COUNTRY LUCK

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

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EGULAR hours being among the requirements of head of the Tram-head of the Tramiay household, Lu-cia appeared at the breakfast table the moraing after the reception as the clock struck eight. Her father, dressed for business, and her mother, in neg-liges attire and ex-pression were dispression, were discussing the unbid-

cussing the unbidden guest of the evening before.

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

"Nonsense!" said her husband. "There was nothing country or common about his face and manners. There hasn't been so bright eyed, manly looking a fellow in our house before since I don't know when. Eh, Lucia!"

"Agnes Dinon said he was real fine looking," the girl answered.

"Agnes Dinon is thirty-six if she's a day," answered Mrs. Tramlay, in a petulant tone.

"So much the better fitted to pass opinions."

on young men," said Tramlay. "Shows more sense in one girl of her age than a hundred like-like"-"Like me, papa," said Lucia. "You may

"Like you, then. Bless your dear, ignorant heart, I'd give my head if you could see as clearly as she without waiting so long to You may be very sure, though, that Miss

Agnes will never invite him to her own re-teptions," declared Mrs. Tramlay. "Wrong again, mamma; she's invited him for next Tuesday night, and I do bolieve she devised the reception just for the purpose None of us had heard of it before."

Mrs. Tramlay gathered all her strength, imulated it with an entire cup of tea, and Well. I should like to know what society s coming to, if a common farmer's boy, of no family, can stumble into town and be in-

"Coming to! Why, my dear wife, it is coming to its senses. I'm glad, in this particular case, the movement began at our

him, if you hadn't talked so much about him," said Mrs. Tramlay. "One would have thought him a dear old friend, to hear you go about him as you did."
"I said nothing but what was true. I
merely said he was one of the finest young
men I had ever known, that he was of the
highest character, and very intelligent besides."

h qualities don't make a man fit for society," said the lady of the house.
"No, I suppose not; if they did we'd see

m at our receptions and parties "Well, well," said Tramlay, leaving the

"Well, well," said Tramlay, leaving the table, kissing his wife, and preparing to hurry to his office, "it isn't your fault; we can't expect what can't be had, I suppose."

"Lucia," said Mrs. Tramlay, after the children had been dispatched to school, "I hope your father's peculiar notions won't affect you."

"Alvert Phill Name of the property of th

"About Phill Nønsense, you dear old worry! But really, mother, he made quite an impression. A lot of the girls admired him over so much. I began to apologize and explain, as soon as I could get rid of him but I found it wasn't at all necessary." "Girls will admire anything that's new anything, from a Zulu to a monkey."

"Young men like Hayn can't ever marry out of their own circle; you should be able to see that. How can they buy houses for their wives, and furnish them properly, and set up horses and carriages, and keep in society?"
"Mamma, you're too dreadfully funny: in deed you are. Suppose young men aren't rich enough to marry; can't girls like them? Aren't young people good for anything but to get married?"

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

When Philip Hayn left the family mansion a little after midnight he had but two dis-tinct ideas—one was that he had better find his way back to Sol Mantring's sloop to sleep other was that he didn't believe ! could fall asleep again in less than a week All that he had seen, the people not excepted was utterly unlike Haynton. The conversa-tion, also, was new, although he could not remember much of it; and the ladies—well be always had admired whatever was admir able in the young women in the village, but there certainly were no such handsome and brilliant girls at Haynton as some he had

He could not explain to himself the differ ence, except that, compared with Lucia's friends, his old acquaintances appeared—well rather unfinished and ignorant. And as far as these new acquaintances appeared above his older ones, so far did Lucia appear above her friends. He had studied her face scores of times before and told himself where it wa faulty; now he mentally withdrew every criticism he had ever made and declared be perfection itself. Would be ever forget how the looked as she offered to help him from that easy chair in the library? He wished his mother might have seen her at that in stant; then he was glad she did not. He re membered that his mother did not entirel approve of some of Lucia's bathing dress what would the good woman think of fash ionable evening attire! And yet perhaps it was not as dreadful as it seemed. Evidently cia's mother approved of it, and was no she a member of a church—not, he regretted of the faith in which all Haynton worshiped yet still a church? And did not many cia's guests dress in similar style?

He mentally laid 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 unquestioning as his faith in Haynton's preacher, but now it was hopelessly shat-tered. He did not admire the attire of the gentlemen he had met, but the evidence wa overwhelming that it was the correct thing, and that he must prepare himself to dress in like fashion if he went to Miss Dinon's party. And, by the way, what a queenly that Miss Dinon was!

He would like to meet ber again; he cer-tainly must attend that party. But if he bought evening dress, what should he do with it when he left the city! No young man felt more freedom than he to do as h liked in Haynton, but to appear in a "swal-low tail" at church or anywhere else in the viliage would be simply impossible; the mere thought of it made him tremble and then laugh. A suit of clothes merely to wear two or three evenings-perhaps only one-would be a shocking extravagance; they probably would cost half as much as a new horse, or two or three dozen of the books he had for years been longing to buy. He would give up Miss Dinon's party; the thought of doing so made him doleful, but do it he must. Almost immediately after forming this

virtuous resolution he boarded a horse car, on which were several couples, evidently re turning from a party somewhere, so again Phil found himself studying attire. Gradually it occurred to him that his own appear ce was attracting attention. This was a new experience: he had encountered it several times at Haynton with calmness, in-deed, although he was not vain, he had never feared comparison, in church, of his appearance with that of any summer boarder from the city; for, as his mother has already intimated in these pages, his Sunday coat had been cut from the same piece of cloth as the minister's. But now he felt ill at ease while being eyed, not at all impertmently, by the young people who sat facing bim. First be

enought the findity critical giances were directed to his hard rubber watch guard; then he was sure the cut of his vest was not

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 shoca. Thirdly, he was obliged to believe that an admirably dressed fellow opposite entirely disapproved of his Sunday coat—the coat cut from minister's cloth and made by Barah Tweege, and with a real silk velvet collar, too!

