

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

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

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and Louis Joseph Vance

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XX.

PETHE'S "I'd better go." Josie, fluttering with alarm and a little pale, went quickly to the door.

Duncan followed her a pace or two. "I can't leave just now," he stammered. "I don't mind one bit. I don't want to be in the way. I'll telephone from home. Good night, dearest!" On tiptoes she drew his face down to hers and kissed him. "I'm so happy."

Half dazed, Nat stared after her until her lightly moving figure merged with the shadows beneath the trees and was lost. Then, with a sigh, he turned back to Pete.

The sheriff had undoubtedly suffered at the hands of that militant person, Mrs. Willing. "Great Scott!" Duncan exclaimed as he examined the two inch gash in his head. "That's a bird, Pete."

"My wife done it," Willing muttered huskily. "She threw side 'r th' house at me, I think."

"Wife, eh?" The coincidence smote Duncan with redoubled force. He shivered. "Well, she certainly gave it to you good." He went behind the counter to prepare a dressing for the wound, which, if wide, was neither deep nor serious and gave him little concern for Pete.

The latter ruminated on the event, breathing stertorously, while Duncan was fixing up a wash of peroxide. "She'll kill me some day," he announced suddenly, with intense conviction in his tone.

"Oh, don't say that," Nat said. "Opposition roused Pete to a fury of assertion. 'Yes she will, sure!' he bawled. 'Then his emotion quieted. 'But I'd 'bout as soon be dead's live with her, anyway.'"

"Hm," Nat got some absorbent cotton and adhesive plaster. "Been drinking again, hadn't you?"

"Yes," Pete admitted with a leer of drunken cunning. "But she drove me to it." He was quiet for a moment. "Mish'r Duncan," he volunteered cheerfully, "you ain't got no idea how lucky I am so?" Nat married with the dressings.

"No idee 'tall," Pete surrendered his head to Nat's ministrations. "I'd hope y'm won't never have."

"The sheriff assimilated this information and became abruptly intractable. He jerked his head away and swung round in his chair to argue the matter.

"Oh, no," he expostulated. "Don't, Mish'r Duncan. Don't never do it. Take warnin' from me."

"But I'm engaged, Pete."

"Maksh no diff'rush—break it off." His voice rose to a howl of alarm. "Fr Gaw's sake, break it off—now, before it's too late! Do anything rather than that. Drink, lie, steal, murder, commit suicide—don't care what, only keep single!"

"Here," said Duncan, laughing, "sit back there and let me attend to your head." He began to wash the wound with the peroxide. "There; that'll sting a bit, but not long. But suppose, Pete, I'd get a lot of money by marrying?"

"No matter how mush y' get, 'ain't enough."

"I'm inclined to think you're about right, Pete."

"You bet I'm right. I'm married, 'ud I know."

Nat finished dressing the cut, smoothed down the ends of the adhesive tape and stood back. "That's all right now. Go home, wash your face and sleep it off. Let me see you sober in the morning."



THE MILITANT MRS. WILLING.

mumbled and incoherently collided with Roland Barnette.

Roland was working under a full head of steam apparently. His naturally sanguine complexion was several shades darker than the normal, and he was seething with repressed emotion—excitement, anticipated triumph, jealousy, envy and hatred, all centering upon the hapless head of Nat Duncan.

Plunging along with his head down, his thoughts wholly preoccupied with his grievance and its remedy, he bumped into Willing and carried off, recognizing him with an angry growl. The result of this was to stay Pete's departure. He grasped the frame of the door and steadied himself, glaring round at the aggressor.

"Lo, Roland!" he said, focusing his vision. "Whash masser?"

Roland disregarded him entirely. "Say, you!" he snarled, catching sight of Nat. "I want to see you."

"Oh?" Nat drawled exasperatingly. He had never had much use for Roland, and now, with hidden joy, he read the signs of passion on the boy's flamed countenance. Happy he would be, thought Nat, if Roland were to be delivered into his hands that night.

He owed the world a grudge just then and needed nothing more than an object to wreak his vengeance upon. "Well, I'll stake you to a good long look," he added sweetly.

"Ah-h, don't you try to be so funny! You might get hurt."

Pete seemed to be suddenly electrified by Roland's manner. "Here!" he interposed. "Whajub mean by that?"

And, relinquishing his grasp on the door, he reeled between the two and thrust his face close to Roland's. "Where're you talkin' to, an' way?" he demanded, truculent.

