

November Joe

The Detective of the Woods.

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by HESKETH PRICHARD

Continued.

CHAPTER VI.

The Black Fox Skin.

YOU must understand that from this time on my association with November Joe was not continuous but fitful and that after the events I have just written down I went back to Quebec, where I became once more immersed in my business. Of Joe I heard from time to time, generally by means of snatched letters obviously written from camp and usually smelling of wood smoke. It was such a letter which in the following year caused me once more to look November Joe up again.

Mr. Quaritch said when I was up at Widdener Pond and I see a wonderful red deer buck, I cross the line out of the thick Maine woods to take the place of a fox skin that he had just found. This great fellow has had an accident to his horn or something for they come out of his head thick and stunted like and all over little points. Then horns would look fine at the top of the stairs in your house to Quebec, so come and try for them. I'll be down to Mrs. Harding's Friday morning so as I can meet you if you can come. There's only three moose using round here, two cows, and a mean little fellow of a bull.

"This was the letter which caused me to seek Mrs. Harding's, but owing to a slight accident to the rig I was driven up in. I arrived late to find that November had come up to a neighborly farm on some business, leaving word that should I arrive I was to start for his shack and that he would catch me up on the way. November struck my trail and it was long after dark when we reached November's shack that evening. As he opened the door he displaced something white which lay just inside it.

"It's a letter," he said in surprise as he handed it to me. "What does it say, Mr. Quaritch?"

"I read it aloud. It ran: 'I am in trouble, Joe. Somebody is robbing my traps. When you get home, which I pray will be soon, come right over.'"

"The skunk!" cried November. "I had never seen him so moved. He had been away hunting for three days and returned to find this message."

"The darned skunk," he repeated, "to rob her traps!"

"Her—a woman?"

"Sally's name," he said. "You're sure heard of her?"

"No; who is she?"

"I'll tell you," said Joe. "Sally's a mighty brave girl—that is, she's a widow. She was married on Rose four years ago last Christmas, and the autumn after he got his back broke to the Red Star lumber camp, leaving Sally just enough dollars to carry her to the birth of her son. To make a long story short, there was lots of boys ready to fill dead man Rose's place when they knew her money must be giving out, and the neighbors were wonderful interested to know which Sal would take. But it soon came out that Sal wasn't taking any of them, but had decided to try what she could do with the trapping herself.

"Just that. Rose worked a line of traps, and Sal was fixed to make her living and the boy's that way. Said a woman was liable to be as successful a trapper as a man. She's at it near three year now, and she's made good. Lives with her boy about four hours' walk west of here, with not an other house within five miles of her. She's got a young sister, Ruby, with her on account of the kid, as she has to be out such a lot."

"Not much later I was following November's dimly moving figure upon as hard a woods march as I ever care to try. I was not sorry when a thong of my moccasin gave way and Joe allowed me a minute to tie it up and to get my wind.

"There's Tom Carroll, Phil Gort and Inlin Sylvester," began November abruptly—"those three. They're Sally's nearest neighbors, them and Val Black. Val's a good man, but—"

"But what?" said I absently.

"Him and Tom Carroll's cut the top notches for Sally's favor so far."

"But what's that got to do with—"

"Come on," snapped November and hurried forward to Sally's lonely cabin. Joe knocked at the door, calling at the same time: "It's me. Are you there, Sally?"

"The door opened an inch or two. 'Is it you, Joe?'"

November thrust his right hand with its deep scar across the back through the aperture. "You should know that cut, Sal; you tended it."

"Come in! Come in!"

"I followed Joe into the house and turned to look at Sally. I saw a slim girl with gentle red brown eyes that matched the red brown of her rebellious hair, a small face, pale under its weather tan, but showing a line of milk white skin above her brows. She was, in fact, extremely pretty, with a kind of good looks I had not expected, and ten seconds later I, too, had fallen under the spell of that charm, which was all the more powerful because Sally herself was unconscious of it."

"You've been long in coming, Joe," she said, with a sudden smile. "You were away, of course?"

"Aye, just got back. 'Fore we started for here." He looked around. "Where's your Dan?"

"I've just got him off to sleep on the bed there." She pointed to a deer skin curtain in the corner.

"What? They been frightening him?"

Mrs. Rose looked oddly at November.

"No, but if he heard us talking, he might get scared for the man who's been robbing me was in this room not six hours ago, and Danny saw him."

November raised his eyebrows. "Huh! That's fierce," he said. "Danny's rising three, ain't he? He could tell."

