November Joe

The Detective of the Woods

By HESKETH PRICHARD

CHAPTER VIII.

The Case of Miss Virginia Planx.

NOVEMBER JOE and I had been following a moose since daybreak, moving without speech. Suddenly from somewhere ahead there broke out the sound of two shots and after a minute of two more.

"Two shots going on at steady intervals," said Joe. "That's a call for help. There they go again. We'd best follow them up."

We traveled for half an hour, guided by the sound, and came in sight of a man s[illegible]ding among the trees. We saw h[illegible] raise his rifle and fire twice straight upward to the sky.

"It's [illegible]lanx!" said Joe in surprise.

"What [illegible] The millionaire you went into the woods with to locate timber last year?"

"The identical man."

As we approached Joe hailed him. Planx was a thick shouldered, stout man, his big body set back upon his hips, his big chin thrust forward in a way that accentuated the arrogance of his bulging lips and eyes.

"Ho! It's you, Joe!" he cried.

"Yes, Mr. Planx."

"That is lucky, for I need your help. My daughter was murdered yesterday."

The words made me gasp, and not me only.

"Miss Virginny!" cried Joe. "You can't mean that. Nobody would be brute enough to kill Miss Virginny!"

As we walked Planx gave us the following facts: It appeared that he had been spending the last two weeks in a log hut which had been lent him by a friend, Mr. Wilshere. His household consisted of one servant—his daughter's nurse, a middle aged woman whom they had brought with them from New York—two guides and a man cook. On the previous day Miss Virginia had taken her rod after lunch, as she had often done before, and gone off to the river to fish.

"At 5 I went to join her. She was not there. Her rod lay broken, and there were signs of a struggle and the tracks of two men. I shouted for Ed, the old guide. He came running down, and we took up the trail. It led us straight over to Mooseshank lake. The ruffians had put her in our own canoe and gone out on the lake."

Planx paused and presently continued:

"We went round the lake and found on the far side the spot where they had beached the canoe. Leading up into the woods from that point, we again struck the trail of the two men, but my daughter was no longer with them. When they left the canoe they were going light. They must have drowned her in the lake. It's clear enough. Presently I saw something floating on the water. It was her hat."

"Had Miss Virginny any jewelry on her?" asked Joe.

"A watch and a necklace."

"What value?"

"Seven or eight hundred dollars."

"Huh," said November reflectively. "And what did you do after finding her hat?"

"We trailed the two villains until they got on to some rocky ground. It was too dark then to do more, so we returned. Five thousand dollars if you lay hands on them," he said.

By the river the traces were so plain that any one could read them—the slender feet of the victim and the larger footprints of the two men. The fishing rod, snapped off toward the top of the middle joint, had been left where it had fallen. It seemed as if the girl had tried to defend herself with it. Next we went to the lake.

November literally nosed his way along. The moccasined tracks of the two men showed faintly here and there on the softer parts of the ground.

"Looks as if they was toting something," said Joe. "They must 'a' carried her. Stop! They set her down here for a spell."

Another moment brought us over the rise and in sight of Mooseshank lake. I halted involuntarily. The place seemed created for the scene of a tragedy.

November had pushed on to the spot where footprints and other signs showed where the men had entered the canoe. The deep slide of a moccasined foot in the mud seemed to tell of the effort it required to get the girl embarked.

"They took her out on the lake and murdered her!" groaned Planx. "Dragging? There's no use dragging, that water goes plumb down to the root of the world."

After that we went around to the other side of the lake and saw the beached canoe. The two sets of moccasined tracks showed clearly on the strip of mud by the water, but were soon lost in the tumbled debris of a two-year-old stony landslip over which trailing appeared quite impossible. November was busy about this landing place for a longer time than I expected, then he crossed the landslide at right angles and disappeared from our view. Soon he came hurrying toward us.

"She isn't dead."

"What?"

"Anyways, she wasn't when she passed here. I have a proof here that you will think mighty good." He drew out a little leather case I had given him and extracted from it a long hair of a beautiful red gold color. "Look at that! I found it in the spruces above there."

Planx took it gently in his great fingers. He was visibly much moved. For a few seconds he held it without speaking, then, "That grew on Virginia's head, sure enough, Joe. Is it possible my girl is alive?"

"She is, sure! Don't be afeared. You'll soon have news of her, I can promise you that, Mr. Planx. This wasn't no case of murder. It's just an abduction. They'd never be such fools as to kill her. They're cuter than that. Isn't she your daughter? They'll hold her to big ransom. That's their game."

