

**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**

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





"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"  
SHE CRIED, TERRIFIED-SHOCKED.

# ON TIPTOE

A ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY  
THOMAS FOGARTY



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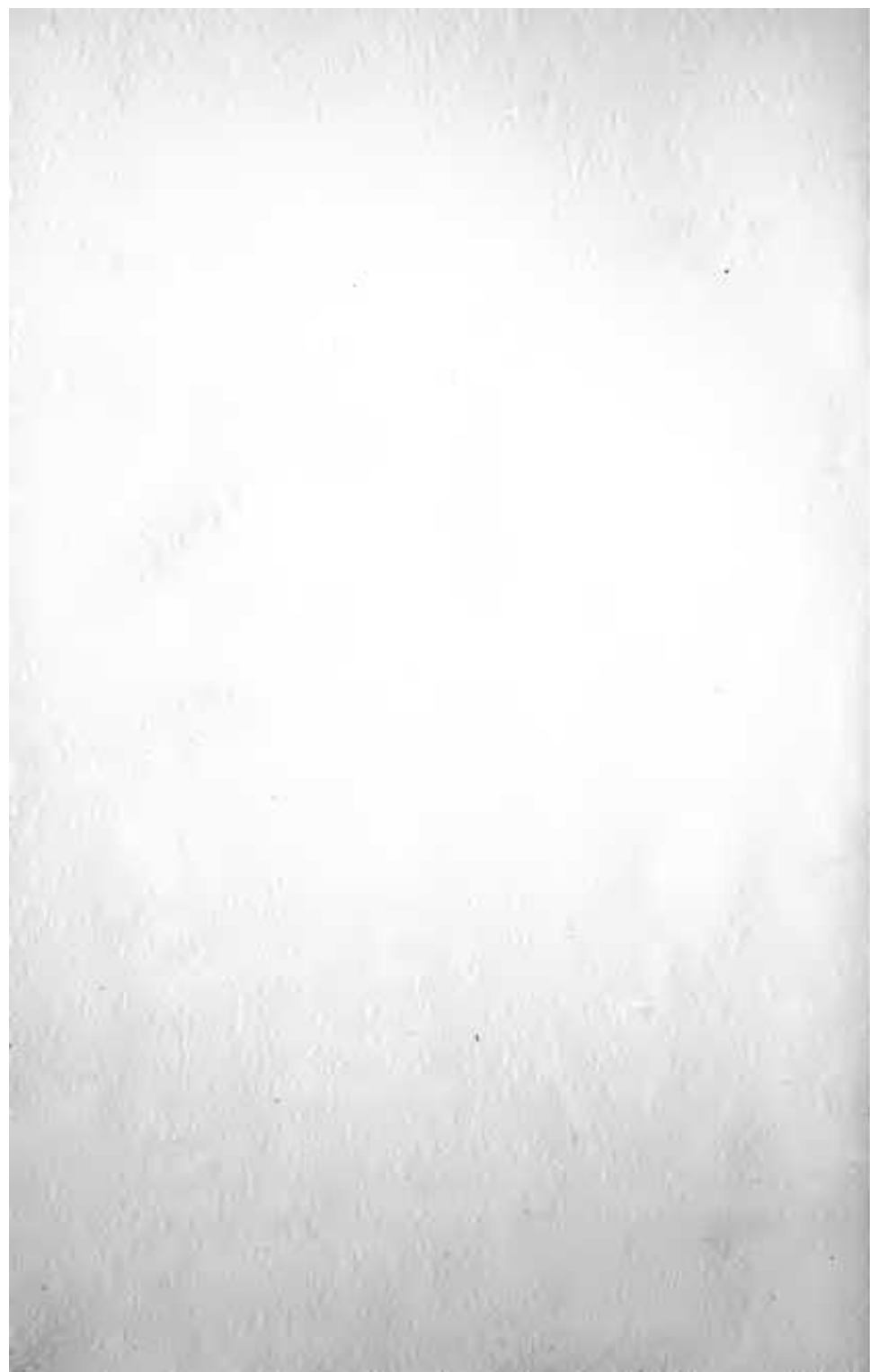
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# ON TIPTOE

## CHAPTER I

**T**HE 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

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