Little by little Phil lost his self possession; he could scarcely look in any direction without encountering the eyes of some one who seemed to regard him as a curiosity. An attempt to ignore the attention by reading the advertising signs above the windows of the car was a dismal failure, for he somehow felt that several pairs of eyes were upon him, and this was rather more annoying than seeing them. The strain became unendurable; so be suddenly looked through a window, as if to see where he was, then hastily went to the see where he was, then hastily went to the rear platform and asked the conductor to let him off. As he stood there he heard a young

Then he heard a young woman softly ejac-"To be!"
The street was as dark as gas lighted streets

usually are; it was almost deserted, and the nutuum evening was quite chilly, but Phil felt as if his blazing eyes were illuminating everything—as if the walls had eyes to look disapprovingly at Haynton fashions, or as if his own blood were hot enough to warm the entire atmosphere of New York. He knew what he would do; when he reached Soi Mantings, along he would respect the state of the stat tring's sloop he would remain aboard until she sailed; then he would go back to Hayn-ton and remain there forever. He could ex-ist without New York, if New York found him unsatisfactory. He didn't care ever to see again anybody in New York, except, per-

see again anybody in New York, except, perhaps, Lucia. As for her, hadn't even she—
Before the next car arrived, Phil had entirely changed his mind. Nevertheless, before continuing his journey he cautiously
peered in to see if any of the passengers were
likely to prove critical. There seemed to be
no one to fear; at one end of the car was a
shabby looking peddler with his pack, evidently arrived by a late train from the suburbs; at the other an old man seemed inclined
to dose, and directly opposite the newest passenger sat a plain, modest looking person,
whom a New Yorker would have rightly
identified as a waiter at a restaurant or cafe. identified as a waiter at a restaurant or cafe Apparently three persons less qualified or in-clined to criticise personal appearance could not have been found by careful search; yet within five minutes Phil was sure that all of them had noticed him and studied him. As he was disinclined to squander another car fare on his feelings, he sought the dusky seclu-sion of the rear platform and engaged the conductor in conversation, which on Phil's part consisted solely of questions; yet he was astonished, as well as indignant, when the conductor remarked, at a moment when the

conductor remarked, at a moment when the talk showed signs of lagging:
"You're from the rural district, I s'posef"
"What makes you say that?" asked Phil, indicating a sense of injury.
"Oh, I didn't mean nothing out of the way," said the conductor. "I only kinder thought I was sure—why, I come from the country myself; yes sir, an' I ain't ashamed of it, neither."

The explanation was not satisfactory; Phil completed the trip in gloomy silence, and he felt a sense of great relief when he reached Sol Mantring's sloop and made his way into the little cabin, where, of the three men lying at ease, no one took the pains to intimate that Phil was anything but city born and city

CHAPTER VL



HIL devoted par f the next day to studying well dres ed business men ir the streets. Thank to well trained per ceptive faculties and also to some large mirrors which he acciden be soon learned attracted atten

tion. Then he compared clothing stores for an hour, finally entered one and asked how long it would take to make a well flitting every day suit. The salesman looked him over, and replied:

"Fit you at once, from our ready made stock. Never any trouble to fit a good figure." Phil could have bugged that salesman Here, at least, was some one who did not in timate that he was from the country; and yet, perhaps, a good figure was a country product. He would think about this, as soon as business was off his mind. The salesman certainly fitted him to perfection. Phi scarcely recognized himself when asked to

"Don't think you could do better," said the veteran salesman, surveying Phil from rap idly changing points of view, "if you were to have yourself melted and poured into a suit. The tode of that goods is rather cold, but you've plenty of color. I think, though, to set it off to the best advantage you need to change your black tie for a scarf with a touch of red or yellow in it; if you don't hap pen to have one, you'll find a fine assortmen in our gents' furnishing department. Needs a somewhat different style of shirt collar, too let some furnishing goods man cast his eye over your neck. You always wear your hair pretty long, I suppose? Well, it's a pity i don't set off a man's clothes as well as it some times does his face." Phil resolved at once to have his hair cut

Under the guidance of the salesman he had his neck wear changed; then the old man said "Those low crowned, straight brimmed hats used to look exactly right with the

clothes of that season, but somehow they don't harmonize with the cut of this year Hats are cheap, though, and there are two or three good dealers on the other side of the street, a little farther down. Keep this suit on, I suppose! All right, sir, I'll do up the others. II'm!"-here the old man scrutinize the material of the coat made by Sarah Tweege-"that's splendid stuff. Great shame 'twas cut sack fashion. There isn't much stuff as good as that in swallow tails nows "Couldn't it—I suppose it couldn't be made over into a party coat?"

"H'm!-scarcely-scarcely," said the sales man, controlling his features as well as if the

question were the most natural in the world.
"Not enough stuff, you see; too short; sleever
not full enough; button holes in wrong places lapels too narrow. Besides, velvet have gone out. Any time you need a dres suit, though, we've got a boss artist who can cut it so as to do you justice. 'Tisn't often he gets a god figure to spread himself on. Again Phil was profoundly graceful. H.

wanted to do something for that salesman and after some thought he astonished the old fellow by thanking him for his attention and promising to send him a barrel of selected Newtown pippins. Then he placed himself in the hands of the boss artist, who studied him as if he were a model, measured him, and asked him if he needed his dress suit at once.

