

# The Shadow of the Shelving Pines

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A New Romance of the Storm Country

(Continued from last week.)

## SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Lonely and almost friendless, Tonibel Devo, living on a canal boat, child of a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley.

**CHAPTER II.**—Uriah Devon, Tony's father, returns to the boat from a protracted "sprea," and announces he has arranged for Tony to marry a worthless companion of his, Reginald Brown. Mrs. Devo objects, and Uriah beats her. She intimates there is a secret connected with Tonibel.

**CHAPTER III.**—In clothes that Uriah has brought Tony finds a baby's picture with a notification of a reward for its return to a Doctor Pendlehaven. She goes to return the picture.

**CHAPTER IV.**—With the Pendlehavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her son and daughter, Katherine Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is deeply in love with Philip MacCauley.

**CHAPTER V.**—Tonibel returns the picture to Doctor John, and learns it belongs to his brother, Dr. Paul Pendlehaven. It is a portrait of Doctor Paul's child, who had been stolen in her infancy, and her loss has wrecked Doctor Paul's life. Doctor John goes with Tony to the canal boat and ministers to Mrs. Devo while she is unconscious.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Returning to consciousness, Mrs. Devo is informed by Tony of her visitor. She is deeply agitated, makes Tony swear she will never tell of Devo's brutality, and disappears.

**CHAPTER VII.**—Tony's personality and her loneliness appeal to Doctor John and he arranges to take her into his house as a companion to his invalid brother.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Tony's presence in the house has a good effect on Doctor Paul. He begins to take a new interest in life. Visiting the canal boat, Tony finds Reginald Brown there. He attempts to kiss her. Captain MacCauley appears and throws the man into the lake. Uriah Devo orders MacCauley off his boat.

**CHAPTER IX.**—With the girl a captive Devo insists that she shall marry Brown. On her persistent refusal he beats her brutally, throws her into the cabin, unmoors the boat, and starts to leave Ithaca. MacCauley follows in his canoe. He takes the girl into the canoe through the cabin window. The men believe Tony has committed suicide. MacCauley declares his love, and Tony acknowledges she returns it. The girl returns to the Pendlehaven home.

**CHAPTER X.**—At dinner in the Pendlehaven home MacCauley, not knowing of her presence in the house, meets Tony, and his affectionate greeting alarms Katherine and her mother.

**CHAPTER XI.**—MacCauley calls at the Pendlehaven home in his car, ignores Katherine, and takes Tony for a drive. Katherine is heartbroken.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Determined to bring about the death of Doctor Paul and so secure money he believes he would inherit, Reginald procures a deadly poison from Dr. John's laboratory and places it in the sick man's medicine. Tony discovers him in the act. Devo visits the Pendlehaven house and with Mrs. Curtis' assistance endeavors to carry off Tony. Doctor John thwarts the plan. Devo is arrested and jailed for theft.

"You don't appear to be very tickled to see your old dad," he threw at her, a frown wrinkling his face. "Get up and come over here." His wicked eyes seemed to be swallowing her whole. In fact Devo could not make himself believe this beautiful creature was the Tony who, he thought, had been drowned in the lake. He felt a new sensation within him as his gaze took in every line of the lovely figure.

"Come over here," he said once more, "and tell me how you got out of the lake that night. Did you swim ashore?"

Tonibel shook her head.

"I'm not going to tell you anything," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"Well, keep it to yourself, then," snapped Uriah. "When I get you back to the 'Dirty Mary' I know ways which'll bring out of you what I want to know. So get your things and come along home."

Tonibel felt as if the bottom had fallen out of the world. Then a boy's smile, and a boy's words, "Salvation, little Tony, is always at hand, for God is good," seemed to strike both her vision and hearing.

Tony believed every word Philip MacCauley uttered. He couldn't speak an untruth if he tried. If as he had said, Salvation was at hand, then she could be saved at that moment.

"I'm busy here, daddy," she managed to say. "I'm doing some nursing, so I can't get away just now!"

"You'll come just the same," replied Devo, getting to his feet.

"Divine Love is everywhere," flashed through Tony's mind as she toiled through the door. She dared not scream, and even if she did, there was no one in the house who would help her. Mrs. Curtis and her daughter would be delighted to have her gone and Dr. John was out among his patients. There seemed to be no escape for her now. She dared not appeal to the weak, sick man upstairs.

"Thinking of him made her blurt out:

"Did you send that awful Brown feller here to put poison in Dr. Paul's medicine?"

Uriah glared at her, went white and put his hand on a chair to steady himself.

