

THE NEW CLARION

By... WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER IV. The Die Is Cast. Abner returned to his chair. He tilted it back on its two rear legs and chewed his quid. "It is a big price," he said. "You need new presses of up to date make an more type and figures generally. It would take another thousand to put it in running order. Say, Hillhouse, that ain't no use beatin' the devil around a bush till it is plumb dug up by the roots. I don't tell all my business to anybody, but I've had a notion of buyin' a paper myself."

"You have?" The editor was genuinely surprised. "Yes, an', while I can't be positive, I want to know here now, man to man, a woman to be consulted-of I'll plunk down \$1,500 in cold cash by 3 o'clock today may I have the plant?" Hillhouse flushed with eagerness, and then his face became rigid, his lips shook. "I was wondering what my wife?" "Hold! Hold!" Abner rose and turned toward the door. "We've talked enough about women for one day. I ain't makin' no proposition to no woman nor to no man tied to one's apron strings or corset laces nuther, for that matter. You tell me, Hillhouse, man to man, whether it is a deal or not."

Hillhouse was quite pale by this time. He walked to a window and looked out on the street. Abner from the corner of a watchful eye saw his shoulders rise convulsively. The next moment the editor faced him. "I'll take you up," he said grimly. "I'll give you till 3 o'clock to close the thing. I'm going to Augusta. She can stay here if she wants to, but I'm going."

"That's the talk!" Abner shook hands with him. "I wouldn't buy you out if it wasn't for yore good an' her'n too. Let me have a pen and a sheet of paper, will you?" Hillhouse got the things, and Abner moved his chair to a table and wrote, his hand cramped, his eyes close to the writing. He dipped his pen often, now and then driving the sharp point into the unglazed paper. Suddenly he looked up and smiled sheepishly. "I'm a pretty fair speller. I used to git to the head of the class nine times out of ten at a spellin' bee an' stay that to boot, but that was one thing that I never could tell whether it was spelt with 'e' or 'ee'—the word 'is received.'"

Hillhouse, who was quite nervous and excited, told him the correct form and Abner finished writing. He went to the stove, pulled out the drawer below the grate and sifted a handful of ashes over the wet ink, and then, shaking the paper well, he extended it to the editor, and as he did so he took out a long leather pocketbook and extracted a ten dollar bill, which he laid on the table. Hillhouse glanced at the writing and then at the money. "What is this?" he asked nervously. "It's just a receipt for \$10," Abner answered. "I'm a great hand to pass money in any deal. It sort of clinches a thing, you know. Sign that an' I'll go out an' fetch in the rest of the spool."

"But you said you wanted till 3 o'clock," Hillhouse stammered. Irritation stamped on his white brow. "Oh, yes; that was only a matter of form. I can git back quicker than that. I've just got to go to the bank. This ten makes you safe, you see. If I was mean enough to back down you could hold me by law. When you git with Joe down thar in that crackin' good business you will learn more about such things. Newspaper editors always seemed to me to be more or less like children. Ef you had more of one's other line, Hillhouse, yore wife would not have such a tight clamp on yore nose an' twist it so often."

"Very well," Hillhouse breathed out a sigh. "Go ahead, Ab; the die is cast. I'll be my own boss this time if she sues me for a divorce."

wouldn't he? He'd rise like a kite he had better wad under 'im than he has now, wouldn't he?" "But he'll be homesick so far off among strangers," Mary sighed gloomily. "That will take all energy and courage out of him. He loves it here. He has often told me that he'd rather live in Darley than in any other place in the world. He is being driven away from here, Uncle Ab, by his father, by that contemptible Hillhouse, and by you. Mary's voice shook, and her pretty chin quivered—evidently she was joining in. Just think of what a true friend you are losing. Why, I've heard Howard say he loved you—actually loved you—that he'd rather sit and talk with you or go hunting or fishing with you than any other friend in the world, and here you are making all sorts of silly jokes the day before he goes. Why, I feel—I feel as if something awful were happening to him."

Abner turned a glowing face on her grief swept one. "So he actually likes old Ab, does he? Well, maybe I don't 'im, an' that ort to be a proof. What is he?" "He was in Tarp's store looking at a trunk a few minutes ago," Mary said. "He wanted my advice about it, but I'd as soon have helped him select his outfit. There he is now crossing the street." Mary was waving her hand at Howard, and she and Abner paused to wait for the young man to join them. "He didn't buy that trunk, did he?" Abner asked anxiously. "No," he said he'd look at it again later. "He don't need no trunk." Abner smiled mysteriously. "A tramp like him ort to carry his things in a handkerchief on a stick over his shoulder, but any money they kin lay hands on, but as you own this bill you needn't have any scruples. In fact, I've just come in to hand you a lot more. Here is fourteen hundred and ninety, as crisp as dry leaves round a campfire."