"Yes, right away," said Phil. "I can't get it too soon. I want"— He had begun to tell that he meant to dress himself in that suit and practice before a mirror until fully satisfied that he did not look unlike other men. The boss artist told him to return in three days; then the old salesman, who had remained in attendance, remarked: "You have a thin full overcoat, I suppose?"

"Oh, I won't need an overcoat for a month Why, there hasn't been a bit of frost up our way." Phil was already appalled by the extent of his order. "True enough," said the salesman, "but it doesn't do to go out in a dress suit without an overcoat, you know, unless you're merely stepping from your door to a carriage; and it's hardly the thing even then."

"Uh, yes, those old judges, who wear swal low tails day in and day out, can do it; nothing whose about it, of course—only a matter of taste; but a young fellow don't like to make himself conspicuous, you know."

Phil meekly purchased an overcoat, and hurried away with a heavy load on his con-

hurried away with a heavy load on his con-science. More than three-quarters of the hundred dollars his father had given him was already gone or mortgaged; he had meant to spend none of it, except for some things which he knew his mother craved. Fortu-nately he had brought some savings of hi-own, and, as he informed himself, hair out-ting was not an expensive operation, and the elothing salesman had told him that new hate did not cost much. He had nothing else to spend money for except a watch chain; he father had told him to buy one. Indeed, had not his father told him to buy clothes!—"lots of them" were the old gentleman's exact words. But could his father have known

about evening suits and fall overcoats!

Phil continued in this vein of thought after be had dropped into a barber's chair, but was startled out of it by finding a lather brush passing over his face. He struggled and exclaimed:

claimed:

"I wanted my hair cut."

"Yes, sir, so I heard you say; but when shaving has to be done too we like to have that out of the way first. But I beg your pardon; perhaps you were raising a beard?"

"No," said Phil, settling himself again in the chair. "No," said Phil, settling himself again in the chair. At Haynton young men shaved only on Saturday nights; Phil himself had shaved only three days before, yet here was another unexpected expense imposed upon him by New York custom. Half an hour afterward he emerged from that shop with the not entirely satisfactory assurance that his oldest friend would not know him at sight; and when he had bought a new hat and surveyed himself in a long mirror he was not certain that he would know himself if he were to encounter another mirror by if he were to encounter another mirror by accident. The replacement of his hard rub-ber watch guard by a thin chain plated with gold completed the metamorphosis, and a bootblack whose services he declined set his

bootblack whose services he declined set his mind at rest by calling him a dude. What next to do he scarcely knew. An inclination to go back to the sloop and see how Sol Mantring was getting along at dis-charging the cargo was suppressed by the thought of what Sol and the crew would say if they saw him in his new suit. The country-man has some grand qualities that denizens of cities would do well to imitate, but not all his moral courage can keep him from feeling uncomfortable when first he displays himself in new clothes to old associates. Country youths have sometimes run away from home-gone to sea, the city, the devil—anywhere rather than undergo this dreadful of Suddenly it occurred to him that he was not far from Tramlay's office; be might make a call, if only to show that he could, with

proper facilities, look unlike a countryman. Besides, he wanted to know all about the iron business, about which he had seen so many contradictory assertions in the newspapers. He entered the store and walked back to-ward the railed counting room in which he boarder. A clerk asked him his business: he boarder. A clerk asked him his business; he replied that he had merely dropped in to see Mr. Tramlay. The head of the establishment looked at Phil without recognition when this information was imparted, and advanced with a somewhat impatient air, which suddenly changed to cordiality as he avelained.

"Why, my dear fellow! excuse me. 1 didn't recognize you at first; we can't all of us have young eyes, you know. Come in; sit down; make yourself at home. I'm glad you dropped in; I'm going out to lunch pretty soon, and I do hate to lunch alone." Phil soon found himself coaxed and assisted to a high office stool at a deak by the windo

to a high office stool at a deak by the window and all the morning papers placed before him, while Tramlay said:

"Look at the paper two or three minutes while I straighten out a muddle in a cus-tomer's letter; then we'll go out." Phil took up a paper; the advertising page—which happened to be the first—was very interesting; nevertheless Phil's eyes wandered, for his mind was just then curious about the iron trade, He looked around him for indications of the business; but the only bit of iron in sight was a paper weight on the desk before him. Closer scrutiny was rewarded by the discovery of a bit of angle iron, a few inches long, lying on a window sill. In the meantime the proprietor had and closed his desk by drawing down the

top. Then he said:
"Now let's go in search of peace and comfort." "I shouldn't think you'd have to leave your office for that," said Phil, who had found the

expected.

"There's no peace where business is going on," Tramlay replied; "although I don't know, after careful thought, of any noisier place than a New York restaurant. Here we

are. Come in." Phil found himself in one of the very large and noisy places where New York business men herd about noonday. Phil protested, in the usual rural manner, that he was not at all hungry, but Tramlay ordered so skillfully that both were duly occupied for an hour. Phil found his host attentive, yet occasionally absent minded. He might have spared him-self the trouble of making a mental memorandum to study out the why and wherefore of this apparently incongruous pair of quali-ties had be known that Tramlay was cudgeling his brain to know how to dispose of his rural visitor after dinner, without offending. While they were sipping the coffee—a beverage which Phil had never before tasted in the middle of the day—Mr. Marge lounged up to them, looking exactly as intelligent, listless and unchangeable as the night before.

"How are you, Marger" said Tramlay. Phil afterward wondered that his host could "As usual," replied Marge with a slight in-clination of the head. "Good morning, Mr.

