

# THE FORTUNE HUNTER

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

Copyright, 1910, by Winchell Smith and Louis Joseph Vance

"You think so?" "Sure of it. You see, everybody round here likes Sam, and Southern & Lee have always been outsiders. They would swing to this shop in a minute just on account of that. Fact is, I wanted a lot of talk on our firm a couple of years ago trying to make our people give him some credit, but they couldn't see it. He owed them a bill then that was so old it had grown whiskers."

"And still owes it, I presume?" "You bet he still owes it. Always will. It's so small that it ain't worth while suing for."

"Look here, Mr. Sperry, how much is this bill with the whiskers?" "About \$50, I think," said the traveling man, fumbling for his wallet. "I'm supposed to ask for payment every time I strike town, you know, so I always have it with me, but I haven't had the heart to say a word to Sam for a good long time. Here it is."

Duncan studied carefully the memorandum. "To Miss, as per bill rendered, \$47.55." "I wonder," he murmured.

"Eh?" said Sperry. "I was wondering. Suppose you were to tell your people that there's a young fellow here who'd like to give this store a boom. Say he wants a little credit because—because Mr. Graham won't let him put in any cash?"

"Not a bit of use," Sperry negatived. "I would myself, but the house—no."

"But suppose I pay this bill?" "Pay it? You really mean that?"

"Certainly I mean it," Duncan produced the wad of bills which Kellogg had furnished him the night before his departure from New York. Thus far he had broken only one of the \$500 gold certificates, and of that one he had the greater part left. Living is anything but expensive in Radville.

"I'm beginning to understand that I was cut out for an actor," he told himself as he thumbed the roll with a serious air and an assumed indifference, which permitted Sperry to estimate its size pretty accurately.

"That's quite a stack of chips you're carrying," Sperry observed.

Duncan's hand idly wafted the remark into the limbo of the negligible. "A trifle—a mere trifle," he said casually. "I don't generally carry much cash about me. Haven't for five years," he added impressively. He extracted a fifty dollar certificate from the sheaf and handed it over. "I'll take a receipt, but you needn't mention this to Mr. Graham just now."

"No, certainly not," Sperry scrawled his signature to the bill.

"And about that line of credit?" "Well, with this paid I guess you could have what you needed in moderation. Of course?"

"My name is Duncan—Nathaniel Duncan."

Sperry made a memorandum of it on the back of an envelope. "Any former business connections?" "None that I care to speak about," Duncan confessed glumly.

Sperry's face lengthened. "No references?"

It took thought and after thought courage, but Duncan hit upon the solution at length. "Do you know L. J. Bartlett & Co., the brokers?" "Do I know J. Pierpont Morgan?" "Then that's all right. Tell your people to inquire of Harry Kellogg, the junior partner. He knows all about me."

Noting the name, Sperry put away the envelope. "That's enough. If he says you're all right you can have anything you want." He consulted his watch. "H-h-h! Train to catch. But let's see. What do you need here?"

Duncan reviewed the empty shelves, his face glowing. "Pills," he said, with a laugh—"all kinds of pills and everything for a regular, sure enough drug store. Mr. Sperry, everything Southern & Lee carry and a lot of attractive things they don't—small lots, you know, until I see what we can sell."

"I see, you leave it to me. I probably know what you need better than you do. I'll make out a list this afternoon and mail it tonight with instructions to ship it at the earliest possible moment."

"Splendid!" Duncan told him. "You do that and don't worry about our making good. I'm going to put all my time and energy into this proposition."

"Then you'll make good all right," Sperry assured him. "All anybody's got to do is look at you to see you're a good business man." He returned Duncan's pressure and plucked up his sample case. "Strong," said he and left briskly, leaving Duncan speechless.

As if to assure himself of his sanity he put a hand to his brow and stroked it cautiously. "Heavens," he said and sought the support of the counter, "that's twice today I've been told that in the same place!" "It's funny," he said, half dazed. "I never could have pulled that off for myself."

## CHAPTER IX.

PRESENTLY Duncan moved and came out of his abstraction. "I'd better get that broom," he said slowly. "The place certainly needs some expert manning before we get that new stock in."

