

# The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

A New Romance of the Storm Country

## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"You mean just drunk, don't you? Don't you try to do what I told you?"

The boy nodded and shivered again. "I sure did, but—"

"But what?" cried Devon.

"I put the stuff in the medicine all right, but something happened."

Reggie's voice was low and wavering as he finished the statement.

"What happened?" repeated Devon hoarsely. "Don't sit there like a—d—fool and look as if you'd swallowed a life!"

"It was going to slip back from the window sill to the tree," faltered Reggie, "and Tony's ghost rose up before me and showed me down at the hedge and down to the ground."

Uriah's eyes almost protruded from his head. Then a slow smile came around his lips.

"Rats," he ejaculated huskily. "That's you! There ain't such things as ghosts."

"Yes, there is, Devon," insisted Reggie, in a dreamy monotone. "I've seen one. I've seen Tony. I saw, and many a time she's come so close to my eyes I could have touched her if she could have been touched. The fall made me sick. I've been in hell ever since."

"And your cousin's still alive, eh? Uriah's voice had a snarl in it. "Still alive," muttered Reggie.

"What you goin' to do about it now?" demanded Devon. "Try it again!"

Brown shook his head. "No, not yet, Riah," he muttered. "Not just yet. I can't."

"You got to get me a lot of money some way," Devon came in with. "I've got to get out of this country, or I'll be hooked to jail if those Syracuse folks find me. You'd better be getting home and back to bed. But take a stuff swing, too, to settle your nerves."

He watched the tall thin boy walk slowly away in deep meditation. Then he laughed and went below to the cabin.

Almost a week after Reggie's futile attempt to poison his Cousin Paul, Tony Devon was sitting in her room, reading, when a servant appeared and told her some one wanted to see her downstairs. Her heart bounded with delight, for she was sure Philip had come again and had sent for her. She rushed to the glass, caught a glimpse of her raven face, pushed back a few stray curls and went downstairs to the dining room.

As she stepped inside, she came to a sudden terrified halt. Her father was seated in a large chair and his eyes, red and swollen, were centered upon her. Then he smiled, that wicked smile that always widened his thick lips when he had succeeded in some evil thing.

"Hello, Tony," he chuckled. "You've made a fine nest for yourself, huh?"

Tony only stared at him. She felt suffocated by his sudden appearance. "I came to talk to you, Tony," he said, the wheedle coming into his tones that always assured her of the person addressed. "Sit down."

Tombel sat, not because he told her to, but because she couldn't stand on her trembling legs.

"You don't appear to be very tickled to see your old dad," he threw at her, a frown wrinkling his face. "Get up and come over here. His wicked eyes seemed to be swallowing her whole. In fact Devon could not make himself believe this beautiful creature was the Tony who, he thought, had been drowned in the lake. He felt a new sensation flowing into him as he gazed at her in every line of the lovely figure.

"Come over here," he said once more, "and tell me how you got out of the lake that night. Did you swim ashore?"

Tombel shook her head. "I'm not going to tell you anything," he murmured almost inaudibly.

"Well, keep it to yourself, then," snapped Uriah. "When I get your eyes on the 'Dirty Mary' I know what's which'll bring out of you what I want to know. So get your things and come along home."

Tombel felt as if the bottom had fallen out of the world. Then a boy's smile, and a boy's words, "Salvation, little Tony, is always at hand, for God is good," seemed to strike both her vision and hearing.

Tony uttered every word Philip MacCauler believed. He couldn't speak an untruth if he tried. As he had said, Salvation was at hand, then she could be saved at that moment.

"I'm busy here, daddy," she managed to say. "I'm doing some nursing, so I can't get away just now."

"You'll come just the same," replied Devon, getting to his feet.

"Divine Love is everywhere," flashed through Tony's mind as she tottered up the stairs. She dared not stop or struggle up. She dared not stop or struggle up. She dared not stop or struggle up.

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Mrs. Curtis and her daughter would be delighted to have her gone and Dr. John was out among his patients. There seemed to be no escape for her now. She dared not appeal to the weak sick man upstairs.

Thinking of him made her hurt out.

"Did you read that awful Brown folder here in the put poison in Dr. Paul's medicine?"

Uriah glared at her, went white and put his hand on a chair to steady himself.

"I don't know nothing about any man or any poison," he growled. "You'd better be comin' along now."

"That's the man you said I had to link up with. He used to come out and put his hand on a chair to steady himself."

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her in a voice low-pitched and stern.

"If your father thinks—"

"Then you have the law at your hand to see, Mr. Devon," returned the doctor, "and you, Sarah, I'll ask you to attend to your own affairs after this."

