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Uncle Terry ... By ...

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and moderate of mine hurt you even a little. I have forgotten what they were and wish you would. The visit which Bert and you are making me is a most delightful break in the monotony of my life, and T shall be very glad to see you again." And then, rising, she added, "If I hurt you, please say you forgive me, for I must go out and see to getting tea."

The last evening was passed much like the first, except that now the · clusive Alice seemed to be transformed into a far more gracious hostess, and all her smiles and interest seemed to be lavished upon Frank instead of her brother. It was as if this occult little lady had come to feel a new and surprising curiosity in all that concerned the life and amusements of her visitor. With true feminine skill, she plied him with all manner of questions and affected the deepest interest in all he had to say. What were his sisters' amusements? Did they entertain much, play usually go summers, and did he generally go with them? His own comings and goings and where he had been and of that craft, although as a rowboat was the largest vessel she had ever set wery clear idea of the Gypsy.

"Your yacht has a very suggestive name," she said. "It makes one think of green woods and campfires. I should dearly love to take a sail in her. g nave read so much about yachts and yachting that the idea of sailing along to weather, the monotony of the village the shores in one's own floating house, as it were, has a fascination for me."

This expression of taste was so much In line with Frank's, and the idea of having this charming girl for a yachting companion so tempting that his face glowed.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure" he responded, "than to have you for a guest on my boat, Miss Page. I think it could be managed if I could only coax my mother and sisters to go, and you and your brother would join us. We would visit the Maine coast regorts and have no end of a good time." "It's a delightful outing you sag-

gest," she answered, "and I thank you very much, but I wouldn't think of coming if your family had to be coaxed to go, and then it's not likely that Bert could find the time."

"Oh, I didn't mean it that way," he said, looking serious, "only mother and the girls are afraid of the water, that

When conversation lagged Frank begged that she would sing for him and suggested selections from Moody and Sankey, and despite her brother's sarcastic remark that it wasn't a revival meeting they were holding she not only played and sang all those time worn melodies, but a lot of others from older collections. When retiring time came Frank asked that she conclude with "Ben Bolt."

"I shall not need to recall that song to remind me of you," he said in a low voice as he spread it on the music rack in front of her, "but I shall always feel its mood when I think of

"Does that mean that you will think of me as sleeping 'in a corner obscure and alone' in some churchyard?" she responded archly.

"By no means," he said, "only I may perhaps have a little of the same mood at times that Ben Bolt had when he heard of the fate of his sweet Alice." It was a pretty speech, and Frank Imagined she threw a little more than

usual pathos into the song after it, but then no doubt his imagination was blased by his feelings.

When they stood on the platform the

next morning awaiting the frain he

said quietly: "May I send you a few books and some new songs when I get home, Miss Page? I want to show you how much I have enjoyed this visit." "It is very nice of you to say so,"

she replied, "and I shall be glad to be remembered and hope you will visit us again." When the train came in he rather hurriedly offered his hand and with a

"Permit me to thank you again" as he raised his hat turned away to gather up the satchels so as not to be witness to her leave taking from her brother.

CHAPTER XIII. N summer Southport island, as yet untainted by the tide of ticked. For a long time Uncle Terry canvases covered with ocean lore. Its | said: "By the way, Telly, what's bemany coves and inlets where the tides ebbed and flowed among the weed covered rocks, its bold cliffs, sea washed, and above which the white gulls and fishhawks circled; the deep thickets of spruce through which the ocean winds murmured and where great beds of ferus and clusters of red bunch berries grew were one and all left undisturbed

At the Cape, where Uncle Terry, Aunt Lissy and Telly lived their simple home life, and Bascom, the storekeeper and postmaster, talked unceasand Deacon Oaks wondered why "the grace o' God hadn't freed the land from stuns," no one ever came to diswhat he saw there were also made a turb its quietude. Every morning Unpart of the grist he was encouraged to cle Terry, often accompanied by Telly grind. She even professed a keen in- in a calico dress and sunbonnet, rowed terest in his yacht and listened pa- out to pull his lobster traps, and after tiently to a most elaborate description dinner harnessed and drove to the bead of the island to meet the mail boat; then at eventide, after lighting his pipe foot on it is likely she did not gain a and the lighthouse lamp at about the same time, generally strolled over to Bascom's to have a chat, while Telly made a call on the "Widder Leach," a misanthropic but plous protegee of hers, and Aunt Lissy read the paper.

