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COUNTRY LUCK

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

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or afternoon cap several times, as she would have done had she expected a visitor; she had picked faded buds from some lats roses, had examined the base of one of the plazza posts to be sure that the old wisteria vine was not dragging it from its place, and had picked some bits of paper from the little grass plot in front of the house; but each time she went from one duty to another she shaded her eyes and looked down that road over which her and looked down the road over which he husband would return. She had eyes for everything outside the house-an indication of rot at an end of one of the window sills, a daring cocoon between two slats of a window sits, a blind, a missing screw of the door knob-all triffes that had been as they were for weeks, but had failed to attract her attention until

expectation had sharpened her eyesight. As time worked new finto the house for her spectacles; generally she preferred to have letters read to her by her husband, but have letters read to her by her humband, but her absent son's writing she must see with her own eyes. Then she polished the glasses again and again, trying them each time by gazing down the road for the bearer of the expected letter. Calmness, in its outward manifesta-tion, was noticeable only after her hope had scale been deferred.

again been deferred. As for the old man, who was quite as dis-appointed as his wife, he studied a partly ned vest button as if it had been an o ject of extreme value; then he sat down on the steps of the veranda, studied all visit ections of the sky for a minute or two, and finally ventured the opinion that a middling lively shower might come due about midnight. Then he told his wife of having met the m ister, who had not said anything in particular, and of a coming auction sale of which he had heard, and how eggs for shipment to the city had "looked up" three cents per dozen. Then he sharpened his pocket knife on his boot leg, handling it as delicately and trying its edge as cautiously as if it were an instrument of which great things were expected. The both joined in estimating the probable cost of raising the youngest calf on the farm to its full bovine estate

Finally, both having thoroughly represed and denied and repulsed themselves, merely because they had been taught in youth that uncomfortable restraint was a precious priv-liege and a sacred duty, Mrs. Hayn broke the ce by exclaiming "It does beat all."

"What does?" asked her husband, as solici-

tously as if he had not the slightest idea of what was absorbing his wife's thoughts. "Why, that Phil don't write. Here's ev-

erybody in town tormentin' me to know when he's comin' back, an' if he's got the things he's comin' back, an' if he's got the things they asked him to buy for 'em, an' not a soli-tary word can I my; we don't even know to send a letter to him to stir him up an' nd him that he's got parents."

"Well, ther's sure to be a letter somewheres on the way, I don't doubt, tellin' us all we

spectacies in their tin case, which she closed with a decided map. "Such a little speek of news is only aggravatin'; that's what 'tia." "Small favors thankfully received, old indy, as the advertisments sometimes say. Ob, there was one thing more Bol mid; 'twas that be reckoned Phil was dead gone on that Tramlay gal." Mrs. Hayn received this information in scinces; her husband began to throw his open knife at a leaf on one of the versuids steps. "I don't see how Sol Mantring was to know anything like that," anid Mrs. Hayn, after a

anything like that," said Mra. Hayn, after a short allence. "He isn't the kind that our Phil would go an' unbosom to, if he had any such thing to tell, which it ain't certain he

"Young men don't always have to tell such things, to make 'em known," suggested the farmer. "Pooty much everybody knowed when I was fust gone on you, though I didn't say nothin' to nobody, not even to the gal

erself." "If it's so," said Mrs. Hayn, after another short pause, "mebbe it explains why he hain't writ. He'd want to tell us 'fore anybody else, as' he feels kind o' bashful like." "You've got a good mem'ry, Lou Ann," said the old farmer, rising, and pinching his

wife's ear. "What do you mean, Reubenf"

"Oh, nothin', 'xcept that you hain't forgot the symptoms, that's all." "Sho!" exclaimed the old lady, giving her

husband a push, though not so far but that she was leaning on his shoulder a moment later. "Twould be kind o' funny if that thing was to work, though, wouldn't it?" she continued; "that is, if Sol's right."

"Well," replied her husband, with a sud-den accession of earnestness in his voice, "if Bol's right, 'twon't be a bit funny if it don't work work. I hope the blessed boy's got as much good stuff in him as I've always counted on. The bigger the heart, the wuss it hurts when it gets hit; an' there's a mighty big heart in any child of you an' me, though I say it as mebbe I shouldn't."

"That boy ain't never goin' to have no heartaches, not on account o' gals," said the mother, whose voice also showed a sudden increase of earnestness. "I don't b'lieve the gal was over made that could say no to a splendid young feller like that—a young fel-ler that's han some an' good an' bright an' full o' fun, an' that can tell more with his eyes in a minuto than a hull sittin' room full of ord'nary young men can say with their tongues in a week." "No," said the old man, soberly, "not if

the gal stayed true to the pattern she was made on-like you did, for instance. But gals is only human-ther' wouldn't be no way of keepin' 'em on earth if they wa you know-an' sometimes they don't do 'zactly what might be expected of 'em."

"That Tramlay gal won't give him the mitten, anyhow," persisted Mrs. Hayn. "Mebbe she ain't as smart as some, but that family, through an' through, has got sense enough to know what's worth havin' when they see it. She needn't ever expect to come back here to board for the summer, if she cuts up any such foolish dido as that."

"Lou Ann," said the farmer, solemnly, "do you reely think it over an' above likely that she'd want to come back, in such case made an' pervided /"

Then both old people laughed, and went into the house, and talked of all sorts of things that bore no relation whatever to youth or love or New York. They retired early, after the manner of farm people in general, after a prayer containing a formal and somewhat indefinite petition for the absent one. The old lady lay awake for bours, it seemed to her, her head as full of rosy dreams as if it were not covered with snow; yet when at last she was dropping asleep she was startled by hearing her husband whisper:

possponed. About 9 o'clock, however, his gase was rewarded by a single carriage; an-other followed shortly, and several others came in rapid succession; so a quarter of an bour later he made his own entry. On this occasion he was not unable to translate the instructions, as to the locality of the gentle-men's dressing room, imparted by the serv-ant at the door; but, having reached the general receptacle of costs, hats and sticks, he was greatly puzzled to know why a num-ber of gentlemen were standing about doing nothing.