"But, Cousin John," argued Mrs. Curtis, "she's the nurse's own child. Surely he has a right to—"

A sound of a bell pealing through the house cut off her words. Then came heavy footsteps in the hall. Before anyone could figure on the cause of this commotion, the door burst open and severe, uniformed men came in. When Uriah Devon caught sight of them, he made a dash for the window, but two heavy officers, very on him before he—as half way across the room. It took but a few minutes for the officials to explain to Doctor Pendlehaven that they had been notified by the sheriff for a nurse time, that he was wanted for a crime in Syracuse.

When they were leading him out muffled and deeply enraged, he turned on Tombel.

"I'll get even with you, miss," he snapped at her, his eyes full of hate. "I'll get even with you too, mister."

He threw the last half of his sentence at Doctor John, who had been notified by the sheriff for a nurse time, that he was wanted for a crime in Syracuse.

During the struggle between the detectives and Uriah, Mrs. Curtis had clutched at Pendlehaven's neck, but he had cast her off without ceremony.

Now the three were alone, Tombel, palpitating and fearful, Mrs. Curtis, sobbing up the floor, and Doctor John looking at it all sternly.

"Sarah," he said laughingly, "I saw the disgraceful way you were pulling this child's hair when I came in, and at last, much as I dislike doing it, I must ask you to leave my house."

"Where would I go?" Mrs. Curtis screamed. "Where would I go? I haven't a place in the world but this."

A careless gesture from Doctor John told Tombel that that fact didn't matter. She stayed her hand and into his, living eyes that were, troubled and darkened, she begged:

"Let her stay, Cousin John. Maybe she didn't know my daddy would have killed me if he'd got me back to this dirty Mary."

Pendlehaven put his arm around her, and with a ring of fierceness in his voice, said:

"There, Sarah, there's pity for you. If you stay, it's because Tony Devon pleads for you, not because I have any sense of pity toward you. I hope you feel rightly grateful."

The doctor broke to the door, opened it and motioned for her to be gone. Then, weeping, she clattered away, her sobbing audible even after the door was closed.

For a few moments Tony Devon went silently into John Pendlehaven's arms.

"Oh, it's awful to have daddy taken away to jail," she moaned, "but he won't be good—he's just went to jail."

"You're much better off to have him away, little girl," soothed Pendlehaven.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Good for Evil.

That night for dinner, five people sat about the Pendlehaven table, Reggie, pale and miserable looking, Tony, pale and miserable looking, and Philip MacCauler, who was opposite Doctor John.

Katherine, silent and morose, was at her own place. She had heard her mother's version of the storm country's happenings, and her heart was aching, and it only added to her discontent to hear Cousin John tell the tale to Philip.

"Sarah thinks," went on the doctor, "we should have finally given her up without a word to—"

"I can't see how you can keep a man's child from him, Cousin John," he said, "Cousin John, a dull, round, mounting to each high cheekbone."

Pendlehaven laughed. "She wouldn't have been much use to him in prison, my dear Sarah," was his answer.

"What're you talking about?" demanded Reggie, turning red-rimmed eyes on his mother.

Your Cousin John is on keeping the daughter of a man named Devon in the house; when her father wants her home," she replied.

Reggie's face grew a misty gray. "Devon," he repeated mechanically. "I don't know we had any such girl here."

"She's always with Cousin Paul," remarked Katherine, with a sidelong glance at Philip. "It does sound like."

Uriah, though, to know who she is. Mother says she comes of common stock."

MacCauler's face grew dark, and Pendlehaven cast a glance of anger at his young cousin.

"Both Kathie and I," began Mrs. Curtis. "Why, Reggie, my darling, I never saw you look so sick in my life."

"Cut it," growled the boy, unsteadily. "Tell me what because of the girl's father."

"He's going to jail for a nice long time," interrupted Pendlehaven. "It seems he was mixed up in a theft in Syracuse."

Reginald got up from the table. "I don't want anything here to be said," he said, as his mother started to remonstrate with him. "I'm going to bed."

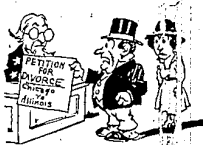
## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

When it comes to automobile parties, a machine is only as fast as the people in it.—The Sun-Dial.

More Advice. If you think you are bright, keep it dark.—Boston Evening Transcript.

# HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

## Four States Are Considering a Split



SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Divorce of Chicago from Illinois is being discussed as a serious possibility in the nation's second greatest city is petitioned in a memorial to congress introduced in the senate by Senator John T. Deaver of the Nineteenth Chicago district.