An ugly look came into Planx's eyes. "That's their game, is it? I'm not a man that it is easy to milk dollars from," said he.

By this time it was growing too dark for Joe to work any longer. We crossed the lake with Planx, and that night Joe and I camped near the end of Mooseshank lake, where a stream flowed from it.

At dawn, while we were having breakfast, Joe stood up and stared into the trees that grew thick behind us. As he called out I looked back and saw the indistinct figure of a man in their shadow watching us. He beckoned, and we approached him. I saw he was young, with a pale face and rather shabby town made clothes.

"Don't you remember Walter Calvey, November?" he said, holding out his hand. "I was with you and Mr. Planx and—and—her last year in the woods."

"Hub, yes, and what are you doing here, Mr. Calvey?" asked Joe, shaking hands.

"I heard about Virginia. How could I keep away after that?" exclaimed Calvey.

"You've no cause to fret yet," said Joe.

"What? When they've killed her! I'll go with you and if we can find those"—

"Huh! She's not dead! Take my word for it!" Joe's gray eyes gave me a roguish look. "Why, I've got a thing here in my pocketbook you'd give me $100 for!" He held the red gold hair up to the light of the rising sun.

Calvey shook from head to foot.

"Virginia's! You couldn't find its match in Canada! Tell me"—

"I can't wait to tell you and you can't wait to hear. Light out now. Old man Planx could make it unhealthy for you."

"You're right! He hates me because Virginia won't marry Schelberg of the combine. He hasn't let us peef for months. And more than that, he's ruined me and my partner in business. It was easy for a rich man to do that," added Calvey bitterly.

"You go and start into business again," advised Joe. "I'll send you word first thing I know for certain."

But it was some time before he could induce Calvey to leave us. After he had gone I wondered whether Joe suspected him of having a hand in spiriting away Virginia. Presently I asked him.

Joe shook his head. "He couldn't have done it if he wanted to. He's a good young chap, but look at his boots and his clothes—he was bred on a pavement, but he's Miss Virginny's choice for all that. We'll start now, Mr. Quaritch, just where I found that bit of gold caught in a branch that hangs over the little stream up above there. You see, she lost her hat, and she has a splendid lot of hair, and so when I could find no tracks, for they came down the bed of the stream, I searched 'bout as high as her head. I guessed she'd be liable to catch her hair in a branch."

But we had hardly started when we heard the voice of Planx roaring in the wood below us. He was coming along at an extraordinary pace in spite of his ungainly, rolling stride.

"You were right, Joe; Virginia is alive! It is a case of abduction. See what I have here."

He held a long stick or wand in his hand. The top of the wand was roughly split, and a scrap of paper stuck in the cleft.

"Ed's just found this in the canoe on the lake," he went on. "These blackguards must have come back in the night and put it there."

"What have they said in the paper?" asked November.

"'You must pay to get your daughter back. If you want our terms come to the old log camp on Black lake tomorrow night. No tricks. We have you rounded up sure. Don't try to track us or we will make it bad for her.'"

Joe touched the ends of the wand. "Green spruce wood, cut near their camp," said he.

"There's plenty of spruce like that right here," objected Planx; "why do you say it was cut near their camp?"

"It's cut and split with a heavy ax, such as no man ever carries about with him. Well, we'd best do no more tracking till we see the chaps that has Miss Virginny. It's Black lake tonight, then?"

On the way Planx made known to us his plan of campaign. It was a simple one. He would get the men into the hut and speak them fair till a favorable moment presented itself, when he would demand the surrender of his daughter under threat of shooting the kidnapers if they refused or demurred.

"There are three of us, and we can fix them easy," said Planx.

November Joe shook his head. "They're not near such big fools as you think them," he remarked.

We had stopped on some high ground in the shelter of the woods, from which we could see the fishing hut. Joe van-

At the Third Swing of the Light a Voice Hailed Him.

ished with his silent, Indian-like glide, his movements as inaudible as those of a ghost. In about five minutes a light suddenly sprang up in the hut, and Joe's voice called us.

As we entered the door I saw Joe was pointing to a piece of paper which lay on the rough hewn table.

"The same writing as before. Listen to this: 'If you will swear to give us safe conduct we will come to talk it out. If you agree to this wave the lantern three times on the lake shore, and that will mean you give your oath to let us come and go freely.'"

"I told you they were not fools," said Joe. "What's the orders now, Mr. Planx?"

Planx handed Joe the lantern. "Go and wave the lantern."