By the time he learned that most of the By the time he searched that most of them were merely waiting for their respective feminine charges to descend with them, a clock in the room struck ten, and as Phil counted the strokes and remembered how often he had been half rouned from his first down beneath his bed clothes at home by just that number, he yawned by forces of habit and half wished he never had left Haynton. But suddenly drowsings, malanched and

and ball wished he never had left Haynton. But suddenly drowsiness, melancholy and overything else uncomfortable disappeared in an instant, and heaven—Phil's own, new-est heaven—enveloped the earth, for as he followed two or three bachelors who were going down stalrs be heard a well known voice exclaiming: olce exclaiming: "Oh, Phill Isn't this nice! Just as if you'd

been waiting for me! I haven't any secort to-night, so you'll have to take me down. Paps will drop in later, after he's tired of the

Oh, the music in the rustle of her dress as it trailed down the stair! Oh, the gold of her hair, the flush of her cheek, the expect-ancy in her eyes and her parted lips! And only twenty steps in which to have it all to himself! Would they had been twenty thou-mand!

At the foot of the stair Lucia took Phil's At the foot of the stair Lucia took Phil's arm, and together they saluted their hostess. Phil feit that he was being looked at by some one besides Miss Dinon, and indeed he was, for handsome young strangers are quite as rare in New York as anywhere elso in the world. Nevertheless his consciousness was not allowed to make him uncomfortable, for between long trained courtesy and intelli-gent admiration Miss Dinon was enabled to great him so cordially that he was made to feel entirely at case. Other guests camo down in a moment, and Lucia leal Phil away, presenting him to some of her acquaintances and keeping unit to some of her acquaintances and keeping the surprise of those who recognized in him the awkward country bay of a week before. Then one gentleman after another engaged Lucia in conversation and begged dances; other ladies with whom

he was chatting were similarly taken from him; and Phil finally found himself alone on a sofa, in a position from which he could closely observe the hostess. Miss Agnes Diaon was very well worth looking at. Mrs. Tramlay may not have been

far from right in fixing her years at thirty-six, but there were scores of girls who would gladly have accepted some of her years if they might have taken with them her superb physique and some of the tact and wit that her years had brought her. Gladly, too, would they have shared Miss Dinen's super-fluous age could they have divided with her the fortune she had in her own right. No-body knew exactly how much it was, and fancies on the subject differed widely; but what did that matter? The leading and inwhat did that matter? The leading and in-teresting fact was that it was large enough to have attracted a pleasing variety of suit-ors, so that there had not been a time since she "came out" when Miss Dinon might not have set her wedding day had she liked. What detriment is there in age to a girl who can afford to choose instead of being chosen? Is not the full blown rose more satisfactory, is much a the bud! And how much to many eyes, than the bud? And how mu

more charming the rose whose blushing pet-als lack not the glint of gold! Phil had about reached the conclusion that Miss Dinon was a woman whom he believed it would do his mother good to look at, when his deliberations were brought to an end by the lady herself, who approached him, and

said: "At last I can take time to present you to some of my friends, Mr. Hayn. May I have

Your arm? Phil at once felt entirely at ease. It was merely a return of an old and familiar sensation, for he had always been highly esteemed by the more mature maidens of Haynton and generally found them far more inspiring company than their younger sisters. Phil in-formed himself, in the intervals of introductions, that Miss Dinon was not like Lucia in a single particular, but she certainly was a magnificent creature. Her features, though rather large, were perfect, and her eye was into it, as from his height he was obliged to, and the pose of her head, upon shoulders dis-played according to the prevailing custom of evening dress, was simply superb. She found opportunities to chat a great deal, too, as they made the tour of the par-lors, and all she said implied that her hearer was a man of sense, who did not require to be fed alternately upon the husks and froth of polite conversation. Phil's wit was quit equal to that of his fair entertainer, and as her face reflected her feelings the guests be-gan to be conscious that their bostess and the stranger made a remarkably fine looking couple. Impossible though he would have imagine it half an hour before, Phil's thoughts had been entirely destitute of Lucia for a few moments; suddenly, however, they recovered her, for looking across the head of a little rosebud, to whom he had just been intro-duced, Phil beheld Lucia looking at him with an expression that startled him. He never before had seen her look that way-very so-ber, half blank, half angry. What could it mean? Could she be offended? But why? Was he not for the moment in charge of his ostess, who, according to Haynton cus and probably custom everywhere else, had supreme right when she chose to exercise it? Could it be-the thought came to him as ddenly as an unexpected blow-could it be that she was jealous of his attention to Miss Dinon and of his probably apparent enjoyment of that lady's society! Ob, horrible, desicious thought! Jealousy was not an unthown quality at Haynton; he had observed its development often and often. But to be jealous a girl must be very fond of a man, or at least desirous of his regard. Could it be that Lucia regarded him as he did her! Did she really esteem him as more than a mere acquaintance! If not, why that strange

Dinon, rejoining Phil. "I really believe it's because you don't dance. Confess, now." "You ought to be a sootharyer, Miss Dinon, you are so shrewd at guessing," said Phil, forcing a smile and thou mentally rebuking himself for lying. "Won't you attempt at least a quadrillet The next one will be very easy." "Phil!" exclaimed Lucia, coming up to him with an odd, defant look, part of which was given to Miss Dinon, "you're too mean for anything. You haven't asked me for a single dance."