Nat stepped forward quickly and grabbed Pete's arm. "That's all right, Pete," he soothed him. "Don't get nervous. Roly won't hurt anybody."

The diminutive stung Roland to exasperation. "Why, curse you!" he screamed and promptly became inarticulate with rage.

"Ah, ah, ah!" Nat wagged a reproving forefinger. "Naughty word, Roly! Careful or you'll sour your chewing gum."

"Now, say! Do you think—"

At this juncture Pete drowned his words with an incoherent roar, having apparently reached the conclusion that the time had now arrived when it would be his duty and pleasure to eat

"Hello!" he said. "Oh, hello, Josie! What's that? That's right, but I'm a little out of it yet, you know. Well, I'll try again. Now—ready?"

He schooled his voice to a key of heartrending sentiment. "Hello, darlin'. How's that? Told your father? Told him what? Oh, about the engagement? Was he angry? Oh, he wasn't, eh? What did he say? Wasn't that nice of him?"

Conscious of a slight noise in the store, he looked up. A young woman had just entered. She paused just inside the door, smiling at him a little timidly.

Without another word to his fiancée Nat put down the telephone and looked up the receiver.

"Betty!" he cried wondrously.

"Hello!" he said. "Oh, hello, Josie! What's that? That's right, but I'm a little out of it yet, you know. Well, I'll try again. Now—ready?"

His ironic calm gave Roland pause. For a moment he lost his bearings and stammered in confusion. "I come in to tell you that me and you's apt to have trouble," he concluded.

"Oh? And are you thinking of starting it?"

"You bet I'll start it, and I'll start it quick if you don't leave Josie Lockwood alone."

"So that's the trouble, is it?" commented Nat thoughtfully.

"Yes, that's the trouble. From now on I want you to let her alone, and you'll do it, too, if you know what's best for you."

A suggestion of menace in his manner, unconnected with any hint of physical correction, caught Nat's attention. He frowned over it.

"Just what do you mean by this line of talk?" he inquired blandly, stepping nearer.

"I'll tell you what I mean," Roland clinched both fists and thrust his chin out pugnaclously. "I'd been a-goin' steady with Josie Lockwood for more'n a year before you come here and thought that on account of her money you could sneak in and cut me out."

"Was her money the reason you were after her, Roly?"

"What?" The question brought Roland momentarily up in the wind. "Tain't none of your business if it was!" he snapped, recovering. "But here's what I'm gettin' at." He tapped his breast pocket with a sneer of bucolic triumph. "Just about ten months ago," he continued meaningly, "they was a cashier skipped out of the Long-acre National bank in Noo York, and they ain't got no trace of him yet."

So this was why Roland had been so assiduous a student of the back files in the Citizen office!

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. I had my suspicions all along, but didn't say nothin', but just today I got a description of him, and the description just fits, Mr. Mortimer Henry."

"Just fits Mr. Mortimer Henry? But what has that—"

"Ah, don't you try to seem too darn' innocent," Roland snarled. "You can't fool me!"

A light dawned upon Nat, and laughter flooded his being, although outwardly he remained imperturbably—merely mildly curious. But his fingers were itching.

"So you think I'm the absconding cashier, eh, Roly?"

"You keep away from Josie 'r you'll find out what I think." Nat's placidity deceived Roland, who drew the wholly erroneous conclusion that he had succeeded in frightening his rival.

Just there the store burst. Ten seconds later Roland, with a confused impression of having been kicked by a mule, picked himself up out of the dust in the middle of the street and stared stupidly back at the store.

"Here's your hat, Roly," called Nat, tossing him the hat, Nat turned contemptuously.

He paused in the middle of the store and felt of his necktie. It proved to be a little out of place, but otherwise he was as immaculate as his own wit. He reviewed the encounter and laughed quietly.

"There's no cure for a fool," he mused.

The telephone bell roused him from his reverie. He went over to the instrument, sat down and put the receiver to his ear.

"Hello!" he said. "Oh, hello, Josie! What's that? That's right, but I'm a little out of it yet, you know. Well, I'll try again. Now—ready?"

He schooled his voice to a key of heartrending sentiment. "Hello, darlin'. How's that? Told your father? Told him what? Oh, about the engagement? Was he angry? Oh, he wasn't, eh? What did he say? Wasn't that nice of him?"

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Without another word to his fiancée Nat put down the telephone and looked up the receiver.



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CARLSSON BROS. Willmar.

