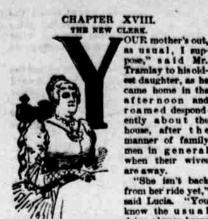
COUNTRY LUCK

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

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as usual, I sup-pose," said Mr. Tramlay to his oldest daughter, as he came home in the afternoon and roamed despondently about the house, after the manner of family men in general

are away. from her ride yet,"

drive always keeps ber out until about 6 " "I ought to know it by this tim pose," said the merchant, "and I don't be grudge her a moment of it, but somehow the house is never quite the same when she is out

Lucia looked at her father with a little wonder in her face. Then she laughed, not very cheerfully, and said: "Father, do you know that you're dreadfully old fashioned?"
"I suppose so. Maybe it's force of habit."

Lucia still wondered. She loved her mother in the instinctive, not over intelligent way of most young people, but really she could not see what there was about the estimable wo man that should make her father long to see her every day of the year and search the houss for her whenever he returned. She had never heard her father make romantic speeches, such as nice married people some times do in novels; and as for her mother what did she ever talk of to her liege lord but family bills, the servants, the children's faults, and her own ailments? Could it be, she asked herself, that this matter of fact couple said anything when alone that was unlike what the whole family heard from them daily at the table and in the sitting

"Why are you looking at me so queerly?" suddenly asked the father. Lucia recovered herself, and said:
"I was only wondering whether you never got tired of looking for mother as soon as you

"Certainly not," said the merchant 'Most husbands do, sooper or later," said

"Perhaps I will, some day," the father replied; "and I can tell you when it will be.
"Tell," said Lucia.

"I think 'twill be about the day after eternity ends," was the reply. "Not a day sooner. But what do you know about what some hus-bands do, you little simpleton? And what put the subject into your little head?"
"Oh, I don't know," said Lucia, dropping

and discords. "It came into my mind; that's

"Well, I hope that some day you'll find out to your own satisfaction. By the way, I wish you'd get out of that morning gown. My new clerk is coming to dinner. 'Oh, dear! then I'll have dinner sent up to

my room, I think. I don't feel a bit well, and it's awful to think of sitting bolt upright in a tight dress for an hour or two." And stool, and looked forlors and cross. "I suppose it would be impossible to dine in a dress that is not tight?" said the father. 'Papa, please don't tease me; I don't feel

bit well: really I don't." "What is the matter, child?" asked the father, tenderly. "Too much candy!-too few parties?"

few parties?"

"Oh, nothing that I know of," said the girl, wearily. "I'll feel better when real cold weather comes, I suppose." She played with the piano keys a moment or two, and con-"So you have a new clerk. I hope he's

nice—not a mere figuring machine?"
"Quite a fine fellow," said the merchant.
"At least be seems to be." "Is be-have you given him the place you intended to offer Philip Hayn?"

"The iron business is real good for a young men to get into, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is, since iron has looked up."
"And that stupid fellow might have had the chance if he hadn't gone off home again

without even calling to say good by I" "Oh, I don't want to see him," said Lucia pettishly. "I'm tired of young men."
"What a mercy it is that they don't know it!" said her father. "They'd all go off and

commit suicide, and then merchants couldn't have any clerks at all." 'Now, papa!" said Lucia, with a crash on the lower octaves of keys, followed by a querulous run, with her thumb, over the shorter strings. "Is the new clerk anybody in particular! What is his name?"

Philip Hayn." Lucia sprang from the piano stool and almost strangled her father with her slender

'Gracious, Lu!" exclaimed the merchant "Your mother's family must have descended from a grizzly bear. But why this excite

Because you're a dear, thoughtful old man, who's always trying to do good," said Lucia. "If 'tweren't for you that poor young man might never have a chance in the world. I think it's real missionary work to help deserving people who aren't able to help themselves; I know it is, for our minister has said so from the pulpit again and again."

remembers some of the things she hears in church," said the merchant. young Hayn deserves a chance in the world,

"I only know what you yourself have said about him," said Lucia, demurely. "Good girl! always take your father's advice about young men and you'll not be mis taken in human nature. Which cut of the roast chicken shall I send up to your room! "Ob, I'll try to come down as it's only Phil; maybe I can coax Margie to help me

Lucia slipped slowly from the room, but went up the stairs like a whiriwind. The at sat down at the piano and made as dreadful a succession of noises as the much afficted instrument had ever endured. He

had to do something.

