

The Main Chance

BY
Meredith Nicholson
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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

John Saxton sat in the office of the Traction Company on a hot night in July. Fenton had just left him. The transfer to the Margrave syndicate had been effected and John would no more sign himself "John Saxton, Receiver." His work in Clarkson was at an end. The Neponset Trust Company had called him to Boston for a conference, which meant, he knew, a termination of his service with them. He had lately sold the Poindexter ranch, and so little property remained on the Neponset's books that it could be cared for from the home office. He had not opened the afternoon mail. He picked up a letter from the top of the pile, dated from San Francisco, and read:

"My Dear Sir:

"I hesitate about writing you, but there are some things which I should like you to understand before I go away. I had fully expected to remain with you and Bishop Delafield and to return to Clarkson that last morning at Poindexter's. I cannot defend myself for having run away; it must have seemed a strange thing to you that I did so. I had fully intended acting on the bishop's advice, which I knew then, and know now, was good. But when the west-bound train came, my courage left me; I could not go back and face the people I had known, after what had happened. I told you the truth there in the ranch house that night; every word of it was true. Maybe I did not make it clear enough, how weak I am. Things came too easy for me, I guess; at any rate I was never worthy of the good fortune that befell me. It seemed to me that for two years everything I did was a mistake. I suppose if I had been a real criminal, and not merely a coward, I should not have entangled myself as I did and brought calamity upon other people.

When I reached here I found employment with a shipping house. I have told my story to one of the firm, who has been kind to me. He seems to understand my case, and is giving me a good chance to begin over again. I suppose the worst possible things have been said about me, and I do not care, except that I hope the people in Clarkson will not think I was guilty of any wrong-doing at the bank. I read in the newspapers that I had stolen the bank's money, and I hope that was corrected. The books must have proved what I say. I understand now that what I did was worse than stealing, but I should like you and Mr. Porter to know that I not only did not take other people's money, but that in my foolish relations with Margrave I did not receive a cent for the shares of stock which he took from me—neither for my own nor for those of Miss Porter. I don't blame Margrave; if I had not been a coward he could not have played with me as he did.

"The company is sending me to one of its South American houses. I go by steamer to-morrow, and you will not hear from me again. I should like you to know that I have neither seen nor heard anything of my brother since that night. With best wishes for your own happiness and prosperity, yours sincerely,

"JAMES WHEATON."

On his way home to the club Saxton stopped at Bishop Delafield's rooms, and found the bishop, as usual, preparing for flight. Time did not change Bishop Delafield. He was one of those men who reach 60, and never, apparently, pass it. He and Saxton were fast friends now. The bishop missed Warry out of his life; Warry was always so accessible and so cheering. John was not so accessible and he had not Warry's lightness, but the bishop of Clarkson liked John Saxton. The bishop sat with his inevitable hand-baggage by his side and read Wheaton's letter through.

"How ignorant we are!" he said, folding it. "I sometimes think that we who try to minister to the needs of the poor in spirit do not even know the rudiments of our trade. We are pretty helpless with men like Wheaton. They are apparently strong; they yield to no temptations, so far as any man knows; they are exemplary characters. I suppose that they are living little tragedies all the time. The moral coward is more to be pitied than the open criminal. You know where to find the criminal; but the moral coward is an unknown quantity. Life is a strange business, John, and the older I get the less I think I know of it." He sighed and handed back the letter.

"But he's doing better than we might have expected him to," said Saxton. "A man's entitled to happiness if he can find it. He undoubtedly chose the easier part in running away. I can't imagine him coming back here to face the community after all that had happened."

"I don't know that I can either. Preaching is easier than practicing, and I'm not sure that I gave him the best advice at the ranch house that morning."

"Well, it was the only thing to do," Saxton answered. "I suppose neither you nor I was sure he told the truth; it

was a situation that was calculated to make one skeptical. It isn't clear from his letter that the whole thing has impressed him in any great way. He's anxious to have us think well of him—a kind of retrospective vanity."

"But his punishment is great. It's not for us to pass on its adequacy. I must be going, John," and Saxton gathered up the battered cases and went out to the car with him.

