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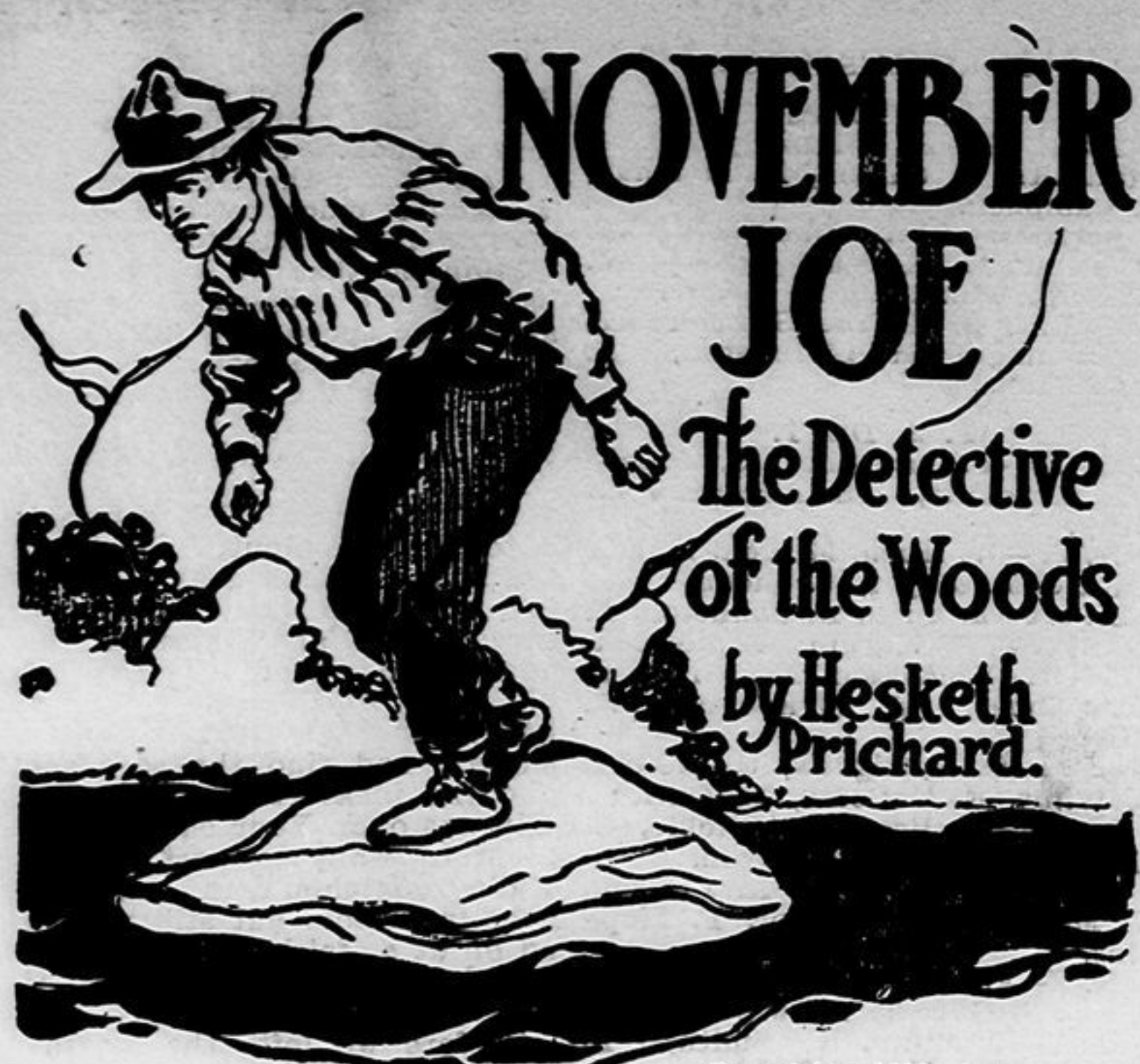
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NOVEMBER JOE
The Detective of the Woods
by Hesketh Prichard.

