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Chatham, Ontario.

Uncle Terry

By...
CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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CHAPTER XXV.

"HOW did ye like the prayer meetin'?" asked Uncle Terry the next morning as Albert stood watching him getting ready to start on his daily rounds. "Did the Widder Leach make ye feel ye was a hopeless sinner?"

"It was an interesting experience," replied Albert, "and one I shall not soon forget."

"Oh, it don't do 'em no harm to git together an' pray an' sing, an' most likely it diverts their minds from other troubles; but, in my way o' thinkin', prayin' is a good deal like a feller tryin' to lift himself by his boot straps. It encourages him some, but he don't git much further." Then he added, "You haven't thought o' no way to git me out o' my scrape, hev ye?"

"I have thought a good deal about it," replied Albert, "and the best way, it seems to me, is for you to go to Frye and tell him you can't afford to carry the case any further and offer to pay whatever fee he sees fit to ask. You can tell him you will give up the case entirely, and ask him to return the proofs you want. I may decide to have a detective within hearing, so that if he refuses you these things we can use the detective as a witness in a replevin suit. Most likely he will demand quite a sum, but it is best to pay it if we can get the proofs. I will advance money enough to cover what he is likely to ask. What I want you to do is to wait until he sends for more money; then come to me at once."

Uncle Terry looked at Albert a moment and suddenly, grasping his hand, exclaimed, "I can't thank ye 'nough for yer offer to help me, but I kin say how sorry I am I distrusted ye at first, an' as long as I've a roof to cover my head ye're sure to find a welcome under it an' the latchstring allus out."

"I thank you for your kindly words, Mr. Terry," responded Albert, "and I am likely to avail myself of your invitation again before the summer is over. I expect my friends back today and must join them, but I assure you I would much prefer to stay here for the two weeks I have planned for my outing."

"Ye won't go till I see ye again, will ye?" asked Uncle Terry anxiously.

"No. If the Gypsy shows up today we will stay in the harbor tonight, and I should like to have you and Miss Telly visit her." Then as the old man pushed off and pulled out of the cove with long, slow strokes, Albert watched him with a new interest. "Poor old fellow!" he thought. "He is honest as the day is long and has a heart of gold beneath his blunt speech. How hard he has to work for what he gets, and what a vile thing in Frye to rob him so!" When the old man was out of sight Albert strolled over to the village. On the outer side of the harbor and opposite where the houses were he came to some long rows of slat benches, and busy at work spreading split fish upon them was the old lady who had thanked the Lord so fervently at the prayer meeting.

For an hour he strolled around the harbor watching the men at work on boats or fishing gear and sniffing the salt sea odor of the ocean breeze, and then returned to the point and began sketching the lighthouse. He was absorbed in that when he heard a sharp whistle, and looking up, there was the Gypsy just entering the harbor. He ran to the cove where he had left his boat, and by the time the yacht was anchored had pulled alongside. To his surprise no one was aboard but Frank. "Where are the rest of the boys?" he asked, as that

young man grasped his boat. Frank laughed. "Well, just about now they are playing tennis and calling 'fifteen love' and 'thirty love' with a lot of girls down at Bar Harbor. The fact is, Bert," he continued as Albert stepped aboard, "our gander cruise has come to an end. They ran into some girls they knew, and after that all the Gypsy was good for was a place to eat and sleep in. I've run her up here and shall let you keep her with you until you get ready to go home. I'm going to cut sticks for the mountains, and if I can get one of the girls to go with me I may visit Sandgate."

Albert laughed heartily. "Want to hear some one sing 'Ben Bolt' again?" he queried.

"Well, maybe," replied Frank. "The fact of the matter is, the whole trip



She bade him goodbye.

has gone wrong from the start. You know what I wanted, but as it couldn't be, I did the next best thing and made up this party, and now the cruise has ended in a fizzle. By the way, where is the girl with the wonderful eyes you met here?"

"Just now I imagine she's helping her mother in the house," answered Albert quietly; and then he added, "Well, what is the programme, and where are you going with the Gypsy?"

"I want to be landed at the nearest port where I can reach a railroad, and then you can do as you please with her. My skipper will do your bidding."

"What about the rest of the boys?"

"Well, you can run to Bar Harbor and dance with the girls until the rest want to come back, or you can do as you please. The Gypsy is yours as long as you want her after I'm ashore. I think I'll run up to Bath and take the night train for the mountains if there is one. If not, we will lie at Bath overnight."

