

November Joe

The Detective of the Woods

By HESKETH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER XI. Phedre Pointarre.

It was still early afternoon when we arrived in Lendeville, a few scattered farms and a single general store. Outside one of the farmhouses Joe paused.

"I know the chap that lives in here," he said. "He's a pretty mean kind of a man, Mr. Quaritch. I may find a way to make him talk, though if he thought I wanted information he'd not talk with it."

"Say, McAndrew," began Joe, "what's your price for hiring two strong horses and a good backboard to take us and our outfit on from here to the Burnt Lands by Sandy pond?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Huh!" said Joe, "we don't want to buy the old horses?"

The Scotchman's shaven lips set the a chin beard and whiskers opened. "It would na' pay to do it for less."

"Then there's others as will."

"And what might their names be?" inquired McAndrew ironically.

"Them as took up Bank Clerk Atterson when he was here six weeks back."

"Well, you're wrong!" cried McAndrew, "for Bank Clerk Atterson just walked in with young Simon Pointarre and lived with the family at their new mill. So the price is twenty or I'll make a horse for ye."

"Then I'll have to go on to Simon Pointarre. I've heard him well spoken of."

"Have ye now? That's queer, for he—"

"Maybe, then, it was his brother," said Joe quickly.

"Which?"

"The other one that was with Anderson at Red river."

"There was nae one, only the old man, Simon and the two girls."

"Well, anyway, I'll ask the Pointarres' price before I close with ye."

"I'll make a reduce to \$17 if ye agree here and now."

November said something further of Atterson's high regard for Simon Pointarre, which gadded old McAndrew to July.

"And I suppose it was love of Simon that made him employ that family," he snarled. "Oh, yes, that's comic. 'Twas Simon and no that grinning lasher they call Phedre! Atterson? Tush! I tell ye, if ever a man made a rule of himself—"

But here, despite McAndrew's protests, Joe left the farm.

At the store which was next visited we learned the position of the Pointarres' standing and the fact that old Pointarre, the daughters, Phedre and Claire, and one son, Simon, were at home.

The door was opened by a girl of about twenty years of age. Her bright brown eyes and hair made her very good looking. Joe gave her a quick glance.

"I came to see your sister," said he.

"Simon," called the girl, "here's a man to see Phedre."

"What's your business?" growled a man's voice from the inner room.

"Why sent you?"

"Can't tell that, but I guess Miss Pointarre will know when I give her the message."

"Well, I suppose you'd best see her. She's down bringing in the cows. You'll find her below there in the meadow."

Joe thanked him and we set off. A twig broke under my foot, and the girl swung round at the noise.

"What do you want?" she asked.

She was tall and really gloriously handsome.

"I've come from Atterson. I've just seen him," said November.

"There are many people who see him every day. What of that?"

"Huh! Don't they read the newspaper in Lendeville? There's something about him going round. I came thinking you'd sure want to hear," said November.

The color rose in Phedre's beautiful face.

"They're saying," went on Joe, "that he robbed the bank where he is employed of \$100,000, and instead of trying to get away on the train or by one of the steamers he made for the woods."

Phedre turned away as if bored.

"What interest have I in this? It enables me to listen."

"Well," replied November. "With the police I went and soon struck Atterson's trail on the old colonial post road and in time came up with Atterson himself high Red river. The police takes Atterson prisoner, but they found nothing. Though they searched him and all round about the camp, they found nothing."

"He had hidden it, I suppose."

"So the police thought. And I thought the same till—November's gaze never left her face—"I'll see his eyes. The pupils were like pin points

in his head." He paused and added: "I got the bottle of whisky that was in his pack. It'll go in as evidence."

"Of what?" she cried impatiently.

"That Atterson was drugged and the bank property stole from him. You see," continued Joe, "this robbery wasn't altogether Atterson's own idea."

"Ah."

