in a while was lit up by a vivid streak of lightning.

Suddenly the engine stopped, and as if she imagined Gussie could help her she gathered her into her arms.

In a vivid streak of lightning she saw they were anchored close to Crowbar point, which protected them somewhat from the wind. She crouched low when the little door opened and Uriah called her name.

"Come out here, Tonnibel," he commanded roughly, and Tony, with Gussie in her arms, crept into the cabin, where Reggie was seated on a bunk, looking pale and sullen.

"Set down on the floor, brat," commanded Uriah, and Tonnibel dropped down. "Now listen to me, Tony," went on Devon. "Ever since you've been knee high to a grasshopper you been as mean as the devil. You always got in behind Ede when she was here, but now there ain't no skirts to shove me off. You hear?"

Every vestige of blood left the was young face.

"Where is mummy?" she said, lifting imploring eyes to his.

"Dead," said Devon brutally, "as dead as a door nail. Here, my lady, if you holler I'll rap you one on the job."

"Dead!" cried Tonnibel. "Pop, you're lying to me—I know you are!" "Have it your own way, kid," replied Uriah, with an insolent laugh, "but one thing's sure—Ede ain't here to buck against me now. What I want to get into your thick noodle is you're goin' to get married as soon as we get to Auburn. See?"

The girl's eyes remained centered on his face, horror deep seated in their gray depths.

"Here's Reggie wantin' to marry you," continued Devon, with a wide



Philip Caught at It Desperately.

wave at the limp young man. "And when I say you've got to I mean it."

"I won't," fell from Tony's lips, but the awful expression on her face didn't change nor did she drop her eyes.

Devon took a quick step toward her, with an upraised arm, and as he had beaten his wife so he laid the blows about the girl's head and shoulders. The pig fell from Tony's arms in her desperate efforts to protect herself.

"Oh, daddy, don't, don't, any more!" she screamed.

Reggie Brown was watching the brutal scene dully as if it interested him but little. At the girl's fearful plea Devon stepped back and glared at her.

"Will you do what I bid you, miss?" he demanded hoarsely. "I'd as soon kill you as take a wink."

Tonnibel made no answer save to weep more wildly, and, because she did not make ready reply, Uriah struck her again. Then suddenly Reginald stood up.

"Don't hit 'er any more, Dev," he drawled. "Shut 'er up a while and keep 'er without grub, and she'll come to time. Give 'er a night to think it over. God, but you've walloped her black and blue as 'tis."

In answer to this Devon picked Tony up and threw her into the back cabin. Then he kicked Gussie over the threshold, slammed the door and locked it.

Philip MacCauley had paddled away from the Dirty Mary with a dull, sick fear for the girl he had had to leave behind. To fight single-handed a drunken man with a gun was foolhardy and would do little Tony no good.

When he reached the corner of the lake he ran his craft ashore and sat for a long time thinking. Suddenly he saw through the dusk that the ca-

nal boat had left its moorings and was moving slowly northward in the teeth of the rising wind. With an ejaculation he shoved off and was out in the boiling surf. Wherever that boat went he decided to go, too.

As he paddled carefully along, he could see the shadows of two men in the glimmer of the little light in the small pilot house. Then Reggie was there with Devon, but where was Tony?

One small window in the canal boat gave forth a dim light. He felt within him that she was there where that light was, alone and suffering. What had she thought of his allowing himself to be forced away from her when she needed him most? His teeth came together sharply. He was no coward, this Philip MacCauley, this captain of the Salvation army.

Suddenly he caught sight of a passing shadow in the cabin, and his heart leapt up within him. 'Twas the shadow of a girl walking up and down. Grimly his teeth set into his under lip and with one deep thrust of the paddle into the water, he sent the canoe headlong toward the canal boat. Then it was that a girl's face came to the window.

The canoe almost crashed against the side of the bigger boat as it came sidewise of it, and Philip caught at it desperately. Slowly lifting himself up he thrust his face close to Tony's. She was staring at him blankly as if his ghost had suddenly risen out of the storm-tossed lake.

"Don't do that, darling," he whispered as she drew back in terror. "I'm going to take you away."

Then she realized who it was, and reached out and clutched at him, breathlessly.

"Climb through," undertoned Philip.

"Quick, climb through, and when I tell you to drop, do it, but not before."

By holding his body rigidly erect, he managed to keep the canoe upright. Then he waited, but not for long. Almost immediately a girl's bare arm shot through the window. Something clutched in her clutching fingers. Philip almost lost his hold on the boat as Gussie came against his face. He snatched the pig and dropped it at his feet. Then a pair of bare legs followed and Tony's body began to wriggle through the narrow aperture.

Once or twice Philip muttered an ejaculation as a streak of lightning crossed the sky only to die and leave the water as dark as before. It was taking the girl an interminable time to squeeze herself through that opening. Suddenly her shoulders were through, and she was hanging on by her hands.