Bishop Delafield always brought Warry back vividly to John, and as they waited on the corner he remembered his first meeting with the bishop, in Warry's rooms at The Bachelors'. And that was very long ago!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Uncertainty and doubt filled John Saxton's mind and heart, and he saw no light ahead. He had seen Evelyn several times before she had left home, on occasions when he went to the house with Fenton for conferences with her father. He had intended saying good-by to her, but the Porters went hurriedly at last and he was not sorry; it was easier that way. But Mrs. Whipple, who was exercising a motherly supervision over John, had exacted a promise from him to come to Orchard Lane during the time that she and the general were to be with the Porters in their new cottage. When he went East, Saxton settled down at his club in Boston, and pretended that it was good to be at home again; but he went about with homesickness gnawing his heart. He had reason to be happy and satisfied with himself. He had practically concluded the difficult work which he had been sent to Clarkson to do; he had realized more money from their assets than the officers of the trust company had expected; and they held out to him the promise of employment in their Boston office as a reward. So he walked the familiar streets planning his future anew. He had succeeded in something at last, and he would stay in Boston, having, he told himself, earned the right to live there. The assistant secretaryship of the trust company, which had been mentioned to him, would be a position of dignity and promise. He had never hoped to do so well. Moreover, it would be pleasant to be near his sister, who lived at Worcester. There were only the two of them, and they ought to live near together.

It is, however, an unpleasant habit of the fates never to suffer us to debate simple problems long; they must throw in new elements to puzzle us. While he deferred going to Orchard Lane a new perplexity confronted him. One of Margrave's "people" came from New York as the representative of the syndicate that had purchased the Clarkson traction Company, and sought an interview. John had met this gentleman at the time the sale was closed; he was a person of consequence in the financial world, who came quickly to the point of his errand. He offered John the position of general manager of the company.

The next day John thought he saw it all more clearly. He went out and walked aimlessly through the hot streets. He realized presently that he had gone into a railway office and asked for a suburban time table. He carried this back to the club, and studied the list of Orchard Lane trains. He found that he could run out almost any hour of the day. He slept and woke refreshed, with the time table still grasped in his hand. He had been very foolish, he concluded; it would be a simple matter to go out to Orchard Lane to call on the Porters and Whipples. The next afternoon he went up to Orchard Lane.

It suited his mood that he should find no one at home at Red Gables but Mr. Porter, who played golf all the morning and slept and experimented at landscape gardening all the afternoon. He welcomed John with unwonted cordiality.

There were some details connected with the transfer of the Traction Company to Margrave's syndicate which Porter had not fully understood, or which Fenton had purposely kept from him; and he pressed John for new light on these matters. John answered or parried as he thought wisest.

John left his greetings for the rest of the household. There was a train at 6 o'clock; it was now 5 and he loitered along, stopping often to look out upon the sea. A group of people was gathered about a tea table on the sloping lawn in front of one of the houses. The colors of the women's dresses were bright against the dark green. It was a gay company; their laughter floated out to him mockingly. He wondered whether Evelyn was there, as he passed on, beating the rocky path with his stick.

Evelyn was not there; but her destination was that particular lawn and its tea table. Turning a bend in the path he came upon her. He had had no thought of seeing her; yet she was coming down the path toward him, her picture hat framed in the dome of a blue parasol. He had renounced her for all time, and he should meet her guardedly; but the blood was singing in his temples and throbbing in his finger tips at the sight of her.

"This is too bad!" she exclaimed, as they met. "I hope you can come back to the house."

She walked straight up to him and gave him her hand in her quick, frank way.

"I'm sorry, but I must be in to town on this next train," he answered. He turned in the path and walked along beside her.

"This happened to be one of our scattering days, for all except father."

"We had a nice talk, he and I. Your place is charming. Don't let me detain you. I'm sure you were going to join these lotus eaters."

"I don't believe they need me," she answered, evasively. "They seem pretty busy. But if you're hungry—or thirsty, I can get something for you there." They passed the gate, walking slowly along. He knew that he must hurry to urge her to stop, and that he ought to catch the train; but it was too sweet to be

near her; this was the last time and it was his own!

They paused finally and John held open a little gate in a stone wall. He was grave and something of his seriousness communicated itself to her. Clearly, he thought, this was the parting of the ways. "Won't you come in? There are plenty of trains and we'd like you to dine with us."

A great wave of loneliness and yearning swept over her. Her invitation seemed to create new and limitless distances that stretched between them. He spoke incidentally of the offer he had received from the Clarkson Traction Company. "I have refused the offer," he said, quietly. "He had not intended to tell her; but it was doubtless just as well; and it would alter nothing. "My work in Clarkson is finished," he went on. "Warry's affairs will make it necessary for me to go back from time to time, but it will not be home again."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought you were to be of us. But I suppose there is a greater difference between the East and West than any one can understand who has not known both." They regarded each other gravely, as if this were, of course, the whole matter at issue.

"I can't go back—it's too much; I can't do it," he said, wearily.

"I now how it must be—this last year and Warry! It was all so terrible—for all of us." She was looking away.