"Nothing at all. It was after dark, and the man had his face muffled. Danny said he was a real good man. He gave him sugar from the cupboard," said Sally.

"His hands, what like was his hands? He gave the sugar?"

"I thought of that, but Danny says he had mitts on. It's more'n three weeks now since I found out the traps were being meddled with. It was done very cunning, but I have my own way of baiting them, and the thief, though he's a clever woodsman and knows a heap, never dropped to that. Sometimes he'd set em and bait em like as if they were never touched at all, and other times he'd just make it appear as if the animal had got itself out."

"He must have left tracks," said Joe. "Some, yes. But he mostly worked when snow was falling. He's been cunning."

"Did any one ever see his tracks but you?"

"Sylvester did."

"How was that?" said Joe, with sudden interest.

"I came on Sylvester one evening when I was trailing the robber."

"Perhaps Sylvester himself was the robber?"

Mrs. Rose shook her head.

"It wasn't him, Joe. He couldn't. I know I was coming on him, and his tracks was quite different."

"Well, but tonight? You say the thief come here tonight? What did he do that for?" said Joe, pushing the tobacco firmly into his pipe bowl.

"He had a good reason," replied Sally, with bitterness. "Last Thursday when I was on my way back from putting my letter under your door I heard something rustling through the scrub ahead of me. It might have been a lynx, or it might have been a dog, but when I came to the trap I saw the thief had made off that minute, for he'd been trying to force open the trap, and when he heard me he wrenched hard, you bet, but he was bound to take care—not to be too rough."

"Good fur, you mean?"

"Good?" Sally's face flushed a soft crimson. "Good? Why, I've never seen one to match it. It was a black fox, lying dead there, but still warm. For it had but just been killed. The pelt was fair in its prime, long and silky and glossy. You can guess, November, what that meant for Danny and me next winter, that I've been worrying about a lot. The whooping cough's weakened him down bad, and I thought of the things I could get for him while I was skinning out the pelt."

Sally's voice shook, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Joe, it's hard—hard! The skin was worth \$800 anywhere, and I come home just singing. I fixed it at once, and then, being scared-like, I hid it in the cupboard over there behind those old magazines. No one but Ruby knew that I had got it. I left Ruby here, but Mrs. Rose had her seventh yesterday morning, and Ruby ran over to help for awhile after she put Danny to bed. The thief must have been on the watch and seen her go."

"Where's Ruby now?" Joe inquired.

"She's stopping the night. They sent over to tell me," replied Sally. "Well, to go on, I had a lynx in one of my traps which got dragged right down by Deerhorn pond, so I was more than special late. Danny began at once to tell me about the man that came in I rushed across and looked in the cupboard. The black fox pelt was gone of course!"

"What did Danny say about the man?"

"Said he had on a big hat and a neckerchief. He didn't speak a word gave Danny sugar, as I have said. He must 'a' been here some time, for he's ransacked the place high and low and took nearly every pelt I got this season."

Joe looked up. "Those pelts mark ed?"

"Yes. My marks on some—seven pricks of a needle."

"You've looked around the house to see if he left anything?"

"Sure!" Sally put her hand in her pocket.

"What?"

"Only this." She opened her hand and disclosed a rifle cartridge.

Joe examined it. "Soft nosed bullet for one of them fancy English guns. Where did you find it?"

"On the floor by the table."

"Huh!" said Joe, and, picking up the lamp, he began carefully and methodically to examine every inch of the room.

"Any one but me been using tobacco in here lately?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," replied Sally.

"A cool hand," said November.

"When he'd got the skin he stopped to fill his pipe. It was then he dropped the cartridge—it came out of his pocket with the pipe, I expect. All that I can tell you about him is that he smokes Gold Nugget"—he pointed to the shreds—"and carries a small bore make of English rifle. Hello! Where's the old bitch?"

"Old Rizzpah? I dunno, less she's gone along to Scat's place. Ruby'd take her if she could, she's that scart of the woods, but Rizzpah's never left Danny before."

Joe drained his cup. "We're not found much inside the house," said he. "As soon as the sun's up we'll try our luck outside. Till then I guess we'd best put in a dose."

Mrs. Rose made up a shakedown of skins near the stove and disappeared behind the deer skin curtain.

When I awoke next morning it was to see, with some astonishment, that a few persons had been drawn into our little drama of the woods. A dark bearded man in the uniform of a game warden was sitting on the other side of the stove.

"This is Game Warden Evans, Mr. Quaritch," she said. "He was at Scat's last night. The-f he heard about me losing fur from the traps and come right over to see if he couldn't help me."