Once in about three weeks, according was disturbed by the arrival of a small schooner owned jointly by Uncle Terry, Oaks and Bascom, and which plied be tween the Cape and Boston. Once in two weeks services were held, as usual, in the little brown church, and as often the lighthouse tender called and left coal and oil for Uncle Terry. Regularly on Thursday evenings the few piously inclined, led by Deacon Oaks, gathered in the church to sing hymns they repeated fifty-two times each year, listen to a prayer by Oaks that seldom varied in a single sentence, and heard Auntie Leach thank the Lord for his "many mercles," though what they were in her case it would be hard to tell, unless being permitted to live alone and work hard to live at all was a mercy. The scattered islanders and the handful whose dwellings comprised the Cape worked hard, lived frugally and were unconscious that all around them was a rocky shore whose cliffs and inlets and beaches were so many poems of picturesque and charming

This was Southport in summer, but in winter, when the little harbor at the Cape was icebound, the winding road to the head of the island buried beneath drifts and the people often for weeks at a time absolutely cut off from communication with the rest of the world, it was a place cheerless its desolation. Like so many woodchucks then the residents kept within doors or only stirred out to cut wood, fodder the stock and shovel paths so that the children could go to school The days were short and the evenings long, and to get together and spend hours in labored conversation the only pastime. It was one of those long evenings and when Aunt Lissy and Telly were at a neighbor's and Uncle Terry. left to himself, was reading every line, including the advertisements, in the

last Journal, that the following me WANTED.-Information that will lead of one Eric Peterson, a landowner and son, with his wife, child and crew, was known to have been wrecked on the coast

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wife, but the child may have been saved. Any one having information that will lead to the discovery of this child will be amply rewarded by communicating with NICHOLAS FRYE, Attorney at Law, -Pemberton Square, Boston.

"Waal, I'll be everlastin'ly gol darned!" Uncle Terry exclaimed after he had read it for the third time. "If this don't beat all natur I'm a goat."

It was fortunate he was alone, for it gave him time to think the matter over, and after half an hour of astonishment he decided to say nothing to his wife or Telly.

"I'll jist breathe easy an' sag up," he said to himself, "same as though I was crossin' thin ice, an' if nothin' comes on't nobody 'll be the worse for worryin'."

Then he cut the slip out and hid it in his black leather wallet, and then cut out the entire page and burned it. "Wimmin are sich curis creeters they'd be sure to want to know what I'd cut out o' that page," he said to himself, "an' never rest till I told 'em." When Aunt Lissy and Telly came home Uncle Terry was as composed

pipe, with his feet on top of a chair and pointing toward the fire. "Were you lonesome, father?" asked Telly, who usually led conversa. 1 in the Terry home. "We stopped at Bascom's, and you know he never stops

"He's worse'n burdock burs ter git

as a rock and sat quietly puffing his

away from," answered Uncle Terry. "an' ye can't be perlite ter him unless ye want t' spend the rest o' yer life be hung in the middle an' wag both ued, rising and adding a few sticks to the fire as the two women laid aside their wraps and drew chairs up. "I've read the paper purty well through an' had a spell o' livin' over bygones," and then, turning to Telly and smiling, he came ashore, an' mother she got that excited she sot the box ye was in on the stove an' then put more wood in. It's a wonder she didn't put ye in the stove instead o' the wood!"

As this joke was not new to the listeners no notice was taken of it, and the three lapsed into silence.