Phil's smile was of the sweetest and chest-

isst as he replied: "Wouldn't it be meaner to ask for what I

"Then I'll forgive you. What more can you ask f"

"Then I'll forgive yon. What more can yon ask?" "Nothing," said Phil, his heart warming, and his face reflecting the smile that accom-panied Lucia's promise. The quadrille was really as easy as had been promised; indeed, Phil found it almost identical, except in lack of grace, with an alleged calisthenic exercises which a pious teacher had once introduced in Haynton's school. The motion of swinging a partner back to position by an encircling arm puzzled him somewhat as he contemplated it, but Lucia kindly came to his assistance, and 'twas done almost before he knew it—done altogether too quickly, in fact. And although he hon-estly endesvored to analyze the wickedness of it, and to feel horrifled and remorseful, his mind utterly refused to obey him. "There!" exclaimed Lucia, as the quadrille

"There!" exclaimed Lucia, as the quadrille ended, and, leaning on Phil's arm, she moved toward a reat. "You didn't seem to find that difficult." "Anything would be easy, with you for

teacher," Phil replied. "Thanks," said Lucia, with a pretty nod of

ber head. "And I'm ever so much obliged to Miss Dinon for urging me to try," continued Phil. "Agnee Dinon is a dear old thing," said Lucia, fanning berself vigorously. "Old?" echood Phil. "A woman like Miss Dinon can never belold."

Lucia's fan stopped suddenly; again the strange jealous look came into her face, and

she said: "I should imagine you had been smitten by Miss Dinon." "Nonsense!" Phil exclaimed, with a laugh.

"Can't a man state a simple fact in natural

"Gan't a man state a simple fact in matural history without being misunderstood?" "Forgive me," and Lucia, prettily. "I forgot that you were always interested in the deepest and most far away side of every-thing. Here comes that stupid little Lay-brough, who has my next walta. I'm going to depend upon you to take me down to sup-per. By by." A minute later, and Phil sobered again,

for again Lucia was floating about the room with a man's arm around her waist. Phil took refuge in philosophy, and wondered whether force of habit was sufficient to explain why a lot of modest girls, as all in Miss Dinon's parlors undoubtedly were, could appear entirely at ease during so immodes diversion. During the walts he lea against a door casing; evidently some one was occupying a similar position on the other side in the hall, for Phil distinctly heard a

low voice saying: "Wouldn't it be great if our charming hostess were to set her cap for that young fellow from the country!" "Nonsense!" was the reply; "she's too much the older to think of such a thing."

"Not a bit of it. She'll outlive any young girl in the room. Besides, where money calls, youth is never slow in responding." "They say he's as good as engaged to Miss Tramlay," said the first speaker. "Indeed! Umph! Not a bad match. Has

he got any money! I don't believe Tramlay is more than holding his own."

Phil felt his face flush as he moved away He wanted to resent the remarks about his hostess, an implication that his friend Tramlay was other than rich, and, still more, that any young man could be led to the marriage altar merely by money. If people were talking about him in such fashion he wished he might be out of sight. He would return at once to his hotel, had he not prom-

"Anybody heref" drawled Marge.

Lucia is-1 mean Miss Tramlay.

utter muddle, and that apparently nothin would compose it but another glimpss of La

was to escort the little witch home! How h

were pleasantly acquainted!

she saw him and said:

and that in the city, as at Haynton, people

He saw Lucia go up stairs when the com

had the joy of lifting the rustling m

ough the window as Lucia said:

quickly: the door of the house was close

it several times in rapid success

was not.

had the honor of following the feet of divin

ity. Then he closed the carriage door re-gretfully, but a little hand kindly stole

"Good night Don't forget to send papa

"I won't," said Phil. Then he looked back

he raised the little hand to his lips and kissed

the hand was gloved; but Phil's imagination

CHAPTER XI.

DRIFTING FROM MOORINGS.

nevertheless foit sure that the best looking young man in Mim Dinon's perfors was plainer and iss manly than himself. But if her acceptance of his homage and her selection of him as her cavaller were not enough, there was that jealous look, twice repeated. He informed himself that the look did not be-come her; it destroyed the charm of her ex-pression; it made her appear hard and un-natural; yet he would not loss the memory of it for workls. Could it be true, as he had heard while un-intentionally a listener, that her father was

intentionally a listener, that her father was not rich! Well, he was sorry for him; yet not rich! Well, he was sorry for him; yet this, too, was a ground for hope. After what he had heard, it was not impossible to be-lieve that perhaps the father of the country youth, with his thirty or forty thousand dol-lars' worth of good land, which had been prospected as a possible site for a village of senside cottages for rich people, might be no poorer than the father of the city girl. It seemed impossible, as he mentally compared the residences of the two families, yet he had heard more than once that city people as a the residences of the two families, yet be had heard more than once that city people as a class seemed always striving to live not only up to their incomes, but as far beyond them as tradeemen and money lenders would al-

As to the talk he had heard about Miss As to the talk he had heard about Mise Dinon, he resented it, and would not think of it as in the least degree probable. To be sure, he would not believe her 36, though if ahe were he heartily honored her that she had lived so well as to look far younger than her years. Still he was not to be bought, even by a handsome and intelligent woman. It was not uncomplimentary, though, that any one should have thought him so attractive to Miss Dinon—a woman whom he was sure must have had plenty of offers in her day. But should he ever chance to marry rich, what a weet and perpetual revenge it would what a sweet and perpetual revenge it would be upon people who had looked and probably talked as if he were an awkward country vouth

Then came back to him suddenly in all their blackness his mody thoughts over the obdurate facts in the case. Prolong his but-terfly day as long as his money would allow, he must soon return to his normal condition he must soon return to his normal condition of a country grub; he must return to the farm, to his well worn clothes of antique cut and neighborly patches, to the care of horses, cows, pigs and chickens, take "pot luck" in the family kitchen, instead of carefully so-lecting his meals from long bills of fare. In-stead of attending receptions in handsome housee, he must seek society in church socia-her and the hilarious yet year. bles and the hilarious yet very homely par-ties given by neighboring farmers, and an occasional affair, not much more formal, in the village.

