



The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

by GRACE MILLER WHITE

A New Romance of the Storm Country

CHAPTER V.

Doctor John Has a Visitor.

After remaining hidden in the forest for some time, Tonibel stole along toward Ithaca in the gathering gloom, her heart filled with hope.

That evening, just after dinner, Dr. John Pendlehaven was sitting in his office, his mind disturbed, his heart aching for the sick brother upstairs.

Suddenly she smiled and took two steps toward him. "Good evening," he managed to say.

"Paul Pendlehaven?" came in a



There Before Him Stood a Girl—a Silent Girl.

breath, and Doctor John shook his head.

"Oh! I hoped you were!" was the swift reply. "I want to see the doctor."

The voice was filled with touching pathos, and the young face had grown suddenly grave.

"I'm one Doctor Pendlehaven," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

Tonibel shook her head. She couldn't sit down in all this royal splendor, she who had been used to canal boats and rough benches to sit on.

"I'm kinda mused up," she said in excuse. "I've come to make a dicker with—with Dr. Paul Pendlehaven."

"Tell me what you want of my brother?" he said gently. "Do you want him to help you?"

"Yes, a hull lot," she responded "a great lot. My mother's awful sick. But I can't tell how she got that way, so don't ask me. But—but I thought maybe if I brought Doctor Paul's baby back—" She paused, drew out of her blouse the picture and handed it out.

John Pendlehaven made no move to touch the little card she was holding out to him, and Tonibel came nearer. Her fingers let go their hold on the picture, and it fell to the floor. And there before the startled man's eyes, she dropped down and began to sob, long bitter sobs such as John Pendlehaven had never heard from any of his own women kind.

"I want some one to help my mummy so bad," came to him from among the curls.

Then he shook himself, deep sympathy striking at him.

"Listen to me, my dear; you've done my brother the greatest favor in the world by bringing back this picture."

He stooped and picked it up. "He loved it dearly; no money could have bought it."

Tonibel's eyes, filled with tears,

CHAPTER VI.

"Tony" Swears an Oath. When Tonibel bent over the bunk, she saw her mother's eyes were open. She smiled sadly down upon her, sat on a stool and took one of the woman's thin hands in hers.

"Where's your daddy?" murmured Mrs. Devon.

"He's gone, mummy dear," breathed Tony. "I guess he thought some one was after him. You're feelin' a lot better, huh, honey?"

"Yes, but I'm thirsty, awful thirsty, baby dear."

Tonibel gave her a drink, and resented herself.

"You're goin' to get well," she ejaculated. "I brought a awful nice doctor here when you were so sick. He's just gone, and he left you them pills and that medicine in the glass."

The woman stared at the speaker as if she hadn't heard rightly.

"A doctor?" she whined. "What doctor?"

"Doctor Pendlehaven," replied Tonibel. "He's a real nice man—John Pendlehaven."

Edith struggled up on her elbow.

"What'd you bring him here for?" she cried. "I hate the Pendlehavens. Uriah hates 'em—"

"I know that, mummy," Tony cut her off with, "but you was so sick to tell me what to do, and daddy wasn't here, so I just went and got the doctor myself. . . . Here! You mustn't sit up."

"I will! I will! Now tell me all he said from the beginning to end."

In silence Tonibel helped her mother to a sitting position and wrapped the blankets around her. Then she began to tell her what had happened. The only thing she omitted speaking of was the baby's picture.

"He were the only doctor I knew about," she offered finally, flushing, "and he's the beautifullest man I ever saw. Maybe he'll come down tomorrow to see you."

Edith dropped back on the bed, shivering in desperation.

"Get your clothes off, baby," she whispered. "Crawl in beside me. You're all wet."

"Take your medicine first, then I will," said Tonibel. "Here—" She picked up the glass and then stood staring at the place she'd taken it from.

"Why, the doctor must have this money," she exclaimed, taking up a roll of bills. "Look, Edith, look!"

"Get off your clothes," repeated the woman, impassively. "Come on to bed, and go to sleep."

In another moment the girl had stripped off her wet clothes, had blown out the light and was in bed beside her mother.

When Edith was assured the girl slept, she crawled out of the bed and lighted the lamp. She tried to collect her thoughts, to lay a plan for the future for herself and husband. John Pendlehaven had been there! Pendlehaven, the one man in the world she dreaded the mention of! And Tony had said he would come back tomorrow!

