

# 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

(Continued from last Friday.)

"It ain't that I mind the cookin' and doin' the housework and all the rest—but why is it you can never give me anything at all? Why must it be that every one looks down on us and sneers and laughs at us? Why is it that half the time we haven't got enough to eat? Other men manage to take care of their families and give their children things to wear. You're not only two to look after, and you can't even do that. It isn't right, it isn't decent, and if I were you I'd be ashamed of myself!"

Her temper had spent itself, and with this she checked abruptly, with a catch in her breath for shame of what she had let herself say. But, childlike, she was not ready to own her sorrow, and she turned her back, trembling.

Sam, too, was shaken. In his heart he knew there was justification for her lamentation, truth in what she had said. And he was heartbroken for her. He sat up uneasily and put a gentle hand upon her shoulder.

"Why, Betty—?"  
"A dry sob interrupted him. He pulled himself together and forced his voice to a tone of confidence. "Just be a little patient, dear. I'm sure things will be better with us soon. Just a little more patient; that's all. Why, there's a gentleman here this morning from New York city talkin' about an invention of mine."  
The girl moved restlessly, shaking off his hand. "Invention!" she echoed bitterly. "Oh, father! Everybody knows they're no good! You've been wastin' time on 'em ever since I can remember, and you've never made a dollar out of one yet."

He bowed to the truth of this, then again braced up bravely. "But this gentleman seemed quite interested. He's over to the Bigelow House now. I think I'll step over and have a talk with him!"

"You'd much better go and have a talk with Blinky Lockwood," she told him brutally. "He's waitin' for you at the bank and said he wasn't goin' to wait after 12 o'clock neither!"

"Well, perhaps you're right. I'll go there. It's after 12, but—" He started to get his hat and stopped with an exclamation. "Why, Nat! I didn't know you'd got back!"

Duncan was at the back of the store clearing the last remnants of the old stock from the shelves. "Yes," he said pleasantly, without turning. "I've been here some time cleaning up the cellar to make room for the stuff that's coming in. I came upstairs just a moment ago, but you were so busy talking you didn't notice me."

He paused, swept the empty shelves with a calculating glance and came out around the end of the counter. "Everything's in tip-top shape," he said. "I checked up the bill of lading myself, and there's not a thing missing, not a bit of breakage. Mr. Graham," he continued, dropping a gentle hand on the old man's shoulder, "you're going to have the finest drug store in the state within six months. With the stuff that Sperry has sent us we can make Salthorn & Lee look like 65 cents on the dollar. We're going to make things hum in this old shop, and don't you forget it!" He laughed lightly, with a note of encouragement. But he avoided Graham's eyes even as he did Betty's. He could not meet the pitiful look of the former, any more than that stare of hostility and defiance in the latter.

"It's good of you, my boy," Graham quavered. "I—but I'm afraid it won't!"

"Now don't say that! Duncan interposed firmly. "And don't let me keep you. I think you said you were going out on business? And I'll be busy enough right here!"

And, without exactly knowing how it had come about, Graham found himself in the street, stumbling downtown toward the bank.

When he had gone Duncan would have returned to the shelves for a final reeding up. He desired least of all things an encounter with Betty in her present frame of mind. With a sudden movement she threw herself in front of Duncan.

"So you were listening?"  
"I'm sorry," he said unconvincingly. "I didn't mean to hear anything! I'm argued plaintively. "I was in the room before I understood and by the time I did it was too late—you had finished."

"Oh, don't try to explain. I—I hate you!" she continued.

He held her eyes inquiringly. "Yes," he said in the tone of one who solves a puzzling problem. "I believe you do."

She looked away, shaking with passion. "You just better believe it."

