

The Main Chance

BY
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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Saxton, standing with Fenton in the dark hall, referred to his watch again.

"Shall we go in?" he asked.

The lawyer dropped the knob of the door and drew back out of the way.

"It's too bad it's glass," said Saxton, setting his shoulder against the wooden frame over the lock. The lock held, but the door bent away from it. He braced his feet and drove his shoulder harder into the corner, at the same time pressing his hip against the lock. It refused to yield, but the glass cracked, and finally half of it fell with a crash to the floor within.

"Don't hurry yourselves, gentlemen," said Fenton, coolly, speaking through the ragged edges of broken glass. Saxton thrust his hand in to the catch and opened the door.

"Why, it's only Fenton," called Margrave in a pleasant tone to his associates, who had effected their exits safely into a rear room.

"It's only Fenton," continued the lawyer, stepping inside, "but I'll have to trouble you to wait a few minutes."

"Oh, the meeting's adjourned, if that's what you want," said Margrave.

"That won't go down," said Fenton, placing his package on the table. "You're old enough to know, Margrave, that one man can't hold a stockholders' meeting behind locked doors."

"The meeting was held regular, at the hour and place advertised," said Margrave, with dignity. "A majority of the stockholders were represented."

"By you, I suppose," said Fenton, who had walked into the room followed by Saxton.

"By me," said Margrave.

"How many shares have you?" asked the lawyer.

"I suppose you think I'm working a bluff, but I've really got the stuff this time. To be real decent with you I don't mind telling you that I've got exactly twenty-five hundred and ninety-seven shares of this stock. I guess that's a majority all right. Now one good turn deserves another; how much has Porter got? I don't care, but I'd just like to know." He stood by the table and ostentatiously played with his certificates to make Fenton's humiliation all the keener. Margrave's associates stood at the back of the room and watched him admiringly. Fenton's bundle still lay on the table, and Saxton stood with his hands in his pockets watching events. There had been no chance for him to explain to Fenton his reasons for seeking the offices of the Traction Company and it had pleased Margrave to ignore his presence; Fenton paid no further attention to him. He wondered at Fenton's forbearance, and expected the lawyer to demolish Margrave, but Fenton said:

"You are quite right, Margrave. I hold for Mr. Porter exactly twenty-three hundred and fifty shares."

Margrave nodded patronizingly.

"Just a little under the mark."

"You may make that twenty-four hundred even," said Saxton, "if it will do you good."

"I'm still shy," said Fenton. "Our friend clearly has the advantage."

"I suppose if you'd known how near you'd come, you'd have hustled pretty hard for the others," said Margrave, sympathetically.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Fenton, with the taunting inflection which gives slang to the phrase. He did not seem greatly disturbed. Saxton expected him to try to make terms; but the lawyer yawned in a preoccupied way, before he said:

"So long as the margin's so small, you'd better be decent and hold your stockholders' meeting according to law and let us in. I'm sure Mr. Saxton and I would be of great assistance—wise counsel and all that."

"You're a pretty good fellow, Fenton, and I'm sorry we can't do business together."

"Oh, well, if you won't, you won't," Fenton took up his bundle and turned to the door.

"I suppose you've got large chunks of Traction bonds, too, Margrave. There's nothing like going in deep in these things."

"I've been hearing for four years that Traction bondholders were going to tear up the earth, but I guess those old frosts down in New England won't foreclose on me. I'll pay 'em their interest as soon as I get to going. And say!" he ejaculated, suddenly, "if Porter's got any of those bonds don't you get gay with 'em. It's a big thing for the town to have a practical railroad man like me running the street car lines; and if I can't make 'em pay nobody can."

"You're not conceded or anything, are you, Margrave?"

"By the way, young man," said Margrave, addressing Saxton for the first time, "we won't charge you anything for breakage to-day, but don't let it happen again."

Margrave lingered to reassure and instruct his associates as to the adjourned

meeting, and Saxton went out with Fenton.

"That was rather tame," said John, as he and Fenton reached the street together. "I hoped there would be some fun. These shares belong to a Boston friend and they're for sale."

"I wonder how Porter came to miss them," said Fenton, grimly. "You'd better keep them as souvenirs of the occasion. The engraving isn't bad. I turn up this way." They paused at the corner. He still carried his bundle and he drew from his pocket now a number of documents in manilla jackets.

"I have a little errand at the Federal Court. The fact is, that Mr. Porter owns all of the bonds of the Traction Company."

Saxton nodded. He understood now why the stockholders' meeting had not disturbed Fenton.

"This is an ugly mess," the lawyer continued. "It would have suited me better to control the company through the stock so long as we had so much, but we didn't quite make it. You're friendly to Mr. Porter, aren't you?"

"Yes; I don't know how he feels toward me."