A quarter of an hour later Lucia floated down stairs in a robe of pale blue, her face as fresh and bright as dawn. "Sunrise at sunset!" exclaimed her father.

"Well, girls are possessed to upset the natural order of things, I suppose. But, my dear daughter, you've put the rouge on too thick; don't you think sof"

Father!" exclaimed the girl, and the flush of her cheeks spread to her brow.
"Edgar," said Mrs. Tramlay, who came in

a moment or two after, "see how foolish you were to think Lucia ill. I never saw her

looking better." ," said the merchant, dryly; "I told her the doctor was coming. That's often enough to cure the ailments of some children, you know." Then the merchant devoted ten minutes of business tact to the task of explaining to his wife the reasons of Philip's return to New York; he also enlarged upon the Haynton Bay Improvement company, and the probability that if the Tramlays were to build the first and handsomest house on the new property Mrs. Tramlay would naturally be the fashionable leader of whatever section or sub-section of society might select the place summer home. Mrs. Tramlay was inclined to be conservative on the subject, but when she learned that Marge was a stockholder and director in the company she became quite

Phil was not so happy as he should have been while on his way to the Tramlays'. He wondered how he should be able to greet Lucia without betraying the mixed emotions which he was sure the first sight of her face would cause him. He had a firm conviction that he would feel awkward and act accord-

ingly, and bis reflembrance of various men whom he had seen behaving awkwardly in the presence of young ladies made him quite certain that Lucia and Margie would laugh at him when his back was turned. He did not him when his back was turned. He did not realize that in meeting, as well as in fighting, the burden of action does not all rest upon one person. Neither did he take into consideration the tact which some maidens acquire in a year or two spent in society. As he was ushered into the parlor, with a face which he was sure was sober and set, Lucia approached him with a pleasant smile and exclaimed, as heartily and unaffectedly as if she were a Haynton girl:

were a Haynton girl:
"How do you do, Phill I'm ever so glad
to see you back again."

Away went all sense of soberness, hesita-tion and doubt; the young man's soul leaped to his face, and he held so long the little hand to his face, and he held so long the little hand offered him that Lucia, perhaps remembering some impulsive demonstrations toward that graceful member, withdrew it before any attempt to release it had begun. Then the girl began a rapid series of questions about Hayn Farm and its occupants, and Phil made cheery replies, and Tramlay, after gazing at the couple from the back parlor, retired to his library to indulge undisturbed in as much vigorous and affirmative head shaking as the situation seemed to justify.

"How do you think you will like the iron

"How do you think you will like the iron business, Mr. Hayn, asked Mrs. Tramlay at "Greatly, so far as I know it." Phil replied.

"Up to date my duties have been to go to lunch, read the morning papers and chat with a railroad company's vice president about off shore fishing."
"We always try to break in our young

men pleasantly," said Tramlay, "so they be willing to promise long service for sma money: then we begin to put on beavier chains, one by one."

"Papa's clerks have a bard time if they happen to be nice," said Lucia. "They have to get postage stamps for Margie and me when we happen in at the office, and find small change for us when we lose our pocket-books, and take us out to lunch when we come down town and don't find papa in, and cometimes they have to come to trains for us when we've been a few miles out of town on a visit and the team doesn't get in before in k."
"Then I shall earnestly strive to be nice,"

"There's some down town place," said Margie, "where papa get's lovely candy a great deal cheaper than up Broadway; but he forgets it half the time, so we sometimes have one of the clerks order it sent to papa's desk-that is, clerks who know how to candy," said Margie.

"My education in that respect," said Phil, "has not been as thorough as if I could have foreseen such necessity for it; but I will resume my studies at once."

"Are you a good judge of teat" asked Lu-cia. "Mamma has not been quite herself since one of papa's clerks went to Pennsyl-vania to take charge of a rolling mill. The good man used to spend hours in the tea im-parters, warehouse down as in the tea importers' warehouses, down near the office, dotes on.

