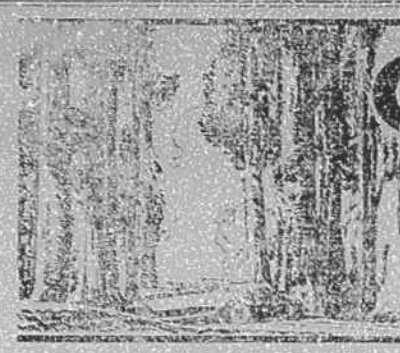

ON TIPTOE

by

Stewart Edward White

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee

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ON TIPTOE—A romance of the Redwoods—by Stewart Edward White, author of "The Blazed Trail."

INSTALLMENT I

"I've seen kings the forest" by Stewart Edward White. All the mystery romance and fun of the great woods is in this adventure story that keeps you "On Tiptoe" of excitement from the first page to the last."

CHAPTER I

"We're Stuck!"

This is a swashbuckling story of pirate days. It has as leading characters the Buccaneer and his sinister Second in Command, the Fair Damsel in Distress, the Bright Shining Hero and two great intelligences by whose agencies, or by whose powers Love, or they world carries on among its millions of sisters. Follow and you shall see treasure and starving and bastards plots and foot scented and cast down as the little affairs were swept into the mighty onward flowing currents of Fate. So up anchor and away!

At the moment our story opens the Pirate, apparently named Grimstead, was seeing back in the stern sheets of his craft smoking a cheroot. He was a lazy, square man with dark bushy eyebrows. Gardiner, the Second in Command, was much younger and slender, with clean shaven face and an intelligent eye.

Neither of them gave any sign for the school-girl interruption, and for a long time each other. Indeed, the sound of the wind alone seemed to be and means of communing. For the only other human being visible on board was the Damsel in Distress, who was sitting with her back to them, gazing over the bulwark, and as she was a young and slender and graceful girl, and as moreover to the Pirate Chief she represented a lady, of course, the Damsel in Distress.

The Bright Shining Hero was lounging in the bow, apparently a loud song coming from where she sat perhaps. The craft staggered.

"What is it, Simmins?" cried the Damsel. "Are we damaged?"

"Possibly, sir," replied Simmins, the weather accord to the coast of the [illegible] information of [illegible] as may.

"When we brew the slid into the [illegible] and let us down pretty hard on one of these little strips in the middle of the road," he answered Grimstead's inquiry, "the gasoline's leaking."

Gardiner jolted the chauffeur.

"It's buckled the tank," he announced briefly. "We're stuck."

"The gasoline is all run out," explained Gardiner calmly.

"We're stuck, all right," Grimshaw agreed. "How far is it to help?"

"Nearest garage is about twenty miles."

It was agreed that Grimshaw should pick out a shadier place to wait while Simmins, later changing the fire, walked the 20 miles and got help.

Now to be considered is the Damsel in Distress. Her distress was heartfelt but not too serious. It consisted in the fact that she had been carried away against her will, which is the usual and proper reason for the distress of females aboard pirate craft.

At this moment she should have been listening to the dulcet strains of a jazz orchestra, or maybap bossing about infatuated youths in any old haunt where sport clothes are correct and numerous.

Instead of which she was here! Stop a stump! On a barren California hillside of high brush and an occasional tree! Stranded! Rot! Uncomfortable! No wonder the lines of her figure were arbending; no marvel that her eyebrows were level and that the record below them was sullen!

Out upon you! This damsel is young and beauteous. Smouldering is the word. Of ten thousand people the younger half would have sympathized heartily with Burton, by gad! dragged off into the sticks right in the middle of the Del Monte Tournament; and the other half would have muttered things about spoiled brats and an indulgent father and would have regretted that she was too old to be spanked.

And none of this would have affected Miss Burton in the least. When her father insisted, in face of her first careless refusal, that she join him on this trip into the backwoods, she was vastly surprised, though not greatly put out. But when at the last minute she found that this Gardiner person was to be in the party, she saw—and resented—it all.

