THE FORTUNE HUNTER

NOVELIZED BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE FROM THE PLAY OF THE SAME TITLE BY WINCHELL SMITH

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Synopsis

Nat Duncan, discharged for incompetency by his employer, goes to the home of his friend Kellogg, who has helped him in the past.

Kellogg sympathizes with Duncan, who meets some of his old time acquaintances at the home of his friend.

Kellogg wants to help Duncan, who is discouraged, and outlines a novel scheme whereby Duncan can repair his shattered fortunes.

The scheme is that Duncan should go to a country town, dress well, go to church, work steadily and thus attract and marry the wealthiest girl in the town.

Duncan decides to follow Kellogg's suggestion and with an array of newly made clothes departs for and arrives at Radville.

Old Sam Graham runs a dilapidated, out of date little drug store in Radville. He has for years wasted his time on various inventions.

Betty Graham, the old man's pretty but careworn daughter, works in the store. Mr. Littlejohn, the Radville editor, becomes acquainted with Duncan.

"Blinky" Lockwood is the richest man in the village, and Duncan is interested to learn that the old miser has a daughter, Josie.

Duncan obtains a position in old Graham's drug store without pay, for he learns that the village girls, including wealthy Josie Lockwood, are very fond of soda water.

Duncan advances money to buy a new stock of drugs and soda sirups, so as to enable Graham to compete with the rival store.

Josie Lockwood and Angie Tuthill visit the store and make Duncan's acquaintance. They flirt with him and buy soda water.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER X.

NAT had a busy day or two after that, trying to set things to rights in the store for the better reception and display of the new stock. Sperry dropped him a line saying that the goods would ar-

ROLAND BARNETTE.

rive on the third day, and there was much to do to make way for them.

Between spasms of work Duncan had his hands full attending to the soda fountain. Soda water being practically the only salable thing in the store, it had to serve as an excuse for the inquisitiveness of many of my fellow citizens, to say nothing of—I should put it, but especially—their wives and daughters. The consumption of vanilly sody in those two days broke all known Radville records and stands a singular tribute to the Spartan fortitude of Radville womanhood, particularly the young stratum thereof.

From my window in the Citizen of fice I was able to keep a tolerably close account of events and obtain a consensus of public opinion. So far as the latter bore upon Duncan, it was divided into two rather distinct parties, one, of course, favoring him, and this was feminine almost exclusively. Tracey Tanner, to be sure, confessed with in my hearing to predilection for the Noo York dood, but was inclined to hedge and climb the fence when assailed by Roland's strictures. Roland, I suspect, was a wee mite jealous. He had been paying attention to—I mean, going with—Josie Lockwood for several months. Instinctively he must have divined his danger, and it's not in reason to exact admiration of the usurper from the usurped even when the act of usurpation has not yet been defi-

SAM GRAHAM WAS WORRIED

nitely consummated. Roland went to the length of labeling Duncan "sissy" and professed to believe that Hiram Nutt was justified in calling him a "s'picious character." Roland hinted darkly that Duncan knew New York no better than Will Bigelow.

"And if he did come from there," he asseverated, "I betcher he didn't leave for no good purpose."

His temper inspired me with the sapient reflection that it's a terrible thing to be in love even if only with an old man's millions.

"There's goin' to be a real Noo Yorker here before long," Roland boasted. "He's comin' to see me on some special private bus'ness of ourn."

"Huh," commented Tracey, the skeptical, "what kind of a Noo Yorker 'd come all the way here to see you?"

"That's all right. You'll see when he gets here. He's a pro-motor."

"A what?"

"A pro-motor, a financier." Roland pronounced it "fuman seer," thus betraying symptoms of culture and bewildering Tracey beyond expression.

"What's that?" he demanded aggressively.

"That's a feller 't can take nothing at all and incorporate it and make money out of it." Roland defined with some hesitancy.

"And that's why he's coming down here to take a look at you?" inquired Tracey, skipping nimbly round the corner.

Curiously enough in my understanding (for I own to no great faith in Roland's statements, taking them by and large) his friend from New York put in an unheralded appearance in Radville that same night on the evening train. The Bigelow House received him to its figurative bosom under the name of W. H. Burnham. He sent for Roland promptly and treated him to a dinner at the hotel, something which I have always regarded as a punishment several sizes too large for the crime. Later, having displayed him on the streets in witness to his good faith, Roland spent the evening with Mr. Burnham, mysteriously confabulating behind closed doors in the hotel.

Duncan was at the station a few days later superintending the transportation of the new stock, which had come by the early local. Betty was busy with her housework upstairs, and only old Sam kept the shop.