"But," he went on quietly, "you don't hate your father, too, do you, Miss Graham?"  
"What do you mean by that, Mr. Duncan?"  
"I mean," he said, frowning, "I'm

going to give you a bit of advice—Don't you talk to your father again the way you did just now."  
"Well, you ain't no!" she cried slyly. "You ain't no! Understand that! When I want advice from you I'll ask for it. Until I do you let me alone."  
"Very well," he replied so calmly that she lost her bearings for a moment. And inevitably this, emphasizing as it did all that she counted most in him—his education, wit, address, his



"It's good of you, my boy."

advantages of every sort—only served further to infuriate the child.  
"Oh, I know why you talk that way," she said, rubbing her poor little hands together.  
"Do you?" he asked in wonder.  
"Yes, I do!"  
Suddenly she found words—poverty stricken words, it's true, but the best she had wherewithal to express herself. And for a little she flowed from her lips, a scolding, scathing torrent. "It's because you go to church all the time and try to look like a sinner and—and try to make out you're too religious for anything and like to hear yourself givin' Christian advice to poor miserable sinners like me. You think that's just too lovely of you. That's why you say, 'Do you?' he asked in wonder.

"Yes, I do!"  
Suddenly she found words—poverty stricken words, it's true, but the best she had wherewithal to express herself. And for a little she flowed from her lips, a scolding, scathing torrent. "It's because you go to church all the time and try to look like a sinner and—and try to make out you're too religious for anything and like to hear yourself givin' Christian advice to poor miserable sinners like me. You think that's just too lovely of you. That's why you say, 'Do you?' he asked in wonder.

"A pretty good guess at that," he acknowledged candidly.  
"Yes, it is, and I know it, and you know it. Oh, it's easy enough to give advice when you've got plenty of money and fine clothes and—but—"

"I understand," he said when she paused to get a grip upon herself and again the words she needed. "You needn't say any more. The only rea-



"I've slept on park benches."

son I said what I did was because I'm strong for your father and—well, I wanted to do you a good turn too!"  
"I don't want your apologies!"  
"All right. Only think over what I said some time."  
"I'll ha' a good reason for saying what I did."  
"I know you had."  
"How do you know?"  
"Because I'm not what you think I am altogether."  
"I guess you're not," she snapped.  
"But I don't mean what you mean. I mean you think I'm conceited and rich and don't know what trouble is. Well, you're mistaken. Many's the time I've dodged round corners to avoid meeting men I knew would invite me to have dinner or luncheon or a drink—or soda—or something—for fear they'd find out that I couldn't treat in return. Many a time I've gone hungry for days and weeks and slept on park benches until an old friend found me and took me home with him."  
She eyed him with astonish-

"But it's your father I wanted to talk about," he hurried on. "I'd had a bit he knows more than any other man in this town, and, besides, he's a fine, square, good hearted old gentleman. Anybody can see that. Only he's got one terrible fault—he doesn't know how to make money. And that's mighty tough on you—though it's just as tough on him. But when you count him for it, as you did just now, you only make him feel as miserable as a yellow dog, and that doesn't help matters a little bit. He can't change into a sharp business croak, now; he's too old a man. Before long he won't be with you at all, and when he's gone you'll be sore on yourself sure if you keep on throwing it into him the way I heard you, and that's on the level."  
"I—I won't do it again," she faltered, grasping her hands together.  
"Easy for you!" he cried and, with an abrupt if artificial resumption of



SHE GRASPED HIS ARM TIMIDLY.

his businesslike air, turned away to a showcase to arrange her embarrassed front.

"I didn't think," said the voice behind him, "I didn't mean to. Something happened that almost drove me wild and—"

"I know," he said gently. After a bit she spoke again, "I'll go out and get dinner ready now."  
He heard her footsteps as she crossed to the door and opened it. There followed a pause. Then she came hurriedly back. He faced about to meet her eyes shining with wonder. She grasped his arm timidly.

"I wanted to ask you," she said hastily. "If—was it this friend you spoke about—that found you in the park—who set you on the road to fortune?"  
"That's what he said," Duncan answered whimsically.

## CHAPTER XII

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

On this particular day he was, sincerely hungry, but he had much to think about besides, and between the two he just bolted his food and made off without for the store.