It was awful, but it seemed inevitable, no matter how he tortured his brain in trying to devise an alternative. If he had a little to devise an alternative. If he had a little money he might speculate in stocks; there, at least, he might benefit by his acquaintance with Harge; but all the money he had would not neere than maintain him in New York a fortnight longer, and he had not the heart to ask his father for more. His father !--what ask his father for more. His lather i-what could that good, much abused man be already thinking of him, that no word from the trav-sler had yet reached Hayn Farm! He would write that very night-or morning, late though it was; and he felt very viftuous as he resolved that none of the discontent that filled him should not not be better. filled him should get into his letter.

It was nearly sunrise when he went to bed, From his window, eight floors from the ground, he could see across the ugly house ops a rosy flush in the east, and so clouds were glowing with gold under the blue canopy. Rose, blue, gold-Lucia's cheeks, her eyes, her hair; he would think only of them, for they were his delight; his misery could wait; it would have its control of him oon enough.

"Margie, Margie, wake up!" whispered Lucia to her slumbering sister, on returning from the Dinon party. "Oh, dear!" drawled the alceper; "is it

breakfast time so soon ?"

"No, you little goose; but you want to hear all about the party, don't you!" "To be sure I do," said the sister, with a long yawn and an attempt to sit up. Miss Margie had heard that she was prettier than has give had heard that she was pretter than ber elder sister; she know she was admired, and she was prudently acquiring all possible knowledge of society against her approaching "coming out." "Tell me all about it. Who was there " continued the drowsy girl, rub-bing her eyes, pushing some crinkly hair be-hind her ears, and adjusting some pillows so that she might sit at ease. Then she put her hands behind her head, and exclaimed, "Why deal's use on the bar all exclaimed, "Why

"But what will papa and ounger girt. younger girl. "But what will papa and mamma say! And how are you going to get rid of Mr. Margel G give you warning that you needn't turn him over to me when I come out. I detest him." "I don't want to get rid of him," said Lucia, becoming suddenly very solver. "Of course I couldn't marry Phil if he were to ask me-not if he's going to stay poor and live out of the world."

the world."

"But you're not going to be perfectly awful, and marry one man while you love another i"

other?" "I'm not going to marry anybody until I'm asked," exclaimed Lucia, springing from the bed, wringing her hands and pacing the floor; "and nobody has asked me yet; I don't know that anybody ever will. And I'm per-fectly miserable; if you say another word to me about it I shall go into hysterics. No-body ever heard anything but good of Phil Havn, either her or anywhere due and if body ever heard anything but good of Phil Hayn, either here or anywhere else, and if he loves me I'm proud of it, and I'm going to love him back all I like, sven if I have to break my heart afterward. He shan't know how I feel, you may rest assured of that. But oh, Margie, it's just too dreadful. Mam-ma has picked out Mr. Marge for me-who could love such a stick!--and she'll be per-fectly crazy if I marry any one else, unless perhaps it's some one with a great deal more money. I wonder if ever a poor girl was in such a perfectly horrible position"

such a perfectly horrible position Margie did not know, so both girls sought consolation in the ever healing fount of mai-

denhood - a good long cry. CHAPTER XII. .

IDON LOOKS UP. HE truth of the old saying regarding the reluctance of watched pots to boil is proved as well in business as elsewhere, as Ed-gar Tramlay and a number of other men in the iron trade had for some time been learning to their sorrow Few of them were

making any mon-ey; most of them were losing on interest account, closed mills or stock on hand that could not find purchasers. To know this was uncomfortable; to know that the remainder of the business

world knew it also was worse; there is a sense of humiliation in merely holding one's own for a long period which is infinitely more provoking and depressing to a business man than an absolute failure or assignment

than an absolute failure or assignment. How closely every one in Tramlay's busi-ness circle watched the iron market! There was not an industry in the world in the least degree dependent upon iron which they did not also watch closely and deduce apparent probabilities which they exchanged with one another. The pro-ceedings of congress, the results of elecceedings of congress, the results of tions, the political movements abroad that tended to either peace or war, became inter-esting solely through their possible influence upon the iron trade. Again and again they were sure that the active and upward movement was begin at once; the opening of a long closed mill to execute a small order, even a longer interval than usual between the closings of mills, was enough to lift up their col-lective hearts for a while. Then all would become faint hearted again when they real-ized that they, like Hosen Biglow's chanti-

Mistakin' moonrise for the break o' day.

cleer, had been

But suddenly, through causes that no one had foreseen, or which all had discounted so had foreseen, or which all had discounted so often that they had feared to consider them again, iron began to look up; some small or-ders, of a long absent kind, began to creep into the market, prices improved a little as stock depleted, several mills made haste to open, and prudent dealers, who had been keeping down expenses for months and years, now began to talk hopefully of what they expected to do in the line of private expendi-tures.

Good news flies fast; the upward tendency

Good news flies fast; the upward tendency of iron was soon talked of in New York's thousands of down town offices, where, to an outside observer, talk seems the principal in-dustry. Men in other businesses that were depressed began to consult iron men who had weathered the storms and endured the still more destructive calms of the long period of It is to Be Erected at Springfield, Ille, and Is Here Described. It is proposed to commemorate the emancipation of the slaves in the Units States and the services of the colors soldiers who fought in the Federal area depression. Bankers began to greet iron men with more cordiality than of late. Anduring the civil war for the fre their race by the erection of a natio nouncements of large orders for iron given by certain railroads and accepted by certain emancipation monument at Springfield

"If young Hayn is as sensible as you think him, he will probably be wise enough to de-cline your offer and go back to his father's farm. You yourself used to my that your would rather be in their business than your own.'

own." "Bright woman ?" replied Tramlay, with a smile and a nod: "but I wouldn't have thought so at his age, and Leon't believe Hayn will. I can afford to pay him as much as that farm earns in a year-ay fifteen hundred dollars; and I don't believe be'll decline that smount of money; twill emble him to take care of himself in good bachelor style and save something builds I'm sure, too, he'd like to remain in the oily country youths always do, after they have

