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The Detective of the Woods

By HESKETH PRICHARD

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SYNOPSIS.

James Quaritch engages November Joe as his guide. Joe and he go to Big Tree portage to investigate the murder of a trapper named Lyon.

Joe decides that the murderer follower Lyon to his camp and shot nim from a canoe.

By studying woodland evidence and making clever deductions Joe discovers the murderer, Highamson. Lumberman Close reports that Blackmask, a highwayman, is robbing his men.

BIX lumberjacks are robbed by the same man. Joe makes a careful examination of the scene of the robbery.

Close is accused by his men, but Joe arrests Chris, one of the lumberjacks, the real robber.

Bally Kone, a widow, has been robbe of valuable pelts. Joe and Evans, a ga-warden, search for the thick.

Sally's lover, Val Black, is suspect but Joe catches the actual culprit, Ir Sylvester. Millionaire Planx's daugi Virginia hus been abducted.

The abductors deniand \$150,000 rans-for Virginia. Joe's investigations in cate that one Hank Harper has abducte the girl.

Joe ascertains that Virginia had herself abducted to get the ransom for her lover. Joe goes after Cecil Atterson, who has stolen \$100,000.

John Stafford has been robbed of val-uable black foxes. Joe finds that an Aleut employed by Stafford was in league with the thieves.

And now I will leave out any acteen hours which we spent in the skiff and pick up the thread of this history again with Stafford knocking at the door of the Jurgensens' cabin on Upsala island. We had landed there after dark.

Joe and I stood back while Stafford faced the door. It was thrown open and a big gingerbread Swede demand-ed als business: """ "Tve just called around to take back my foxes." said Stafford.

"Vot voxes?"
"The blacks and silvers you stole."
"You are madt."

"The blacks and silvers you stole."
"You are madt."
"Shut it." cried Stafford. "Ten days ago you and your wife, having decoyed me away to Valdez, went to Eel is land. You were there eight days, during which time you cleaned out every animal I owned on it. I know you didn't kill them, though you tried to make me believe you had by leaving the skinned carcasses of a lot of red foxes. Three days ago you left Eel island."

As he spoke I saw the wizened fig-

As he spoke I saw the wizened figas he spoke I saw the wizened ngure of a woman squeezing out under the big Swede's elbow. She had a narrow face, with blinking malevolent eyes, that she fixed on Stafford.

"Zo! Vot then?" jeered Jurgensen.

"Who are you?" bellowed Jurgensen.
"He's the man that told me your
wife was weakly and spilled the water
from the kettle when she lifted it, for
he found her tracks at my place by the
stove. He's the man that discovered
ax cut log ends in Aleut Sam's fire on
Edith island when we knew Sam had no ax with him, He's the man I owe a lot to."

"Me also," said Jurgensen venomou ly as he bowed his head. "Vot yo vant—your terms?" he asked at last. Stafford had his answer ready. "M own foxes—that's restoration—and tw of yours by way of interest—that's retribution."
"Ant if I say no?"

"Ant if I say no?"
"You won't, Where's my foxes?"
Jurgensen hesitated, but clearly there
could be only one decision in the circumstances. "I had them in my ken-

Jurgensen raised startled eyes. "You

Joe laughed. "I guess the spiders must 'a' told me," said he.

CHAPTER XIII.

Linda Petersham.

OVEMBER JOE had bidden me farewell at the little siding known by the picturesque name of Silent Water.

name of Silent Water.

"'Spect you'll be back again. Mr. Quaritch, as soon as you've fixed them new mining contracts, and then, maybe, we'll try a wolf hunt. There's a tidy pack comes out on the Lac Noir ice when it's moonlight."

But the shackles of business are not so easily shaken off, and the spring.

so easily shaken off, and the spring had already come before another vacation in the woods had begun to merge into possibility. About this time Linda Petersham rang me up on us." the telephone and demanded my pres-

ence at lunch.
"But I am engaged," said I. "What

me. I want you to persuade pop not to do something."

"I? I persuade him? You don't need me for that—you, who can make him do or not do anything, just as you

wish!"
"I thought I could, but I find I can't."
"How is that?" "Well, he is set on going back to

Julius Fischer claimed. The woods are full of moose, and there are beaver and otter, and that's where the trouble came in."

