

**A Reconciliation.**  
Mr. Rawson's mule had strayed away, and Pomp had been sent to find it. Instead of running along the road in the direction in which the mule had been last seen, Pomp scrambled up Prospect Hill as far as he could go, and surveyed the countryside.  
When he returned in triumph with the mule an hour later, Mr. Rawson inquired why he had wasted time climbing the hill.  
"Twas'n no waste of time!" said Pomp, indignantly. "Don't you know, Mr. Rawson, sah, dat a mewel is one ob dose animals you is got t' 'proach from de front end foh yo' own safety? An' how could I 'proach dat mewel from de front end till I knowed whar he was?"

**PROVED BY TIME.**

**No Fear of Any Further Trouble.**  
David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, and I am still perfectly well." Sold by all dealers. 50c. a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**FASHION HINTS**



Here's a novel suggestion for the girl who is hunting for something really new. The full skirt is topped by an apron over-skirt and the sleeve is one with the blouse. On the right girl it would be very fetching.

**Supported by Scripture.**  
The story goes that a certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing his students at the beginning of the college year.  
He observed to them that it was a "matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman class in its history."  
Then, without a pause, says Lippincott's Magazine, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the Third Psalm, and began to read in a loud voice:  
"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

**THREE REASONS.**

**Back with Two Legs and Ten Fingers.**  
A Boston woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys. Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys, Bob, Jack and Dick, aged 6, 4 and 2 years respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given candy."  
"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3-year-old child was a weakened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts."  
"Both husband and I use Grape-Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."  
Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is soon shown in greatly increased health, strength and mental activity.  
"There's a Reason."  
Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**The Main Chance**  
BY Meredith Nicholson  
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THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

**CHAPTER XXII.**

There was much to do, and John Saxton had been back and forth twice between the ranch house and the village before the sun had crept high into the heavens. The little village had been slow to grasp the fact of the tragedy at its doors which had already carried its name afar. There was much to do and yet it was so pitifully little after all! Warry Raridan was dead, and eager men were scouring the country for his murderer; but John Saxton sat in the room where Warry had died. It seemed to John that the end had come of all the world. He charmed his grief with self-reproach that he had been a party to an exploit so foolhardy; they should never have attempted a midnight descent upon an unknown foe; and yet it was Raridan's own plan.  
Saxton had ministered to the boy Grant with characteristic kindness. Grant knew now of Warry's death, and this, with his own sharp experiences, had unnerved him. He clung to Saxton, and John soothed him until he slept, in one of the upper chambers.  
Wheaton stood suddenly in the door, and beckoned to Saxton, who went out to him. They had exchanged no words since that moment when the old bishop's prayer had stilled the room where Warry Raridan died. Through the events of the morning hours, Wheaton had been merely a spectator of what was done—Saxton had hardly noticed him, and glancing at Wheaton now, he was shocked at the look of great age that had come upon him.  
"I want to speak to you a minute—you and Bishop Delafield," said Wheaton. The bishop was pacing up and down in the outer hall, which had been quietly cleaned and put in order by men from the village. Wheaton led the way to the room once used as the ranch office.  
"Will you sit down, gentlemen?" He spoke with so much calmness that the others looked at him curiously. The bishop and Saxton remained standing, and Wheaton repeated, sharply, "Will you sit down?" The two men sat down side by side on the leather-covered bench that ran around the room, and Wheaton stood up before them.  
"I have something to say to you, before you—before we go," he said. Their silence seemed to confuse him for a moment, but he regained his composure. He looked from Saxton to the bishop, who nodded, and he went on:  
"The man who killed Warry Raridan was my brother," he said, and waited. Saxton started slightly; his numbed senses quickened under Wheaton's words, and in a flash he saw the explanation of many things.  
"He was my brother," Wheaton went on quietly. "He had wanted money from me, I had refused to help him. He carried away Grant Porter thinking to injure me in that way. It was that, I think, as much as the hope of getting a large sum for the boy's return."  
A great quiet lay upon the house; the two men remained sitting, and Wheaton stood before them with his arms crossed, the bishop and Saxton watching him, and Wheaton looking from one to the other of his companions. Contempt and anger were rising in John Saxton's heart; but the old bishop waited calmly; this was not the first time that a troubled soul had opened its door to him.  
"Go on," he said, kindly.  
"My brother and I ran away from the little Ohio town where we were born. Our father was a harness maker. I hated the place. I think I hated my father and mother." He paused, as we do sometimes when we have suddenly spoken a thought which we have long carried in our heart but have never uttered. The words had elements of surprise for James Wheaton, and he waited, weighing his words and wishing to deal justly with himself. "My brother was a bad boy; he had never gone to school, as I had; he had several times been guilty of petty stealing. I joined him once in a theft; we were arrested, but he took the blame and was punished, and I went free. I am not sure that I was any better, or that I am now any better than he is. But that is the only time I ever stole."  
Saxton remembered that Warry had once said of James Wheaton that he would not steal.  
"I wanted to be honest; I tried my best to do right. I never expected to do as well as I have—I mean in business and things like that. Then after all the years in which I had not seen anything of my brother he came into the bank one day as a tramp, begging, and recognized me. At first I helped him. I sent him here; you will remember the man Snyder you found here when you came," turning to Saxton. "I knew you would not keep him. There was nothing else that I could do for him. I had new ambitions," his voice fell and broke, "there were—there were other things that meant a great deal to me—I could not have him about. It was he who assaulted me one night at Mr. Porter's house two years ago, when you," he turned to the bishop, "came up and drove him away. After that I gave him money to leave the country and he promised to stay away; but he began blackmailing me again, and I thought then that I had done enough for him and refused to help him any more. When Grant Porter disappeared I knew at once what had happened. He had threatened—but there is something—something wrong with me!"  
These last words broke from him like a cry, and he staggered suddenly and would have fallen if Saxton had not sprung up and caught him. He recovered quickly and sat down on the bench.  
"Let us drop this now," said Saxton, standing over him; "it's no time—"