"You children are not to worry Phil with any of your trifling affairs," said the head of the house. "I want you all to understand that, besides having a desk in my office, he is a large operator in real estate-a capitalista sort of monopolist, in fact, for he is secre-tary and a director of the Haynton Bay Imovement company, which monopolizes one the finest bits of shore front on the At-"Haynton Bay!" said Lucia, in wonder

"Why, that is where Havn Farm is." Wise child!" said her father; "and that fine bluff portion of the farm that overlooks the bay is the company's property. You'll never again cut your shoes to pieces on the out stubble on that bluff, for when next you see the place it will be covered by fine villas the bandsomest of which you probably will some day see mentioned in the newspapers as the country seat of the well known merchi

erince, Edgar Tramlay, Esq., father of the "Edgar! Edgar!" said Mrs. Tramlay "And, as I was saying," continued Tram-lay, no purchaser's title will be good without the signature and official seal of Mr. Philip

Hayn. Candy and postage stamps, indeed! Why, such a man's time ought to be valued at about a dollar a minute." Then Phil was rich, Lucia said to herself She did not much care, and she knew even less, about business details; a fortune paper was as good as any other kind, so far as she knew; but what she did very distinctly understand was that no one, not even her mother, would again have occasion to speak of Phil as a poor man, or even a country-man. Some young men who were accounted great catches were only secretaries and even assistant secretaries of one thing or other: she knew it, because she had seen their names in dividend notices and other advertisements in newspapers. How would the change in his fortunes affect her mother, she wondered. Mrs. Tramlay certainly was more affable to the young man than she ever had been before, and after dinner she even took Phil's arm in returning to the parlor; the act signi-

fied nothing to Phil, but it set Lucia's little heart dancing gayly.
When Phil departed, soon after dinner, to accompany his father, by request, to a meeting of the "Society for the Amelioration of the Spiritual Condition of Savage Tribes, Lucia lost very little time in signaling Margie with her eyes and going up to her room. moment later Margie bounced in, closed the door, and exclaimed:

'Lucia Tramlay! I wouldn't have be lieved it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. The idea of mamma, with the blood of a do High Dutch and Mayflower families in her veins, taking the arm of a countryman "When there was no call for her to take

any one's arm," added Lucia, "the affair be ing only an every day family dinner. Twas simply paralyzing," said Margie "but it was a sign that everything will be all right from this time forward. Dear me! I can imagine just how your new visiting cards will look; 'Mrs. Philip Hayn.'"

"Margie, Margie," said Lucia, in a quick hisper, "do be quiet. I don't even know whisper, whether he really loves me." That's because you didn't sit at table where you see his face all the while, as I did Besides, a stone image would fall in love with

you to-night you never looked so perfectly entrancing in all your life." So, between all she had seen and heard Lucia's head was crowded with pleasant dreams long before it pressed its pillow.

CHAPTER XIX.



ETWEEN his duties at the office of the Haynton Bay Improvement com est desire to master the mysteries of the iron trade. Philip Hayn found very little time for drop ping into moody reflections. Like many another young man in business, he became convinced that a great

deal of telling work might be done outside of business hours; so he spent many evenings and occasional days employer, and of the Improvement company in which Mr. Tramlay was as largely

ested as himself. He had more than business to absorb his thoughts, for his stock of knowledge regarding aman nature was at first entirely inac to the demands made upon it. At Haynton it was a safe rule that a man whose appearan and manner were those of a gentleman could be safely regarded as, at least, an honest man, in New York he found this assumption caused some of his plans to be utterly shat-

tered by Tramlay's more experienced hand. The railroad men who wanted iron, to be paid for partiy by stock in their reads, he learned to distrust if they were habitually well dressed and wore kid gloves when visiting Tramlay's office, but he occasionally saw his employer prefer as a preprint and appearant. ing Tramlay's office, but he occasionally saw his employer neglect an appointment, even with his family, and devote his entire time to some insignificant, budly dressed little fellow, and even to an occasional awkward man who seemed, as he really was, the farmer secretary and treasurer of a lot of fellow farmers who had planned a short road for their own benefit. The amount of cash that such a man could pay was seldom large, but not so the probable profit on the stock which Tamlay received "to boot."