"But Fischer had trouble from the

"But Fischer had trouble from the day he went up to shoot at Kalmacks. He had to run for it, so I was told, Didn't your father know that 2. Why did Mr. Petersham have anything to do with the place?"

"Oh, it was just one of pop's no tions, I suppose," said Linda, with the rather weary tolerance of the modern fanghter.

"They are a dangerous lot round there."

"He knew that. They are squatters
—trappers who have squatted among
those woods and hills for generations
Of course they think the country belongs to them Pop knew that, and in
his opinion the compensation Julius
Fischer offerred and gave them was in
adequate" adequate'

eyes, that she fixed on Stafford.
"Zo! Vot then?" jeered Jurgensen.
"Then you rowed over to Edith Island and marconed my man Aleut Sam, who was in the robbery with you."

adequate "
"It would be," I commented. I could without effort imagine Julius Fischer's views on compensation, for I had met him in business.

was in the robbery with you."

The big Swede snatched up a rifle by the door and stepped out.

"Get out of here," he cried, "or"—
He paused on carching sight of Joe and myself.

"Til go if you wish it," said Stafford dangerously, "but if I do it'll be to return with the police."

"And look here, Mr. Dutchman." broke in Joe gently, "if it comes to that you'll get put away for a fifteen years' rest cure, sure."

"Who are you?" bellowed Jurgensen.

"He's the man that told me your wife was weakly and spilled the water"

The big Swede snatched up a rifle by the door and he found that the squatters had a good deal to be said for their side of the case, so that he dld what he thought was fair by them. He paid the good high prices for their rights, or what they considered to be their rights, for in law, of course they possessed none. Every one seemed pleased and satisfied, and we were looking for ward to going there this spring for the fishing when news came that one of father's game wardens had been shot at."

"Shot at?"

Linda nodded the Greek head I ad Linda looked in the same wardens had been shot at."

mired so much mired so much.

"Yes. Last autumn father put on a couple of wardens to look after the game, and they have been there all winter. From their reports they have got on quite well with the squatters, and now suddenly, for no reason that they can guess, one of them, William Worke by name, has been fired upon in his camp." his camp.

"Killed?" I asked.
"No, but badly wounded. He said he was sure the bullet could have been put into his heart just as easily, but it

savages. cumstances. "I hat them in my kennels," he answered.

"Wire inclosures?" cried Stafford in disgust.

"Yes."

"You can't grow a decent pelt in a cage," snapped Stafford, with the eargerness of a fanatic mounted upon his hobby. "You must let them live their natural life as near as possible or their color suffers. The pigmentary glands get affected"—

"They are, but that's not all. Three days ago a letter came, meant for father, but addressed to me. Whoever wrote it must have seen father and knew that he was not the kind of man who could be readily frightened, so they thought they would get at him through me. It was a horrible letter."

The words were written upon a sheet torn from an old account book. They ran as follows:

You, Petersham, you mean skunk!

natural life as near as possible or their color suffers. The pigmentary glands get affected"—
"Poot! I haf read of all that in the book "Zientific Zelection of Color Forms."
"Yes," put in Joe, "you read a good bit while you were at Mr. Stafford's place, that's so—lying in Mr. Stafford's bunk."

ran as follows:

You, Petersham, you mean skunk! Don't you come in our wods unles yor willing to pay five thousand dollars. Bring the goods and you be told wher to put it, so it will come into the hands of riters. Dollars ain't nothin to you, but they can keep an expanding bulet out yor hide.

"Do you think it is a hoax?"
"Well, no, I can't honestly say I do."
"Which means in plain language.

that if father does not pay up that \$5. 000 he will be shot "

"Not necessarily He need not go up to Kalmacks this fall"

to Kalmacks this fall"
"But of course he will go! He's more set on going than ever. You know fa ther when he's dealing with men. And he persists in his opinion that the let ter is probably only bluft".

I considered for a little before I spoke. "Linda, have you really sent for me to try to persuade your father that it would be wiser for him not to go to Kalmacks?"
Linda's lip curled scornfully. "I

go to Kalmacks?"
Linda's lip curled scornfully. "I should not put it just like that! I can imagine father's answer if you did I'm afraid it will be no good letting you say anything you don't know how."

