

# The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

A New Romance of the Storm Country

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**CHAPTER I.**—Lonely and almost friendless, Tonibel Devon, 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 "spree," and announces he has arranged for Tony to marry a worthless companion of his, Reginald Brown. Mrs. Devon 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. Devon while she is unconscious.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Returning to consciousness, Mrs. Devon is informed by Tony of her visitor. She is deeply agitated, makes Tony swear she will never tell of Devon'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 Devon orders MacCauley off his boat.

**CHAPTER IX.**—With the girl a captive Devon 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 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—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 Devon in the house here when her father wants her home," she replied.

Reggie's face grew a misty gray. "Devon," 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 al-

most out of his wits too. Then Tonibel Devon 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 Goodnesses, 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 Devon 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 do you do?" demanded the girl. "You say Cousin John won't help Regie, 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 Devon," 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 Devon 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 had to be satisfied. Reggie suffered dreadfully the night through, his mother sitting at his bedside. Tony Devon 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 canalboat 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 cried, pointing a finger toward the cowering 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. Kath-

erine 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 to 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 wailed. "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," moaned Mrs. Curtis.

"I didn't," said Reggie.

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

"No, I didn't," denied Tony. "I 'spose 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."

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



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

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, dreadfully, "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 Reginald, "and stays a long time, I'll keep mum. 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 Devon 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 the notion that he might follow Uriah Devon behind the prison bars. Philip had carried on his wonderful work, living in the joyous letters he received from Tony and spending his spare time in answering them.

One morning Tony came to Paul Pendlehaven, smiling and blushing girlish, and he motioned her to a little stool at his feet.

"Darling," he began in a moved tone, "I sent for you because I've come to perhaps the most important decision of my whole life."

Tony glanced up at him wonderingly. He appeared solemnly sober and looked as if he hadn't slept.

"If it affects me, Cousin Paul, it can't be greater than the one you made over two years ago when you took poor little me into your home," she asserted.

His hand fell lovingly upon her curly head as though in benediction. They both lapsed into a long silence, the girl's dreamy eyes fixed on space, and the man gazing at her shining head.

"Tony," he ejaculated at length. There was something in his voice as he pronounced her name that dispelled her reverie instantly.

"Yes," she breathed. "Yes, what is it?"

Pendlehaven cleared his throat.

"I would never have believed that anyone could have wormed her way into my heart as you have," he told her. "How would—how would you like me for your father?"

Tony tried to speak but, seeing he had something else to add, waited expectantly.

"Once, as you know," went on the doctor, "I had a little girl of my own, but the years have been so long and so many since she was taken away, I feel I shan't have her again in this world."

Tony's dark head dropped against his knee in silent sympathy.

"Could you think of me as your father, dear?" he said after an emotional silence.

"I'm not fit for that," sighed Tony. "No, no, not that. I come from people who are not your kind, Cousin Paul. You know that! Everybody does! Then I'm not so good as you think I am. First of all I haven't always told you the truth."

"So my brother told me," remarked Doctor Paul. "Long ago he took me into his confidence about the poison in my medicine. I've watched you for two years, Tony, and it seems to me that I know every secret of your soul. I'm sure you love me, dear child. I'm going to adopt you legally for my daughter. After this I'm your father, and I give warning to my Captain MacCauley that if he tries to take you from me, he's going to have some fight on his hands. From now on, I'm not Cousin Paul. I am—what?"

"My father," gulped Tony. "It seems as if I couldn't stand so much happiness. And if you're my father, that makes Cousin John—"

"Your uncle," laughed a voice from the door. "So Paul has told you, has he, little girl? Well, Tony, you wouldn't have slept a wink one night if you'd heard our argument about you. We spent several hours wrangling which of us should adopt you. I said I should because I saw you first, and Paul—"

"Has the prior right because you saved me, Tony," interrupted Paul. "Now I think the family had better know of our changed arrangements."

Paul Pendlehaven acted as spokesman when Mrs. Curtis and her daughter, Katherine, had been summoned to the library. He told them very gravely that as his will now stood, his brother, John, and his cousin, Sarah, were the beneficiaries of it. Mrs. Curtis smiled at him; and arranged the lace ruffles around her neck.

