

**ON TIPTOE; A
ROMANCE OF
THE REDWOODS**

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On tiptoe; a romance of the redwoods by Stewart Edward White

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STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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ROMANCE OF
THE REDWOODS**

ON TIPTOE

A ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY
THOMAS FOGARTY



NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



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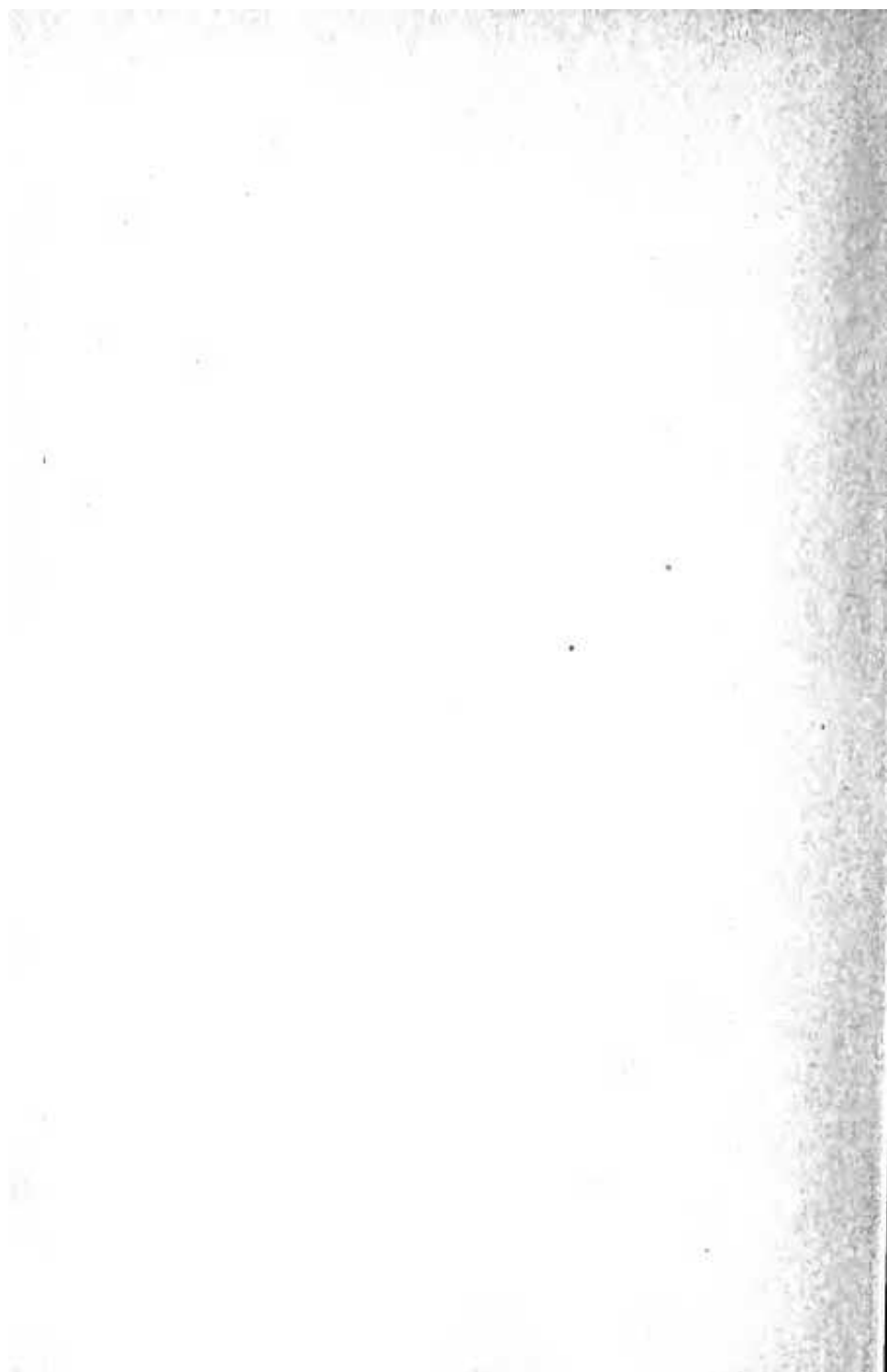
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ON TIPTOE. II

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ON TIPTOE



ON TIPTOE

CHAPTER I

THE great Intelligences who work back of our ordered universe are obscure to us. They move without haste and in their own good time. Never are their faces revealed to us. We are aware of them by their deeds, by their shadowed reflections in men, by the interactions of their laws which never change. Nothing do we know and few things have we guessed of their intentions or the aim of their mighty progressions. At one extreme of our vision the primal ooze; at the other, men as we know them; beyond that the veil.

Nor clearly can we evaluate the means through which evolution advances. The moment ripens to transformation. What has been static, as permanent as the eternal hills, becomes at a pinpoint of time fluid. All life changes. Sometimes we perceive that moment appropriately and magnificently as the pomp of kings and wars. More often it never comes within our ken. Through a channel of the trivial, in the passing

moments of obscure lives, unappreciated, unconsidered, unnoticed it steals by. The great Intelligences have little care for relative values in men's eyes.

CHAPTER II

THIS is a swashbuckling story of pirate days. It has as leading characters the Buccaneer and his sinister Second in Command; the Fair Damsel in Distress; the Bright-Shining Hero; and those great Intelligences by whose caprice—or by whose ordered Law—our tiny world carries on among its millions of sister worlds. Follow and you shall see brave adventuring, and dastardly plots; and a fool exalted and cast down as his little affairs were swept into the mighty onward-flowing currents of Fate. So up-anchor and away!

At the moment our story opens the Pirate, who was appropriately named Grimstead, was leaning back in the stern-sheets of his craft smoking a cheroot and listening to the low-voiced conversation of his Second in Command. He was a large, square built, almost elderly man, with thick bushy eyebrows jutting over his eyes sternly like a pair of particularly heavy moustaches. Gardiner, the Second, was much younger and slenderer, dark in complexion, with clean shaven face and an inscrutable eye.