A pleasing relief from the work of his two offices was Phil's occasional evenings at Tram-

offices was Phil's occasional evenings at Tram-lay's home, which he had been so heartily lay's home, which he had been so heartily urged to regard as his own that he no longer waited for special invitations. In spite of his pressing duties he had devoted himself to being "nice," as Lucia had termed the condition which made the family avail themselves of the services of Mr. Tramlay's clerks. He improved upon his instructions so far as always to have in his pockets enough postage stamps for the girl's letters, and to see that boxes of candies from "the place somewhere down town" reached the house without first lying neglected for a day or two upon his down town" reached the house without first lying neglected for a day or two upon his employer's desk. When Maggie and Lucia were returning from a show visit out of town he was at station, wharf or ferry to meet them, regardless of what railway mag-nate from out of town might be already acaway afterward was always sweetened by the gentle protests that no subsequent con-versation could banish from his ear.

And yet, as he informed himself in occa-sional moments of leisure, the interest that lay closest to his heart was not being ad-vanced visibly. Lucia seemed lways glad to meet him, always sorry to part with him; but was she not so to all mere acquaintances whose society was not unpleasing? She never made an excuse to cut short his conversation, no matter if he talked on subjects of which she evidently was ignorant; but had he not sho evidently was ignorant; out had no not always been accustomed to patient listeners? She sometimes asked questions that seemed beyond her taste, as the subjects certainly were beyond her ken; but might not ordi-nary human desire for knowledge prompt any girl to do the same?

Sometimes he would bitterly inform him-self that of his host's two daughters any listener might imagine Margie, instead of her sister, the object of his affection. Margie, whose feelings and manner and enthusiasm lacked the restraint which a year or two of society will impose on an observing maiden, was as artless and effusive and affectionate as Phil were an ideal older brother, if not lover. Of course Margie was not in love with him; for was she not continually sounding Lucia's praises? To her the world seemed to live and move and have its being solely for Lucia. Phil had never before seen such af fection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled some frequen passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year be fore. Margie seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as well as a new sensation, he having no sisters of his own, but he did wish that the same

be manifested by Lucia. Another disquieting thought came from the frequency with which Marge visited the Tramley abode. He had heard almost too much of Margo before he ever saw him, but now he saw far more. It seemed that Phil never could visit the Tramlays without either finding Marge already there, or having him in just as a pleasant tete-a-tete with Lucia was fairly under way. That Marge did not approve of the cordiality with which Phil was received was quite evident, in spite of his impassive demeanor, and Phil felt none the easier that Margo showed him many courtesies, and introduced him quite freely among his club acquaintances. Marge ex-plained that many of these geutlemen had money and might be persuaded to purchase cottage sites of the Haynton Bay company but if this was his purpose why did he not conduct the negotiations himself? Occasionally Phil suspected that there were dark de-signs hidden in Marge's invitations to quiet little games at the club, and his rather sneer-ing replies, to Phil's refusals, that all gentle men played cards sometimes; still, such games as he chanced to see were not for large sums, nor were they attended by any of the excite ment that is supposed to make inexperienced

Almost as disturbing was Mrs. Tramlay's manner. At times she was affable and almost hearty in her manner toward Phil; again she was reserved and distant. What did it mean! Did she divine his purpose and resent it? or could it be that she was impatient that he did not pay his court with more fervor! have overheard some of the conver sations of which he was the subject, he would have been enlightened, yet scarcely more

"Edgar," said Mrs. Tramlay to her husband with any serious intentions."

one evening, "young Hayn comes here so much that no one else is likely to visit Lucia "Well, why should they?" asked her hus

band. "Isn't he good enough for a son-in-"I'm not even sure that he aspires to that position," said Mrs. Tramlay.
"Aren't you! I'm afraid, then, you'll soon

need to wear glasses, my dear."
"Don't joke about it, please; it's a serious

'Yes," sighed the merchant; "one's first

"You know very well I don't mean glasses," said the lady, with some petulance. "This is Lucia's second season, and desirable young men are rare. Twould be unfair to her to have a man dawdling about her, acting frequently as her escort". 'Assisted by her mother"-

"That doesn't alter the case; it makes it all the graver in other people's eyes."
"Well, my dear, I see plainly enough that roung Hayn has fixed intentions; and I'm as fully satisfied that they are entirely to Lu's "Then the question is, should it be allowed

"Why not, if they love each other, or "Because we want our first daughter to

make as good a match as possible, and I don't see that the young man's prospects are very brilliant. It the Improvement company shouldn't succeed he'll be nothing but your clerk, with no certainty nor any expecta-"I feel entirely easy about the money I'v

put into the Improvement company," said the merchant, "and Phii will do as well as I. he having an equal number of shares. If worst comes to worst with him from that speculation, and be and Lu continue to like each other, I can take him into partnership. That would give him financial standing; there are plenty of young man of good families who would pay well for such an opportunity, for iron is up, and to stay.