"I don't know nothin' about any man or any poison," he growled. "You'd better be comin' along now."

"'Twas the man you said I had to link up with. He used to come to the 'Dirty Mary,'" explained Tonibel, seeing her words had frightened her father. "I bet you sent him here."

"Keep your clack shut," growled Devo, just as the door opened, and Mrs. Curtis entered. Tony whirled and faced her, although she didn't have the courage to utter a word. The woman looked from the girl's agitated face to Devo's, questioning-ly.

"This is my kid, ma'am," said Uriah with a wave of his hand toward Tony. "I've come to take her home. Get your duds, brat!"

Tonibel turned as if to obey, and Mrs. Curtis caught her arm.

"Go as you are," she directed, "I'll send your things after you."

Tony's eyes gathered a belligerent expression.

"I won't go without saying good-by to Cousin Paul," she began.

"If she gets up there once," interposed Mrs. Curtis, in an undertone to Uriah J. von, "you won't see her again."

Tonibel had heard the words and knew they were true. If she could get upstairs with Doctor Paul and then lock the door, no one would dare venture after her.

Devo saw swift intelligence light up her face. He didn't intend to allow her out of his sight. He caught at her roughly as Mrs. Curtis barred her flight to the door.

"Let me alone," she cried. "Let me alone."

Uriah snatched her hands, and Mrs. Curtis buried her fingers in the dark curls. As Tonibel cried out again, the door suddenly opened, and John Pen-



He Caught Her Roughly.

dehaven walked into the room. Uriah dropped the girl's hands, and Mrs. Curtis fell back with a startled ejaculation.

"What does this mean?" questioned Doctor John.

"My father's here," said Tony, her voice breaking.

"Her father, Cousin John," Mrs. Curtis repeated.

"I've come for my girl, mister," said Uriah, plucking up his courage.

"And she," Pendlehaven kept his eyes on Tonibel, "does she want to go with you?"

"Whether she wants to go or not, she will," ejaculated the other man. "Nobody can keep a kid from her own father, I'm a guessin'."

"Tony, child," broke forth Doctor John, "don't look so frightened. No one's going to hurt you while you're with me. Come here, my dear."

His voice was so low, so tender, that Mrs. Curtis ground her teeth in rage, and Uriah Devo felt his power ebbing away.

Tonibel walked swiftly to Doctor John's side and slipped her hand into his.

"Those two said I couldn't even say good-by to—to—" She bowed her head against the kindly arm that supported her and for a moment was so agitated she could not proceed.

"Hush, dear," pleaded Pendlehaven. "Hush! Do you want to stay here?"

"Yes, oh, yes, sir, I do, indeed, sir!" she cried. "But—but—"

"Then you'll stay," the doctor told her in a voice low-pitched and stern. "If your father thinks—"

"I'm goin' to have my girl," gritted Uriah.

"Then you have the law at your hand to use, Mr. Devo," returned the doctor, "and you, Sarah, I'll ask you to attend to your own affairs after this."

"But, Cousin John," argued Mrs. Curtis, "she's the man's own child. Surely he has a right to—to—"

A sound of a bell pealing through the house cut off her words. Then came heavy footsteps in the hall. Before anyone could figure on the cause of this commotion, the door burst open and several uniformed men came in. When Uriah Devo caught sight of them, he made a dash for the window, but two heavy officers were on him before he was half way across the room. It took but a few minutes for the officials to explain to Doctor Pendlehaven that they had been trailing Devo for a long time, that he was wanted for a crime in Syracuse.

When they were leading him out manacled and deeply enraged, he turned on Tonibel.

"I'll get even with you, miss," he snapped at her, his eyes full of hate, "and I'll get even with you too, mister." He threw the last half of his sentence at Doctor John, whose only reply was a shrug of his shoulders.

During the struggle between the detectives and Uriah, Mrs. Curtis had clutched at Pendlehaven's neck, but he had cast her off without ceremony. Now the three were alone, Tonibel, pallid and fearful, Mrs. Curtis, sobbing on the floor, and Doctor John, looking at her sternly.

"Sarah," he said haughtily, "I saw the disgraceful way you were pulling this child's hair when I came in, and at last, much as I dislike doing it, I must ask you to leave my house."

"Leave?" Mrs. Curtis screamed. "Where would I go? I haven't a place in the world but this."

A careless gesture from Doctor John told Tonibel that that fact didn't interest him. She slipped her hand into his. Lifting eyes that were troubled and dark-circled, she begged:

"Let 'er stay, Cousin John. Mebbe she didn't know my daddy would have killed me if he'd got me back to the 'Dirty Mary.'"