He swept the floor, thrilled with the sensation of accomplishment. Two shadows moved slowly athwart the windows. Straightening up, he looked, gasped and fled for the back of the store. "Heavens!" he whispered.



STRAIGHTENING UP, HE LOOKED, GASPED AND FLED.

aghast to recognize Josie Lockwood and Angie Tutbill, of whose ubiquitous shadows in his way he had been conscious so frequently within the past several days. "I thought I must have made an impression. Don't tell me they're coming in!"

Behind the counter he struggled furiously into his coat. "They are," he said, with a shaking heart, "and I'll bet a dollar my face is dirty!"

His bow was a very passable imitation of the real thing, he flattered himself, and there's no manner of doubt but that it flattered the two prettiest and most forward young women in Radville of that day.

"May I have the honor of waiting on you, ladies?" he inquired with all the suavity of an accomplished salesman.

Josie and Angie sidled together, giggling and simpering, quite overcome



"YES," ANGIE CHIMED IN, "IT'S SO WARM."

by his manner. A muffled "How do you do?" from Angie and a half strangled echo of the salutation from the other were barely articulate. But, hearing them, he bowed again, separately to each.

"Good afternoon," he said and waited in an inquiring pose.

"This—is this Mr. Duncan, isn't it?" inquired Josie, controlling herself.

"Yes, and you are Miss Lockwood, if I'm not mistaken." Renewed giggles prefaced her "Oh, how did you know?"

meet my friend Miss Tutbill." "I've had the honor of admiring Miss Tutbill from a distance," Duncan assured the younger woman. And "She'll burn up!" he feared secretly, watching the effluvia of blushes that she displayed. "Just think of getting away with a line of mush like that! Harry was right after all. This is a country town, all right."

"And—are you working here, Mr. Duncan?" Josie pursued.

"I'm supposed to be. I'm afraid I don't know the business very well as yet."

"Oh, that's awfully nice," Angie thought.

He thanked her humbly. "We didn't expect to see you here."

Josie assured him. "We just thought we'd like some soda."

"Soda!" he parroted, horrified. He cast a glance askance at the tawdry fountain. "Let's see, how do you work the infernal thing?" he asked himself, utterly bewildered.

"Yes," Angie chimed in, "it's so warm this afternoon we"—

"I've got to put it through somehow," he thought savagely, and aloud.

"Yes, certainly," he said and smiled winningly. "Will you be pleased to step this way?"

Out of the corners of his eyes he detected the amused look that passed between the girls. "Oh, very well!" he said beneath his breath. "You may laugh, but you asked for soda, and



"OH, DON'T SAY THAT," HE PLEADED.

soda you shall have, my dears, if you die of it." He put himself behind the counter with an air of great determination and leaned upon it with both hands outspread until he realized that this was the pose of a groceryman. "What'll you have?" he demanded genially. "Er—that is—I mean, would you prefer vanilla or—ab—soda?"

A chant antiphonal answered him: "I hate vanilla."

"And so do I."

"Oh, don't say that!" he pleaded. "Of course you know there's—ab—vanilla and vanilla. Ah, some vanilla I know is detestable, but when you get a real-

ly fine vintage—ab—imported vanilla. It's quite another matter—ab—particularly at this season of the year!"

His confusion was becoming painful.

"Oh, is it?" asked Josie helpfully. Her eyes dwelt upon his with a confiding expression which he later characterized as a baby stare, and he was promptly reduced to babbling idiocy.

"Indeed it is; no doubt whatever, Miss Lockwood. Especially just now, you know—ab—after the bock season—



"IT'S ONE OF THE RULES, BUT I DIDN'T MAKE IT."

ab—I mean, when the weather is—in a way—you might put it, vanilla weather."

"But I like chocolate best," Angie pouted. And he hated her consumedly for the moment.

"Very well," Josie told him sweetly. "I'll have the vanilla."

