

# November Joe

The Detective of the Woods

By HESKETH PRICHARD

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By Hesketh Prichard

"But, November," I said, "Puttick never left the house, for you remember you found no tracks on the sand. How, then, could he let them know?"

"I guess he waved a lantern or made some other sign they'd agreed on."

"But why didn't you tell me all this at once?" exclaimed Petersham.

"Because I wasn't sure. Their not going to Butler's cabin might 'a' been chance. But this morning, when Puttick comes in with his yarn about the man with the red hanker across his face that made him hold up his hands and threatened him when he was mending the canoe, I began to think we shouldn't be so much longer in the dark. And when I went down and



"You'd best join your hands above your head, Ben Puttick."

had a look around by the river, I knew at once his story was a lie, and that he'd got an interest in seeing Mr. Petersham away."

"How did you know that?"

"You mind Puttick said the fella come just when he was beginnin' to mend the canoe? I took a look at the work he'd done on it and he couldn't 'a' got through all that under an hour. He's fixed a little square of tin over the rent as neat as neat. And then wasn't it queer the fella should have come on him there—a place he wouldn't be in not one morning of a hundred?"

"You believe he made up the whole story? And that no one came at all?"

"I'm pretty sure of it. There wasn't a sign of a track and as to the fella's jumpin' from stone to stone, there's distances of fourteen and sixteen feet between. Still he walked 'a' done it, or he might 'a' walked in the water, and I were not going to speak till I were sure."

"Go on. 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 tell Puttick. I thought 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 you 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 woodmen '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 kep' it pretendin' it was lost, as a bait like. I've told you what happened to the brooch and how I had to shoot comin' back and how I had to shoot Dandy Tomlinson. His shooting at me after I was down give 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."

"It's all very clear, November, and

we know everything except who it shot Bill Worke."

"I guess Muppy Tomlinson's th' man."

"What makes you think that?"

"Bill was shot with a 45-75 rifle. Both Puttick and Dandy Tomlinson carries 30-30's. Muppy's rifle is 45-75."

"How can you know what sort of rifle was used to shoot with? Th' bullet was never found," said Linda.

"I picked up the shell the first time I was over with you."

"And you never told me!" said she.

"But that doesn't matter. What I'm really angry with you for is your makin' me promise not to go out yesterday and then deliberately going out your 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 were with got killed in the wood 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 Priamville, 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. Some times 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, until I marvelled at his ingenuity.

"You are finding the time long, Joe?" I said on one occasion.

"No, Mr. Quaritch, the hours slip past quick enough. I've never had a lie-by and while for thinking since I been a man. There's a good few puzzles to life that wants facing one time 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 hemispher'."

"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." He paused.

"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."

Joe was silent for a moment. "It does, Mr. Quaritch," he said at length in a different tone. "And it gives me something to think about. So they caught Muppy all right? Him and Puttick 'll find prison a poor place after the woods."

"I can feel for them," said I, "for I am leaving the woods tomorrow myself. I must get back to Quebec."

"Huh, yes! There's no call for you to stay longer."

"As to that, you'll be here for quite awhile yourself."

He made no reply, and when I turned from the window to look at him he was lying with his eyes closed, and, thinking he was tired, I left him.

At the end of the south veranda was situated a small detached room which we had turned into a workshop, and early the same afternoon I went around there to repair a favorite fishing rod. The veranda was empty as I passed through it, but presently Petersham joined me.

"That fellow November Joe is an infernal fool!" he said presently. "He is a dolt without an ounce of ambition!"

"In his own sphere"—I began.

"He is all very well in his own sphere, but he should try to rise above it."

"He has done uncommonly well for himself so far," I said. "He has made good use of his brains and his experience. In his own way he is very, very capable."

"That is true enough, but he has got about as far as he can go without help. As you say, he has done all this for himself. Now, I am ready to do a good deal more for him. I'll back him in any line of business he chooses to follow. I owe him that and more. Heaven knows what might have happened to Linda but for him."

"You owe a good deal to November?"

"I am well aware of it," replied Petersham. "I am convinced I owe him Linda's life."

Something in his tone showed me his further meaning. I dropped my fishing rod and stared at him. I knew Linda had enormous influence over her father, but this was beyond imagination.

"You'd never allow it!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" he retorted angrily.

