

November Joe The Detective of the Woods By HESKETH PRICHARD Copyright, 1913. By Hesketh Prichard

CHAPTER XV. The Man in the Black Hat. We were silent for a moment. Then Petersham turned to Puttick. "What do you think of it, Ben? You have some experience of these squatters up here. Do you think they mean business?" "There ain't much feeling about these mountain men," Puttick answered bitterly. "And now I says this to you, Mr. Petersham, and I can't never say nothing stronger. If you're minded to stay on here at this place, you must pay if you don't want Miss Petersham hurt or killed."

"There was five shots," Puttick said deliberately. "I heard 'em myself. That means Joe's dead, if it was him they shot at. If we go we'll soon be dead too." "Oh, you coward!" cried Linda. Puttick turned a dull red. "I'm no coward, Miss Linda, but I'm no fool. I'm a woodsman. I know." "There is a good deal of sense in what Ben says," I put in. "I think his best place is here with you. He 'You're not think I'm in danger?" "You're in great danger, Miss Linda." "Then you must go out with me, Joe. If you are with me they will not dare."

and take a look at him." With difficulty and with many pauses we reached the top of the little ridge. The dead man lay as Joe had said quite near the small maple. The bullet had entered his throat. He was a tall, black haired, black bearded man of medium size. Joe leaned against the maple tree and looked down at him. "I seem to know the fellow's face," I said. "Yes; you seem him the day we come, cutting wood by the shack." "Now, Joe, lean on me, and we'll try to make for home, for I saw he was very weak." "Must just look around, Mr. Quaritch. See here! He was smoking his pipe. Look at the ashes—a regular handful of them. He must 'a' lain for me all of a hour before I come along. Here's his rifle—a 30-30. Wonder who he is?" Joe lay back, panting.

"No, Joe. Do you think I'm frightened?" "Huh! I know you're brave, but a man acts queer without the women looking on." Without a word she turned and walked out of the room. "Puttick's going to confess, Mr. Petersham," went on November. "I've nothing to confess, you fool!" "Not even that story you invented about the man with the red blanket across his face—the man who wasn't never there?" "What's he ravin' about?" cried Puttick. "Have you forgot them long hairer Tomlinson brothers that—"

self to draw their fire. Why did you do it? If you had been killed I should never have got over it." "And what 'ud I have done if you'd been killed, Miss Linda?" "What do you mean, Joe?" said Linda softly. "I mean that if one of the party I were with got killed in the woods while I was their guide I'd go right into Quebec and run a boarding house or become a politician. That's all I'd be good for!" CHAPTER XVII. The City or the Woods? ALTHOUGH Dandy Tomlinson's bullet had passed through Joe's shoulder, it had left a very ugly wound, but the young woodsman's clean and healthy life stood him in good stead, and the process of healing went on rapidly. We had fetched a doctor from Primmville, who left a string of instructions, which Linda carried out as closely as she could. Indeed, she would have devoted most of her time to Joe, but he managed to make her spend a good part of each day out of doors. Sometimes he would beg for a fish for his supper and she must catch it herself to prove how well she had profited by his teaching. There were half a hundred things he suggested, not one of which was obvious or trifling, and I marvelled at his familiarity. "I'm not fishing the time long, Joe?" I said on one occasion. "No, Mr. Quaritch, the hours slip past quick enough. I've never had a lieby and awhile for thinking since I been a man. There's a good few puzzles to life that was waiting once or another. I s'pose."

"Which puzzle is it that you are facing now?" "Mr. Petersham wants to be the making of me." "Then you're about the luckiest young man in this hemisphere." "Just so, and I feel his kindness is more'n I deserve. He'd make me head warden here for a bit first and then send some kind of a professor to teach me how to talk and fix me up generally." "Well, that sounds very reasonable," I commented. "And after they'd scraped some of the moss off me he'd put me into his office." I hid the astonishment I felt at this announcement. "After that it'd be up to me to make good. He'd help all he knew." "It sounds a very brilliant future for you, November."

