## COUNTRY LUCK

By JOHN HABBERTON,

Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

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E SURE to look us up when you come
to the city."
This invitation
was extended with
that delightful affectation of heartiness that a man beassume when he he assume when he be-

lieves that the pernever avail himself of the courtesy. Fortunately for the purpose of this

story, Master Philip
Hayn, whom Mr.
Tramlay had asked to call, was too young
and too unaccustomed to the usages of polite

sctual sense.

It would have seemed odd to any one knowing the two men and their respective stations in life. Tramlay was a New York merchant, well known and of fair standing in the iron trade; Hayn was son of the farmer at whose house the Tramlay family had passed the summer. When the Tramlays determined to exchange the late summer dust of the country for the early autumn dust of the city, it was Philip who drove the old the city, it was Philip who drove the old fashioued carryall that transported them from the farm to the railway station. The head of the merchant's family was attired like a well to do business man; Philip's coat, vest and trousers were remnants of three difof the older man and the rather awkward deference of Philip, and it moved Mrs. Tramlay to whisper, as her husband helped her aboard the train:

"Suppose he were to take you at your word, Edgar?"

The merchant shrugged his shoulders slightly, and replied, "Worse men have called upon us, my dear, without being made to

'I think 'twould be loads of fun," remarkad Miss Lucia Tramlay.

Then the three, followed by smaller members of the family, occupied as many seats near windows, and nodded smiling adieus as

the train started.
Philipreturned their salutations, except the smiles; somehow, the departure of all these people made him feel sober. He followed the beopie under min real society was out of sight; then he stepped into the old carryall and drove briskly homeward, declining to rein up and converse with several sidewalk loungers who manifested a willingness to converse about the departed guests. When he reached the outer edge of the little village he allowed the horses to relapse into their normal gait, which was a slow walk; he let the reins hang loosely, he leaned forward until his elbows rested upon his knees and his hat brim scemed inclined to scrape acquaintance with the dash board, then he slowly repeated:

Be sure to look us up when you come to the city.' You may be sure that I will."

The advent of the Tramlays at Hayn Farm The advent of the Tramlays at Hayn Farm had been productive of new sensations to all concerned. The younger members of the Tramlay family had at first opposed the plan of a summer on a farm: they had spent one season at Mount Desert, and part of another at Saratoga, and, as Lucia had been "out" a year, and had a sister who expected early admission to a metropolitan collection of reserved. mission to a metropolitan collection of rose-buds, against a summer in the country—the rude, comomn, real country—the had been carnest. But the head of the fam-ily had said he could not afford anything beter; trade was dull, a man had to live his income, etc. Besides, their mother's health was not equal to a summer in society; they would find that statement a convenient when explaining the family plans to

their friends. Arrived at Hayn Farm, the objections of the juvenile Tramlays quickly disappeared. Everything was new and strange, nothing was repellent, and much was interesting and amusing; what more could they have hoped for anywhere—even in Parist The farm wa good and well managed, the rooms neat and comfortable, though old fashioned, and the people intelligent, though Miss Lucia pro-nounced them "awfully funny." The head of the family was one of the many farmers who "took boarders" to give his own family an opportunity to see people somewhat unlik their own circle of acquaintances—an oppor-tunity which they seemed unlikely ever to find in any other way, had he been able to choose. The senior Hayn would have put into his spare rooms a Union Theological seminary professor with his family, but, as no such person responded to his modest ad-vertisement, he accepted an iron merchant and family instead.

Strawberries were just ripening when the Tramlays appeared at Hayn Farm, and the little Tramlays were allowed to forage at will on the capacious did strawberry then came other berries, in the brambles of which they tore their clothes and colored their lips for hours at a time. Then cherries reddened on a dozen old trees which the chil-dren were never reminded had not been planted for their especial benefit. Then the successive yield of an orchard was theirs, so far as they could absorb it. Besides, there was a boat on a pond, and another on a little stream that emptied into the ocean not far away; and, although the Hayn boys always d to have work to do, they frequently could be persuaded to accompany the chil-

solves.
For Mrs. Tramlay, who really was an invalid, there were long drives to be taken, over roads some of which were well shaded and others commanding fine views, and it was so restful to be able to drive without special preparation in the way of dress-without, too, the necessity of scrutinizing each approaching vehicle for fear it might contain some acquaintance who ought to be

As for the head of the family, who spent only Saturdays and Sundays with his fam-ily, he seemed to find congenial society in the head of the house—a fact which at first gave his wife great uneasiness and annoyance.
"Edgar," Mrs. Tramlay would say, "you

mow Mr. Hayn is only a common farmer."
"He's respectable, and thoroughly understands his own business," the husband replied
"two reasons, either of which is good enough

to make me like a man, unless he happens t be disagrecable. 'Common farmer!' Why I'm only a common iron merchant, my dear. "That's different, protested Mrs. Tramlay.
"Is it! Well, don't try to explain how,

little woman; 'twill be sure to give you a three days' headache." So Tramlay continued to devote hours to chat with his host, pressing high priced cigars

on him, and sharing the farmer's pipes and tabacco in return. He found that Hayn, like

any other farmer with brains, had done some hard binking in the thousands of days when his hands were employed at common work, and that his views of affairs in general, out-side of the iros trade, were at least as sound as Tramlay's own, or those of any one whom

Tramlay s own, or those of any one whom Tramlay knew in the city.

The one irreconcilable member of the fam-ily was the elder daughter, Lucia. She was the oldest child, so she had her own way; she was pretty, so she had always been pet ted; she was twenty, so she knew everything that she thought worth knowing. She had long before reconstructed the world dn long before reconstructed the world on her own mind) just as it should be, from the standpoint that it ought to exist solely for her benefit. Not had tempered, on the con-trary cheerful and full of high spirits, she was nevertheless in perpetual protest against everything that was not exactly as she would have it, and not all the manners that careful breeding could impart could restrain the unconscious insolence peculiar to young and self satisfied natures. She would laugh loud-iy at table at Mrs. Hayn's way of serving an omelet, tell Mrs. Hayu's husband that his Sunday coat looked "so funny," express her mind freely before the whole household at

the fiorfid way in which the haif grown Hayn boys were their hair, and had no bestation in telling Philip Hayn, two years her senior, that when he came in from the field in his brown flannel shirt and gray felt hat he looked like an utter guy. But the Hayns were human, and, botween pity and admiration, humanity long ago resolved to endure anything from a girl—if she is pretty.