Pendlehaven put his arm around her, and with a ring of fierceness in his voice, said:

"There, Sarah, there's pity for you. If you stay, it's because Tony Devo pleads for you, not because I have any sense of duty toward you. I hope you feel properly grateful."

The doctor strode to the door, opened it and motioned for her to be gone. Then weeping, she clattered away, her sobs audible even after the door was closed.

For a few moments Tony Devo wept silently in John Pendlehaven's arms.

"Oh, it's awful to have daddy taken away to jail," she moaned, "but he won't be good, he just won't!"

"You're much better off to have him away, little girl," soothed Pendlehaven.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Good for Evil.

That night for dinner, five people sat about the Pendlehaven table. Reggie, pale and miserable looking, sat next to his mother, and Philip MacCauley was opposite Doctor John. Katherine, silent and morose, was at her own place. She had heard her mother's version of the afternoon's happening in amazement and anger, and it only added to her discontent to hear Cousin John tell the tale to Philip.

"Sarah thinks," went on the doctor, "that we should have tamely given her up without a word to—to that brute!"

"I can't see how you can keep a man's child from him, Cousin John," excused Mrs. Curtis, a dull red mounting to each high cheekbone.

Pendlehaven laughed.

"She wouldn't have been much use to him in prison, my dear Sarah," was his answer.

"What're you talking about?" demanded Reggie, turning red-rimmed eyes on his mother.

"Your Cousin John insists on keeping the daughter of a man named Devo in the house here when her father wants her home," she replied.

Reggie's face grew a misty gray.

"Devo," he repeated mechanically. "I didn't know we had any such girl here!"

"She's always with Cousin Paul," remarked Katherine, with a sidelong glance at Philip. "It does seem satisfying, though, to know who she is. Mother says she comes of common stock."

MacCauley's face grew dark, and Pendlehaven cast a glance of anger at his young cousin.

"Both Kathie and I," began Mrs. Curtis. "Why, Reggie, my darling, I never saw you look so sick in my life!"

"Aw, cut it!" growled the boy, unsteadily. "Tell me what became of the girl's father."

"He's going to jail for a nice long rest," interjected Pendlehaven. "It seems he was mixed up in a theft in Syracuse."

Reginald got up from the table.

"I don't want anything more to eat," he growled, as his mother started to remonstrate with him. "I'm going to bed."

When he got upstairs, he looked at himself in the glass. How white and thin he had grown! He looked as if he had died and was trying to come to life again. He was frightened almost out of his wits too. Then Tonibel Devo really was in the house. It hadn't been her ghost that had thrown him bodily from the window sill after all. Uriah, knowing that, had come and made a demand for his daughter and had been arrested. Perhaps he would be arrested also, and for a crime worse than stealing. Had the girl mentioned the fact of his trying to poison Paul Pendlehaven? If she hadn't, would she? When Mrs. Curtis came in to ask how he felt, he was crumpled in a big chair, shaking as if he had been attacked with ague.

"My goodness, Reggie, you look



"My Goodness, Reggie, You Look Awful."

awful," she said, coming to his side. "Tell me, child, what's the matter?"

"There's matter enough," faltered the boy. "If you don't want me arrested like that man today, then give me some money to get out with."

He dropped his head, and for a moment she stood staring at him. Then her mother-heart relaxed, and she sank beside his chair.

"Darling," she crooned, "darling boy, go to your Cousin John and tell him all about it. He will forgive you and help you—"

The boy bounded up, maddened beyond endurance.

"Great God," he cried, "he'd box me up for ten years! No, no, you've got to help me get away from Ithaca. I must have money!"

"Wait," said Mrs. Curtis, and she hurried from the room.

When she appeared before Doctor John in his office, he arose hastily.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" he asked.

"John," she entreated, forgetting to raise her handkerchief to wipe away her tears, "I must have some money tonight. A lot of it!"

"For Reggie?" boomed forth Pendlehaven.

"Yes, he's sick, and I want to send him away, John. Oh! You can't refuse me this, you simply can't."

"Going away doesn't seem to help your son any, as I see," answered the doctor. "He might better stay home. Wait till I tell you something, Sarah, he went on with a wave of his hand to stop her plea. "You are ruining that boy. Three-quarters of the time you don't know where he is, and he drinks like a fish."

The woman knew what her cousin said was true; but the money she had to have. Yet she dared not confess what made it necessary.