PROBATE NOTICE. In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Archibald Hager, Deceased. To All Persons Interested in Said Estate. You are hereby notified that on the 24th day of December, 1914, there was filed in the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska, a petition for the probate of an instrument purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, and that application thereof be granted to Allen J. Beeson, named as Executor in said instrument, or to some other suitable person, as to the court may seem proper. You will further take notice that a hearing on said petition and the proofs of the execution of said instrument, will be had on the 31st day of January, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the County Court Room in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, and that unless cause be shown on or before said day and hour of hearing, the said instrument may be granted and said instrument admitted to probate. Witness my hand and seal of said Court at Plattsmouth, this 24th day of December, 1914. ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge. JOHN M. LEYDA, Attorney for Petitioner. 12-14-2wks



Joe Leaned Against the Maple Tree and Looked Down on Him.

Evening had fallen before we ultimately arrived at Kalmacks. We approached the house with care and entered by a window at the back, as Joe thought it possible the front entrance might be commanded from the wood on that side. We went at once to the room where Works was lying and Joe gave him a rapid description of the man he had shot. "That's Tomlinson," said Works at once. "Then two brothers lives together. What have they been doing?" "You'll know afore night," replied Joe. "Dandy is the one with the black beard, while him they calls Muppy is a fey colored man." "Thank you," said Joe. "Now, Bill, if you keep them names to yourself I'll come back in half an hour and tell you who it was shot you."

"Go on, Joe. We're still in the dark, Joe," said Linda. "Well, Miss Linda, you remember how Puttick advised Mr. Petersham to pay or go, and how I told him to stick it out, and when I'd given him that advice, I said to you that I was going across to Senlis lake, and asked Mr. Quaritch to look after Puttick. There was a good chance that Puttick would put on one of his partners to scare me. You see nobody knew which way I were going but you and him, so it'd be fair certain that if I was interfered with it would prove Puttick guilty."

"That was clever, though you ran a horrible risk. Was there any particular reason why you chose to go to Senlis lake?" "Sure, I wanted to see if any one had been over there looking for your brooch. Only us and Puttick knew it was lost, and you'd said how your father had paid dollars and dollars for it. When a thing like that's lost woodsmen 'll go miles to try to find it, and Puttick must 'a' told the Tomlinsons, for there was tracks all around our fire where we boiled the kettle." "Do you think they found my brooch?" "Huh! No. I pick it up myself five minutes after you drop it. I only kept it, pretending it was lost, as a bait like. I've told you what happened to me coming back and how I had to shoot Dandy Tomlinson. His shooting at me after I was down gave me a surprise, for I didn't think he'd want to do more than scare me, but I guess it was natural enough, for Puttick was gettin' rattled at me always nosin' around."

LEGAL NOTICE. In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of John M. Johnson, Deceased. To All Persons Interested: You are hereby notified that on the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the County Court Room in the City of Plattsmouth, in said county, there will be a hearing upon the final report of the administrator of said estate and his petition for final settlement; that at said time and place evidence will be taken and an order entered naming the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and assigning the residue of said estate, if any, to the heirs; that all objections to said report and petition must be filed in this court on or before said hour of said day. Dated this 12th day of December, A. D. 1914. By the Court, ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge. 12-14-2wks

THE UNKNOWN HEIRS AND DECEASED DEFENDANTS. You are hereby notified that on the 23rd day of November, 1914, John S. Livingston filed his petition in the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska, against you, the object and prayer of said petition being to quiet title in and to that part of the northeast quarter (SE 1/4) of Section twenty-three (23) of Township twelve (12) North of Range thirteen (13) East of the 10th Principal Meridian, in Cass County, Nebraska, as more fully described as follows: Commencing at the northeast corner of said section (SE 1/4) 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 in said land, or any part thereof. You, and each of you, are required to answer said petition on or before the 14th day of January, 1915. By: MOISSMAN & MAXWELL, Attorneys. 12-26-4wks