"Isn't Joe better than the Hipper dude? Or Phil Bishelm or than that Italian count with his pedigree from Noah in his pocket? Tell me, where is she going to find a man like Joe? Why, he's got it in him to do things—big things—and I hope I'm good enough republican not to see the injustice of nailing a fellow down to the spot where he was born."

"But November would never dare look so high! He's modest."

"He'll get over that."

"I don't it," I said. "Besides, you are reckoning without Linda. How do you know that she?"

"Naturally I don't know for sure about Linda," he answered shortly; then, glancing at his watch, he got up. "Just about time to get my mail ready."

We had been speaking in low tones, for the subject of our conversation naturally did not lend itself to loud talk, and besides, during the last quarter of an hour or so a murmur of voices from the veranda had warned us to be careful. We had not shut the door leading to the veranda, as it was the only one, and we needed it open for light and air. Petersham walked toward it, but, instead of stepping out, he turned and laid a hand like a vise on my arm.

"Quiet! Quiet for your life!" he whispered. "She must never know we were here!"

"But, Joe, you're mistaken. Joe. I wish it!" It was Linda's voice, shy and trembling as I had never heard it.

"Ah, that's all your great goodness, Miss Linda, and I haven't earned none of it."

I pointed frantically to the door. We must shut that door and shut out those voices, but Petersham swore at me under his breath.

"Darn, you know those hinges screech like a wildcat! It can't be helped, for it would kill her to know we heard a word of this."

We crept away into the farthest corner of the workshop, but even there phrases floated to us, though mercifully we could not hear all.

"But father would help you, for you know you are a genius, Joe."

"All I could ever do lies in the woods, Miss Linda; woodsways is the whole of it. A yard outside the wood and the meanest chap bred on the streets could beat me easy. I can't thank you nor Mr. Petersham the way I'd like to, for my tongue is slow." Here his voice fell.

"But if you hate the city life so much you must not go to the city. It was Linda again. "Live your life in the woods. I love the woods too."

"The woods is bleak and black enough to them that's not born among the trees. Them that's lived outside allus wants more, Miss Linda."

A long interval followed before the voices became audible again.

"Oh, no, no, Joe!"

Petersham clutched my arm once more at the sound.

"You're so young, Miss Linda, you don't know. I'd give my right hand to believe different, but I can't. It wouldn't be best—not for you."

November's tone moved me more than Linda's passion. He was a man fighting it out against his own heart. I knew well the power of attraction Linda possessed, but somehow I had not guessed how it had worked on Joe. I had indeed been right in so far that he had not dreamed of aspiring to her; nevertheless the episode would mean pain and loss to him. I feared, for many a day.

Once more I heard him.

"Don't you think I'll be proud ever hour I have to live that you was a good to me, Miss Linda? I shan't never er forget it."

"Joe, I think I hate you!" she cried. And then the quick tap of her footstep told us she had run into the house.

There was absolute silence for a minute or two. At length Joe sighed heavily and with the slow laborious movement of weakness went to his room.

When all seemed safe Petersham and I stole out of hiding like thieves, and though we exchanged no word, Petersham was swearing violently under his breath until he shut his office door.

Rather to my surprise November Joe came out for awhile after supper, because he said it was my last evening at Kalmacks. Neither he nor Linda gave any sign that anything unusual had passed between them. Indeed, we were gay enough, and we had Charlie, Paul in to sing us some French-Canadian songs.

After saying goodby as well as good night to Linda and her father I followed Joe to his room.

"I won't wake you up in the morning, November," I said. "There's nothing like rest and sleep to put you on your legs again."

"I've been trying that cure, Mr. Quaritch, and I won't be long behind you."

"Oh, where are you going to?"

"To my shack on Charley's brook. I'm kind o' homesick like, and that's the truth."

"But how about Mr. Petersham's wish to give you a start in his business in New York or Montreal?"

"I'm not the kind of a guy for a city, Mr. Quaritch. All the chaps 'd get turning round to stare at the poor wild fella, and I'd sure be scart to sleep in one of them up in the blue sky houses anyway!" He laughed.

"But you would soon be used to city ways and perhaps become rich."

"That was what the mink said to the otter: 'Go you to the city and see the sights,' says he, but the otter knew the only way he'd ever see the city would be around some lovely gal's neck."