"No, I guess he had the first notion of it when he was on his vacation six weeks back. He was in love with a wonderful handsome girl. Blue eyes she had and black hair, and her teeth was as good as yours. She pretended to be in love with him, but all along she was in love with—well, I can't say who she was in love with—herself likely. Anyway, I expect she used all her influence to make Atterson rob the bank and then light out for the woods with the stuff. He does all she wants. On his way to the woods she meets him with a pack of food and necessities. In that pack was a bottle of drugged whisky. She asks him where he's going to camp that night, he suspects nothing and tells her, and off she goes in a canoe up Red river till she comes to opposite where he's lying drugged. She lands and robs him, but she don't want him to know who done that, so she plays an old game to conceal her tracks. She's a rare active young woman, so she carries out her plan, gets back to her canoe and home to Lendeville. Need I tell any more about her?"

"During Joe's story Phedre's color had slowly died away.

"You are very clever!" she said bitterly. "But why should you tell me all this?"

"Because I'm going to advise you to hand over the \$100,000 you took from Atterson. I'm in this case for the bank."

"!" she exclaimed violently. "Do you dare to say that I had anything whatever to do with this robbery, that I have the \$100,000? Bah! I know nothing about it. How should I?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "Then I beg your pardon, Miss Pointarre, and I say good bye. I must go and make my report to the police and let them act their own way." He turned, but he had gone more than a step or two she called to him.

"There is one point you have missed for all your cleverness," she said. "Suppose what you have said is true, may it not be that the girl who robbed Atterson took the money just to return it to the bank?"

"Don't seem to be that way, for she has just denied all knowledge of the property and denied she had it before two witnesses. Besides, when Atterson comes to know that he's been made a catspaw of he'll be liable to turn king's evidence. No, miss, your only chance is to hand over the stuff—here and now."

"To you!" she scoffed. "And who are you? What right have you?"

"I'm in this case for the bank. Old McAndrew knows me well and can tell you my name."

"What is it?"

"People mostly call me November Joe."

She threw back her head—every attitude, every movement of hers was wonderful.

"Now, supposing that the money could be found, what would you do?"

"I'd go to the bank and tell them I'd

Without arousing McAndrew's suspicions, Joe satisfied the girl as to his identity.

Before dark she met us again. "There!" she said, thrusting a packet into Joe's hand. "But look out for yourself! Atterson isn't the only man who'd break the law for love of me. Think of that at night in the lonely bush!"

I saw her sharp white teeth grind together as the words came from between them.

"My!" ejaculated November, looking after her receding figure. "She's a bad loser, ain't she, Mr. Quaritch?"

We went back into Quebec and Joe made over to the bank the amount of their loss as soon as Harris, the manager, agreed (rather against his will) that no questions should be asked nor action taken.

The same evening I, not being under the same embargo regarding questions, inquired from Joe how in the world the fair Phedre covered her tracks from the canoe to where Atterson was lying.

"That was simple for an active girl. She walked ashore along the paddle, and after her return to the canoe threw water upon the mark it made in the mud. Didn't you notice how faint it was?"

"But when she got on shore—how did she hide her trail then?"

"It's not a new trick. She took a couple of short logs with her in the canoe. First she'd put one down and step onto it, then she'd put the other one farther up and step onto that. Next she'd lift the one behind, and so on. Why did she do that? Well, I reckon she thought the trick good enough to blind Atterson. If he'd found a woman's tracks after being robbed he'd have suspected."

"But you said before we left Atterson's camp that whoever robbed him was middle height, a light weight and had black hair?"

"Well, hadn't she? Light weight because the logs wasn't much drove into the ground, not tall since the marks of them was so close together."

"But the black hair?"

Joe laughed. "That was the surest thing of the lot and put me wise to it and Phedre at the start. Twisted up in the buckle of the pack she gave Atterson I found several strands of splendid black hair. She must 'a' caught her hair in the bottles while carrying it."

"But, Joe, you also said at Red river that the person who robbed Atterson was not more than twenty-five years old?"

"Well, the hair proved it was a woman, and what had being in love with her face would make a slip up bank clerk like Atterson have any truck with a settler's girl? And then kind early ripe and so off their looks at twenty-five. I guess, Mr. Quaritch, her age was a pretty safe shot."

