November Joe

The Detective of the Woods .

By HESKETH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER III.

"Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron." YO sooner were we away than I put my eager question, "What

do you think of it?" Joe shrugged his shoulders. "Do you know any of these men?"

"All of them." "How about the fellow who is on bad terms with"-

November seized my arm, A man was approaching through the dush. As he passed my companion hailed him. "Hello, Baxter! Didn't know you'd come back. Where you been?"

"Right up on the headwaters." "Fitz come down with you?"

"Not stayed on the line of traps. Did you want him, November?" "Yes, but it can wait. See any moose?"

"Nary one; nothing but red deer." "Good night." "So long."

"That settles it," said November. "If he speaks the truth, as I believe be does, it wasn't either of the Gurds shot Lyon."

"Why not?" "Didn't you hear him say they hadn't seen any moose? And I told you that the man that shot Lyon had killed a moose quite recent. That leaves just

Miller and Highamson-and it weren't Miller." "You're sure of that?"

"Stark certain. One reason is that Miller's above six foot, and the man as camped with Lyon wasn't as tall by six inches. Another reason. You heard the storekeeper say how Miller and Lyon wasn't on speaking terms. Yet the man who shot Lyon camped with him-slep' beside him-must 'a' talked to him. That weren't Miller." His clear reasoning rang true.

"Highanison lives alone away up above Lyon's," continued November "He'll make back home soon."

"Unless he's guilty and has fled the country." I suggested. "He won't 'a' done that. It 'nd be

as good as a confession. No, he thinks he's done his work to rights and has nothing to fear. Like as not he's back

The night had become both wild and blustering before we set out for Hig hamson's but, and all along the forest paths which led to it the sleet and snow of what November called "a real mean night" beat in our faces,

It was black dark or nearly so when at last a building loomed up in front of us, a faint light showing under the

"You there, Highamson?" called out

As there was no answer, my companion pushed it open, and we entered the small wooden room, where on a single table a lamp burned dimly. He turned it up and looked around, A pack lay on the floor unopened, and a gun leaned up in a corner.

"Just got in," commented November. "Hasn't loosed up his pack yet." He turned it over. A hatchet was thrust through the wide thongs which bound it. November drew it out. "Put your thumb along that edge,"

he said. "Blunt? Yes? Yet he drove that old hatebet as deep in the wood as Lyon drove his sharp one. He's a strong man."

As he spoke he was busying himself with the pack, examining its contents with deft fingers. It held little save a few clothes, a little tea and salt and other fragments of provisions and a Bible. The finding of the lest was, I could see, no surprise to November, though the reason why he should have suspected its presence remained hidden from me. But I had begun to realize that much was plain to him which to the ordinary man was

invisible. Having satisfied himself as to every article in the pack, he rapidly re placed them and tied it up as he had found it, when I, glancing out of the small window, saw a light moving low among the trees, to which I called November Joe's attention.

"It's likely Highamson," he said, "coming home with a lantern. Get smash Janey. I lay there, and I said you into that dark corner."

the shadow at the back of the closed make all the distance in one day, and door. From my position I could see I was pretty sure he'd camp at Big far." the lantern slowly approaching until it Tree. I arrived there just after him. flung a gleam of light through the as I could travel faster by cance than window into the but. The next mo him walking, and so kep' near him all | ment the door was thrust open, and day. It was nigh sunset, and I bent the heavy breathing of a man became down under the bank so he couldn't andible.

It happened that at first Highamson I called out his name. I heard him saw neither of us, so that the first in- cursing at my voice, and when he timation that he had of our presence was November's "Hello!"

Down crashed the lantern, and its thought I was safe, sure. You've took bearer started back with a quick, me; yet only for Janey's sake 1 hoarse gasp. won't like them to say her father's a

"Who's there?" he cried. "Who"-"Them as is sent by Hal Lyon." Never have I seen words produce so

tremendous an effect. Highamson gave a be were struggling together.

I sprang to my companion's aid, and even then it was no easy task for the two of us to master the powerful old man. As we held him down I caught my first sight of his ash gray face. His mouth grinned open, and there was a terrible intention in his staring eyes. But all changed as he recognized his visitor.

"November! November Joe!" cried he. "Get up!" And as Highamson rose to his feet. "Whatever for did you do it?" asked November in his quiet voice. But now its quietness carried a men-

"Do what? I didn't-I"- Higham son paused, and there was something unquestionably fine about the old man as he added: "No. I won't lie. It's true I shot Hal Lyon. And what's more if it was to do again I'd do it again. It's the best deed I ever done. be shed."