Sam wasn't in the best of spirits. His evergreen optimism seldom withered, but in spite of all that had already been accomplished in behalf of the store, in spite of the rosier aspect of his declining fortunes and his confidence in and affection for Duncan, Sam was worried. He had been over to the bank once even at that early hour, but Blinky Lockwood had driven out of town to see about foreclosing one of his numerous mortgages in the neighborhood, and his note, which fell due at the bank that day, was still a weight upon Sam's mind.

Roland and Burnham found him wandering nervously round the store, alternately taking his hat down from the peg, as if minded to make a second trip to the bank and replacing it as he realized that patience was his part.

"Why, hello, Roland!" he cried cheerfully, hanging up his hat for perhaps the twentieth time. And, "How de doo, sir?" he greeted the stranger.

"Good morning, sir," said Burnham pleasantly.

"Say, Sam," Roland blundered with his usual adroitness, "this gentleman"—

Burnham's hand fell heavily on his forearm.

"What's that, Roland?" Sam turned curiously to them.

"Oh, nothin'; I was—er—just goin' to say that this gentleman's my friend from Noo York, Mr. Burnham, and we just happened to look in."

"The friend you were going to write to about my burner?" inquired Sam.

It was here that Roland got a look from Mr. Burnham that withered him completely.

"Why, no, Mr. Graham," Burnham interposed deftly. "Mr. Barnette must have been talking of some one else he knew in New York. I"—

"Didn't know he knew more'n one there," Sam observed mildly.

Burnham's glance jumped warily to Sam's face, but withdrew reassured, having detected therein nothing but the old man's kindly and simple nature. "At all events," he continued, "I don't remember hearing anything about the matter (what did you call it? A burner, eh?) from Mr. Barnette."

"I s'pose Roland forgot," Sam allowed. "He's so busy courtin' our pretty girls, Mr. Burnham"—

"Yes, that was it," Roland put in hastily, seeing his chance to mend matters. "I did intend to write you about it, Mr. Burnham, but it kind of slipped my mind. We've had a lot of important business over to the bank recently."

"By the way, Roland, did you just come from the bank? Is Mr. Lockwood back yet?"

"No; I got off this morning. I don't think he is, Sam. Did you want to see him?"

"Well, yes," Sam admitted. "I guess you know about that, Roland."

"Mean business, sometimes, asking favors of these bankers, eh, Mr. Graham?" Burnham remarked.

Graham nodded dolefully. "Yes, it is unpleasant," he admitted confidingly. "You see, there's a note of mine come due today, and I'm not able to take care of it or pay the interest just now. But I guess it'll be all right. Mr. Lockwood's kind, very kind."

"I'm afraid you're a little too sure, Sam," Roland contributed tactfully. "When there's money due Lockwood he wants it, and most times he gets it or its equivalent."

"But," Burnham changed the subject adroitly, "what was this—burner, did you say—that Mr. Barnette forgot to tell me about?"

"Oh, just one of my inventions, sir. I've spent most of my life at it, sir, but somehow nothing has ever turned out well—not so far, I mean. But I mean to hit it yet."

"That's the way to talk," Burnham cried heartily. "Never give up, I say! But tell me about some of these inventions, won't you?"

"Well"—Sam knitted his fingers and pursed his lips reflectively—"I patent-

"WHAT WAS THIS—BURNER?"

ed a new type thrashing machine once, but I couldn't get anybody to take hold of it. You see, I haven't any money, Mr. Burnham."

"How would you like to talk it over with me some time? I'm interested in such things—as a sort of side issue."

"Will you?" Sam's eagerness was not to be disguised.

"Be glad to. Tell me, how did you get your power?"

"From gas, sir, though coal will do most as well. You see, I've got this burner patented that makes gas from crude oil—no waste, no odor nor trouble and little expense. It'd be cheaper than coal, I thought; that's why I invented it. I could get steam up mighty quick with that gas arrangement. I use it for lighting here in the store now."

"Do you, indeed?" Burnham's tone indicated failing interest, but such diplomacy was lost on Sam.

"If you've got time I could show you. It's right over here."

A glance at his watch accompanied Burnham's consent to spare a few minutes. "There's a telegram I must send presently," he said. "But I'd like to see this burner, if it won't take long."

"No, not long; just a minute or two." Sam was already dragging the affair out from under the window box. "You see"—

He went on to expound its virtues with all the fond enthusiasm of a father showing off his firstborn and wound up with a demonstration of the illuminating appliance. I'm afraid, though, he got little encouragement from Mr Burnham. He considered the machine with a dispassionate air, it's true, and admitted its practical advantages, but wasn't at all disposed to take a roseate view of its future.