From the door of the hut we watched November as he walked down to the lake. At the third swing of the light a voice hailed him.

"You hear? They were waiting in a canoe," said Planx to me.

Then followed the splash of paddles and the rasp of the frosted rushes as the canoe took the shore. Joe had returned by this time and hung up the lantern so that it lit the whole of the hut. Then the three of us stood together at one side of the table.

CHAPTER IX.

"Come in, dear Joe."

OUR visitors hesitated outside the door. "There are only two of them," whispered Planx.

As he spoke a short, bearded man in a thick overcoat stepped into the light, followed by a tall and strongly built companion. Both wore black visor masks, with fringe covering the mouth. I noticed they were shod in moccasins.

"Evenin'," said the tall man, who was throughout the spokesman. "My partner and me is come to make you an offer, Mr. Planx. We've got your daughter where you'll never find her, where you'd never dream of looking for her."

"Don't be too sure of that," growled Planx.

"If we agree on a bargain she shall be returned to you unhurt three days from the time the price is paid over, and that price is $100,000.

"Those are our terms. The question for you is do you want your daughter or do you not?"

The next incident was as swift as it was unexpected.

"I conjecture that is something of an easy question to answer," said Planx in his slow tones. "In fact, I"—

On the word he slipped out a revolver. But quick as was Planx's hand to carry out the impulse of his brain, Joe's was quicker. He knocked the revolver from Planx's grasp.

"You treacherous dog, Planx!" cried the kidnaper. "Is that how you keep faith? Well, we have a reply to that too. We offered to give up the girl for $100,000, now we make the price $150,000!"

"I'll never pay a cent of it!" shouted Planx.

"When you come to change your mind," replied the kidnaper quietly, "just hang a white handkerchief on one of the trees at the edge of this wood. Then put the money in notes in that tin on the shelf. Leave us two clear days and you'll get your girl back safe. But if you monkey it will be the worse for her."

Without more words the two masked men left the hut, and, like the explosion of a thunderstorm, Planx opened upon Joe.

November faced the storm with an entirely placid aspect until I began to wonder at his patience. But when at last he spoke the other fell dumb as if Joe had struck him.

"That's settled, Mr. Planx. You've done with me and I've done with you. Now quiet down and out!"

Planx opened his lips as if to speak, but, seeing Joe's face, he changed his mind and rushed from us into the darkness.

At once Joe put out the light. "We can't trust Planx just at the moment. He's fair mad, but we'll have him back in half an hour to show him the way back to Wilshere's," he remarked with a chuckle.

And in fact this was exactly what happened. It was a subdued but still a very resentful Planx whom we escorted through the dark woods. On our way back to our camp Joe made a detour to examine the tracks of the kidnapers by the light of the lantern which he had carried with him.

As had been the case by Mooseshank lake, so now we found the trails very clear near the waterside. Joe studied them for a long time.

"Well, you're out of it now, at any rate," said I.

"And what about my promise to Calvey?" he rejoined. "I'm deeper in it than ever. I've got to find Miss Virginny sure."

"You can't track her because of that threat in the letter to Planx?"

"That's so, but I'll be speaking to Miss Virginny before tomorrow night," said Joe quietly, nor, having made this dramatic announcement, would he say more.

The next morning Joe was early astir.

"What are you going to do today?" said I.

"I'm going to find out the name of the man that has Miss Virginny hid away. If you'll wait here, Mr. Quaritch, I'll come back as soon as I've done it. You've got your rod and there's plenty of fish in the lake."

With that I had to be content. Before starting Joe had laid a bet with me that he would come back with the name of her abductor, and I was wondering what clew he had to go upon. Hardly any that I could think of—the trail of the two men and the golden hair, very little more.

About 2 o'clock I heard November hail me.

"What about the bet?" I called on sight of him. "Who pays?"

"You pay, Mr. Quaritch," said Joe.

"Why, who is it, then?"

"A fellow called Hank Harper."

"Why, I've heard of him. He passes for a man of high character."

Joe laughed. "All the same, he's the chap who done it," said he. "I expect he's got her up at his cabin on Otter brook."

"Look here, November," I said. "You tell me Hank Harper is in the kidnaping business and I believe you, because I've never known you speak without solid facts behind you. But I think you owe me the whole yarn."

Joe pulled out his pipe. "All right Mr. Quaritch. To begin at the beginning. There are two of them. One's this man Harper. I don't know who the other is, and it don't much matter. If we find Harper we find his partner. Well, Miss Virginny was fishing when they stole down upon her and carried her off. I've already told you what happened until they took to the canoe. They paddled across the lake and the two men got out, leaving Miss Virginny in the canoe to paddle herself round and land elsewhere."