"There's something wrong with me," said Wheaton, huskily, without hesitating, and Saxton drew back from him. "I was in vain, cowardly fool. But I did the best I could," he passed his hand over his face, and his fingers crept nervously to his collar, "but it wasn't any use! It wasn't any use!" He turned again to the bishop. "I heard you preach a sermon once. It was about our opportunities. You said we must live in the open. I had never thought of that before," and he looked at the bishop with a foolish grin on his face. He stood up suddenly and extended his arms. "Now I want you to tell me what to do. I want to be punished! This man's blood is on my hands. I want to be punished!" And he sank to the floor in a heap, repeating, as if to himself, "I want to be punished."  
There are two great crises in the life of a man. One is that moment of disclosure when for the first time he recognizes some vital weakness in his own character. The other comes when, under stress, he submits this defect to the eyes of another. James Wheaton hardly knew when he had realized the first, but he was conscious now that he had passed the second. It had carried him like a high tide to a point of rest; but it was a point of helplessness, too.  
"It isn't for you to punish you," the bishop began, "and I do not see that you have transgressed any law."  
"That is it! That is it! It would be easier," moaned Wheaton, John turned away. James Wheaton's face was not good to see.  
"Yes, it would be easier," the bishop continued. "I can see that in going back to Clarkson many things will be hard for you."  
"I can't! Oh, I can't!" He still crouched on the floor, with his arms extended along the bench.  
"But that is the manly thing for you. If you have acted a cowardly part, now is the time for you to change, and you must change on the field of battle. I can imagine the discomfort of facing your old friends; that you will suffer keen humiliation; that you may have to begin again; but you must do it, my friend, if you wish to rise above yourself, and you may depend upon my help."  
The old man had spoken with emphasis, but with great gentleness. He turned to Saxton, wishing him to speak.  
"The bishop is right. You must go back with us, Wheaton." But he did not say that he would help him. John Saxton neither forgot nor forgave easily. He did not see in this dark hour what he had not to do with James Wheaton's affairs. But the Bishop of Clarkson went over to James Wheaton and lifted him up; it was as though he would make the physical act carry a spiritual aid with it.  
"We can talk of this to better purpose when we get home," he said. "You are broken now and see your future darkly; but I say to you that you can be restored; there's light and hope ahead for you. If there is any meaning in my ministry it is that with the help of God a man may come out of darkness into the light again."  
There was a moment's silence. Wheaton sat bent forward on the bench, with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands.  
"They are waiting for us," said Saxton.  
A special train was sent to Great River, and the little party waited for it on the station platform, surrounded by awed villagers, who stood silent in the presence of death and a mystery which they but dimly comprehended. Officers of the law from Clarkson came with the train and surrounded Bishop Delafield, Wheaton and Saxton as they stood with Grant Porter by the rude bier of Warry Raridan. The men answered many questions and the sheriff of the county took the detectives away with him. Margrave had sent his private car, and the returning party were huddled in one end of it, save John Saxton, who sat alone with the body of Warry Raridan. The train was to go back immediately, but it waited for the west-bound express which followed it, and passed the special hero. There was a moment's confusion as the special with its dark burden was switched into a siding to allow the regular train to pass. Then the special returned to the main track and began its homeward journey.  
John sat with his arms folded, sunk into his great-coat, and watched the gray landscape through the snow that was falling fast. The events of the night seemed like a hideous dream. It was an inconceivable thing that within a few hours so dire a calamity could have fallen. The very nearness of the city to which they were bound added to the unreality of all that had happened. But there the dark burden lay; and the snow fell upon the gray earth and whitened it, as if to cleanse and remake it and blot out its color and dread. The others left Saxton alone; he was nearer than they; but late in the afternoon, as they approached the city, Captain Wheelock came in and laid his hand on the shoulder: Bishop Delafield wished to see him. John rose, giving Wheelock his place, and went back to where the old man sat staring out at the snow. He beckoned Saxton to sit down by him.  
"Where's Wheaton?" the bishop asked.  
John looked at him and at the other men who sat in silence about the car. He went to one of them and repeated the bishop's question, but was told that Wheaton was not on the train. He had been at the station and had come aboard the car with the rest; but he must have returned to the station and been left. John remembered the passing of the west-bound express, and went back and told the bishop that Wheaton had not come with them. The old man shook his head and turned again to the window and the flying panorama of the snowy landscape. John sat by him, and neither spoke until the train's speed diminished at a crossing on the outskirts of Clarkson. Then suddenly, hot at heart and with tears of sorrow and rage in his eyes, Saxton said, so that only the bishop could hear:  
"He's a coward!"  
The Bishop of Clarkson stared steadily out upon the snow with troubled eyes.