Having exchanged the usual salutations, Evans remarked good humoredly: "November's out trailing the robber. Him and me's been talking about the black fox pelt. Joe's wasting his time all right. I can tell him who the thief is."

"You know?" I exclaimed.

Evans nodded. "I can find out any time."

"How?"

"Care to see?" He rose and went to the door. "Guess Joe missed it," he said, pointing with his finger.

I turned in the direction indicated and saw that upon one of the nails which had been driven into the door of the cabin some bright colored threads were hanging. Going nearer I found them to be strands of pink and gray worsted, twisted together.

"What do you think of that?" asked Evans, with a heavy wink.

"Before I could answer Joe came into sight round a clump of brush on the edge of the clearing."

"Well," called the game warden, "any luck?"

"Not just exactly," he said.

"What do you make of that?" asked Evans again, pointing at the fluttering worsted, with a glance of suppressed triumph at Joe.

"Huh!" said November. "What do you say?"

"Pretty clear evidence that, ain't it? The robber caught his necker on those nails as he slipped out. We're getting closer. English rifle, 'Gold Nugget' in his pipe, and a pink and gray necker. Find a chap that owns all three. It can't be difficult. Wardens have eyes in their heads as well as you, November."

"Sure!" agreed Joe politely, but with an abstracted look, as he examined the door. "You say you found it here?"

"Yes."

"Huh!" said Joe again.

"Anything else on the trail?" asked Evans.

November looked at him. "He shot Rizzpah."

"The old dog! I suppose she attacked him and he shot her."

"Yes, he shot her—first."

"First? What then?"

"He cut her right in pieces with his knife."

Without more words Joe turned back into the woods, and we went after him. Hidden in a low, marshy spot about half a mile from the house, we came upon the body of the dog. It was evident she had been shot—more than that, the carcass was hacked about in a horrible manner.

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"Pink and gray necker," said Joe gently.

A rush of tears filled her red brown eyes.

"Val Black has one like that. I made it for him myself long ago."

"And he has a rifle of some English make," added November.

Mrs. Rose started. "So he has, but I never remembered that till this minute!" She looked back into Joe's gray eyes with indignation. "And he smokes 'Nugget' all right, too. I know it. All the same, it isn't Val!"

"It's queer them bits of worsted on the door-nails," observed Joe judicially. Her color flamed for a moment.

"Why queer? He's been here to see me in us more'n once this time back. The nails might have caught his necker any day," she retorted.

"It's just possible," agreed November in an unconvinced voice.

"It can't be Val!" repeated Mrs. Rose steadily. When we were out of sight and of earshot I turned to November.

"The evidence against Black is pretty strong. What's your notion?"

"Can't say yet. I think we'd best join Evans, he'll be trailing the thief."

We made straight through the woods toward the spot where the dog's body lay. As we walked I tried again to find out Joe's opinion.

"But the motive? Haven't Mrs. Rose and Black always been on good terms?" I persisted.

Joe allowed that was so and added, "Val wanted to marry her years ago."

"But surely Black wouldn't rob her, especially now that he has his chance again?"

"Think not?" said Joe. "I wonder!" After a pause he went on: "But it ain't hard to see what'll be Evans' views on that. He'll say Val's scared of her growing too independent, for she's made good so far with her traps, and so he just naturally took a hand to frighten her into marriage. His case again Val won't break down for want of motive."

"One question more, Joe. Do you really think Val Black is the guilty man?"

November Joe looked up with his quick, sudden smile. "It'll be a shock to Evans if he ain't," said he.

Very soon we struck the robber's trail and saw from a second line of tracks that Evans was ahead of us following it.

"Here the thief goes," said Joe. "See! He's covered his moccasins with deer skin, and here we have Evans' tracks. He's hurring, Evans is. He's feeling good and sure of the man he's after."

Twice November pointed out faint signs that meant nothing to me.

"Here's where the robber stopped to light his pipe. See! There's the mark of the butt of his gun between these roots. The snow's thin there. Must 'a' had a match, that chap," he said after a minute, and, standing with his back to the wind, he made a slight movement of his hand.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Saving myself trouble." He turned at right angles and began searching through the trees. "Here it is. Hung up in a snag. Sendog match he used. Then, catching my eye, he went on: 'Unless he was a fool he'd light his match with his face to the wind. Wouldn't he? And most right handed men 'ud throw the match thereabouts where I hunted for it.'

Well on in the afternoon the trail led out to the banks of a wide and shallow stream, into the waters of which they disappeared. Here we overtook Evans. He was standing by the ashes of a fire almost on the bank.