(To Be Continued.)

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

C. H. Fuller departed this morning for South Omaha, where he will attend to some business matters for the day.

John McNurin returned home this morning from Cullom, where he has been for several days past visiting with relatives near that place.

Dr. J. H. Hall drove in this afternoon from his farm home near Murray to spend a few hours here looking after some business matters with the merchants.

H. C. Van Horn was among the passengers this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where he goes to look after his property interests in that city for a short time.

Mrs. John Wiles accompanied her sister, Mrs. Robert Knight, of Malvern, Iowa, home last evening and will enjoy several days' visit there. Mrs. Knight has been here for the past few days.

Frederick O. Schlichtemeier, F. Frank Schlichtemeier, William Schlichtemeier and Mrs. Minerva J. Tucker came in yesterday from their home near Nehawka to look after some matters with the merchants.

Mrs. Charles Peacock departed last evening on No. 2 for New Bloomfield, Missouri, where she will spend a short time with relatives, and on her return trip home will stop at Higginsville, Missouri, for a few days' visit.

George H. Tams was among those going to Omaha this afternoon, where he will turn over to Val J. Peter of the German relief committee the funds raised here by the Germans for the aid of the suffering in the Fatherland.

George Hild of Pekin, Illinois, who has been here for some time visiting through the county with relatives and in this city with M. Hild and family, departed last evening for his home in the east. Adam Hild, an uncle, came in from his farm near Mynard to bid George farewell.

George Reynolds, one of the prosperous farmers residing south of this city, came in this morning from his home and was among the passengers on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where he will visit for the day looking after some matters on the stock exchange at South Omaha.

From Tuesday's Daily.

Tom Svoboda was a visitor in Pacific Junction for a few hours today, going to that city on No. 24.

Roy D. Stine and wife were among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where they will visit for a short time with friends and relatives.

Attorney Francis A. Brogan of Omaha came down this morning over the Burlington to look after some matters of business in the district court.

John Bergman, one of the prominent farmers of near Mynard, was here today for a few hours looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

Adam Sachtgen of Benton county, Arkansas, who has been here for a short visit at the home of Henry Ofe and family, departed yesterday afternoon for his home in the south.

Albert Wetenkamp, one of the prosperous farmers from the vicinity of Mynard, was here yesterday afternoon for a few hours looking after some matters of business in this city.

Mrs. Hiram Chase of Pender, Neb., who has been here as a guest at the home of her cousin, Mrs. C. E. Babbitt, for the past few days, departed this afternoon for her home.

Mrs. T. H. Pollock departed this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where she will visit for a few hours with friends and in attending to some matters of business.

Ed Egenberger, wife and little son were among the passengers this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where they will visit for the day looking after some matters of business.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Walter Wunderlich of Nehawka is in the city today visiting with relatives and friends for a short time.

F. J. Rhoden of near Murray was in the city today for a few hours attending to some matters of business with the merchants.

Charles Gerlach of Manley came in this afternoon on No. 24 to spend a short time here looking after some matters of business.

E. B. Taylor of Weeping Water came over yesterday afternoon to look after some matters of business at the court house.

Mrs. Arthur Baker of Murray departed this morning on the early Burlington train for Omaha, where she will visit for the day looking after some matters of business.

A. L. Thacker, one of the young farmers of near Union, who has been here visiting his sister in this city,

was a passenger this morning for Omaha to spend the day.

P. J. Vallery, wife and daughter, Miss Lottie, were among the passengers this morning on No. 15 for Omaha, where they were called on some matters of importance.

Ernest Mutschulat of Page, Neb., a former Plattsmouth young man, is here on a short visit with relatives and friends, arriving yesterday, and will remain here a few days.

Theodore Rager of Murdock, and his brother-in-law, Calvin J. Leis, of Hemingford, Neb., were attending to some important business matters in this city yesterday.