He thanked her with unnecessary effusion and turned to inspect the glassware. There could be no mistake about the right jar, however; there was nothing but vanilla, and, setting it, he removed the metal cap and placed it before the girls. With less ease he discovered a whiskey glass and put it beside the bottle, with a cordial wave of the hand.

A pause ensued, Duncan was smiling fatuously, serene in the belief that he had solved the problem—the way to serve soda was to make them help themselves. It was very simple, only they didn't. With a start he became sensible that they were eying him strangely.

"You—ab—wanted vanilla, did you not?"

The shot told famously. "How nice of you!" Mr. Duncan, I want you to

denting the jar and the glass.

Josie giggled. "But I don't want to drink it clear. You put the sirup in the glass, you know, and then the soda."

"Oh, I see! You want to make a highball—ab—a long drink of it. Ah, yes!" He procured a glass of the regulation size. "Now I understand." A pause. "If you'll be good enough to help yourself to the sirup."

"No, you do it," Josie pleaded.

"Certainly!" He lifted the whiskey glass and the jar and began to pour. "If you'll just say when."

"What? Oh, that's enough, thank you!"

"If I ever get out of this fix I'll blow the whole shooting match," he promised himself, holding the glass beneath the faucet and fiddling nervously with the valves. For a moment he fancied the tank must be empty, for nothing



"WE WERE HOPING YOU WOULD JOIN THE CHOIR."

came of his efforts. Then abruptly the fixture seemed to explode. "A geyser," he cried, blinded with the dash of carbonated water and sirup in his face, while he fumbled furiously with the valves.

As unexpectedly as it had begun the fix ceased. He put down the glass, found his handkerchief and mopped his dripping face. When able to see again he discovered the young women leaning against one of the showcases, weak with laughter, but at a safe remove.

"Our soda's so strong, you know," he apologized. "But if you'll stay where you are I'll try again."

Warned by experience, he worked at the machine gingerly, finally producing a thin, spluttering trickle. Beaming with triumph, he looked up. "I think it's safe now," he suggested. "I seem to have it under control."

Angie and Josie returned, torn by distrust, but unable to resist the fascination of the stranger in our village. And there's no denying the boy was good looking and a gentleman by birth and education.

He had filled one glass and was tinkering it with sirup when he caught sight of that confiding smile of Josie's full upon him as the beams of a noon-day sun.

"Haven't we seen you at church, Mr. Duncan?" she said prettily.

"I think perhaps you may have," he conceded. "I have seen you both."

The second glass (for he was determined that Angie should not escape) took up all his attention for an instant. "Do you have to go, too?" he inquired out of this deep preoccupation.

"What?"

"I mean do you attend regularly?" he amended hastily.

"Oh, yes, of course," Josie simpered, accepting the glass he offered her. "You make it a rule to go every Sunday, don't you, Mr. Duncan?"

He permitted himself an indiscretion, secure in the belief it would pass unchallenged: "It's one of the rules, but I didn't make it."

"Did you know there was a vacancy in the choir?" Angie asked, taking up her glass.

"Choir?"

"Yes," Josie chimed in; "we were hoping you'd join. I want you to awfully."

"We're both in the choir," Angie explained.

"And all the girls want you to join. Don't they, Angie?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; they're all just dying to meet you."

"I'll have to write and ask," he said abstractedly.

"Why, what do you mean by that?" Josie's question struck him dumb with consternation. He made curious noises in his throat and fancied (as was quite possible) that they eyed him in a peculiar fashion. "It's—I mean—a little trouble with my throat," he managed to lie at length. "I must ask my physician if I may first."

"Oh, I see," said Josie.

"But," he hastened to change the subject, "you're not drinking, either of you. I sincerely hope it's not so very bad."

Angie replaced her glass, barely tasted. "Do you like it, Josie?"

To Josie's credit it must be admitted that she made a brave attempt to drink. But the mixture was undoubtedly fat, stale and unprofitable. She sighed, put it back on the counter and rose to the emergency.

ravishing smile—but it's not very sweet."

"I made them dry for you—thought you'd like 'em that way," he stammered. "Perhaps you'd like 'em better if I put a collar on 'em?"

The chorus negatived this suggestion very promptly.

