

The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

A New Romance of the Storm Country

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"God, how I've prayed for this minute," he exclaimed, turning on her suddenly.

"I have, too," said Tonnibel in a shy, sweet voice. "I thought you'd forgotten about me."

"Why, I couldn't do my work half way well, I've thought about you so much," cried the boy, "and I've been planning a lot for you and me. You see, Dr. John is a sort of a guardian of me, and next year I'll be twenty-three. Then I have all my own money, I can get married then, if I want to."

"Oh," said Tonnibel in a queer little voice.

"Yes, I believe in early marriages," Philip went on emphatically. "Wasn't that a queer thing that all the while I was haunting the shore you were in the house, my house almost? You see, I live just next door to you."

"Oh!" Tony said again. Something had hurt her dreadfully. Something he had said. He might be married next year and, of course, it would be to Katherine.

"And time and again I heard how much some little girl was helping Dr. Paul," he went on. "But somehow I never heard your name and hadn't the last idea—!" He stopped. Then he slipped his arm about her. "I didn't know she was my little girl," he finished.

Tony closed her eyes. All the unappreciation of the past weeks left her that moment like a vanished burden. He had said she was his little girl. How very lovely the world was!

"Lean against me, dear," murmured Philip. "And this time—Oh, Tony, don't leave me today without telling me you love me a lot."

Tony glimpsed him with one little upward glance. Her eyes were starry.

"I love you more'n the whole world," she trembled. "More'n I know how to tell."

It isn't any one's affair just how many times Philip made Tony tell him she'd marry him, nor is it any one's affair how many times he kissed her, but it is our business to listen to Philip's conclusion.

"I'm going to tell Cousin John and Cousin Paul tonight that we're going to be married," he said, and Tonnibel had no inclination to forbid him.

With dark thoughts, Katherine was watching for them to come back again. She saw the happy shining face of the girl, saw Philip lift the little figure from the car and draw her up the steps. Her teeth came together in sharp misery as she turned from the window and went upstairs.

CHAPTER XII.

A Little Drop of Something.

Reginald was sitting in his mother's room that evening when his sister opened the door and entered. The girl looked about for Mrs. Curtis, then picked up a cigarette and lit it. She was so white and drawn looking that her brother stared at her.

"What's the matter, sis?" he asked with no particular interest in his voice. "I hate everybody in the world," snapped the girl.

"Whew! That's some hate," laughed Reggie.

Katherine threw herself down on the divan.

"Worst of any one I hate Paul Pendlehaven and next—well, next I hate Cousin John," she said between her teeth. "I wish, oh, how I wish Paul would die tonight. I'd almost like to till him myself. If it weren't for him, we'd all have money, and if it weren't for that girl with him, he'd die."

"Well, I might cheer you up a little if I told you that perhaps before long our illustrious Cousin Paul will be under the sod."

The girl sat up and stared at him. "Don't be a fool, Reggie," she said with a sneer. "Cousin John says Paul will be able to go out of the house very soon, that by next week he can go anywhere he likes."

Reginald got up lazily. He said something under his breath that made his sister struggle to her feet. She stood a moment and gazed with startled eyes at the door that had closed Reggie on the other side of it.

"Now, what'd he mean by that?" she wondered dully. "What did he mean by saying that if he could help Cousin Paul would never drive again, I wonder just what he meant by that!"

Reggie knew what he meant by his words if Katherine didn't. He intended to put Dr. Paul out of the way, thus helping his mother as well as himself. He wanted to get away from Ithaca, to leave the town that always put him in mind of Tonnibel Devon. The least wind that blew brought back the awful moment when he and Devon had discovered the girl had drowned herself, and because of his tormenting conscience he drank more heavily every day. After leaving his sister he went to his room where he filled himself up with brandy. The drunker he got the more dim grew the picture of Tony's pale, terrified face.

He slept suddenly for an hour or so and only awoke when a servant rapped at the door and told him dinner was ready. He was too ill to get up and

lay staring hopelessly about the room. Then suddenly out of the shadows in the corner floated Tonnibel Devon. He groaned and turned slowly in the bed. Instead of getting better he was getting worse. The ghost of Devon's daughter was haunting him in every one of his sober hours. He hated Ithaca and every one in it. If Dr. Paul were dead—

He sat up, his head whirling. He crawled to the floor, went to the bathroom and soaked his head in cold water. Then he sent a servant for a pot of strong coffee.