Slowly the Hayns came to like their boarders; more slowly, but just as surely, the Translays learned to like their hosts. Mutual respect began at the extremes of both famthe tiorrid way in which the that grown

respect began at the extremes of both fam-lies. Mrs. Tramlay, being a mother and a housekeeper, became so interested in the fem-nine half of the family's head that she ceased to criticise her husband's interest in the old farmer. The Tramlay children wondered at and then admired the wisdom and skill of and then admired the wisdom and skill of their country companions in matters not un-derstood by city children. Last of all, Lucia found herself heartily respecting the farmer's son, and forgetting his uncouth dress and his awkwardness of manner in her wonder at his general courtesy, and his superior knowledge in some directions where she supposed she had gone as far as possible. She had gone through a finishing school of the most approved New York type, yet Philip knew more of languages and history and science than she, when they chanced—never through her fault—to converse on such dry

through her fault—to converse on such dry subjects; he knew more flowers than she had ever seen in a florist's shop in the city; and once when she had attempted to decorate the rather bare walls of the farmhouse parlor he corrected her taste with a skill which she was obliged to admit. There was nothing strange about it, except to Lucia; for city seminaries and country high schools use the same text books, and magazines and newspapers that give attention to home decorations go everybere; nevertheless, it seemed to Lucia that she had discovered a new order of being, and by the time she had been at Hayu Farm a month she found herself occasionally sur-prised into treating Philip almost as if he

Philips interest in Lucia was of much quicker development. He had had no prejudices to overcome; besides, the eye is more easily approached and satisfied than the intellect, and Lucia had acceptably filled many an eye more exacting than the young farmer's. There were pretty girls in homes near Hayn farm, and more in the village near by, but none of them were—well, none were exbut none of them were—well, none were ex-actly like Lucia. Philip studied her face; it was neither Roman nor Grecian, and he was obliged to confess that the proportions of her features were not so good as those of some girls in the neighborhood. Her figure suggested neither perfect grace nor perfect frength; and yet whatever she did was gracefully done, and her attire, whether plair or costly, seemed part of herself-a peculiar-ity that he had never observed among girls

born in the vicinity.

He soon discovered that she did not know everything, but whatever she did know she talked of so glibly that he could not help en-joying the position of listener. She did not often show earnestness about anything that to him was more than trifling, but when she did go out of her customary mood for a mo-ment or two she was saintly; he could think of no other word that would do it justice. He had not liked her manner to his own mother, for at first the girl treated that estiwoman as a servant, and did it in the manner which makes most servants detest ward, with her own tiny fingers, made a new Sunday bonnet for Mrs. Hayn, and had not his mother, in genuine gratitude, kissed her!

had forgiven! The young man merely admired and re-spected Lucia; of that he was very sure. Regard more tender he would have blamed himself for, first, because love implied ma-trimony, which he did not intend to venture into until he had seen more of the world and perhaps gone to college; secondly, because he did not imagine that any such sentiment would be reciprocated. He came of a family that through generations of hard experience had learned to count the cost of everything, even the affections, like most of the better country people in the older states. He had also an aversion to marriage between persons of different classes. Lucia was to him an ac-

quaintance—not even a friend—whom be highly esteemed; that was all. father thought differently, and one day when the two were in the woodland be onging to the farm, loading a wagon with wood to be stored near the house for winter use, the old man said, abruptly:

"I hope you're not growin' too fond of that young woman, Phil?'
"No danger," the youth answered, prompt ly, though as he raised his bead his eyes die

not meet his father's. 'You seem to know who I mean, anyhow.' said the old man, after throwing another stick of wood upon the wagon.
"Not much trouble to do that," Phil re-

lied. "There's only one young woman." The father laughed softly; the son blushe violently. Then the father sighed. 'That's one of the signs. "What's a sign!—sign of what?" said Phil,

affecting wonder not quite skillfully.

"When 'there's only one young woman' it's
a sign the young man who thinks so is likely to consider her the only one worth thinking "Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Phil, attacking

the woodpile with great industry.

"Easy, old boy; 'twasn't the woodpile that said it. Brace up your head; you've done nothing to be ashamed of. Besides, your old father can see through the back of your head, anyhow; he's been practicin' at it ever since you were born."

Phil seated himself on the woodpile, looked in the direction where his father was not, and

"I like Lucia very much. She's a new face; she's different from the girls about here. She's somebody new to talk to, and she can talk about something besides crops, and cows, and who is sick, and last Sunday's ermon, and next month's sewing society.

"Yes," said the old man. "It doesn't seem much, does it? Enough to have made ons of bad matches, though, and spoiled millions of good ones."

Phil was silent for a moment; then be

said, with a laugh: "Father, I believe you're as bad as old Mrs. Tripsey, whom mother's always laughing at because she thinks a man's in love if he sees her daughter home from prayer meet-

ing."

"P'r'aps so, my boy—p'r'aps—and maybe as bad as you, for every time mere's a bad thunder storm you're afraid the lightning'll strike the barn. Do you know why! It's Phil did not reply, so the old man con-

"I'll make it clearer to you. You're my finest colt; there's more lightnings in a girl's eyes than I ever saw in the sky; you don't know when it's going to strike, and when it hits you you're gone before you know it."
"Much obliged. I'll see to it that I keep
myself well insulated," said Phil.