"Why did you do it?" repeated No vember.

Highamson gave him a look.

"I'll tell you. I did it for my little Janey's sake. He was her husband. See here! I'll tell you why I shot Hal Lyon. Along of the first week of last month I went away back into the woods trapping muskrats. I was gone more'n the month, and the day I come back I went over to see Janey. Hal Lyon weren't there. If he had been I shouldn't never 'a' needed to travel so far to get even with him But that's neither here nor there. He'd gone to his bear traps above Big Tree. But the night before he left he'd got in one of



And the Next Instant He and November Were Struggling Together.

his quarrels with my Janey. Hit her. where his-fist fell."

Never have I seen such fury as burned in the old man's eyes as be grouned out the last words.

hide it from me-she didn't want me to know. But there was her poor face it all came out. It weren't the first down to him to set up. time Lyon 'd took his hands to her, no, nor the third nor the fourth. There on me on the Holy Book, never to lay hand on her again. If he wouldn't near his traps, and I told him I'd seen Janey and that be must swear. He wouldn't. He said he'd learn her to tell on him. He'd smash her in the Highamson told me that neither Baxmouth again. Then he lay down and | ter Gurd nor Miller don't give her no slep'. I wonder now be weren't afraid of me, but I suppose that was along of married anyway." me being a quiet, God fearing chap. and looked in my Bible for guidance. And the words I lit on were 'Thou | the impression of fresh tracks. shalt break them with a rod of iron.' That was the gun clear enough. Then I blew out the light, and I think I

slep', for I dreamed. "Next morning Lyon was up early. He had two or three green skins that he'd took off the day before, and he said he was going straight home to nothing, black nor white. His judg-! did so, while November stood in ment was set. I knew he couldn't see me. He went into the old shack. showed his face I shot him dead. I never landed; I never left no tracks. I wouldn't care. I did right, but she

murderer. That's all." of fury, Nothing more was said for a good; and the next instant he and November while. Then Highamson stood up.

"I'm ready, November, but you'll let me see Janey again before you give me over to the police."

November looked him in the eyes. "Expect you'll see a good deal of Janey yet. She'll be lonesome over there now that her brute husband's gone. She'll want you to live with her" he said

"D'ye mean"-November nodded, "If the police can catch you for themselves, let 'em, and you'd lesser the chance of that a wonderful deal if you was to burn them moose shank moccasions you're wearing. When did you kill your moose?"

"Tuesday's a week. And my moceasins was were out, so I fixed 'em up woods fashion.'

"I know. The hair on 'em is slipping. I found some of it in your tracks in the camp, away above Big Yes, I say that, though I know it's Tree, "That's how I knew you'd killed man's blood, by man shall his blood too. Here it is." He took from his pocket the little piece of spruce stick. which had puzzled me so much, and turned toward me.

"This end's sharp to stick into the earth; that end's slit, and you fix the candle in with a bit o' birch bark Now it can go into the stove along o' the moccasins." He opened the stove door and thrust in the articles. "Only three know your secret, Highamson, and if I was you I wouldn't make it four, not even by adding a

woman to it." Highamson held out his hand.

"You always was a white man Nov." said he. Hours later, as we sat drinking a final cup of tea at the campfire, I said

"After you examined Lyon's uppet camp you told me seven things about the murderer. You've explained how you knew them, all but three." "What are the three?"

"First, how did you know that Hig hamson had been a long time in the woods without visiting a settlement?" "His moceasins was wore out and patched with raw moose hide. The tracks of them was plain," replied No vember.

I modded. "And how could you tel that he was religious and spent the night in great trouble of mind?"

November paused in tilling his pipe "He couldn't sleep," said he, "and so he got up and cut that candlestick What'd he want to light a candle for but to read by? And why should be want to read in the middle of the night if he was not in trouble? And if he was in trouble, what book would he want to read? Besides, not one trapper in a hundred carries any book but the Bible."

"I see. But how did you know it was in the middle of the night?" "Did you notice where he cut his

candlestick?" "No," said 1. "I did, and he made two false cutwhere his knife slipped in the dark

You're wonderful at questions." "And your at answers." November stirred the embers under the keitle, and the firelight lit up his

fine face as he turned with a yawn. "My," said he, "but I'm glad Highamson had his rensons. I'd 'a' hated to think of that old man shut in where he couldn't see the sun rise. Wouldn't

CHAPTER IV.

