FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XIV .- (Continued.) The hands of his watch were pointing to 8 o'clock the following morning when Tom made his way through the throng in the Grand Central station and found a cab. The sailing hour of the Baltic was 10, and he picked his cabman accordingly.

"I shall want you for a couple of hours, and it's double fare if you don't miss. 271 Broadway, first," was his fillip for the driver; and he was speedlly rattiling away to the down-town

The taking of the cab was his first mistake, and he discovered it before he had gone very far. Time was preclous, and the horse, pushed to the police limit, was too slow. Tom signaled his Irishman.

"Get me over to the Elevated, and then go to Madison Square and wait for me," he ordered; and by this change of conveyance he obtained his mail and won back to the Fifth Avenue Hotel by late breakfast time.

From that on, luck was with him. The Farleys, father and son, were in the lobby of the hotel, waiting for the others to come down to the care breakfast. Tom saw them, confronted them, and went at things very concisely.

"I have come all the way from Boston to ask for a few minutes of your time. Mr. Farley," he said to the president. "Will you give it to me now?"
"Surely!" was the genful reply, and

the promoter signed to his som and drew apait with the importunate one. Well, go on, my boy; what can I do for you at this last American moment? -some message from your good fath-

"No," said Tom, shortly; "it's from me, individually. You know in what shape you have left things at home; they've got to be stood on their feet before you go aboard the Baltle."

"What's this-what's this? Why, my dear young man! what can you possi-bly mean?"—this in buttered tones of the gentlest expostulation.

"I mean just about what I say, You have smashed Chlawassee Consolidated, and now you are going off to leave my father to hold the bag. Or, rather, I should say, you are taking the bag with you."

Why, Thomas—you must be losing You've-you've your mind! been studying too hard; that's it-the term work up there in Boston has been too much for you.'

"Cut it out, Mr. Farley," said Tom, savagely, all the Gordon fighting blood | hold his proxy." singing in his veins. "You've got a thing to do, and it is going to be done before you leave America. talk straight business, or not?"

"And if I decline to discuss business matters with a rude school-boy?" he intimated mildly.

"Then it will be rather the worse for you," was the defiant rejoinder. "Acting for my father and the minority stockholders, I shall try to have you and your son held in America, pending an expert examination of the company's affairs."

It was a long shot, with a thousand chances of missing. If there was anything criminal in the Farley administration, the evidences were doubtless well buried. But Tom was looking deep into the shifty blue eyes of his antagonist when he fired, and he saw that he had not wholly missed. None the less, the president attempted to carry it off lightly.

"What do you think of this, Vincent?" he said, turning to his son, "Here is Tom Gordon-our Tom-talking wildly about investigations and acrests, and I don't know what all. Shall we give him his breakfast and send him back to school?"

Tom cut in quickly before Vincent could make a reply.

"If you're sparring to gain time, it's no use, Mr. Farley. I mean what I say, and I'm dead in earnest." Then he tried another long shot: "I tell you right now we've had this thing cocked and primed ever since we found out what you and Vincent meant to do. You must turn over the control of Chiawassee Consolidated, legally and formally, to my father before you go aboard the

Baltic, or-you don't go aboard!" "Let me understand," said the treasurer, cutting in. "Are you accusing us

"You will find out what the accusation is, later on," said Tom, taking yet another cartridge from the long-range "What I want now is a plain, straightforward yes or no, if either of you is capable of saying it."

The president took his son aside. Do you suppose Dyckman has been talking too much?" he asked, hurriedly. Vincent shook his head.
"You can't tell " it looks

little rocky. Of course, we had a right to do as we pleased with our own, but we don't want to have an unfriendly construction put on things."

"But they can't do anything!" protested the president, "Why, I'll be perfectly willing to turn over my private papers, if they were asked for!"

Yes, of course. But there would be misconstruction. There is that contract with the combination, for example; we had a right to manipulate things so we'd have to close down, and' it might not transpire that we made money by doing it. But, on the other hand, it might leak out, and there'd be no end of a row. Then there is another thing: there is somebody behind this who is bigger than the old soldier or this young football tough. It's too nicely timed."

"But you wouldn't turn the property

over to Gordon, would you?" The younger man's smile was a mere contortion of the lips. "It's a sucked call it a snap, and take him up too my son. Tom.' Why, I ricollect him

quick. If he wins out, so much the better for all concerned. If he doesn't, why, we left the property entirely in his hands, and he smashed it. Don't

you see the beauty of H?" The president wheeled short on Tom. "What you may think you are extorting, my dear boy, you are going to get through sheer good-will and a desire to give your father every chance in the world," he said, blandly. "We discussed the plan of electing him vice president, with power to act, before we left home, but there seemed to be some objections. We are willing to give him full control-and this altogether apart from any foolish threats you have seen fit to make. Bring your legal counsel to Room 327 after breakfast and we will go through the formalities. Are you satisfied?"