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we shouldn't be so much longer in the dark. And when I went down and



"You'd best join your hands above your head, Ben Puttick."

Evening had fallen before we ultimately arrived at Kalmacks. We approached the house with care and entered by a window at the back, as Joe thought it possible the front entrances might be commanded from the wood on that side.

We went at once to the room where Worke was lying and Joe gave him a rapid description of the man he had shot.

"That's Tomlinson," said Worke at once. "Them two brothers lives together. What have they been doing?"

"You'll know afore night," replied Joe. "What are their names?"

"Dandy is the one with the black beard, while him they calls Muppy is a foxy colored man."

"Thank you," said Joe. "Now, Bill, if you keep them names to yourself I'll come back in half an hour and tell you who it was shot you."

On Joe's appearance Linda started up and ran to him.

"You're wounded!" she cried.

"It's nothin' much, Miss Linda."

But as we laid him down on the couch he seemed to lose consciousness. Petersham brought brandy, and Linda, holding Joe's head upon her arm, put it to his lips. He swallowed some of it and then insisted upon sitting up.

"I must bind up your shoulder. We must stop the bleeding," Linda's distress and anxiety were very evident.

And Joe had to give way. With her capable and gentle hands Linda soon dressed the wound and afterward insisted on sending for Puttick to help him to his bunk.

"So you've got it?" Puttick said. "I warned you. Lucky you're not dead."

"Yes, ain't it?" returned Joe.

Well I knew that soft drawl, which November's voice never took except in moments of fiercest tension.

"You'd best join your hands above your head, Ben Puttick. Lock the thumbs. That's right!"

Joe had picked my revolver from the table and held it pointed at Puttick's breast.

"He's mad!" screamed Puttick.

"Tie his hands, Mr. Quaritch. Miss Linda, will you please to go away?"

"No, Joe. Do you think I'm frightened?"

"Huh! I know you're brave, but a man acts freer without the women looking on."

Without a word she turned and walked out of the room.

"Puttick's going to confess, Mr. Petersham," went on November.

"I've nothing to confess, you fool!"

"Not even that story you invented about the man with the red hanker across his face—the man who wasn't never there?"

"What's he ravin' about?" cried Puttick.

"Have you forgot them long haired Tomlinson brothers that—"

The effect of this speech on Puttick was instantaneous. Evidently he leaped to the conclusion that he had been betrayed, for he turned and dashed for the door. We swung ourselves upon him and by sheer weight bore him to the ground, where we quickly overpowered him, snarling and writhing.

Some hours later we sat round November Joe who was stretched upon the couch. Puttick had been tied up and imprisoned in the strongest room.

"No, Mr. Petersham," Joe was saying. "I don't think you'll have much more trouble. There was only three men in it. One's dead; one's locked up, and I dare say we'll find a way of dealing with No. 3."

"What I don't understand," said Linda, "is how you found out that Puttick was in it. When did you begin to suspect him?"

"Last night, when Mr. Petersham didn't go to Butler's cairn. The fellas who promised to meet him never put in there either. That was queer, wasn't it? Of course it could mean one thing—that some one had told 'em that Mr. Petersham weren't coming. There was only us three, and Puttick knew. So Puttick must 'a' been the one to tell."

"But, November," I said, "Puttick never left the house, for you remember you found no tracks on the sand. How, then, could he let them know?"

"I guess he waved a lantern or made some other sign they'd agreed on."

"But why didn't you tell me all this at once?" exclaimed Petersham.

"Because I weren't sure. Their not going to Butler's cairn might 'a' been chance. But this morning, when Puttick comes in with his yarn about the man with the red hanker across his face that made him hold up his hands and threatened him when he was mending the canoe, I begun to think

had a look around by the river, I knew at once his story was a lie, and that he'd got an interest in scaring Mr. Petersham away."

"How did you know that?"

"You mind Puttick said the fella come just when he was beginnin' to mend the canoe? I took a look at the work he'd done on it and he couldn't 'a' got through all that under an hour. He's fixed a little square of tin over the rent as neat as neat. And then wasn't it queer the fella should have come on him there—a place he wouldn't be in not one morning of a hundred?"