Nevertheless, Phil studied Lucia whenever he had opportunity-studied her face when she read, her fingers when they busied them elves with fancy work, her manner with different persons, as it changed according to her idea of the deservings of those with whom she talked. At church he regarded her intently from the beginning of the service to its end, analyzing such pertions of prayer, hymn, or sermon as did not seem to meet her views. He even allowed his gaze to follow her when the looked more than an instant at other young women, in the ignorance of his masne heart wondering which of the features of these damsels specially interested her; his mother could have told him that Lucia was merely looking at bonnets and other articles of attire, instead of at their wearers. He wondered what she thought; he told h where her character was at fault and bow it might be improved. In short, he had ample mental leisure, and she was the newest and consequently the least understood of his va-rious subjects of contemplation.

the imposition to devote a great deal of thought to any subject without becoming deeply interested, even if it be unsightly, tiresome and insignificant. Lucia was none of these, for she was a pretty girl. It is equally impossible to see a familiar subject of thought in the act of disappearance without a personal seuse of impending loneliness, and a wild desire to match it back, or at least go in search of it. Therefore, Philip Hayn needed not to be in love, or even to think himself so, to be conscious of a great vacancy in his mind as the train bore the Tramlay family rapidly toward their city home, and to determine that he would avail himself of the invitation which the head of the family had extended.

CHAPTER II.



USBAND," said Mrs. Hayn to her husband one night, when the person
addressed was
about to fall asleep,
"something's the
matter with Phil."
"A touch of malaria, I suppose, said the farme "Ho's been gettin' out muck earlier

than usual, and spreadin' it on the ture. The sun's been pretty hot, though it is October, and the hot sun on that sort of stuff

"I wasn't talkin' of sickness, said the wife, "The dear boy's health is as good as ever. It's his mind that's out o' sorts." "A long, soft sigh was the farmer's only reply for a moment. It was followed by the

"That city gal, I s'pose-confound her!" "I don't see what you want her confounded for; she hasn't done anythin'. They don't "I should hope not," said Hayn, with con-

siderable vigor. He now was wide awake.
"What could they write about! You don't
s'pose Phil could write anythin' about our
goin's on that would interest her, do you!" "No, but young people sometimes do find somethin' to exchange letters about. You and I didn't when we were boy and girl, be-cause we lived within a stone's throw of each other, an' you couldn't keep away from our house after dark; but Philip and"—

"For goodness sake, old lady," interrupted the husband, don't you go to settin' yourself down at your time of life by gettin' the match makin' fever. There isn't the slight-"I didn't say there was; but boys will be

"It doesn't follow that they should be fools. does it—not when they're our boys!"
"'Tisn't bein' a fool to be interested in a

rich man's daughter. I've often thought how different your life might have been if I'd had anything besides myself to give you when you married me."

"I got all I expected, and a thousand times more than I deserved." This assertion was followed by a kiss, which, though delivered in the dark, was of absolutely accurate aim. "Don't put it into Phil's head that be can get more than a wife when he marries twill do him a great deal more harm than

"I'd like to see the dear boy so fixed that he won't have to work so hard as you've had to do."

"Then you'll see him less of a man than his father, when he ought to be better. Isn't that rather poor business for a mother in Israel to be in, old lady?" "Well, anyhow, I believe Phil's heart is set on makin' a trip down to York."

"Oh, is that all! Well, he's been promised it, for some day, this long while. Some-thing's always prevented it, but I s'pose now would be as good a time as any. He deserves t; he's as good a son as man ever had."

Mrs. Hayn probably agreed with her hus band as to the goodness of their son, but that was not the view of him in which she was interested just then. Said she:

'If he goes, of course he'll see her." Again the farmer sighed; then he said, quite earnestly: "Let him see her, then; the sooner he does it the sooner he'll stop thinkin' about her. or dear foolish old heart her wa and his are as far apart as Haynton and

heaven when there's a spiritual drought in this portion of the Lord's vineyard." "I don't think the Tramlays are so muci better than we, if they have got money, said Mrs. Hayn, with some indignation. "I always did say that you didn't set enough store by yourself. Mrs. Tramlay is a nice enough woman, but I never could see how she was any smarter than I; and as to he husband, I always noticed that you generally held your own when the two of you wer

talking about anything.' "Bless you!" exclaimed the farmer, "you are rather proud of your old husband, aren't you? But Phil will soon see, with half an eye, that it would be the silliest thing in the world for him to fall in love with a girl like that."

"I can't for the life of me see why," said the mother. "He's just as good as she, and a good deal smarter, or I'm no judge." "See here, Lou Ann," said the farmer, with

more than a hint of impatience in his voice "you know 'twon't do either of 'em any good to fall in love if they can't marry each other. An' what would Phil have to support his wife on! Would she come out herean' 'tend to all the house work of the farm, like you do, just for the sake of havin' Phil for a husband! No unless she's a fool, even if Phil is our boy an' about as good as they make 'em. An' you know well enough that he couldn't afford to live in New York; he's got nothin' to do it

"Not now, but he might go in busin there, and make enough to live in style. Other young fellows have done it!"

"Yes-in stories," said the old man. "Lou Ann, don't you kind o' think that for a church member of thirty years' standin' you're gettin' mighty worldly minded?" "No, I don't," Mrs. Hayn answered. "If

life like his father's done is bein' worldly then I'm goin' to be a backslider and stay one. I don't think 'twould be a bit bad to have a married son down to York, so's his old mother could have some place to go once in a while when she's tired to death of work

an' worry."
"Oho!" said the old man; "that's the point of it, eh! Well, I don't mind backslidin' enough to say the boy may marry one of

Satan's daughters, if it'll make life any easier for you, old lady."
"Much obliged," the mother replied, "but I don't know as I care to do visitin' down

The conversation soon subsided, husband and wife dropping into revery from which they dropped into slumber. In one way or other, however, the subject came up again Said Mrs. Hayn one day, just as her husband was leaving the dinner table for the field in which he was cutting and stacking corn:

"I do believe Phii's best coat is finer stuff than anything Mr. Tramlay were when they were up here. I don't believe what he wor Sundays could hold a candle to Phil's." "Like enough," said the farmer; "and yet the old man always looked better dressed. I think his clothes made him look a little younger than Phil, too,"

"Now, husband, you know it isn't fair to make fun of the dear boy's clothes in that way. You know well enough that the stuff for his coat was cut from the same bolt of roadcloth as the minister's best." "Yes," drawled the farmer through haif a

dozen inflections, any one of which would have driven frantic any woman but his own "It's real mean in you to say 'Yes' in that way, Reuben!"