The Seven Lumberjacks. he did. There was one tooth gone | HE more I saw of Joe in the days which followed, the more I appreciated the man and the more I became convinced of his remarkable gifts. It was not long aftney pond, and it so happened that the all swele and black and blue and the killing of this buck brought us news of

Joe and I walked over and found him living with his daughter, Janey Lyon, the spot as I looked at her I made up | for the police had never been successmy mind I'd go after him, and I'd ful in discovering the identity of the make him promise me, aye, swear to avenger of Big Tree portage. The two seemed very happy together, but I must acknowledge that I feared from swear I'd put him where his hands what I saw that the beautiful Janey couldn't reach her. I found him camp- would not continue to bear the name of ed away up alongside a backwater Lyon much longer. I said as much to November Joe as we were walking

buck. "That's nature," said he, "Old Man peace. Well, I guess a woman's better

It was drawing on toward evening Hour by hour I lay awake, and then I and had began to rain when we turned couldn't stand it no more, and I got from the woods into the mile long trail up and palled a bit of candle I had that led to November's shack. His from my pack, fixed up a candlestick quick glance fell at once upon the ground and, following his eye, I saw

> it was always a matter of interest to me to put November's skill to the little daily tests that came in my way. "Try yourself," said he.

"What do they tell you?" I asked, for

"A man in moccasins-probably an Indian-has passed along. Isn't that right?" I asked. November Joe smiled grimly,

"Not just cuite. The man isn't an Indian; he's a white man, and he carries big news and has not come very

"You're sure?" I said, stooping to examine the trail more closely, but without result. "Certain! The Indian moccasin has

no raised heel. These have. He's not come far. He's traveling fast-see, he springs from the ball of the foot, and when a man finishes a journey on the run you may be such he thinks he's got a good reason for getting to the end of it. This trall leads nowhere but to my shack, and we'll sure find our man there."

Ten minutes later, when we came in sight of November's home, we were November sat on the edge of the aware of a big man sitting on a log table. His handsome face was grave. Smoking his pipe beside the door. He Nothing more was said for a good was middle aged, with a hard face, while. Then Highamson stood up.

Sight of Rovember's fibrile was only one chap. Found the I was wondered surplied, and he fixed the revolver here in that but I took the kettle and was going fork. It was a good fluff he played down to fill her at the brook. It was middle aged, with a hard face, on Dan, making him think there was

and there was more gray in his russet two agin him! The rain's washed out was gone from my belf. I came runbeard than his age warranted. As soon most of the tracks, so we'll go up to ning back. Harry woke, and when I as we appeared he leaped up and came Camp C and try our luck there. But told him he clutches at his belt and across the open to meet us.

of pleasure, cross November's face. He anywhere nigh the camp."

done now?"

we'll lay him by the heels, or my his deer to the cook, and then we went | the six victims must have blotted out name's not Joshua Close." The speak- to the office. The men were all away forever. er looked up, and, seeing my puzzled at work, but we found the manager, to expression, addressed himself to me.

"Last year there were five separate robberies committed on the road between Camp C and the settlement." he written in the book, 'Who so sheddeth a moose. I found your candlestick explained. "Each time it was just a single lumberjack who got held up, and each time a man in a black mask was the robber. November here was away."

> "Up in Wyoming with a Philadelphia lawyer after elk," supplemented the tall young woodsman.

"The police failed to make any arrest, though once they were on the ground within four hours of the holdup," went on Close. "But all that is ancient history. It is what happened to Dan Michaels last night that brought me here at seven miles an hour. Dan has been working for pret ty nigh a three months' stretch, and the office and told me his mother was the day before yesterday he came into dead and he must have leave for the funeral. He had a good big roll of bills due, and I could see he meant to I'd try to keep a job warm for him till blow them, so I paid him and told him he came back from the funeral. I gave him ten days to get through with his spree Something I'd said annoyed him, and after telling the cook his opinion of me and saying he wouldn't sleep another night in a camp where I was boss he legged out for the settlement."