"We can't ask him just now, so we'll take it for granted. The court will unquestionably appoint a receiver, independent of this morning's proceedings, and if you don't mind, I'll ask to have you put in temporarily, or until we can learn Mr. Porter's wishes."

"But—there are other and better men."

"Very likely; but I particularly wish this."

"There's Mr. Wheaton—isn't he the natural man—in the bank and all that?" urged Saxton.

"Mr. Wheaton has a very exacting position and it would be unfair to add to his duties," said the lawyer. "Will you keep where I can find you the rest of the day?"

"Yes," said John; "I'll be at my office. But you can do better," he called after Fenton, who was walking rapidly toward the postoffice building.

Wheaton sat at his desk all the morning hoping that Fenton would drop in to give him the result of the Traction meeting; but the lawyer did not appear at the bank. A dumb terror possessed him as he reflected upon the events of the past day. It might be that the shares which Margrave had forced from him would carry the balance of power. He went to the telephone and called Evelyn to ask her how her father was and to report his delivery of the papers in her father's box to Mr. Fenton, as instructed. Evelyn spoke hopefully of her father's illness; there were no unfavorable symptoms, and everything pointed to his recovery. It was very sweet to hear her voice in this way; and he went to his desk comforted.

CHAPTER XVII.

A week had passed since Saxton's appointment to the receivership and Wheaton went to and from his work with many misgivings. Several of Wheaton's friends had confided to him their belief that he ought to have been appointed receiver instead of Saxton, and there was little that he could say to this, except that he had no time for it. He had become nervous and distraught, and was irritable under the jesting of his associates at The Bachelors'. There was a good deal of joking at their table for several days after Saxton's appointment over Margrave's discomfiture, to which Wheaton contributed little. He felt decidedly ill at ease under it. Thompson, the cashier, had come home, and Wheaton found his presence irksome.

He had seen Margrave several times at the club since their last interview at the bank and Margrave had nodded distantly, as if he hardly remembered Wheaton. Wheaton assumed that sooner or later Margrave would offer to pay him for his shares of Traction stock. But while the loss of his own certificate, under all the circumstances, did not trouble him, Margrave's appropriation of Evelyn Porter's shares was an unpleasant fact that haunted all his waking hours.

One evening, a week after the receivership incident, he resolved to go to Margrave and demand the return of Evelyn's certificate. The idea seized him hold upon him, and he set out at once for Margrave's house. He inquired for Margrave at the door, and the maid asked him to go into the library. They were entertaining at dinner, she told him, and he said he would wait. He walked nervously up and down in the well-appointed library. He heard the hum of voices faintly from the dining-room. Margrave came in presently, fat and ugly in his evening clothes. He welcomed Wheaton noisily and introduced him to his guests, two directors of the Transcontinental and their wives, who were passing through town on their way to California.

Mrs. Margrave and Mabel greeted Wheaton cordially. Mabel was dressed to impress the ladies from New York, and was succeeding. Mrs. Margrave was oppressed by the presence in her home of so many millions and so much social distinction as her guests represented, and she contributed only murmurs of assent to the conversation which Mabel led with ease, discoursing of yacht races, horse shows and like matters of metropolitan interest. Wheaton was glad now that he had come; Margrave's guests were people worth meeting. As soon as Wheaton felt that he could go decently, he rose and shook hands with the visiting gentlemen and bowed to the ladies. Margrave took him by the arm with an air of great intimacy and affection and walked with him to the hall, where he made much of helping Wheaton into his overcoat.

"I wanted to see you on a business matter," Wheaton began, in a low tone.

"Oh, yes," said Margrave loudly, "I forgot to mail you that check. I've been terribly rushed lately; but in time, my boy, in time!"

"Oh, not that! I mean that other certificate," Wheaton was trying to drop the conversation to a whispering basis as he drew on his gloves. Margrave had again taken his arm and was walking

with him toward the front door, talking glibly all the while. He swung the door open and followed Wheaton out upon the front step.

"A glorious night! glorious!" he ejaculated, puffing from his walk. His hand wandered up Wheaton's arm until it reached his collar, and after he had allowed his fingers to grasp this lingeringly, he gave Wheaton a sudden push forward, still holding his collar, then raised his fat leg and kicked him from the step.

"Come again, Jim?" he called pleasantly, as he backed within the door and closed it to return to his guests.

Wheaton reached his room, filled with righteous indignation. He might have known that a coarse fellow like Margrave cared only for people whom he could control; and he decided after a night of reflection that he had acted handsomely in saving Porter's package of securities from Margrave the night of the encounter at the bank. The more he thought of it, the more certain he grew that he could, if it became necessary to protect himself in any way, turn the tables on Margrave. He called Margrave a scoundrel in his thoughts, and was half persuaded to go at once to Fenton and explain why Margrave had been at the bank on the night that Fenton had found him there.