"I shall be a lot better satisfied after the fact," said Tom, bluntly; and he turned away to avoid meeting Major Dabney and the ladles, who were coming from the elevator to join the two early risers. He had seen next to nothing of Ardea during the three Boston years, and would willingly have seen more. But the new manhood was warning him that time was short, and that he must not mix business with sentiment. So Ardea saw nothing but his back, which, curlously enough, she failed to recognize.

Picking up his cab at the curb, Tom had himself driven quickly to the office of the corporation lawyer whose name he had obtained from Mr. Clarkson the day before, and with whom he had made a wire appointment before leaving Boston. The attorney was waiting for him, and Tom stated the case succinctly, adding a brief of the interview which had just taken place at the hotel.

"You say they agreed to your proposal?" observed the lawyer, "Did Mr. Farley indicate the method?"

"Have you a copy of the by-laws of our company?"

Tom produced the packet of papers received that morning from his father, and handed the required pamphlet to Mr. Croswell. "H'm-ha! the usual form. A stock-

holders' meeting, with a resolution, would be the simplest way out of it: but that can't be held without the published call. You say your father is stockholder?" "He has four hundred and three of

the original one thousand shares. The attorney smiled shrewdly.

"You are a very remarkable young Will you man. You seem to have come prepared at all points." The conference in Room 327, Fifth

Avenue Hotel, held while the carriages were waiting to take the steamer party to the pier, was brief and businesslike. Something to Tom's surprise, Major Dabney was present; and a little later he learned, with a shock of resentment, that the Major was also a minority stockholder in the moribund Chiawassee Consolidated. The master of Deer Trace was as gracious to Caleb Gordon's son as only a Dabney knew how

"Nothing could give me greateh pleasure, my deah boy, than this plan of having youh father in command at Gordonia," he beamed, shaking Tom's hand effusively. "I hope you'll have us all made millionalhs when we get back home again; I do, for a fact, suh." Tom smiled and shook his head.

"It looks pretty black, just now, Maor. I'm afraid we're in for rough weather."

The leave-takings were brief, and somewhat constrained, save those of the genial Major. Tom pleaded busipess, further business, with his attorney, when the Major would have had him wait to tell the ladies good-by; hence he saw, no more of the tourists after the conference broke up.

Not to lose time, Tom took a noon train back to Boston, first wiring his father to try and keep things in order at Gordonia for another week at all hazards. Winning back to the technical school, he plunged once more into the examination whirlpool, doing his best to forget Chiawassee Consolidated and its mortal sickness for the time being, and succeeding so well that he passed with colors flying.

But the school task done, he turned down the old leaf, pasting it firmly in place. Telegraphing his father to meet him, on the morning of the third day following, at the station in South Tredegar, he allowed himself a few hours for a run up the North Shore and a conference with the Michigan iron king; after which he turned his face southward and was soon speeding to the battle-field through a land by this time shaking to its industran foundations in the throes of the panic earth-

CHAPTER XV. As early as 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the elder Helgerson, acting as day watchman at the iron-works, had opened the great yard gates, and the men began to gather by twos and threes and in little caucusing knots on the sand floor of the huge, iron-rooted foundry building. Some of the more heedful sat to work making seats of the wooden flask frames and bottom boards; and in the pouring space fronting one of the cupolas they built a rough-and-ready platform out of the same materials.

As the numbers increased the men fell into groups, dividing first on the color-line, and then by trades, with the white miners in the majority and doing most of the talking.

"What's all this buzzin' about young orange," he said. "Let the old man Tom," queried one of the men in the have it. He may work a miracle of miners' caucus. "Might' nigh every some sort and pull out alive. I should other word with old Caleb was, "Tom, when he wasn't no more'n knee-righ

"Well, you bet your life he's a heap highen'n that now," said another, who had chanced to be at the station when the Gordons, father and son, left the train together. "He's a half a head taller than the old man, an' built like one o' Maje' Dabney's thoroughbreds. But I reckon he ain't nothin' but a school-boy, for all o' that."

"Gar-r-r!" spat a third. "We've had one kid too many in this outfit, all along."