"But surely she could have escaped!" I cried.

"She was under their rifles and had to do exactly what she was ordered. I found where she'd landed and followed her tracks to that little waterfall stream, and it was there I found the golden hair. So far, you see, everything fitted in together as good as the jaws of a trap, and the message on the bit of paper about a ransom carried it further on. So did the talk we had with Harper—it must have been him did the speaking—at Black lake. When I knocked up Planx's revolver I was wonderful sorry to have to do it, but a promise is a promise, and he'd passed his word for a safe conduct. After, when my eyes fell upon the trail left by Harper's partner, I knew I never done a better act in my life. It give me a start, I can tell you, Mr. Quaritch! You see, all the weight was in the middle of the moccasion. The heels and toes were hardly marked at all."

November looked at me as if expecting me to see the meaning of this peculiarity, but I shook my head.

"It meant that the foot inside the moccasion was a very little one, a good bit shorter than the moccasin."

"You can't mean"— I began.

"Yes," said Joe. "The second person at Black lake wasn't a man at all, but just Miss Virginny herself."

"Well, if that was so, why, she had the game in her hands then. She had only to appeal to us—to speak."

Joe interrupted me. "Hers was another sort of game. You see, I'm pretty sure that Miss Virginny has kidnaped herself, or, at any rate, consented to be kidnaped. She had just paddled round and joined the two men later, and then when I come to think over it careful I saw how I might raise the name of the man that was helping her. I lit out for Wilshere's camp and asked the woman if there was anything of Miss Virginny's missing from her room. She said there wasn't. Then I saw my way a bit. I was in the woods with Miss Virginny last year, and I know she's mighty particular about personal things. I don't believe she could live a day without a sponge and a comb and, most of all, without a toothbrush. None of them high toned gals can. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, that is so, but"—

"Well," went on November, "if she went of her own free will, as I was thinking she did—or else why did she come to Black lake?—if, as I say, I was right in my notion and she'd made out the plans and kidnaped herself, the man who was with her would be only just her servant, in a manner of speaking. And I was certain that one of the first things she'd do would be to send him to some store to buy the things she wanted most. She couldn't get her own from Planx's camp without giving herself away, so she was bound to send Hank to hike out new ones from somewhere.

"What happened then?"

"I started in on the stores roundabout this country, and with luck I stepped into the big store at Lavette and asked if any one had been buying truck of that kind. They told me Hank Harper. I asked just what. They said a hairbrush, a comb, a couple of toothbrushes and some other gear. That was enough for me. They weren't for Mrs. Hank, who's a halfbreed woman and don't always remember to clean herself o' Saturdays."

"I see," said I.

"The things were bought yesterday, so it all fits in, and there's no more left to find out but why Miss Virginny acted the way she has, and that we'll know before tomorrow."

* * * * * * *

It was well on toward 10 o'clock that night before we reached Harper's cabin on Otter brook. At first we knocked and knocked in vain, but at length a gruff voice demanded angrily what we wanted.

"Tell Miss Virginny Planx that November Joe would like a word or two with her."

"Are you drunk," shouted the man "or only crazy?"

"I've tracked her down fair and square, and I've got to see her."

"I tell you she isn't here."

"Let me in to make sure for myself."

"If a man comes to my door with a threat I'll meet him with my rifle in my hand. So you're warned," came from the cabin.

"All right, then. I'll start back to report to Mr. Planx."

On the words the door opened and a vivid, appealing face looked out. "Come in, dear Joe," said a honeyed voice.

"Thank you, Miss Virginny, I will," said Joe.

We entered. A lamp and the fire lit up the interior of a poor trapper's cabin and lit up also the tall, slim form of Miss Virginia Planx. She wore a buckskin hunting shirt belted in to her waist, and her glorious hair hung down her back in a thick and heavy plait. She held out her hand to Joe with one of the sweetest smiles I have ever seen or dreamed of.

"You're not going to give me away, dear Joe, are you?" said she.

"You've given yourself away, haven't you, Miss Virginny?"

Virginia Planx looked him in the eyes, then she laughed. "I see that I haven't, but can I speak before this gentleman?"

Joe hastened to vouch for my discretion, while Hank Harper nursed his rifle and glowered from the background, where also one could discern the dark face of the half breed squaw. But Miss Virginia showed her complete command of the situation.

