

All January Coupons must be Recorded by Jan. 28—
No Holdbacks in this Contest.

HANDSOME

Join the Fun of the Contest—No names published—The
exact standing known at close of each Month.

\$400 UPRIGHT PARLOR GRAND PIANO

GILBERT O. SAND CO., and THE WILLMAR TRIBUNE will give away, absolutely without cost, the Claxton Upright Grand Piano shown below. This is open to anyone, and nomination blanks may be obtained at the TRIBUNE office, GILBERT O. SAND CO'S. store or cut from this ad. This will be the most interesting advertising proposition ever held in Kandiyohi County, and everyone has an equal opportunity to secure this Beautiful Upright Parlor Grand Piano.

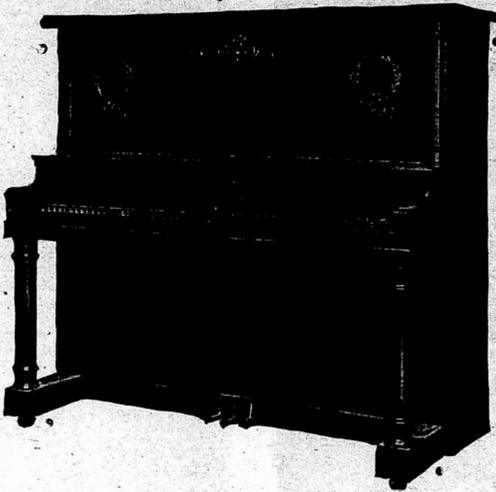
How to get Vote Tickets

WITH every purchase made at Gilbert O. Sand Co's, One Price Clothiers, votes will be given—100 VOTES FOR EVERY DOLLAR'S WORTH PURCHASED. Votes in the same proportion will also be given to persons paying accounts. If any of your friends need anything get them to patronize Gilbert O. Sand Co's, One Price Clothiers, and give you their votes. Now is the time to get busy. The earlier you start the more advantage you will have in final count. The date of the closing of the contest will be June 4, 1913.

Cut out Coupon below and present or mail to Gilbert O. Sand Co. before Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1912.

If your friends owe an account get them to pay and secure votes.

Claxton Upright Grand Piano Voting Contest
CUT THIS COUPON OUT
AND BRING TO
GILBERT O. SAND CO.
ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS
Willmar, Minn.
IT WILL COUNT 25 VOTES
This Coupon and all printed in January must be recorded before Tuesday, January 28.



No. 1, Name of Contestant will not be known. 2, No names of candidates will be published. 3, Every Contestant gets 2,000 votes to start with. 4, Every contestant gets a number. 5, Standing by Numbers published weekly in the Willmar Tribune. 6, All votes must be brought in Tuesday for recording. 7, Votes must NOT be written on. 8, Tie votes in package with Contestant's number and amount on top slip. 9, Color of Certificates will be changed each month and must be recorded before change. The color for month of January will be green. All green certificates must be recorded by Jan. 28, to be accepted. 10, Votes are transferable only before recording. 11, Contestant having the largest number of votes on June 4, 1913, wins Piano. THIS IS SURELY A PRESENT WORTH WORKING FOR.

How to get Vote Tickets

WITH every yearly subscription to the Willmar Tribune accompanied by \$1.50 in cash, 3,000 votes will be given. This applies to back subscriptions, and you can pay for as many as you desire. You will be surprised how easy it is to get subscriptions to the Willmar Tribune if you try. CLOSES JUNE 4, 1913.

The subscription money is to be paid to the Tribune Printing Co. in the usual way, and the receipt taken be presented on some Tuesday of the same month to Gilbert O. Sand Co's. where the vote coupons will be issued.

It is easy to get a new subscriber to the Willmar Tribune in any home where it does not already come. In most cases they may be had by simply asking for them.

NOMINATION BLANK

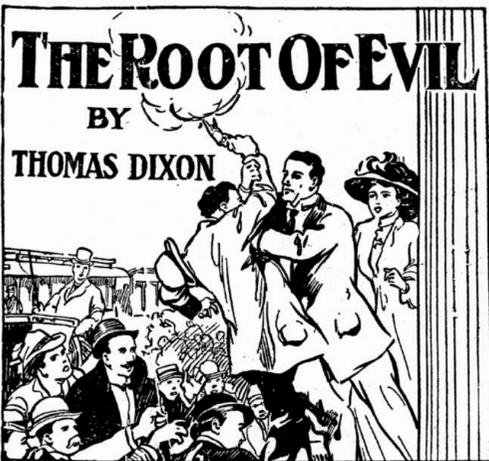
Good For 2,000 Votes

I hereby accept the nomination as a contestant on the CLAXTON PIANO CONTEST. Please place these 2000 votes to my credit.

NAME _____

POST OFFICE _____

GILBERT O. SAND CO. WILLMAR, MINN.