"Yes," he grudged when Sam put a match to the jet, "that's certainly a very good light."

"All right, ain't it?" chimed Roland, enthusiastic.

"Oh, it may amount to something. It's hard to tell. Of course you know, sir," he continued, addressing Graham directly, "you've got competition to overcome."

Sam's old fingers trembled to his chin. "No-o," he said, "I didn't know that. I've got the patent"—

"Of course that's something. But the Consolidated Petroleum crowd has another machine, slightly different, which does the same work and, I should say, does it better."

"Is—is that so?" quavered Sam. "My patent"—

"Now, see here, Mr. Graham," Burnham argued, "we're practical men, both of us"—

"No, I shouldn't say that about myself," Sam interrupted. "Now, you, sir, I can see you're a man who understands such things. But I"—

"Nevertheless you must know that a patent isn't everything. You said a moment ago a man had to have money to make anything out of his inventions."

"Did I?" Sam interjected, surprised.

"Certainly you did. And dead right you are. A patent's all very well, but supposing you're up against a powerful competitor like the Consolidated Petroleum company. They've got a patent too. Granted, it may be an infringement of yours even. What can you do against them?"

"Why, if it's an infringement"—

"Sue, of course. But do you suppose they're going to lie down just because

"I'LL BE GLAD TO SHOW YOU ANYTHING I'VE GOT HERE."

an unknown and penniless inventor sues them? Bless you, no! They'll fight to the last ditch. They'll engage the best legal talent in the country. You'll have to carry the case to the supreme court of the United States if you want a winning decision. And that's going to cost you thousands—hundreds of thousands—a million"—

"Never mind. A thousand's enough," said Sam gently. "I see what you mean, sir. It's just another case where I've got no chance."

"Oh, I wouldn't put it as strong as that"—

"But I have no money."

"Still, you never can tell. I'll think it over if I get time."

"Why, that's kind of you, sir; very kind."

It was at this point that Roland rose to the occasion like the noble ass he is. Roland never could see more than an inch beyond the end of his nose.

"Say, Mr. Burnham," he floundered, "don't you think you could help Sam to"—

"I think," said Mr. Burnham, with additional business of looking at his watch, "I'd like to send that wire I spoke of."

"Yes, Roland," Sam agreed meekly, "you mustn't keep your friend from his business. I'm glad you looked in, sir. You'll call again, I hope."

"Thank you," said Burnham, moving toward the door.

It was too much for Roland's sense of opportunity. He rolled in Burnham's wake sullenly reluctant. "Say, Mr. Burnham," he exploded as they got to the door, "if you'll just offer Sam five"—

"That will do!" Roland collapsed as if punctured. Burnham turned to Graham with a wave of his hand. "I'm leaving on the afternoon train, but if I get time I may drop in again and talk things over with you. There might be something in that thrashing machine you mentioned."

"I'll be glad to show you anything I've got here."

"All right. Good day. I'll see you again perhaps."

This cavalier snub was lost on Sam, an essential of whose serene soul is the quality of humility. He followed them to the door as grateful as a lost dog for a stray pat instead of a kick. "Good day, sir. Good day, Roland," he sped their parting cheerfully.

But it was a broken man who shut the door behind them and turned back, fingering his gray chin.

"Perhaps Mr. Burnham was right. Only I was kind of hopin'— Now, Mr. Lockwood over there"—

He shook himself to throw off the spell of depression.

"Well, well! He's kind, very kind. With this young man in here and everything gettin' fixed up and new stock comin' in— I'm sure Mr. Lockwood

"ONLY HER SENSE OF DUTY SUSTAINED HER."

'll see it the right way for us. He's kind, very kind."

Thus it was that he presently called up the stairs in a very cheerful voice, "Betty, are you pretty near through up there?"

The girl's weary voice came down to him without accent, "Yes, father, almost."

"Well, then, you keep an eye on the store, please. I'm goin' to step out for a minute."

"Yes, father."

"And if—if anybody asks for me I'll most likely be down to the depot with Mr. Duncan."

He didn't mention that he contemplated calling on Lockwood, because he feared it might worry Betty.

Betty knew, or, rather, divined. And she had no hope, no faith such as made Sam what he was. She came down the steps listlessly. Only her sense of duty sustained her. She owed something to old Sam for the gift of life, dismal though she found it. He needed her. What she could do for him she would.

Sighing, she went to work. In work only could she forget. The soda glasses needed cleaning and the sirup jars replenishing, for the new order of sirups had come in the previous evening.