Again Margie glanced at Lucia, but the

Again Margie glanced at Lucia, but the chicken croquette continued troublesoms, and no responsive glance came back. "He had far better be at home," persisted Mrs. Tra@lay, "where the Lord put him in the first place." "Well," said Tramiay. finishing a cup of coffee, "if the Lord had meant every one to remain where he was torn, I don't believe be would have given each person a pair of fast. And what a sin it must be to make railread iron, which tempts and akis bundreds of

And what a sin it must be to make rainoad iron, which tempts and aids hundreds of thousands of people to move about?" "Don't be irreverent, Edgar, and, above all things, try not to be ridiculous," and the lady of the house. "And when you've spolled this youth and he goes back to home a dimp pinted man, don't forget that you were manual to time."

warned in time." "Spoiled! That sort of a fellow don't spoil; not if I'm any judge of human natura. Why, if he should take a notion to the iron trade, there's nothing to prevent him becom merchant prince some day-a young Napo-leon of steel rails, or angle iron, or some-thing. Like enough I'll be glad some time to get him to indorse my note."

Once more Margie's eyes sought her sister's but Lucia seemed to have grown near sight ed over that chicken croquette, for Margin could me only a tiny nose tip under a tangin of yellow hair.

"My capacity for nonsense is lessening as i grow older," said Mrs. Tramlay. "I'll have to ask you to excuse me." Then, with the air of an overworked conservator of dignity,

the lady left the dining room. "Excuse me, too," said her husband a mo-ment later, after looking at his watch, "Convenation is the thief of time-in the

"Conversation is the thief of time-in the early morning. Good-by, children." Margie sprang from her chair and threw her arms around her father's neck. She was a fairly affectionate daughter, but such ex-uberance came only by fits and starts, and its was not the sort of thing that any father with a well regulated heart cares to hurry away from, even when business is looking up. When finally Tramlay was released he re-

"I used to have two daughters-eh, Luf" Lucia arose, approached her father softly and with head down, put her arms around him and rested her bead on his breast as the had not often done in late years, except after a conflict and the attendant reconciliation. Her father gave ber a mighty squeeze, flat-tened a few crimps and waves that had cost some effort to produce and finally said: "I must be off. Give me a kim, La."

The girl's face did not upturn promptly, so the merchant assisted it. His hands were strong and Lucia's neck was slender, yet it took some effort to force that little head to a kissable pose. When the father such be excluded:

he excitized: "What a splendid complexion October ai brings to a girl who's spent the summer is the country i There; good-by." Away went Tramlay to his business. This tant he was out of the room Marg snatched Lucia in her arms and the coup waltzed madly about, regardless of the fa-that the floor of a New York dining roo has about as little unencumbered area as the has about as little unencumbered area of the smallest apartment in a ter

> Continued next Saturday. EMANCIPATION MONUMENT.

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want to know," said the old man, going through the motions of budding an althea bush, in the angle of the step, from a scion of its own stock. "Watched pots never bile,' you know, an' 'tain't often one gets a letter till he stops lookin' for it."

"But 'tain't a bit like Phil," said the olu lady. "Why, he's been away more'n a week. I thought he'd at least let us know which of the big preachers he'd heerd on Sunday, an' what he thought of 'em. Hearin' them big guns of the pulpit was always one of the things he wanted to go to the city for. Then there's the bread pan I've been wantin' for ten years-one that's got tin enough to it not to rust through every time there comes a spell of damp weather; he might at least rest my mind for me by lettin' me know he'd

"All in good time, old lady; let's be patient an' wo'll hear all we're waitin' for. Worry's more wearyin' than work. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

"For mercy's sake, Reuben, what's Rome got to do with our Phill I don't see that Rome's got anythin' to do with the case, onless it's somethin' like New York, where our boy is."

"Well, Rome was built an' rebuilt a good many times, you see, 'fore it got to be all that was 'xpected of it; an' our Phil's goin through the same operation, mebbe. A man's got to be either a stupid savage or a finished off saint to be suddenly pitched from fields and woods into a great big town without bein' dazed. When I first went down to York my eyes was kept so wide open th couldn't scarcely open my mouth for a few days, much less take my pen in hand, as folks say in letters. I hardly knowed which foot I was standin' on, an' sometimes I felt as if the ground was gone from under me. Yet New York ground is barder than an onbeliever's

heart." Mrs. Hayn seemed to accept the simile of Rome's building as applied to her son, for she made no further objection to it; she contin-ued, however, to polish her glasses, in anticipation of what she still longed to do with them. Her husband continued to make tiny slits and cross cuts in the althea's bark, and to insert buds carefully cut from the boughs. Finally he remarked, as carelessly as if talk

ing about the weather: "Sol Mantring's sloop's got back!" "Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayn; "why

ain't you told me so beforef Sol's seen Phil ain't hel What does he say! Of course you didn't come home without seein' him?" "Of course 1 didn't. Yes, Sol's seen Phil

seen him the day before he caught the tide an' came out. An' Sol save he's a stunner don't look no more like his old self if he'd been born an' raised in York. I tell you, Lou Ann, it don't take that boy much time to catch on to whatever's got go to it' Why, Sol says he's got store clothes on, from head to foot. That ain't all, either; he"-Here the old man burst into laughter, which he had great difficulty in suppressing; after long effort, however, he continued: "Sol he carries a cane-a cane not much ker than a ramrod. Just imagine our Phil swingin' a cane if you can!" And the old man resumed his laughter, and gave it free course.

'Mercy sakes!" said the old lady: "I hope he didn't take it to church with him. An' hope he won't bring it back here. What'll other members of the Young People's Bible class say to see such goin's on by one that's always been so proper ?" "Why, let him bring it; what's a cane got

to do with Bible classes? I don't doubt some of the 'postles carried canes; I think I've need 'sca in pictures in the Illustrated Family Bible. I s'pose down in Judee ther' was makes an' dogs that a man had to take a clip at with a stick, once in a while, same as in other countries."