"Yes, chimed in a fourth, a "huckleberry" miner from the Bald Mountain district. "I don't believe the old man knows, himself. He fit around and fit around, talkin' to me, and never said nothin' more'n that there was goin' to be a meetin' here at 2 o'clock, and Tom his son Tom-was goin' to speak to such cases are rare, but are to be met

Tom and his father entered the building from the cupola side, and Tom mounted the flask-built platform while the men were scattering to find seats. He made a goodly figure of young manhood, standing at ease on the pile of frames until quiet should prevail, and the glances flung up from the throng of workmen were friendly rather than critical. When the time came, he began to speak quietly, but with a that unmistakably constrained atten-

"I suppose you have all been told why the works are shut down-why you are out of a job in the middle of summer; and I understand you are not fully satisfied with the reason that was given-hard times. You have been saying among yourselves that if the president and the treasurer could go off on a holiday trip to Europe, the situation take its departure. couldn't be so very desperate. Isn't that so?"

"That's so; you've hit it in the head first crack out o' the box," was the swift reply from a score of the men.

'Good: then we'll settle that point before we go any further. I want to tell you men that the hard times are here, sure enough. We are all hoping that they won't last very long; but the fact remains that the wheels have In fact, he went about looking for stopped. Let me tell you: I've just come down from the North, and the streets of the cities up there are full of ldle men. All the way down here I didn't see a single iron-furnace in blast, and those of you who have been over to South Tredegar know what the conditions are there. Mr. Farley has gone to Europe because he believes there is nothing to be done here, and the facts are on his side. For anybody with money enough to live on, this is a mighty good time to take a vacation."

There was a murmur of protest, volcing itself generally in a denial of with their hands and ate in the sweat of their brows.

"I know that," was Tom's rejoinder. "Some of us can't afford to take a layoff; I can't, for one. And that's why we are here this afternoon. Chlawassee can blow in again and stay in blast if we've all got nerve enough to hang If we start up and go on making pig, it'll be on a dead market and we'll have to sell it at a loss or stack it in the yards. We can't do the first, and I needn't tell you that it is going to take a mighty long purse to do the stacking. It will be all outgo and no income. If-

"Spit it out," called Ludlow, from the forefront of the miners' division. recken we all know what's comin'."

"It's a case of half a loaf or no bread. If Chiawassee blows in again, it will be on horrowed money. If you men will take half-pay in cash and half in promises, the promised half to be paid when we can sell the stacked pig, we go on. If not, we don't. Talk it over among yourselves and let us have your

There was hot caucusing and a fair imitation of pandemonium on the foundry floor following this bomb-hurling, and Tom sat down on the edge of the platform to give the men time. Caleb Gordon sat within arm's reach, nursing his knee, diligently saying nothing. It was Tom, undoubtedly, but a Tom who had become a citizen of another world, a newer world than the one the ex-artilleryman knew and lived in. He-Caleb-had freely predicted a riot as the result of the half-pay proposal; yet Tom had applied the match and there was no explosion. The buzzing, arguing groups were not riotous-only him if the noon mail had gone out. fiercely questioning.

(To be continued.)

Marriage Her Only Recourse.

In factories of the lower type the girl operative is almost certain of discomfort, nervous exhaustion, disease and premature old age. The lottery of unique. It was a hundred times betmarriage offers her a way of escape from these things, says Robert Haven returned thanks and smiled. Schauffler, in Success Magazine. So she escapes, but at some risk to herself, to the community and to the more or less frequently, there will be America of the next generation.

about the marriage question?

Rather dublous. All in all, they consider matrimony a profound failure. So far as I can determine, only three of them in every ten believe that more marriages turn out happily than unhappily.

But there is another question about which many seem to be still more du- him what he hoped. Even when he blous. That is the question of staying fell in love he realized that it was single.

"Marry?" cyrical laughter. Then the weary lines came back around her mouth.

"Why, I'd marry anyone to get out of this." She was just seventeen and small for her age, but her features looked

She stooped and twenty-seven. coughed incessantly, and her worn little hands would not be still.

The Yell Did It. "Your boy is home from college, I

"Yes." "Blck ?"

see."

"Sore throat." "Yell was too much for him, I guppose."-Yonkers Statesman.

Every mind has its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please-you can never have both --

## BRIEBRIK BEREBUK BE Her Stuttering Suitor

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

erary Press.)

Up to the age of 15 Roy Chester could talk as fast and as well as any youth in the land. Then the shadow fell. He found himself in denlove with a schoolgirl and began to stutter. The medical journals say that with occasionally.

