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"I started in on the stores roundabout this country, and with luck I stepped into the big store at Lavette and asked if any one had been buying truck of that kind. They told me Hank Harper. I asked just what. They said a hairbrush, a comb, a couple of toothbrushes and some other gear. That was enough for me. They weren't for Mrs. Hank, who's a halfbreed woman and don't always remember to clean herself o' Saturdays."

"I see." said L. "The things were bought yesterday, so it all fits in, and there's no more left to find out but why Miss Virginny acted the way she has, and that we'll know before tomerrow."

It was well on toward 10 o'clock that night before we reached Harper's cabin on Otter brook. At first we knocked and knocked in vain, but at length a gruff voice demanded angrily what we wanted.

"Tell Miss Virginny Planx that November Joe would like a word or two with her."

"Are you drunk," shouted the man, "or only crazy?"

"I've tracked her down fair and square, and I've got to see her." "I tell you she isn't here."

"Let me in to make sure for my-

"If a man comes to my door with a threat I'll meet him with my rifle in my hand. So you're warned," came from the cabin.

"All right, then, I'll start back to

report to Mr. Planx." On the words the door opened and a vivid, appealing face looked out. "Come in, dear Joe," said a honeyed

"Thank you, Miss Virginny, I will," said Joe.

We entered. A lamp and the fire lit up the interior of a poor trapper's cabin and lit up also the tall, slim form of Miss Virginia Planx. She wore a buckskin hunting shirt belted in to her waist, and her glorious hair hung down her back in a thick and heavy plait. She held out her hand to Joe with one of the sweetest smiles I have ever seen or dreamed of.

"You're not going to give me away, dear Joe, are you?" said she.

"You've given yourself away, haven't you, Miss Virginny?"

Virginia Planx looked him in the eyes, then she laughed. "I see that I haven't, but can I speak before this

gentleman?" Joe hastened to vouch for my discretion, while Hank Harper nursed his rifle and glowered from the background, where also one could discern the dark face of the half breed squaw. But Miss Virginia showed her complete command of the situation.

Harper," she cried, and while we were drinking it she told us her story. "You maybe heard of old Mr. Schel

perg of the combine?" she began. "My yet." father wanted to force me to marry him. Why, he's fifty by the look of him, and I'd much rather drown myself than marry him."

"There's younger and better looking boys around, I surmise, Miss Virginny?" returned November meaningly. Virginia flushed a lovely red. "Why,

Joe, it's no use blinding you, for you remember Walter Calvey, don't you?" "Sure! So it's him. That's good. But I heard he was out of his business," said Joe with apparent simplicity.

"I must tell you all or you won't understand what I did or why I did it My father ruined Walter, because that would anyhow put off our marriage. Then when the Schelperg affair came on and he gave me no rest I could not stand it any longer. You see, he is so

clever he would pay all my bills, no matter how heavy, but he never let me have more than \$5 in my pocket, so that I was helpless. I could never see Walter, nor could I hear from him, and all the time Schelperg was given

the run of the house." November was audibly sympathetic, and so was L

"Then one day this notion came to me. I planned it all out and got Hank to help. (I'd have asked you, dear Joe, if you'd been there.) Come now, Joa You must see how good a pupil I was to you and how much I remembered of your tracking, which I used to bother you to teach me."

"You're right smart at it, Miss Vir

"I arranged the broken rod, and Murphy, District Passenger Agent. Hank and his brother carried me to the canon. Then they got out on the

other side of the lake, and a paggier up near to the rock by the waterfall to put the police or whoever should be sent after me off my trail. I'm real burt I didn't deceive you, Joe."

"But you did right through-till you come to Black lake," Joe assured her. "But you did not recognize me then?" she cried. "And I'd put on a pair of Hank's moccasins to make big tracks!" November explained and added the story of his dismissal by Planx.

"Well, it's lucky you were there, any how, or we'd have had poor Hank shot. That fixed me in my determination to get the money. I want it for Walter. I want to make up to him for all that my father has made him lose." "So Mr. Calvey is in this too?" said Joe in a oneer voice.



AULES ..

"Come in, dear Joe," said a honeyed

"If you mean that he knows anything about it, you're absolutely wrong!" exclaimed Virginia passionately. "If he knew, do you think he'd ever take the money? It's going to be sent to him without any name or clew as to where it comes from. Walter is as straight a man as yourself, November Joe!" she added proudly. "You

"Coffee for these two, please, Mrs | know him and yet you suspected him!" "I didn't say I did. I was asking for information," said Joe submissive ly. "But you haven't got the money

"No! But I'll get it in time."

And in the end Miss Virginia tri umphed. She received her ransom in full, and it is to be doubted if Mr. Planx ever had an idea of the trick played on him. And I'm inclined to think Mr. Walter Calvey is still in the dark, too, as to the identity of his anonymous friend. But two things are certain-Mrs. Virginia Calvey is a happy woman, and Hank Harper is doing well on a nice 200 acre farm for which he pays no rent.

CHAPTER X.

The Hundred Thousand Dollar Robbery WANT the whole affair kept un official and secret," said Harris, the bank manager.

November Joe nodded. He was seated on the extreme edge of a chair in the manager's private office, looking curiously out of place in that prim, richly furnished room.