Mrs. Tramlay tossed her head and replied: I didn't ever suppose it would be necessary to set a young man upon his feet in order to get a husband for one of our daughters." 'Quite right; don't suppose so yet, either,

for I assure you he is fully earning whatever it might me necessary to give him. I find that it makes a very favorable impression upon the class of people who visit the iron houses, or whom the iron houses look after. He's already got two or three desirable little orders, besides being on the track of others. "But he's only a clerk, after all," persisted

Mrs. Tramlay. "Say but the word and I'll make him my partner to morrow," said Tramlay.
"Don't be hasty," replied the lady, in some alarm. "He is not Lucia's only chance, you know."

Tramlay looked inquiringly; his wife appeared embarrassed, and averted her eyes, "Oh! You mean Marge, I suppose! Well, if Lu should really want him I wouldn't like to make her unhappy by saying no. But really, my dear"-here the merchant put his arm around his wife-"really, now, don't you think that a man who was a beau of yours a quarter of a century ago is rather mature to be the husband of an impulsive

Young wives can't live on impulse alone," said Mrs. Tramlay. "Mr. Margo has means."
"Not to any great extent, that any one has been able to discover," interrupted the mer-

"And he has social position, which is of more importance in New York than any-thing else," continued the wife. "He knows many prominent people whom we do not, and if he were to marry Lucia it would improve Margie's opportunities. We haven't gone into society as much as we should, and I'm afraid hters will have to suffer for it." "Don't trouble your head with any such

said the husband, with more than hu usual earnestness. "Girls like ours—bless them!—aren't going to make bod matches." "Besides," said Mrs. Tramlay, retracking her thoughts, "Mr. Marge doesn't look the least bit old; he is not the kind of man to

grow old. I can't see that he appears a day older than he did years ago."

"Bless your sentimental heart!" said the merchant. "He doesn't, ch! Weil, it does you credit to think so, and it doesn't make me jealous in the least."

"If the company succeeds," continued Mrs. Tramlay, "Mr. Margo will be as much the

gainer as you or young Hayn, won't hef' "Certainly."
"Then he'll be that much better off than

this young man you're so fond of?"
"Yes, if he does nothing foolish in the mean time; but I have my doubts of the financial stability of any man who can't pass a stock ticker without looking at it. Wall street exists solely for the purpose of sorbing such men's money."
"Mr. Marge is no fool," said Mrs. Tramlay

"He's no wiser than some veterans who have had to leave their millions in the street and live on their children forever afte "The Improvement company has only about Just forty.

"And two thousand an acre is the most you hope for!" "That would be eighty thousand dollars; "If I've eighty goes twenty times, and"—
"If I'd known you'd such a head for business I would have asked you to put a house-keeper in charge of the family, so I could

have your services at the office," said Tram "Twenty thousand dollars would be very

little for a young man to marry on in New York—and in our set."
"Twenty thousand, and a salary which I must soon increase in simple justice; also, expectations from his father's estate in the course of time. I don't remember to have told you, though, that the young man was ther should buy options on the continuation of the ridge—there are several hundred acres in all, distributed among different farms-and the old fellow has worked it so skilifully that we have the refusal of it all, for a year at a trifling outlay in money. There's genuine city business capacity in that young

"It appears so," Mrs. Trainlay admitted. This admission might have been of great comfort to Phil could be have heard it, but as he never received any information, except through his alternating hopes and suspi-

cions, he was obliged to remain in doubt. His principal hope, aside from that based on Lucia's willingness to devote any amoun of time to him, was obtained through the was communicative as wise merchants usu-ally are to their employes; he was also con-fidential; evidently he trusted Phil implicitly, for he told the new clerk all his business xpectations and hopes, instructed him care fully regarding every one whom the young man was to see for business purposes, and threw much important work upon him. It seemed impossible to misconstrue the purpose of all this; at the very least, it implied a high order of respect; and the respect of a possible father-in-law was not an ally to be under rated. Besides, Tramlay frequently put Lucia in his charge when she was out for an evening; and this implied a still higher order of