Just at that moment the tug ahead became silent, and Philip heard the two men walking back along its roof. They were coming aboard the canal boat, and if— He crushed the canoe nearer, lifted one hand and jerked the hanging figure of the girl away from the window. She flopped face downward into the bottom of the canoe, and Philip left her there limp without a word. Then he let go his hold of the canal boat, and a great wave lifted his slender-craft upon its crest and they shot away toward the bank.

It took a shorter time than it takes to tell it for the canoe to reach the shore. Under the overhanging trees where they were shielded from the wind, Philip turned and looked back. A man's face was thrust through the window which had just yielded up the quiet little figure at his feet. Then two forms appeared upon the stern deck. From the hand of one of the men hung a lantern. Philip remained very still. He knew they could not see him hidden away there in the darkness.

For a long time, through which Tonnibel never moved, Philip waited. The men on the canal boat seemed filled with terror. They ran from one end of it to the other. He heard them calling to and fro, and once in a while an oath escaped from Devon as he screamed his daughter's name loudly.

It was not until he saw one of them climb upon the tug and heard the sudden clang of the engine that the boy took up his paddle and moved slowly along the shore southward, and, as he was going with the wind, Philip made rapid progress toward the head of the lake.

In a little cove he drew the canoe to the shore and, springing out, dragged it its length from the water.

Then he called softly: "Tony—little Tony."

The girl stirred and lifted her head. "Yep," she sighed. "I'm here."

"Come out," said Philip, leaning over and taking hold of her arm. "There! Child, don't shake so. You're safe here with me, and I suppose they

think you're drowned by this time. Can't you step out, dear?"

She was trembling, so he had to pick her up and lift her out in his arms. Then he carried her under an overhanging rock and placed her on the sand.

Through many sobs and tears, she told him all that had happened on the canal boat, and that her father had said her mother was dead. And so touched was Philip MacCauley, he felt the tears run his own lashes. For a long time, in fact until the rain ceased to beat upon the rocks and shore, they stayed under cover. Most of the time they were silent, most of the time Philip held the curly head against his breast. When the dawn began to break Tonnibel roused herself.

"I'm goin' away now," she said. "I've got to go to my friends. And I can't tell you just how much I'm thankful you."

"But if I let you go," protested Philip, "I'll never see you again. Oh, don't do that. Tony, I couldn't stand it now!"

"I couldn't, either," she said under her breath. "I'll be comin' back here to this hole some day."

"I can't tell. Please don't ask me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## "INDIAN SUMMER" NOT A MYTH

Pioneer Settlers Heard the Expression With a Thrill of Apprehension Easy to Understand.

"Indian summer" owes its name not to any poetic fancy, but to the painful experiences of early frontier settlement. During the long-continued Indian wars the settlers enjoyed no peace except during the winter, when, owing to the severity of the weather, the Indians were unable to make any raids. The coming of winter was therefore hailed with delight by the backwoodsman, who until then had been cooped up in their little uncomfortable forts. They removed to their cabins on the farms with the exhilaration of prisoners released from confinement. Sometimes, however, it happened that, after the apparent beginning of winter, the weather became warm again. This was the "Indian summer," because it afforded the Indians another opportunity of visiting the settlements with their destructive warfare. In his "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania," published in 1824, the Rev. J. Doddridge remarks that in his own day a backwoodsman seldom heard the expression "Indian summer" without feeling a chill of horror, because it brought to his mind the painful recollection of its original sense.

## Collecting Truffles.

"Truffles?" said the boy. "Why! They're a sort of mushroom that don't come up." Accurate enough, excepting that truffles are not mushrooms. However, they are fungi (and are cousins to the mushroom) and they taste and look (inside) a good deal like mushrooms. The best truffles in the world grow in France. Other species grow in Italy and Spain and even in England.

Truffles grow underground, much like potatoes, except that they grow individually and not on the roots of a plant. In appearance they are globose, bright brown and black, and are covered with polygonal warts, not so very unlike the eyes of a potato. Their flesh is a blackish gray, seamed with white veins. They smell mighty good when they are ripe—something like crushed strawberries. Later the smell grows stronger, but it doesn't recall the perfume of the strawberries then—far from it.

## It Needed Attention.

He had been sent to a certain suburb to tune a piano. He found the instrument in good condition, and not in the least need of attention.

A few days later his employer received a letter from the owner of the piano, a lady of would-be musical proclivities, stating that the piano had not been properly tuned. It was no better than before.

After receiving a reprimand from his employer, the hapless tuner made another trip and again tested every note, only to find as previously, no fault with the instrument. This time he told the lady so.

"Yes," she said, "it does seem all right, doesn't it, when you play it, but as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune."—London Tit-Bits.

## The Hitch.

"Isn't it good to see the merchants getting back to per-war prices?" "I presume it is. But somehow or other, I don't much care about going back to my pre-war salary."

## The Same Girl.

Ethelbert—Who was that new girl I saw you with last night? Jack—That wasn't a new girl. That was my old girl painted over.—New York Central Magazine.

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