Hayn. Don't let me interrupt conversation. I merely meant to say I've nothing to do this fternoon and would be glad to show Mr. Hayn about town a little, if he likes." "That's ever so good of you," said Tram-lay, "for the truth is, I was wondering how could find time to do it myself, and fearing

"Entirely at his service," said Marge, as ifelessly as an automaton.
"And both come and dine with me this vening," suggested Tramlay; "entirely in-"I should be delighted," said Marge, in his

invarying manner Tramlay hurried to his office, after the briefest of leave takings, and Marge began to conduct Phil about New York. Soon, however, there developed a marked difference of taste between visitor and guide. Marge wanted to show the young man the Stock Exchange, which to the many minds composing a very large class has no rival attraction except the various institutions on Blackwell's Island; Phil exhibited abject ignorance and indifference regarding the Stock Exchange but wanted to go through the sub-treasur and assay office-two buildings in which Marge had never been. Marge made a special trip to show the young man the outside of Jay Gould's office, but Phil identified Trinity church from pictures he had seen, and wanted to make a patriotic tour of the tombs of distinguished men of the revolutionary period. Marge offered to introduce Phil to Russell Sage, but was amazed to learn that the young nan had never heard of that distinguished individual. When, however, Gen. Hancock, passing by, was casually pointed out by Marge, Phil stopped short and stared respect fully. Marge showed the Field building, but mised he saw Castle Garden, and desired at once to go there and be made acquainted with the method of receiving and distributing im-

On the Produce Exchange they fairly agreed. Marge admitting that in importance it ranked next to the Stock Exchange, while Phil was able to regard it as a great business neces-sity. Pretending to search, by Phil's request, for the building in which Washington bade farewell to his generals, Marge succeeded in getting back through Broad street to the vicinity of the Stock Exchange, where he tried to atone for his failure by pointing out through a window the head of Mr. Henry Clews; but Phil had no eyes except for the statue of Washington, standing, as he knew, on the site of the first president's first inuagural, The two men exhibited equal interest on half a dozen successive occasions in "stock tickers," which Marge seemed to know how to find in all sorts of places, but, while Marge studied the machinery of the indicator itself.

The strain upon Marge became almost too
great for his self control, and he breathed!a looked over the quotations on the tape, Phil eigh of relief when Trinity's clock struck

Exchange earlier would never have occurred to him, but promptly on the strokehe hurried. I hill to an elevated rallway station and uptown to a stable, where he had his horse and wagon brought out and took Phil for a drive in Central park. Probably there he thought he could be entertained after his own manner, for he had the reins. Driving out Fifth for he had the reina. Driving out Fifth avenue, the two men really became congenial for a little while, for Phil understood horses, and Marge's horse was a good one, and Phil admired him and knew of a good borse that would match him nicely, and Marge saw a prospect of making a team that he could sell at a large profit, and Phil promised to arrange that Marge should come out and see the horse.

But aven this conventation was headen.

the horse.

But even this convensation was broken when Margo pointed out the late residence of A. T. Stewart, for Phil insisted upon moralizing on riches. In the park he asked questions about statues, and about trees and shrubs that were new to him and equally unshrubs that were new to him and equally un-known to Marge, as well as utterly unin-teresting; Phil also wanted a number of facts and figures about the reservoir in the park, and was with difficulty restrained from spoiling the drive by visiting the menageris. Finally, when he demanded the exact sites of the various engagements on Manhattan Island between the British and Washington, after the latter had been forced to evacuate what then was New York, Marge abruptly turned and drove homeward, confessing what then was New York, Marge abruptly turned and drove homeward, confessing without the faintest show of shame, but rather with defiance, that he knew absolutely nothing about those times. And when the drive ended and the couple separated, the elder man's face broke from its customary calm as he muttered to himself: calm as he muttered to himself:
"What can Tramlay want of that fellow?"

CHAPTER VIL AT HER SIDE



HE arranger of the guests at the dinner table that evening suited all concerned. Phil sat host, with Lucia directly opposite, where her face was before him ail the while. Marge sat at the right of the hostess, where he could closely ob-

man from the country, and, not less important, Tramlay's manner toward the younger guest. He could also note the effect of the young man and his ways upon Mrs. Tramlay; for did he not know how to translate every expression of her face! It was his own fault if he did not, for he had been one of her suitors nearly a quarter of a century before, and the hady had never ceased to be mildly grateful for this compliment, and to repose as much confidence in him as a loyal wife might out harm grant an acquaintance who

never had been offensive.

That Mrs. Tramlay wanted Lucia to be-That Mrs. Tramlay wanted Lucia to be-come Mrs. Marge was one of these confi-dences—not spoken, but none the less dis-tinctly understood—and it had taken all of Marge's adroitness to maintain his position with the family, since Lucia's "coming out," to avoid being brought to propose. Several years earlier he had fully intended to make Lucia his own when she should reach maringeable age, and many and acceptable had een the attentions by which he had endeavored to secure the first place in the girl's recred to secure the first place in the girl's re-gard. But somehow, as his prospects gradu-ally yet distinctly brightened, the profits of the iron trade as gradually and distinctly waned; Margo was not in the iron trade him-self, but Lucia's father was, and bachelors at 45 generally expect something with a bride besides a father's blessing. What the girl's father thought of him Marge had never taken time to wonder, for if he was satisfactory to time to wonder, for if he was satisfactory to his fastidious self how could he be otherwise to a plodding family man! His social position was good; his name had never been part of a scandal; he had no debts; he never borrowed money, and, although a club man, no one had ver seen him drunk or heard of his being man not merely irreproachable, but highly desirable as a son-in-law, what did parents xpect/