"Coffee for these two, please, Mrs. Harper," she cried, and while we were drinking it she told us her story.

"You maybe heard of old Mr. Schelperg of the combine?" she began. "My father wanted to force me to marry him. Why, he's fifty by the look of him, and I'd much rather drown myself than marry him."

"There's younger and better looking boys around, I surmise, Miss Virginny?" returned November meaningly.

Virginia flushed a lovely red. "Why, Joe, it's no use blinking you, for you remember Walter Calvey, don't you?"

"Sure! So it's him. That's good. But I heard he was out of his business," said Joe with apparent simplicity.

"I must tell you all or you won't understand what I did or why I did it. My father ruined Walter, because that would anyhow put off our marriage. Then when the Schelperg affair came on and he gave me no rest I could not stand it any longer. You see, he is so

"Come in, dear Joe," said a honeyed voice.

clever he would pay all my bills, no matter how heavy, but he never let me have more than $5 in my pocket, so that I was helpless. I could never see Walter, nor could I hear from him, and all the time Schelperg was given the run of the house."

November was audibly sympathetic, and so was I.

"Then one day this notion came to me. I planned it all out and got Hank to help. (I'd have asked you, dear Joe, if you'd been there.) Come now, Joe. You must see how good a pupil I was to you and how much I remembered of your tracking, which I used to bother you to teach me."

"You're right smart at it, Miss Virginny!"

"I arranged the broken rod, and Hank and his brother carried me to the canoe. Then they got out on the other side of the lake, and I paddled up near to the rock by the waterfall to put the police or whoever should be sent after me off my trail. I'm real hurt I didn't deceive you, Joe."

"But you did right through—till you come to Black lake," Joe assured her.

"But you did not recognize me then?" she cried. "And I'd put on a pair of Hank's moccasins to make big tracks!"

November explained and added the story of his dismissal by Planx.

"Well, it's lucky you were there, anyhow, or we'd have had poor Hank shot. That fixed me in my determination to get the money. I want it for Walter. I want to make up to him for all that my father has made him lose."

"So Mr. Calvey is in this too?" said Joe in a queer voice.

"If you mean that he knows anything about it, you're absolutely wrong!" exclaimed Virginia passionately. "If he knew, do you think he'd ever take the money? It's going to be sent to him without any name or clew as to where it comes from. Walter is as straight a man as yourself, November Joe!" she added proudly. "You know him and yet you suspected him!"

"I didn't say I did. I was asking for information," said Joe submissively. "But you haven't got the money yet."

"No! But I'll get it in time."

* * * * * * *

And in the end Miss Virginia triumphed. She received her ransom in full, and it is to be doubted if Mr Planx ever had an idea of the trick played on him. And I'm inclined to think Mr. Walter Calvey is still in the dark, too, as to the identity of his anonymous friend. But two things are certain—Mrs. Virginia Calvey is a happy woman, and Hank Harper is doing well on a nice 200 acre farm for which he pays no rent.

(To Be Continued.)

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Advertisements under this heading five cents per line each insertion. Six words will be counted as a line and no advertisement taken for less than ten cents.

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LOST—A check book on the Murray State bank; was inclosed in a cover of the Lincoln State bank. Valuable only to owner. Finder please return to the Murray State bank, Murray, Nebraska.

11-23-3td-2tw

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CHICKENS FOR SALE

A number of Buff Orpington Cockrels and Pullets, also a number of White Orpington Rose Comb Cockrels. Mrs. J. H. Brown, Murray, Nebraska.

NOTICE.

Sealed proposals will be received by the county clerk of Cass county, on or before noon January 1st, 1915, for furnishing the following Books, Blanks and Stationery for said county during the year 1915.

CLASS A—BOOKS.

1-8 quire Chattel Mortgage Record (printed bound).
1-8 quire Claim Register (printed bound).
2 The Fees Record with date year 1915 (printed bound).
1-8 quire med. Deed Record (printed 80 pages).
1-8 quire med. Deed Record (loose leaf).
1-8 quire med. Mortgage Records (printed pages).
1-8 quire med. Miscellaneous Deed Record (loose leaf).
2-8 quire med. Misc. Records (loose leaf).
1-8 quire med. Appearance Docket (printed bound).
1-8 quire med. Court Calendar.
1-8 quire med. Probate Fee Book (printed pages).
Can as covers each.
1-8 quire loose leaf Probate Record.
1-8 quire med. Court Journal (printed bound).
Patent Back, per quire.
1-8 quire med. Trial Docket (printed bound).
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All records to be extra bound of No. 1 Linen Ledger paper, Byron Weber's Ledger Paper or Writing Ledger Paper.