Wheaton continued to call at the Porters' daily to make inquiry for the head of the house. On some of these occasions he saw Evelyn, but Mrs. Whipple was always there; and he had not seen Evelyn alone since she gave him her father's key. Other young men, friends of Evelyn, called, he found, just as he did, to make inquiry about Mr. Porter. Mrs. Whipple had a way of saying very artlessly, and with a little sigh that carried weight, that Mr. Raridan was so very kind. Wheaton wanted to be very kind himself, but he never happened to be about when the servants were busy and there were important prescriptions to be filled at the apothecary's.

On the whole he was very miserable and when, one morning, while Porter's condition was still precarious, he received a letter from Snyder, postmarked Spokane, declaring that money was immediately required to support him until he could find work, he closed that issue finally in a brief letter which was not couched in diplomatic language. The four days that were necessary for the delivery of this letter had hardly passed before Wheaton received a telegram sharply demanding a remittance by wire. This Wheaton did not answer; he had done all that he intended to do for William Snyder, who was well out of the way, and much more safely so if he had no money. The correspondence was not at an end, however, for a threatening letter in Snyder's eccentric orthography followed, and this, too, Wheaton dropped into his waste basket and dismissed from his mind.

(To be continued.)

DANCING AND FIGHTING.

In Montenegro They Have Their Own Way of Doing Each.

The national dance of Montenegro is the kolo, somewhat similar to the horo of Bulgaria. Both sexes take part, crossing hands and forming an unjoined circle. The music they supply themselves, each end of the horn alternately singing a verse in honor of the prince and his warlike deeds.

The kolo is always danced at any great national festival and the effect of the sonorous voices and swaying ring is very fine. Then there is another dance performed by four or five, usually youths, to the accompaniment of a fiddle, the leader setting a lot of intricate quick steps which the rest imitate at once. It is really a sort of jig and makes the spectator's head swim if he watches it for long.

"I never saw any dances in Northern Albania," says a writer in the Wide World, "though certain Slav artists love to depict wonderful sword dances, with beautiful maidens swaying gracefully after the style of nautch girls. A casual observer who has seen the Albanians come into Montenegro markets or to their great weekly gathering in the bazaar at Scutari could never picture these stern men dancing or at play."

"They never smile and they look the life they lead, each clan ever ready for war with its neighbor and absolutely pitiless in the vendetta. When fighting the Turks the Montenegrins evince a heroism and utter fearlessness that is remarkable. The strongest men carry bombs, or rather hand grenades—things the Turkish soldier particularly abominates."

"I was once told how a certain man whom I knew well saved his hand from destruction. They were fairly cornered and the Turks closing in, when the bomb thrower stood up amid the hail of bullets, lit the fuse with his cigarette, and rushed toward the soldiers, who, seeing his intention, promptly made tracks."

"It was, of course, lucky that the Mohammedan soldier, who does not much mind being sent to paradise with a bullet, thinks his chance of eternal bliss very doubtful if he is blown up with dynamite. The nerve required to be a bomb thrower is worthy of a little reflection. He must absolutely expose himself and as the fuse is very short the ignition must be coolly considered."

"If premature it means the destruction of himself and comrades, and when it is fairly alight the bomb must be thrown with mathematical exactitude. In other words, the man must leave his cover and charge an overwhelming force alone and not throw till he is close up to it."



Sanitary Milk Pails.

Much the larger proportion of milk is carried in wide-topped, uncovered pails from the cow to the strainer, a distance of 25 to 100 feet, across a cowyard, under a hay loft, or past a manure pile, thus exposing a large surface of warm milk, which absorbs all kinds of undesirable odors and collects dirt and dust.

Galvanized iron is something used for milk pails; but it is not best, for the rough surfaces afford hiding places for bacteria. Wooden vessels should not be used for holding milk, for it is almost impossible to keep them clean. Besides imparting a metallic flavor to milk, rusty tinware is objectionable because it is impossible to keep it clean. Good tin is the only practicable material for milk vessels, and it must be kept shiny and bright.

The most important thing in producing milk is to keep the dirt out. This can only be done by carefully grooming the cows and by using a sanitary pail, two of which are shown here. There are several types of these pails, but they all have the same principle. There is a cover with a small opening, under which is fastened a cheesecloth strainer. The one with



DOUBLE PROTECTION. NO SPATTERING.

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sleep in a cool, restful place in hot weather will not give a full flow of milk. The temperature of the working or producing animal must be kept normal to give best results. If there are no windows in your stables, cut out a number now and let light and fresh air come for the health and comfort of the animals. There is nothing like plenty of good fresh air in living and sleeping rooms, whether the rooms be for the occupancy of man or of animals. This holds good for both winter and summer.

