

The Main Chance

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Well, Jim," he said, putting out his hand. "I hope you're feelin' out of sight." Wheaton took his hand and said good evening. He threw open his coat and put down his hat.

"A little fresh air wouldn't hurt you any," he said, tipping himself back in his chair.

"Well, I guess your own freshness will make up for it," said Snyder.

Wheaton did not smile; he was very cool and master of the situation.

"I came to see what you want, and it had better not be much."

"Oh, you chee up, Jim," said Snyder with his ugly grin. "I don't know that you've ever done so much for me. I don't want you to forget that I did timor you once."

"You'd better not rely on that too much. I was a poor little kid and all the mischief I ever knew I learned from you. What is it you want now?"

"Well, Jim, you've seen fit to get me fired from that nice lonesome job you got me, back in the country."

"I had nothing to do with it. The ranch owners sent a man here to represent them and I had nothing more to do

"Oh, no, it ain't," said Snyder. "And it's the last I'll ever do." "Don't be too sure of that. I want five hundred and a regular allowance, say twenty-five dollars a month."

"I don't intend to fool with you," said Wheaton, sharply. He rose and picked up his hat. "What I offer you is out of pure kindness; we may as well understand each other. You and I are walking along different lines. I'd be glad to see you succeed in some honorable business; you're not too old to begin. I can't have you around here. It's out of the question—my giving you a pension. I can't do anything or the kind."

His tone gradually softened; he took on an air of patient magnanimity. Snyder broke in with a sneer.

"Look here, Jim, don't try the goody-goody business on me. You think you're mighty smooth and you're mighty good and you're gettin' on pretty fast. Your picture in the papers is mighty handsome, and you looked real swell in them fine clothes up at the banker's talkin' to that girl."

"That's another thing," said Wheaton, still standing. "I ought to refuse to do anything for you after that. Getting drunk and attacking me couldn't possibly do you or me any good. It was sheer luck that you weren't turned over to the police."

"That old preacher gave me a pretty hard jar."

"You ought to be jarred. You're no good. You haven't even been successful in your own particular line of business."

"There ain't nothing against me anywhere," said Snyder, doggedly.

"I have different information," said Wheaton, blandly. "There was the matter of that postoffice robbery in Michigan; attempted bank robbery in Wisconsin; and a few little things of that sort scattered through the country, that make a pretty ugly list. But they say you're not very strong in the profession." He smiled an unpleasant smile.

Snyder drew his feet from the table and jumped up with an oath.

"Look here, Jim, if you ain't playin' square with me—"

"I intend playing more than square with you, but I want you to know that

appointment, and found Snyder patiently waiting for him in the hotel office, holding a shabby valise between his knees.

At the railway station Wheaton stepped inside the door and pulled two sealed envelopes from his pocket. "Here's your ticket, and here's your money. The ticket's good through to Spokane; and that's your train, the first one in the shed. Now I want you to understand that this is the last time, Billy; you've got to work and make your own living. I can't do anything more for you; and what's more, I won't."

"All right, Jim," said Snyder. "You won't ever lose anything by helping me along. You're in big luck and it ain't going to hurt you to give me a little boost now and then."

"This is the last time," said Wheaton, firmly, angry at Snyder's hint for further assistance.

Wheaton stood inside the station and watched the man cross the electric-lighted platform, show his ticket at the gate, and walk to the train. He still waited, watching the car which the man boarded, until the train rolled out into the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Saxton dined alone at the Clarkson Club, as he usually did, and went afterward to his office, which he still maintained in the Clarkson National Building. He had been studying the report of an engineering expert on a Colorado irrigation scheme and he was trying to master and correct its weaknesses. As he hung over the blue-prints and the pages of figures that lay before him, the flashing red wheels of Mabel Margrave's trap kept interfering. He thought he understood why his friend Warry had been so occupied in his office of late; but whether Warry and Evelyn Porter were engaged or not, Warry ought to find better use for his talents than in amusing Mabel Margrave. The elevator outside discharged a passenger; he heard the click of the wire door as the cage receded, followed by Haridan's quick step in the hall, and Warry broke in on him.

"Well, you're the limit! I'd like to know what you mean by roosting up here and not staying in your room where a white man can find you." He stood with his hands thrust into the pockets of his top-coat, and glared at Saxton, who lay back in his chair. "I wish I could rattle you once and shake you out of your Harvard aplomb!"

"That's a very pretty coat you have on, Mr. Haridan. It must be nice to be a plutocrat and wear clothes like that."

"The beastly thing doesn't fit," growled Haridan, throwing himself into a chair. "I don't fit, and my clothes don't fit, and—"

"And you're having a fit. You'd better see a nerve specialist."