THE ROOT OF EVIL
BY THOMAS DIXON
Copyright, 1911, by Thomas Dixon

CHAPTER XVI.
The Last Illusion.

THE longer Dr. Woodman watched the barbaric, sensual display of wealth sweeping before him, the deeper his spirits sank. The butler touched his arm, and he turned with a sudden start.

"Mr. Bivens will be pleased to see you in the little library, sir, if you will come at once."

When the doctor was ushered into the library Bivens, who was awaiting him alone, sprang to his feet with a look of blank amazement, and then a smile began to play about his hard mouth.

"My servant announced that a gentleman wished to speak to me a moment. Will you be good enough to tell me what you are doing in this house tonight?"

The doctor paused and hesitated, his face scarlet from the deliberate insult.

"I must really ask your pardon, Mr. Bivens, for my apparent intrusion. It is only apparent. I came with my daughter. She sang tonight on your program."

"Oh, I see, with the other hired singers. Well, what do you want?"

"Only a few minutes of your time on a matter of grave importance."

"I don't care to discuss business here tonight, Woodman," Bivens broke in abruptly. "Come to my office."

"I have been there three or four times," the doctor went on hurriedly, "and wrote you twice. I felt sure that my letters had not reached you. I hoped for the chance of a moment to light to lay my case before you."

"All right, I'll give you five minutes."

"I felt sure you had not seen my letters."

"I'll ease your mind on that point."

His voice quivered and broke for an instant.

"You have won. You can afford to be generous. That you can deny me in this hour of my desolation is unthinkable. I'm not pleading for myself. I can live on a rat's allowance. I'm begging for my little girl. I need \$2,000 immediately to complete her musical studies. Deep down in your heart of hearts you know that the act would be one of justice between man and man."

"As a charity, Woodman, I might give you the paltry \$50,000 you ask."

"I'll take it as a charity," he cried eagerly, "take it with joy and gratitude and thank God for his salvation sent in the hour of my need."

"But in reality you demand justice of me? Come to the point, Woodman, what is in your mind when you say that I am your debtor?"

"Simply that I have always known that your formula for that drink was a prescription which I compounded years ago and which you often filed for me when I was busy. As a physician I could not patent such a thing. You had as much right to patent it as any one else."

"In other words," Bivens interrupted coldly, "you inform me that you have always known that I stole from your prescription counter the formula which gave me my first fortune."

The financier began to speak with slow venomous energy:

"I've let you ramble on in your maudlin talk, Woodman, because it amused me. For years I've waited your coming. Your unexpected advent is the sweetest triumph of this festival night."

He paused and a sinister smile played about his mouth. "The last time I saw you I promised myself that I'd make you come to me the next time and when you did that you'd come on your hands and knees. And I swore that when you looked up into my face groveling and whining for mercy as you have tonight, I'd call my servants and order them to kick you down my doorstep."

He leaned across the massive fat top desk to touch an electric button.

The doctor's fist suddenly gripped the outstretched hand and his eyes glared into the face of the financier with the dangerous look of a madman.

"You had better not ring that bell, yet," he said, with forced quiet in his tones.

"Your trade gives me an idea," said Bivens. "I want you to stay until the festivities end, and enjoy yourself. Take a look over my house. It cost two millions to build it, and requires half a million a year to keep it up. The butleresses those dancers are crushing beneath their feet in my ballroom I imported from Central America at a cost of \$5,000. The favors in jewelry I shall give to my rich guests who have no use for them will be worth \$25,000. Remember that I spent three hundred and fifty thousand on this banquet, which lasted eight hours, and that I will see you and your daughter dead and in the bottomless pit before I will give you one penny. Enjoy yourself. It's a fine evening."

Before the doctor could answer, the financier laughed and left the room.

For a long time the dazed man stood motionless. He passed his big hand over his forehead in a vague instinctive physical effort to lift the fog of horror and despair that was slowly strangling him.

He felt that he was suffocating. He tore his collar apart to give himself room to breathe. He thrust his hand into the hip pocket of his dress suit where he usually carried a handkerchief and felt something hard and cold.

It was a revolver he had been accustomed to carry of late in his rounds through the dangerous quarters of the city. Without thinking when he dressed, he had transferred it to his evening suit. His hand closed over the ivory handle with a sudden fierce joy.

"Yes, I'll kill him in his magnificent ballroom, to the strains of his own music!" he said, half aloud. "I'll give a fit climax to his dance of death and the waltz."

He quickly descended the stairs and saw Bivens talking with his wife. He didn't wish to kill him in her presence, and as he passed a look of hatred flashed from the little black eyes of the millionaire. He made up his mind to kill him at the moment the dance was at the highest pitch of gaiety.

The music began, and the dancers once more whirled into the center of the room and the crowd filled the space under the grand arch which led into the hall. Bivens was the center of an admiring group of sycophants and worshippers. The doctor's heart gave a mad throb of joy. His hour had come.

