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Hesketh Prichard

Continued

**"How did you know that?"**

You mind Puttick said the fellas 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 terrible 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. Only 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 woodsman '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 noshin' round."

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

"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 Princeton, 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 awhile for thinking since I been a man. There's a good few puzzles to life that wants facing one time or another, I suppose."

"We crept away into the farthest cor-

ing 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."

"Hub, 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 internal 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 Bitsheim or than that Italian count with his pedigree from Noah in his pocket? Tell me, where is he 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—"

"Naturally I don't know for sure about Linda," he answered shortly; then, glancing at his watch, he got up. "Just about time to get my mail ready."

"But November would never dare look so high!" he retorted.

"He'll get over that!"

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

"Naturally I don't know for sure about Linda," he answered shortly; then, glancing at his watch, he got up. "Just about time to get my mail ready."

We had been speaking in low tones, for the subject of our conversation naturally did not lend itself to loud talk, and besides, during the last quarter of an hour or so a murmur of voices from the verandah had warned us to be careful. We had not shut the door leading to the veranda, as it was the only one, and we needed it open for light and air. Petersham walked toward it, but, instead of stepping out, he turned and laid a hand like a vise on my arm.

"Quiet! Quiet for your life!" he whispered. "She must never know we were here!"

"But, Joe, you're mistaken. Joe. I wish it!" It was Linda's voice, shy and trembling as I had never heard it.

"Ah, that's all your great goodness. Miss Linda, and I haven't earned none of it."

I pointed frantically to the door. We must shut that door and shut out those voices, but Petersham swore at me under his breath.

"Darn, you know those hinges screach like a wildcat! It can't be helped, for it would kill her to know we heard a word of this."

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

"Which puzzle is it that you are fac-

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## HOUSEHOLD TALKS

### Henrietta D. Grauel

#### Corn Starch Desserts

Corn is the most adaptable and wholesome of all our cereals and in the form of cornstarch it produces the daintiest dishes we can make. Some housekeepers have told me that they never had a box of this thickening agent in their kitchen but use flour for gravies and gelatine for custards. As the cornstarch has real food value this is a mistake.

Molded cornstarch desserts lack the transparency of the gelatine ones but they look just as fragile and can be tinted in most delicate colors and molded into any shape. Another thing in their favor is they are not affected by heat or cold.

By many, Bavarian cream is consid-

ered the gem of the whole collection of desserts and it contains both gelatine and cornstarch, besides cream, fruit juices and chocolate. Such a dessert is so rich it should be served at the close of a light meal, never with other heavy foods.

Use the best cornstarch and, as with the gelatine, always follow the instructions on the carton as to quantity to be used.

The given recipe you can easily vary to please your own taste. Cook the mixture of milk, eggs and sugar in a double boiler, when it reaches the boiling point add the moistened cornstarch and stir continuously until it is thick. The mixture must be well cooked to have the best and smoothest taste. Flavoring is added when the

mixture is almost cold and then fruit and fruit juices may be put in also.

For pure white custards the white of the eggs only are used or eggs are omitted altogether.

If chocolate dessert is wanted grate the chocolate and add it to the hot milk first, then pour the mixture on the beaten eggs and return all to the boiler.

Almond, rose, lemon, chopped

almonds, coffee, caramel and coconut are all better flavors for desserts than vanilla.

Cornstarch desserts may be shaped in any sort of a mold and will be firm as soon as cool.

A blanc-mange recipe that may be changed with these various flavors, and by addition of nuts and fruits, is made with one pint of milk, three well beaten eggs, three tablespoons of cornstarch moistened in cold milk and three tablespoons of sugar. Heat the milk and pour it upon the beaten eggs, then add the sugar. Return to the boiler and when it is sealing add the cornstarch.

Fruit sauces add daintiness to these cornstarch desserts not alone because of their pungency but because of their bright color.

A clear sauce is made with two cups

of boiling water thickened with one tablespoon of cornstarch. Add sugar and fruit juices to this.

Jelly sauce is made by whipping a glass of crab apple jelly until it is

smooth, and a tablespoon of melted butter and a teaspoon of grated nutmeg. Heat this in a double boiler with

a cup of powdered sugar and when this is almost cool add the beaten white of an egg. A very little pink cake coloring may be put in this sauce.

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