"You've always been most generous, Paul dear," she simpered.

"But now," went on the doctor, paying no heed to the lady's remark, "our household's going to have a mistress."

Katherine lifted her chin from the palm of her hand, and Mrs. Curtis straightened up. Were her ambitions going to be realized after all? Was it Paul who was going to put her in her rightful place? The smile broadened on her lips, and she sank back with a happy sigh. She had to admit Cousin Paul looked very handsome, yes, even handsomer than Cousin John. What a fool she had been not to have caught him sooner.

"The woman you put at the head of your home will be most fortunate and happy, dear Paul," she murmured.

"I hope so," returned Pendlehaven, and Doctor John pulled at the corners of his mouth to keep back a malicious grin.

"I'm going to adopt Tony Devon—" Doctor Paul had only time enough to make this statement when Mrs. Curtis jumped to her feet.

"You couldn't do that!" she cried. "That would be wicked, Paul, absolutely wicked! Oh God, don't do that!"

Without heeding in the slightest his cousin's bitter ejaculation, Paul Pendlehaven picked up a box that lay at his elbow. With much ceremony he opened it and took out an exquisite pearl necklace.

"I do not need to remind any of you," he said, turning his eyes from his brother to his two white-faced cousins, "that these belonged to my dear wife. I have always considered them the property of her daughter, too. That is the reason, Katherine, why I've always refused your request to wear them. But now I have a daughter." He turned smiling eyes upon Tonibel. "I shall allow her to wear them whenever she wishes, and if—if her lost sister isn't found, then they are hers—hers forever."

A long hissing breath broke from Sarah Curtis, and a gasp came from Katherine.

"I couldn't wear them," Tony got out at length, "I simply couldn't."

"Not to please me, your father, Tonibel?" demanded Paul, almost brusquely.

"And me, your new uncle?" laughed Doctor John. "Why, honey, little girl, he reached out and took Tonibel's hand. 'Don't look as if you'd lost your last friend!'"

Then Paul Pendlehaven drew Tonibel Devon to his side, and when he had clasped the jewels around her neck, he lifted her face and kissed her.

"There, little daughter!" His voice choked with emotion, but he conquered his feelings and went on, "they're very lovely, very precious, Tony, doubly so because you're wearing them."

"Oh," she exulted, "how happy I am! . . . It isn't the pearls, though they're simply great, but it's that I have some real people." She turned a flushed and radiant face to each man. "Somebody that's my very own. My mother's dead, and my father—"

"Is in prison," snapped Mrs. Curtis, vindictively. "I'm wondering what he'll say to all this when he comes home."

"His opinion won't make any difference to us," Paul Pendlehaven stated

coolly. "He has forfeited every right to any claim on Tony."

"Hideous!" exclaimed Mrs. Curtis, and "Well, I never," dropped from Katherine.

"And," went on Doctor Paul, relentlessly, for he knew the barbs that were being thrust into the souls of his two cousins. "I'm going to change my will in favor of my new daughter here—"

"And I mine in favor of our young Salvation Army captain who is going to marry my new niece," chuckled Doctor John. "I guess that's all we have to say, Paul."

In silence Katherine and Mrs. Curtis faded from the room, carrying with them bitter humiliation and nursing outraged feelings.

"It's all your fault, mamma," scolded Katherine, bursting into tears when they were in the seclusion of their own apartments. "You've whined and wept yourself right out of Cousin John's life, that's what you've done. God, how I hated that girl when I saw Caroline's pearls around her neck!"

"What are you doing now?" thrust back her mother. "Aren't you crying as if your heart would break? I tell you tears—"

"Oh Lordy, tears! What good do they do?" came sharply. "Here we are without a future, without a home! That interloper will see we go the moment Paul gets out those papers! Oh, what shall we do?"

"I wish that man—her father, I mean—was out of jail," mused Mrs. Curtis. "I really believe he could do something, Katie. Perhaps, Reggie—"

Katherine wiped her eyes with a