November Joe had no idea how far I could read into his fable.

"And what did the otter say?"

"Huh, nothing! He just went down his slide into the lake and got chassin' fish, and I guess he soon forgot he missed seein' the city all right."

"And how about you, Joe?"

"I guess I'll get chassin' fish, too, Mr. Quaritch."

When I arrived at the depot at Priamville in the morning, to my surprise I found November Joe there before me.

"Why, Joe!" I exclaimed, "you're not fit to travel."

"I thought I'd go on the cars with you, Mr. Quaritch, if you'll have me.

SOMERSET COUNTY COAL PRODUCTION.

There was a material increase in the production of coal in the 20th bituminous coal district, which includes all of Somerset county south of Holsopple, in theyear 1914, according to figures compiled by Mine Inspector Fletcher W. Cunningham, of Somerset. The gain over 1913 was 262,647 tons, notwithstanding the general business depression of the year. The following comparative table shows the production of the various companies operating in this district in the year 1913 and 1914, respectively:

Consolidation Coal Co. 1,952,760—1,990,638.

Jenner-Quemahoning Coal Co. 918,259 and 932,035.

Quemahoning Coal Co. 631,480 and 669,193.

Brothersvalley Coal Co. 488,083 and 550,481.

Somerset Smokeless Coal Co. 483,327 and 505,767.

Knickerbocker Smokeless Coal Company 241,905 and 311,128.

Baker-Whiteley Coal Co. 201,627 and 200,265.

Somerset Mining Co. 186,700 and 232,467.

Stauffer-Quemahoning Coal Co. 182,038 and 143,468.

Grassy Run Coal Co. 145,618 and 121,602.

Atlantic Coal Co. 141,561 and 232,832.

Reading Iron Co. 138,330 and 152,783.

Enterprise Coal Co. 101,684 and 91,674.

Keystone Coal Co. 84,611 and 27,429.

Meyersdale Fuel Co. 69,834 and 52,160.

Standard Quemahoning Coal Co. 56,000 and 36,550.

Quemahoning Creek Coal Co. 55,431 and 63,650.

Randolph Coal Co. 54,983 and 61,153.

C. J. Rowe & Bro. 49,703 and 40,459.

Hillworth Coal Co. 46,596 and 74,166.

W. A. Merrill & Co. 47,760 and 24,333.

Graham Coal Co. 40,320 and 19,000.

S. M. Hamilton and Co. 33,588 and 39,944.

Elklick Coal Co. 31,860 and 28,715.

John W. Wills Coal Co. 31,345 and 20,300.

Stoner Coal Co. 31,287 and 22,645.

Hammill Smokeless Coal Co. 27,396 and 17,785.

Brandenburg Coal Co. 26,716 and 7,578.

Fisher Smokeless Coal Co. 28,500.

Federal Coal Co. 23,455 and 22,544.

Listonburg Coal Co. 21,370 and 21,251.

Hocking Coal Co. 18,700 and 21,997.

W. A. Merrill and Son 12,395 and 18,038.

James Harding 11,679 and 11,463.

Boynon Coal Co. 11,500 and 23,000.

Mountain Smokeless Coal Co. 6,953.

Margaret Smokeless Coal Co. 4,213.

Somerset Fuel Co. 3,250.

Coal Co. 3,100 and 450.

Garrett Coal Co. 2,450 and 20,600.

Ivy Ridge Coal Co. 2,201.

Hirsch Coal Co. 000 and 7,850.

John C. Ream 000 and 17,161.

Maher Coal Co. 000 and 4,791.

Wilbur Coal Mining Co. 000 and 41,130.

Ajax Consolidation Coal Co. 000 and 9,402.

Totals, 6,643,466 tons in 1913, and 6,906,113 tons in 1914.

Gain in the year, tons 262,647.

Employed inside mine, 1914

Gain for year 1,126

Employed in all (inside and outside mines) 8,515

Gain 1,366

WELLERSBURG.

Mrs. G. A. Tressler spent Sunday with her brother of Allegheny.

Mrs. B. C. Weller after having spent several months with relatives at Millstone, Md., has returned to her home in this place.

Mr. Frank Paul, of Mt. Savage passed last Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Paul.

Quite a number of people from town attended the entertainment held at the Cook school Saturday evening, February 13th.

