

laborious movement of weakness went to his room.

When all seemed safe, Petersham and I stole out of hiding like thieves, and though we exchanged no word, Petersham was swearing violently under his breath until he shut his office door.

Rather to my surprise, November Joe came out for a while after supper because he said it was my last evening at Kalmacks. Neither he nor Linda gave any sign that anything unusual had passed between them. Indeed, we were gay enough and we had Charley Paul in to sing us some French-Canadian songs.

After saying goodbye as well as goodnight to Linda and her father, I followed Joe to his room.

"I won't wake you up in the morning, November," I said. "There's nothing like rest and sleep to put you on your legs again."

"I've been trying that cure, Mr. Quaritch, and I won't be long behind you."

"Oh, where are you going to?"

"To my shack on Charley's Brook. I'm kind o' homesick like, and that's the truth."

"But how about Mr. Petersham's wish to give you a start in his business in New York or Montreal?"

"I'm not the kind of a guy for a city, Mr. Qua-