The arrangement of seats at the table suited Lucia also. She knew her mother's mat-rimonial intentions regarding her. She was not in love with Marge, but girls in her set did not think it good form to be very fond of men whom they probably would have to marry. If, however, Marge meant business he wished he would be more attentive to it, he felt that she was missing a great deal of lessure for lack of proper escort. Twice in se course of the last season Marge had taken r and her mother to the opera; dored opera-that is, she liked to look about he house, and see who was with who, and ow the prima douna dressed, and to have entlemen call at her box between acts-but wo operas were merely sips at a cup she ble to persuade her father to mitigate the rivation. If apparent interest in Phil at able could have any effect upon Marge's anguid purpose, the provoking fellow should not lack stimulus. To have to devote herself for a whole bour to one young man, in the long bair and country garb which regained their awkwardness in her mind's eye when per father announced that Phil was comi dinner, seemed a hard task; but when the oung man made his appearance Lucia was agreeably surprised that what had seemed a task at once became by anticipation a posi

tive pleasure. The evening soon opened promisingly for Marge, for Phil took soup a second time—a proceeding which inflicted upon Mrs. Tramiay several moments of uncontrolled annoyance and caused profound silence around the table. But Lucia rapidly recovered; des-perate cases required desperate remedies; se

"Phil, do you remember that dinner you once made us in the grove by the beach?"
"Indeed I do," said Phil. "I never shall forget it." And he told the truth, for Lucia's of horror when he brought from the fire a piece of board piled high with roasted clams had been one of the few great mental dampers of his life. "You made us forks from dried twigs,"

said Lucia. "I kept mine as a memento; it is hanging over my mantel now, with a bow of blue ribbon around it." Marge frowned perceptibly; Mra. Tram-lay looked horrified; but Phil's face light-ened so quickly that Lucia's little heart gave

"Why didn't you ever give a clam bake on Sunday—the only day I could be there!" asked Tramlay. "I'd give more for such a meal sut of doors than for the best dinner that Pelmonico could spread."
"Edgar!" gasped Mrs. Tramlay. It did

not reach him, though the lock that accom-panied it passed in its full force from the foot of the table to the head "Why, Sunday?" said Phil, with some besition. "Sunday is—Sunday."
"Quite true," said the bost. "It is in the

country, at least; I wish 'twas so here."
"Edgar," said Mrs. Tramlay, "don't make
Mr. Hayn think we are heathens. You know we never fail to go to service on Sunday "Yes," said Tramlay; "we're as good Phari-sees as any other family in New York." "And after that dinner in the woods," continued Lucia, "we went for pond lilies, don't you remember! I do believe I should have

adn't caught me." Again Marge's brows gathered perceptibly.
"He merely drew her aside from a muddy place," whispered Mrs. Tramlay,
"Well, this is interesting," said Tramlay, at
the other end of the table. "Hayn, are there many places out your way where silly girls tely to be drowned if they are allowed

been drowned in that awful pond if you

to roam about without a keeperf" "Quite a number," said Phil, as seriously as if his host expected a list of the Haynton pends and their relative depths. "For instance. Boddybanks pond is about"-"Oh, that was the pond where we went canoeing-that pend with the funny name!

My! I wish I was in that very cance, on that very pond, this very minute,"
"Lucia!" exclaimed Mrs. Tramlay "I know 'twas dreadfully impolite to say before company," said Lucia, with a pretty affectation of penitence, "but everybody knows i can't be there, and that 'twould be too cold for comfort; so it doesn't do any harm to wish it. And I should like that

canos trip over again; shouldn't you, Phil?'
"I certainly should," and Phil. "That pond is very pretty in summer, when every thing ground it is green. There are a great many shades of green there, on account of there being a great variety of trees and bushes. But you wouldn't know the place at this season; and I think it's a ere t deal wat-

clearest crimson in the fall," Phil continued,
"and they're so large and grow so close together that they make a bit of woods look
like a splendid sunset."

"Oh, papa;" exclaimed Lucia, clapping her
hands, "let's go out to Haynton to-morrow,

just for two or three days."
"Lucia," said her mother severely, "you forget all your engagements for the next few

"Her father's own child," said Tramlay "She forgets everything but the subject be-fore her. She would make a good business

fore her. She would make a good business man—if she weren't a girl."

"I saw some couples out canceing at Mount Desert, last season," drawled Marge. "It seemed to me dreadfully dangerous, as well as very uncomfortable for the lady."

"Oh,our cance wasn't one of those wretched little things; was it, Phill 'Twas a great long pond boat, made of beech bark"—

"Birch," suggested Phil.

"Birch bark, and so heavy that I couldn't upset it, though I tried my hardest."

"Lucia!" The voice was Mrs. Tramlay's, of course.

of course.

"Why, mamma, the water wasn't knee deep; I measured it with the paddle."

Mrs. Tramlay sank back in her chair, and whispered that if the family ever went to the country again she would not dare leave that child out of her sight for a single instant, but she had hoped that a girl 20 years of age would have enough beense not to imperil her own life. As for that farmer fellow, she had supposed he was sensible enough to supposed he was sensible enough to—
"You wouldn't have tried that trick if I had been in the cance, Miss Tramlay," said

Phil.
"Why not?" asked Lucia. She knew how with the coasing to be pretty "Why not?" asked Lucia. She knew how to look defant without ceasing to be pretty. "Well, I would have been responsible for you, you know—your instructor in navigation, so to speak, and it's one of the first principles of that art not to take any risks unless something's to be gained by it." "Good!" exclaimed Tramlay.
"Not bad," assented Marge.
"But I'd have got something if I'd succeeded in upsetting the boat," said Lucia; "I'd have got a ducking."
Then eve ybody laughed,—everybody but Mrs. Tramlay, who intimated to Marge that Lucia was simply being ruined by her father's indulgence.

ther's indulgence.

