

## THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

Novelized by Louis Joseph Vance  
From the Play of the Same Name  
by Winchel Smith

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### CHAPTER XIX.

A customer came and went after Kellogg had gone upstairs to meet Sam Graham, and then Nat noticed that twilight was beginning to darken the store.

Tracy returned to look after the store during the supper hour, but was delighted to hear that he need not remain, but could go back to his beloved Angie.

Now Nat moved to the windows and switched on the bulbs behind the huge glass jars filled with tinted water. Returning, he was about to connect up the remainder of the illuminating system when Josie, entering, stayed him. Later he was glad of this.

"Why, no; of course I don't."

"Then why don't you stop it?" She watched his face, her manner coy and yielding. "Nat," she said in a softer voice, "if you like me as well as I like you—"

He moved away a pace or two. "Ah, child," he said, with a feeling that the term was not misapplied somehow, "you don't know what you're saying!"

"Yes, I do," she pouted. "I don't believe you care anything about me."

"Oh, Josie, please—"

"Well, anyway you've never told me so."

"She turned an indignant shoulder to him."

"How could I?"

"Why couldn't you?"

"But don't you see that I shouldn't, Josie?"

He turned back to her side, looked down at her, pleaded his defense with the fire of desperation.

"Just think, you are an only daughter—just what this had to do with the case was not plain even to him—"

"an only daughter," he repeated—"ah, not only your father's only daughter, but your mother's only daughter."

"Your father—ah—is my friend. How unfair it would be to him to—"

"But the girl interrupted with decision. "But papa wants you. He told me so."

He could only pretend not to understand. "But consider, Josie, you are rich, an heiress. I'm a poor man. Would you like it to be said I was after your money?"

"No one would dare say such a thing," she asserted, with profound conviction.

"Oh, yes, they would! You don't know the world as I do. And for all you know they might be right. How do you know that?"

"Nat!" A catch in her voice stopped him. "Don't say such horrid things! I could tell—a woman as rich as I know you would be incapable of such a thing. Papa knows it too. No one has ever got ahead of papa, and he says you are a fine, steady, Christian man and he would rather see me your wife than any—"

"Josie!"

The interjection was so imperative that she was silenced. "Why, what, Nat?" she asked, rising.

"The time has come," he declared. "You must know the truth."

"Oh, Nat!"

"I'm not what you think me," he continued dramatically.

"Oh, Nat!"

Nor what your father thinks me, nor what anybody else in this town thinks me. I'm not a regular Christian—it's all a bluff. I didn't know anything about a church till I came here. I

"I'm so glad," she sighed. "I wanted to see you—to talk to you alone."

He bit his lip in his annoyance, shivering with a presentiment. "What about, Josie?"

"About Wednesday night, after prayer meeting. Why didn't you wait for me?"

"Why—ah—I had to get back to the store, you know. There were some checks to be made out and sent off, and I'd forgotten them. Besides, he added on inspiration, "you were talking with Roland, and I didn't want to interrupt you."

"So you left me to go home with him?"

"Why, what else?"

"Why, making me awful unhappy." Her voice trembled. "You knew I didn't want to walk home with Roland."

"How could I know that?"

"I should think you ought to know it, Nat, unless you're blind. Besides, I told you once."

"True," he fessed desperately, "but that was a long time ago, and how could I—"

"Besides, you know, I must, I—"

"Well?"

"Why, if I do—"

"If you're afraid people will talk about us, seeing us so much together, you needn't worry. They're doing that now."

"Why, Josie?"

"Yes, they are. We've been going together so long. And even now you don't seem glad to see me."

"You should know I am."

"You don't act like it."

"It's so unexpected," he muttered wretchedly.

"You didn't really think I wanted Roland Barnette to go home with me Wednesday night, did you, Nat?"

"It seemed so, but that's all right. Why shouldn't you?"

She turned to him, trembling a little. "Must I tell you, Nat?"

"Oh, no!" he cried in dismay. "Please don't!"

"I see I must," she persisted. "You're so blind. It—"

"Josie, don't say anything you'll be sorry for," he entreated wildly.

"I can't help it; I've got to. It was—it was because I wanted to be with you. There!" she gasped, frightened by her own forwardness. "Now I've said it."