"By himself?" "Yes, alone. Next morning, bright and early, he was back again, and this was the yarn he slung me. He'd made about eight miles when it came on darkish, and he decided to camp just beyond where we did the most of our timber cut last year. He slept at once | noticed, however, he said nothing of and remembers nothing more until he his iden that there had been but one was started awake by a voice shouting robber. talk he heard soon fetched his eyes

" 'Hands up and no fooling!' "Of course he put up his hands. up," said be, He'd no choice, for he couldn't see any | "You think they'll try their hand at one. Then another man who was in it again?" the bushes behind his back ordered him to haul out his bundle of notes and chuck them to the far side of the saw a chap in a black mask step out a big party." and pick them up and then jump back into the dark. Then the voice that spoke first gave him the hint not to move for two hours or he'd be shot like a dog. He sat out the two hours by his watch without hearing a sound

and then came back to C. "When the boys got all the facts the whole camp was nigh as mad as he was. They put up \$50 reward "Janey, that had the prettiest face | sr our return from St. Amiel before | for any one giving information that for fifty miles around. She tried to | Joe succeeded in getting me a fair shot | will lead to catching the robbers, and at the large red deer buck of Widde I added another hundred for the com- | been told by some one. Blackmask bas | destination in admirable time. pany. So now, Joe, if you can clap your hand on the brutes you'll be dogap among her white teeth. Bit by bit old Highamson, for we took the head ing yourself a good turn and others

Close ended his narration, and looked at November, who had listened throughout in his habitual silence.

"Do the boys up at C know you've come to me?" he said. "No, I thought it wiser they shouldn't."

November remained silent for a moment. "You'd best get away back, Mr.

took place, and then I'll find some excuse to take me to Camp C, when I can make my report to you."

To this Close agreed, and the two of us set out through the woods to the beard. site of Dan Michaels' bivouac. The ashes of a fire and a few boughs made | Swede. its scanty furnishings, and in neither did November take much interest. Forth and back he moved, apparently ing. November advanced. "Look, boys, following lines of tracks which the that's an easy, comfortable log over drenching rain of the previous day there!" had almost obliterated, until, indeed. after ten minutes, he gave it up.

sharl, but, meeting November's eyes, "Well, well," said he, in his soft thought better of it, Joe was the last cadenced voice, "he always did have person upon whom any one would the luck."

"Who?" "The robber. Look at last year! Got clear every time." "The robbers," I corrected.

"There's but one," said he. the man in the mask stepped into sight | gives them as robbed you the chance at the same moment as the fire glint- to get off clear." ed on the revolver of the other man

in the bushes." Without a word November led me what happened. We six got our time to the farther side of the dead fire yesterday morning, and after dinner and parted the boughs of a spruce, we started off together. It were comwhich I had previously seen him ex- ing along dark when we camped in the amine. At a height of less than five old log but of Tideson's bridge. Seein' feet from the ground one or two twigs what had happened to Dan; we agreed were broken, and the bark had been to keep a watch till dawn. First rubbed near the trunk.

first I'd better shoot a deer, and the finds his money gone too. Then Chris, o'clock last night." "Blackmask is at it again!" he cried. boys 'll think I only come to carry them Bill Maver, Wedding Charlie and last I saw a gleam of anticipation, if not some meat, as I often do when I kill of all Long Lars they wakes up, and

As we made our way toward C, No-"This is Mr. Close, manager of the vember found the tracks of a young River Star Pulp company's Camp C." buck which had crossed the tote road he said. "I'd like to make you known' since the rain, and while I waited he to Mr. Quaritch, Mr. Close." This slipped away like a shadow into the courtesy concluded, he added in his wild raspberry growth, returning twen- search for the tracks of the thieves." deliberate tones, "What's Blackmask ty minutes later with the buck upon his shoulders.

"He's at his old tricks! But this year On reaching Camp C November sold



"Hands up and no fooling!" whom November told his news.

at him. He sat up blinking, but the | "That just spells total failure," re marked Close when he had finished. November assented. "Guess we'll have to wait till another chap is held

"Sure. Who'd stop after such success?" "I'd be inclined to agree with you if

fire or take the consequences. Dan it wasn't for the fact that the men saw a revolver barrel gleam in the won't leave singly now. They're scared bush. He cursed a bit, but the thieves to. A party of six started this afterhad the drop on him, so he just had to goon. They were hoping they'd have out with his wad of notes and heave the luck to meet the scoundrels and them over as he was told. A birch log bucking how they'd let daylight into in the fire flared up at the minute, and them if they did. But of course they as the notes touched the ground he won't turn up-they'd be shy of such

"Maybe," said November. "With your permission, Mr. Close, me and Quaritch'll sleep here tonight."