"Why don't you try a glass, Mr. Duncan?" Angie added with malice, slyly nudging Josie.

"I'm on the wagon—I mean, I don't drink at all," he said wretchedly, and was deeply grateful for the diversion afforded by the entrance of a third customer.

It was Tracey Tanner, as usual swollen with important tidings, as usual propelling himself through the world at a heavy trot. It has always been a source of wonderment to me how Tracey manages to keep so stout with all the violent exercise he takes.

"Say, Angie," he twanged at sight of her, "I've been lookin' for you everywhere. Did you hear that?"

He stopped instantaneously with open mouth as he saw Duncan behind the counter, and open mouthed he remained while the young man came round and advanced toward him, with a bland smile, accompanied by a professional bow and rubbing of hands.

"May I have the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Tanner?"

"Huh?" bleated Tracey, dumfounded.

"Is there anything you wish to purchase?"

A violent emotion stirred in Tracey. Sounds began to emanate from his heaving chest. "N-n-no, ma'am!" he breathed explosively.

Duncan bowed again, his face expressionless. "Then will you be good enough to excuse me?" He turned precisely and made his way back to the counter.

As if released from some spell of strong enchantment by the movement, Tracey swung on his heel and lunged for the door.

"What was it you wanted to ask me, Tracey?" Angie called after him. As the boy disappeared at a hard gallop his response floated back, "I forgot."

"I'm afraid I must have frightened him," Duncan said inquiringly.

"Oh, no; not at all," Josie reassured him. "He's just gone to tell everybody you're here."

"Come, Josie; we've been here ever so long!" Angie moved slowly toward the door, but Josie inclined to linger.

"Don't hurry, I beg of you," Duncan interposed.

"Oh, we haven't hurried," she said, with a gush of gratification that star-



"MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SERVING YOU?"

ted me, Tracey?" Angie called after him. As the boy disappeared at a hard gallop his response floated back, "I forgot."

"I'm afraid I must have frightened him," Duncan said inquiringly.

"Oh, no; not at all," Josie reassured him. "He's just gone to tell everybody you're here."

"Come, Josie; we've been here ever so long!" Angie moved slowly toward the door, but Josie inclined to linger.

"Don't hurry, I beg of you," Duncan interposed.

"Oh, we haven't hurried," she said, with a gush of gratification that star-



"IT SERVES ME RIGHT," HE CONCLUDED.

ted the man. "You'll remember what I said about the choir, won't you?" He braced himself to take advantage of the opening. "I shall never forget it," he said impressively.

"She gave him her hand. "Then good by."

"Not goodby, I trust?" He retained the hand, despising himself inexpressibly.

"Oh, we'll be in again, won't we, Angie?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

"My land, Angie! What do you think? I'd almost forgotten to pay for the soda!"

"Please don't speak of it, Miss Lockwood. The pleasure—"

"But I must, Mr. Duncan. How much is it?"

Josie fingered the contents of her purse expectantly, but Duncan hung in the wind. He had no least notion what might be the price of soda water.

"Two for a quarter," he hazarded, with his disarming grin.

Angie choked with appreciation of this exquisite sally. "Ain't you funny?"

ceded. "Still, I'd rather you didn't think so."

"It's 10 cents, isn't it, Mr. Duncan?" Josie was offering him a dime. He accepted it without question.

"Thank you very much," said he. "Good afternoon, ladies."

He was aware of Angie's fluttering farewells on the sidewalk. Josie was lingering on the doorstep in an agony of untrained coquetry. He lowered his tone for her benefit, thereby adding new weight to his bombardment of her amateur defenses.

"Remember you promised to call again."

Her giggles tore his eardrums. "Thank you, I'm sure," she stammered and fled.

They disappeared. He wandered to the chair and threw himself limply into it. "That voice!" he said stupidly. "That giggle! I've got to woo and win that! It serves me right," he concluded.

The most hopeless of humors assailed him, and he yielded to it without a struggle. His attitude expressed his mood with relentless verity. Chin sunken upon his breast, eyes fairly distilling gloom, legs stretched

out carelessly before him, he sat motionless, suffocating at the bottom of a gulf of discontent. His lips moved sometimes noiselessly, again in whis pers barely audible.

