

If you have to look And over look her in the rear, so she will go forward.

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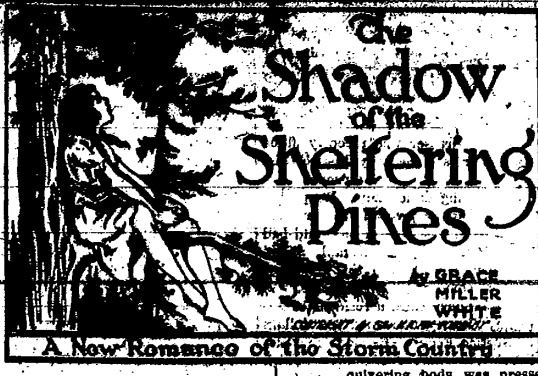
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The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

A New Romance of the Storm Country

CHAPTER I.—Lonely and almost friendless, Tonibel Devon, living on a canal boat, child of 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.

CHAPTER II.—Uriah Devon, Tony's father, returns to the boat from a protracted "preach" and announces he has arranged for Tony to marry a worthless companion of his, Reginald Brown. Mrs. Devon objects, and Uriah beats her. She intimates there is a secret connected with Tonibel.

CHAPTER III.—In a clop that Uriah has brought Tony finds a baby's picture with a notification of a reward for its return to a Doctor Pendlehaven. She goes to return the picture.

CHAPTER IV.—With the Pendlehavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her son and daughter, Katherine Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is deeply in love with Philip MacCauley.

CHAPTER V.—Tonibel 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, who had been stolen in her infancy, and her loss has wrecked Doctor Paul's life. Doctor John goes with Tony to the canal boat and ministers to Mrs. Devon while she is unconscious.

CHAPTER VI.—Returning to consciousness, Mrs. Devon is informed by Tony of her visitor. She is deeply agitated, makes Tony swear she will never tell of her brutality, and disappears.

CHAPTER VII.—Tony's personality and her loneliness appeal to Doctor John and he arranges to take her into his home as a companion to his invalid brother.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Fight. Little by little Paul Pendlehaven taught her, and little by little Tony's salvation boy preached his lessons of Universal Love to her; and the eager young mind drank in the knowledge as a thirsty plant takes in water.

There were no signs of Uriah and Edith returning, and Tonibel grew daily more hopeless when she thought of her mother. Perhaps she would never see her again. She had strenuously refused to speak of her people to Paul Pendlehaven.

Doctor John noticed as the days passed how much better his brother was looking, and no wonder his own heart warmed hourly to the curly-headed wail who had come among them so mysteriously.

Unknown to either of the doctors, Mrs. Curtis and her daughter had been able to keep Tony Devon from meeting Philip MacCauley in the house. At first John Pendlehaven had insisted that Tony attend the family table, but both Paul and the girl decided that her meals should be served in the stek room. Perhaps if Philip MacCauley hadn't been interested in a certain little girl on a canal boat, his curiosity would have taken him to Paul's apartments to make the acquaintance of the little companion John Pendlehaven had casually spoken of.

"She's a wonder, Phil," he said one evening. "For the first time I've hopes of Paul's recovery."

"Good!" replied Philip, and immediately fell into a reverie.

Tonibel had reached the canal boat and had changed to her old clothes when suddenly she heard footsteps on the path beside the Hoghole. Her heart almost leapt out of her mouth. Perhaps her mother was coming home, perhaps her father. Tremblingly she peeped out through the aperture. She drew back instantly. Reginald Brown was approaching the canal boat. She heard him cross the deck, and then the footsteps ceased. She hoped with all her might and main that he wouldn't think of coming downstairs.

She knew not a stray word of her father's anger on the gun her hand would be her head. "Go along," she managed to get out between her chattering teeth. "I'll be home 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 laid down upon it.

"Don't let me see you," cried Tony to Philip. "Go along to Ithaca."

Philip stepped into the cabin, and Devon suddenly 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 snarped, 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 slip into the water and the boy move away.

Uriah stood a moment and looked off to the hills. Then looking 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 bugging the western shore northward. Tonibel, 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, Tonibel," he commanded roughly, and Tony, with Gussie in her arms, crept into the cabin, where Reggie was seated on a bunk, looking pale and sulky.

"Set down on the floor, brat," commanded Uriah, and Tonibel dropped down. "Now listen to me, Tony," went on Devon. "Ever since you've been knee high to a grasshopper you have 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 wan 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 sob."

"Dead!" cried Tonibel. "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 going 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 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.

One small window in the canal boat gave forth a dim light. He felt within him that this 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 heading 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 alongside of it, and Philip caught at it.

Philip Caught at it Desperately.

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 wriggled 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.

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

"The girl stirred and lifted her head. "Yes," 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 to 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 moment he held her in his arms. (Continued on Page Six)



Never Had She Seen Such Strength.

such strength, never had her heart sung as it did then. She trembled so that when Philip swung back and rushed toward her, she sank down at his feet. As falls away an old garment so fell away Philip's anger. Tenderly he lifted her up and spoke to her.

"Poor little girl," he whispered. But he had no time to add anything, nor had Tony time to answer him.

For there on the Hoghole path looking at her, a frown dragging his brows together, was her father.

Uriah Devon had halted at the sight of a man being thrown into the water. Then he came forward, and the girl loosened herself from the arms that held her and turned swiftly to him.

"Where's mummy?" she demanded, and again came a sharper "Where's my mother?" Roughly showing her the side, 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—"

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