

November Joe

The Detective of the Woods

By HESKETH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER X.

I WANT the whole affair kept up official and secret," said Harris the bank manager.

November Joe nodded. He was seated on the extreme edge of a cliff in the manager's private office, looking curiously out of place in that plainly furnished room.

"The truth is," continued Harris, "we banks cannot afford to have our customers' minds unsettled. There are no just known law, numbers of small depositors, especially in the rural districts, who would be scared out of their senses if they knew that this informant, Cecil James Attersen had made off with a hundred thousand dollars. They'd never trust us again."

"A hundred thousand dollars is a wonderful lot of money," agreed Joe.

"Our reserve is over twenty millions, two hundred thousand a hundred thousand," replied Harris grandiloquently.

"Have you ever seen Attersen?"

"No." November Joe always spends his evenings in the woods, fishing usually. The last two years he has fished Red river. This is what happened. On Saturday I told him to go down to the strong room to fetch up a fresh batch of dollar and five dollar bills, as we were short. It happened that in the same safe there was a number of larger securities. Attersen soon brought me the notes I had sent him for with the keys. That was noon noon on Saturday. We closed at 3 o'clock. Yesterday, Monday, Attersen did not turn up. At first I thought nothing of it, and when it came to mid-morning and he had neither appeared nor sent any reason for his absence, I began to smell a rat. I went down to the strong room and found that over \$100,000 in notes and larger securities were missing.

I communicated at once with the police, and they started to make inquiries. The constable of Robertville replied that a man answering to the description of Attersen was seen by a farmer walking along the Stenshaw road and heading north on Sunday morning early."

At this point a knock knocked at the door and someone brought in some letters. Harris scolded as he noticed the writing on one of them. He cut it open, and when the clerk was gone out he read aloud:

"Dear Harris—I hereby return my application for admission to the Chamber of Commerce. It is a desirably nice answer it is so far a man of size. You can give the word's screw that's owing to me to my wife and help her to the next meeting of directors. Yours truly, C. J. ATTERSSEN."

"What's the postmark?" asked Joe.

"Sunday, 1913, m.m." "It looks like Attersen's the thief," remarked Joe. "I'm inclined that way because Attersen had that letter posted in a can—con-what's the word?"

"Confederate?"

"You've got it. He was seen here in town on Sunday at 10:30, and he couldn't have posted his letter between here and Quebec unless he confesses where he has the stuff hid."

"He won't ever put you wise," said Joe definitely.

"Why do you say that?"

"'Cause he can't. He don't know himself."

"But?" was all Hobson's answer as he turned his head.

November Joe did not move as Hobson, his wrist strapped to Attersen's, disappeared down the trail by which we had come.

"Well," I said, "what next?"

"I'll take another look around," Joe led the way down to the river, which though not more than fifty yards away, was hidden from us by the thick trees.

It was a slow flowing river, and in the soft mud of the margin I saw, to my surprise, the quite recent traces of a canoe having been beached. Beside the canoe there was also on the mud the faint mark of a paddle having lain at full length.

Joe pointed to it. The paddle had evidently, I thought, fallen from the canoe, for the impression it had left on the soft surface was very slight.

"How long ago was the canoe here?"

"At first light—maybe between 3 and 4 o'clock," replied Joe.

"Then I don't see how it helps you. It's coming up now, and the distance between here and Quebec makes it impossible for the impression it had left on the soft surface to be seen."

"Then the canoe can be only a confidence."

November shook his head. "I wouldn't go quite so far as to say that, Mr. Quaritch."

"Red river, because if it really was Attersen the farmer saw I guess he must have gone up there. None of them trappers there now in July month, so he can steal a canoe easy. Besides, a man who fears pursuit always likes to get into a country he knows, and you heard Mr. Harris say how Attersen had fished Red river two vacations. Besides—he has stopped and pointed to the ground—"lens' Attersen's tracks," he said. "Lewistown, it's a black fox to a lynx pel they are big."

"Where are you heading for?" Hobson had asked Joe.