**CHAPTER XXIII.**

Porter insisted that Margrave should not have the Traction Company at any price, though the general manager of the Transcontinental was persistent in his offers. As Margrave did not care to deal with Porter, who was not, he complained, "an easy trader," he negotiated with Fenton and Saxton. After several weeks of ineffectual effort he concluded that

Fenton and Saxton were almost as difficult. He called Saxton a "stubborn brute" to Saxton's face; but offered to continue him in a responsible position with the company if he would help him with the purchase. He still wanted to control the company for political reasons, but there was also the fact of his having invested the money of several of his friends in the Transcontinental directorate, prior to the last annual meeting.  
These gentlemen had begun to inquire in a respectful way when Margrave was going to effect the coup which he had been assuring them, he had planned. They had, they were aware, no rights as against the bondholders; and as Margrave understood this perfectly well, he was very anxious to buy in the property at receiver's sale for an amount that would satisfy Porter and his allies, and give him a chance to "square himself," as he put it. This required additional money, but he was able to command it from his "people" for the receiver had demonstrated that the property could be made to pay. While these negotiations were pending, Saxton and Fenton were able to satisfy their curiosity as to the relations which had existed between Wheaton and Margrave. Margrave had no shame in confessing just what had passed between them; he viewed it all as a joke, and explained, without compunction, exactly the manner in which he had come by the shares which had belonged to Evelyn Porter and James Wheaton.  
When Saxton came back from Colorado, Porter was ill again, and Fenton was seriously disposed to accept a price which Margrave's syndicate had offered. Margrave's position had grown uncomfortable; he had to get himself and "his people" out of a scrape at any cost. His plight pleased Fenton, who tried to make Porter see the irony of it; and this view of it, as much as the high offer, finally prevailed upon him. He saw at last the futility of securing and managing the property for himself; his health had become a matter of concern, and Fenton insisted that a street railway company would prove no easier to manage than a bank.  
Porter was, as John had said, "a peculiar brick," and after the final offers of the court had been made, and Saxton's fees allowed, Porter sent him a check for five thousand dollars, without comment. Fenton made him keep it; Porter had done well in Traction and he owed much to John; but John protested that he preferred being thanked to being tipped; but the lawyer persuaded him at last that the idiosyncrasies of the rich ought to be respected.  
Porter felt his burdens slipping from him with unexpected satisfaction. He grew jaunty in his old way as he chid his contemporaries and friends for holding on; as for himself, he told them, he intended "to die rested," and he adjusted his affairs so that they would give him little trouble in the future. The cottage which he had bought on the North Shore was a place they had all admired the previous summer. Porter had liked it because there was enough ground to afford lawn and flower beds which he cultivated with so much satisfaction at home. The place was called "Red Gables," and Porter had bought it with its furniture, so that there was little to do in taking possession but to move in. The Whipples were their first guests, going to them in mid-July, when they were fully installed.  