After a time, to a tune of pounding feet, Tracey Tanner pranced into the shop with all the graceful abandon of a young elephant feeling its oats. His face was fairly scarlet from exertion and his eyes bulging with a sense of importance. The girl looked up without interest, nodding slightly in response to his breathless "'Lo, Betty."

"Father's gone out," she said, holding a glass to the light, suspicious of the lint from her dish towel.

"I know—seen him down the street." The boy halted at the counter, producing a handful of square envelopes. "Note for you from the Lockwoods, Betty," he panted. "Josie ast me to bring it round."

Betty put down her glass in consternation. "From the Lockwoods?"

"Uh-huh!" Tracey offered it, but she withheld her hand, dubious.

"For me, Tracey?"

"Uh-huh! It's a ninvitation. I got four more to take." He thrust it into

"JOSIE AST ME TO BRING IT ROUND."

her reluctant fingers. "Got five, really, but one of em's for me."

"An invitation, Tracey!"

"Yeh. Hope you have a good time when it comes off." Already he was bouncing toward the door. "Goodby."

"But what is it, Tracey?"

"Aw, it tells in the ninvitation S'long."

"From the Lockwoods!" she whispered.

Suddenly she tore it open, her hands unsteady with nervousness.

The envelope contained a square of heavy cardboard of a creamy tint with scalloped edges touched with gold. On the face of the card a round and formless hand had traced with evident pains the information:

MISS JOSEPHINE MAE LOCKWOOD
Requests the pleasure of your company at a lawn fete and dance to be held at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Lockwood, Saturday, July 15, at 8 p. m.
R. S. V. P.

The envelope fluttered to the floor, while the card was crushed between the girl's hands. For a moment her face was transfigured with delight, her eyes blank with rapturous visions of the joys of that promised night.

"Oh—it 'nd be grand!"

Then suddenly the light faded. Her eyes clouded; her face settled into its discontented lines. She stuffed the card heedlessly into the pocket of her dingy apron and took up another glass.

"But I can't go; I've got nothin' to wear."

(Continued Next Week)

Of Course.

He—When I marry I mean to have a pretty girl who doesn't know that she is beautiful.

She—Poor thing!

He—Why poor thing?

She—Because she will have to be blind and deaf, of course.

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PRIAM

Priam, Jan. 24—This last snow improved the sleighing.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Erickson and family spent Sunday at O. Trongards.

Peter Larson was a passenger to Willmar Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Isaacson entertained a few of her friends at a birthday party Thursday.

Joe McDonald, a hay dealer of Minneapolis, was here on business Saturday.

Edan Trongard spent Sunday at his parental home.

Jim Christenson and son visited Sunday with his folks in Pennock.

Miss Cora Erickson was not able to attend school on account of suffering from some throat trouble.

Chas Isaacson marketed cattle in Willmar Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Olson and children drove to Willmar Monday.

Ed Camp is baleing hay for John Swenson.

A jolly crowd of young folks sprung a surprise on Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Lindgren of Whitefield Saturday evening. They reported having a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Mingo returned from Benson on Monday where they have made their home about three months. News boy.

DON'T WAIT

Take Advantage of a Willmar Citizen's Experience Before It's Too Late.

When the back begins to ache.

Don't wait until backache becomes chronic;

Till serious kidney troubles develop;

Till urinary troubles destroy night's rest.

Profit by a Willmar citizen's experience.

Andrew Weiss, 630 Monongahelia St. Willmar, Minn., says:

"My occupation obliges me to stoop a great deal and in this way my kidneys were affected. I had pains in the small of the back, sometime extending into my shoulders and my hips and limbs were also affected. Dizzy spells annoyed me and at such times every thing before me became black. Finally I used Doan's Kidney Pills and since then I have been in much better health. I want to make the merits of this remedy known to all kidney sufferers."

(Statement given in October, 1907.)

RE-ENDORSEMENT.

On Aug. 5, 1910, Mrs. Weiss said: "My former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills holds good. I have never been bothered by kidney complaint since using this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

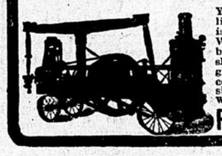
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other

Injustice.

George White, though his name did not indicate his color, was convicted of stealing a chicken, and the unfeeling judge sentenced him to pay a fine of $10.

"What!" George shouted reproachfully on hearing his sentence. "What! Ten dollars for stealin' that chicken! Why, jedge, I could 'a' bought a smarter hen for 50 cents."—Exchange.

Well Drilling Machinery



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CITY COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Council Chambers,
Library Building,
Willmar, Minn., Jan. 23, 1911.