Naturally, knowing nothing about Sam's note, although he knew Pete Wilking by sight as the sheriff and town drunkard in one, it didn't worry him at all to discover that gentlemen tacking toward the store as he hurried up Beech street, eager to get back to his job. The first intimation that he had of anything seriously amiss was when he entered, following Pete.

Pete Wilking, sheriff and born drunkard, is the best natured man in the world, as a general rule. Drunk or sober, he tolerates him for just that quality. On only two occasions is he irritable and unmanageable—when his wife gets after him about the drink and when he has a duty to perform in his official capacity.

Tall, gaunt, gangling and loose jointed, Duncan, returning to the store from lunch, found Pete standing in the middle of the floor, hands in pockets and a noisome stogy thrust into a corner of his mouth.

"I'm sorry about this, Sam," he belatedly, "but there ain't no use wastin' words 'bout it. I'm here on business."  
"But what's the matter, sheriff?" Graham asked, his voice breaking.  
"Ah, you know you got a note due at the bank, don't you?"  
"Yes, but—"

"Well, it's protested. You understand that, don't you? I'm here to serve the papers on to you."  
"But—but there must be some mistake," Sam clutched blindly for his hat. "I'll step over and see Mr. Lockwood. He's always been kind, very kind."  
"Now!" Pete laughed. "Mr. Lockwood don't want to see you unless you can settle. You can save yourself the trouble. You gotta put up or git out. I got orders from him soon's I got judgment to close 'em up. And that goes for you!"

## WILLIAMS READY.



Rufus Williams, the best colored welterweight boxer developed in recent years, and who is to box young Jack Johnson before the Nattatorium Athletic club next Monday night, will arrive either today or tomorrow. He has been boxing steadily and is in the best of condition for a grueling contest.

Rufus will not want for support. The entire west side of the town, headed by the barber shops, are with Rufus to a man. They claim after Monday night's contest the east side will have to hold more grain sales for their lack of judgment.

Young Johnson is full of confidence and says that "Mistah Rufus" has come a long way to get a sound beating. "Dis Rufus ain't chop an' an' gravy for you," says Jack.

The special event and two preliminaries are far above the average. Manager Frankie Edwards is to be commended in securing a match of such stellar character, and will be rewarded with a full house. Seats on sale at Nash hotel.

## RUSSIANS HANG MANY TO AWE POPULACE

TEHERAN, Jan. 5.—Executions of Fidis by Russian troops continue unabated in Teheriz today. Displayed on the gallows at dawn were the bodies of the Fidis hanged some time during the night. These were left to public view to awe the Persian populace.

The houses of several nationalists have been dynamited and arrests are frequent. The prisoners are being marched to convict camps with chains about their necks.

## Falls Three Stories.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 5.—Fire Captain Obst was probably fatally injured here today by falling three stories through a skylight at a fire in the real estate district, which caused damages estimated at \$400,000. The intensely cold weather seriously hampered the firemen, two men being seriously frozen while fighting the flames.

## Schoolhouse Falls.

MADRID, Jan. 5.—Dispatches from Seville today tell of the collapse there of a school in which it is believed a score of teachers and pupils were killed. Seven bodies have been recovered from the debris.

Haskins for health.

## PASTOR SAID TO BE MANIAC

Rev. Richeson, Charged With Being Responsible for Death of Avis Linnell, Now Said to Be Raving in His Cell.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 5.—It was learned today that the Rev. C. V. T. Richeson's mind has given way and that he is raving in his cell. This afternoon application will be made to the court to appoint a commission in lunacy. If it finds him insane he will immediately be transferred to an asylum for treatment.

## SCHMITZ BRIBERY CASE MUST GO TO TRIAL

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 5.—Positive refusal to grant further continuance of the bribery trial of former Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz later than January 18, and the issuance of a bench warrant for three former supervisors were features in the case when it was called here today in Judge Lawlor's court. The three supervisors summoned are: N. W. Coffey, Max Manlock and F. B. Nicholas.