Outside the stead" boom of the surf onous regularity, and inside the clock outing travel, was a spot to sat and smoked on in silence, resuminspire dreams, poetry and ing, perhaps, his bygones, and then come o' them trinkets o' yourn ye had on that day? It's been so long now, 'most twenty years, I 'bout forgot 'em. I s'pose ye hain't lost 'em, hev ye?" "Why, no, father," she answered, a little surprised. "I hope not. They

> one ever disturbs them." "Ye wouldn't mind fetchin' 'em now,



She watched him take out the contents drawing a long whiff of smoke and so many years, an' since I got thinkin bout it I'd like to take a look at 'em, est to remind me o' that fortunate

day ye came to us." The girl arose and, going upstairs, returned with a small tin box shaped like a trunk and, drawing the table up in front of Uncle Terry, set the box down upon it. As he opened it she perched herself on the arm of his chair and, leaning against his shoulder, passed one arm caressingly around his neck and watched him take out the contents.

First came a soft, fleecy blanket, then two little garments, once whitest muslin, but now yellow with age, and then another smaller one of flannel. Pinned to this were two tiny shoes of knitted wool. In the bottom of the box was a small wooden shoe, and though clumsy in comparison, yet evidently fashloned to fit a lady's foot. Tucked in this was a little box tie.l with faded ribbon, and in this were a locket and chain, two rings and a scrap of paper. The writing on the paper, once hastily scrawled by a despairing mothers' hand, had almost faded, and inside the locket were two faces, one a man's with strongly marked features, the other girlish with

big eyes and hair in curis. These were a'l the heritage of this waif of the sea who now, a fair girl with eyes and face like the woman's picture, was leaning on the shoulder of ner foster father, and they told a pathetic tale of life and death; of romance and mystery not yet unwoven.

How many times that orphan girl had imagined what that tale might be; how often before she had examined every one of those mute tokens; how many times gazed with mute eyes at the faces in the locket; and how, as the years bearing her onward toward maturity passed, had she hoped and waited, hoping ever that some word, woon whiener from that faroff land -

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When he had looked them over and which they had been packed, he closed the box and, taking the little hand that had been caressing his face in his own | ed. wrinkled and bony one, held it for a weather browned cheek, arose and resumed her seat.

"Waal, ye better put the box away now," said Uncle Terry at last. "I'll jest go out an' take a look off'n the p'int, and then it'll be time to turn in."

CHAPTER XIV.

"VE got ter go ter Boston," said Uncle Terry to his wife a few days later. "Thar's some money due us that we ain't sartin we'll git. You an' Telly can tend the lights for a couple of nights, can't ye? I won't be gone more'n that. Bascom's to take me up to the head, an' if the boat's runnin' I'll be all right."

This plan had cost Uncle Terry a good deal of diplomacy. Not only did. he have to invent a reasonable excuse for going by exciting the fears of both Bascom and Oaks regarding money really due them, but he had to allay the curiosity of his wife and Telly as well. In a small village like the Cape every one's movements were well known toall and commented on, and no one was better aware of it than Uncle Terry. But go to Boston he must, and to do so right in the dead of winter and not excite a small tempest of curious gossip taxed his Yankee wit.

At Bath he had a few hours' wait and went to the bank and drew a sum of money from his small savings. "Lawyers are sech sharps, consara

'em!" he said to himself. "I'd better go loaded. Most likely I'll come back skinned. I never did tackle a lawyer 'thout losin' my shirt."

When, after an all night ride, during which he sat in the smoking car with his pipe and thoughts for company, he arrived in Boston, he felt, as he would phrase it, like a cat in a strange garret. He had tried to fortify himself against the expected meeting with this Frye, who, he felt sure, would make him pay dearly for any service. When he entered the rather untidy office of that legal light Uncle Terry looked sus-

piciously at its occupant. "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" asked Frye after his visitor had intro-

"Waal," answered Uncle Terry, taking a seat and laying his hat on the floor beside him, "I've come on rather a curls errand." And, taking out the slip he had a few days before placed in his wallet, he handed it to Frye with the remark, "That's my errand."

Frye's face brightened. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Terry," he said, beginning to rub his hands together. "If you have any facts in your possession that will aid us in the search for an heir to this estate we shall be glad to pay you for them, provided they are facts. Now, sir, what is your story?"