"I say, Saxton," he said, calmly. "Well! Has Vesuvius subsided?" Saxton sat up in his chair.

"What a merry-go-round of a fool I make of myself. As I'm a living man, I had no more intention of driving with that girl than I had of going up in a balloon and walking back. You know I never knew her well; I don't want to know her, for that matter; not on your life!"

"Is this a guessing contest? I suppose I'm the goat. Well, you didn't care for Miss Margrave's society; is that what you're driving at? She shan't hear this from me; I'm as safe as a tomb. Moreover, I don't enjoy her acquaintance. Go ahead now, full speed."

"And it was just my luck that I got caught this afternoon," continued Warry, ignoring him. "Sometimes it seems to me that I'm predestined and foreordained to do fool things. I've been working on a washerwoman's suit against the Transcontinental—running their switch through her back yard—and I had put away all kinds of temptation and was feeling particularly virtuous; but here came the Margrave nigger with that girl's note, and I went up the street in long jumps to meet her, and let her drive me all over town and all over the country. I wish you'd do something to me; hit me with a club, or throw me down the elevator, or do something equally brutal and coarse that would jar a little of the folly of me. Why," he continued, with utter self-contempt, through which his humor glimmered, "I ought to have turned down Mabel's invitation as soon as I saw the monogram on her note paper. Three colors, and letters as big as your hand! My instinctive good taste falters, old man; it needs restoring and chastening."

"I quite agree with you, sir. But it's more gallant to abuse yourself than Miss Margrave's stationery—that is, if I am correctly gathering up the crumbs of your thought."

"See here, John, she means a whole lot to me. You know whom I mean." Saxton knew he did not mean Mabel Margrave. "You know," Haridan went on, "we were kids together up there on those hills. We both had our dancing lessons at her house, and did such stunts as that together."

"Yes," said Saxton. "I want to work and show that I'm some good. I want to make myself worthy of her." He got up and walked the floor, while Saxton sat and watched him. "I can't talk about it; you understand what I want to do. It has seemed to me lately that I have more to overcome than I can ever manage." He stood at the window playing with the cord of the shade and looking out over the town. Saxton walked to the window and stood by him, saying nothing; and after a moment he put his hand on Haridan's shoulder and turned him round and grazed Warry's slender fingers in his broad, strong hand.

"I understand how it is, old man. It isn't so bad as you think it is, I'm sure. It will all come out right."

(To be continued.)

No city in the world has so many nearby pleasure places as New York city, and no city presents so many discomforts in getting to them.



Cultivation of Corn.

When corn is planted after the first week in June the land needs more attention than when prepared earlier. If plowed early the weeds will have made an appearance, which is an advantage, as they can be destroyed before the crop is planted; but the late corn will be more easily injured by drought than that which has made an earlier start. The crop should be cultivated after every rain, so as to prevent loss of moisture. Another point is to thin out the plants if they are too thick. It would be difficult to induce many farmers to "thin out" their corn, as they would claim that the land, having been manured, was capable of providing for as many stalks in the hills as made their appearance; it is not a matter of plant food with late corn, however, but moisture. When too many stalks are close together there is a struggle for existence; some become weeds to the others, and in the end only the most vigorous make growth, and yield grain

Many Courses in Agriculture.

A total of eighty-seven different courses of study in the long and middle courses in agriculture at the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin is shown in the new catalogue of the university just issued. These do not include the work in the nine other special departments, such as home economics, the short course, three dairy courses, the farmers' course, farmers' institutes, home-making course, and experimental station work. These eighty-seven courses include thirteen each in soils and agricultural chemistry, twelve each in animal husbandry and horticulture, eleven in dairy husbandry, eight in agricultural engineering, seven in bacteriology, five each in agricultural economics and agronomy, and one in agricultural journalism.

Mottled Butter.

Streaky or mottled butter may be caused by the salt, or it may be due to the working of the butter. The salt is

CHAMPION HOLSTEIN BULL.

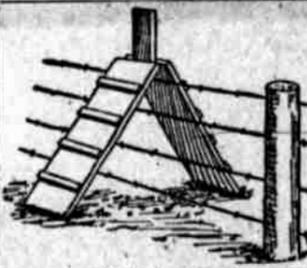


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up to the average. It is, therefore, better to remove every stalk that shows lack of growth, and if the heroic remedy of reducing the stalks to two in a hill could be tried on a plot by way of experiment, the result would be satisfactory, as well as convince farmers that there is nothing gained by endeavoring to grow three or four plants in a space which only two should occupy. If rainfall continues to be abundant, as has been the case for June, there will be no necessity for reducing the number of plants.

