

Uncle Terry

— By —
CHARLES CLARK MUNN

painter gave us a clew and we half expected you would find your way back to the Gypsy by land."

"I guess you're not much acquainted with the interior of Southport Island," put in Albert, and then going forward he brought back Uncle Terry and introduced him to the crowd. By this time the Gypsy was almost down to the Cape and, under one bell and the direction of Uncle Terry, she slowly steamed in. That worthy man had been looking over her and his admiration was evident.

"A purty slick craft, boys," he said to the party as the Gypsy's anchor ceased rattling out of the hawsehole—"A purty slick craft, an' must 'a' cost a heap o' money."

Then as he pulled his own weather beaten dory that had been towing astern along to the gangway, Albert stepped up to him and said in a low voice:

"Will you excuse me a little while, Mr. Terry? I want to change my clothes and in an hour or so I will



Albert stood up and waved his cap, came ashore and not only thank you for all your kindness, but make you a visit."

When Uncle Terry had gone Albert related his experiences for the past eighteen hours to the party—that is, all but one incident, or rather surprise. Then nothing would do but they must all go ashore and look the quaint little village over.

"I wish you would keep away from the lighthouse, boys," Albert said, as they were getting into their boat. "Mr. Terry's family are rather sensitive people and may not like to have a lot of us trooping around their place. I am going over there this afternoon to make a sketch, and then I'll ask permission and we'll all go there some other day."

He had whispered to Frank to remain on the yacht, and when the rest were gone he said to him: "Frank, I am going to confide something to you. The fact is, Frank, I've tumbled into an adventure and fallen in love with a girl on sight and without having exchanged ten words with her. She is Mr. Terry's daughter, and has eyes that take your breath away and a form like the Venus of Milo. She paints pictures that are a wonder, considering she never has taken a lesson, and has a face more bewitching than any woman I ever saw. It is like a painter's dream."

"Well, you have gone fast, old man," replied the astonished Frank. "But you haven't heard it all yet. This unique old man, who saved me from sleeping all night in a thicket of briars and who has opened his heart and home to me, has fallen into the clutches of Nicholas Frye!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Frank. "And how on earth did he ever find Frye, or Frye find him? Was your old man of the island hunting around Boston for some one to rob him?"

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MRS. MYLES



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"That I do not know yet," replied Albert. "All I know is that Mr. Terry has paid Frye about \$100, and, as he says, so far has nothing to show for it. What the business was I expect to learn later. Now, what I am coming at is this: Can't you manage to leave me here for the rest of the day, or, better still, make it two days? I'll tell the boys I've tumbled into a bit of law business, which is what I think will come out of it, and you can run down to Bar Harbor and back here tomorrow night."

"Well, I'll do that gladly," replied Frank, and then he added with a droll smile, "It will give you a chance to say a few sweet things to this girl with the wondrous eyes, eh, Bert?"

CHAPTER XXII.

It was nearly noon when Albert left the yacht. He had exchanged his bedraggled yacht-suit for a neat gray one, and with a small satchel, his sketch-book and a box of choice Havanas for Uncle Terry he rowed ashore. For three hours the Gypsy had been the cynosure of all the Cape eyes, old or young, for a handsome 200-ton yacht was a novelty in their little harbor. When she steamed slowly out, with Frank and his companions, in natty white duck suits, grouped on her stern, she was a pretty sight, and as she cleared the narrow entrance the crowd fired three guns and dipped her flag in honor of Albert, and then he picked his way over the rocks to the lighthouse. Uncle Terry had not returned from hauling his lobster trawl, and Aunt Lissy and Tolly met him at the door. It is likely that his being one of put in Albert, with his most persuasive smile.

It was an awkward position for Tolly and one that she had never before been called upon to fill. Rather shyly, naturally, and her sole acquaintance with the usages of society limited to the few people among whom she had been brought up, to be called upon to entertain a smartly dressed and civilized young man was a decidedly new experience. Albert saw her embarrassment and with true gallantry at once set about making her feel at ease.

"Please do not feel that you must try to entertain me, Miss Terry," he said. "Only show me your pictures and tell me about them."

"I am almost ashamed to," she replied timidly. "Father says you are an artist yourself."

"Oh, no, Miss Terry," exclaimed Albert quickly. "He misunderstood me. I only sketch a little and once in awhile make an effort to put a sketch that is of interest on canvas. All I can tell is when one looks lifelike. For instance," pointing to it, "that shipwreck scene. It is wonderfully well done. Did you paint it from a real wreck?"

Tolly colored. "No, sir," she answered. "That was all done from father's description of a wreck that took place off the point one winter when I was a baby." Then, as if to check further questions, she stepped to a closet, brought him a small unframed picture and added, "There is one I have just finished."

It was a view of a tall cliff with a low shelf of rock at its base, over which the waves were breaking. Albert recognized it at once. "Why, that is the very point," he exclaimed, "that I was

standing yesterday when my boat first ran aground. Did you paint it from a sketch that you made of the point?"

"That is the spot," replied Tolly, looking pleased. "It is shady there, and I used to row up and paint in the afternoon. It is strange you went to the same place. Father told me about finding you," she said, "and that you were turned around. You must have had a hard tramp, for it's all of two miles from where you were to this cove, and an awful tangle all the way, he said."