"I know I'm actin' like a baby," Hillhouse all but whimpered. "I know my own mind, Ab; but I've lived with a wishy-washy woman so long that I'm a slave to her whim. I want to sell out. I want to go in with Joe because it is the best chance I ever had, but my wife—" "Your wife?" Abner said contemptuously. Hillhouse said desperately: "After you left I went home to tell 'er, but I just couldn't do it. I found 'er amongst her flowers in the front yard. You see she's a great hand to cultivate fine roses. When I got to the gate she called my attention to a big yellow bush and said it would draw a prize in any show in the country. I let her talk a few minutes, then all at once she up and asked me if I had seen the fellows that was trying to get up the money to buy the Clarion. I told her I hadn't an' asked her why she wanted to know."

"Because," said she, 'they are a pretty pair of fools if they kin I'd sell out my paper and move away from such a beautiful flower garden as this. They tell me that roses like these simply won't take root as far south as Augusta and that the houses of the city don't get so close together that each resident hasn't an inch of space to plant even a bill of beans.'"

"(To be continued.)" "I don't want your money, Ab," day. You talk and act like a child expecting Santa Claus. If you don't think of yourself you ought to think of his poor old mother and and—others."

"That's right; claw me, Miss Cat," Abner laughed over more merrily than ever. He turned to greet Howard, who, with a colorless face and despondent walk, now met them. "I want to talk with both of you," Abner said. "In the first place, you are going to eat dinner at the hotel with me at 12 o'clock sharp. Come on an' let's go to the parlor an' git out of this rostin' sun."

Neither of the two offered any protest, and in a few minutes they were seated in the big, cool reception room with its high windows, lace curtains, marble topped center table, square rosewood piano and chairs and sofa upholstered in satin. "Now, let's all git down to business," Abner said, for the first time betraying a certain awkwardness. "Howard, I want to tell you something. You an' Mary both may have noticed that I always loved to write occasional things from out our way to the Clarion. I don't know, but it was the finest amusement I ever had. Seem' your own ideas in print somehow is like hearin' yoreself orate when you are in yore best trim an' everybody else is quiet."

"So while I never talked it com to friends I have always thought I'd like to own a newspaper. I reckon I'd have done before this, but I was afraid 'd be a failure. I've got the thing by myself. However, all rose talk, Howard, about 'git off kept stimmin' in my mind till I got newspaper so much in my head that I had to take action. Now, you may think me a fool, but I've gone an' bought a paper—at least, I've made a payment on one, an' the deal is as good as closed. Now, what do you think? This is the way the matter stands. I'll make a born idiot of myself if I can't git a young man or brains to run the thing for me. I've bought what's left of the Clarion, an' you'll cut out this trip of yore'n to the wild and woolly west and lay hold here with me you will do me a big favor."

Two fine here at the meetin' point of two railroads, and the new one that's talked of may be induced to head this way. A month from now Hillhouse won't know the New Clarion from a side of sole leather. The ready print paper must go to the scrap heap; every line in our paper must be printed at home so we can control our advertising space. Now you two talk it over while I run down to the washroom an' git the dust out of my whiskers."

"Oh, isn't he good?" Mary all but sobbed when she and Howard were alone. "Howard, your mother will be the happiest woman in the world when she hears the news."

"It is a great opportunity," the young man answered, "and I'm going to do my best to prove myself worthy of Uncle Ab's confidence."

A step was heard in the corridor outside and Cora Langham and her mother, who Mary started steadily out through the open door.

Immediately after dinner Abner went to the bank and then down to the office of the Clarion. He found Hillhouse in the main room seated at his desk. A thing which had an ominous look to Abner was the ten dollar bill still lying on the table where he had left it. Abner bent over it without touching it, a resentful expression on his face.

"What's this—Confederate money?" he half laughed. "At first sight I took it for the greenback I laid that to clutch our trade. Ef it is genuine I'd put it in my hip pocket or weight it down with some'n or other."