Real Estate Transfers.
Real estate transfers for the week ending Mar. 18, 1911:

Town of Holland.
Mar. 15—Frankie Ulifers et al to H. J. P. Ledebor, sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 17, 160 a., \$6900.00.
Mar. 18—Henry Van Buren to Martin K. Breems, n $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, nw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 26, 120 a., \$7200.00.
Town of Fahlun.
Mar. 13—Probate Court to Karen Bolin, und. $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 11 and of sw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 12; und. $\frac{1}{2}$ of n $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 11 and of n $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 12 and of n $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 14, 200 a., in full.
Mar. 14—Lars Tornquist to John Freed, lot 2, sec. 32, \$1.00.
Town of Edwards.
Mar. 15—Ludvig Anderson to J. M. Spicer, Gov't. lots 1 and 4 and nw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sec. 33, \$3650.00.
Town of Kandiyohi.
Mar. 11—Mina Johnson to Lars O. Thorpe, s $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{2}$, west 30 a. n $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 6, 110 a., \$7000.00.
Mar. 11—Lars O. Thorpe to Otto H. Johnson, s $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{2}$ west 30 a., n $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{2}$ of sec. 6, 110 a., \$7000.
Town of Willmar.
Mar. 13—Henry Johnson to Anderson Land Co., sw $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 22, 40 a., \$4000.00.
Mar. 17—Fred Lindemeier to Fred W. Gratz, s $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 12, 80 a., \$3600.00.
Town of Green Lake.
Mar. 16—Hans Peter Rasmussen to Arnt C. Carlson, s $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{2}$, sw $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{2}$ exc. part, and part of w $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 28, 59.95 a., \$3900.00.
Town of Dovre.
Mar. 14—Andrew Larson to Andrew Olson, sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 18 also ne $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 13 town of Mamre, 200 a., \$7000.00.
Mar. 15—Carl F. Nystrom to Anders Gustaf Melin, lot 18 of lot 3 sec. 30 also n $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 34, town of Mamre, 81.17 a., \$3230.00.
Mar. 15—Anton Thorsen to Oley N. Grue and John P. Ness, e acres of lot 4, sec. 24, \$500.00.
Town of Mamre.
Mar. 15—John O. Hagman to Klas A. Krant, lot 3, sec. 23, 36.12a., \$1710.00.
Town of New London.
Mar. 13—Nels J. Anderson to Hans Holserud, sw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 16, n $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{2}$, nw $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 21, 160 a., \$7200.00.
Town of Lake Andrew.
Mar. 14—Probate Court to Heirs of Reier Erickson and Even Erickson, und. $\frac{1}{2}$ of und. $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{2}$ of ne $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 16 and of lot 4 and sw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 9, of lot 1 and nw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 10, of lot 1 of lot 5, sec. 3, 103.75 a. Town of Roseville.
Mar. 16—Hugo Loll to Albert F. Kruger, sw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 9, 40 a., \$600.00.
Mar. 16—Albert F. Kruger to August Paetznic, s $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 9, 40 a., \$650.00.
Mar. 16—Louis Day to Charlie Liebrez, sw $\frac{1}{2}$ of nw $\frac{1}{2}$, nw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw $\frac{1}{2}$, sec. 11, 80 a., \$1500.00.
Town of Colfax.
Mar. 15—State of Minnesota to Andrew Berg, nw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sw, sec. 36, 40 a.
Mar. 15—Kittel O. Aasen to John Fosse, lots 7 and 8 of sw $\frac{1}{2}$ of sec. 29, 10 a., \$200.00.
Mar. 17—A. M. Friberg to Carl Friberg lot 5 of lot 5, sec. 33, 5 a., \$125.00.
Village of Penneck.
Mar. 15—Lewis Johnson to Victor E. Johnson, lots 17 to 24 inclusive, bl. 5, \$2000.00.
Mar. 17—Hansine Rasmussen to Oscar E. Bergstrom, lots 28, 29 and 30, bl. 5, \$900.00.
City of Willmar.
Mar. 14—John P. Kvemberg to John C. Hewett, north 85 ft. of lot 9, bl. 23, \$6000.00.
Mar. 14—John Person to Nels Qvam, lot 7, bl. 64, \$1100.00.
Mar. 14—May M. Pinney to Russell Spicer, lot 22 exc. west 96 ft.; North 25 ft. of lots 11 and 12, Highland add'n, \$5000.00.
Mar. 18—Lewis A. and Harry L. Ekdahl to Nels Norman, lot 3, bl. "C", 3rd add'n, \$2600.00.

