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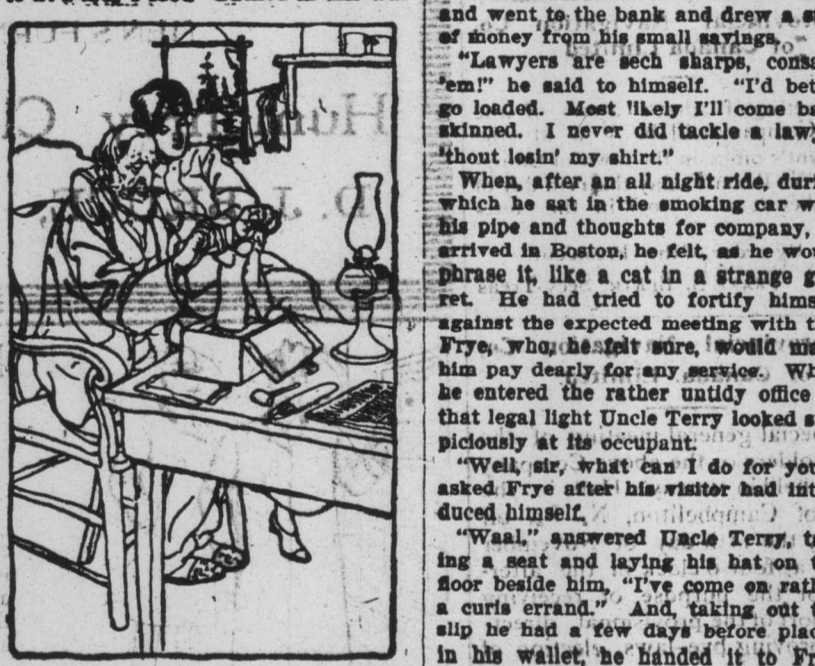
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Uncle Terry

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The girl arose and, going upstairs, returned with a small tin box shaped like a trunk and, drawing the table up in front of Uncle Terry, set the box down upon it. As he opened it she perched herself on the arm of his chair, and, leaning against his shoulder, passed one arm suggestively around his neck and watched him take out the contents.

"First came a soft, downy blanket, then two little garments, once whitest muslin, but now yellow with age, and then another slender one of tannin. Pinned to this were two tiny shoes of knitted wool. In the bottom of the box was a small wooden shoe, and though clumsy in comparison, yet evidently fashioned to fit a lady's foot. Typed in this was



she watched him take out the contents. A little box tied with faded ribbon, and in this were a locket and chain, two rings and a scrap of paper. The writing on the paper, once hastily scrawled by a despairing mother's hand, had faded, and inside the locket were two faces, one a man's with strong, manly features, the other girlish with big eyes and hair in curls.

"These were all the heritage of a little girl who had died, a fair girl with eyes and face like the woman's picture, was leaning on the shoulders of her father, and they told a pathetic tale of life and death, of romance and mystery not yet unwoven. How many times that orphan girl had imagined what that tale might be; how often she had dreamed, how many times gazed with mute eyes at the faces in the locket, and how, as the years bearing her onward toward maturity passed, had the hopes and waited, hoping ever that some word, some whisper from that far-off land of her birth might reach her.

And as she looked at those mute faces which told so little and yet so much of her history, while the old man who had been all that a kind father could be to her took them out one by one, she realized more than ever what a debt of gratitude she owed to him. When he had looked their grave and put them back in the exact order in which they had been packed, he closed the box and, taking the little hand that had been caressing his face in his own wrinkled and bony one, held it to his moment. When he released it the girl stooped and, pressing her lips to his weathered forehead, arose and resumed her seat.

"Well, you better put the box away now," said Uncle Terry at last. "I'll just go out and take a look at the pint, and then it'll be time to turn in."

CHAPTER XIV.

"I've got to go to bed now," said Uncle Terry to his wife a few days later. "That's some money due me and I want to see it."

"I'll be right with you," she said, and she went to the door and closed it behind her.

"I didn't cum here exactly purpose to hire," said Uncle Terry. "I cum to find what's in the wind, and it was likely to be a fight."

"One night in March, just nineteen years ago come this spring, that was a small bark got a foul of White Horse lodge right off the pint and stayed there hard an' fast. I seen her soon as 'twas light, but that was nethin' that could be but build a fire an' stand an' watch the poor critter go down. Long toward noon I spied a bundle workin' in, an' when it struck I made fast to it with a boat hook an' found a baby inside an' alive. My wife an' I took care on't and have been doing so ever since. It was a gal baby, and she grooved up into a young lady. 'Bout ten years ago we took out papers legally adoptin' her, an' so she's ours. From a paper we found pinned to her clothes we learned her name was Bronka Peterson, an' that her mother, an' we supposed her father, went down that day right in sight of us. That was a locket round the child's neck an' a couple of rings in the box, an' we have kept 'em an' the

papers an' all her baby clothes ever since. That's the hull story."

"How did this cum five to get ashore?" asked Frye, keenly interested.

