

By JOHN HABBERTON, Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

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CHAPTER V. NOT SO DREADFUL AFTER ALL.

EGUIAR hours were passing among the requirements of the head of the Tramlay household, Lucia appeared at the breakfast table the morning after the reception as the clock struck eight.

When the young woman was directed to his hard rubber watch guard, then he was sure the cut of his vest was not being approved, he detected one very pretty young woman in the act of suppressing a smile as she looked at his shoes.

"But he was so country—so dreadful common," protested Mrs. Tramlay, with her customary helplessness.

"I don't know," said Lucia. "You may be very sure, though, that Miss Agnes will never know him to her own regret."

"Wrong again, mamma; she's fainted him for next Tuesday night, and I do believe she's the reason she's fainted."

"I don't know," said Lucia. "You may be very sure, though, that Miss Agnes will never know him to her own regret."

"Nobility would have paid any attention to him, if you hadn't talked so much about him," said Mrs. Tramlay, with a look of indignation.

"I don't know," said Lucia. "You may be very sure, though, that Miss Agnes will never know him to her own regret."

"Such qualities don't make a man fit for society," said the lady of the house.

"I don't know," said Lucia. "You may be very sure, though, that Miss Agnes will never know him to her own regret."

"Well, well," said Tramlay, leaving the table, taking his wife, and preparing to bury his head in the pillow.

"I don't know," said Lucia. "You may be very sure, though, that Miss Agnes will never know him to her own regret."

"I'm very sorry," said the mother, abruptly leaving the room, "that you have such trifling views of life."

"I don't know," said Lucia. "You may be very sure, though, that Miss Agnes will never know him to her own regret."

When Philip Hayn left the family mansion a little after five, he had but two ideas in his mind—one was that he had better find his way back to Sol Manring's shop to sleep, and the other was that he didn't believe he could fall asleep again in less than a week.

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He could not explain to himself the difference, except that, compared with Lucia's friends, his old acquaintances appeared—well, rather unrefined and ignorant.

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He mentally held the subject away for future consideration, and gave his mind to his own attire. Until that evening his faith in the perfection of his Sunday suit was as unquestioning as his faith in Hayton's preacher, but now it was hopelessly shattered.

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"Oh, yes, those old judges, who wear seal ring tails day in and day out, can do it; but they don't know about it, of course—only a matter of time; but a young fellow don't like to make a mistake of that kind."

To have left the vicinity of the Stock Exchange earlier would never have occurred to him, but promptly on the stroke of half-past five he was in a cab, and was up town to a stable, where he had his horse and wagon brought out and took Phil for a drive in Central park.

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tion more significant in a man of his temper and a tragic start would have been to ordinary flesh and blood. Lucia started and showed that she was not only a young woman, but a young woman of a certain class.

Yes, money was the sole cause of the difference; money, or the lack of it, had cursed his father, as it now was cursing him.

Phil continued in this vein of thought after he had dropped into a baron's chair, but he started out of it when he saw a young man passing over his face. He struggled and exclaimed:

"I wanted my hair cut," said Lucia, "but when shaving has to be done you like to have that out of the way first. But I beg your pardon; perhaps you were raising a beard?"

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