The dinner ended, the host and Marge retired to the library to smoke. Phil was invited to accompany them, but Lucia ex-

"Phil has been too well brought up to have such bad habita. He is going to keep me from feeling stupid, as ladies always do while gentlemen smoke after dinner." She took Phil's arm and led him to the

drawing room, where the young man soon showed signs of being more interested in the pictures on the wall than in the girl by his side. "These are very different from the pictures

you used to see in our little parlor in Hayn-ton," said Phil. "Different from any in our town, in fact." "Are they?" said Lucia. "But you might be loyal to home, and insist that yours were unlike any in New York; because they were,

you know."

"I didn't suppose they were anything unusual," said Phil, quite innocently.

"Oh, they were, though," insisted Lucia,
with much earnestness. "I'm sure you couldn't and one of them in any parlor in New York. Let me see; I do believe I could name them Let me see; I do believe I could name them all if I were to close my eyes a moment. There was 'Gen. Taylor at the Battle of Buena Vista,' 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' the 'Declaration of Independence,' 'Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'George Washington,' Peale's 'Court of Death,' 'Abraham Lincoln and His Family' and 'Rum's Deadly Upas Tree.' There!"

"Your memory is remarkable." said Phil

"Your memory is remarkable," said Phil.
"I didn't suppose any one had even noticed
our pictures at all; for I'm sure they are old
fashioned." fashioned."
"Old fashioned things—why, they're all the
fashion now, don't you know?" said Lucia,

with a pretty laugh.

Phil did not reply, for he was quite overpowered by what seemed to him the elegance of the Tramlay pictures. He could easily see that the engravings were superior in quality most profoundly impressed by the paintings
—real oil paintings, signed by artists some of
whose names he had seen in art reviews in New York papers. He studied them closely, one after another, with the earnestness of the person whose tastes are in advance of his op-portunities; in his interest he was almost forgetful of Lucia's presence. But the young woman did not intend to be forgotten, so she

found something to say about each picture over which Phil lingered. Among the paintings was one which had been seen, in the original or replicas, in almost all the picture auctions which were frequently held in the New York business district for the purpose of fleecing men who have more money than taste. Sometimes the artist's name is German, oftener French, and occasionally Italian; the figures as background also differ from time to time as to the nationality, and the picture is variably named "The Parting," "Good-By," "Aul Wiederschen," "Good Night" or "Adieu," but the canvases all resemble one another in displaying a young man respectfully kissing the hand of a young woman. The Tramlays' copy of this auctioneer's standby was called "Adieu," the name being lettered in black on

the margin of the frame.
"Why," exclaimed Phil, with the air of a
man in the act of making a discovery, "I am sure I have seen a wood engraving of that painting in one of the illustrated papers." "I don't see why they should do it," said Lucia; "it's dreadfully old fashioned. Peo-

ple don't say 'adieu' in that way nowadays except on the stage." "I thought you said a moment ago that old fashioned things were all the fashion." Lucia shrugged her shoulders and said: "Kissing hands may come in again." Then she raised one of her own little hands slightly

and looked at it. Phil's eyes followed hers, and then the young man became conscious of a wish that the old form of salutation might be revived, on special occasions at least. The thought succeeded that such a wish was not entirely proper, and while he reasoned about it Lucia caught his eye and compelled him to blush—an act which the young woman perhaps thought pretty, for she immediately imitated it, the imitation being much more graceful and effective than the original. The situation was awkward, and Phil instantly lost his self possession; but not so Lucia. "Here," she said, turning so as to face the wall opposite that on which the mischief

making picture hung, "is papa's favorite picture. He thinks everything of it; but I say it's simply dreadful." It certainly was. The center of the canvas.

which was enormous, was filled with several columns and a portion of the entablature of a ruined Greek temple. "It is as large as all the other pictures com bined, you see; all the lines in it are straight, and there isn't anywhere in it a dress, or a

bit of furniture, or even bric-a-brac."

Phil imagined his host must have seen other qualities than those named by Lucia, and he seated himself on a sofa to study the picture in detail. Lucia also sat down, and con-"There is color in it, to be sure; bits of the

columns where the light is most subdued are

as lovely as—as a real Turkish rug." Much though Phil had endeavored to keep himself in communication and sympathy with the stronger sentiments of the world outside of Haynton, he had never realized even the uter edge of the mysteries and ecstasies of adoration of old rugs. So Lucia's comparson started him into laughter. The girl seemed surprised and offended, and Phil immediately mbled into the extreme depths of contrition.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, quick-ly. "It was all because of my Ignerance. We haven't any Turkish rugs at Haynton, nor any other rugs, except those we lay on floors and use very much as if they were carpets. I ought to have known better, though; for I emember that in eastern stories, where the rare possessions of oriental kings and chiefs are spoken of, rugs are always classed with jewels and silks and other beautiful things. lease forgive me."

Half in earnest, half pretending, Lucia continued to appear offended. Phil repeated his confession, and enlarged his explanation, In his earnestness he leaned toward her; Lucia dropped her head a little. Marge, who had finished his cigar, cutered the parior at that instant and raised his evebrows-a mo

tion more significant in a man of his temperament than a tragic start would have been to ordinary flesh and blood. Lucia started and showed signs of embarrassment when she could no longer ignore his presence; Phil merely looked up, without seeming at all dis-

composed.
"I think, my dear," said Tramlay to his wife, who had been turning the backs of a magazine, "that I'll take our friend around to the club with me for half an hour, just to show him how city men squander their time and keep away from their families. I won't

be long gone."
"Oh, papa! right after dinner! We've scarcely seen Phil yet, to ask him any ques-

"Plenty of time for that," the merchant replied. "We'll see him often; ch, Hayn!" "I shall be delighted," said Phil. "Suppose you drop him at my club on your way home!" suggested Marge. "I shall be there."