So happy was Dr. Paul to have Tonnibel back that he insisted on sitting up to his dinner.

"It was a long hour, my dear," he said, smiling. "But I'm glad you went out. He's a nice fellow, Philip. My brother and I have often wished our young cousin would pattern after him, but it does seem as if nothing can be done with him. Even his mother has no influence over him."

"I've never seen him," stated Tonnibel.

"He's scarcely ever at home," answered Dr. Paul, "and the worst of it is, he gives no explanation as to where he goes."

Then after dinner as usual Tonnibel, with Gusset Piglet in her arms, read from the Bible. The clock struck ten when she arose softly and began to prepare for the night. By the even breathing of the man on the bed she knew he was asleep, and as quiet as a mouse she crept about softly so as not to arouse him. The suite directly back of Paul Pendlehaven's had been given to her. She went into her bedroom and made ready to retire. Then over her night robe she drew a light kimono.

She turned off the electric switch and stood near the window looking out. Her heart sang with gladness. She had but to hearken back to the afternoon to hear a dear voice telling her of a great love, love for her, Tonnibel Devon. How very much she had to be thankful for!

Suddenly she saw the tall tree directly in front of Dr. Paul's room shake as if a giant hand were clutch-

ing at its roots. How could that be? There wasn't any wind, not even a breeze. Her heart jumped into her throat as she crept away from the window and back into Pendlehaven's room. The little night lamp glimmered dimly above the small table with its load of medicine glasses. She stood in the shadow and peered through the screen. There among the dripping branches was the quiet figure of a man.

Her mind went immediately to her father, but she put the thought of him away, for the form in the tree was much more slender than Uriah Devon's.

Dr. Pendlehaven still slept, his face turned toward the wall, and Tonnibel squatted down at the foot of the bed, keeping the dark figure in the tree in the line of her vision. She dared not leave the room, nor dared she call out. How often Dr. John had told her that his brother must be kept free from shocks of every kind. For another ten minutes she leaned her chin on her hand, still keeping her eyes on the window. Then she saw the flutter of a wistaria branch against the screen and knew that the hour had come. Another tense silence for several minutes, then a little scraping sound as if a sharp instrument was moving over wire. Some one was trying to get in. Tonnibel crawled forward on her knees until she was directly in front of Dr. Paul.

She sank back against the bed and waited.

The scraping sound at length ceased. With a forward shove of her head, Tonnibel saw that the wire netting had been ripped fully a foot, and then she saw a hand move little by little through the opening, until a long arm was fully inside the room. Tony watched it, fascinated. Then she saw it waver toward the table, pause, open and lay some little pellets down without a sound. Then long white fingers drew off the covers of the glasses

noiselessly and picked up the pellets one after another and dropped them silently into the medicine. As quietly the covers were restored, and the arm slowly withdrawn. Directly beneath the window, Tonnibel rose up.

There through the faint light she was staring into the face of Reginald Brown. Instantly she recognized him, and all the terror of that day when he and her brutal father had placed a menacing shadow over her swept her nearly off her feet. Reginald had come not only to harm Paul Pendlehaven, but to get her!

"Stand by, Salvation of the Lord," shot across her tortured soul, and then through the break in the wire netting she thrust her clenched fist. Reginald took the blow she gave him without an audible sound and fell backward into the garden below. He was paralyzed by the blazing eyes and the memory that the body of the ghost-girl was somewhere beneath the broad surface of Lake Cayuga.

Tonnibel heard him land on the soft grass, and for a few seconds she stood panting against the window. Then she withdrew her arm and crouched down on the floor.

What had her father's pal put in Dr. Paul's medicine? Minute by minute she became more acutely sure that no good had been intended. Silently she took up the glasses and carried them to her own room. Then she slipped out into the hall, ran along the corridor and rapped softly on John Pendlehaven's apartments. Twice she repeated her summons in nervous little rap-taps that penetrated Dr. John's sound slumber. When he recognized her, opened the door and noticed how white she was, he drew her instantly to him and shut the door.