Joseph Sveta, a former resident of this city, but now located near Milligan, Neb., where he is farming, and who, in company with his son, has been visiting with old friends in this city, departed this morning for his home.

From Thursday's Daily.

Miss Daisy Perry was among those going to Omaha this morning, where she will visit for the day with friends.

Thomas Sullivan of Omaha, who has been visiting at the John Fight home for a short time, departed this morning for the metropolis to resume his duties there.

James Gilmour of Ulysses, Neb., arrived in this city yesterday at noon for a visit with relatives and friends in this vicinity. He was a pleasant caller at this office.

Glen Edwards departed this morning for Rock Bluffs, where he expects to assist Joe Wheeler on the farm in a number of agricultural experiments which Mr. Edwards is adept in.

Misses Pauline and Fay Oldham of Murray were in the city today for a few hours visiting with friends, and while here were callers at the Journal office for a short visit.

County Commissioner C. E. Heebner returned this morning from Omaha, where he has been attending the meeting of the county commissioners and clerks being held in that city this week.

County Clerk F. J. Libershal returned home this morning from Omaha, where he has been in attendance at the meeting of the county commissioners and clerks' association that was held there this week.

Edward Oliver, jr., of Rock Springs, Wyoming, who has been here for the past few days visiting with relatives in this city and vicinity, was among those going to Omaha this morning to take in the sights of Nebraska's metropolis.

G. F. Gruber of Denver, Colorado, who for the past few months has been in Florida looking after some business matters, arrived in the city this morning and will spend the day here with his uncle, Lig B. Brown, before resuming his journey to his home in the west. While here Mr. Gruber, in company with Mr. Brown, called at the Journal office.

From Thursday's Daily.

Good Roads Project.

In traveling from town west on the Louisville road it is noticeable that great improvement has been made on the hills adjoining town. This improvement is for all time to come, and the wonder is why it was not done years ago; and why not continue in the good work? If the farmers in a certain district would all do a little donation work on the road they are using 365 days in the year, soon a better road would be had. With our present road overseers instructing a few men and teams could in a very short while cut down the hills and transfer the dirt to a fill in the low places, making a much more level road. To be sure you will find some that will not donate labor of this kind, without being well paid. But just the same they like to travel on good roads.

They will not exert a muscle to help the cause along. But you'll find them very willing in hauling off their corn. To fill their wagons full. With extra sideboards, too. Their horses draw it easy. Because the hills are leveled down. They are early home to supper. The evening chores all done; They smoke their pipe "contented" At what others folks have done. —One Who Will Donate Work.

LOST—Between the Burlington station and the W. C. Tippens home, an Eastern Star pin. Finder please leave same at this office and receive suitable reward. 12-10-tfd

Sell your property by an ad in The Journal.

Public Sale!

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction at my father's place, two and one-half miles northwest of Nehawka, three and one-half west and four and one-half south of Murray, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m. on TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1914, the following described property, to-wit:

Six Head of Horses.

Consisting of: 1 blue roan horse 9 years old, weight 1,400.

1 bay mare, smooth mouth, weight 1,250.

1 bay blind mare, smooth mouth, weight 1,300.

1 bay mare 7 years old, weight 1,050.

1 blue roan mare 6 years old, weight 1,100, and one suckling colt.

12 head of Shoats and 2 good Brood Sows.

Farm Machinery.

1 Henry top buggy, nearly new.

3 Newton wagons, 3 1/4-inch.

1 steel low wagon.

2 hay racks.

1 hob sled.

1 Sterling hay rake.

McCormick mower, 5-foot cut.

2 Avery cultivators.

Janesville Budlong disc.

Janesville planter, nearly new.

Janesville walking plow, 16-inch.

J. I. Case gang, 12-inch.

Deere Riding lister, 14-inch.

McCormick binder, 7-foot cut, nearly new.

Deering binder, 6-foot cut.

Blacksmith blower, anvil and vice, corn elevator, jack.

Joliet 8 horse power Keystone 4-hole sheller.