The elder Bostonians whom Porter had met the previous summer promptly renewed their acquaintance with him. He had attained, in their eyes, a new dignity in becoming a cottager. The previous owner of "Red Gables" had lately failed in business and they found in the advent of the Porters a sign of the replenishing of the East from the West, which interested them philosophically. Porter lacked their own repose, but they liked to hear him talk. He was amusing and interesting, and they had already found his prophecies concerning the markets trustworthy. The ladies of their families heard with horror his views on the Indian question, which were not romantic, nor touched with the spirit of Boston philanthropy; but his daughter was wholly, they said, and her accent was lovely, inoffensive.  
So the Porters were well received, and Evelyn was glad to find her father accepting his new leisure so complacently. She and Mrs. Whipple agreed that he and the general were as handsome and interesting as any of the elderly Bostonians among their neighbors; and they undoubtedly were so.  
(To be continued.)

**STREET CAR MEN AGREE TO TERMS IN CHICAGO**

Presidents of Two Traction Companies Make Offer Which Union Leaders Call Good.

**GAIN OF \$1,000,000 IN WAGES**

That Much Additional Pay for Employees in Three and a Half Years of Contract.

The wage dispute between Chicago's 10,000 street car employees and the surface traction companies, which a week before resulted in a vote to strike, was practically settled in a big joint conference of traction officials and union leaders Friday night, apparently to the satisfaction of everybody concerned.  
John M. Roach and Thomas E. Mitten offered a wage scale to the men which representatives of the union said they would recommend to their respective organizations for acceptance. It was in the nature of a compromise agreement, applying to the employees of the Railways, City, Calumet and South Chicago and Consolidated companies.  
Traction representatives, in company with Walter L. Fisher, representing the city, who was credited with the piloting of the negotiations, estimated in round figures that the offer represents an aggregate additional expenditure in wages of \$1,000,000 during the next three and a half years—the term of the proposed contract.

**Terms of Proposed Contract.**  
The contract will run three and a half years, dating from Aug. 1, 1909, and to all old men who have served one year at 27 cents per hour—the old maximum scale—it will grant an immediate increase to 28 cents for the first year of the contract, 29 cents for the second year, and 30 cents for the last eighteen months.

To men who have been in the service less than one year the rate of pay proposed is the same as at present (23 cents for six months, 25 cents for six months, and 27 cents for one year) until they have served a year at 27 cents, when they will begin the climb which the old employees will start as soon as the contract is completed.  
New men will progress at the maximum more slowly than at the present. The first six months of employment they will receive 23 cents; the second six months, 24 cents; the second year, 25 cents; the third year, 26 cents, and the last six months, 27 cents.

**VENEZUELA TO PAY CLAIM.**

Asphalt Row Expected to Go to The Hague Is Settled.

Information has reached New York that the claim of the New York-Venezuela Company, one of the five American claims against the government of Venezuela, the dispute over which led to a rupture of diplomatic relations between the two countries sixteen months ago, has been settled out of court.  
Minister W. W. Russell cabled the State Department at Washington that the Venezuelan authorities had signed a protocol whereby their government is to pay the American company \$475,000 in requital for the expenditures made in the development of concessions granted in 1901 by the Castro government. It was expected that the case would go before The Hague tribunal next fall, and testimony had been taken in New York for the last three months in preparation for the trial. The case of the New York-Venezuela Company is the third of five differences between this country and Venezuela to be settled independently.