"Tisn't the wearer that makes the man, old lady; it's the tailor." "I'm sure Sarah Tweege cut an' made Phil's coat, an' if there's a better sewin' woman in this part of the county I'd like to know where you find her."

"Oh, Sarah Tweege can sew, Lou Ann," the old man admitted. "Goodness! I wish she'd made my new harness, instead of what-ever fellow did it. Mebbe, too, if she'd made the sacks for the last oats I bought I wouldn't have lost about half a bushel on the way home. Yesm', Sarah Tweege can sew a bedquiit up as square as an honeat mak's con-science. But sewin' ain't tailorin'."
"Don't she always make the minister's clothes!" demanded Mrs. Hayn.

"I never thought of it, before, but of course she does. I don't believe anybody else could do it in that way. Yet the minister ain't got so bad a figure, when you see him workin' in his garden in his shirt sleeves." "It's time for you to go back to the corn-field," suggested Mrs. Hayn.

"Yes, I rection 'is," said the farmer, cares-ing what might have been map had not his old hat been of felt. "'Tain't safe for an old farmer to be givin' his time an' thought to

eloth coat."

"Get out!" exclaimed Mra. Hayn, with a threatening gesture. The old man kissed her, laughed and began to obey her command; but as, like countrymen in general, he made his exit by the longest possible route, wandering through the sitting room, the ball, the dining room and the kitchen, his wife had time to waylay him at the door step and remark.

mark:

"I was only goin' to say that if Phil does make that trip to York I don't see that he'll need to buy new clothes. He's never wore that Sunday coat on other days, except to two or three funerals an' parties. I was goin' it over this very mornin', an' it's about as good as new."

"I wonder how this family would aver

"I wonder how this family would ever have got along if I hadn't got such a care-takin' wife!" said the old man. "It's the best coat in the United States if you've been goin'

"Father, don't you think that wind break for the sheep needs patching this fall?"
"It generally does, my son, before cold weather sets in."

"I guess I'll get at it, then, as soon as we get the corn stacked." "What's the hurry. The middle of November is early enough for that."
"Oh, when it's done it'll be off our minds."

"Oh, when it's done it'll be off our minds."
"See here, old boy," said the father, dropping the old ship's cuttass with which he had begun to cut the corn stalks, "you're doin' all your work a menth ahead this fall. What are you goin' to do with all your time when there's no more work to be done?" "I can't say, I'm sure," said Phil, piling an armful of stalks against a stack with more

than ordinary care.
"Can't eh! Then I'll have to, I s'pose, seein' I'm your father. I guess I'll have to send you down to New York for a month, to look aroun' an' see somethin' of the world." Phil turned so quickly that he ruined all his elaborate work of the moment before, al-most burying his father under the toppling stack.

"That went to the spot, didn't it!" said the old man. "I mean the proposition-not the fodder," he continued, as he extricated him-"It's exactly what I've been wanting to

"But you didn't like to say so, eh! Well,
'wasn't necessary to mention it; as I told
you t'other day, I can see through the back
of your head any time, old boy."

"Twouldn't cost much money, said Phil.
"I could go down on Sol Mantring's sloop for nothing, some time when he's short handed."
"Guess I can afford to pay my oldest son's travelin' expenses when I send him out to see the world. You'll go down to York by railroad, an' in the best car, too, if there's any "I won't have to buy clothes, anyhow,"

said the younger man.
"Yes, you will—lots of 'em. York ain't
Haynton, old boy; an' as the Yorkers don't
know enough to take their style from you, you'll have to take yours from them. I was re once, when I was 'long about your age. I didn't have to buy no more meetin' clothes after that until I got married—nigh on to ten

"If it's as expensive as that, I'm not going," said Phil, looking very solemn and beginning to reconstruct the demolished stack.

"Yes, you are, sir. I'll have you understand you're not much over ago yet, an', have got to mind your old father. Now, let that corn alone. If it won't stay down, sit on it—this way—see." And, sulting the action to the word, the old man sprawled at ease on the failen fodder, dragged his son down after

"You shall have a hundred dollars to start with, and more afterward, if you need it, as I know you will. The first thing to do when you get to the city is to go to the best looking clothing store you can find, and buy a suit such as you see well dressed men wearing to business. Keep your eyes open on men as sharply as if they were hosses and clothes were their only points, and then see that you get as good clothes as any of them. It don't matter so much about the your clothes fit you, an' cut like other peo

"I don't want to put on city airs," said Phil. "That's right-that's right; but city clothes and city airs aren't any more alike than country airs an' good manners. You may be the smartest, brightest young fellow that ever went to York—as of course you are, bein' my son-but folks at York'll never find it out if you don't dress properly—that means, dress as they do. I'll trade watches with you, to trade back after the trip, mine is gold, you know. You'll have to buy a decent

chain, though. "I won't take your watch, father. I can't that's all about it." "Nonsense! of course you can if you try.

It isn't good manners to wear silver watches in the city."
"But your watch"— Phil could get no further; for his father's gold watch was ven-erated by the family as if it were a May-flower chair or the musket of a soldier of the Revolution. Once while old farmer Hayn was young Capt. Hayn, of the whaling ship Lou Ann, he saved the crew of a sinking British bark. Unlike modern ship captain (who do not own their vessels), he we went in the boat with the rescuing party instead of merely sending it out, and he suffered so much through exposure, strain and the fea of the death which seemed impending that he abandoned the sea as soon thereafter as pop-sible. Nevertheless he thought only of the work before him until he had rescued the

imperiled crew and stowed them safely in his own ship.