"Years of this! A matter of human endurance—no, superhuman! If it wasn't for the bargain, I'd chuck it all and— Well, the only way to forget your misery is to work, I suppose."

He pulled himself together and stood up, wondering where he had left his broom, and simultaneously stiffened with surprise, aware that he was not alone. A glance, however, established the connection between the rear door, which stood ajar, and the young woman who stood staring at him in interest stupefaction.

He was quick to see the intelligence in Betty Graham's mutinous eyes and the sweet lines of her mouth, too often shaped in sulien mold, and no less quick to recognize that she would carry herself well, with spirit and dignity, once she were relieved of household toll and moll, once given the chance to discard her shapeloss, bedraggled and threadbare garments for those dainty and beautiful things for which her starved heart must be sick with longing.

(Continued next week.)

## ALL WRONG

The Mistake is Made by Many Eugene Citizens

Don't mistake the cause of back-ache.

To be cured you must know the cause.

It is wrong to imagine relief is cure.

Backache is kidney ache. You must cure the kidneys.

A Eugene resident tells you how. L. Bonney, 459 Olive St., Eugene, Or., says: "The public statement I gave out in 196, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, still holds good. I know this remedy to be a positive cure for kidney disorders and I am glad to recommend it. Kidney complaint clung to me for ten years, being caused by a fall and heavy lifting. I consulted one physician after another and experimented with remedies of all kinds, but my efforts for relief were unavailing. The doctors finally said that I had lumbago and they held out no hope for my recovery. If I attempted to lift anything, my back gave out and the pain was something terrible. One day I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and decided to try them. I procured a supply. They gave me so much relief that I continued their use and it was not long before I was feeling like a different man. Doan's Kidney pills, simply worked wonders in my case and I shall do all in my power to make their merits known."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50

# SUNNY MONDAY

You don't have to boil the clothes when you use Sunny Monday laundry soap. Hard water, soft water, cold water, hot water—all look alike to Sunny Monday and it does its work equally well with any one of them.

Sunny Monday is white and contains no rosin, but, instead, a marvelous dirt-starter which saves time, and wear and tear on clothes.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY CHICAGO

A Polk county citizen tells the Salem Statesman that "Polk county needs more five and ten acre farms and intensified farming—more men who are not afraid of a tax levy, more hens and fewer goats. More berries and fruit trees, less gray diggers and gophers and 40,000 more men, who are not afraid of a grub hoe."

## INFLAMMATION MADE HER ALMOST CRAZY

With Pain, Itching Settled from Knee to Toes. Physicians Cost a Fortune. No Relief. Went to Hospital 3 Years. Unable to Help.

Finally Used Cuticura and Was Completely Cured.

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limbs to the knee to the toes. I went to see great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after I noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there. I used all the medicines that I could see but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which made me almost crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they would get really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had become so nervous that I positively lost all hope."

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times but could not make up my mind to try them, for I had already used many remedies. Finally I did decide to try the Cuticura Remedies and I tell you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the inflammation had gone. I was completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with a similar disease would come to me and get out the truth. I would only recommend to you to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertie Sachs, 1221 Second Ave., New York, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1909."

"Mrs. Bertie Sachs is my dear friend and I know well how she suffered from her disease and the Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments failed. Morris Sachs, 221 E. 59th St., New York, N. Y., Secretary of Deutscher Ostroevener Unit-Verein, Kempner Hebrew Benevolent Society, etc."

Cuticura Soap (25c), Cuticura Ointment (50c) and Cuticura Pills (25c), (or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c per box of 60) are sold throughout the world. Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 136 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. Size Mailed Free. 32-page Book, 10c.



## Pool Sick Soles

Like to come to us.

EUGENE QUICK SHOE REPAIR SHOP, 22 West Eighth Street

Men's Sewed Soles... 75c

Women's Sewed Soles... 50c

## M. MILLER

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilelessness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion. They do the duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan—and take no other