"You mea' that I have no tact?"

She smiled at me, and I instantly forgave her "Well, perhaps I do, but you know it is far better to be able to give help than just to talk about it. Father is determined on going to Kalmacks, and I want you to come with

"Naturally, I'm going. "But it is absurd! Your father would never allow it!"

"But I am engaged," said I. "What is it?"

"I will tell you when you come. I want you."

I made another effort to explain my position, but Linda had said her last word and rung off. I smiled as I called up the picture of a small Greek head crowned with golden hair, a pair of dark blue eyes and a mouth wearing a rather imperious expression.

The end of it was that I went, for I have known Linda all her life. The Petersham family consists of Linda and her father, and, though in business relations Mr. Petersham is a power to be reckoned with, at home he exists for the sole apparent purpose of carrying out his charming daughter's wishes. It is a delightful house to go to, for they are the happiest people I know.

I found myself the only guest, which surprised me, for the Petersham mansion has a reputation for hospitality.

"James, I want you to do this forme. I want you to persuade pop not to do something."

"But It is absurd! Your father would never allow it!"

"He can't prevent it, dear James," she said softly. "I don't for a moment suppose that even the Kaimacks people useful at that I have in the world. I'm go to too. But tell me what purpose does your father think ne will serve by undertaking this very risky expedition?"

"He can't prevent it, dear James," she said softly. "I don't for a moment suppose that even the Kaimacks people used would attack a woman. And father is all that I have in the world. I'm go tog.

"Then I suppose I shall have to go too. But tell me what purpose does your father think ne will serve by undertaking this very risky expedition?"

"He believes that the general feeling up at Kalmacks is in his favor, and the shooting of the warden as well as the writing of this letter is the world it as strong party, and he hopes to discover who is threatening him. By the way, didn't I hear from Sir Andrew McLerrick that you had been in the woods all these last falls with a wonderful guide who could read tralls like Uncas, the last of the Delawares, or one of those old trappers one reads of in Fenimo

"That's true."

"Thut's true."
"What is his name?"
"November Joe."
"November Joe." she repeated. "I
visualize him at once. A wintry looking old man, with gray goatee and
piercing eyes."
I burst out laughing. "It's extraordinary you should hit him off so well."
"He must come too," she commanded.

fishing there."

fishing there."

That is it. It's a place you'd lovelots of good rooms and standing way back on a mountain slope, with miles of view and a stream tumbling past the very door. Father bought it last year and with it all the sporting rights

Julius Fischer claimed. The woods are full of moose, and the woods are full of moose, and the content of the story of our terms of the story of the story of our terms of the story of the stor

the car window, suddenly exclaimed: "Look at that magnificent young

man!"
"Which one?" I asked innocently as
I caught sight of November's tall fig ure awaiting us

"How many men in sight answer my
description" she retorted "Of course
I mean the woodsman Why, he's
coming this way I must speak to

Before I could answer she had jump

ed lightly to the platform and, turning to Joe with a childlike expression in her blue eyes, said: "Oh, can you tell me how many min

ntes this train stops here?"
"It don't generally stop here at all but they flagged her because they're expecting passengers. Can I help you

any, miss? "It's very kind of you." At this moment I appeared from the car. "Hello, Joe!" said I. "How are things?"

"All right. Mr. Quaritch. There's "All right, Mr. Quartich. There's two slick buckboards with a pair of horses to each waiting and a wagon ette fit for the king o' Russia. The road between this and the mountains is flooded by beaver working in a back water 'bout ten miles out. They say we can drive through all right. Miss Petersham needn't fear getting too wet."

wet."
"How do you know my name?" ex

claimed Linda.
"I heard you described, miss," replied Joe gravely.
Linda looked at me.
"Good for the old mossback!" said 1
Her lips bent into a sudden smile "You must be Mr. November Joe. have heard so much of you from Mr

We went out and loaded our bag gage upon the waiting buckboards. One of these was driven by a small, sallow faced man, who turned out to

be the second game warden, Puttick asked how Worke, the wounded man, was pro-

the identity of the man who fired the shot?" "Nothing," said Puttick, "and not

likely to. They're all banded together up there."