"I don't want your money, Ab," you say you don't? Well, that's a good trait in you, Hillhouse. Most folks in these days of graft will take any money they kin lay hands on, but as you own this bill you needn't have any scruples. In fact, I've just come in to hand you a lot more. Here is fourteen hundred and ninety, as crisp as dry leaves round a campfire."

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Be sure of hat satisfaction. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR Patterson Hats. W. W. STEVENSON CO., Wholesale, Minneapolis

Bad Wreck Near Graceville. Spreading rails near Graceville caused a bad freight wreck late last Friday night in which brakeman Rossiter was cut about the arm and face and which shook up a number of passengers and gave them a thorough scare. About two hundred feet of trucks were torn up and the trucks were ripped out from under the passenger coach and a freight car. The wrecker from Willmar worked all night to restore order.

The trucks were ripped up in front of after leaving Alberta Conductor McCabe and Engineer Lynch discovered the track was in unusually bad shape and were about to report the matter to the main line. Just before entering the town the fatal spot was reached. The engine and a long string of cars passed over safely but a refrigerator car to which the passenger coach was attached slid off the rails and bumped along the ties for about four rail lengths. Brakeman Rossiter was standing in the coach door when the first jolt came and was thrown through the glass. Conductor McCabe and Engineer Lynch were thrown from the coach and the car violently but without serious injury. Some of the passengers were bumped but none of them have registered complaints so far.

The wreck was repaired when the refrigerator car and under the wrecking crew arrived the car was set onto the right of way while the track was built and slipped under the derailed coach, and in this way was restored. The main line traffic on the branch was delayed about twelve hours.—Morris Tribune.

AT THE MAJESTIC. A splendid nine reel program will be the offering at the Majestic for this week Friday. "The Edge of the Abyss," featuring Willard Mack, Mary Boland and Frank Mills, in five reels will constitute the main feature of the program, and this will be followed by Syd Chaplin in "The Submarine Pirate."

"The Edge of the Abyss," tells the old story of a woman who marries a man and then quarrels with him after a short time. The rejected suitor attempts to persuade her to elope with him, and this she might have done, had it not been for a burglar, who broke into the house which discovers in the owner, the great lawyer who befriended him. The burglar hearing conversation, listens, and learns of the plans to elope. He foils them, and brings about a reconciliation between husband and wife.

"The Submarine Pirate," while in reality a comedy, is a great pictorial production also, practically all of the scenes being filmed aboard a Pacific ocean submarine, and also aboard a battleship. Syd Chaplin, a waiter dons the uniform of an admiral and assumes command of the submarine with interesting results.

On Monday Julius Stegar, who, as a dramatic actor needs no introduction to local audiences appears in "The Blindness of Love." The story tells how a man, blinded by love for a woman, is driven to murder her and allows him his own way. The result is ruination for both the father and son. However, the latter finds himself in time to start over again, in a distant city, with better results. On Wednesday "The Reapers" will be shown.

Rebekahs to Morris. Members of Pearl Rebekah lodge of this city are making grand preparations for the convention which convenes in this city Wednesday, April 26. Ten candidates are anxiously waiting to be initiated and learn the mysteries of this secret organization. It is expected that fully fifty delegates will be present from Willmar, Kerkhoven and other points and their names will be counted at a banquet to be given at the lodge hall at six o'clock.

Unless plans are changed before next Wednesday night the Willmar team will do the degree work in the evening. This team has a reputation for excellence and will have as their Morris members who remain at home they will miss a rare opportunity to receive lodge work instruction. The team from Kerkhoven will assist the team from Willmar.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS. Town of Holland. April 17—Probate Court to Fryntje Rootes, Co., part SW1/4 of SW1/4, (17x50 ft), sec. 15, S1/2 of SE1/4, sec. 28.

Town of Whitefield. April 11—Henry G. Van Horn and wife to T. J. Cashman, W1/2 of SW1/4, sec. 17, E1/2 of SE1/4, sec. 15, \$14,000.

Town of Edwards. April 20—Robert Anderson and wife and Ludvig Ellefson and wife to Anderson Land Co., E1/2 of SE1/4, SW1/4 of SE1/4, sec. 1, \$9,000.

Town of Willmar. April 18—August A. Johnson and wife to John Swenson, N1/2 of NW1/4, sec. 4, \$13,500.

April 20—Mrs. W. Johnson to J. Albert Peterson and Albert S. Anderson, lot 2, sec. 11, lot 1, sec. 2, \$5,000.