"Good! thanks; very kind of you. see some men nearer his own age; all our members are middle aged and stupid." "I think it's real mean of you both," said

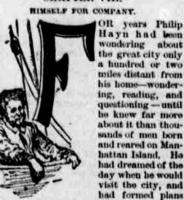
Lucia, with a pretty pout.

Phil looked as if he thought so too. At Haynton it was the custom, when one went out to dinner—or supper, which was the evening meal—to spend the evening with the entertainer. But objection seemed out of place; the merchant had gone for his hat and coat, and Marge made his adieus and was donning his overcoat at the mirror in the

"I'm very sorry to go," said Phil to Lucia. His eyes wandered about the room, as if to take a distinct picture of it with him; they finally rested on the picture of "The Adleu."
"You shall take my forgiveness with you,"
said the girl, "if you will solemnly promise
never, never to laugh at me again."
"I never will," said Phil, solemnly; then

Perhaps it was because Phil had just removed his eyes from "The Adieu" and was himself about to say good-by, that he raised the little hand to his lip. Fortunately for her own peace of mind, Mrs. Tramlay did not see the act, for she had stepped into the library to speak to her husband; Marge, however, was amazed at what he saw in the mirror, and, a second or two later, at Phil's entire compos-ure. Lucia's manner, however, puzzled him: for she seemed somewhat disconcerted, and her complexion had suddenly become more brilliant than usual.

CHAPTER VIII.



wondering about the great city only a hundred or two miles distant from his home-wondering, reading, and questioning—until be knew far more about it than thouand reared on Manhad dreamed of the visit the city, and

and itineraries for consuming such time as be and theraries for consuming such time as he hoped to have, changing them again and again to conform to longer or shorter periods. He was prepared to be an intelligent tourist, to see only what was well worth being looked and to study much that could not be seen in any other place which he was ever likely

to visit.

At last he was in New York; his time would be limited only by the expense of remaining at hotel or boarding house. Yet he found himself utterly without impulse to fol low any of his carefully perfected plans. He strolled about a great deal, but in an utterly aimless way. He passed public buildings which he knew by sight as among those he had intended to inspect, but he did not even enter their doors; the great libraries in which for years he had hoped to quench the literary thirst that had been little more than tantalized by the collective books in Hayaton were regarded with impatience. Of all he saw while rambling about alone, nothing really fixed his attention but the contents of shop windows. He could not pass a clothing sto without wendering if some of the goods he than what he was wearing; he spent hours in looking at displays of dress goods and imagining how one or other pattern or fabric would look on Lucia; and be wasted many hours more in day dreams of purchasing-only for her—the bits of jewelry and other ornaments with which some windows were

Loneliness increased the weakening effect

of his imaginings. He knew absolu one in the city but the Tramlays and Marge, and he had too much sense to impose himself upon them; besides, Margo was terribly un-interesting to him, except as material for a study of human nature—material that was peculiarly unattractive when such a specimen as Lucia was always in his mind's eye and insisting upon occupying his whole attention. His loneliness soon became intolerable; after a single day of it he hurried to the river, regardless of probable criticism and teasing based on his new clothes, to chat with Sol Mantring and the crew of the sloop. The interview was not entirely satisfactory, and Phil cut his visit short, departing with a brow full of wrinkles and a heart full of wonder and indignation at the persistency with which Sol and both his men talked of Lucia Tramlay and the regard in which they assumed Phil held her. How should they imagine such a thing? Ho well knew—and detested the rural rage for prying into the affairs of people, particularly young men and women who seeped at all fond of one another; but who seemed at all fond of one another; but what had he ever done or said to make these rough fellows think Lucia was to him any-thing but a boarder in his father's house! As he wondered, there came to his mind a line which he had often painfully followed in his copy book at school; "The face of youth is an open book." It did not tend at all to restore

omposure to his own face. Hour by hour he found himself worse company. He had never before made such a discovery. There had been hundreds and thousands of days in his life when from dawn to dark he had been alone on the farm, in the woods or in his fishing boat, several miles off shore on the ocean, set the companionship of his thoughts had been satisfactory. He had sung and whistled by the hour, recited to himself favorite bits of poetry and prose, rehearsed old stories and jokes, and enjoyed himself so well that sometimes he was annoved rather than pleased when an acquaintance would appear and insist on diverting his attention to some trivial personal or busi ness affair. Why could be not cheer himself now-he who always had been the life and cheer of whatever society he found himself

He tried to change the current of his thoughts by looking at other people; but the result was dismal in the extreme. He lounged about Broadway, strolled in Central park, walked down Fifth avenue, and from most that he saw he assumed that everybody who was having a pleasant time, driving fine horses, or living in a bandsome house, was rich. He had been carefully trained in the belief that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," but his observations of New York were severely straining his faith. He was entirely orthodox in his belief as to the prime source of riches, but he suddenly became consciou of an unhappy, persistent questioning as to why he also had not been born rich, or had riches thrust upon him. He understood now the mad strife for wealth which he had often heard giluded to as the prevailing sin of large cities; he wished he knew how to strive for it himself-anywhere, in any way, if only he might always be one of the thousands people who seemed to wear new clothes all the time, and seemed their e time, and spend their evenings in elegant society, or in the gorgeous seclusion of pal-aces like that occupied by Marge's club.