'What else did Sol say I' asked the mother "Well, he didn't bring no special news. He mid Phil didn't know he was leavin' so soon, alse like enough he'd have sent some word. He mid Phil was lookin' well, an' had a walk ou him like a soler in a picture. I'm giad the boy's got a chance to get the plow handle stoop out of his shoulders for a few days. Sez you wouldn't know his face, though me his hair's cut so short; got a new wate chain, too; I'm glad to hear that, 'cause was particular to tell him to do it."

"Well, I half wish Sol Mantring's sloop had stayed down to York, if that's all the news it muld bring." sid Mrs. Have, replacing her

"Father in heaven, have pity on my poor boy. CHAPTER X. AGNES DINON'S PARTY. IROUGH several ays spent listlessly xcept when dole

fully, and through R several restles uights, Philip Hayn was assisted by one have that changed only to brighten; if was that nearer and nearer came the night of the party to which Miss Agnes Dinon Lad invited bim-the party at which he was sure he would

again meet Lucia. Except for the blissful incident of the arrested drive on the obtain in-badhot seen her since the evening when he had raised her hand to his lips. How the thought of that moment sent the blood leaping to his own finger tips! He had haunted the avenue every afternoon, not daring to hope that the carriage would again be stopped in its course, but that at least he might see ber passing face.

As quick as a flash that day his eye, trained in country fashion to first identify approach-ing riders by their horses, had scanned the hals that drew the carriage, so that he might know them when next he saw them. But again and again was he disappointed, for spans on which he would have staked his reputation as being the same were drawing can ringes that did not contain the face he sought. He might have been spared many heart sink-ings, as well as doubts of his horse lore, had he known that the Tramlays did not keep a turn out, but had recourse to a livery stable when they wanted to drive.

He had even sought Lucia at church. He known, since the family's summer at Havaton, the name of the church which they attended, and thither he wended his way Sunday morning; but their pew was appar ently farther back than the seat to which he was shown, for not one member of the Tram lay family could he see in front or to either side of him, and when the service ended and reached the sidewalk as rapidly as possible he soon learned that the custom of rural young men to stand in front of churches to see the worshipers emerge was not followed at fashionable temples in the city.

Another comforting hope, which was sooner lost in full fruition, was in the early arrival of his dress suit Fully arrayed, he spent many hours before the mirror in his room at the hotel, endeavoring to look like some of the gentlemen whom he had seen at the Tramlay reception. Little though he admired Marge on general principles, he did not hositate to conform himself as nearly as possible to that gentleman's spicadid composure. Strolling into a theatre one evening on a "general ad-mission" ticket, which entitled him to the privilege of leaning against a wall, he saw quite a number of men in evening dress, and improved the opportunity to study the mparative effects of different styles of collars and shirt fronts. Finally he ventured to appear at the theatre in evening dress him-

, and from the lack of special attention he justly flattered himself that he did not carry nself unlike other men. He also made th important discovery that Judge Dickman's custom of battoning his swallow tailed cont at the waist, and displaying a yellow silk andkerchief in the fuliness thereof, had been abandoned in the metropolis.

At last the long hoped for evening arrived, and Phil was fully dr. seed and uncomforta-ble before sunset. He had already learned, by observation, that well dressed, men kept their faces closely shaved, and he had experimented, not without an inward groan at his extravagance, in what to him were the mysteries of hair dressing. He ventured into the streets as soon as darkness had fairly fallen, made his way to the vicinity of th Dinon residence, and from a safe distance reconnoitered the house with the purpose, quite as common in the country as in town. of not being among the earliest arrivals. S long did he watch without seeing even a single person or carriage approach the doo that there came to bim the horrible fear that

rhaps for some reason the affair

ook If really jealous, Lucia soon had ample revenge, for music began, and Miss Dinor

"Have you a partner for the quadrille, Mr. Hayal If not, you must let me find you

"I-no, I don't dance," he stammered.

"How unfortunate-for a dozen or more girls this evening!" murmured Miss Dinon. You will kindly excuse me, that I may see if the sets are full?" I'd bowed and edged his way to a corner, where in solitude and wretchedness he beheld Lucia go through a quadrille, bestowing smiles in rapid succession upon her partner,

who was to Phil's eyes too utterly insignifcant to deserve a single glance from those fairest eyes in the world. His lips bardened as he saw Lucia occasionally whirled to her place by the arm of her partner boldly en-circling her waist. He had always thought dancing was wrong; now he knew it. At Haynton the young people occasionally went through a dance called "Sir Roger de Coverthrough a dance called "Sir Roger de Cover-ley," but there was no hugging in that. And Lucia did not seem at all displeased by her partner's familiarity—exctound it! He had to unbend an forget his anger when the quadrille ended, for a pretty maid-

en to whom he had been introduced accosted him and said some cheerful nothings, fluttering suggestively a miniature fan which were penciled some engagements to dance But soon the music of a waltz arcse, and Phil's eye flashed, to a degree that frightened the maiden before him, for directly in front of him, with a man's arm permanently about her slender waist and her head almost pillowed on her partner's shoulder, was Lucia. More dreadful still, she seemed not only to accept the situation, but to enjoy it; there was on her face a look of dreamy content that Phil remembered having seen when she swung in a hammock at Haynton. He remembered that then he had thought it an gelic, but-then there was no arm shout her waint.

The pretty maiden with the fan had looked The pretty mattern with the ran had looked to see what had affected the handsome young man so unpleasantly. "Oh." she whispered, "he is dreadfully awkward. I positively shiver whenever he asks me for a dance." "Awkward, indeed!" exclaimed Phil. A

very young man with a solemn countenance came over just then to remind the maiden with the fan that the next quadrille would be his; so she floated away, bestowing upon Phil a parting smile far too sweet to be ut-Vou seem unbauuy. Mr. Harn." mid Miss

on't you go ou! I'm all cars.'