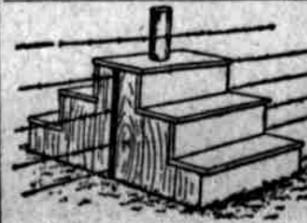
Crossing a Barbed Wire Fence.

Two stout boards are nailed together, as shown in Fig. 1, and may be used for crossing a barbed wire fence. They should be 10 or 12 inches



INVERTED V STILE.

wide and 2 feet longer than the fence is high to give the desired spread. Firmly nail four cleats on each board and fasten a short board between the two to assist in getting over the fence.



STEPS TO GO OVER THE FENCE.

Another device somewhat more elaborate is a double set of steps, shown in Fig. 2. Women and children will have no difficulty in using this, but might find it inconvenient to get over the narrow board.—Farm and Home.

Rye Pasture.

Rye pasture for cows makes the milk have a bad taste or flavor unless great care is taken in the matter of pasturing. If the cows are left on all day the milk will almost certainly be off flavor, strong and bitter. The only safe way seems to be to turn the cows in for two or three hours right after they are milked, then keep them off the rye until the next milking. Even this precaution may leave a slight taint in the milk and appear in the cream and butter.—Denver Field and Farm.

Sore Shoulders on Horses.

The hide and flesh of a young horse are more tender than those of an old work horse. If the shoulders of the young horse are allowed to become sore during the first season's work it is likely that they will be sore or tender all the rest of the animal's life. If the young horse passes through the first season without injury the shoulders become toughened and with good treatment are likely never to become sore.—Field and Farm.



AND LET HER DRIVE ME ALL OVER TOWN.

with it. The fact is I stretched a point to put you in there. Mr. Saxton has taken the whole matter of the ranch out of my hands."

"Well, I don't know anything about that," said Snyder, contemptuously. "But that don't mean any difference. I'm out, and I don't know but I'm glad to be out. That was a fool job; about the lonesomest thing I ever struck. Your friend Saxton didn't seem to take a shine to me; wanted me to go chasing cattle all over the Northwest—"

"He flattered you," said Wheaton, a faint smile drawing at the corners of his mouth.

"None of that kind of talk," returned Snyder, sharply. "Now what you got to say for yourself?"

"It isn't necessary for me to say anything about myself," said Wheaton, coolly. "What I'm going to say is that you've got to get out of here in a hurry and stay out."

"Don't get funny, Jim. Large bodies move slowly. It took me a long time to find you and I don't intend to let you go in a hurry."

"I have no more jobs for you; if you stay about here you'll get into trouble. I was a fool to send you to that ranch. I heard about your little round with the sheriff, and the gambling you carried on in the ranch home."

"Well, when you admit you're a fool you're getting on," said Snyder, with a chuckle.

"Now I'm going to make you a fair offer; I'll give you one hundred dollars to clear out—go to Mexico or Canada."

"Raise your price, Jim," said Snyder. "A hundred wouldn't take me very far."

"Oh yes, it will. What I'll do," Wheaton went on undisturbed, "is to buy you a ticket to Spokane to-morrow. I'll meet you here and give you your transportation and a hundred dollars in cash. Now that's all I'll do for you, and it's a lot more than you deserve."

I'm not afraid of you; I've taken the trouble to look you up. The Pinkertons have long memories," he said, significantly.

Snyder was visibly impressed, and Wheaton made haste to follow up his advantage.

"You've got to get away from here, Billy, and be in a hurry about it. At 8 to-morrow night."

"Make it two hundred, Jim," whined Snyder.

Wheaton paused in the door; Snyder had followed him. They were the same height as they stood up together.

"That's too much money to trust you with."

"The more money the farther I can get," pleaded Snyder.

"I'll be here at 8 to-morrow night," said Wheaton, "and you stay here until I come."

Two or three men who were sitting in the office below eyed Wheaton curiously as he went out. The thought that they might recognize him from his portraits in the papers pleased him.

He retraced his steps from the hotel and boarded a car filled with people of the laboring class who were returning from an outing in the suburbs. They were making merry in a strange tongue and their boisterous mirth was an offense to him. He was a gentleman of position returning from an errand of philanthropy, and he remained on the platform, where the atmosphere was purer than that within, which was contaminated by the rough young Swedes and their yellow-haired sweethearts. When he reached The Bachelors' the dining Chinaman told him that all the others were out. He went to his room and spent the rest of the evening reading a novel which he had heard Evelyn Porter mention the night that he had dined at her house.

The next day he bought a ticket to Spokane, and drew one hundred dollars from his account in the bank. He went at 8 o'clock to the Occidental to book his