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Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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CHAPTER XXIII.

CLE TERRY and Albert had just seated themselves on the point that evening when Telly came out with a thick gray shawl and wrapped it around her fa-ther's 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

Telly than me out here in the moon-light," he said bluntly, "now that ye've got a little acquainted. It's the way o' young folks."
"I've had a very pleasant visit with

your daughter this afternoon," responded Albert. "She was good enough to go with me to where I got left yes-terday. I wanted to finish the sketch I began there." Uncle Terry made no answer, but sat puffing away at one of the cigars Albert had given him.

"Mr. Page," said Uncle Terry at last, "I've worried a good deal since last night 'bout what ye told me, an' I've made up my mind to tell ye the hull story an' trust ye with what no one else knows. To begin with, it's nineteen years ago last March when thar war a vessel got afoul o' a ledge jest off'n the p'int here in a snowstorm, an' all hands went down-that is, all but a little yearlin' baby that cum ashore tied up 'tween two feather beds. I fished her out o' the surf, an' Lissy an' me has taken care on her ever since, an' today she's worth a thousand times more'n she cost. How much she thinks o' me I'll let ye jedge by the way she thought 'bout my comfort tonight. There was a few trinkets came ashore with her—picturs
o' her father an' mother, we knew, an'
a locket an' ring an' some other things so we knowed her name an' whar

she cum from. "Since then we have never heard a word from no one regardin' her people, whether any was livin', till last winter I cum across a notice in a paper savin' information was wanted 'bout an heir to an estate in Sweden, an' tellin' facts that made me sure Telly was the one wanted. The notice was signed by that lawyer, Frye, that I asked ye bout, an' I went to see him. He wanted proofs an' all that, an' I gave 'em to him, an', wussen that, he wanted money, an' I gave that to him. He's ken' askin' fer money ever since, an' I, like a fool, kep' sendin' it, in hopes if Tefly had anything comin' she'd git her dues. I've sent him the locket an

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things that belonged to her, an' all more money an' tellin' 'bout expenses an' evidence an' witnesses' fees an' bonds to be filed. Lissy an' Telly know 'bout the case, but they don't know how much money I've paid out, an' I don't want they should. That's the hull story, an' now as ye're a lawyer, an' I b'lieve an honest one, I ask ye what's best to be done."

"I see now, Mr. Terry, why you distrust lawyers, and I do not wonder at it. To the best of my belief, you have been swindled in the most outrageous manner by Frye. He no doubt is acting for some law firm who have instructed him to find an heir, if there is one, to this estate, and they would naturally advance all expense money. Do you know the vessel's name, where she sailed from and who her master was?"

"She was a square rigger, an' the master's name was Peterson. In the newspaper piece the name was Neils Peterson, who cum from Stockholm," answered Uncle Terry. "I've got it in my wallet now, an' on the locket was the letters E. P., an' on a piece o' paper that was pinned to the baby's dress was the name Etelka Peterson." "And did you send these proofs to

Frye?" asked Albert quickly. "I sent 'em six months ago," was the reply, "an' I've jest 'bout made up my mind I was a fool to 'a' done it, an' a

bigger one to keep sendin' money."

"It would have been all right," answered Albert after a pause, "if you had put them into an lonest man's hands. As it is you are lame-in fact, utterly at the mercy of Frye, who is robbing you." Then, after thinking a moment, he added: "I will gladly do what I can to help you, Mr. Terry, and at no cost to you for my own services. The first step must be to get ssion of these material proofs, the next to find what firm has employed We are helpless until we get possession of those proofs."

"Ain't my word an' Lissy's as to savin' the baby no 'count?" asked Uncle Terry.

"Very good, so far as it goes, but really no proof that the child you saved is the one wanted for this inheritance. In the matter of a legacy the law is very exacting and demands absolute proof. No, the only way is to use duplicity and trick Frye or ask him to name his price and pay it, and as the estate may be large his price will naturally be extortionate."

Albert thought a moment and then added "Has Free ever written vou admitting he has received or has these proofs in his possession?

word," answered Uncle Terry. "All he writes is: 'Your case is progressing favorably. I need so much more money, an I send it an lay 'wake nights worryin'."