On which cheerful information our

On which cheerful information our little caravan started. At Linda's wish Joe took the place of the driver of Mr. Petersham's light imported wagonette, and as we went along she gave him a very clear story of the sequence of events, to all of which he listened with the characteristic series of "Well". with the characteristic series of "Well.

nows!" and "You don't says!" with
which he was in the habit of punctuatling the remarks of a lady. He said
them, as usual, in a voice which not
only emphasized the facts at exactly
the right places, but also lent an air

When we stopped near a patch of pine trees to partake of an impromptu lunch it was his quick hands that pre-pared the campfire and his skilled ax that fashioned the rude but comforta that fashioned the rude but comfortable seats. It was he also who disappeared for a moment to return with three half pound trout that he had taken by some swift process of his own from the brook, of which we only heard the murraur. And for all these doings he received an amount of open admiration from Linda's blue eyes which seemed to me almost exagger. which seemed to me almost exagger

ated.
"I think your November Joe is a per fect dear." she confided to me.
"If you really think that," said 1.
"have mercy on him! You do not want to add his scalp to all the oth

"Many of the others are baid." said he. "His hair would furnish a dozen

of them!"

Men of the Mountains

O the afternoon passed away, and as it became late we entered great tracts of gloomy pine woods. A wind which had risen with the evening most through their tops and flung the dark waters of innumerable little lakes against their moss bordered shores.

of innumerable little lakes against their moss bordered shores.

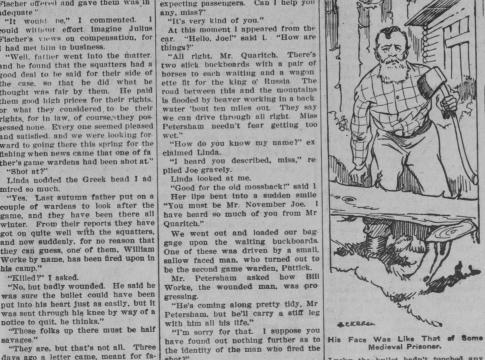
I noticed that Puttle his rifle and laid it among the packs upon the buckboard beside him, and when ever the road dipped to a more than usually somber defile his eyes, quick and restless as those of some forest animal, darted and peered into the shadows. The light of the sun was fading when there occurred the one in cident of our journey. It was not of real importance, but I think it made an impression on all of us. The road along which we were driving came suddenly out into an open space, and here in front of a shack of the roughest description a man was engaged in cutting logs. As we passed be glanced up at us, and his face was like that of some medieval prisoner—a tangle of wild beard, a mass of grayish hair and among it all a pair of eyes which seemed to glare forth hatred. There was something ominous about the wolfish face.

It was siready dark when we arrived at the house a long low hullding of

It was already dark when we arriv ed at the house, a long, low building of surprising spaciousness, set literally among the pines, the fragrant brancl es of which tapped and rustled upon the windows.

We went in, and while dinner was We went in, and while dinner was preparing Mr. Petersham, Joe and I went to the room where the wounded game warden. Worke, lay upon a bed smoking a pipe with a candle sputter-ing on a chair beside him.

"Yes, Mr. Petersham," said he in answer to a question. "When you went away last fail 1 did think things was setting down a bit, but a week ago while Puttick was on the eastern boundary I thought I'd go up to Seniis lake, where last year Keoxhan had the brook netted. I was making a fire to boil my kettle when a shot was fired from the rocks up above, and the next I knew was that I was hit pretty bad through this knee.
"It was coming on dark, and I rolled into a bush for cover, but whoever it were didn't fire at me again. I don't think he wanted to kill me. If he had he could have put the builet into my heart just as easy as in my leg. I tied up the wound the best way I could. "Yes, Mr. Petersham," said he in an



big artery. Next morning I crawled up the hill and lit signal smokes till Puttick came. He brought me in "I suppose Puttick had a look round

Lucky the bullet hadn't touched any

for the tracks of the fella who gunned you?" asked November. "He did, but he didn't find out nothing. There was a light shower be-tween dark and dawn, and the ground

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the scene of Worke's accident. The old tracks, of course, were long since washed away, and I thought, with the others, that Joe's visit had been fruit less until he showed me the shell of

an exploded cartridge
"The bullet which went through Bill
Worke's leg came out of that. I found
it on the bill above. It's a 45.75 cen
trai fire rifle, an old '76 model."

tral fire rifle, an old '76 model."