The circumstances of the rescue were so un usual that they formed the subject of long columns in foreign newspapers; and in a few months Capt. Hayn received through the state department at Washington a gold watch, with sundry complimentary papers from the British admiralty. The young sea man never talked of either; his neighbor first learned of the presentation by conning their favorite weekly newspapers; neverthless the papers were framed and hung in the young captain's bedchamber, and, however carelessly he dressed afterward, nobody ever saw him when he had not the watch in his

pocket. spent in silence and facial contortion. "I can't take your watch, even for a little while You've always worn it; it's your-the family's patent of nobility."

"Well," said the old farmer, after contemplating the toes of his boots a few seconds, "I don't mind ownin' up to my oldest son that I look at the old watch in about the same light; but a patent of nobility is a disgrace to a family if the owner's helr isn't fit to inherit See! Guess you'd better make up you mind to break yourself into your comonsibilities by carryin' that watch in New York. Wonder what time 'tis?"

The question was a good pretext on which to take the "patent of nobility" from his fob pocket and look at it. He did it in a way which caused Phil quickly to avert his face and devote himself with great industry to stacking corn. Half a minute later the old man, cutlass in hand, was cutting corn as if his life depended upon it.

CHAPTER III. "pown to yong."



ESPITE his father's expressed de-sire. Phil went to New York on Sol Mantring's sloop. The difference time promised to be a day or two days, but the difference in cash out lay was more than five dollars-a sum which no one in the vicinity of Hayn Farin had ever

been known b spend needlessly without coming to grief. letween cash in hand and its nominal equivalent in time, Phil, like most other prudent young countrymen, had learned to distinguish with alucrity and positiveness, besides, be knew how small was the amount of ready "D've s'pose I ain't got nothin' to do but money that his father, in spite of care and skill at his business, was able to show for more than a quarter of a century of hard

The young man's departure was the occasion for quite a demonstration by the neigh bora. Other young men of the vicinage had

seen se new rore, our generally they were those whem their neighbors did not hope to see again; Phil, on the contrary, was a general favorite. His family intended that no one should know of the journey until Phil was fairly off, for they knew by experience, in which sometimes they had been the offenders, how insatiable is remail curiousity about any doings out of the ordinary. But when Sol Mantring told his wife that Phil was to go down with him as a "hand," Mrs. Mantring straightway put on her best things and went out to tell all her neighbors that Phil Hayn was going down to York, and, being a woman who never did anything by halves, she afterward plodded the dusty road that led to the little village at the railway station, where she consumed several hours in doing petty she consumed several hours in doing petty shopping at the several stores, varying this recreation by industrious gosalp with every acquaintance who dropped in. As each person who heard the news wondered what Phil was going for, and as Mrs. Mantring was sure she didn't know any better than dead and gone Adam, there was developed a wealth of surmiss and bears that should have for

and gone Adam, there was developed a wealth of surmise and theory that should have forever dispelled the general impression that Americans are not imaginative people. For the remainder of Phil's time at home the family and its eldest son had scarcely enough time to themselves to attend to their daily devotions. People came to borrow something, to bring news, to ask advice—anything that would be an excuss to see what might be going on, and to learn why Phil was might be going on, and to learn why Phil was going to the city. Phil's parents had pre-pared what they supposed would be sufficient explanation: the farm and the house needed some things that could better be selected from large stocks and variety than bought nearer home. But they had underrated the persist ency of local curiosity; numberless pointe questions were asked, and if in the course of week there had been any visitor who di a week there had been any visitor who did not ask, in one way or other, whether Phil would go to see the Tramlays, the family did not know who it had been; they were sure they would have gratefully noted such a con-siderate person at the time, and remembered him—or her—forever after.

There were scores, too, who wanted Phil to

do them small services in the city. Farmer Blewitt had heard that the car companies often sold for almost nothing the horses that broke down at their hard work and needed only plenty of rest and pasturage to make them as good as new; wouldn't Phil look about and see if he couldn't got him a bar-gain!—and bring it back on the sloop, if he wouldn't mind feeding and watering it on the home trip! Old Mrs. Wholley had been finding her spectacles so young that she didn't know but she needed stronger glasses, or may be a Bible with larger print, if Phi would price both and write her, she would try to make up her mind what she ought to do. Samantha Roobies had been telling her do. Samantha Roobies had been tening ner husband James for the last five years that their best room carpet was too shabby for people who might have a funeral in the famlly at any time, James' stepmother being very old and sickly, but James wouldn't do any thing but put off, and as for her, she wasn't going to be cheated out of her eye teeth at the stores at the depot, when year before last she saw in a York newspaper, that the wind blew out of the hand of somebody leaning out of a train window, that good ingrains were selling in New York at thirty-five cents a

yard; she wished Phil would pick her out one. Besides many requests like these, Phil had to make promises to dozens of young men and women whose wants were smaller, but none the easier to attend to; so the prospec-tive traveler and his parents had the pains of parting alleviated by the thought that not until Phil departed would any of them have peace. The day of sailing brought a great throng of visitors—so many that the minister, who was of the number, extemporized a "neighborhood prayer meeting," at which "neighborhood prayer meeting," at which Providence was implored to "save our dear young brother from the perils of the deep," and informed of so many of Phil's good qual-ities that only an inborn respect for religious forms restrained the modest youth from sneaking out of the back door and hiding in the bull of the sloop until there was a br expanse of water between him and the shore. Then the entire throng, excepting two or three old ladies who remained with Mrs. Hayn "to help her bear up, poor soul," escorted Phil to the sloop. Among them was