Young Chester not only stuttered to the girl, but to his teacher, his parents and brothers and sisters and others. It was looked upon as a novelty at first; then it became serious. he could not say "dog" without hanging on to the "d." A doctor was called in. He examined throat, tongue, larynx and palate, and said was a case where the nerves of certain masterful quality in his voice bashfulness had overcome the nerves of cheek, or something to that effect, and he doubted if it ever could be cured. The only thing that would work a cure would be some great peril coming on the victim suddenly so suddenly as to stun him for moment. This would give a sort of back-action twist to certain nerves and muscles, and the stutter would

The youth suffered as the years went on and he grew to manhood. That stutter kept him out of society. It kept him from making new acquaintances. It made a recluse of him. Many of his friends predicted that he would commit suicide before he reached man's estate, but this did not occur. The victim lived in hope. the great peril and sudden shock that was to effect a cure. Whether it would come in the shape of a policeman bearing down on him with his

collision no one could say. Roy Chester was 22 years old when he was induced to become a pupil in a stuttering school in a New England town. In that same town there was a young ladies school, and in that school was Miss Minnie Schoolcraft, only daughter of the retired Colonel Schoolcraft the possibility for men who wrought Beach Haven. Fate sent her to the postoffice one day when Mr. Chester

club, a reckless auto or a street car



S-8-8-6171" Commanded the Colonel.

was there. Fate caused her to ask Off came his hat, the blood rushing to his cheeks, and he stuttered out that he d-d-d-d-d-id-n't k-k-know.

It was the first time Miss Minnle had ever heard a man stutter. There was something captivating about it to her. It was original. ter than a mere "don't know." She

When there are a great many goodlooking girls going to a postoffice a good reason why more or less How do American factory girls feel young men will drop into the same place. Thus it was in the New England town. Somehow they get introduced and become acquainted, and the world seems brighter all around. In time Miss Schoolcraft and Mr.

Chester became acquainted. He was bashfulness itself, and he had little to say. The school wasn't doing for a hopeless case. It was not until after he had been asspred over and Helen D. burst for a moment into over again that he had a delightful vernacular that he took courage. that peril would only come and give him the longed-for sudden shock! He hoped for it when he lay down at night, and he hoped for it when he got up in the morning.

And then vacation came and he and Miss Minnie were separated. He could write without stuttering, and he did write. It was one of his letters that the girl's mother found and carried to her father. The colonel read every last word of it, and called his daughter up to ask:

"Who is this fellow who writes love to you?"

"Papa, he's just the nicest young man you ever heard of," was the re-"We are engaged." "Never! You can't be! My consent

has not been asked." "But it will be some day. wants to wait until his stuttering is better."

"Stutter! Do you mean to tell me he stutters?" thundered the colonel. "Yes, papa, and it's just the nicest stutter you ever heard. I only wish you could hear him say: 'L-l-look at t-t-the s-s-s set—set—ting s-s-sun, 1-1-1-love.' You would be positively charmed."

"Holy smoke! He stutters! wants to be my son-in-law, and stutters! Drop it! Drop it or I'll

lock you up!" "But, papa, the doctors told him long ago that if he met with a sud-

"I say drop it! I want my son-inlaw to enter the army. How can a stutterer give the word of command? You write to him that you

are done with this filrtation." The command was flat, and must be obeyed. That is, some daughters would have obeyed it. Miss Minnie kept on writing whenever she had a chance, and never even hinted that her father was a terrible man. Mr. Chester was informed by letter just what hotel in the Katskills the family was going to for six weeks, and they please, seem to stay then he was invited to make his appear. because they find their quarter ance, and love did what money fortable. The diet is liberal couldn't have hired him to do. He wine on occasions and significant journeyed down there. Miss Minnie was on the watch for him, while the distinctive garb is worn; and doughty colonel wasn't. The latter paratively free intercourse is an was passing his days and evenings with the outside world. On the on the veranda telling war stories feast days the prisoners are allow to interested listeners. Miss Minnie sntertain their friends was truthful and ingenious. As she and young Mr. Chester sat on a bench in the twilight she asked:

"Roy, do you love me?" He nodded his head and tightened his hold on her arm.

"You will have to ask pap if we can be married. Papa's an awful man. Have you the courage?"

She felt him shudder. "Oh, but you must have. After breakfast in the morning you must meet him as he walks out."

"But I stut-tut-ter." "I don't care for that. That was why I first fell in love with you. Just talk right up to papa, You must, or we can never be married. Come on and I will show him to you."