Spraying Experiments.

Experiments with fungicides upon potatoes have been carried on at the Vermont Experiment Station for eighteen years. Experiments made recently were designed particularly to determine the relative gain from spraying potatoes with bordeaux mixture and paris green, comparing the results from two, three and four applications. Two applications of bordeaux mixture made in August proved less efficient in checking the flea beetle and early blight than where other applications were made, particularly the spraying made in early July. The increase in marketable tubers for the sprayed over the unsprayed lots varies from 52 to 172 per cent.

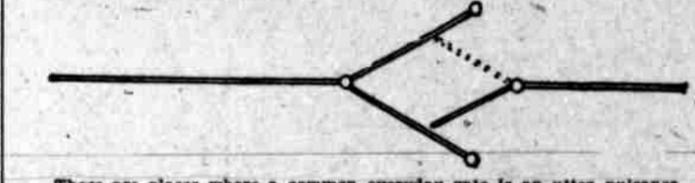
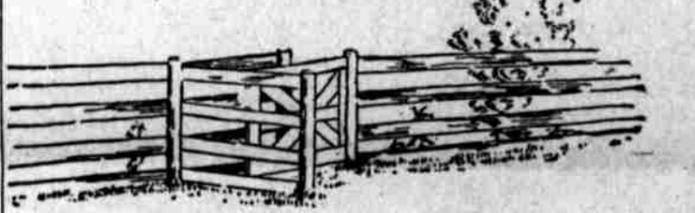
Drinking Water for Fowls.

Scummy drinking vessels cause sickness. They should be scalded out every now and then. Filthy water drunk daily is very irritating to the bowels. Water is the principal constituent of the flesh, bones, feathers and eggs of fowls, and necessarily large quantities of it is consumed daily. Therefore, it should be seen that the water supply is not only pure, but fresh.

Thistle as Stock Food.

Stock of all kinds greatly relish the plants of the Russian thistle, which has fairly jumped out of the ground since the rains, and our Eastern plains

SUBSTITUTE FOR GATE.



There are places where a common everyday gate is an utter nuisance and where a turnstile or some other gate substitute or contrivance is particularly convenient and welcome. With the arrangement herewith illustrated the gateway is always closed to animals, but men may pass through it without difficulty. The accompanying drawing will give a clear idea of the plan. The sketch is made to represent a very small gate, but to answer all purposes the wing panels and gate perhaps should be half a rod in length.

the spout strains the milk as it enters the pail, and also as it is poured out.—Farm and Home.

Saw Rats Freight an Egg.

After an investigation covering two weeks, William Krohbach of Danby, Pa., has learned the reason he has been receiving only two or three eggs a day from his flock of sixty hens, and incidentally found out something about the inventive capacity of rats.

One morning he heard a noise in his chicken house, and quietly making his way there, he saw two big rats in the act of making away with a newly-laid egg. One of the rodents was lying flat on its back with the egg tightly clutched in its four paws, while the other rat was dragging it along by the tail. Krohbach was so impressed by the sight that he watched the rodents for three minutes, during which time they carried the egg for twenty yards along the fence until they came to a hole in the ground, into which they took the egg. One of the rats became tired while carrying the egg and changed places with its fellow.

Ventilating Stables.

Horses and cows are in the stable at night for rest. When the weather is warm the atmosphere in close confinement becomes very warm and oppressive, so much so that the animals become very uncomfortable, and hence fall to get proper rest. The horse that does not get proper rest is not in a good condition for heavy work the following day, and the cow that does not

are verdant with it. Why not make hay of it? So palatable is the hay to cattle that they leave green pasture and break through fences to devour this obnoxious and outlawed weed if it is cut and stacked before the reddish tinge comes on to the plant, which occurs about the middle of July. Many of our Colorado people have used Russian thistle for forage for several years, and some of them say that it is as good as alfalfa. In a recent analysis the Russian thistle assayed as follows: Protein, 17.95; ether extract, 3.61; ash, 21.98; crude fiber, 20.14, and carbohydrates, 36.32. All over Eastern Colorado there is a lamentable shortage of protein feed-stuff. Corn, corn stalks, straw, millet, Kafir and prairie hay are all long on starchy matter, but short on protein. In the thistle we have a crop that grows on the arid reaches which will not only yield a large amount of forage, but a very palatable one at that, and a crop that is rich in the two elements in which others are deficient.—Field and Farm.

Bordeaux Mixture.

The Bordeaux mixture is the proper remedy to use for all fungous troubles, viz., mildew and rust of beans; potato and tomato rot and leaf-blight; melon and cucumber diseases; celery leaf-blight and rust, etc. The half-strength mixture (two pounds copper sulphate, two pounds quicklime, fifty gallons of water) is strong enough to use in the vegetable garden, except for potatoes.