CLASS B—STATIONERY.

Rubber Bands, No. 11, per gross.
Penholders, No. 2476, per dozen.
Writing Fluid—Arnold's, per quart.
Gracene, No. 704, Letter, 16-ounce.
Ink Tablets No. 414 lines, per quart.
Congress The Envelopes, No. 70 3-4 black, per 100.
Envelopes No. 79 plain, per gross.
Congress The Envelopes, No. 10-1, 1-4 black, per 100.
Congress The envelopes, No. 10-3, black, per 100.
Mucilage, Carter's Arabian, per quart.
Congress The envelopes, No. 10-D black, per 100.
Penholders Notarial Seal No. 21, per 100.
Congress The envelopes, No. 10-2-1, per 100.
Pencils, copying, per dozen.
Penholders, No. 1 Crown, per dozen.
Envelopes No. 661 Bonds, per quart.
Congress The envelopes, No. 10, 1-2 black, per 100.
Pencils, Velvet, per dozen.
Rubber Bands, assorted, No. 100, per box.
Red Writing Fluid, per quart.

Separate bids must be made on each class of supplies in the estimate.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Bids will be addressed to County Clerk and marked "Proposals for Books, Blanks and Stationery."

Bidders must give good and sufficient bond for the faithful performance of their contract.

Bids will be opened the first meeting in January.

FRANK J. LIBERHAL,
County Clerk.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.
NOTICE.

In the Matter of the Estate of John A. Lloyd, Deceased.

To All Parties Interested in Said Estate:

You are hereby notified that on the 24th day of November, 1914, Nettie M. Alix filed a petition in the Court aforesaid, among other things, that John A. Lloyd, late of Cass County, Nebraska, departed this life on June 14th, 1903, seized of the legal title to Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, in Block 8, in Smith's Park, an addition to Plattsmouth, and Lot 8, in Block 2, in O'Neill's Addition to Plattsmouth, Nebraska, which real estate was not disposed of by said deceased by will executed in her lifetime, and that more than nine years have elapsed since the death of said deceased, and she prays the Court for a decree establishing of record the right of succession to such real estate to be in the children of said deceased, to-wit: William A. Lloyd, a son; John A. Lloyd, a son; Nettie M. Alix, a daughter; George E. Lloyd, a son; Inez M. Gray, a daughter, and Bertha M. Lessner, a daughter, to each an undivided one-sixth, subject to a right of courtesy and homestead of Joseph T. Lloyd, husband of said deceased, as provided by law.

A hearing will be had upon said petition on the 28th day of December, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the County Court room in Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, and if no objections are filed to such proceeding on or before the time set for hearing the Court may grant the prayer of said petition and decree the right of succession to such premises to be as alleged in said petition.

Dated: November 24th, 1914.

By the Court,
ALLEN J. BRESON,
County Judge.

JOHN M. LEYDA,
Attorney for Petitioner.

TO THE UNKNOWN HEIRS AND DEVISEES OF MOSES R. JACKSON, DECEASED, DEFENDANTS:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 23rd day of November, 1914, John S. Livingston filed his petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, against you, the object and prayer of said petition being to quiet title in said John S. Livingston in and to that part of the southeast quarter (SE¼) of Section twenty-three (23), in Township twelve (12) North of Range thirteen (13), East of the 6th Principal Meridian, in Cass county, Nebraska, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the northwest corner of the southeast quarter (SE¼) of said Section twenty-three (23) and running thence south eighty (80) rods, thence east fifty-two (52) rods, thence north eighty (80) rods, and thence west fifty-two (52) rods to place of beginning, and to forever bar and exclude you and each of you from claiming any interest or estate of any nature in or to said lands, or any part thereof. You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 11th day of January, 1915.

JOHN S. LIVINGSTON,
By MORNSMAN & MAXWELL,
His Attorneys.

11-26-4wks

In the County Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In Re-Estate of Hannah Sechrist, Deceased.

You are hereby notified that hearings upon all claims against said estate will be had at the office of the County Judge, Court House, Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, on December 15, A. D. 1914, and on June 15, A. D. 1915, at nine o'clock a. m. on each of said days, and that all claims not filed before said hour on said last day of hearing will be forever barred. By the Court,

ALLEN J. BRESON,
County Judge.

RAWLS & ROBERTSON,
Attorneys.