

No. 14
LAND
you land
the terms
GREGOR.
onicas,
its
se lines.
y Piano
that is
but we
tee for
you will
EPAIRS,
e have
ts. up.
Clocks,
s, etc.
GOLDT
AL
r.
IME
arm.
hibit
and
SK.
Dich
be
it
in
len
nd.
afet
ht.
t.
on
en
res-
hat
th,
rip-
ed;
the
ons

faced the door. It was thrown open, and a big gingerbread Swede demanded his business.

"I've just called around to take back my foxes," said Stafford.

"Vot foxes?"

"The blacks and silvers you stole."

"You are mad!"

"Shut it!" cried Stafford. "Ten days ago you and your wife, having decoyed me away to Valdez, went to Eel Island. 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 figure 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.

"Zot! Vot then?" jeered Jurgensen.

"Then you rowed over to Edith Island and marooned my man Aleut Sam, who 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 catching sight of Joe and myself.

"I'll 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 from the kettle when she lifted it, for he found her tracks at my place by the stove. He's the man that discovered an 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 venomously as he bowed his head. "Vot you vant—your terms?" he asked at last.

Stafford had his answer ready. "My own foxes—that's restoration—and two of yours by way of interest—that's retribution."

"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 haf 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 eagerness 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."

"Poo! I haf read of all that in the book 'Zientific Selektion 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."

Jurgensen raised startled eyes. "You see me?"

"No."

"How you know then?"

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

CHAPTER XIII.

Linda Petersham.

NOVEMBER JOE had bidden me farewell at the little siding known by the picturesque 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 had already come before another vacation in the woods had begun to merge into possibility. About this time Linda Petersham rang me up on the telephone and demanded my presence at lunch.

"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 for 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 Kalmacks."

"Kalmacks? I know it is the place Julius Fischer built up in the mountains. He used to go shooting and fishing there."

"That is it. It's a place you'd love—lots of good rooms and standing water 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 there are beaver and otter, and that's where the trouble came in."

"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? Why did Mr. Petersham have anything to do with the place?"

"Oh, it was just one of pop's notions, I suppose," said Linda, with the rather weary tolerance of the modern daughter.

"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 offered and gave them was inadequate."

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

"Well, father went into the matter, and he found that the squatters had a good deal to be said for their side of the case, so that he did what he thought was fair by them. He paid them 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 forward 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 admired 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."

"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 was sent through his knee by way of a notice to quit, he thinks."

"Those folks up there must be half savages."

"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! Don't you come in our woods unless you're willing to pay five thousand dollars. Bring the goods and you'll be told when to put it, so it will come into the hands of rixers. Dollars ain't nothin' to you, but they can keep an expanding bullet out for 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."

"But of course he will go! He's more set on going than ever. You know father when he's dealing with men. And he persists in his opinion that the letter is probably only bluff."

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 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 mean 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 us."

"Us?" I cried.

"Naturally, I'm going."

"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 Kalmacks people would attack a woman. And father is all that I have in the world. I'm going."

"Then I suppose I shall have to go too. But tell me what purpose does your father think he 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 work of a small band of individuals who wish to blackmail him. We will be quite a strong party, and he hopes to discover who is threatening him. By the way, didn't I hear from Sir Andrew McLerick that you had been in the woods all these last falls with a wonderful guide who could read trails like Uncas, the last of the Delaware, or one of those old trappers one reads of in Fenimore Cooper's novels?"

"That'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.

Up a day I got Joe, who arranged to meet us at Primville, the nearest point on the railway to those mountains in the heart of which the estate Kalmacks was situated. I myself ranged to accompany the Petersham into the story of our journey so

Primville I need not go, but will pick up the sequence of events at the moment of our arrival at that enterprising town, when Linda, looking from the car window, suddenly exclaimed: "Look at that magnificent young man!"

"Which one?" I asked innocently as I caught sight of November's tall figure 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 him."

Before I could answer she had jumped lightly to the platform and turning to Joe with a childlike expression in her blue eyes, said:

"Oh, can you tell me how many miles this train stops here?"

"It doesn'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 two slick buckboards with a pair of horses to each waiting and a wagonette 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."

"How do you know my name?" exclaimed Linda.

"I heard you described, miss," replied Joe gravely.

Linda looked at me.

"Good for the old woodcock!" said I. Her lips bent into a sudden smile. "You must be Mr. November Joe. I have heard so much of you from Mr. Quaritch."

We went out and loaded our baggage upon the waiting buckboards. One of these was driven by a small, sawtooth faced man, who turned out to be the second game warden, Puttick.

Mr. Petersham asked how Bill Worke, the wounded man, was progressing.

"He's coming along pretty tidy, Mr. Petersham, but he'll carry a stiff leg with him all his life."

"I'm sorry for that. I suppose you have found out nothing further as to 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 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, nows" and "You don't say!" with which he was in the habit of punctuating 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 of subtle compliment to the eloquence of the narrator.

When we stopped near a patch of pine trees to partake of an impromptu lunch it was his quick hands that prepared the campfire and his skilled ax 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 murmur. And for all these things he received an amount of open admiration from Linda's blue eyes which seemed to me almost exaggerated.

"I think your November Joe is a perfect dear," she confided to me.

"If you really think that," said I, "have mercy on him! You do not want to add his scalp to all the others."

"Many of the others are bald," said she. "His hair would furnish a dozen of them!"

To be continued.