Emerson 1 1/2 horse power gas engine.

Stickney pump jack.

Swinging frame buzz saw, disc sharpener, sickle grinder, emery stand, polishing wheel, grind stone.

Cable stacking outfit.

8-barrel steel watering tank.

2 sets of 1 1/4-inch harness.

Set of driving harness.

About 300 bushels of oats, and other articles too numerous to mention.

LUNCH ON THE GROUNDS.

TERMS OF SALE:

On sums over \$10 a credit of 8 months will be given, purchaser giving bankable note drawing 8 per cent interest. Sums under \$10, cash. Nothing to be removed until settled for.

H. A. SCHWARTZ.

D. C. WEST, Clerk.

WM. DUNN, Auctioneer.

Public Auction

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction at his place, four and a half miles west and one mile south of Murray, four and a half miles north and one mile west of Nehawka, two miles north and six miles east of Weeping Water, and one mile south any one mile west of the old Fulton shop, on THURSDAY DECEMBER 17, 1914, the following described property, to-wit:

Nine Head of Horses.

One span sorrel mares, with foal, smooth mouth, weight 2,400.

One driving team mares, six and four years old, weight 2,000.

Two yearling mare colts.

Two suckling colts, one mare, one horse.

One two-year-old gelding, weight 1,050.

Fourteen Head of Cattle.

One roan cow, eight years old, fresh January 20th.

On red cow, five years old, fresh.

One black cow, 4 years old, giving milk.

Two yearling heifers.

One bull calf, four months old.

One spotted cow, five years old, fresh January 27th.

One Holstein cow, seven years old, fresh.

One Jersey cow, five years old, giving milk.

One red cow, seven years old, fresh.

Two spring heifers.

One yearling bull.

One bull calf, six weeks old.

One thoroughbred Chester White bear.

One Duroc-Jersey boar.

Thirteen shoats.

Farm Implements.

One 7-foot McCormick binder.

One 5-foot McCormick mower.

Four farm wagons, one nearly new.

One Peru 16-inch sulky plow.

One VanBrunt 12-hole press drill.

One Peru riding lister.

One Velie top buggy.

One 16-inch walking plow.

One set buggy harness.

One hay rack and truck.

One Kasoo sleigh gear.

One U. S. cream separator.

25 or 30 bushels of potatoes.

One Deere 4-wheel lister, nearly new.

One Moline riding cultivator.

Make Your Wants Known

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.

FOR SALE—20 tons of good prairie hay. T. H. Pollock. Tel. 215.

FOR SALE—Splendid improved 160-acre farm near Plattsmouth. Price and terms right. Call for particulars. T. H. Pollock. Tel. 215.

FOR SALE—Seven-year-old mare, weight over 1,500 pounds. Also 30 head of spring shoats. C. E. Babbitt, Plattsmouth, Neb.

FOR SALE—A good dray wagon, cheap for cash. T. H. Pollock. Tel. 215.

FOR RENT—7-room house and 3/4 acres. Barn and chicken coop. Near city boundary. A snap for chicken ranch. Apply at Electric Shoe Store, South 6th street. 12-7-2wks-w

STRAY bear taken up at my place. Black with white spots. Louis Friedrich. 12-7-tfw

We are in the market to buy your cream every day in the year. Highest prices at all times. Zuckweiler & Luth. 12-7-2wks-w

TAKEN UP—Black Holstein heifer. Owner may have same by calling at my place and paying for this advertisement. Wm. Wehrlein. 10-7-tfw

Registered Jersey Bull for service. C. E. Babbitt, Plattsmouth. 1-2-2mos-wkly

160-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-tf-wkly

160 Acres in Western Kansas. I will trade for acreage or town property. What have you, owner? A. L. Eolin, Papillion, Neb. 12-3-tf-wkly

Wall Paper. Gering & Co. Phone 36.



"Atterson isn't the only man who'd break the law for love of me."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

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

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In Re-Estate of Hannah Sechris, 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 ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.

RAWLS & ROBERTSON, Attorneys.