Twenty hours later Joe, a police trooper named Hobson and I were deep in the woods. We had hardly paused to interview the farmer at Robertville and then had passed on down the old deserted roads until at last we entered the forest, or, as it is locally called, the bush."

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"I wonder if Attersen has confessed

"But you've never seen him. What reason have you?" demanded Hobson.

"When first we happened on them about four hours back, while you was lightin' your pipe," replied Joe, "they come out of the bush, and when we reached near Cartier's place they went back into the bush again. Then a mile beyond Cartier's out of the bush they come on to the road again. What can that circumstantial mean? Fellet who made the tracks don't want to be seen. No, 8 boots, city made, nails in 'em, rubber heels. Come on."

I will not attempt to describe our journey hour by hour nor tell how November held to the trail, following it over areas of hard ground and rock noticing a scratch here and a broken twig there. The next morning November wakened us at daylight, and once more we hastened forward.

For some time we followed Attersen's footstep and then found that they left the road.

We moved on quietly and saw that not fifty yards ahead of us a man was walking excitedly up and down. His head was sunk upon his chest in an attitude of the utmost despair. He waved his hands, and on the still air there came to us the sound of his mournful muttering.

We crept upon him. As we did so Hobson leaped forward and snatched his handcuffs on the man's wrists.

"Cecil Attersen, I've got you!"

"By the Lord, I'd like to hear exactly what I'm charged with," said Attersen.

Hobson plunged his hand into Attersen's pockets and searched him thoroughly, but found nothing.

"They are not on him," he cried.

"Try his pack."

From the pack November produced a square bottle of whisky, some bread, salt, a slab of bacon, and two eggs.

"Where have you hidden the stuff?" demanded Hobson.

"Suddenly Attersen blanched.

"So you think I should try the tough?" he said.

"I've my own down on them, and the gods they've been hit by some one, though I'm not the man. Any way, I'll have you and them for wrongfully arrest with violence."

November was fingering over the pack, which lay open on the ground, examining it and its contents with concentrated attention. Hobson had sunk down under a tree like a man wearied out.

Hobson and Joe made a rapid examination of the vicinity. A few yards brought them to the end of Attersen's tracks.

"Here's where he slept," said Hobson. "It's all pretty clean. He was dug tired and just collapsed. I guess that was last night. It's an old camping place, this. But where has he enclosed the lamb's property?"

For upward of an hour Hobson searched every conceivable spot. But so too November Joe, who, after a couple of quick casts down to the river, made a fire, put on the kettle and did his pipe.

At length Hobson ceased his exertions and accepted a cup of tea Joe had brewed.

"There's nothing in the camp but the trail starts right where he slept. He never moved a foot beyond that nor went down to the river, 100 yards away. The camp's either encamped there, this. But where has he enclosed the lamb's property?"

For several minutes Attersen sat silent, his eyes fixed on the back trail. I'm thinking he'll confess, all right, when I get him alone."

"I.e., you're nothing to go on," I cried. "Are you sure of this? How can you know?"

"I'll tell you when I've got those hawk hawks back."



CLERGY ORDINATION PROVED FRAUDULENT

No Divine Authority For Their Ecclesiastical Titles.

Christian People Humbugged—Dignified False Pretenses—Christ's Kingdom Thereby Injured—Shackles of Ignorance and Superstition Forged. The Start of the Error—Its Motive Its Bad Effects—The Proper Remedy.