It asks congress to make provision for splitting the state into two divisions, one to be known as Southern Illinois and the other as Northern Illinois.

Introduced into Northern Illinois Senator Deaver would have grouped Cook, Lake, McHenry, Kane, DuPage, Will, DeKalb and Boone counties. The remaining 84 counties he would permit to remain part of Southern Illinois.

BOISE, IDAHO.—Upper Idaho is in mid rebellion against its present status. It complains that its economic interests are too different from those of the rest of the state to permit fair representation. There is no connection either by railway or waterway between the northern and southern parts.

A legislator from upper Idaho who wishes to go to Boise, the state capital, must travel into either Washington or Montana to get there.

## This Is Going Fannie Hurst One Better

NEW YORK.—The Lucy Stone League, recently organized for the purpose of enabling women to maintain their maiden names after marriage, scored a win when the president of the league, Miss Ruth Hale, who insists that she is still Ruth Hale and not Mrs. Heywood Brown, had her own name incorporated in a real estate deed.

The transaction is unique in the history of the league, which records the city's realty transactions.

The property involved is a private house sold recently to Mr. Brown and Miss Hale for \$28,000. When the time came for the transfer of the title Miss Hale decided to go on record as Mrs. Heywood Brown. She made a deal that the incident of a real estate purchase did not require her to lose her individuality, and, with the aid of attorneys, convinced the first woman in the United States to carry her own name through life, despite the fact that she was married in 1855. Miss Hale recently gave up a trip to Europe because the authorities refused to issue a passport to her under her maiden name.

"I have never taken the name of Brown," declared Miss Hale, "and I never intend to."

When a Hero's Father Needs Friends

Mr. Sloan said he was sorry, but nurses' rules. A body arriving in Chicago any time before Thursday noon must be buried before Sunday.

A body arriving after that time might be buried on Sunday.

"So my neighbors came to my aid," said Mr. Vaughan. "The Edward Cook Masonic Lodge made most of the arrangements. Sixty of my neighbors volunteered to lend their cars and drive them. Lieutenant Eisebrenner, who went over the top with my boys, got permission to take the body to the church and the cemetery in a navy truck."

Saturday afternoon Sloan called Hanson. He said he had reached the funeral home in my case. Hurst phoned me. I told Hanson to tell Sloan to go to hell."

There were 600 people in Grace Episcopal church when Rev. F. B. Godyn preached the funeral sermon. The navy truck was draped with flags and piled with flowers. An airplane showered the casket with white confetti. The to the marine firing squad fired a salute above the grave in Woodlawn. Taps!

CHICAGO.—There were no rules to prevent Hizen A. Vaughan from rushing the German machine gunners near Solonous three years ago; no rules to keep him from giving up his life July 19, 1918, at Vierz, near Soissons, with others of the Seventy-sixth company, Sixth machine gunners.

The boy's body arrived in Chicago on a Monday. His father, Amos E. Vaughan, Oak Park, made arrangements for the funeral the following day.

The Oak Park police volunteered to give an escort of motorcycle police. Thursday, however, the undertaker, Hansen, notified Mr. Vaughan, he could not furnish drivers. He referred Mr. Vaughan to the Union of the Drivers and Chauffeurs' union.

Ethics for the Physician of Bandits

DENVER.—Should Dr. Henry F. Holbrook, now a physician in the city jail, have notified the police when one of the bandit trio who robbed stock yards bank clerks of \$25,000 called on him to treat a bullet wound in his foot?

The police believe he should, saying that all of the bandits would have been captured immediately after the robbery, had he done his duty as a citizen.

Opinion among leading members of the medical profession is divided. Some physicians are as firm as Chief of Police Williams in the belief that it was his duty to notify the police of the wounded bandit.

Others hold that a physician has no right to divulge the affairs of any patient, and that the communication of even a known bandit is a privileged communication.

The municipal code provides that any physician, surgeon or superintendent of a public or private hospital or sanitarium who has uttered his cure for any person or patient suffering from any wound or injury, inflicted by him-

Michigan into two states and provides that the lower peninsula retain the present name and government and a new commonwealth to be known as Superior, be created of the upper peninsula.

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLO.—The agitation for the formation of a new state by separating the western slope from Colorado is being revived. Here is part of what the Steamboat Pilot of Steamboat Springs has to say about the proposed "if we are to be shut off from the eastern slope commercially, let us be shut off politically."

We are for a new state west of the range, and while at the start it would not have many people, it has the resources and the potentialities that will in a short time enable it to outstrip the eastern half of Colorado."

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