Duncan gasped frantically at the news. "But you don't really mean it, Josie. You know you don't," he floundered. "You're just saying that because you—"

"—ah—don't want to hurt me—"

"Nat," she said gently, looking up into his face, "would it make you happy to know I really meant it?"

"Why—ah—why shouldn't it, Josie?"

"Then please believe me when I say it."

"But I do believe it. I—"

He stammered and fell silent.

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"But I do believe it. I—"

He stammered and fell silent.

"Because I do like you, Nat, very much, and—and it's very hard for me to know that folks think I'm pursuing you and that you're trying to avoid me."

"Josie!" he exclaimed reproachfully. "Well, that's the way it looks," she affirmed plaintively. "You don't want it, do you?"

"I do, I do, I do!"

"Then please believe me when I say it."

"But I do believe it. I—"

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### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### PEARY IN CLOSE PLACE.

##### Naval Affairs Committee of the House Develops Interesting Facts.

Admitting that the north pole is just as much lost as ever and that all future attempts to find it must be independent enterprises unaided by his own work, Capt. Robert E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, answered a cross-fire of questions at a hearing before the house committee on naval affairs last Tuesday. He told how he wanted the glory of the polar achievement for himself, declining to let any member of his expedition, other than the negro Henson, go on the last dash with him; how his publishing contracts had been concluded with him from testifying before the committee last spring and how members of his expedition had been prohibited from writing about the trip.

Capt. Peary was asked to throw light on why, as a naval officer, he made no report to the navy department. Mr. Roberts asked him if it was not customary for an officer to report on matters for which he was detailed. Capt. Peary said he had made some report to the coast and geodetic survey and had advised the navy department that the superintendent of the survey had made a report to the navy. Pressed by Mr. Roberts, Capt. Peary said there was a letter of his on file somewhere asking secrecy for his written report to the survey as to soundings, etc.

"Why, being detailed to get certain information for the government, did you ask the government not to use this information until later?" insisted Mr. Roberts.

"I would rather not give the information except to the committee," replied Capt. Peary, who objected to testifying in the presence of newspaper representatives. He was given permission to file his reason in writing.

"Why did you not take white members of your party with you on the final stage of your trip northward, so that they might be credible corroborative evidence?" asked Representative Roberts of Massachusetts.

"In this first place," replied Capt. Peary, "I have always made the final part, with one exception, when Lee was with me, with one man and the Eskimos, because the man I took with me (Henson) was more effective for combined demands of extended work than any white man. The pole was something to which I have devoted my life, for which I had gone through such hell as I hope no man in this room will ever experience and I did not feel that I should divide it with a young man who had not the right to it, that I had."

Capt. Peary was asked by Mr. Roberts if any injunction of secrecy had been made as to what members of the expedition might say. He replied that members of his party were not free to write or to lecture after their return except with his written permission, explaining that they were paid for their services. Mr. Macon of Arkansas, interrupted that Capt. Peary was also paid for his services through the salary paid him as a naval officer.

Capt. Peary, replying to repeated questions as to the results of his Arctic trip, said that he had not yet prepared such a chart as would enable any one to follow in his footsteps to the pole, but he "imagined" that he had data by which he could prepare such a chart. He said the position of the north pole could be determined just as the position of the equator, by the use of the sun, which never gets higher than 23 degrees above the horizon. For that reason ordinary observations could not be relied on with accuracy.

"Scuse me," he muttered huskily. "Kin I see you a minute, doc?"

He reeled and almost fell—would have fallen had not Duncan caught him and guided him to a chair. "Great Scott, Pete!" he cried. "What's happened to you?"

"M' wife," Pete explained thickly. [To be Continued.]

#### Military Punishments.

In times past the military code was no less stern and uncompromising than the civil. Sentence of death was readily decreed and as promptly executed. Where offenses multiplied and wholesale army punishments were weakened by the army, the punishment—was the slaughter of every tenth man—was the rule, or the troops rambled for their lives by casting dice under a drumhead or drawing lots under the gallows tree.

Lesser penalties, not capital, but physical, and causing pain with permanent degradation, were maiming, branding the cheek or forehead, boring the tongue, or cutting the nose and ears. These last named were retained upon the military statute book until the reign of Queen Anne. The "trappado" was a fenshish device by which a delinquent was hoisted on high by a rope fastened to his arms, and then dropped down by a sudden jerk that often dislocated his shoulders. Hanging by the thumbs, sometimes called "picketing," was also practiced; while the body was raised to such a height and its whole weight rested on one toe, and that again on a sharp-pointed spike.