"You believe he made up the whole story? And that no one came at all?"

"I'm pretty sure of it. There wasn't a sign or a track and as to the fella's jumpin' from stone to stone, there's distances of fourteen and sixteen feet between. Still he might 'a' done it, or he might 'a' walked in the water, and I were not going to speak till I were sure."

"Go on. We're still in the dark, Joe," said Linda.

"Well, Miss Linda, you remember how Puttick advised Mr. Petersham to pay or go, and how I told him to stick it out, and when I'd given him that advice, I said to you that I was going across to Senlis lake, and asked Mr. Quaritch to tell Puttick. I thought there was a good chance that Puttick would put on one of his partners to scare me. You see nobody knew which way I were going but you and him, so it'd be fair certain that if I was interfered with it would prove Puttick guilty."

"That was clever, though you ran a horrible risk. Was there any particular reason why you chose to go to Senlis lake?"

"Sure. I wanted to see if any one had been over there looking for your brooch. On'y us and Puttick knew it was lost, and you'd said how your father had paid dollars and dollars for it. When a thing like that's lost woodsmen 'll go miles to try to find it, and Puttick must 'a' told the Tomlinsons, for there was tracks all around our fire where we boiled the kettle."

"Do you think they found my brooch?"

"Huh! No. I pick it up myself five minutes after you drop it. I only keep it, pretendin' it was lost, as a bait like. I've told you what happened to me coming back and how I had to shoot Dandy Tomlinson. His shooting at me after I was down give me a surprise, for I didn't think he'd want to do more than scare me, but I guess it was natural enough, for Puttick was gettin' rattled at me always nosin' around."

"It's all very clear, November, and we know everything except who it was shot Bill Works."

"I guess Muppy Tomlinson's the man."

"What makes you think that?"

"Bill was shot with a 45-75 rifle.

Both Puttick and Dandy Tomlinson carries 30-30's. Muppy's rifle is a 45-75."

"How can you know what sort of rifle was used to shoot with? The bullet was never found," said Linda.

"I picked up the shell the first time I was over with you."

"And you never told me!" said she.

"But that doesn't matter. What I'm really angry with you for is your making me promise not to go out yesterday and then deliberately going out yourself to draw their fire. Why did you do it? If you had been killed I should never have got over it."

"And what 'ud I have done if you'd been killed, Miss Linda?"

"What do you mean, Joe?" said Linda softly.

"I mean that if one of the party I were with got killed in the woods while I was their guide I'd go right into Quebec and run a boarding house or become a politician. That's all I'd be good for!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The City or the Woods?

ALTHOUGH Dandy Tomlinson's bullet had passed through Joe's shoulder, it had left a very ugly wound, but the young woodsman's clean and healthy life stood him in good stead, and the process of healing went on rapidly.

We had fetched a doctor from Primmville, who left a string of instructions, which Linda carried out as closely as she could. Indeed, she would have devoted most of her time to Joe, but he managed to make her spend a good part of each day out of doors. Sometimes he would beg for a fish for his supper and she must catch it herself to prove how well she had profited by his teaching. There were half a hundred things he suggested, not one of which was obvious or trifling, until I marveled at his ingenuity.

"You are finding the time long, Joe?" I said on one occasion.

"No, Mr. Quaritch, the hours slip past quick enough. I've never had a lie-by and a while for thinking since I been a man. There's a good few puzzles to life that wants facing one time or another, I s'pose."

"Which puzzle is it that you are facing now?"

"Mr. Petersham wants to be the making of me."

"Then you're about the luckiest young man in this hemisphere."

"Just so, and I feel his kindness is more'n I deserve. He'd make me head warden here for a bit first and then send some kind of a professor to teach me how to talk and fix me up generally." He paused.

"Well, that sounds very reasonable," I commented.

"And after they'd scraped some of the moss off me he'd put me into his office."

I hid the astonishment I felt at this announcement. "After that it'd be up to me to make good. He'd help all he knew."

"It sounds a very brilliant future for you, November."