Minorities are the greatest and most heroic power on earth. They are humanity's vanguard as well as its forlorn hope. Anybody can hurrah with the crowd, or run after the fire engine; but when men stand up almost alone for a great principle it is because they have iron in the blood, granite in the backbone, and overmastering confidence in truth.—Frances E. Willard.

Let me know when you are in the market for marble or granite monuments. Lowest prices and best work guaranteed.
H. T. Olson,
734 A Street, Willmar.

SIGNS—"For Rent," "For Rent, Furnished Room," "For Sale," "Dressmaking"—printed on cardboard, for sale at the Tribune office at 10 cents each.

Lumber! Lumber!

If you intend building bring your lumber bill to our WILLMAR office and get our prices for lumber from our PRIAM lumber yard. We will save you money on a small bill as well as on a larger bill.

NEW LONDON MILLING CO.

OFFICIAL NOTICE

Of the Health Officer to the Residents of the City of Willmar.

All persons owning, occupying or otherwise possessing any houses, buildings, lots or any other real estate within the city limits of the city of Willmar are hereby notified that all manure, debris, animal and vegetable material liable to decomposition shall be removed, and that all out houses, barns, sheds, stables, privy vaults, sewers, cellars, wells, yards and premises shall be thoroughly cleaned, moved or disinfected, and all filth or source of filth which can or may prove injurious to the health of the inhabitants of said city shall be abated by the 1st day of May, 1911.

The city shall see that all public streets, alleys, highways, sewers and buildings within the city be cleaned of all filth and causes thereof.

Any person having knowledge of any contagious or infectious diseases within the city is hereby notified and required to report the same as soon as or within twenty-four hours from the time it became known to them to the health officer or to any member of the board; or any person knowing of glanders in horses or pleuropneumonia in cattle within said city shall report the same.

No person at any time shall burn any rubbish, such as straw and droppings from cattle, within the limit of the city of Willmar, that should in any manner impair the health of the city, and any person who willfully violates it shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than ten dollars for each and every offense.

Teachers and superintendents of schools and public institutions will see that no children having a contagious disease or any child coming from a house or houses in which said disease is said to exist, be admitted into such school or institution without first notifying and obtaining permission from the board of health. All innkeepers or keepers of public houses shall notify the board of health of any contagious diseases within 24 hours from the discovery of the same.

All cases reported to this board by any person will be properly investigated as provided by law.
6-3 John M. Rains, Health Officer.

New Norwegian Books at Library.

The following Norwegian books have been received at the library: Blicher—Tre fortællinger Flood—Forsendjeld Foss—Livet i Vesterhjemmen Hauch—Slottet ved Ahimem Hengem—Kongens Yndling Ingemann—Landsbyborene Jacobson—Marie Grubbe Janson—Fra begge sider havet Kramerer—Glade Borgere Krag—Ettensomme Mennesker Kristoffersen—Verdens Herre Lie—Staal Storlid Lie—Samlede Vaerker Lie—Adam Ravn Mau—Fire hundrede fortællinger for skolen og hjemmet Meltzer—Politiktiser Meyn—Svundne tider Mun—Ravn den Fredløse Overland—Norske historiske fortællinger Paulsen—Brose fra Bergen Scharing—Uffe Hjaelms og Palte Loves Bedrifter Schuyen—Den Svenske Nattergal Thorsen—Romaner og fortællinger Tvedt—Tengill Hodva

This talk of repealing the anti-cigarette and similar laws because they are not enforced and the reasons given for such a course are evidences of weakness that are a sad commentary on our modern civilization. If a law is placed upon our statutes, that law should be strictly and impartially enforced. If we do not like it or believe that it is not a good law let us work for its repeal on that ground. This idea that it should be enforced upon the other fellow is altogether too common.

Our executive officers should pay some attention to their oath of office or resign and let someone with more manhood and backbone try a hand. Our present system in winking at violations of law is breeding a nation of anarchists and we will some day repent our folly. A good citizen is a law abiding citizen.—Breckenridge Telegram.

SCHOOL OFFICERS—A brand new copy of the Webster's International Dictionary of a late edition, bound in sheep, for sale. School maps of Kandiyohi county on hand with the educational features required to be taught. Address, Tribune Printing Co., Willmar, Minn. 52f

Iceland does not permit a drop of liquor to be made on the island. It has no jail, no penitentiary, no court, only one policeman, and there is not an illiterate person on the island or a child ten years of age who cannot read.—Northwestern Patriot.