New York City, Dec. 6.—Pastor Russell, speaking today at New York City Temple, W. 3d Street and Broadway, took for his text, "CIT Y ALONE sp're not show My people their trut's & g'st's & st's & t's" (Isaiah 30:18). He prefaced his address with some remarks respecting the unpleasant duty implied in his text, declaring that he would far rather speak only smooth, pleasant things to everybody and concerning everybody. The Pastor, concerning his many faculty of stating pertinent truths in sympathetic language well supported by kindly rimes. He speaks from the heart and carries conviction as respects his sincerity. He said in part:

"Every inhuman student of the Bible surely will agree that our Redeemer and His disciples manifested great humility in contrast with the clergy of our day and of centuries past. None of our Lord's disciples were hypocrites, Right Reverends, Most Reverend—none of them were Geologists. They knew nothing whatever about the distinction between clergy and laity which subsequently developed. Jesus failed not to receive the title of Lord, or Master, Teacher; but with great humility He pointed out that His teaching was not His own, that He spoke the Message of the Father. Similarly the Apostle glorified God, and declared themselves "men of like passions with yourselves." Jesus taught His disciples that they should not be seeking that they should not seek the honor which cometh from men, but only that which cometh down from above. "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." was His way of forewarning us against the error which afterward divided the Lord's people into clergy and laity.

Shackles of Ignorance and Superstition.

It is but reasonable to assume that many Christian ministers have not studied deeply nor thought carefully on this subject, but have merely followed the beaten path of their various denominations without inquiring for the Divine authority of their ordination titles, and honors of men as titled ecclesiastics. But our sympathy should not hinder us from freeing our minds of the shackles of ignorance and superstition, nor hinder us from helping others to the liberty wherewith Christ makes free.

The persecutions of the Second and Third Centuries undoubtedly tended to keep the Church humble and free from hypocrisy, but the prosperity dating from the beginning of the Fourth Century had a bad effect.

Many of the bishops, according to Church history, neglected to follow the example of Jesus and the Apostles, and became lords, dukes, earls in the Church, seeking to impress the worldly, especially the rulers, with their importance.

Protestants and Christ's Kingdom.

Protestants are much confused respecting the papal claim that Christ's Kingdom has been set up. They, of course, deny that the Popes are Christ's vicegerent. Nevertheless, they have followed Papacy's lead in telling worldly kingdoms and rulers that they are part and parcel of Christ's Kingdom—"Christendom." They send their emissaries to the world among the smaller units of these kingdoms. They receive financial support and recognition from them, and call upon the civil power to suppress so-called heretics, refuse them access to pulpits, etc. Thus they follow closely in the footsteps of their Mother.

Altogether these false doctrines are surely responsible not only for many of the wars of the past, but also for the present European war.

We may assume that some of the clergy, Catholic and Protestant, are thoroughly convinced and honestly doing what they believe to be the Lord's will in these matters. But, on the other hand, we are bound to assume that in the light of our day there are thousands of ministers who are not deceived—who know full well that the world is ruled, not by Christ and His teachings, but by self-seeking kings, princes, nobles, financiers, politicians, etc.

But knowing these things, seeing the pride of man, the covetousness, the ambition, the desire for power, the desire for wealth, the desire for pleasure, the desire for gain, and desiring good and evil of God from ignorance, may induce us to say, "We are not bad men, or any part thereof. You and each of us are required to answer for ourselves before the Lord on the 21st day of December, 1915."

For Sale.

A number of Barred Plymouth Rock Cockers, 75c each until December 15th. After that date they will be \$1.00. Will also dispose of young pullets, etc.

For Sale.

100-Acre Farm for Sale.

160 acres, one and one-half miles west of Murray; 12 acres in alfalfa; 12 acres in clover; 7 acres in wild hay; 80 acres fall plowed. Good running water; all can be farmed. For particulars, call or write.

H. C. LONG, Murray, Neb.

12-3-af-wkly

For Sale.

Will Hold Auction December 12th.

The LaF. All society of Mynard, eight Miles Grove will hold their auction on Saturday, December 12th, at the M. W. A. hall at Mynard. They will serve dinner and supper. Every body come.

11-30-af-wkly

For Sale.

Registered Jersey Bull for service. C. E. Babitt, Platte mouth.

1-22-af-wkly

For Sale.

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H. C. LONG, Murray, Neb.

12-3-af-wkly

For Sale.

160-Acre Farm in Western Kansas.

I will trade for acreage or town property. What have you, owner?

A. L. Dill, Papillion, Neb.

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