Mr. G. W. Witt and daughter, Miss Edna, were callers in Mt. Savage on Friday.

Mrs. W. H. Delbrok, a few days ago, slipped upon ice about one-half mile from town and falling dislocated her right shoulder. She is recovering from the accident very satisfactorily.

Mr. G. W. Witt and Mrs. A. Glesner were business callers in Cumberland on Saturday.

Mildred Mullin, the 5 year-old daughter of Druggist and Mrs. John Mullin, well known resident of Somerset died in the Homeopathic hospital, Pittsburgh, following an operation on her throat. A pathetic feature of the case is that the child was taken to the city by her father without the wife's knowledge that an operation was to be performed, and the little one's death was entirely unexpected by Mrs. Mullin.

There's a good many times to change before we get to Silent Water, and I'm not so wonderful quick on my feet yet."

He soon grew strong again, and he wrote me of his trapping and shooting, so at any rate he is trying to forget all that he renounced at Kalmacks. But will Linda have no further word to say? And if she—

I wonder.

THE END.

### Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, and Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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#### CHARTER NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on the 23rd day of February, 1915, by Jennie Wilmoth, Fred L. Wilmoth, and Barney D. Wilmoth, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called GARRETT ELECTRIC LIGHT HEAT AND POWER COMPANY, the character and object of which is supplying light, heat and power by means of electricity to the people in the Borough of Garrett, in the County of Somerset, Pennsylvania, and such partners, partnerships and associations residing therein and adjacent thereto, as may desire the same, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all of the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

UHL & EALY,  
Solicitors.

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#### AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In Re Assigned Estate of S. D. Livengood—

The undersigned having been duly appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, to make distribution of the funds in the hands of Chas. H. Ealy, Assignee of S. D. Livengood as shown by account filed to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will sit to perform the duties of his appointment on Friday, the 19th day of February, 1915, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. at the Court house in the Borough of Somerset, Pennsylvania, when and where those interested may appear. All persons having claims against the said assigned estate are hereby notified to present the same to the Auditor on or before the above date or thereafter be forever barred from participating in the fund for distribution.

J. C. LOWRY,  
Auditor.

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#### IN THE ORPHAN'S COURT OF SOMERSET COUNTY PA.

In the Estate of Louisa Clark, Deceased, Late of Rockwood Borough, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of Administration having been granted the undersigned administrator for the Estate of Louisa Clark, deceased, late of Rockwood, of the County of Somerset, State of Pennsylvania, notifies all persons having claims against the said estate to present the same and those being indebted are requested to make settlement on or before Saturday, March, 13th at one o'clock in the Borough of Somerset, Pennsylvania.

ERNEST O. KOOSER,  
Administrator.

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#### TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

As a rule our correspondents are very faithful, regularly sending in the news of their locality, and those are the only ones who can expect pay for their services. There are a number of names from the previous editor's list marked as correspondents to this paper, but who since we have taken charge, have never sent any letter. If you do not intend to send in matter so inform us or the cost of the paper will have to be entered against your name.

Try to have your correspondence in by Tuesday of each week as otherwise we may be compelled to hold it over, in the hurry of going to press.

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#### Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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A generous offer. Cut this ad out, enclose with it 5 cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., and receive a free trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds, croup, bronchial and lagrippe coughs; Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.

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Ever notice how closely life insurance examiners look for symptoms of kidney diseases? They do so because weakened kidneys lead to many forms of dreadful life-shortening afflictions. If you have any symptoms like pain in your back, frequent scanty or painful action, tired feeling, aches and pains, get Foley's Kidney Pills to-day. Sold everywhere.

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Lagrippe coughs demand instant treatment. They show a serious condition of the system and are weakening. Postmaster Collins, Barnegat, N. J. says: "I took Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for a violent lagrippe cough that completely exhausted me and less than a half bottle stopped the cough." Try it! Sold everywhere.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo }  
Lucas County, } ss  
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

Send for testimonials.

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Alert, keen, clear-headed healthy men and women are in demand. Modern business cannot use in office, factory or on the road, persons who are dull, lifeless, inert, half sick or tired. Keep in trim. Be in a condition that wards off disease. Foley Cathartic Tablets clean the system, keep the stomach sweet, liver active and bowels regular. Sold everywhere.

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