John looked at her. It was natural that she should include herself with him in a common grief for the man who had been his friend and whom she had loved. She had always been kind to him; her kindness stung him now, for he knew that it was because of Warry; and a resolve woke in him suddenly. He would not suffer her kindness under a false pretense; he could at least be honest with her.

"I can't go back because he is not there; and because—because you are not there! You don't know—you should never know, but I was disloyal to Warry from the first. I let him talk to me from day to day of you; I let him tell me that he loved you; I never let him know—I never meant any one to know." He ceased speaking; she was very still and did not look at him. "It was base of me," he went on. "I would gladly have died for him if he had lived; but now that he is dead I can betray him. I hate myself worse than you can hate me. I know how I must wound and shock you."

"Oh, no!" she moaned. "But he went on; he would spare himself nothing."

"It is hideous—it was cowardly of me to come here." His hands were clenched and his face twitched with pain. "Oh, if he had lived!"

She rose now and looked at him with an infinite pity.

"If he had lived," she said, very softly, looking away through the sun-dappled aisles of the orchard, "if he had lived—it would have been the same, John."

But he did not understand. His name as she spoke it rang in his ears. She walked away through the orchard path, which suddenly became to him a path of gold that stretched into paradise; and he sprang after her with a great fear in his heart lest some barrier might descend and shut her out forever.

"Evelyn! Evelyn!" It was not a voice that called her; it was a spirit, long held in thrall, that had shaken free and become a name.

(The end.)

RUSSIAN'S TALE OF CRUELTY.

Bound with Family for United States, Lured to Brazil.

When Daniel Mann, farm laborer employed on a ranch five miles from Spokane, cabled a money order for \$1,200 to Genoa, Italy, he released his four sons, ranging from 9 to 20 years of age, held there as security for funds he borrowed several months ago.

Prominent residents of Spokane County have interested themselves in the case, and they say that if a settlement is not made by a steamship agency at Bremen, suit will be instituted to recover damages, a dispatch from Spokane says.

Briefly told, Mann's story is that he and his family of ten—his wife, four sons and five daughters—left the village of Kuraka, Russia, on Oct. 3, 1908, for Germany, intending to sail from Bremen to New York and travel thence by rail to Eastern Washington, and that when they reached the sailing point the steamship agent induced them through misrepresentation to go to Brazil; that they were forcibly detained in an immigration house in the forest near Prottendorf, where one of the children died, and that he was swindled out of \$1,000, savings of a lifetime of toil in the czar's land. They managed to reach Genoa, where he was forced to leave four sons as a guarantee to repay money advanced by a man who took pity on the family's plight.

"We found thousands of men, women and children on the densely timbered and rocky lands in Brazil, wallowing their fate," Mann said. "Like ourselves, they were immigrants from Europe. We were warned there not to tell any one about our experiences, and were told that death by hanging was the penalty for saying anything about what we saw and the way we were treated by the officials in the immigrant house. I was told that a dozen had been executed for disobeying this injunction."

The Englishman.

Edyth—Why did Clara insist on having a quiet wedding?

Marjorie—Oh, I suppose she thought it would make her

LAZY LIVER

"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Bazinet,
Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Latest Consumption Cure.

British and American physicians and students of tuberculosis are much interested in the claim authoritatively made in London concerning the success of a new treatment for tuberculosis discovered by William Doig, a layman. The nature of the treatment is a poultice containing acite and chloride to be placed on the body near the affected membrane or bone. In about a week an ulcer is formed, connected by what is called a ray of inflammation with the diseased organ. This forms a duct through which the pus is drawn out. The ulcer needs to be carefully dressed twice a day with a certain salve. The cure of the diseased lungs is said to be effected in from four to six months.

Pettit's Eye Salve for Over 100 Years has been used for congested and inflamed eyes, removes film or scum over the eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

His Summer Game.

A summer game my fancy suits— It is the game of picking routes. Ah, often has ambition soared To routes that I could ne'er afford. I study folders, and the trains, And find rare pleasures for my pains; And yet 'tis strange, I never use The routes that thus I pick and choose.—Cleveland News.

A Head-Liner.

Incomparable, distinct, alone! A lion heart! By such descriptive terms is known N. Bonaparte.

And wouldn't they look well arrayed

Upon the bill? Ah, what a hit he would have made In vandeville.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Left a Name Behind Him.

Daniel—Hello, Jim! Who be yew a-digging that 'ole for? Jim—Old Lawyer Skinner—'e died yesterday.

Daniel—Oh, what complaint? Jim—Not a word o' complaint. Family rather pleased than otherwise.—Ally Sloper's.

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You've no idea how quickly a little Hamlin's Wizard Oil will lubricate the cords and make you comfortable again.