"But this time, John," she wept brokenly, "he'll go to a place I send him. He's promised he would. John, you must help me."

Pendlehaven sat down and took up the book he had been reading.

"I refuse to hand out any more money for that boy," said he. "Let him stay awhile, Sarah, and see how that works out. . . . No, no, there's no use of your begging me, I refuse absolutely."

Mrs. Curtis fled away almost distracted. If she should see her son taken to prison like Devo had been that afternoon, it would kill her. And how could she face him without a means to help him escape! If she could only gain admission to Cousin Paul! He had always been the more tender hearted of the two.

For a while she walked up and down her room, wringing her hands. She was in a state of terrible anxiety when Katherine came in.

"He's got to go," repeated Mrs. Curtis, after she had told the whole story to her daughter. "He says he'll be arrested if he doesn't, and has made me promise not to tell John. Oh, if I could only get to Paul."

"No one but that girl is allowed near him," flashed back Katherine.

"By John's orders," supplemented Mrs. Curtis.

Katherine's lip curled.

"Then why not appeal to her, mamma? Perhaps she'd reach the ears of his majesty, the Lord Almighty," said she.

"Oh, Kathie, don't be horrid," sobbed her mother. "You know very well I couldn't ask him through her."

"Then what will you do?" demanded the girl. "You say Cousin John won't help Rege, and you refuse to ask the girl to ask Cousin Paul. Then what will you do?"

"You ask her, Kathie," said Mrs. Curtis, in coaxing tones.

Katherine tossed her head.

"You've got a nerve to send me to her for anything," she shot back. "I will not!"

Mrs. Curtis came forward with trembling footsteps.

"Not for your brother's sake? Oh, Kathie, do!"

"No, I won't," said the girl. "So just don't ask me. Reggie's not my son, and I haven't any sympathy for him." With that she made for the door and was gone.

For over an hour the anguished mother walked up and down. Then as if she had at last reached a conclusion, she went to the servants' quarters. There she sent the maid to ask Tonibel to come out to Doctor Paul's conservatory for a minute.

Tony silently stared at the white woman when they came face to face. Mrs. Curtis swallowed her pride, gulping at the lumps that rose in her throat.

"I'm sorry about this afternoon, Miss Devo," she said. "I really didn't understand."

Tonibel thought in a flash that

Mrs. Curtis must have gotten religion; nothing but a softening of heart could account for the apology. "Never mind," she choked. "I'm awfully sorry about my daddy, but if he will be bad, then I suppose he must go to jail."

This statement renewed the dread in Mrs. Curtis' heart about her son.

"Could you take a message to my Cousin Paul for me?" she ventured.

"What is it?" asked Tonibel, thickly.

"My son is ill," Mrs. Curtis explained tearfully, "and he must go away. I haven't any money, but if Paul knew about it he'd help me. Will you ask him?"

Tony thought a minute.

"Not tonight!" she replied. "Mebbe Doctor John—"

"No, he hates my son," the other cried passionately. "Oh, you mustn't say anything to him about it."

Tonibel Devo was awfully tempted to refuse the haughty woman who had pulled her around by the hair only that afternoon. But she remembered Philip, remembered his love for her, and relented.

"Come along back tomorrow morning, and mebbe I can get you some," she answered, walking away. Then over her shoulder she flung back, "I'll try, anyhow."

With this last statement Mrs. Curtis suffered dreadfully the night through, his mother sitting at his bedside. Tony Devo also had been awake most of the night. In the morning after breakfast, she set about gathering courage to approach Doctor Paul.

With Gussie Piglet in her arms, she sat down beside him, and now the minute was there to speak, Tony didn't know how to begin. But to begin meant to begin, Tony had learned, so she coughed and blurted:

"Your cousin, Mrs. Curtis, is kind of pretty, ain't she?"

"She would be if she didn't cry so much," responded Doctor Paul.

This gave Tony the opening she wanted.

"Her boy's awful sick, so she says," she broke out, "that's why she cries. If he don't go away, he'll die, mebbe."

The lovely gray eyes grew darker as they searched his, and Doctor Paul leaned over and looked keenly at her.

"Did Cousin Sarah ask you to come to me, little girl?" he questioned in a kindly tone.

Tonibel nodded.

"She says Doctor John don't like her boy, and mebbe you'd help her," said the girl, blushing.

The man considered the red face a moment.

"Would it please you to have me help her and him?" he then queried.

"I should think you'd be the last person to ask that. My brother told me she's always very unkind to you."