He looked up as we appeared. "That you, Joe? Chap's took to the water," said the game warden, "but he'll have to do more than that to shake me off."

"Chap made this, too?" inquired November, with a glance at the dead fire.

Evans nodded. "Walked steady till he came here. Dunno what he lit the fire for. Carried grub, I s'pose."

"No; to cook that partridge," said Joe.

I glanced at Evans. His face darkened. Clearly this did not please him.

"Oh, he shot a partridge?"

"No," said Joe; "he noosed it back in the spruces there. The track of the wire noose is plain, and there was some feathers. But look here, Evans he didn't wear no pink necker."

Evans' annoyance passed off and suddenly. "That's funny," said he, "for he left more than a feather and the scrape of a wire." The game warden pulled out a pocketbook and showed us wedged between its pages another strand of the pink and grey wool. "I found it where he passed through those dead spruces. How's that?"

I looked at Joe. To my surprise he threw back his head and gave one of his rare laughs.

"Well," cried Evans, "are you still sure that he didn't wear a pink necker?"

"Sureer than ever," said Joe, and began to poke in the ashes.

Evans eyed him for a moment, transferred his glance to me and winked before long he left us, his last words being that he would have his hands or "Pink Necker" by night.

CHAPTER VII.

"The Pink Necker."

WE sat in silence for some ten minutes after he had gone; then he rose and began to lead away southwest.

Evans II. heard Val Black's the name of the pink necker at Lavette's. It's an order's to a monk that then he'll head straight south. As we got to be there afore

"It's my business to find the man with the pink necker."

That's what made him mad with rage and— Evans waved his hand.

We returned to breakfast at Mrs. Rose's cabin. While we were eating Evans casually brought out a scrap of the worsted he had detached from the nail outside.

"Seen any one with a necker like that, Mrs. Rose?" he asked.

The young woman glanced at the bit of wool, then bent over Danny as she fed him. When she raised her head I noticed that she looked very white.

"There's more'n one of that color hereabouts likely," she replied, with another glance of studied indifference.

"It's not a common pattern of wool," said Evans. "Well, you're all wessies where I got it. I'm off. It's my business to find the man with the pink necker."

Evans nodded and swung off through the door.

November looked at Sally. "Who is he, Sally?"

Mrs. Rose's pretty forehead puckered into a frown. "Who?"

"The afternoon was yet young when I returned at Val Black's. Val was not at home, but Joe entered the up

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and searched it the man what he was a "Then you think I think nothing you man himself, anywa He turned to the came swinging up of middle height, quick eyes and though cropped close tendency to curl. He ber warmly.

To be co

Ein Schwieger "Na, das gib't a gerleiber und B meine Tochter mit. Da muß mir fünf Tausender an wenn er das Mo ja, das muß er keine Würfel!"

So brodette der von Breitegg all wieder ein neuer einziges Kind, die einfaltte. Die aber in Breitegg und darum blieb ganz aus. Kur den Hut nicht, Karl, ein armer vorn, der noch Behner im Bern aber einen heller rage für zwanzig Rutigen ist das so auch dem Bes schönen Tages auf dem Berg zu schneiden. Da Helmbauer mit Esch auf dem Hü Pidel in der Pa Der alte Grauf rend stehen und Geier zwischen Sträucher.

Das kam dem nächig vor; er lo nach in das Bu nicht gehen zu so, daß er den U ten konnte. Die lang herum, ein richtigen Platz ge es war ein Steing hohen Lärchenba Sterne schnell m feinem Pidel ein fe angelegentlich tungen — tat da in dem ein bau Borchheim lam. er in das Loch darauf und darü in der selben B gehabt hatten. sich den Schwe spähte abermal sächlich dann wie

Der Befenbin gut eine halbe Strauchern lieg sich vorständig, um und als er d rein fand, schritt führung, was f bauer unter de habe. Das Lo aufgemacht, de Borchheim un — er war heft teler. — Dem Gedanke durch jubelte:

Jetzt haben n — Jetzt werden tein, die Geel, In der folgen Befenbinder au zwei Tage nach schweren Talen in sechs Papier eine Woche sp auch schon feht Helmbauers S aller Form um

"Ja was me der Bauer, der auf der schwimmt, geb Das muß sch sein."

"St auch ei stoll."

"Ja, wo den pfunne?"

„Rein, Helm term Ruckfütte Mit diesen Befenbinder die der Briefschaf Bauer rih d frage:

Um fimm fünf drus das

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