"How long since he has sent for money?" asked Albert. "'Bout a month, I recken," replied Uncle Terry.
"I confess, Mr. Terry, I am stump-

After a pause Albert asked Uncle

feel about this matter ry, for I suppose she knows the story?"
"That's suthin' I hate to talk 'bout, but as ve're likely to see more o' us an' more o' Telly it's better ye know it all. When she was 'bout ten we told her the story an' showed her the things we'd kep' locked up. She didn't seem to mind it then, but as she's growed older it sorter shadders her life, as it were. We used to ketch her lookin' at the things once in awhile an' cryin'.
When I sent 'em to Boston she took on good deal an' ain't been the same sence. We try to keep her from thinkin' 'bout it all we can, but she's curis in her ways, an' I've thought she was kinder 'shamed, an' mebbe broodin' over it makes it wuss." "You do not mean that you fear she

would make away with herself in a fit of melancholy, do you?" "I dunno what to think," was the an

sight much, an' the more lovin' she is the more I worry."

"One thing please promise me," said Albert when they had started for the house, "do not hint either to her or your wife that you have told me any thing about this matter. I will do al that can be done and consult only with you in private."

CHAPTER XXIV.

the morning Albert followed Uncle Terry around the circuit of his lobster traps in the Gypsy's boat, with Telly as a companion, and watched the old man hauling and rebaiting those elongated coops and taking out his prizes. The day was a perfect one, the sea just ruffield by a light breeze, and as her first timidity had now worn away, he found Telly a most charming companion. It was an entirely new experience to him, and the four hours' pull in and out of

and the four nours put in and out of the island coves and around isolated ledges where Uncle Terry set his traps passed all too quickly. "Do you know," said Albert when they had returned to the little cove where Uncle Terry kept his boats and

as he sat watching him pick up his morning's catch and toss them one by one into a large car, "that the first man who thought of eating a lobster must have been almost starved? Of all creatures that grow in the sea there is none more hideous, and only a hungry savage could have thought them fit for

"They ain't overhansum," replied Uncle Terry, "but fried in pork fat they go middin' good if ye're hungry." That afternoon Telly invited Albert to row her up to a cove, at the head of to row her up to a cove, at the head of which whis a narrow valley where blueberries grew in profusion. "I want to pick a few," she said, "and you can make a sketch of the cove while I do." Helping her picking berries proved more attractive, and when her pail was full Albert made a picture of her sitting in front of a pretty cluster of small spruce trees, with the pail beside her and her sun hat trimmed with

"Your city friends will laugh at the country girl you found down in Maine, she remarked as she looked at the sketch, "but as they will never see me,

I don't care."
"My friends will never see it," he answered quietly, "only my sister.

And I am going to bring her down here next summer. "Tell me about her," said Telly at

"Is she pretty?" "I think so," replied Albert. "She has eyes like yours, only her hair is not so light. She is a petite little body

and has a mouth that makes one want to kiss her."

"I should like to see her ever s much," responded Telly, and then she added rather sadly, "I've never had a girl friend in my life. There are only a few at the Cape of my age, and I don't see much of them. I don't mind it in the summer, for then I work on my pictures, but in winter it is so lonesome. For days I do not see any one except father and mother or old Mrs.

"And who is Mrs. Leach?" "Oh, she's a poor old soul who lives alone and works on the fish racks. She is worse off than I am."

It was a little glimpse into the girl's life that interested Albert, and, in the light of what he knew of her history, a pathetic one. Truly she was alone in the world, except for the two kindly souls who made a home for her.
"You will go away tomorrow, I sup-

pose," she said with a faint tone of regret as they were rowing home. "Father said your boat was coming after you today."

He looked at her a moment, while a slight smile showed beneath his mus-tache. "I suppose I shall have to," he answered, "but I should like to stay here a month. I've not made a sketch

of your house, even."
"I wish you would," she said with charming candor, "it is so lonesome here, and then maybe you would show me a little about painting."

"Could you endure my company every day for a month?" he asked, looking her full in the face. "I don't believe you could endure eurs," she replied, dropping her eyes,

and then she added quickly: "There is a prayer meeting tonight at the Cape. Would you like to go?'
"Most certainly," he answered

Albert had expected to see the Gypsy in the harbor when they returned that afternoon, but was happily disappoint ed. "I hope they will stay at Bar Har-bor a week," he thought.

That evening when Telly appeared, ready to be escorted to the prayer meeting, he was certain that no fairer

(To Be Continued.)

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