"All right. But I can't attend to you. I'm behind with my accounts, and I must even them up if it takes all !:haels?" night."

"And there's one question I'd like to have an answer to. It's just this: How did the robber know that Dan Michaels | tions down there." was worth holding up? Or that he was got a friend in Camp C all right. That is, unless"-

"Aye, unless?" repeated the manager. But November would say no more. An idea had come into his mind, but Close could not draw it from him: yet I could see be had entire trust in the taciturn young woodsman.

Next morning November seemed in no hurry to go, and shortly before the midday meal a party of half a dozen tien rushed into the camp. They were all shouting at once, and it was impossible for a time to discover what the Close," he said at length. "I'll go turmoil was about. Leaning against down to Perkins' clearing, and have a the wall of the bunkhouse, the silent look at the spot where the robbery November surveyed the clamoring knot of men with grim humor.

"I tell you again, we've been held up, robbed, cleaned out, the whole six of us!" yelled a short man with a sandy

"That is true!" cried a fair haired

On this they all began shouting again, waving their arms and explain-

The Swede answered him with a

would choose to fix a quarrel. "I was suggesting, boys," continued November, "that there's the log handy. and if you'd each choose a soft spot

and leave one to speak and the others listen till he's through with if we'd get "Michaels mentioned two voices, and at the facts. Every minute wasted "November's right," said a huge

lumberman called Thompson. "Here's watch was Harry's. In an hour and a "He was a mighty interesting man. half he were to wake me. He never him with the revolver." November did. The sun were up before I woke, threw back his handsome head and and there was all the others sleeping laughell. "There was only one chap, round me. I was wonderful surprised,

danged if the lot of them hadn't been robbed same as us."

A unanimous groan verified the statement.

"We was tearing mad," went on the spokesman. "Then out we goes to

A look of despair crossed November's face. I knew he was thinking of the invaluable information the feet of

"You found them?" inquired Novem-

"We did. They was plain enough," replied the big lumberman. "One man done it. He come up from the brook. did his business and went back to the water. He was a big, heavy chap with large feet, and he wore tanned cowhide boots patched on the right foot. There were seventeen nails in the heel of the right boot and fifteen in the other. How's that for tracking?

CHAPTER V.

The Guilty Man. HERE was no doubt about the fact that November was surprised. He said nothing for a full minute, then he looked up sharply.

"How many bottles of whisky had you?" said he. "Nary one," answered Thompson.

"There isn't one nearer than Lavallotte, as you well know. We wasn't drunk, we was drugged. We must, 'a' been, though how it was done beats me, for we had nothing but bread and bacon and tea, and I made the tea my

"Where's the kettle?" "We left that and the frying pan back at the hut, for we're going to hunt the country for the thief. You'll come along, Nov?" "On my own condition, or I'll have

nothing to do with it." "What's it?" "That nary a man of you goes back to Tideson's bridge but till I give you

"But we want to catch the robber." "Very well. Go and try if you think you can do it." An outburst of argument arose, but soon one and another began to say:

"We'll leave it to you, Nov." "Mind you fetch my \$190 back for me, Nov "Leave Nov alone." "Go on, Nov." November laughed. "I suppose you all slept with your money on you?"

It appeared they all had, and Lars and Chris, who possessed pocketbooks. and found them flung, empty, in a corner of the hut. "Well, Mr. Quaritch and me'll be

getting along, boys. I'll let you know

if I've any luck." Then suddenly No-

vember turned to the big spokesman and said, "By the way, Thompson, did you fill that kettle at the brook before you found you'd lost your cash?" "No: I run right back." "That's lucky," said November, and we walked away in a roar of shouted questions to the cause placed at our

disposal by Close. By water we could run down to Tideson's bridge in an hour or two. "Do you think this is the work of

the same man that held up Dan Mi-"Guess so. Can't be sure. The ground's fine and soft, and we ought to get the answer to a good many ques-

Thanks to the cance and a short cut going off on the spree? He must have known to November, we arrived at our

First of all, skirting the path, we went to the hut where the six had slept. A few articles dropped from the hastily made packs lay about, the frying pan beside the stove and the kettle on its side by the door. November moved round examining everything in his deft, light way. Lastly, he picked up the kettle and peered inside.