Between chattering teeth she began to tell him the dreadful tale. As she went on with the story the listener's face grew much concerned.

"Somebody's tried to poison him," he cried, taking a long breath. "My God, who could be so damnable as that? Come, let me get the stuff."

Together they stole back to Tonnibel's room and Dr. John carried away the medicine with him, leaving Tony with a caution not to speak of the matter to his brother. Putting on his clothes, John went outside and made a tour of the house. It wasn't difficult to find the place where the man had fallen, but there was no sign of him anywhere.

Tonnibel did not sleep at all that night. But very early in the morning she arose and slipped into Dr. Paul's room and put back the medicine Dr. John had given her.

During the morning Dr. John Pendlehaven softly entered her room. He came forward, his hands outstretched, his face white and very grave.

"Darling little girl," he whispered, with much emotion. "You have saved my brother's life. The villain, whoever he was, put the rankest kind of poison in it. He must have gotten it from some doctor, for no druggist would have sold it to him."

"Mebbe he's dead," replied Tony gently, with an expression of awe. "It was a long tumble he took."

"No; he got away! I've hunted the place over for him. Would you know him again if you saw him?"

"Sure," replied Tony, nodding, but she said no more. To tell him who the man was would mean to break the solemn oath she had made on the coast to her mother.

A timid knock brought the conversation to a close. Mrs. Curtis was at the threshold when Pendlehaven opened the door.

"I've been looking the house over for you, John," she began. "Boy's got a headache! He said for you not to bother to come to him, but to give me something to make him sleep."

"Is he drunk?" demanded Pendlehaven.

Mrs. Curtis began to cry.

"John, how unkind!" she sniffled from the haven of her handkerchief. "The moment the child complains everybody accuses him of drinking. No, of course, he isn't drunk."

For many days Reginald Curtis tossed fitfully in bed, tortured by the thought that he would never cease being haunted by Tony Devon's spirit. He dared not get up, for he was covered with bruises from his fall, and added to his misery, he imagined every time the door opened he was going to be arrested. But no such thing happened, and one afternoon when Dr. John was gone and his mother and Katherine were shopping downtown, he crawled out of bed and made his way softly from the house.

Uriah Devon had ventured back to the Hoghole with his canal boat, so when Reginald appeared aboard her Devon met him with a growl.

"Where in h—l you been all this time, Rege?" he demanded in a sinister tone.

Reggie shuddered, as he sank down on the bench.

"I'm going crazy," he muttered. "I've been awful sick."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The trouble with too many children is that the education of the parents has been sadly neglected.

THE SANDMAN STORY

WEATHERCOCK GROWLS

ON TOP of the barn stood the weathercock looking down at the barnyard where the hens and chickens were eating their dinner.

"It is a wonder I have a minute to myself," said Weathercock. "I am at the beck and call of every passing breeze, never have any time to myself, while those hens and chickens and the rooster who live down in the barnyard have nothing to do all day but eat."

"It isn't right for them to have all the good things while I have—yes, just as I thought, the wind is east and we will have a storm, and here will I be getting wet while those hens and the rooster can run under the shed or under the bushes and keep dry. It isn't fair."

Weathercock had time for no more grumbling, for along came east wind and whirled him around, but he



On the top stood the weathercock.

creaked his displeasure at every turn he made.

Weathercock was right, as he usually is. There was a storm on the way and such a storm as it was. The wind blew and the rain came down in

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

It is better to learn late than never.—Publius Syrus.

MANNERS AND FEET

ASK any farmer's wife what is the bane of her existence and the chances are even that she will answer "muddy boots." The better the housewife the more she abominates them.

Recently the Department of Agriculture in describing a simple brushing device that could be set up outside the farmhouse back door recognized this bugaboo of the neat farmer's wife—recognized the fact that the man who tills the soil has an aggravating habit of entering his house with muddy boots and the other fact that the woman who spends hours of her time and calories of energy keeping her house clean and neat, scolds and frets when that mud is trapped about the house. Perhaps the best solution is this three-way brush that the Department of Agriculture suggests.