"That's the cur's part," replied Uncle Terry. "She was put in a box an' tied 'tween two feather beds an' cum ashore dry as a stick."

Frye stroked his nose reflectively, sleeping over as he did and watching his visitor with hawk-like eyes.

"A very well told tale, Mr. Terry," he said at last. "A very well told tale indeed. Of course you have retained all the articles you say were found on the child?"

"Yes, we've kept 'em all, you may be sure," replied Uncle Terry.

"And why did you never make any official report of this wreck and of the facts you state?" asked Frye.

"I did at the time," answered Uncle Terry, "but nothin' cum an'. I guess my report is that in Washington now, if it ain't lost."

"And do I understand you wish to retain me as your counsel in this matter and to claim to this estate, Mr. Terry?" continued Frye.

"Well, I've told ye the facts," replied Uncle Terry, "an' if the gal's got money comin' I'd like to see her get it. What's the gal to be the cost of doin' the business?"

"The matter of expense is hard to state in such a case as this," answered Frye cautiously. "The estate is a large one. There may be, and so doubt will be, other claimants. Litigation may follow, and so the cost is an uncertain one. I shall be glad to act for you in this matter and will do so if you retain me."

It is said that these who hesitate are lost, and at this critical moment, Uncle Terry hesitated.

He did not like the looks of Frye. He suspected him to be what he was—a smooth, plausible villain. He had obeyed his first impulse—he would have picked up his hat and left Frye to wash his hands with invisible soap, and laid in case before some other lawyer, but he hesitated. Frye knew, had the matter in his hands and might make the claim that his story was false and fight it with all the legal weapons Uncle Terry so much dreaded. In the end he decided to put the matter in Frye's hands and hope for the best.

"I shall want you to send me a detailed story of this wreck, sworn to by yourself and wife," said Frye, "also the articles found on this child, and I will lay your affidavit before the court. I shall want you to send me a detailed story of this wreck, sworn to by yourself and wife," said Frye, "also the articles found on this child, and I will lay your affidavit before the court. I shall want you to send me a detailed story of this wreck, sworn to by yourself and wife," said Frye, "also the articles found on this child, and I will lay your affidavit before the court."

I arise in the morning and wonder how I can manage to get through the day. I read the papers, go down to the store, up to the club, down to your office, back to the club to lunch and day's play, pool for an hour or two with some poor devil as lonesome as I am or go to the movies, and in the evening only do I begin to enjoy myself a little. I am beginning to realize that a life of idleness is a beastly bore, and



"Here's my hand on it."

I am sick of it. I want you to let me come into your office and study law. Will you?"

Albert looked at him a moment, while an amused smile crept over his face.

"Do you know what that means?" he responded at last. "Do you know that to read law means two years perhaps of close application and perseverance? In my case I had the spur of necessity to urge me on, and even with that stimulus it was a dry, hard grind. With you, who have all the money you need and are likely to, it will be much worse. I respect your feelings, and I admire your determination very much, and of course do not wish to discourage you. You are more than welcome to my office and law books, and I will gladly help you all I can," and then, after a moment's reflection, he added, "I believe it's a wise step, and I'll be very glad to have you with me. You can help me out in a great many ways also that will advance you even faster than steady reading."

He was surprised at the look of pleasure that came into Frank's face. "I had half expected you would try to discourage me," said he, "and it's very kind of you to promise to help me."

"Why shouldn't I?" answered Page. "You've got a good deal more than that, my dear boy, and when you have been admitted we'll go into a partnership."

"Here's my hand on it," said Frank, rising, "and I mean it, too, and if you will have patience with me I'll stick it out or err. I'm no good in this world." He seemed overjoyed, and for two hours they sat and talked it over. "When may I begin?" he said at last.

"I want to go at it right away."

Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock sharp," replied Albert, smiling, "and I want you to keep your grinding eight full hours six days a week, and no let up until July 1. But tell me, when did this idea enter your head?"

"Well, to be exact, it came to me in the parlor of your house in Canada just at dark the last evening I was there, and a remark your sister made to me was the cause of it."

(To Be Continued.)

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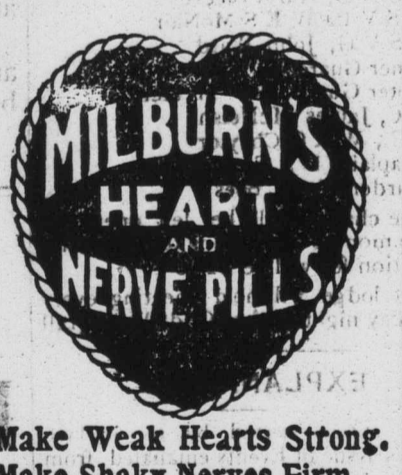
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Before taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I was all run down, could not sleep at night and was terribly troubled with my heart. Since taking them I feel splendid. I sleep well at night and my heart does not trouble me at all. They have done me a world of good.—Jas. D. McLeod, Haverhill, P.E.I.