a predominance of young men who looked as if in case Phil should want a substitute they indicated that if Phil should care to say any thing tender to anybody, just to have some-thing to think about while away, he should have no excuse to leave it unsaid. Sol Mantring cut the parting short by remarking that prayer was all very well in its place, but he didn't believe in it keeping a oop in a shallow river while the tide wa falling and no wind to help her out. So Phil burried aboard, though not before his father had almost crushed his hand with a grasp

that had been developed by many years of training with bridle reins, ax belves and paternal affection.
Some one cast off the sloop's hawser, the mainsail was already up, and the craft began to drift out with the tide. This was the signai for a flutter of bandkerchiefs and chorus of cheers, during which Farmer Hayn plodded along the river bank beside the sloop, regardless of mud, stones, marsh grass and cattails. He seemed to have no last injune tions for his boy; indeed, his occasional sh were bestowed principally upon Sol Mant-ring, who stood at the wheel, and they had no more relation to Phil than to the khap of Khiva. In like manner Phil seemed less in-terested in his father than in the maze of cordage at the foot of the mast. Neverthe-less, when the river bank ended at the shore of the bay, and could be followed no longer, the old man stood there, as Sol Mantring said afterward, "lookin' as if he'd lost his last friend, never expected to git another, an' he'd got ten year older all of a sudden," and Phil, when he saw this, straightened in front of the friendly mast which hid him from the remainder of the crew, and threw kisses to his father, with the profusion of early child-

bood, as long as he could distinguish the dingy old coat and hat from the stones of simila hue that marked the little point. "The perils of the deep" were happily averted. Indeed, Phil would willingly have endured more could the wind have blown harder. The sloop finally made her pier in Phil hastily donned his best suit, and as the part of the city in which the fron merchants cluster was not far away, and Sol Mantring Phil started, with minute directions from the skipper, to call on Mr. Tramlay. His singleness of purpose made him unconscious that he was acting in a manner not common to him, but as he climbed the side of the pier and burried toward the mass of light before him Sol Mantring remarked to the remain der of the crew, consisting of two men:

"I knowed it." "Knowed what?" "He's gal struck. Got it bad."

Phil made his way up the principal thoroughfare from New York to Brooklyn, wondering at the thronged sidewalks and brilliantly lighted shops, but he did not neglect to eye the street names on corner amps. Soon he turned into a street which was part of his course as laid down by Sol; at same time he turned from light to darkness, the change being almost appulling in its suddenness. Still be burried on, and after another turn began to look for numbers on the fronts of buildings. His heart bounded within him as he suddenly saw, by the light of a street lamp, the sign, "Edgar Tramlay. In an instant his hand was on the door knob; but the door did not open. Through the glass door he saw two or three dim lights within. Probably the proprietor was at his desk; perhaps, too, he should have knocked; so knock

"What d'yo want there, young feller?" shouted a policeman across the street. "I want to see Mr. Tramlay."
"Guess your watch is slow, ain't it?"

growled the officer. "I don't know; maybe so," Phil replied. "Don't you know better'n to come huntin' down here for a bizuess man after 6 o'clock at night?" asked the officer.
Phil admitted to himself that he did not;

still, he had come ashere to find Mr. Tram-lay, and the idea of giving up the search did not occur to him. He finally asked. "Where do you suppose I can find him?"
"At home, I guess, if he's one of the kind that goes straight home from his store."
"I recken he is," said Phit. "Will you please tell me where he lives?"
"Oh, come off;" muttered the policeman

know where folks live! Where was you brought up!-way back!" "I'm sorry I bothered you, sir," said Phff, who now saw the officer's uniform and recognized it by memory of pictures be had seen in illustrated newsparsers. "Isn't there

any way to find out where a n.an lives in

New York?"

"Certainly; look in the directory. Go up to Broadway—it's up at the head of this atreet—an' go along till you find a drug store. Like enough you'll find a directory there."

Phil followed instructions, and learned the street and number of the Tramlay domicile. In front of him street cars were continually In front of him street cars were continually coming and going, and by the conductors of these he was referred from one to another until he found a car which went to the street he wanted to reach. Although Phil knew the city was large, the journey seemed very long; it was made an hour longer than it should have been, for a fire had broken out somewhere along the route, and engine hose blockaded the railway track. When finally the desired street was reached Phil found himself several hundred numbers away from that be was looking for, and it was then that be was looking for, and it was then

nearly 9 o'clock,
"I've half a mind to give it up," said Phil, as he walked rapidly along. "Perhaps they go to bed early; there's no telling. Still, if they're abed, I'll know it by the lights being out. I don't seem to walk down these num-

Re quickened his steps; he almost ran; but mere than a quarter of an hour passed before he saw on a glass transom the number that indicated his journey was at an end. Phil stopped, then he crossed the street and sur-

stopped, then he crossed the street and surveyed the house carefully.

"Lights in all the windows," said he.

"That looks as if they'd all gone to their own rooms; looks like bedtime. I was afraid of it. I suppose there's nothing to do but go back to the sloop or find some place to lodge.

The had!"

Too bad!"

He recrossed the street and ascended a step or two. Truthful though he was, he would have denied to any one but himself that he did it only because Lucia had tripped up those same steps. Slowly he descended and walked away; but he had passed but a house or two, and was looking backward, when a man who had passed him ran up the Tramlay steps. Then Phil saw a flash of light and beard a door close.

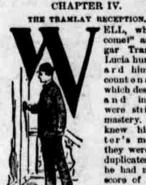
"That wasn't Mr. Tramlay. There aren't any other men in the family. He must be a visitor. Well, if other men can call at this

visitor. Well, if other men can call at this time of night, I guess I can visit it, too." Back he went, and, as he was unacquainted with the outer mechanism of door bells, he

with the outer mechanism of door bells, he rapped sharply upon the door. It opened instantly, and as Fhil stepped in he found the hall and stairway, as well as the parlors, quite full of ladies and gentlemen.