Town of St. Johns. April 18—Ole Bergeson and wife to Martin J. Westland, N1/2 of SE1/4, SE1/4 of SE1/4, sec. 6, \$8,000.

Town of Dovre. April 19—August A. Johnson and wife to John Swenson, SW1/4 of SW1/4, sec. 14, sec. 27.

April 20—First National Bank Willmar to Trygve O. Gilbert, Lots 27, 37 and 38 of Lot 7, sec. 24, \$500.

Town of Irving. April 20—Central Trust Co. to Peter E. Hanson, SW1/4 of NE1/4, sec. 27, \$200.

April 22—Cora A. Stone and husband et al. to William H. Lester, NE1/4, sec. 26, \$4,000.

OBITUARY. A. M. SUNDBERG. After an illness of a week's duration, A. M. Sundberg, an old and respected resident of the town of Mamre, passed from the scene of this life on Thursday, April 13, at the old homestead.

Anders Magnusson Sundberg was born January 21, 1838, at Grava parish, Vermland, Sweden, and was, at the time of his death, 78 years, 10 months and 22 days of age. He became a teacher in the public schools of Sweden, in which capacity he worked 23 years. Being disabled he was granted a pension, which he drew until the time of his death. In 1883 he came to this country, locating at Atwater, where he opened up a watchmaker's shop. Some time later he moved with his family to the farm in Mamre, where he resided until his death. He also held his trade at Kerkhoven and Rush City, but for the past fifteen years he had resided on the farm.

The funeral was held Sunday, April 16 at the East Salem church, Rev. E. A. Wenstrand officiating. He leaves to mourn his death, his wife, a son, Anton Sundberg of this city, Mary (Mrs. John Bodin of Mamre), Bertha (Mrs. A. P. Olson of Minneapolis), and Hilma, who resides at home, daughter, Minnie (Mrs. Anton Olson) died ten years ago. Her family of husband and three children are among the mourners. Other relatives who survive. All the children were at the funeral, including Mr. Anton Olson and daughter, Agnes, J. W. Johnson, a brother-in-law of Willmar, was also in attendance.

The deceased was an active church worker, altho' of late he was unable to take as active a part as he desired. In infancy he lost the use of his right leg. He was of a cheerful disposition and will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

SOUTHEAST FAHLUN. Southeast Fahulun, April 24—Miss Florence Nelson called at Frank Mattson's Monday. Mattson Bros. took 3,000 muskrat skins at Atwater Tuesday. Miss Eleanor Anderson called at Lewis Larson's Tuesday.

The old settlers say the roads have not been in worse shape since the spring of 1893. Mr. John Solomonson visited at Frank Mattson's Sunday. Miss Nelisina Hanson left for Atwater Saturday after spending a few days at Ed. Larson's.

Ed. Larson visited at Atwater Saturday and Sunday. A few farmers were seen out on the fields last week. Easter services were held at the Lutheran church Sunday. A student from Minneapolis preached. James Hanson was in Atwater Saturday. Dewey Vick has hired out to Horace Anderson in Lake Lillian.

Miss Eleanor Anderson returned to Willmar Monday. Mr. H. S. Nelson assisted with services in the township of Lake Lillian on Wednesday.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to hear that there has been a cure in the case of a patient who has been suffering from a disease which is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a local disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a purely internal remedy, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the cause of the disease, and giving the patient strength by rebuilding the system. It is a purely natural and safe remedy. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer \$100 for any case that it fails to cure. Send for literature. Address: Dr. J. C. Hall & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

REPORT OF BOARD OF AUDIT. (Republished by reason of typographical error in first publication.) To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners, Kandiyohi County, Minnesota.

Table with columns for various financial items and their amounts. Total Balance and Receipts: \$152,546.86. Disbursements from January 1, 1916 to March 31, 1916 inclusive: \$81,572.87. Balance on hand: \$70,973.99.

Respectfully submitted this First day of April, A. D. 1916. SAMUEL NELSON, County Auditor. N. B. JOHNSON, Chairman Board County Comm'rs. H. J. RAMSETT, Clerk District Court.

(First publication April 19-14). Estate of Marcella Jacobson. State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court. In the Matter of the Estate of Marcella Jacobson, Decedent.

(First publication April 19-14). Estate of Peter Erickson. State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court. In the Matter of the Estate of Peter Erickson, Decedent.

(First publication April 19-14). Estate of Ruth Martin. State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court. In the Matter of the Estate of Ruth Martin, Decedent.

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