"I was decidedly turned when he came to my rescue," Albert replied, "and the sun seemed to be setting in the east. It was very kind of your father to take care of me the way he has, and I shall never forget it."

It is not hard for two young people of opposite sex to get acquainted when each desires to entertain the other and they have at least one well defined taste in common. Albert did not talk much, but subtly induced Tolly to do most of it. In the hour they passed together he discovered that two impulses were nearest her heart—the first and strongest her devotion to Uncle Terry, and after that a desire to paint.

"I do not ever hope to do much," she admitted rather pathetically. "I never have taken lessons and maybe never shall. I would not think of asking father to let me go away, and all I can do is to try to paint. I often sit for hours trying to put things I see on canvas, only to fail utterly and begin all over again. I should not mind it if I could see that I made any progress, but I do not. I can't let it alone, though, for the most happy hours I have are when I'm painting."

"You certainly have perseverance," responded Albert encouragingly, "and the pictures you have shown me seem very lifelike. I wish I could do as well. You have done good work for one self taught as you are, and you have no reason to be discouraged."

Then Uncle Terry came in and announced dinner. It was rather a state affair for the Terry household, and the table bore their best dinner service, with a vase of flowers in the center.

"I hope ye feel hungry," said Uncle Terry as he passed a well filled plate to Albert. "For we live plain, an' it's good appetite as makes good vittles. I s'pose ye are used to purty high livin'."

"Whatever tastes good is good," replied Albert, and, turning to Aunt Lissy, he added, "This fried lobster beats anything I have tasted for a long time."

When the meal was over he handed the box of cigars he had brought to his host with the remark, "Please accept these, Mr. Terry, and when you smoke them think of the forlorn fellow you found by the wayside."

"I've got to leave ye to the tender mercies of the winnin' folks," said Uncle Terry, after thanking Albert, "for I've got work to do, and tonight we'll have a visit. I hope ye'll be willin' to stay with us a day or two," he added, "an' tomorrow I'll take ye out fishin'."

"I will stay until tomorrow, thank you," replied Albert.

"I should like to row up to where I was left boatless yesterday," he said to Tolly after Uncle Terry had gone, "and finish the sketch I began and also try to find the cushions I dropped in the woods. May I ask you to go too?"

"I should be glad to if mother can spare me," she answered.

When he rowed out of the little harbor where he had left his boat Tolly sat in the stern holding the tiller ropes and shading her winsome face was the same broad smile he had seen on the rock beside her the evening before. It was a long four mile pull, but he was unconscious of it and when he helped his companion out and secured the boat he said, "Now, I am going to ask a favor of you, Miss Terry. I want you to come and in just the position I first saw you and let me make a sketch of you. You were leaning on a rock and resting your head on one hand."

Tolly looked puzzled.

"You did not know I saw you out on the point last evening, did you?" he asked, smiling. "I stood and looked at you for five minutes and then walked away. I did not know who you were, but I should meet you later."

"If I had I would not have been so rude," the color came to Tolly's face at his evident admiration, but she did not say no to his proposal, and stood patiently in the position he wished while he made the sketch. "There," he exclaimed when it was finished, "I shall transfer that to canvas when I go back, and whenever I look at it I shall recall this day and you."

He replied with a smile.

"That sounded like Alice," he said, and added hastily, "Alice is my only sister, and I think more of her than of any other woman living."

Tolly sat on the boat's cushions in a shady nook and watched Albert finish his sketch and then listened to his talk. He told her all about his home and sister and Frank as well. In a way they exchanged a good deal of personal history of interest to each other. Then they gathered flowers, and Tolly insisted on decorating the boat. When it was done she wanted him to make a sketch of it for her. "Draw yourself as holding the oars," she said, "and I will try to paint a picture from the sketch to remember you by," she added with a smile.

Then, as the sun was getting low, they started for home. The breeze had vanished and the sea was like glass. Only the long ground swells barely lifted their bow and made the shadows of the trees along the shore wave in fantastic undulations. When they reached the Cape Tolly said: "You had better go around to the cove where father keeps his boats. It's nearer to the house, and there is a float there where you can pull your boat out."

"I will," he said, and then he turned to Tolly and said, "I shall see you tomorrow, thank you."

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"Draw yourself as holding the oars."

She waited until he had done so, and then stooped and selected a few of the flowers with which they had decked the boat. "I am going to paint them," she said quietly as she turned and followed Albert up to the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNCLE TERRY and Albert had just seated themselves on the point that evening when Tolly came out with a thick gray shawl and wrapped it around her shoulders. "It's a little chilly to-night," she said, "and I think you need it." Then, turning to Albert, she added, "Wouldn't you like one, too, Mr. Page?"

"I would, thank you," he answered, "if you have another to spare."

He would have answered yes if she had asked him to put on woolen mittens. She returned to the house and came back, this time bearing a white zephyr wrap, and handed it to Albert. "I will bid you good night now," she said, "for I presume you will sit here long after bedtime."

Uncle Terry's eyes followed her back to the house, and then he turned to his guest.

"I s'pose ye'd rather be talkin' to Tolly than me out here in the moonlight," he said bluntly, "now that ye've got a little acquainted. It's the way of young folks."

(To be continued.)

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS SICK?

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