But wouldn't it be a happy solution of the difficulty, if American men could be orientalized to the extent of learning to leave off their boots and don slippers when they come indoors? Rubbers and overshoes of various sorts are not popular with the average outdoor worker, so there seems to be little help in that direction. Perhaps the European peasant who wears heavy stockings and wooden shoes, which he removes in favor of soft carpet slippers indoors, is really doing the most sensible thing.

But farmers are not the only offenders. There are many city folk who are careless in tramping mud indoors. The careful person, if she comes in on a muddy day, removes rubbers in the vestibule or entrance hall of the house. While this is not feasible when entering a church or theater, you should at least wipe them on the doormats that are almost always to be seen at the entrance.

There is one thing that no well-bred young man ought to be reminded not to do, and that is to place his feet for the sake of his comfort on the seat of a street or railroad train. The business man who kept his feet poised on his desk in order to gain full enjoyment of an after-luncheon cigar, is fast becoming extinct. Perhaps this is because of the present-day tendency for men to have shorter working hours and to work more and rest less during those hours.

(Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

MODELS

I SEEK no anchored fixity
Like that of yonder tree,
Nor would I restless be,
As is the sea;
But somewhat of them both
Appeals to me:
The tall tree's steady growth,
With upward rise
To God's own skies;
The sea's unceasing effort, and its power,
And in its quiet hour
Its serenity.

(Copyright.)

DOES LAUNDRY WORK AND HOUSEWORK TOO

Surprised to Find Herself Feeling So Well

Taunton, Mass.—"I used to have pains in my back and legs so badly, with other troubles that women sometimes have, that my doctor ordered me to stay in bed a week in every month. It didn't do me much good, so one day after talking with a friend who took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for about the same troubles I had, I thought I would try it also.

I find that I can work in the laundry all through the time and do my housework, too. Last month I was so surprised at myself to be up and around and feeling so good while before I used to feel completely lifeless. I have told some of the girls who work with me and have such troubles to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I tell them how it has helped me. You can use my testimonial for the good of others."—Mrs. BLANCHÉ SILVIA, 59 Grant St., Taunton, Mass.

It's the same story—one friend telling another of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Hint to Precarious.

Take a piece of heavy copper wire 11 inches long and bend it in the shape of a hairpin. Lock the door, leaving the key in the lock, then place the curved angle of the wire over the shank or spindle back of the knob and put the two ends of the wire through the head of the key. The key cannot be pushed out nor turned. This is a light device which one can carry in a handbag if so desired and use in hotel rooms when traveling.

Celebrating Derby Night.

On Derby night the waiters in one of the fashionable restaurants in London are dressed as jockeys and the head waiter as a bookmaker.

What Kind of Pipes?

The Literary Digest prints an article on "No Smoking in Shakespeare." What about the "piping times of peace?"—San Francisco Bulletin.

Jaw Pressure 534 Pounds.

Those who study these matters say that the average human jaw can exert a force of 534 pounds.

Woman's Tears.

A woman's tears are the greatest water power known to man.—Atchison (Kan.) Mail.

Women Careful With Letters.

Women, as a rule, are more careful in addressing their letters than are the men, according to a veteran attaché of the dead letter office in Washington.

Seems So.

One reason why it would be a waste of money to maintain a chorus girls' home is that no chorus girl ever gets old enough to retire.

Surely Would.

The optimist says to remember that even if your mother-in-law has the gift of tongue, it would be a lot worse if she was a mind reader.

Mrs. Esther Wolfe

Fresno, Calif.—"After an attack of scarlet fever I was in a weak, anemic condition. My appetite was poor and I had no interest in anything. My friends did not expect me to live as with the weakness I had a bad cough. I had heard my parents speak of Dr. Pierce's medicines, so I got a bottle of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and began to take it. Before I had used all of the first bottle I knew it was doing me good, for I felt a desire for food, my cough ceased and I began to have color and to take an interest in life. I continued to take the Golden Medical Discovery till I felt strong and well. Today I am enjoying the best of health."—Mrs. Esther Wolfe, 2311 Tyler Ave.

As soon as you commence to take this "Discovery" you begin to feel its bracing, appetizing effect. Buy it of your druggist, in tablet or liquid. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., if you desire free medical advice.

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