To "ride the wooden horse" was to be mounted on a razor-edge, with weights fastened to the extremities.

Running the gantlet, or "gantelope," was as old as Cromwell's army, and looked fresh and green. A tramp, passing by made a remark on the weather. "Grand morning," said the old man. "Just the sort of weather to make things spring up," said the tramp. "Hush! Hush!" said the old man. "I've got three wives buried here."—Tit-Bits.

In a churchyard an old man deep in thought sat on a flat tombstone. It had been raining, and the trees all looked fresh and green. A tramp, passing by made a remark on the weather. "Grand morning," said the old man. "Just the sort of weather to make things spring up," said the tramp. "Hush! Hush!" said the old man. "I've got three wives buried here."—Tit-Bits.

When Jan Diaz de Solis, cruising down along the coast of South America, discovered a new port on January 1, 1512, it was the height of a tropic summer, and he named the port Rio Janeiro in honor of the day.

It was on January 19, 1534, that Vasco Nunez de Balboa came back to the little town of Darien after he had discovered the Pacific ocean.

On January 25, 1788, the first company of English soldiers sailed through summer seas to Australia.

January has been rather an eventful month for England in several different ways. It was on January 18, 1486, that Henry VIII married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and so ended the Wars of the Roses by joining the houses of York and Lancaster.

It was on a January day that Henry VIII married the beautiful Anne Boleyn. He died on January 28, 1547. Twelve years later, on January 15, 1559, his daughter Elizabeth was crowned queen.

Less than a hundred years ago, Elizabeth came to the throne of England to see for the first time in the history of the world a king beheaded by his own subjects, for it was on January 30, 1649, that Charles Stuart lost his life.

For hundreds of years this day was kept in fasting and mourning by Royalists all over the world. On the other hand, says the American Boy, some of the descendants of the Puritans kept it as a feast day. Many people still living in this country remember eating calf's head for dinner on January 30, though they do not always know why it is done.

It has been said that revolutions always begin in summer, but by an odd freak of destiny both the kings who have been victims of revolutions met their fate in January, for Louis XVI. of France was guillotined on the 21st of January, 1793.

In January, 1788, the last Charles Stuart, Prince Charlie, who had landed in Scotland more than forty years before to fight gallantly to win back the throne of Great Britain, died exiled and almost forgotten, an old man, in Rome.

In the days when speaking pieces were part of the Friday afternoon programme in every school many a boy began solemnly to recite "The Burial of Sir John Moore," but very few of them had any idea who the hero was or when his burial took place. He was in the British army in America before the end of the Revolution, he fought against the Irish in 1798 and he was killed fighting Napoleon in Spain at the battle of Coruna, January 16, 1809. So it was on a January night that his

### SOLDIER'S NEW EQUIPMENT.

#### Infantryman Will Carry Thirty Pounds Instead of Fifty.

Uncle Sam's infantryman—the boy who has to walk as well as fight—may well call the year 1911 the luckiest of his soldier's life. His load is to be lessened almost by half. The regulation 56 pounds is cut to 46 pounds with everything on, and stripped for real work in the field the foot soldier will carry but 30 pounds now, thus fitting him the better for marching and fighting.

Ever carried a fifty-six pound pack for 20 miles in a broiling sun? Those who haven't couldn't possibly realize what cutting down the weight means. Cavalrymen can't do it, for their horses carry the load. Nor can those who are on the red artillery—their damage goes on the caissons. But the infantryman—here he knows.

For a year past the war department has been working over the problem of lightening the foot soldier's load which performance he has to carry on his back. Suggestions were invited of all officers, and samples of equipment used in foreign armies were procured as a preliminary. Right at the beginning, says the report of the equipment board:

"The board was much impressed with the great superiority in material, not in man's finish and promise of durability rather than yield to the hated power of England betook themselves to America. On January 13, 1847, the Young Ireland party formed the 'Irish Federation,' which enrolled a hundred and fifty thousand men, and the results of this struggle against England, together with the famine year, brought another great Irish migration to our shores.