She turned and looked at the sleeping face, half-hidden in the blankets. She had stolen this child from her father, and now she had to escape the consequences of her wicked deed. She had all gone and left her stranded in a land of strangers. Because it was no longer her home, she began to love the silent old canal boat, and to wish with all her soul that Uriah and Edith would come walking down the cabin steps.

For a long time she sat thinking, looking out over the water, sometimes with tears flooding her lids, sometimes dry-eyed with fright. After a while she got up, took Gussie to the lake, where, much to the little animal's disgust, she washed her with a scrubbing brush and soap. Then she carefully washed herself, letting her feet and legs hang over the end of the dock until they, too, were as clean as her little friend.

It was while she was sitting there with the pig in her arms that a canoe slipped under the overhanging trees and came toward the canal boat swiftly. She watched it coming with no show of interest. Directly in front of her the paddle remained suspended, and the boat came to a stop. Tonibel's heart thumped, then seemed to fall to the pit of her stomach. Here, right before her, was the Salvation man.

"How do you do?" he said, smiling at her. "I see you're having a nice time."

Tonibel shook her head.

"No, I ain't, and Gussie ain't, either," she replied almost sulkily.

By a skillful twist of the paddle, Philip MacCanley drew the canoe close to the dock.

"Is this the boat you told me you lived on?" he asked, climbing up beside her and holding the canoe fast by a rope.

"Yes, the Dirty Mary," answered Tonibel, with a little catch in her voice. "Now I live on her. I mean today."

"What do you mean by 'now you live on her'?" he asked. "Isn't this your home? Didn't you tell me that?"

The girl's dark head drooped, and the shower of curls almost covered Gussie to her short hind legs. Tears dropped silently.

Philip touched her gently. "Where's your mother?" he questioned.

She lifted her head and looked at him through her tears. She wanted to confide in some one—yes, she did want to tell him, but the oath she'd taken on the gentle Christ flashed into her mind.

"She ain't home just at present," she replied in a low voice.

Oh, how she wanted to ask him if he knew of any work she could do!

"As if he had read her thoughts, he

you'll be blasted to hell if you break your word. I won't never tell that my father beat his poor mummy, or that he's a thief and a liar—" A thick tearless sob burst from the woman's lips and brought an ejaculation from the girl.

"I swear to it all honey mummy," she cried. "You believe me, Edith, darlin', don't you?"

"Yes, I believe you," replied Edith, dully. "Crawl into bed, and go to sleep, baby dear."

Shiveringly Tony Devon got back under the blanket.

Then for more than an hour there was silence on the canal boat, silence that was broken only by the night noises outside.

Then, extremely weak, the woman prepared herself to go out. It took her a long time to write a note she had to leave for Tony, and when that was finished, she divided the money the doctor had left and stole softly from the boat.

It was in the full blaze of a morning sun that Tonibel opened her eyes and looked around the cabin. The other bunk was empty, and her mother was not in the cabin. In her night clothes, Tonibel went to the dock, shouting the name, "Edith," her strong young voice repeating itself back from the woods in echoes. Then she went downstairs again and began to dress hastily, and every moment her fear was growing. She spied the note pinned to the lamp handle and stared

at it mutely as if dreading to know its contents, but she unpinned it with fingers that seemed to be all thumbs. Her legs were shaking so she had to sit down to read it.

"Tony dear," it began.

"I'm going to look up Uriah. I took part of the money. We might need some. You can go to work some where. I don't come back. Maybe some day you'll see me. Leave the boat where she is so your daddy can

find her. I love you, darling. Remember about your swearing not to tell on your Pop, and don't tell I'm gone to find him.

MUMMY."

Tonibel gave a gasping sob. They had all gone and left her stranded in a land of strangers. Because it was no longer her home, she began to love the silent old canal boat, and to wish with all her soul that Uriah and Edith would come walking down the cabin steps.

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"She ain't home just at present," she replied in a low voice.

Oh, how she wanted to ask him if he knew of any work she could do!

"As if he had read her thoughts, he

asked abruptly. "Can I do anything for you? I brought you this."

She made a slight movement with her head but accepted the card he extended.