Burton had met Gardiner before. She did not like him; and she did not care whether he was the Second in Command of the piratical craft, and keeper of the loot, principal deviser of stratagem or not. There would seem to be no reason why one should not like Gardiner. He is tall, slender, very dark, with regular nicely cut dark eyelashes, a sleepy well-bred superciliousness in his thin long face. All his movements are languidly graceful. He is exceedingly well dressed.

His ability is enormous. He knows all about electricity, and water power, and oil wells, and Diesel engines, and railroads, both theoretically and practically, for these things are some of the loot the Pirate Chief has captured. Burton said she didn't like him because he played no bridge nor golf; but that was not it. She had other reasons—no, not reasons. There were qualities to the man, perhaps, this necessary to bearding and scattings.

By the time the job was finished Grimstead reappeared.

"Found a great place!" he announced, and partly on the little "cars" in the vacuum tank and partly by access the big car guided down the corrugated mountain.

CHAPTER II

Enter the Hero

As often happens at Skylands in affording the nature of the country almost changed. Burton had seen redwood trees before, but never had she seen one of the redwood forests of the mesas. The cultivated in her eyes was replaced by a startled and somewhat awed look.

The car coasted slowly for a half mile and came to a little stream where a long patch of green had grass for itself. Into patch of emerald they.

"Stop here, Simmins!" Grimstead commanded, and all debarked.

Simmins hustled out the lunch basket and the thermos vessels and proceeded to lay things out in seemly and proper style.

Simmins was an engaging person. The mental self within him would have carried him through life skipping easily like the giddy goat—but it wasn't done, you know. He loved playing up to his name, which was solemn, eminently correct, terrifically imposing, and he could do it in such a manner as to make self conscious all but the most conventional.

When at home Simmins became a butler man. In this capacity the one fatal misfortune of his professional career overtook him.

Burton, unseen herself, had witnessed his unswerving of the door bell, his crate down the hall cake-walking in a wonderful double shuffle, stopping his fingers, his head thrown back, his eyes closed, but all quite noiseless. Then he turned the door knob and instantaneously a wonderful transition took place. His elbows snapped out at an angle, and his inflexible sing-song voice declaimed impersonally that he could not say, madame, but that he would ascertain.

O, fatal day! To the exact time he tried to come it over Burton, as usual, he ran against a snag.

"Look here, Simmins," she said decidedly, "I wish you'd come off the perch and be human. I like friendly looking people about me."

"Sorry, Miss," said he non-committally in his best manner. "I was not aware of giving offence. It is pawsibly the result of my training, miss."

Simmins was enjoying himself thoroughly. He knew just when to put the accents and yet avoid impertinence. It was his last shot.

The next instant he exploded. Miss Burton had seen!

For a long time his world was in chaos. He never did quite recover the integrity of his attitude toward Miss Burton. It wasn't done, you know; but he rather liked it.

After supper, Simmins most reluctantly began the long journey to the nearest garage.

Burton brought to the camp fire a small covered basket and removed the contents, a Pomeranian dog, life-size even for that breed, named Punkety-Snivvles. The men surveyed the creature in silent disgust. Burton adoringly fed him slices of chicken and then he curled up in a small fluffy ball and went to sleep.

Burton reclined on cushions, looking straight up, still within her inscrutable silence. Gardiner was clever enough to realize that this was the time for effacement. Grimstead dozed.

But now the peace of the night was broken by the approach of something metallic and loose.

Three of the watchers sat up.

"Can't hear any engine," puzzled Gardiner; "must be horse-drawn—a wagon load of milk cans."

But the doubt was almost immediately resolved by the dancing glare of headlights through the trees, and in a certain time a small light car emerged from the road and came to a stop. Enter the Bright Shining Hero.

The thing he rode was one of those nondescript home-made things of galvanized iron by which the youthful attempt to gain to disguise and render sportful a certain otherwise lokefur brand of inexpensive car.

The occupants of this craft were three. The young man at the wheel, a pleasant-faced youth, with short, light hair, and what had been a fair complexion dark-reddened by much exposure. Behind him, seated atop a canvas-covered pack, was an Irish terrier dog. The third occupant was Simmins.