After breakfast next morning Colonel Schoolcraft walked out. So did Roy Chester. Love was doing what wild horses could not have accomplished. The colonel had proceeded as far as the spot called The Bowlders when he heard a step be hind him and turned to see the young man. Roy was pale faced and his chin was shaking. Something warned the colonel that he stood face to face with the stutterer who wanted to be his son-in-law. He had given his orders and supposed the case had been dropped, but here was the young

"It's you, is it?" shouted the man of war as he raised his cane and put on a terribie look.

Roy made no reply. His bour of peril had come at last. The sudden and supplies for all makes of Ma nock was here. He knew that a Are its wanted. Send for Cat queer feeling was creeping over him. "S-s-s-speak s-s-s-sir!" commanded

stu-ut-terer?" "No, sir!" calmly replied Roy. The doctors had been right. "B-b-but w-w-who are y-y-you

then?" "Mr. Chester! Colonel, please don't get excited. I wish to have a few minutes' conversation with you.

"B-b-but w-w-what alls me?" "You are somewhat excited, sir, and you stutter.'

"B-b-but, I-I-never s-s-stut-utered before. W-w-what has h-h-happened to m-m-me?" In 24 hours, by lying in bed and

keeping very quiet and only speaking when positively necessary, the colonel recovered. Then young Mr. Chester was sent for. The talk lasted two hours, and at the end of it Miss Minnie was heard to exclaim: "Oh, Roy, you had such a beautiful

stutter, and now it's gone, but I think can love you just the same. least, I'll try my best!"

Mailed Letter in Waste Paper Box. "Jist sendin' a few dollars to the folks at home," said Joseph Jensen, a young man of Berryville, Ky., as he dropped a letter containing a \$20 bill into a waste paper receptacle.

"Sending money to the folks at home?" asked a bystander. "That's a funny way to mail a letter containing "Why?"

"That's a waste paper box," said the bystander.

Joseph's long arm went into the red box with lightning-like rapidity. In a moment all the fruit skins and trash in the box were on the pavement. The valuable letter was recovered and the simple hearted countryman danced for joy until ordered by a policeman to get busy and pick up that stuff."

Joseph is a tall youth of twenty-two. Washington is the first city he was ever in. He was born and bred in Berryville, among the Kentucky mountains, and had never left that hamlet until he was called to Charlottesville, Pa., several days ago to receive a few hundred dollars bequeathed him by an aged uncle.-Washington Herald.

Foxy Guy. "How did you make Miss Passay think that you were the finest fellow on earth?" "I sent her 20 beautiful roses on her

thirtieth birthday."

Its Nature. "This beauty parlor business ought to be a big bluff."

"Why so?" "Because it is a skin game that contrives to put a good face on the mat-Roy ter."

Big income ship entering

Too many people judge the ter their own breadth. A man can be run down in the

as well as in health. You want to be sure of you ing before you climb too high The increase in the price of be

has made shoes pinch more than Benners-A woman is always ing her mind. Jenners Not decides that she wants a ne par It is a poor friend that will me on the back and kick your be

from under you at the same the Boyce-I wonder what mine howl when music plays, is ion't know, unless the music ave Comfortable Prison

Cettinje, the capital of the the of Montenegro, has probably the remarkable prison in the work walls surround it and the lar who furnish their own cells taste. There is no work to a

A Bad Stomadi will cause you untold m

ery, for when this organ out of order the entire gestive system becomes ranged and the first this you know, you are n sick. The best medicine correct, sweeten and to the stomach is Hosteller Stomach Bitters and a tr will convince you of the fact. It is for Headach Indigestion, Dyspepsia a



ECONOMICAL LIGHTING

46 NORTH SIXTH STREET, PORTLAND HOM Dealers in Gasoline Lighting See and Glassware. Aladdin Kern GEO. C. HOGAN, M

the colonel. "Are you not tet-that A TRIP TO PORTLANDI



ALL THIS WORK IS GUARANT

Hereditary Instinct When baby turns away but amiable visitor who is trying bi friends, and rushes to mother buries his face in her skirts, is ing exactly what it was who is fred to do in the ancient fores, stranger and danger were the thing, and not just rhymes at

IOSTON DENTISTS, Sth & Herri

nell B and Sundays until 12:10, for people wis se

tre now. And Neither Means IL A man who has kept accusts mys that of ten men you meet will say something disagreentia ifne out ten woman will at hing agreeable

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PETERS MANUFACTURING O Seventh and Hawthorne Ave. Period \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