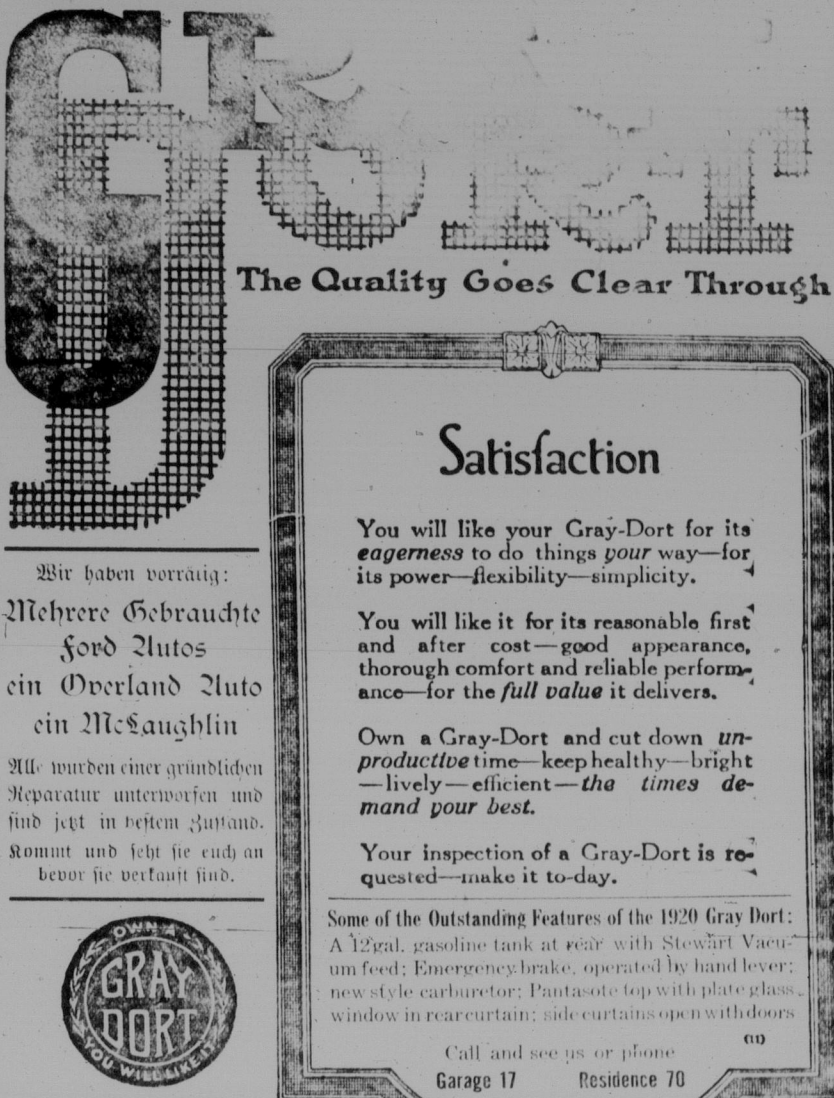
Jede Person, ob steuerbar oder nicht (also ein jeder) muß seine Einkommensteuer-Papiere bis zum 31. Mai 1920 einreichen. Jene, welche dieses zu tun verfehlen, unterliegen einer Geldstrafe von \$100.00 für einen jeden Tag nach Ablauf des Termines. Es spricht das Gesetz. — Versäumt es also nicht, mich baldmöglichst aufzusuchen, ich werde Euch diese Papiere korrekt ausstellen.

Z. von Rajes, Humboldt.
Auditor, Notary Public, etc.
P. O. Box 264 Telephone 62
Office: Hinter L. Woritzers Schmiede

Gesucht
ein intelligenter katholischer Bursche oder junger Mann, der Lust hat, das Druckerhandwerk zu erlernen. Muß im Deutschen gründlich bewandert sein. Nur solche brauchen sich melden, die dauernd bei der Arbeit bleiben können.

Man wende sich an
St. Peters Bote, Münster, East.

Anzeigen im
St. Peters Bote
haben Erfolg!



The Quality Goes Clear Through

Satisfaction

You will like your Gray-Dort for its eagerness to do things your way—for its power—flexibility—simplicity.

You will like it for its reasonable first and after cost—good appearance, thorough comfort and reliable performance—for the full value it delivers.

Own a Gray-Dort and cut down unproductive time—keep healthy—bright—lively—efficient—the times demand your best.

Your inspection of a Gray-Dort is requested—make it to-day.

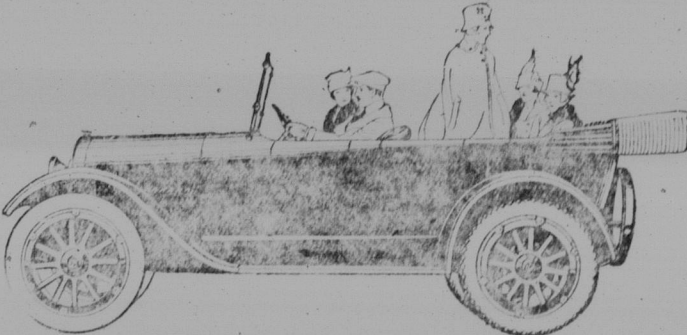
Some of the Outstanding Features of the 1920 Gray Dort:
A 12gal. gasoline tank at rear with Stewart Vacuum feed; Emergency brake, operated by hand lever; new style carburetor; Pantasote top with plate glass window in rear curtain; side curtains open with doors.

Call and see us or phone
Garage 17 Residence 70

KELLY BROS., HUMBOLDT.
Agents For Dominion Life Insurance

CHEVROLET

THE CAR OF QUALITY



Model F. B. Touring "Baby Grand"

A Complete Stock of all
Auto Accessories, Repairs
Also TIRES of all Makes
Always on Hand

A. J. BORGET, Dealer
Show Room Main Str. - - HUMBOLDT, SASK.