"She don't know any better," replied Tony. "She's never learned what lovin' awful hard means, and mebbe she's so worried over her boy she's got to be horrid to some one."

Paul Pendlehaven laughed, then he grew grave. "Perhaps that's it. Now do you think you could find my cousin and bring her here?"

Tonibel looked at him doubtfully.

"She might make you nervous," she said dubiously.

"I don't think so," replied the doctor, smiling. "I'm so much better. We won't speak of this to John, and I won't get nervous." He made the last promise because the girl's face was troubled and anxious.

Tonibel nodded and hurried out. She knew which room Mrs. Curtis occupied and sought the other wing of the house. When she knocked at the door, a woman's voice called a low: "Come in!"

Tony stepped inside and, turning, shut the door before she took a survey of the room. When she did, she almost fainted. Reggie Brown, the awful man she had known in the canal boat days, the man who had dropped the poison into Paul Pendlehaven's medicine, was seated very near Mrs. Curtis, and Katherine was by the window, wearing a very bored expression.

An exclamation came from each one of the three as the girl faced them, looking as if she were ready to collapse.

"You didn't get the money then, girl," demanded Mrs. Curtis, sharply. "Reggie dear, I didn't tell you last night, but your Cousin John refused me when I asked him for help, and I had to reach Paul through—"

Tony's eyes were on Reginald, who was crouching lower in his chair. Her forward, staggering step broke off the speaker's explanation.

"You want the money for him?" she



"You Want the Money for Him?" She Cried.

cried, pointing a finger toward the cringing boy.

Mrs. Curtis nodded.

"Yes, he's my son," she answered. "Tony drew a long breath, letting it hiss out through her teeth."

"If he's your son, ma'am," she said falteringly, "then you got a murderer for a son. He tried—he tried to poison Doctor Paul."

Mrs. Curtis got up slowly, a cold rage rising in her pale eyes. Katherine came forward to her mother's side, but Reginald remained silent.

"You lie," snarled Mrs. Curtis. "I don't lie," cried Tony, hoarsely. "I don't lie, either. Look at him, and see if he ain't guilty. He did put poison in Doctor Phil's medicine, and I pushed him off the window. But I didn't know he was your son."

By forcing her eyes around, the mother caught sight of her boy.

"Reggie," she screamed, "for God's love, don't look that way. Why don't you tell the huzzy she lies! Tell her you'll go for your cousins and let them know of her accusations. I'll go myself!"

She darted across the room, but Reginald's husky voice called her back.

"Don't do that," he yelled. "Don't do it, mater! What she says is true. I did exactly that thing. I—I tried to kill Cousin Paul."

Mrs. Curtis sank down with a groan, and Katherine uttered a cry.

"I thought you wanted me to, mater," went on the boy, wearily. "I thought you said, if he died, we'd get money—"

"But, my God, I didn't want you to kill him," intoned Mrs. Curtis.

"I didn't," said Reggie.

"But you tried," thrust in Tonibel.

"And you've told my cousins, eh?" he asked hopelessly.

"No, I didn't," denied Tony. "I 'sposed mebbe I would have, but I didn't know you belonged here. I knew you used to steal with my daddy and do all sorts of wicked things—"

Mrs. Curtis cried out again.

"But I didn't know you'd try to kill a poor sick man," Tony went on, "and then send your ma to get money of him."

"You'll tell him, I know you will, you terrible girl," screamed Katherine, no longer able to restrain herself.

Tonibel thought quickly. Cousin Paul Pendlehaven lived in the house with an enemy who had tried to take his life. This same enemy had tried to destroy her, too.

"You said he was going away?" she questioned Mrs. Curtis presently. "Didn't you?"

"If I get money," put in Reggie, drearily, "I will."

"Doctor Paul wants to see you, ma'am," said Tonibel, her dark gray eyes fixed on the woman, "and if he goes," she pointed at R-ginald, "and stays a long time, I'll keep umm. See?"

Completely overlooking Katherine, Tony ran out of the room. The next day she didn't look up when she heard Doctor John tell Doctor Paul that Reginald had left Ithaca. When she peeped at Doctor Paul, he smiled at her.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A Will Is Changed.

The two years that had passed since Tony Devo had entered the Pendlehaven home, the greater part of which she had spent in school, had brought about many changes. Paul Pendlehaven had taken his place among the world's workers, but this does not say that he did not still long for the child who had gone from his life eighteen years before.

Mrs. Curtis was no nearer giving Cousin John to Katherine as a father than she ever had been, and Ithaca had caught no sight of Reginald Brown since he had fled from it with