**GROWS EGYPTIAN LOTUS.**

Calumet River and Historic Nile Only Streams that Can Do It.  
The Egyptian lotus is flourishing in the Calumet river three miles east of Hammond, Ind. Thousands of the gorgeous flowers are in bloom. The Nile and Calumet rivers are said to be the only streams in the world where this flower grows in a state of nature. The flower is five or six inches in diameter and is of a delicate yellow tint tipped with green. It is open during the day and closed at night. Old settlers of Hammond have no account of the importation of the plant from Egypt and believe it is indigenous to the Calumet as well as to the Nile river.

**CARS DEADLY IN CHICAGO.**

Fifteen Adults and Seven Children Killed Last Month.  
Mayor Busse of Chicago, aroused by numerous fatal street car accidents recently, has determined to take drastic measures to insure greater safety to pedestrians and vehicles. The Mayor called for statistics on the subject from the City Attorney and received a report that during the last month twenty-two persons had been killed and 253 persons injured in 234 accidents. This is an average of nearly eight accidents a day. Seven of the twenty-two persons killed were children.

**FIND LAXNESS IN BANKS**

Tests by Comptroller Show Majority of Directors Figure-Heads.

**FEW FAMILIAR WITH LAWS.**

List of "Bad" Institutions Formed—Must Be Examined Every Three Months.

Comptroller of the Currency Murray, who since his appointment by President Roosevelt has been doing a lot of house-cleaning, beginning with the national bank examiners, is now paying some attention to directors of national banks. There are 50,000 of them, and a short time ago they were astonished to receive a letter from the Comptroller of the Currency asking them what they knew about the loans and discounts their cashiers were making, the signatures and collateral of borrowers, and the general habits of employees of their banks. In other words, Mr. Murray wanted to know if the directors were really directing.  
The information now in the possession of Mr. Murray is to the effect that only 25 per cent of the national bank directors are familiar with the conditions of their banks in all details. Four per cent practically admitted that they knew nothing of the state of the banks with which they are connected. Loans were approved by directors in only 31 per cent of all cases. The officers had full control and used their own judgment as to loans in nearly one-half of all the institutions. Eighty per cent of the directors could not certify to the genuineness of signatures on notes discounted by the banks. Sixty per cent tacitly permitted officers to permit overdrafts. Comptroller Murray is wrought up over the laxness displayed in the examination of loans and collateral by directors.

In 800 cases this examination was made only one a year. In only one-half of the banks was the condition of reserve regularly inquired into by the directors. The cash, however, was counted periodically by a committee of the directors in a substantial majority of the institutions.  
The Comptroller has classified every national bank in the United States. Those whose directors admitted that they were not familiar with the workings of their institutions have been classed as "bad" banks and will be subjected to four examinations each year.

**EMPEROR BEGINS 80TH YEAR.**

Francis Joseph Observes Birthday and Rulers Congratulate.  
Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has entered upon his eightieth year amid the universal congratulations of his people. However diverse the races in the monarchy and however bitter the internal conflicts, all unite to honor the venerated ruler whose aspiduous



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

devotion to his duties is everywhere recognized and admired.  
The Emperor was deeply touched by the action of King Edward in sending his chamberlain from Marienbad with an autograph letter of congratulations and a costly birthday present. It pleased him the most of all the messages from foreign sovereigns.

**UNCLE SAM RANKS SECOND.**

French Consider American Navy Stronger than Germany's.  
The Paris Temps takes issue with Deputy Michel, who declared in the French chamber that Germany stands second among the naval powers. The Temps points out that second place is held by the United States, which with a fleet of sixteen battleships "accomplished an admirable feat in circumnavigating the globe." The paper adds that all English authorities class the United States second among the naval powers. Germany, therefore, would be third and France fourth.

Orville Wright Sails Away.  
Accompanied by his sister, Orville Wright sailed from New York for Germany, there to conduct flight trials in the aeroplane for Emperor William. In an interview Wright said that his machine could carry enough fuel to keep it aloft for twenty-five hours, but he did not assert that he could fly it a distance of 1,000 miles, the theoretical maximum distance which the power would allow. He thought that aeroplanes would be used in carrying mails before many years.