"This gentleman picked me up, sir," said he gaily, "and I conceived as how it would be more expeditious, sir, to come back with him."

"More expeditious! He's going in the other direction!" said Grimstead.

(Continued Next Week)

BEAVER DAM NEWS

(Deferred from last week)

Beaver Dam, Jan. 2.—The new year came in cold and squally. The thermometer stood almost at zero all day Sunday. As night came it went lower and Monday morning it registered 11 below.

It is commonly reported here that Rev. Uriah Farthing was married on Christmas day to Miss Bessie Cook, the Rev. Ed Farthing officiating.

Mrs. Sandy Moody continues to improve.

Joe Eller has moved to the Floyd Hagaman place on Cove Creek, Mr. Hagaman having moved to Boone.

On December 24, George Matthewson was married to Rosa Arrant. On the 30th Dennis Norris was married to Ula Combs.

Mr. J. K. Perry, who has been sick for some weeks is now able to be out again.

As a good will ambassador extraordinary, President Coolidge will leave Washington Friday on a trip to Havana, Cuba, which he hopes will demonstrate the friendly feeling of the United States for all the republics of the Western Hemisphere. The immediate purpose of the journey, the first outside of the United States for Mr. Coolidge since he became president, is to make the opening address of the Pan-American congress. In the background, however, is the desire to impress upon the representatives of the more than twenty nations who will greet him that the United States holds no imperialistic designs in its relationship with the countries south of the Rio Grande.

Didn't Like Mutton

A farmer took his wife to a concert and after listening with apparent joy the pair suddenly became interested in one of the choruses: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray."

First a sharp soprano voice exclaimed: "All we, like sheep"; next a deep voice uttered in a most earnest tone: "All we, like sheep." Then all the singers at once asserted: "All we, like sheep."

"Well, I don't" exclaimed the farmer to his wife. "I like beef and bacon, but I can't bear mutton."

RHEUMATISM

While in France with the American Army I obtained a noted French prescription for the treatment of Rheumatism and Neuritis. I have given this to thousands with wonderful results. The prescription cost me nothing. I ask nothing for it. I will mail it if you will send me your address. A postal will bring it. Write today.

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JANUARY and February are not ordinarily good months for business. Large firms all over the country dread this period, for it means to many of them that they must curtail their production; must cut down their organization; must go through a period when they are just marking time, waiting for the spring buying to start. It is the hibernating time of big business.

Curtailing production means the shortening of forces. It takes time to build a smooth working organization and such an organization must be kept busy. It has taken years and much careful planning to build our organization. It is made up of trained people who know our customers' requirements—who know the keen satisfaction of an order promptly and properly shipped. They are an up and doing crowd that are happiest when they are busy. Months ago we planned to keep them busy during this period.

Months ago we went to representative manufacturers and producers of high grade merchandise and said to them: "Make us prices on your products that will enable us to offer our customers, during January and February, prices that will defy competition; prices that will offer such real savings that it is well worth their while to buy at this time and we will give you orders for merchandise that you can make when your plants need business, and we will pay you cash. You can keep your factories running full time, when ordinarily you would be hard pressed for an outlet. Cut your costs to us and give us the best you can make and our customers will solve your problems, as well as ours."

To many of them it was the one thing they needed—volume business in times which were ordinarily dull. They cut their prices, amazing reductions, even more than we ever thought possible. We, in turn, have cut our own usual small profits and are passing them along to our customers in the savings in this special January and February Sale Catalog.

Take this new catalog (if you haven't a copy, send for it), look through it carefully. Buy now the things you will need for the first warm days of spring. Anticipate your wants. This is just like increasing your income, for during this sale, you can save a part of every dollar you spend. For clothes for yourself and family, for new things for the home, for new things you need in your shop, on your farm, for your car or your garage. Join the ranks of the thrifty. Send us your orders now.

Already the orders are pouring in from customers everywhere. The merchandise is here; the organization is ready, the plan is beginning to work.

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