

# November Joe

## The Detective of the Woods

By HESKETH PRICHARD

Copyright, 1913.  
By Hesketh Prichard

"I did, and he made two false cuts where his knife slipped in the dark. You're wonderful at questions."  
"And you at answers."  
November stirred the embers under the kettle, and the twilight lit up his fine face as he turned with a yawn.  
"My," said he, "but I'm glad Higginson had his reasons. I'd 'a' hated to think of that old man shut in where he couldn't see the sun rise. Wouldn't you?"

### CHAPTER IV. The Seven Lumberjacks.

THE more I saw of Joe in the days which followed, the more I appreciated the man and the more I became convinced of his remarkable gifts. It was not long after our return from St. Ansel before Joe succeeded in getting no fair shot at the huge red deer buck of Widdemey pond, and it so happened that the killing of this buck brought us news of old Higginson, for we took the head down to him to set up.  
Joe and I walked over and found him living with his daughter, Janey Lyon, for the police had never been successful in discovering the identity of the evildoer of Big Tree portage. The two seemed very happy together, but I must acknowledge that I feared from what I saw that the beautiful Janey would not continue to bear the name of Lyon much longer, I said as much to November Joe as we were walking back.  
"That's nature," said he. "Old Man Higginson told me that neither Baxter Card nor Miller don't give her no peace. Well, I guess a woman's better married an' easy."

It was drawing on toward evening and had begun to rain when we turned from the woods into the mile long trail that led to November's shack. His quick glances fell at once upon the ground and, following his eyes, I saw the impression of fresh tracks.  
"What do they tell you?" I asked, for it was always a matter of interest to me to put November's skill to the little daily tests that came in my way.  
"Try yourself," said he.  
"A man in moosehide—probably an Indian—has passed along. Isn't that right?" I asked.  
November Joe smiled grimly.  
"Not just quite. The man isn't an Indian; he's a white man, and he carries big news and has not come very far."  
"You're sure?" I said, stooping to examine the trail more closely, but without result.  
"Certain! The Indian moosehide has no raised heel. These have. He's not come far. He's traveling fast—see, he springs from the tail of the foot, and when a man finishes a journey on the run you may be sure he thinks he's got a good reason for getting to the end of it. This trail leads nowhere but to my shack, and we'll sure find our man there."

Ten minutes later, when we came in sight of November's home, we were aware of a big man sitting on a log smoking his pipe beside the door. He was middle aged, with a hard face, and there was more gray in his russet beard than his age warranted. As soon as we appeared he leaped up and came across the open to meet us.  
"Blackmask is at it again!" he cried. I saw a gleam of anticipation, if not of pleasure, cross November's face. He turned to me.  
"This is Mr. Close, manager of the Silver Star pulp company's Camp C," he said. "I'd like to make you known to Mr. Quaritch, Mr. Close." This courtesy concluded, he added in his deliberate tones, "What's Blackmask done now?"  
"He's at his old trick! But this year we'll lay him by the heels, or my name's not Joshua Close." The speaker looked up, and seeing my puzzled expression, addressed himself to me.  
"Last year there were five separate robberies committed on the road between Camp C and the settlement," he explained. "Each time it was just a single lumberjack who got held up, and each time a man in a black mask was the robber. November here was away."

"Up in Wyoming with a Philadelphia lawyer after elk," supplemented the tall young woodsman.  
"The police failed to make any arrest, though once they were on the ground within four hours of the hold-up," went on Close. "But all that is ancient history. It is what happened to Dan Michaels last night that brought me here at seven miles an hour. Dan has been working for pretty nigh a three months' stretch, and the day before yesterday he came into the office and told me his mother was dead and he must have leave for the funeral. He had a good big roll of bills due, and I could see he meant to blow them, so I paid him and told him I'd try to keep a job warm for him till he came back from the funeral. I gave him ten days to get through with his spree. Something I'd said annoyed

### Mistaken Diagnosis—Doctors Guess Wrong Again

About five years ago I wrote to you that I had been a terrible sufferer from kidney and bladder troubles, and that my physician informed me that my left kidney was in such condition that there was no hope of my recovery. I was advised to try your Swamp-Root as a last resort, and after taking four fifty-cent size bottles, I passed a gravel stone which weighed ten grains. I afterward forwarded you this gravel stone. Have had no return of any trouble since that time and cannot say too much in favor of your wonderful preparation, Swamp-Root, which cures, after physicians fail.

Very truly yours,  
P. H. HORNE,  
Route 2, Box 35  
Roseboro, N. C.

Personally appeared before me, this 21st day of July, 1909, P. H. Horne, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

JAMES M. HALL,  
Notary Public

Letter to  
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,  
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Bisbee Daily Review. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