For instance, there was Marge. Phil had asked Tramlay what business Marge was in, and the reply was, "None in particular; lives on his income." What, asked Phil of himself, was the reason that such a man, who did not seem much interested in anything, should have plenty of money and nothing to do, when a certain other person who could keenly enjoy, and, he believed, honestly prove, all of Marge's privileges, should have been decomed to spend his life in hard endeav-or to wrest the plainest food from the jealous earth and threatening sea, and have but a chance glimpse of the paradise that the rich were enjoying—a glimpse which probably would make his entire after life wretched Could be ever again be what he had so long been!—a cheerful, contented young farmer

called up the picture of the long road, alternately dusty and muddy, that passed his father's house, its sides of brown fence and straggling bushes and weeds converging in the distance, an uncouth human figure or a crawling horse and wagon its only sign of animation, and contrasted it with Fifth average its present its bushes and wagon. animation, and contrasted it with Fifth avenue, its boundaries handsome bouses and its roadway thronged with cestiy equipages bearing well dressed men and beautiful women. Passing the house of a merchant prince, he saw in the window a fine brouse group on a stand; how different from the little plaster vase of wax flowers and fruits which had been visible through his mother's that roams its index as leaves he was a standard and the same was a sa "best room" window as long as he could re

ence: money, or the lack of it, had cursed bis father, as it now was cursing him. None of the elderly men he saw had faces more inof the elderly men he saw had faces more in-telligent than his father, yet at that very moment the fine old man was probably clad in oft patched trousers and cotton shirt, digin oft patched trousers and cotton shirt, dig-ging muck from a black slimy pit to enrich the thin soil of the wheat lot. And his mo-ther; it made his blood boil to think of her in faded calico preparing supper in the plain old kitchen at home, while scores of richly clad women of her age, but witbout her alert, smiling face, were leaning back in carriages and seemingly unconscious of the blessing of being exempt from homely toil.

And, coming back to himself, money, or lack of it, would seen banish him from all that now his eye was feasting upon. It

that now his eye was feasting upon. It would also banish him from Lucia. He had read stories of poor young men whom won-drous chances of fortune and helped to the hands and hearts of beautiful mailens clad in fine raiment and wearing rare gems, but he never had failed to remind himself that such tales were only romances; now the memory of them seemed only to emphasize the sarcasm of destiny. Money had made between him and Lucia a gulf as wile as the ocean, as the distance between the poles

He might have compared it with eternity, He might have compared it with eternity, had not his eye been arrested by somebody in a carriage in the long line that was passing up the avenue. It was Lucia herself, riding with her mother. Perhaps heaven had pity on the unhappy boy, for some obstruction brought the line to a halt, and struction brought the line to a halt, and Phil, stepping from the sidewalk, found that the gulf was not too wide to be span an instant at least, by two hands.

GUBERNATORIAL NOMINEES

John Miller, Republican, of North Dakota. John Miller, familiarly known

North Dakota as Farmer Miller, and nominated by the Republicans of that state for governor, was born in Dryden, N. Y., some forty years ago. His early training was on his father's farm, and his education was that of the common school.

JOHN MILLER. young man he engaged in the mercantile business in Dryden as a clerk, and has since then followed the same business for himself with more or less regularity save for the last few years. In 1880 he removed to Dakota as an employe of the Dwight Farm and Land company, with head-quarters at Dwight, Richland county. His political career began when The Wahpeton Globe boomed him for the territorial council. Since then he has steadily risen in the estimation of his party, as the nomination for governor

Joseph Kemp Toole, of Helena, who has been recently nominated by Democrats of Montana for gov-3 P ernor, was at Savannah, Mo. May 12, 1851. He

of St. Joseph,

Western Military

academy at New

Castle, Ky., of veluch Gen. Kirby Smith was J. K. TOOLE. principal. He studied law, was adm ted to the bar and has since practiced In 1872 he was elected district attorney of the Third judicial district in Mor tana, and was re-elected two years later without opposition. In 1881 he was elected to the Twelfth legislative assembly of Montana as a member of the cour cil from Lewis and Clarke county, and was also their president. Toole was elected a member of the constitutional convention which met in Helena in January, 1884. He was also elected to the Forty-ninth and re-elected to the Fiftieth congress as a Democrat. His first speech

of consequence in the house was deliv-ered last January. The Southern Exposition Montgomery, Ala., will hold its first exposition on Nov. 5, closing on Nov. 15. Its object is to give the people of the south an opportunity to display their wares and manufactures before the people of Alabama. From all sections ports are coming in that undoubtedly point out the fact that the exposition will present the finest array of exhibits to its visitors that was ever presented in that section. The representatives of the exposition are eagerly welcomed on all sides. The people of Georgia are as familiar with the southern exposition as with their state affairs, and it has been very extensively advertised.

Maj. Burke, who is the general manager, was very much pleased with the result of his visit to Auburn, where he had many and long conferences with the Alliance men, and a number of influential farmers evinced a lively interest in the exposition.

Mr. W. C. Bible, Jr., the secretary, speaks very encouragingly of the outlook for the exposition in Georgia. Everywhere he went in that state he found friends willingly working to add



SOUTHERN EXPOSITION BUILDINGS. to its success. His reports from Macon and Augusta were very favorable; the Southern exposition is a familiar name in these cities. Great efforts are being made by the several railway companies to run excursion trains to the exposition.

Charles A. Lee, President Charles A. Lee, the new president of the National Editorial association, which has just ended its annual session at Detroit, is a young

man from Pawtucket, R. L. He has been a newspaper man all his life, and has been with his present paper for twentyfive years. He is out 43 years old. 25 standing over six feet in beight. He

is a trenchant CHARLES A. LEE.

writer. In politics he is a Republican. He founded the Rhode Island Press association, and has been three years pivsident of the New England Suburban Frees association. He is a prominent Knight of Pyrnias. He is a handsome man, and one of the most popular fellows in the profession.