"The truth is," continued Harris, "We bankers cannot afford to have our eustomers' minds unsettled. There are, as you know, Joe, numbers of small depositors, especially in the rural distriets, who would be scared out of their seven senses if they knew that this infernal Cecil James Atterson had made off with a hundred thousand dollars They'd never trust us again."

"A hundred thousand dollars is wonderful lot of money." agreed Joe. "Our reserve is over twenty millions two hundred times a hundred thou sand," replied Harris grandiloquently "Have you ever seen Atterson?"

thought you might have. He always spends his vacations in the woods, fishing usually. The last two years he has fished Red river. This is what happened. On Saturday I told him to go down to the strong room to fetch up a fresu batch of dollar and five dollar bills, as we were short. It happened that in the same safe there was a number of bearer securities. At terson soon brought me the notes I had sent him for with the keys. That was bout noon on Saturday. We closed at 1 o'clock. Yesterday, Monday, Atterson did not turn up. At first I thought nothing of it, but when it came to afternoon and he had neither appeared nor sent any reason for his absence I began to smell a rat, I went down to the strong room and found that over \$100,000 in notes and bearer securities were missing.

"I communicated at once with the police, and they started to make inquiries. The constable at Roberville replied that a man answering to the description of Atterson was seen by a farmer walking along the Stoneham road and heading north on Sunday morning early."

At this point a clerk knocked at the door and, entering, brought in some letters. Harris stiffened as he noticed the writing on one of them. He cut it open, and when the clerk was gone out he read aloud:

Dear Harris-I hereby resign my splendid and lucrative position in the Grand Banks of Canada. It is a dog's dirty life Anyway it is so for a man of spirit. You can give the week's screw that's owing to me to buy milk and bath buns for the next meeting of directors. Yours truly, C. J. ATTERSON.

"What's the postmark?" asked Joe.

"Rimouski. Sunday, 9:30 a. m." "It looks like Atterson's the thief," remarked Joe. "I'm inclined that way because Atterson had that letter post ed by a con-con-what's the word?" "Confederate?"

"You've got it. He was seen here it town on Sunday at 10:30, and he couldn't have posted no letter in Ri mouski in time for the 9:30 a. m. or Sunday unless he'd gone there on the 7 o'clock express on Saturday evening Yes, Atterson's the thief, all right And if that really was he they saw Stoneham ways he's had time to get thirty miles of bush between us and him, and he can go right on till he's on the Labrador. I doubt you'll see your \$100,000 again, Mr. Harris."

"H'm!" coughed Mr. Harris. "My directors won't want to pay you \$2 a day for nothing."

"Two dollars a day?" said Joe in his gentle voice. "I shouldn't 'a' thought the two hundred times a hundred thou sand dollars could stand a strain like that!"

I laughed. "Look here, November I think I'd like to make this bargair for you. I'll sell your services to Mr Harris here for \$5 a day if you fai and 10 per cent of the sum you recov er if you succeed. Well, Harris, is it on or off?" I asked.

"Oh, on, I suppose, confound you!" said Harris.

Twenty hours later Joe, a police trooper named Hobson and I were deep in the woods. We had hardly paused to interview the farmer a Roberville and then had passed or down the old deserted roads until a last we entered the forest, or, as it is locally called, the "bush."

"Where are you heading for?" Hob son had asked Joe.

"Red river, because if it really was Atterson the farmer saw I guess he'l have gone up there. None of then trappers there now in July month, so he can steal a canoe easy. Besides, ? man who fears pursuit always likes to get into a country he knows, and you heard Mr. Harris say how Attersor had fished Red river two vacations Besides"-here Joe stopped and point ed to the ground-"them's Atterson's tracks," he said. "Leastways, it's a black fox to a lynx pelt they are his."

"But you've never seen him. Wha reason have you?" demanded Hobson "When first we happened on then about four hours back, while you was lightin' your pipe," replied Joe, "they come out of the bush, and when we reached near Cartier's place they wen back into the bush again. Then & mile beyond Cartier's out of the bush they come on to the road again. What can that circumventin' mean? Felle who made the tracks don't want to be seen. No. 8 boots, city made, nails in 'em, rubber heels. Come on."

I will not attempt to describe on journey hour by hour nor tell how November held to the trail, following it over areas of hard ground and rock noticing a scratch here and a broker twig there. The next morning Novem ber wakened us at daylight, and once more we hastened forward.

For some time we followed Atter son's footsteps and then found that they left the road.

We moved on quietly and saw that not fifty yards ahead of us a man was walking excitedly up and down. His head was sunk upon his chest in an at titude of the utmost despair. He waved his hands, and on the still ab there came to us the sound of his mo notonous muttering.

We crept upon him. As we did so Hobson leaped forward and, snapping his handcuffs on the man's wrists cried:

"Cecil Atterson, I've got you!"

"By the way. I'd like to hear exactly what I'm charged with," said Atterson "Theft of \$100,000 from the Grand banks. May as well hand them over and put me to no more trouble."

Hobson plunged his hand into Atter son's pockets and searched him thoroughly, but found nothing. "They are not on him!" he cried.

"Try his pack." square bottle of whisky, some bread, salt, a slab of mutton-that was all.

"Where have you hidden the stuff?" Continued on page 7,

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