Lucia laughed derisively as she pulled an ear small enough, almost, to be a deformity, then tossed wraps and other articles of attire ised to take Lucia down to supper. He could at least hide himself, for a little while, in carelessly about, dropped into a low rocker, and said:

the gentlemen's room up stairs. Thither he went, hoping to be alone, but he found Marge, who had just come in, and who lost "Only the usual set were there. I danced every dance, of course, and there was plenty of cream and coffee. Agnes and her mother know how to entertain; it's a real pleasure to his self possession for an instant when he recognized the well dressed young man be go to supper there. But I've kept the best to the last. There was one addition to the usual display of young men-a tall, straight, hand-some, manly, awfully stylish fellow, that set said Phil, in absont minded fashion-"and lots of all the girls' tongues running. You've seen him, but I'll bet you a pound of candy you other people, of course." Marge looked curiously at Phil's avertee can't guess his name." "Oh, don't make me guess when I'm not face and went down stairs. Phil remained long enough to find that his mind was in an

"It-was-Philip-Hayn!" said Lucis, so earnestly that she seemed almost tragical. "Lucia Tramlay!" exclaimed Margie, dropcia. As supper was served soon after he went down, his wish was speedily gratified. From that time forward his eye sought her ping her chin and staring blankly. "Not that country fellow who used to drive us down to the beach at Haynton!" continually, although he tried to speak again to every one to whom he had been intro duced. How he envied Lucia's father, who

"The very same; but he's not a country fellow now. Upon my word I shouldn't have known him if I hadn't known he had been invited and would probably come. I was in terror lest he would come dressed as he did to our reception last week, and the girls would get over their admiration of his talk and the more their admiration of his ple walked home from parties, and stood a long time at the gate, when maid and man talk and tonse me about him. But you never pany began leave talking; he stood at the foot of the stair that he might have one more in your life saw so splendid looking a fellow -you really didn't. And he was very attenglance at her. As she came down she was an entirely new picture, though none the less charming, in her wraps. And-oh, bliss!tive to me; he had to be; I took pos him from the first. He doesn't dance, so couldn't keep him dangling, but I had him to myself wherever men could be most useful "See me to the carriage, Phil, and then find pape for me." Margie, what are you looking so woode aboutf How tenderly he handed her down the car now tenderly he handed her down the car-puted stone steps! He had seen pictures of such scenes, and tried to conform his poses with those he recalled. He opened the car-riage door. Lucia stepped in, but her train could not follow of its own volition, so Phil

"The idea!" said Margie, in a far away voice, as if her thoughts were just starting back from some distant point. "That heavy sober fellow becoming a city beau1 It's like Cinderelia and the princess. Do pinch me, so I may be sure I'm not dreaming." "Margio," whispered Lucia, suddenly seat-ing herself on the bedside, and, instead of the

desired pinch, burying her check on a pillow close against her sister's shoulder, "after ho had put me into the carriage he kissed my hand—oh, ever so many times." "Why, Lucia Tramlay! Where was papa?

"He hadn't come down yet." "Goodness! What did you say or do?"

"What could 11 Before I could think at all 'twas all over and he was in the house."

"That country boy a flirt!" exclaimed Mar-gie, going off into blankness again. "He isn't a flirt at all," replied Lucia, sharply. "You ought to have learned, even in the country, that Philip Hayn is in earnest in whatever he says or does."

"Ob, dear!" moaned Margie; "I don't want countrymen making love to my sister."

"I tell you again, Margie, that he's simply a splendid gentleman—the handsomest and most stylish of all whom Agnes Dinon in-vited—and I won't have him abused when he's been so kind to me." "Lu," said Margie, turning so as to give

one of Lucia's shoulders a vigorous shake, "I believe you think Phil Hayn is in love with you!" "What else can I think ?" said Lucia, with-

out moving her head. Her sister looked at her in silence a moment, and replied: "A good deal more, you dear little wretch

you can think you're in love with him, and what is more, you are thinking so this very

ininuta. Confess, now?" Lucia was silent; she did not move her head, except to press it deeper into the pil-low, nor did she change her gaze from the wall on the opposite side of the room; never theless, she manifested undoubted signs of guilt. Her sister bent over her, embraced her, covered her checks with kisses and called ter tender names, some of which had been al-most unheard since narsery days. When at last Lucia allowed her eyes to be looked into, her sister took both her hands, looked roguish, and said:

Say, Lu, how does it feel to be in lovel Is It anything like what novels tell about?" "Don't ask me," excinimed Lucia, "or]

shall have a fit of crying right away." "Well, I'll let you off-for a little while, if you'll tell me how it feels to have your hand kinsed "

"It feels," said Lucia, meditatively, "as if something rather heavy was pressing upon your glove."

you're real mean!" protested the

thousands of stock indicators throughout the

whom the aforesaid "tape" seemed the breath of life, began to wonder whether, in the language of Wall street, he had not a "privi-lege" upon which he might "realize." If the upward movement of iron was to continue and become general. Tramlay would un-doubtedly to among those who would benefit by it. Would the result be immediate, or would Tramlay first have to go into liquidawould Tranniay first have to go into liquida-tion, after the manner of many negrehants who through a long depression keep up an appearance of business which is destroyed by the first opportunity for actual transactions! Margo had long before, for business purposes, made some acquaintances in the bank with which Trannay did business, but he did not darge to inquire two polatelly about hils dare to inquire too pointedly about his friend's balance and discounts. Besides, Marge had learned, through the published schedules of liabilities of numerous insolvents, that some business men have a way of hor rowing privately and largely from relatives and friends.