Regular meeting of the City Council with Mayor Peterson in the chair. On roll call the following members were present: Mayor Peterson, Aldermen Johnson, Frederickson, Kent, Anderson, Sperry, Freeberg and Dahlheim, 8; absent, Alderman Erickson, 1.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and the same were approved.

The following bills were on motion referred to the finance committee:

GENERAL FUND.

W. O. Johnson, fees clerk of municipal court	$ 51.25
J. A. Rowat, engineering work on sewer plans, expenses in Minneapolis and railroad fare	54.05
Nels Knudson Co., hauling fire apparatus	2.00
WATER AND LIGHT FUND.	
Brown-Marsh Co., lamps	51.12
General Electric Co., transformers	227.48
Century Electric Co., mdse	.78
Northwestern Electric E. Co., mdse	20.16
Lewis Fridlund, cash advanced for freight and express	74.56
H. Gunderson, renewal premium, fire insurance policy on plant	69.85
Palmar Pearson, wiring	15.9
STREET FUND.	
Peter Anderson, labor on streets	12.25
Ole Gibertson, " " "	18.37
Lars Jacobson, " " "	2.80
Aug. Sundling, " " "	11.37

The Finance Committee reported the foregoing bills back approved and on motion the report was accepted.

Alderman Anderson offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted.

RESOLUTION.

Be it resolved by the City Council of the City of Willmar that the City Clerk be and he hereby is authorized to issue warrants against the respective funds in payment of the foregoing approved bills.

Approved Jan. 24, 1911.

H. S. PETERSON, Mayor.

Alderman Freeberg presented the following resolution which was adopted by the following vote: Ayes 7, noes none.

RESOLUTION.

Be it resolved by the City Council of the City of Willmar that pursuant to Ordinance No. 114 entitled "An Ordinance Authorizing the Issuance and Sale of Certificates of Indebtedness In Anticipation Of The Taxes Levied For the Year A. D. 1910, For and On Account Of the General Fund," that the Certificates of Indebtedness of the City of Willmar, be issued and sold pursuant to the terms of said Ordinance in the following amount, viz: $2500.00 against the taxes levied for and on account of the General Fund.

Approved Jan. 24th, 1911.

H. S. PETERSON, Mayor.

The Clerk was instructed to advertise for bids for Certificates of Indebtedness in accordance with Ordinance No. 114, such bids to be received at the next meeting. The City Treasurer's quarterly statement was presented and read and was on motion, referred to the City Auditor.

A statistical report of the Willmar Public Library was presented and read and was, on motion, ordered placed on file.

The following citizens were appointed as Judges of Election for the Annual Charter Election to be held April 4th, 1911: FIRST WARD, L. A. Wold, M. O. Thorpe and J. L. Johnson; SECOND WARD, John Williams, C. A. Nelson and J. W. Kent; THIRD WARD—O. A. Grangaard, E. Ohsberg and R. W. Stanford; FOURTH WARD—C. Freeberg, Martin Blomquist and Aug. Holmberg.

Alderman Johnson offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted.

RESOLUTION.

Be it Resolved by the City Council that the following named places be and are hereby designated as the polling places for the annual Charter Election to be held in the City of Willmar, Minnesota, on April 4th, 1911.

First Ward—Seminary Hall.

Second Ward—Opera House Building, No. 310 Fifth street.

Third Ward, Fixen Building, No. 309 Third Street.

Fourth Ward—C. Freeberg's Carpenter Shop, Corner Second Street and Minnesota Avenue.

Approved Jan. 24th, 1911.

H. S. Peterson, Mayor.

Requisitions for supplies from the Water and Light Commission were presented and read and, on motion, the clerk was instructed to order the supplies.

A committee consisting of Aldermen Anderson, Johnson and Freeberg was appointed to confer with the water and light commission about the City's water and light contract.

Mr. Rowat C. E. of this city, appeared before the council with new outlines of the proposed sewer system, worked out under the supervision of Prof. Bass, engineer for the State Board of Health.

The said matter was discussed by the Council and, on motion, Mr. Rowat was instructed to complete the plans as now outlined.

Mr. Rowat was also instructed to check up the number of buildings and dwellings now connected up with the city sewers.

On motion the Council adjourned.

H. S. Peterson, Mayor.
Attest: H. Gunderson,
City Clerk.

Rasped.

"Do you shave yourself very close?" said the barber.

"Not very," said the victim. "I usually leave enough skin to fasten the court plaster on, but of course you didn't know that before you began."—Exchange.

The Bad Part.

"I dreamed last night that I was married," said the maid as she sat down to breakfast the other morning. "Is that a bad dream?"

"The only thing bad about it," growled her father, "is that it isn't true."

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