Sauk Rapids will have a \$20,000 hotel to be built by the Cold Spring Brewing Co.

Spraying Fruit Trees.

If, for any reason, the lime-sulphur wash was not applied to the trees during the dormant season, spraying with arsenate of lead for the plum curculio just as the buds are swelling should not be neglected. At this time also a disease like the shot-hole fungus of plums and cherries can be checked by the use of self mixture. For this spraying, therefore, a combination of three pounds of arsenate of lead, and fifty gallons of the self-boiled lime-sulphur is recommended; or, if preferred, three pounds of arsenate of lead may be used in fifty gallons of Bordeaux mixture.

The following is a simple formula for making Bordeaux mixture for use at this time:

Dissolve 4 pounds of copper sulphate (blue vitriol) in 25 gals. of water (the crystals are readily dissolved by being suspended in a burlap sack near the surface of the water). Slake 4 pounds of the best stone lime, and after it is thoroughly slaked, dilute with water to 25 gals. Now, pour at the same time the two solutions, the copper sulphate and the lime, through a strainer into the spray barrel. The resulting material is Bordeaux mixture, and is the 4-4-50 formula.—A. G. Ruggles, Minnesota Agr. College.

OBITUARY

OSCAR JUSIUS STEAD

The earthly remains of the late Rev. O. J. Stead were laid to rest in the Oak Park cemetery with Rev. John A. Wagner officiating. The pall bearers were Revs. C. H. Sundstrom, C. F. Edwards, Andrew Nelson, A. G. Hultgren, L. G. Edgren and Mr. Gilbert Johnson. The pastors present all spoke briefly. A great number of floral offerings covered the casket.

Oscar Justus Stead was born in Asum's parish, Scania, Sweden, Jan. 4, 1848 and died March 7, 1911, having attained the age of over 63 years. He came to America in 1868, and joined the English speaking M. E. church at Moline, Ill., in 1871. In 1878 he became a member of the Northwestern Swedish M. E. conference, and was ordained an elder in 1880. He served as pastor of the Kandiyohi church 1879 to 1882, and the Atwater-Rosendale pastorate 1885 to 1888. He was the Superintendent of the Minneapolis District 1894 to 1899. At his own request he was allowed supernumerated relations with the Conference in 1905. Since that time he has lived at St. Paul, where he died as above stated from a stroke of paralysis. His second wife, 3 daughters and two sons survive him. He was buried at Kandiyohi at his own request, by the side of the grave of his first wife. So ended the earthly career of a good man, who had won the love and respect of all his people.

For Steamship Tickets
To and from Europe by the CUNARD, WHITE STAR AND Other First Class Lines, AND FOR FIRE INSURANCE, Inquire of Hans Gunderson, Second Floor Bank of Willmar Bldg., Willmar, Minn.

Special Sale on mantel and kitchen clocks at Elmquist's Jewelry Store, Benson Ave. near Postoffice.

Towner's Loss.
"Hello, old chap," greeted the crowd at the club. "Back from your hunting trip? Bag anything?"
"No," responded Chappy Badshot wearily.
"Well, no wonder. You are a back number. The idea of going hunting with a tailless pointer!"
"Oh, don't blame poor Beppo! He had a tail when he started."—Omaha World-Herald.

An Unusual Blend.
Mrs. Dorkins sniffed the air. "John," she said, "that smells like a new kind of tobacco."
"You smell forty different kinds of tobacco, Maria," explained Mr. Dorkins. "I burnt a hole in my smoking jacket just now."—Chicago Tribune.

GIVING OUT
The Struggle Discourages Many a Citizen of Willmar.
Around all day with an aching back;
Can't rest at night;
Enough to make any one "give out."
Doan's Kidney Pills will give renewed life.
They will cure the backache;
Cure every kidney ill.
Here is convincing proof that this is so:
Mrs. H. J. Lien, of Granite Falls, Minn., says: "For a long time I suffered from lumbago and pains in my hips and loins. I was often so stiff and lame that I could not turn in bed or even stoop. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a box and began their use. They relieved me in a short time. Whenever I catch cold, it settles in my kidneys and causes my back to ache. At such times a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills set me right." For sale by all dealers. Price 60 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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Tans all kinds of hides cleaned and dyed. Robes tanned and repaired. Fur mittens for sale. Buys or exchanges all kinds of hides, furs, robes and leather. ANDREW O. SATHER, Prop'r, 937 First Street South, WILLMAR, MINN.

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