"It's a party," he said to himself. Then he informed himself, in great haste, that he would postpone his visit, but as he turned to go he found the door was closed, and a small colored boy who stood by it said: "Gen'lmen fust room back," and pointed upstairs. Enfust room back," and pointed upstairs. En-tirely losing his self possession and wonder-ing what to do, Phil stood stupidly staring about him, when suddenly he saw Lucia in full evening dress. He hastily dropped his eyes, for he had never before seen a dress of that particular cut.

CHAPTER IV.



gar Tramlay, as Lucia hurried towcount on ance in which despondency and indignation mastery. Tramlay ter's moods, for they were exact duplicates of some score of years before. "Oh, if he hadn't

ome!—if he hadn't come!"
The head of the family looked puzzled; then his expression changed to indignation as

after drinking?"
"Worse than that!" wailed Lucia, shuddering, and covering her eyes with her pretty hands. Her father at once strode to the ballway, looking like an avenging angel, but when he reached the door and took in at a glauco the entire cause of his daughter noyance he quickly put on a smile and ex-

"Why, my dear fellow, how lucky that you happened in town on our reception evening Come with me; Mrs. Tramlay will be delight ed to see you again."
Phil resisted the hand laid upon his arm

and replied: "I'll call again—some other time. I didn't know you had company this evening."
"All the better," said the heat, leading Phil along; "'twill give you a chance to meet some of our friends. We've met many of yours, you know."

Just then the couple stopped in front of a

sofa on which Phil, whose eyes were still cast down, saw the skirts of two or three dresses. Then be heard his escort say:

"My dear, you remember our old friend Phil Hays, I'm sure."

Phil looked up just in time to see Mrs.

Tramlay's feeble, nervous face twitch into surprise and something like horror. Mr.

Tramlay extended his hand, as a hint that his wife should arise—a hint which could not hers. Even when upon her feet, bowever, the lady of the house seemed unable to frame a greeting. Had Phil been a city acquaint ance, no matter how uninteresting, she would have smiled evasively and told him she was delighted that he had been able to come, but what could a lady, at her own reception, say to a man in a sack coat and a hard rubber

watch guard? Mrs. Tramlay looked at her hu weak protest; her husband frowned a little and nodded his head impatiently; this pantomime finally stimulated Mrs. Tramlay to such a degree that she was able to ejaculate. "What a delightful surprise!"

"Let me make you acquainted with some of the company," said the host, drawing Phil away. "Don't feel uncomfortable; I'll explain that you just dropped in from out of town, so you couldn't be expected to be in

evening dress."
Phil began to recover from his embarrassnt, thanks to his host's heartiness, but also to the fact that the strain had been too severe to last long. He slowly raised his eyes and looked about him, assisted somewhat by curi-osity as to what "evening dress" meant. He soon saw that all the gentlemen wore black clothes and white ties, and that the skirts of the coats retired rapidly. He had seen such a coat before—seen it often at Haynton, on ex-Judge Dickman, who had served two terms in the legislature and barely escaped going to congress. The only difference be-tween them was that the judge's swallow tail coat was blue and had brass buttonsnot a great difference, if one considered the nce of New York and Haynton.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Tramlay, suddenly, "I don't believe you've met Lucia yet. Here she is-daughter?" Lucia was floating by-a vision of tulle, ivory, peachblow and amber; she leaned on

the arm of a young man, into whose face she

was looking intently, probably as an excuse

not looking at the unwelcome

Her father's voice, however, she had always instinctively obeyed; so she stopped, pouted, and looked defiantly at Phil, who again dropped his eyes, a low bow giving him a pro-"Daughter," said Tramlay, "here's our old friend Phil, from Haynton. Now, don't spend the whole evening talking over old times with him, but introduce him to a lot of pretty girls; you know them better than I. Phil, you can reception just after landing from a cruise; twill amose them more, I'll warrant, than any story any showy young fellow can tell them this evening. It isn't every young man who can have a good thing to tell against

himself the first time be meets a new set. During the delivery of this long speech Lucia eyed Phil with boldness and disfavor, but in obedience to her father she took Phil' arm-an act that so quickly improved the young man's opinion of himself that he instantly felt at ease and got command of such natural graces as he possessed; he was even enabled to look down at the golden head by his shoulder and make some speeches bright

enough to cheer Lucia's face.
"It mayn't be so entirely dreadful, after all," thought the girl; "I can introduce his to friends to whom I could afterward explain -friends who are too good hearted to make spiteful remarks afterward. Besides, I can me father for it; all girls have fathers whose ways are queer in one way or an-

While acting upon this plan, and dading.

to per great relief," that Phil could talk courteein nothings to new acquaintances, s suddenly found herself face to face with

man of uncertain age but faultless dress and manner, who said: "Mayn't I be favored with an introduction! Your friend is being so heartily praised by your father that I am quite anxious to know

him."

"Mr. Marge, Mr. Hayn," said Lucia. Phil's proffered hand was taken by what seemed to be a bit of languid machinery, although encircled at one end by a cuff and coat sleeve and decorated with a seal ring. Phil scanned with interest the face before bim, for he had often heard Mr. Marge mentioned when the Tramlay family were at Haynton. His look was returned by one that might have been a stare had it possessed a single indication of

Trainlay family were at Haynton. His look was returned by one that might have been a stare had it possessed a single indication of interest, surprise or curiosity. Mr. Marge had met young men before; he had been using new faces for twenty-five years, and one more or less could not rouse him from the composure which he had been acquiring during all that time.

"Can you spare your friend a few moments?" said Mr. Marge to Lucia. "I would be glad to introduce him to some of the gentlemen." "You are very kind," murmured Lucis, who was dying—so she informed herself—to rejoin some of her girl friends and explain the awkward nature of the intrusion. Marge offered Phil his arm, a courtesy the young man did not understand, so he took Phil's instead, and presented the youth to several gentlemen as an old friend of the family. Soon, however, Marge led Phil into a tiny room at the rear of the hall—a room nominally the library, the books consisting of a dictionary and a Bible, the greater part of the shelf space being occupied by pipes, to-bacco boxes, cigar cases, ash receivers and other appurtenances of the vice and comfort of smoking. Flacing Phil in a great easy chair, the back of which hid him from the company, Marge took a cigarette from his own case, which he afterward passed to Phil chair, the back of which hid him from the company, Marge took a cigarette from his own case, which he afterward passed to Phil.
"No small vices," said he, as Phil declined.
"Just as well off, I suppose. As for me"—here Mr. Marge struck a match—"I've (puff) been acquainted with the weed so long that quiff) I can't very well snub it when I would?"

would."