Bald Men in Danger.

A lady in Clayton, N. J., was caring for her hair when the tonic exploded, badly burning her and furnishing more excitement in the neighborhood than a croupy baby. The pure food people should look into this, for as long as explosive hair tonic is sold the bald man is sitting on a confined volcano.—Minneapolis Journal.

Lesson from the Past.

Horatius was holding the bridge. "The boss of the ward," he gasped, "told me this was an easy job, and I wouldn't have anything to do!"

The discovery of the fact, however, that he had been tricked into believing the position to be merely a saloon-keeper's perquisite had only the effect of making him fight all the harder to hold it.—Chicago Tribune.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder that cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet, cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen & Gilmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Small Profit.

City Man—I see you keep bees in your back yard. Do you find anything profitable in that? Suburbanite—Well, yes; I've made a little money by betting with my wife that her cooks would leave her four times as often as the bees would swarm.

One, on the Old Man.

"Grandpa, how many letters in the alphabet have more than one syllable?" "Let me see, Tommy; a, b, c, d, e."

"You didn't learn your letters very well when you were a boy, did you, grandpa?"

FAMILY COUGH SYRUP

Cures Any Cough in Five Hours. NEW PRESCRIPTION HERE.

Here is given the most effective cough prescription known to the medical world. It is a mild, palatable, tea, and it is what a body needs when suffering with cough and cold on the lungs. A cough or cold indicates poisons in the system, causing inflammation and congestion. Nearly all cough syrups relieve, but make the trouble worse by their stimulating effects. This prescription not only relieves quickly, but it cures any cough that is curable. Get one-half ounce that will carry back one severe congested croupy child and three ounces spruce which plus compound. Mix in a bottle. Take for acute cough or bronchitis twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times daily. Give children less according to age. A few hours' treatment will cure and heal the throat and lungs of all but consumptive. Cut this out and give it to some friend who may need it to be saved from an early death by consumption.

Was Too Quick.

There was three at the little table in the cafe, a lady and two men. Suddenly the electric lights went out, and the lady, quickly and noiselessly, drew back.

An instant later there was the smack of a compound kiss. As the electric lights went up each man was seen smiling complacently.

"I thought I heard a kiss," said the lady, "but nobody kissed me."

Then the men suddenly glared at each other and flushed and looked painfully sheepish.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Recognizing His Opportunity.

Gentlemanly Caller—Of course you will want some new books now.

Member of School Board—I think not. All our purchases are made and are in the hands of the children, or will be in a day or two.

Gentlemanly Caller—Yes, but your geographies are old-fashioned, you know. We are running a specially prepared, up to date edition through our presses right now, with the north pole plainly marked where Dr. Cook discovered it. How many thousand copies do you think you can use?—Chicago Tribune.

Waste of Material.

In process of time it was observed that the multimillionaire philanthropist had ceased giving costly library buildings to towns and cities.

"Why is this, Mr. Canaggy?" the reporters asked him.

"Young men," he said, "what is the use of building great houses for libraries when all a man needs for an education is five feet of books?"

Whereat they marveled, but they could not answer him.—Chicago Tribune.

Fly in the Ointment.

"As to this polar discovery," said the distinguished naturalist, "I have only one regret."

"And that is—"

"That the ship in which Peary sailed for the arctic bears the name of a tropical explorer and wild animal killer."—Chicago Tribune.

Another Swann Tumbo Jingle.

(Contributed by a depraved outsider.) A lion then sprang into view. And roared, "There's no use flyin'! I'm going to make a meal of you!" But he caught the lion lyin'.

Eighty Is Plenty.

The other morning we saw a man 88 years old going into a doctor's office. It seems to us that if we were 80 we would have enough.—Lacon (Ill.) Journal.

QUICKEST WITH SAFETY

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST REMEDY FOR COLIC & CHOLERA

For the baby often means rest for both mother and child. Little ones like it too—it's so palatable to take. Free from opiates. All Druggists, 25 cents.

Raises the dough and complies with all pure food laws.

CRESCENT

MAKING POWDER

CRESCENT MFG. CO. Makers of MAZEPPA (Better than Maple).



A LEADER WATER SYSTEM IN YOUR HOME

Means an unfilling water supply. It means that you will have the most practical Domestic water supply system now in use. No elevated tank, no frozen pipes in winter, no stagnant water in summer, no water supply troubles of any sort. Tank placed in basement, out of sight and way, made of pressed steel, will not rust and will last a lifetime. You will be pleased with the LEADER system of furnishing Domestic Water Supply. Ask for our catalogue and free booklet. Now I Solved My Water Supply Problem.

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