"I must go ashore and leave word I am coming back," said Albert. "The fact is I've found a client in this Mr. Terry, and it's an important matter."

"So is the blue eyed girl, I imagine," observed Frank, with a droll smile. When the irrepressible owner of the Gypsy had deserted her Albert returned to the Cape and remained there for a week. How many little trips he induced his new found friends to take on her during that time, how much gossip it created in the village and how many happy hours he and Telly passed together! The last day but one of his stay he invited everybody at the Cape, old or young, to go out on a short cruise, and nearly all accepted.

When the morning of his departure came, Uncle Terry said, "I hope we'll see ye soon, Mr. Page, and ye're sure of a welcome here, so don't forget us," and then he pulled away on his daily round to his traps.

Telly accompanied Albert to the cove where his boat was and bade him goodbye. When the yacht rounded the point she was there waving an adieu and remained there until lost from sight.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE one point of pride in Nicholas Frye's nature was his absolute belief in his own shrewdness. "They can't get the best of me," he would say to himself when he had won an unusually knotty case. He knew he was both hated and feared by his fellow members of the bar. Being hated he didn't mind, and being feared flattered his vanity to an intense degree. When Uncle Terry put himself in his power, and like a good natured old sheep, stood to be sheared, Frye only laughed at his client's stupidity and set out to continue the robbery as long as possible. Messrs. Thygeson & Co. of Stockholm, who had first employed him to hunt up an heir to the estate of old Eric Peterson, whose son Nells and his young wife had been lost on the coast of Maine, fared no better. To them he only stated that he had found several promising clues and was following them as rapidly as possible, but it all cost money, and would they kindly send a draft on account for necessary expenses, etc. When Albert had taken away his best client the old scoundrel suffered the worst blow to his vanity he ever received. "Curse the fellow!"

he would say to himself. "I'll pay him and have revenge if I live long enough. No man ever got the best of me, and in the long run no man ever shall!"

But there is a Nemesis that follows evil doers in this world, ready to strike with an invisible hand all who are lost to the sense of right and justice. In Frye's case the avenging goddess lurked in his inordinate belief in his own shrewdness, coupled with a fatuous love of speculation. A few lucky ventures at first in the stock market had fanned the flame.

Then along came a war cloud in Europe. Stocks began to drop and provisions to advance. September wheat was then selling in Chicago at 90 cents. Frye bought 50,000 bushels on a margin.

France and Germany growled, and wheat rose to 94. Frye sold, clearing \$2,000. Then it dropped a cent, and Frye bought a hundred thousand bushels more. Once again the war cloud grew black, and wheat rose to 98. The papers were full of wild rumors, and the Wall Street Bugle said wheat would look cheap at a dollar and a half inside of a month. Then it advanced to \$1, and Frye lost his head. His holdings showed a profit of \$7,000, and sudden riches stared him in the face. Once more the two bellicose foreign powers growled and showed their teeth. Wheat rose another cent, and Frye doubled his holdings. Then the powers that had growled smiled faintly, and in one day wheat fell to 93 and was still falling. At every drop of a cent he was called upon for \$2,000. Day by day it vibrated, now going up a cent and then dropping two, and when Uncle Terry and Albert were discussing how to checkmate his further robbing of the lighthouse keeper he was, with muttered curses, watching his ill gotten gains vanish to the tune of many thousands of dollars per diem. He neglected his business, went without his meals and forgot to shave. He had mortgaged his real estate for \$20,000, and that was nearly gone. Wheat was now down to 80, and France and Germany were shaking hands.

Frye could not sleep nights. His nerves were almost exhausted and his resources as well. He had put up \$40,000, and if wheat fell 3 cents more it would be all swept away. Then he executed a second mortgage at high interest and waited. It was the last shot in his locker, and all that stood between him and ruin, but wheat advanced 2 cents, and he began to hope. He had absolutely ignored business for two weeks, and now he went to work again. To collect the little due him and raise all the money he could was his sole thought. He wrote to Thygeson & Co. that he had at last found the heir they were in search of and described what proofs he held, at the same time stating that on receipt of his fee of a thousand dollars all and sufficient proofs of identity of the claimant would be forwarded. Then he wrote to Uncle Terry and demanded \$300 more. September wheat had now fallen to 78.

(To Be Continued.)

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