him, and after telling the cook his opinion of me and saying he wouldn't sleep another night in a camp where I was less he leaped out for the settlement.  
"By himself?"  
"Yes, alone. Next morning, bright and early, he was back again, and this was the yarn he spun me. He'd made about eight miles when it came on darkish, and he decided to camp just beyond where we did the most of our timber cut last year. He slept at once and remembered nothing more until he was started awake by a noise shouting at him. He sat up blinking, but the talk he heard soon fetched his eyes open.  
"Hands up and no fooling!"  
"Of course he put up his hands. He'd no choice, for he couldn't see any one. Then another man who was in the bushes behind his back ordered him to haul out his bundle of notes and chuck them to the far side of the fire or take the consequences. Dan saw a revolver barrel gleam in the bush. He cursed a bit, but the thieves had the drop on him, so he just had to out with his wad of notes and leave them ever as he was told. A third lot in the fire flared up at the minute, and as the notes touched the ground he saw a chap in a black mask step out and pick them up and then jump back into the dark. Then the voice that spoke first gave him the hint not to move for two hours or he'd be shot like a dog. He sat out the two hours by his watch without hearing a sound and then came back to C.  
"When the boys got all the facts the whole camp was aghast and as mad as he was. They put up \$50 reward for any one giving information that will lead to catching the robbers, and I added another hundred for the company. So now, Joe, if you can clap your hand on the brutes you'll be doing yourself a good turn and others too."  
Close ended his narration, and looked at November, who had listened throughout in his habitual silence.  
"Do the boys up at C know you're come to me?" he said.  
"No, I thought it wiser they shouldn't."  
November remained silent for a moment.  
"You'd best get away back, Mr. Close," he said at length. "I'll go down to Perkins' clearing, and have a look at the spot where the robbery took place, and then I'll find some excuse to take me to Camp C, when I can make my report to you."  
To this Close agreed, and the two of us set out through the woods to the site of Dan Michaels' bygone. The ashes of a fire and a few boughs made his warty furnishings, and in neither did November take much interest. Forth and back he moved, apparently following lines of tracks which the dewing rain of the previous day had almost obliterated, until, indeed, after ten minutes, he gave it up.  
"Well, well," said he, in his soft, cadenced voice, "he always did have the luck."  
"Who?"  
"The robber. Look at last year! Got clear every time."

"The robbers," I corrected.  
"There's but one," said he.  
"Michaels mentioned two robbers, and the man in the mask stepped into sight at the same moment as the fire glared on the revolver of the other man in the bushes."  
Without a word November led me to the farther side of the dead fire and parted the boughs of a spruce, which I had previously seen him examine. At a height of less than five feet from the ground one or two twigs were broken, and the bark had been rubbed near the trunk.  
"He was a mighty interesting man—him with the revolver." November threw back his handsome head and laughed. "There was only one chap, and he fixed the revolver here in that fork. It was a good bluff he played on Dan, making him think there was two men him! The rain's washed out most of the tracks, so we'll go up to Camp C and try our luck there. But first I'd better shoot a deer and the boys'll think I only come to carry them some meat, as I often do when I kill anywhere else the camp."  
As we made our way toward C, November found the tracks of a young buck which had crossed the tote road since the rain, and while I waited he slipped away like a shadow into the wild raspberry growth, returning twenty minutes later with the buck upon his shoulders.  
On reaching Camp C November sold his deer to the cook, and then we went to the office. The men were all away at work, but we found the manager, to

and leave one to speak and the others taken all he'd through with it we'd get at the facts. Twenty minutes wasted gives them as robbed you the chance to get off clear."  
"November's right," said a huge lumberman called Thompson. "Here's what happened. We six got our time yesterday morning, and after dinner we started off together. It were coming along dark when we camped in the old bog lot of Tideman's bridge. Sooin' what had happened to Dan, we agreed to keep a watch till dawn. First watch was Harry's. In an hour and a half he were to wake us. He never did. The sun were up before I woke, and there was all the others sleeping sound as me. I was wonderful surprised, but I took the kettle and was going down to fill her at the brook. It was then that I noticed my roll of bills was gone from my belt. I came running back. Harry woke, and when I told him he clutched at his belt and finds his money gone too. Then Chris, Bill Mayer, Wedding Charlie and last of all Long Lars they wakes up, and danced if the lot of them hadn't been robbed same as us."  
A unanimous groan verified the statement.  
"We was tending mad," went on the spokesman. "Then out we goes to search for the tracks of the thieves."  
A look of despair crossed November's face. I knew he was thinking of the invaluable information the feet of the six victims must have blotted out forever.  
"You found them?" inquired November.  
"We did. They was plain enough," replied the big lumberman. "One man done it. He come up from the brook, did his business and went back to the water. He was a big, heavy chap with large feet, and he wore tanned cowhide boots patched on the right foot. There were seventeen nails in the heel of the right boot and fifteen in the other. How's that for tracking?"

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In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health—many of them openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and in some cases that it has saved them from surgical operations.



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(To be continued)

### A CONFESSION

Hopes Her Statement, Made Public, will Help Other Women.

Hines, Ala.—"I must confess," says Mrs. Edna Mae Reid, of this place, "that Cardui, the woman's tonic, has done me a great deal of good.  
Before I commenced using Cardui, I would spit up everything I ate. I had a tired, sleepy feeling all the time, and was irregular. I could hardly drag around, and would have severe headaches continuously.  
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Cardui is successful because it is composed of ingredients which act specifically on the womanly constitution, and help build the weakened organs back to health and strength.  
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Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advertiser Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 24-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, N. L. 10

### KINSELLA COURT TENNIS CHAMPION

Walter A. Kinsella, of the New York Squash club defeated John White of the New York Racquet club on February 20 in the first professional court tennis match for the Championship of America. The secret of Kinsella's success was the wonderful activity which he displayed. At times he virtually carried White off his feet and did not give him a chance to exhibit the fine qualities of tennis for which he is so justly noted.



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### Remember

whenever you are troubled with minor ailments of the digestive organs, that these may soon develop into more serious sickness. Your future safety, as well as your present comfort may depend on the quickness with which you seek a corrective remedy.  
By common consent of the legion who have tried them, Beecham's Pills are the most reliable of all family medicines. This standard family remedy tones the stomach, stimulates the sluggish liver, regulates inactive bowels.  
Improved digestion, sounder sleep, better looks, brighter spirits and greater vitality come after the system has been cleared and the blood purified by



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