With quick strides he covered the space which separated them and without a moment's hesitation thrust his hand into his breast for his revolver. Not a muscle or nerve quivered. His finger touched the trigger softly and he gave Bivens a look which he meant he should take with him into eternity.

When just beyond him he saw Harriet. She stood motionless with a look of mute agony on her fair young face, watching Stuart talk to Bivens' wife.

His finger slipped from the trigger, and his hand loosed its deadly grip.

"I've forgotten my baby!" he cried in sudden anguish. And then another vision flashed through his excited brain. A courtroom, a prisoner, his own bowed figure the center of a thousand eyes while the jury brought in their verdict.

His breath came in labored gasps as one mad thought succeeded another.

"No!" he said hoarsely. "I must save her. I must be cunning. I must succeed—not fail. I must get what I came here for. I must save my baby. My own fate is of no importance. She is everything."

Bivens had taken from him by fraud his formula, destroyed his business and robbed him of all he possessed. The law gave him power to hold it. He, too, would appeal to the same power and take what belonged to him. No matter how, he would take it, and he would take it tonight.

Bivens had boasted that his favors in jewelry would be worth \$25,000.



His Finger Touched the Trigger Softly.

The doctor suspected the boxes with exclamations of wonder and admiration. He bent low over the table for an instant, and when he left one of the jewel cases rested securely in his pocket.

He was amazed at his own skill and a thrill of fierce triumph filled his being as he realized that he had succeeded and that his little girl would go to Europe and complete her work. He spoke pleasantly to the secretary and congratulating him on his good fortune in securing such a minister, turned and strolled leisurely back to the ballroom.

Not for a moment did he doubt the safety of his act. He was a chemist and knew the secret of the laboratory. He would melt the gold into a single bar and sell the diamonds as he needed them. His only regret was that he could not have taken the full amount he had demanded of the little school girl. He found Harriet and they started at once for home.

"Did you have a good time?"

"Yes, when I could forget the pain in my heart. You succeeded? It's all right? I'm going abroad at once to study?"

The doctor laughed aloud in a burst of fierce joy.

"Certainly, my dear!"

The tears sprang into the gentle eyes as she answered gratefully.

"You can't know how happy you've made me."

Bivens, who had heard the doctor's laughter, passed and said with exaggerated courtesy:

"I trust you have enjoyed the evening, Woodman?"

The doctor laughed again in his face. "More than I can possibly tell you."

Bivens followed to the door and watched him slowly walk down the steps.

(To be continued)

For good pastime and healthy exercise try Weber's Bowling Alley.—Advertisement.

AUCTION SALE

I will sell at public auction on old Solomon Lundquist farm, Sec 6, Township of Genessee, on

Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1913,

beginning at 10 o'clock sharp, the following property:

One bay mare, 9 years; one brown mare, 8 years; one bay mare, 14 years, in foal; one black horse, 15 years; one sorrel mare, 15 years, in foal; one mare colt, 7 months; one horse colt, 7 months; four cows coming fresh soon; two 2-year olds; one yearling; four sows; three white pigs; one boar; about 175 chickens; two set working harnesses; one set driving harness; about 85 shoeks corn, some fodder and some hay; one Plano binder with truck; one Plano mower in good running order; one 17-shoe drill in good running order; one 16-shoe seeder in good running order; one three-horse disc harrow; one 4-horse harrow, new; one 6-hoe corn cultivator; one disc corn cultivator; two hay racks, one 8 ft. and one 10 ft.; two pair of bob sleighs; one light bob; two hay racks; one steel wagon, complete, almost new; one truck wagon; one Deere gang plow; one Canton gang plow; one Fuller & Johnson sulky plow; one top buggy; one hay bucket complete, with ropes; one manure bucket; one American cream separator; one Jewel cookstove and other articles too numerous to mention.

Free Lunch at Noon.

Terms of Sale: All sums of \$5.00 and less, cash; on all sums over that amount, time will be given until Nov. 1, 1913, on approved notes bearing 7 per cent interest.

THEODORE ANDERSON, Owner.

W. N. Davis, Auctioneer.
John A. Johnson, Clerk.

Order Limiting Time to File Claims and for Hearing Thereon.
Estate of Guri Hande.
State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.
In the Matter of the Estate of Guri Hande, Decedent.
Letters Testamentary this day having been granted to P. A. Gandrud, of said county,
It Is Ordered, that the time within which all creditors of the above decedent may present claims against his estate in this court, be, and the same hereby is, limited to six months from and after the date hereof; and that Monday, the 16th day of June,

1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., in the Probate Court Rooms at the Court House at Willmar in said County, be, and the same hereby is fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing upon and the examination, adjustment and allowance of such claims as shall be presented within the time aforesaid.
Let notice hereof be given by the publication of this order in the Willmar Tribune as provided by law.
Dated December 9th, 1912.
(SEAL) T. O. GILBERT, Judge of Probate.
GEO. H. OTTERNESS, Attorney, Willmar, Minn.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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