Joe was silent for a moment. "It does, Mr. Quaritch," he said at length in a different tone. "And it gives me something to think about. So they caught Muppy all right? Him and Puttick 'll find prison a poor place after the woods."

"I can feel for them," said I, "for I am leaving the woods tomorrow myself. I must get back to Quebec."

"Huh, yes! There's no call for you to stay longer."

"As to that, you'll be here for quite awhile yourself."

He made no reply, and when I turned from the window to look at him he was lying with his eyes closed, and, thinking he was tired, I left him.

At the end of the south veranda was situated a small detached room which we had turned into a workshop, and early the same afternoon I went around there to repair a favorite fishing rod. The veranda was empty as I passed through it, but presently Petersham joined me.

"That fellow November Joe is an infernal fool!" he said presently. "He is a doit without an ounce of ambition!"

"In his own sphere"—I began.

"He is all very well in his own sphere, but he should try to rise above it."

"He has done uncommonly well for himself so far," I said. "He has made good use of his brains and his experience. In his own way he is very, very capable."

"That is true enough, but he has got about as far as he can go without help. As you say, he has done all this for himself. Now, I am ready to do a good deal more for him. I'll back him in any line of business he chooses to follow. I owe him that and more. Heaven knows what might have happened to Linda but for him."

"You owe a good deal to November."

"I am well aware of it," replied Petersham. "I am convinced I owe him Linda's life."

Something in his tone showed me his further meaning. I dropped my fishing rod and stared at him. I knew Linda had enormous influence over her father, but this was beyond imagination.

"You'd never allow it!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" he retorted angrily.

"Isn't Joe better than the Hipper dude? Or Phil Bitshelm or than that Italian count with his pedigree from Noah in his pocket? Tell me, where is she going to find a man like Joe! Why, he's got it in him to do things—big things—and I hope I'm good enough republican not to see the injustice of nailing a fellow down to the spot where he was born."

"But November would never dare look so high! He's modest."

"He'll get over that!"

"I doubt it," I said. "Besides, you are reckoning without Linda. How do you know that she—"

Continued on page 7.

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A REMARKABLE PROHECY

Many people with a gift for looking ahead foresaw the present European war. It didn't require extraordinary acumen to predict the great crash after the rise of the Triple Entente as a counterweight to the Triple Alliance. But a remarkable capacity for divination must be conceded to the prophet who "way back in 1882 could see '1910 or thereabouts" as the date for a clash between Great Britain and Germany on the issue of world supremacy.

It was an extraordinary man who made this extraordinary prediction—Charles George Gordon (Chinese Gordon), an undoubted genius and one of the most picturesque and heroic figures in British military history. A letter by Gordon to Mr. James R. Purdy, dated 1882, has recently been published in The Morning Post, of London, from which the following is an extract: "Every Briton should think of the future of his country and cause each one to insist on the government passing a measure for compulsory universal military training! So far as England is concerned, she need not, for the next quarter of a century, be under any apprehension of serious difficulties arising with any of her European neighbors, but in 1910 or thereabout there will have arisen a naval power which may prove mightier than she, and should she (Germany) gain the su-

premacny, England will become extinct, both as a sea and a land power, and all her dependencies, including India, will fall into Germany's clutches. You may live to see this. I shall not, but when that time comes remember my words."

In 1882 Germany was not a sea power, had no colonies, and had not been bitten by imperialistic ambitions. Bismark was encouraging France to occupy more Africa, territory and to dispute priority with that region with Great Britain. But Gordon looked far beyond the superficial friction of the hour between Great Britain and France, and had a true vision of Germany's role as the ultimate challenger of Britain's sea power and overseas pretensions. Gordon was part soldier, part statesman, part mystic. It has been granted to few humans to have his immense range of experience (or to read the future as clearly as he did.

NOT MANY FOOLS.

Records of the Patriotic Fund prepared at Ottawa show that some of the most liberal contributions, population considered, came from places where Germans and people of German descent were most numerous. The situation is in keeping with other conditions noted in connection with Canada's non-British people during the war. Here and there a noisy man made a fool of himself and had to pay the price. The mass was lawabiding and loyal.—Montreal Gazette.