January has the credit of still another event, which has changed the world's history and which happened in our own country. Gold was discovered in California January 14, 1848. Seven years later, on January 27, 1855, the Panama railroad was opened and got its share of the gold of the returning Californians and the gold seekers who had come from the first telegraph was established January 6, 1844, and the first penny post and postage stamps in the world came into being in England January 10, 1840.

#### FRENCH FISH STORY.

##### Three Days' Carnival of Marpignon's Intrepid Anglers.

Though their lakes and ponds are few and their rivers comparatively destitute of fish, the French people are extremely fond of angling. Indeed, nervous and excitable as the average Frenchman may be, he is content to sit by a stream with a pole and wait all day for a bite.

In a certain country town not far from Paris there existed a fishing club named the Intrepid Fishers of Marpignon. A pretty stream goes through Marpignon, but for many years not one fish had been seen in this stream, from which circumstances, it followed, the Intrepid Fishers had little to do, says Harper's Weekly.

The excitement may be imagined, therefore, when the word ran through Marpignon that a large barrel—a tough and gamy fish—had been seen in the stream. The Intrepid Fishers turned out and, having ascertained that there was indeed a barrel in the water, immediately stopped the water some little distance above and below him with gratings so that he could not get away.

Then they ranged themselves joyfully along the stream with hook and line, and all went to fishing for the one fish.

By and by one Intrepid Fisher caught him and immediately threw him back into the water. In the course of time another caught him and did the same.

For three days some veracious account has it the Intrepid Fishers kept at work catching this one barrel, and at the end of that time the fish died of exhaustion and loss of blood. Then the Intrepid Fishers counted up the notches that they had made on their fish poles, and the man who had caught the barrel the most times was declared the champion fisherman of Marpignon and received great honors.

#### How Spartanburg Was Named.—Mr. G. B. White of Chester, has recently addressed a letter to the State, giving an interesting version of how Spartanburg got its name. In his communication he says:

I notice in the State of yesterday that when the party that recently visited Cincinnati on the first Carolina Special was asked: "Where did Spartanburg get its name?" Mr. Meek, one of the party, suggested, as the best explanation, that the city took its name from the Spartan spirit shown by General Morgan whose statue stands in Spartanburg.

I believe there is a better answer to this question:

At the beginning of the "Revolution" a regiment was organized under the name of the "Spartan regiment." This regiment, which was made up largely of men who lived in what is now Spartanburg county, served in the Revolutionary war, engaging in most of the battles in upper South Carolina. John Thomas, who lived on Fairfax creek, in what is now Spartanburg county, was the first colonel of the Spartan regiment. He was captured at an early stage of the war and imprisoned at Ninety-Six. He had seven sons and three sons-in-law, who served in this regiment. His eldest son, John Thomas, served first as a captain and afterward succeeded his father as colonel.

Capt. McJunkin was a son-in-law of the first Col. John Thomas. Dr. Jos. H. Saye of Sharon, one of York county's present legislators, is a descendant of Col. Thomas, through Mrs. McJunkin. The town of Roebuck, Spartanburg county, was named in honor of Capt. Roebuck, who was a captain in the Spartan regiment. Senator Howard B. Carlisle of Spartanburg is a descendant of a sister of Capt. Roebuck.

I believe Spartanburg was named in honor of this famous Spartan regiment. Can any person give a better explanation?

Most workers in Switzerland are employed about eleven hours a day.

England's shipping industry, according to report, is steadily improving.

### STORY OF BURIED TREASURE.

#### Guarded by Murdered Men's Bones It Eludes Generations of Searchers.

Connected with almost all the small islands in the Mexican gulf and the Caribbean sea there is some "treasure story," but perhaps none so well authenticated as that of the Muguers Island.

Pirates' exploits and their buried piles of gold and gems are the inexhaustible sources of all the romantic stories that the fishermen love to tell on moonlight nights, seated on the bottom of some boat turned up on the beach. They suspect that others dream of treasures as much as they do, for strangers are closely watched. Whenever we strolled some one kept us in view.

When we mentioned this to Don Pedro Pobedano, one of the oldest inhabitants, he said: "They think you have surrounded the treasure, which they would never allow to be taken by a stranger." So we invited Don Pedro to tell us about it and he gave it to us as follows:

"Nearly all of us are from Yallahu, on the opposite coast (Yucatan), but we always come here to fish. I was a little shaver when my uncle