"What's in it?" said I. "Nothing," returned November. "Weil, Thompson told you he hadn't filled it." I reminded him.

He gave me a queer little smile. "Just so," said he and strolled for fifty yards or so up the tote road. "I've been along looking at the foot-

marks of them six mossbacks," he volunteered. "Now we'll look around The inspection of the tracks was naturally a somewhat lengthy business. November had studied the trail of the six men to some purpose, for, though he hardly paused as he ranged the trodden ground, so swift were his eyes that

a distinct set of footsteps, which we followed to the hut and back again to the water. "He's the chap that did it," said No-

"He is a heavier man than I am, and

vember. "That's pretty plain."

he named each of the men to me as

he pointed to their several tracks. As

we approached the bank he indicated

he walks rather on his heels." November nodded, and began to follow the trail, which went down into the stream. He stood at the water's edge examining some stones which had been recently displaced, then waded down into it.

"Where was his boat?" I asked. But November had by now reached a large flat stone some feet out in the water, and this he was looking round and over with great care. Then be beckoned to me. The stone was a large, flat one, as I have said, and he showed me some scratches upon its farther surface. The scratches were but to me they conveyed nothing.

boat," I ventured. "They aren't. But that chap made and carry the stove into D." them all right," he said.

"But how or why?"

November laughed. "I won't are that yet, but I'll tell you this. robbery was done between 2 and a

"What makes you say that?" November pointed to a grove of birch

on the nearer bank "Those trees," Me answered; then, on seeing my look of bewilderment, he



November Had Reached a Large Flat Stone.

added, "and he wasn't a 200 pound man an' beavier than you, but a little thin chap, and he hadn't a boat." "Then how did he get away-by

wading? "Marbe he waded."

"If he did he must have left the stream somewhere,",1 exclaimed. "Sure." "Then you'll be able to find his

tracks where he landed." "No need to." "Why?"

"Because I'm sure of my man." "Is it the same who held up Dan Michaels?" "Yes." With that I had to be satisfied. It vas late at night when we appro Camp C. We jumped ashore and went

round, and two men were holding the door; one was the burly Thompson. "Hello! You needn't bother no more,

silently straight to the office, where

the manager lived. A crowd stood

Nov." he shouted. "We've got him." "Who've you got?" "The blackguard that robbed us." "Good!" said November. "Who

"Look at him!" Thompson banged open the office door and showed us the manager, Close, sitting on a chair by the fire, looking a good deal dis-

heveled. "Mr. Close?" exclaimed November.

"Yes, the boss-no other." "Got evidence?" inquired November, staring at Close. "Tiptop! No one seen him from dark

em in a biscuit tin on a shelf in the shanty just behind here where be sieens. "You fool! I was at my accounts all

to dawn. And we got the boots. Found

night!" cried Close to Thompson. November took no notice.

together.

"Who found the boots?" said he. "Cookee, when he was cleaning up. Found a bottle of sleeping stuff, toonearly empty!" shouted two or three

Cookee. Has he owned up?" he nodded at Close. "Was they your boots, Mr. Close?" "Yes," roared Close.

November whistled, "Good for

"But he denies the robbery!" said Thompson excitedly. "Of course I deny it." cried Close. "Let's see them boots," put in No-

"The boys took 'em to the bunk house," said Thompson. "Say, Nov. think of him paying us with one hand and robbing us with the other, the"-"Wonderful!" observed November in

his dry way. He continued to stare

hard at Close, who at last looked up,

and I could have sworn I saw November Joe's dark lashed eyelid droop slightly in his direction. A change came over the manager "Get out of here," he cried anguly, "Get out of here, you and your woods detective?" and some uncommonly

warm language charged out at the back of the closing door. The men who had been robbed and their comrades closed round as No-

vember examined the boots. "Seventeen in one heel and fifteen in the other-cowhide boots," said Chris. "That's what he that robbed us wore, and I'll swear to that."

"I could swear to it too," agreed November. "Take them and the sleeping stuff." pursued Chris. "It's a silver fox skin

ber? "Have you sent for the police?" "Not yet. We'd waited till you come up. We'll send now."

to a red on a conviction, ch. Novem-

"The sooner the better," said No. deep and irregular. I stared at them, vember. "And whoever goes il find four chaps from Camp B in the hut by "They don't look like the mark of a Tideson's bridge. They've orders to knock it down and take the roof of

(To Be Continued.)