"This is a great discovery you and Miss Petersham have made."

Joe smiled "There's nothing much to it, anyway She lost her brooch somewhere by the lake and was lookin for it when I found this." Joe indicated the exploded shell. "The mountains is full of 45.75 guns, 1876 pattern. Some years back a big from mongery store down here went bust and threw a fine stock of them caliber rifles on the market. A few dollars would buy one, so there's one in pretty nigh every house and two and three in some. Howsoever, it may be useful to know that him that shot Bill Worke carried that kind o' a rifle.

Worke carried that kind o' a rifle. Still, we'd best keep it to ourselves. Mr. Quaritch." Mr. Quartich."

"All right," said I. "By the way, Joe, there's a side to the situation I don't understand. We've been here four days, and nothing has happened. I mean Mr. Petersham has had no word of where to put the \$5.000 black. If you have any symptoms like pain in your back, frequent scanty or painful action, tired feeling, aches and pains, get Foley's Kidney Pills to-day. Sold everywhere.

"I can't think of any."

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch!

"Maybe there's a reason for that."
"I can't think of any."
"What about the sand?"
"The sand?" I repeated.

The sand?" I repeated.

The sand?" I repeated.

The sand?" I got the sand laid all round the house. It takes a track wonderful. I guess it's pretty near impossible to come nigh the house without leaving a clear trail. But the first rainy night, I mean when there's rain enough to wash out tracks."

rain enough to wash out tracks."
"They'll come?"

"They'll come?"
"Yes, they'll likely come."
But as it happened Joe was wrong.
I believe that his reasoning was correct enough, and that it was the fear of leaving such marks as would enable us to gather something of their identity that kept the enemy from pinning upon our door the letter which finally serviced prosestedly anough in a chear. arrived prosaically enough in a cheap store envelope that bore the Priamville postmark. The contents of this letter were as follows:

Petersham, you go alone to Butler's cairn 11 o'clock Friday night. Take the foliars along; youl be met their and can hand it over. Below was a rude drawing of a cof-

Petersham read the note out to Joe

"I know it." said November.

ler's cairn is on a hill about two miles west of here." "I suppose you won't go?" said I.

"With the money? Certainly not!"
"You can hardly go without it."
"You would be shot down."
"I'd talk to the ruffians first and the

"I'd talk to the rumans rist and then if there was any shooting, I guess I'd be as much in it as they would."
"I suggest that we all three go," I said.
But Joe would have none of this stipation.

plan

FOR RENT-Nine room house, o would rent part of same, on Main street. above B. & O. Also one-half of house for rent, of four rooms, rear of 413 Main street. For Sale—Good sized double heater and other articles. Apply to LUKE HAY, 413 Main Street.

FIVE CENTS PROVES IT. . A generous offer. Cut this ad out, enclose with it 5 cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., and receive a free trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds, croup, bronchial and lagrippe coughs; Foly Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic

Tablets. Sold everywhere. To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters,

e family system tonic. Price \$1.00 LIFE INSURANCE REFUSED. Ever notice how closely life insurance examiners look for symptoms of kidney diseases? They do so becaus weakened kidneys lead to many forma

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching 50c a box.

How to Cure a La Grippe Cough. Lagrippe coughs demand instant treatment. They show a serious condiion of the system and are weakening. Postmaster Collins, Barnegat, N. J. says: "I took Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for a violent lagrippe cough that completely exhausted me and less than a half bottle stopped the cough." Try it. Sold everywhe

State of Ohio, City of Toledo \\
Lucas County, \quad \(\ss\)
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon blood and mucous surfaces of

Send for testimonials F. J. CHENEY, & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75 cents pur

ottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for Con

"There's nothing to be gained by that, Mr. Quaritch. You bet these fellas'll keep a pretty bright lookout. If they saw three of us coming they'd shoot as like as not.

"I was thinking I might slip right along to Bytler's eain and morths can dull lifeless inget, belt sick on the "I was chinking I might stip right along to Butler's cairn and maybe get a look at the fellas."

"No!" said Petersham decidedly. "I wards off disease. Foley Cartharde won't allow it. You say yourself you Tablets clean the system, keep the stomach sweet, liver active and bow-