Then there drifted over the quiet summer day the tolling of the chimes from the university clock on the campus of Cornell. She bent forward to listen. It struck one, and drawing her feet from the water, she got up. She had promised to be at Pendlehaven place at two o'clock.

"I got to go now," she said apologetically. "Much obliged for bringing me some more salvia, mister! Maybe I'll see you again some time. Mebbe I will."

"When?" demanded Phillip, the blood running swiftly to his face. He felt a sudden renewed interest in the solemn girl, and he didn't want her to leave him at all.

"I dunno," she answered, putting Gussie under one arm. "I mightn't be home when you come."

"Can I come tomorrow?" the boy urged.

"Yes, you can come," said Tonibel, with a slight smile, "but if there's any one around, don't stop."

This was all the warning she dared give him. Then she paused long enough to see him jump into the canoe, and for a few minutes she stood watching the craft as it danced away on the water toward Ithaca. Then she started for the doctor's.

(Continued in the next issue.)

"DR." TOM WEDS AGAIN

Famous Janitor at Wake Forest College Takes Bride at Age of 75.

His heart weary of single life in the great cold world, and pierced by Cupid's darts, "Doctor" Tom Jeffries Janitor at Wake Forest College for the past half century, on last Sunday began his third voyage upon the sea of matrimony.

This venerable character, his body bent under the weight of seventy-five years, has devoted the greater part of his life to the care and beautification of the college buildings and grounds. With such respect and esteem is he held by the authorities and students of the college and so interwoven is his life with that of the institution, that Wake Forest can hardly be mentioned lest a word or a thought concerning "Dr." Tom arises. He is a negro, typical of the Southern darkey of ante-bellum days, and possesses the wit, superstition, and other qualities characteristic of the best of his race.

None interested in the welfare of Wake Forest is more keenly concerned as to its destiny, and more proud of its achievements than this important personage. To deny him recognition of a part played in the various undertakings of the college would indeed be cruel and in his estimation very selfish and unappreciative. Some of the most notable improvements even added to the campus were perfected by "Me and Dr. Taylor."

Furthermore, "Doctor" Tom is an orator of no mean ability, and upon many occasions has entertained various assemblages of students with his eloquent flow of adjectives. He is always appropriate to the occasion, whether it be a funeral, a lawyer's smoker, a preacher's confab, or a prep meeting. His vocabulary seems to be an unlimited one. However, if the English language does not include a word which will adequately express his thought, without hesitating in his speech, he will easily manufacture one, and it matters not whether Shakespeare ever used it or not, everyone in the audience will grasp its meaning and see the thought which it expresses.

And so while the community mourned the death of one of its most beloved citizens (Dr. Lannoon, this celebrity donned the togs of the "ancient mariner" and set sail upon the uncertain waters of matrimony. It was at the home of "Chicken" Jones in that part of the village known as "Happy Hill" that the many friends of "Dr." Tom congregated to witness the celebration of the nuptials. The hour was eight in the evening. An ancient piano in a distant corner of the parlor pealed forth the tune, "Here Comes the Bride," and in the doorway there appeared, clothed in a black swallow tail coat and a linen collar of lofty dimensions, the groom, "Doctor" Tom Jeffries, leaning heavily upon the arm of the best man. The piano did not cease, and there came into view another party, the bride, Amie Jones, a woman of forty-eight years, and one hundred and seventy pounds, robed in flowing white raiment, and leaning gently upon the arm of him who was to give her into the marital bonds.

Upon reaching an improvised altar, the procession halted and stood in the presence of "Professor" Tom W. Land, an ordained minister of the gospel. From his little book this minister in words solemn and full of meaning, proclaimed, "I now pronounce you man and wife; that which God has joined together let no man put asunder."

As a result of those words "Doctor" Tom's term of widowhood, which has existed since the death of his second in 1911, is terminated, and he finds himself not only a husband, but a father of twelve children. He was already the paternal parent of three girls and three boys, but with the annexation of a wife has come the addition of four boys and two girls.

The honey-moon in past and "Doctor" Tom Jeffries is once more on the job. His face bears a smile of joy and in the evening when he sits upon the steps of the administration building and with his eloquent narratives entertains all who care to listen, his speech is dedicated to one subject only, Amie and his family of twelve.

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