"I think nicotine is injurious to the brain, the lungs, and finally to the digestion," and Phil "Have you seen Professor Benchof's analysis? They were printed in the"—

"I may have seen them in print, but I'm sure I passed them," said Marge, exhaling smoke in such a way that it hid his face for an instant. "I can't afford to worry myself with information that I'd rather not use."

with information that I'd rather not use. "But one's physique," said Phil.

"One's physique becomes quite obliging when it knows what is expected of it."

Phil mentally sought a way of passing this unexpected obstacle; meanwhile, Marge breathed lazily through his eigarette a mo-

ment or two, and then said:
"Miss Tramlay is a charming girl."
"Indeed she is," Phil replied. "If she only

"Tut, tut, my dearsir," said Marge, "wom-an is divine, and it isn't good form to criticise divinity. Miss Tramlay is remarkably pret-ty; I trust we agree at least upon that mfo

"Prettyf" school Phil, before Marge h "Pretty?" echoed Phil, before Marge had ceased speaking. "She is radiant—angelic?"
Again Mr. Marge enshrousied his face with smoke, after which he did not continue the conversation, except to remark, "Yes." Phil studied the color tone of the room, and wondered why paper like that on the wall had not been offered for sale by the storekeeper at Haynton; then he resolved he would buy and take home to his mother a chair just like that in which he was sitting, for it was so comfortable that he felt as if he could fall asleep in it. Indeed, he was already so oblivious to Marge and other human presence that he was startled when a gentle rustle ushered in Lucia, who exclaimed:

"Phil, you must come back to the parior. Half a dozen girls are real envious because they haven't seen you at all, and half a dozen others want to see more of you. Father has been sounding your praises until they're sure the Admirable Crichton has come to life again."

again."

Phil attempted to rise—an awkward opera-tion to a man previously unacqualited with Turkish chairs. Lucia laughed, and offered him assistance—it was only a little hand, but he took it, and as he looked his thanks he saw Lucia's face as he had sometimes known it of old—entirely alert and merry. At the same time a load fell from his mind, a load which he had been vaguely trying to attribute to the lateness of the hour, the strangence of his surroundings—anything but the manner in which the girl had first greeted him. As also took his arm and hurried him out of the library he felt a falls himself that he formed fibrary he felt so fully himself that he for even that he was not attired like the ges

men around him.
Mr. Marge, who had risen when Lutered the library, followed the couple with his eyes; then, when alone, be frowned slight-ly, bit his lip, dropped the end of his cigarette, paced to and fro several times, leaned on the

" Phill " Then he lighted another cigarette, and veiled his face in smoke for several minutes.

Continued next Saturday. OBSERVATIONS ON WHIST.

When Is It Proper to Play the King Son

oud Hand? I am asked what is the proper card to play second hand, with king and one small card only. There are very few players who know how to make this play correctly, and it is a much disputed point among that class of players who have not thoroughly mastered

"What am I to do?" said a young player to me recently. "Just now you told me that I should have played the king second hand, and this time I followed your plan, and, Mr. Smarty, you see I lest the trick!"

"You should not have played the king this

time," I replied; "because the indication were that the ace was not in the leader hand." And this point is what the play invariably hinges on. Say, for instance, that hearts are trumps, and that the player on your right opens the game with the 6 S, and you have in your hand the k and 6 of S. Now the question is, What shall you If you play the 6 the acc may be in the leader's hand and the chances are that your k will be captured on the second round. If,

on the other hand, you play the k, third hand may have the acc. Of course, the general rule is to play second hand low, but here is a rule is to play second hand low, but here is case where, if you can only make the right play, you may be able to save the game. There is nothing more aggravating than to lose king in this way, and, on the other hand. In this export to be able to make your trick. Of course, the only plan to follows to tell by the fall of the cards just where the second is. But in this case only one card has fallen. Remember, hearts are trumps, and the leader plays the 8 S.

We suppose, of course, that the game is played in accordance with the rules and that the leader has played his fourth best. Now if the 8 is his fourth best the chances are that he has in his hand a lower ourd, and if so then his original soit of S contained at least five cards. Now the rule is, when you have five headed by the acc. to play the acc first for the reason that it may be trumped on the

second round.

Therefore you immediately reason from Therefore you immediately the leader's play of the S, first, that he played the leader's play of the S, first, that he has the from a suit of five; second, that he la ace. Now you know that if third hand has got the ace he is bound to follow the rule of got the ace he is bound to follow the rule of third hand high unless he has the q also, in which case he may finesse, but this is very remote), and play it, which will of course clear the suit for your king on the second round. You know that if your partner holds the ace the sune result will follow, conse-quently you play the d. In nine cases out of ten the ace will be played on the first round and your king will be good on the second regard, providing it is not trumped, but you will have to take the chances. This, however, would make no difference, anyway, so the proper play is concerned.

the proper play is concerned.

But if the leader plays the 2 first, this opens a new field for inference. By the play of the 2 he shows that he is leading from a suit of four. As you held the k and 6, the chances are that he has the a. In this case you play the k second hand. Of course you will get caught occasionally, but the course of play cuttined above it the reverse over outlined above is the proper one.

Tou Lansino.

Anton Rubinstein is said to have just fin-ished a new opera epitiled "Gorischa, or Mms. Ivresse Nocturne," which is to be per-formed for the first time at the Imperial opera of St. Potersburg on the occasion of the Ru-binstein jubilee next December.