Uncle Terry looked at the lawyer a moment before answering.

"I didn't come here to tell all I knew the fust go off," he said. "I know all 'bout this shipwreck an' a good deal more that consarn ye, but fust I want to know who is lookin' for the information an' what's likely to cum

It was Frye's turn to stare now. "This man won't be any easy witness," he thought, and then he said, "That I am not at liberty to disclose until I know what facts you can establish, but rest assured that any information you may have, if it be proved of real value, will entitle you to an ample reward."

"I reckon ye don't quite ketch on to my drift," replied Uncle Terry. "I didn't cum here lookin' fer pay, but to see that justice was sarved an' them as had rights got thar dues."

"Well, sir," said Frye in a suave voice, "we, too, are looking to see the ends of justice served, but you must understand that in a matter of this importance we must make no mistakes. An estate awaits a claimant, but that claimant must establish his or her identity beyond the shadow of a doubt in order, as you must see, that justice

may be done." "Waal," replied Uncle Terry, stroking

while he deliberated, "I s'pose I may as well tell ye fust as last. I cum here for that purpose, an' all I want to fix is, if thar's nothin' in it ye'd keep it a secret an' not raise any false hopes in the minds o' them as is near and dear to me."

"It's a lawyer's professional duty never to disclose any business confidence that a client may confide to him," answered Frye, with dignity, "and in this matter I infer you wish to become my client. Am I right, Mr. Terry?"

"I didn't cum here exactly purposis to hire ye," answered Uncle Terry. "I 'twas likely to 'mount to anything to tell all I knew an' see that them as had rights got justice. As I told ye in the fust on't, I'm keeper o' the light at the end o' Southport island, an' have been for thirty year.

"One night in March, just nineteenyear ago comin' this spring, thar was a small bark got a-foul o' White Hoss ledge right off'n the p'int and stayed thar hard an' fast. I seen her soon as 'twas light, but thar was nothin' that could be done but build a fire an' stand an' watch the poor critters go down. Long toward noon I spied a bundle workin' in, an' when it struck I made fast to it with a boat book an' found a baby inside an' alive. My wife an' I took care on't and have been doing so ever since. It was a gal baby, and she growed up into a young lady. 'Bout ten years ago we took out papers legally adoptin' her, an' so she's ourn. From a paper we And as she looked at those mute rel- found pinned to her clothes we learned ics which told so little and yet so much | her name was Etelka Peterson, an' of her history, while the old man who | that her mother, an' we supposed her had been all that a kind father could | father, went down that day right in since. That's the hull story."

ashore?" asked Frye, keenly interest-

"That's the curis part," repiled Uncle moment. When he released it the girl , Terry. "She was put in a box an' stooped and, pressing her lips to his | tied 'tween two feather beds an' cum ashore dry as a duck." Frye stroked his nose reflectively. stooping over as he did and watching his visitor with hawk-like eyes.

"A very well told tale, Mr. Terry." he said at last. "A very well told tale indeed! Of course you have retained the child?"

"Yes, we've kept 'em all, you may be sure," replied Uncle Terry. "And why did you never make any official report of this wreck and of the facts you state?" asked Frye. "I did at the time," answered Uncle

Terry, "but nothin' cum on't. I guess my report is thar in Washington now, if it ain't lost." "And do I understand you wish to retain me as your counsel in this mat-

ter and lay claim to this estate, Mr. Terry?" continued Frye. "Waal, I've told ye the facts," replied Uncle Terry, "an' if the gal's got

money comin' I'd like to see her git it. What's goin' to be the cost o' doin'

"The matter of expense is hard to state in such a case as this," answered Frye cautiously. "The estate is a large one: There may be, and no doubt will be, other claimants. Litigation may follow, and so the cost is an uncertain one. I shall be glad to act for you in this matter and will do so if you re

It is said that those who hesitate are lost, and at this critical moment Uncle Terry hesitated.

(To be continued.)

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