## SHE HATES AMERICANS: SAYS THEY'RE HORRID

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—"I hate America and Americans. Your country is barbarous and absolutely rotten."

This was the parting shot of Countess Eugenie Van Bylandt, of The Hague, just before she boarded the steamer United States today and sailed for home.

"Why, your people are so narrow-minded that they frown upon women sign of uncivilization. Goodness, what a rotten place! I am glad I'm leaving."

## Stocks Irregular.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—The stock market opened irregular, some leading issues showing substantial gains, while other stocks declined. After a general advance in sympathy with Lehigh Valley, which rose to 184 1/2, the market receded on heavy selling. Union Pacific led the decline with a loss of 1 1/4. As a result of the change in executive management,

## Beauty Truths

Pimples, Sallowness, Blisters and Dull Eyes Caused by Stomach.

Beauty is only skin deep but that's deep enough to satisfy most women, also men.

In order to keep the skin in a clear, clean, healthy condition, the stomach must supply the blood plenty of nutrition. As long as the stomach is out of order and the blood lacks proper nourishment, the skin will be affected.

If you want a perfect skin that you will be proud of, take a week's treatment of MI-O-NA stomach tablets.

Get a fifty cent box today, and if you are not satisfied after a week's treatment, you can have your money back.

For any stomach ailment MI-O-NA is guaranteed. It gives almost instant relief and permanently cures. Large box 50 cents, at Chas. Strang's and druggists everywhere.

Denver and Rio Grande rose an extreme 3 points. Around noon the market was dull and heavy, but declines were not great. Features firm. The market closed steady.

## SKATING RINK

Under New Management

It is the place for mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters to enjoy themselves. Races every Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, also band concert. Spectators, 10c; skaters, 25c. All other days spectators free. Lady spectators free at all times. Lady skaters free Wednesday nights with band concert. Lady beginners free from 10 a. m. to 12 m. every day. Rink open afternoons and evenings. Children 15c Saturday afternoons. PROF. J. LAUNDY.

Let us show you that The Art Store is the place for Wall Paper. Two hundred kinds to select from

G. E. COLLINS 27 North Grape

## REMOVAL NOTICE

On Jan. 1st

## THE BUILDING SPECIALTIES CO.

Will remove their complete line of

### Paints, Painters' Supplies & Wall Paper

TO 318 EAST MAIN ST.

Formerly occupied by the M. B. Jewett Paint and Wall Paper Store, SECOND DOOR EAST OF KENTNERS

## Medford Theatre, Friday, Jan. 5th

# THE GAMBLERS

THE AUTHORS PRODUCING CO. (JOHN CORT, President) ANNOUNCES

BY CHARLES KLEIN

AUTHOR OF "THE MUSIC MASTER," "THE LION AND THE MOUSE," "THE THIRD DEGREE," ETC.

SUPERB CAST HEADED BY PAUL EVERTON

DIRECT FROM 200 NIGHTS IN NEW YORK CITY. Seats at Haskins'. \$1.50, \$1.00, 50c.

## \$7.00

# Marinello Outfit

## FREE

We are going to give away, absolutely free of all charge, fourteen Marinello Outfits, each outfit consisting of \$7.00 worth of the famous Marinello preparations. They will be distributed after the lecture given by Isabelle S. Paul at the St. Mark's hall next Tuesday at 8:00 p. m.

In addition to giving away \$7.00 worth of Marinello preparations, we will present to every lady attending the lecture a ticket, which when properly filled in, signed and presented to the Marinello Shop, Cora Utley, Garnett-Corey Bldg., will be good for 50c on a regular \$1.00 treatment. Remember the lecture is free. There is no charge for admission. Comfortable seats will be furnished for all.

Fill out the coupon that will appear in our announcement in this paper next Saturday and Monday. Bring the coupon to the lecture with you. It may win one of the \$7.00 outfits.