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"Can't tell that; but I guess Miss-Poincarré will know when I give her the

"Well, I suppose you must see her. She's down bringing in the cows. You'll find her below there in the meadow."

Joe thanked him and we set off. It did not take us long to locate the cows, but there was no sign of the girl. Then, taking up a well-marked trail which led away into the bush, we ad-vanced upon it in silence till, round a clump of pines, it debouched upon a large open shed or byre. Two or three cows stood at the farther end of it, and near them with her back to us was a girl with the sun shining on the burnished coils of

her black hair.

A twig broke under my foot and she

swung round at the noise.
"What do you want?" she asked.
She was tall and really gloriously

handsome. "I've come from Atterson. I've just seen him," said November. I fancied her breath caught for the

fraction of a second, but only a haughty

surprise showed on her face.
"There are many people who see him every day. What of that?" she re-

"Not many have seen him today, or even yesterday.

even yesterday.

Her black eyes were fixed on November. "Is he ill? What do you mean?"

"Huh! Don't they read the newspaper in Lendeville? He robbed the Bank where he is employed of one hundred thousand dollars, and instead of trying to get away on the cars or by one of the steamers, he made for the woods. That was all right if a Roberville farmer had n't seen him. So they put the police on his track and I went with the police."

PHEDRE turned away, impatiently. "What interest have I in this?" It bores me to listen."

"Wait! I'm telling you," replied November Joe. "With the police, I soon struck Atterson's trail on the old Colonial Post Road, and in time come up with Atterson himself nigh Red River. The police takes Atterson prisoner and searches him."

"And got the money back!" she said scornfully, "Well, it sounds silly enough. I don't want to hear more."

"The best is coming, Miss Poincarré. They found nothing." "He had hidden it well."

"So the police thought. But I got the bottle of whiskey that was in his pack. It 'll go in as evidence."

She frowned. "Of what?"

"That Atterson was drugged and the Bank property stole from him. You see," continued Joe, "this robbery was n't altogether Atterson's own idea." "Ah!" she said suddenly.

"No, I guess he had the first notion f it when he was on his vacation six ceks ago . . . He was in love with weeks ago , . . He was in love with a wonderful handsome girl that pretended to be in love with him; but all the was in love with well, I along she was in love with - well, can't say who she was in love with can't say who she was in love with—herself likely. Any way, I expect she used all her influence to make Atterson rob the Bank and then light out for the woods with the stuff. He does all she wants. On his way to the woods, she meets him with a pack of food and necessaries. In that pack was a bottle of drugged whiskey. She asks him where he's going to camp that night; he suspects nothing and tells her, and off she goes in a canoe up Red River till she comes to opposite where he's lying drugged asleep. She lands and robs him; but she don't want him to know who done that, so she plays an old game to but she don't want him to know who done that, so she plays an old game to conceal her tracks. She's a rare active young woman, so she carries out her plan, gets back to her canoe and home to Lendeville . . . Need I tell any more about her?

During Joe's story Phedre's color had slowly died away.

"You are very clever!" she said bit-rly. "But why should you tell me all

"Because I'm going to advise you to hand over the one hundred thousand dol-lars you took from Atterson. I'm in this case for the Bank."

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