He would risk nothing, at any rate, by gentle and graceful increase of attention to Lucia. He flattered himself that he was quite competent to avoid direct proposal un-til such time as might entirely suit him. As for Lucia, she was too fond of the pleasure of the senson just about to open to hold him to account were he to offer her some of them. The suggestion that his plans had a merce nary aspect did not escape him, for even a slave of the stock tape may have considera-ble conscience and self respect. He explained to himself that he did not esteem Lucia solely for her possible expectations; she was good, pretty, vivacious, ornamental, quite intelli-gent—for a girl, and he had an honest ten-derness for her as the daughter of a woman he had really loved many years before, and might have won had he not been too deliberate. But his income was not large enough to support the establishment he would want as a married man, so he would have to de pend to a certain extent upon his wife, or upon her father. It was solely with this view, he explained

to himself, that he had made careful recon-noissances in other directions; if some ladies who would have been acceptable-Miss Agns Dinon, for instance-had not been able to estimate him rightly as a matrimonial candi date, he was sure that they as well as he had been losers through their lack of perception As matters now stood, Lucia was his only ap parent chance in the circle where he belonge and preferred to remain. His purpose to ad-vance his suit was quickened, within a very few days, by the announcement on the tap that a rolling mill in which he knew Tran was largely interested had received a very large order for railroad iron and would open at once. But indications that iron was looking up

were not restricted to the business portion of the city. Tramlay, who, like many anothe hard headed business man, lived solely for his family, had delighted his wife and daugh-ters by announcing that they might have a long run on the continent the next year. And one morning at breakfast he exclaimed:

"Do any of you know where that young Hayn is stopping? I want him." "Why, Edgar!" said Mrs. Tramlay.

"What are you going to do to him, papa! asked Margie, seeing that Lucia wanted t know, but did not seem able to ask.

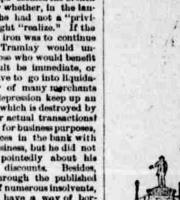
"I want another clerk," was the reply, "an I believe Hayn is just my man. I can teach him quickly all he needs to know, and I want some one who I am sure hasn't speculation or the brain, nor any other bad habits. That young Hayn commands respect-from me, at any rate. I used to find down in the country that he, like his father, knew better than I what was going on in the world. I believe he'll make a first rate business man; I'm will

ing to try him, at any rate." Marge stole a glance at Lucia; that youn; lady was looking at a chicken croquette intently as if properly to manage such a morsel with a fork required alert watchful

"The idea of a farmer's boy in a New York merchant's counting room !" exclaimed Tramlay.

'You seem to forget, my dear, that nearly all the successful merchants in New York were once country boys, and that all the new men who are making their mark are from everywhere but New York itself."

city. It naturally followed that Mr. Marge, to



The base of the monument is to be f feet above the ground and thirty-six feet square. At the corners of this base are four square pedestals with rounded cor-ners raised above the top of the base. Approaches rise from the four sides to the top of the base, and a heavy the top of the base, and a heavy bronze railing, terminated above and below against a molded and rich bronze post with a lamp on the top, runs along the with a lamp on the top, runs along the sides of them. From the center of the base the shaft of the monument rises to a height of seventy feet. The shaft is quare, and becomes smaller from the base to the top. At each corner of the shaft a pedestal, composed of a base, column and capital standing against the shaft of the monument, rises from the top of the base to a height of twelve feet. A bronze door in one of the four faces of the shaft opens into a circular well in the center of the shaft, and a round iron staircase leads to the platform at or near the top.

The monument is to be built of granite, with cut moldings and carved ornamentations. On each of the eight pedestals there will be single figure statues of men who entered into the spirit and work of emancipation on the rostrum and battlefield. The summit will be crowned with a huge bronze figure, rep-resenting the colored soldier who left the menial work of a slave, and, learning the practice of war, fought for the freedom of himself and loved ones. Dates and historical incidents connected with the slavery of the colored race in North America will be inscribed on three sides of the obelisk, between the corner pedestals. From the base to the foot of the crowning statue the height is seventy-four feet, which represent the number of years of human slavery suffered under the American constitution, from 1789 to 1863. The names of the contributors will be placed in a box which will be built into a secure place in the monument, probably the corner store.

No more appropriate site could have been chosen for this monument than Springfield, the home and resting place of Lincoln, the great emancipator.

Shades of Green in Dress.

There is a great variety of shades of green, more than I ever believed possi-ble. There is a gray that is green in some lights, so soft and delicate that it captivates the eye at once, and from that on up through old sage to emerald, that on up through old sage to emerald, ivy and parrot to olive and mose, and the purples are nearly as various. The browns, with red, yellow, orange and green patterns in plaids, are to be seen in bewildering variety. The patterns are all large, but graceful and artistle, for which last we ought to be thankful, for what would we do if the old crude col-ors had been given us in such decided contrasts? We would have to wear them, anyhow.-Olive Harper.

ASTER Philip Hayn retired from is second evening in New York sock ty with feelings very different from those which his rather heavy heart and head had car ried down to Sol Mantring's sloop only a short week

try" or looked cu-

least one lady, in a late party that boarded the elevated train on which he was returning to his hotel, regarded him with evident ad miration. Not many days before, even this sort of attention would have made him uncomfortable, but the experiences of his evening at Miss Dinon's had impressed him with the probability that he would be to a certain degree an object of admiration, and he was already prepared to accept it as a matter of course-very much, in fact, as he had been taught to accept whatever else which life

gard him unfavorably. Perhaps she did not love him-he was modest enough to admit that there was no possible reason why should-yet she had not attempted to with draw that little hand-blessit!-when he was covering it with kisses. She had appropriated in the loveliest way imaginable, not only once but several times during the evening ring marked preference for him. Per haps this was not so great a compliment as at sight it seemed, for, hold his own face figure in as low esteem as he might he

20 before. No one called him "coun-2.

Nr. riously at his attire; on the contrary, at

ed sure to bring. Of one thing he felt sure: Lucia did not re-

on. True,