

DELINQUENT TAX LIST Kandiyohi County.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, ss. District Court, 12th Judicial District.

The State of Minnesota, to all persons, companies or corporations who have or claim any estate, right, title, or interest in, claim to, or lien upon, any of the several parcels of land described in the list hereto attached:

The list of taxes and penalties on real property for the County of Kandiyohi, and remaining delinquent on the first Monday of January, 1911, has been filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of said County, of which this hereto attached is a copy.

A LIST OF REAL PROPERTY for the County of Kandiyohi Minn. on which taxes remain delinquent on the first Monday in January, 1911.

Table listing delinquent tax property with columns for Township, Range, Section, Name of Owner, Subdiv. of Sec., Acres, and Total Tax.

Absentminded. The Professor-I went to the lost property office today and got that umbrella I left on the train last week.

Table listing delinquent tax property for TOWN OF HARRISON, TOWN OF ROSELAND, VILLAGE OF LINTON, TOWN OF ROSEVILLE, TOWN OF ST. JOHN, TOWN OF WILMAR, VILLAGE OF AT-LATER, TOWN OF EAST LAKE, TOWN OF EDWARDS, TOWN OF FAHLEN, TOWN OF GREEN LAKE, TOWN OF HARRISON, TOWN OF ROSELAND, VILLAGE OF LINTON, TOWN OF ROSEVILLE, TOWN OF ST. JOHN, TOWN OF WILMAR, VILLAGE OF AT-LATER, TOWN OF EAST LAKE, TOWN OF EDWARDS, TOWN OF FAHLEN, TOWN OF GREEN LAKE.

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THE FORTUNE HUNTER

Novelized by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE From the Play of the Same Name by WINCHELL SMITH

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII

DUNCAN went home for his mid-day meal. It wasn't much of a walk from Sam Graham's to the city hall, and he didn't mind in the least.

Naturally, knowing nothing about Pete's note, although he knew Pete would be in the city, he didn't worry him at all to discover that gentleman taking toward the store as he hurried up Beech street, eager to get back to his job.

"You got a note due at the bank," he whined. And it was with a child's look of pitiful dismay and perplexity that he faced the sheriff.

"The father who has fallen short of his child's trust and confidence knows that look. To Duncan its appeal was irresistible. He had his hand in his pocket, clutching the still considerable remains of what Kellogg had termed his grubstake, before he knew it."

"But—there must be some mistake," Graham repeated pleadingly. "It can't be Mr. Lockwood surely wouldn't."

"Now, there ain't no use whinin' about it," Willing roared him into silence. "Law is law, and." He ceased quickly, surprised to find Duncan standing between him and his prey.

can, with coat and collar off and sleeves rolled above his elbows, hacked and pounded and pried and banged at the packing cases in the back yard south light on the scene of his labors.



PETE TURNED BACK THE LAPEL OF HIS COAT.

"I'm sorry about this, Sam," he belatedly, "but there ain't no use wastin' yours 'bout it. I'm here on business."

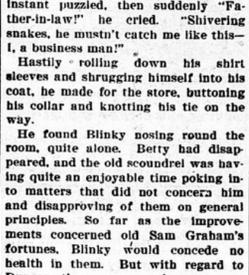
"But—there must be some mistake," Graham repeated pleadingly. "It can't be Mr. Lockwood surely wouldn't."

"That's it," he said hurriedly, "to find me a hatcher and knock the strings out of some of those packing cases. Want to get all that truck indoors before nightfall, you know."

"But old Sam wasn't to be put off by any such obvious subterfuge as that. He put himself in front of Duncan.

"That's it," he said hurriedly, "to find me a hatcher and knock the strings out of some of those packing cases. Want to get all that truck indoors before nightfall, you know."

His denseness irritated Blinky slightly, with the result that the right side of his face again underwent an alarming convulsion. "I say," he explained carefully, "just—plain—sody."



"I SAY, JUST—PLAIN—SODY."

"The better to conceal its contents from any casual but inquisitive passerby, he quickly filled it with soda and placed it before Blinky, accompanying the action with the sweetest of child-like smiles.

Lockwood, nodding his acknowledgments, lifted the glass to his lips. Duncan awaited developments with some apprehension. To his relief, however, Blinky, after an extensive passivity, emptied the mixture expeditiously into his system and smacked his thin lips resoundingly.

"How," he demanded, "can any one want intoxicatin' likkers when they can get such a bracin' drink as that?"

"I pass," Nat breathed, limp with admiration of such astounding hypocrisy.

Blinky reluctantly pried a nickel loose from his finances and placed it on the counter. Duncan regarded it with disdain.

"Ten cents more, please," he suggested tactfully. "What for?"

"Plain soddy." The explanation was accompanied by a very passable imitation of Blinky's blink.

His denseness irritated Blinky slightly, with the result that the right side of his face again underwent an alarming convulsion.

"On the level?" "What?" grunted Blinky, and blinked again.

A smile of comprehension irradiated Nat's features. "Pardon," he said. "I'm a little new to the business."

Blinky, fanning himself industriously, stared round the store while Duncan, turning his back, discreetly found and uncorked the whisky bottle.

"He found Blinky nosing round the room, quite alone. Betty had disappeared, and the old scoundrel was having quite an enjoyable time poking into matters that did not concern him and disapproving of them on general principles.

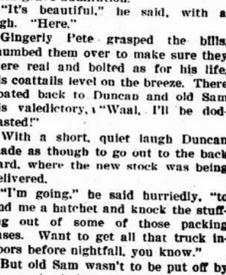
So far as the improvements concerned old Sam Graham's fortunes, Blinky would concede no health in them. But with regard to Duncan there was another story to tell.

Duncan apparently controlled money to some vague extent. "You're Mr. Duncan, ain't you?" he asked with his teeth, moving down to meet Nat.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lockwood, I believe?" "That's me," Blinky clutched his hand in a genial claw. "I'm glad to meet you."

"Thank you," said Duncan. "Something I can do for you, sir?" "Waal, Pete Willin' was tellin' me you'd just took up this note of Graham's."

"Not exactly. The firm took it up," Blinky winked slyly at him. "The firm—what firm?" "Graham & Duncan, sir. I've been taken into partnership."



"YOU'RE MR. DUNCAN?" HE ASKED.

"But you mustn't. I'll turn over the note to you if—"

"Oh Lord!" Duncan's dismay was as genuine as his desire to escape Graham's gratitude. "No—don't! Please don't do that!"

"But I must do something, my boy. I can't accept so great a kindness unless," said Graham, with a timid flash of hope, "you'll consider a partnership."



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