But, after all, the hopes that were strong est and most abiding were formed in the Tramlay parlor, while Lucia was apparently only acting the part of a listener. The young man occasionally found himself expressin his own opinion freely, and to great extent on subjects that interested him, and the flor of language was interrupted only by badly concealed yawns from Mrs. Tramlay and Margie. Where to them could be the interest in the latest campaign against the Indians, or methods of ventilating school rooms or the supposed moral purpose underlying England's continued occupation of Egypt Such questions were fit only for men, the Mrs. Translay and her second daughter: the mother sometimes said, after excusing her-self from impromptu lectures on these or kindred topics, that the young man from the rie half believed that Phil only began what she denominated "harangues" in order to clear the room, so that he might have Lucia

But to all that Phil said, no matter how attentively, and often with an air of interes Sometimes she attained sufficient grasp of a statement to reconstruct it, in words, though not in facts, and return it to the origina maker, who in the blindness of bliss immedi-ately attributed it to Lucia's mental superiority to the remainder of the family. he seen her afterward perplexedly pinching browns she appealed to cyclopedia o dictionary to make his meaning clearer, be might have revised his opinion as to her tellect, yet he would have been the surer of o him just then was more desirable than the collective intellect of the world.

CHAPTER XX.



R. MARGE had breathed a gentle sigh of relief when ha heard of Philip Hayn's sudden de parture from the netropolis: had be known the cause of the young man's gratitude have given a fine dinner to the male gossip who had said in Phil's

hearing that Marge was to marry Lu cia. Not knowing of this rumor, he called at the Tramlay abode, estensibly to invite Lucia and her mother to the theatre, and from the manner of the ladies he assumed that Phil, with the over confidence of youth, had proposed and been rejected. Marge's curiosity as to what the head of the family could want of the young man was allayed by Mrs. Tramlay's statement that the visit was due wholly to her husband's ridiculous manner of inviting each country acquaintance to come and see him if he ever reached New York; his subsequent hospitality to Philip was only for the purpose of keeping on good terms with some old fashioned people who might some day again be useful as boats, and who could not be managed exactly as pro fessional keepers of boarding houses.

But Marge's curiosity was rearoused the very day after he received this quieting information, for he chanced to meet the mer chant with the young man's father, and was introduced to the latter.

Instantly the old question returned to his lips, "What can Tramlay want of that fel-Again his curiosity subsided, when he learned of the cottage city project, and, while agreeing to assume a quarter of the ex-Framlay on his ability to find something to profit by, even while estensibly enjoying an occasional day's rest in the country. when, a day or two later, Phil reappeared and was presented to him as the old farmer' representative—as the real holder, in fact, of a full quarter of the company's stock-Marge looked suspiciously at the merchant, and asked

"What can Trainley want of that fellow?" Reasoning according to the principles on which many small real estate companies or corporations developing a patent are formed. whose shrewdness he had always held in high respect, preferred the son to the father, as being the easier victim of the two The processes of frightening out or "freezing out an inventor or farmer who had out his property in the hands of a stock company not entirely unknown to Marge, and be nat-urally assumed that they would be easier of application to a green young man like Philip than to a clear boaded old man a Farmer Hayn seemed to be. But if the rural element of the company was to be de spoiled of its own, Marge proposed to see that not all the spoils should go to the merchant. How better could be improve his own posi-tion with Tramlay than by making binself

the merchant's superior in finesse!
He would have the advantage of being able to watch Phil closely, and of knowing first when he might be inclined to sell out at a sacrifice, should the young man, like most of his age and extraction, develop an insatiable appetite for city joys that cost money, he, Marge, would cheerfully supply him with money from time to time, taking his stock as security, and some day the merchant would suddenly find himself beaten a his own game. The mere thought of such a to same

the deliberate Marge to take a small bottle of champagne with his midday luncheon—a luxury which be usually reserved until even-

Inxury which be usually reserved until evening at the club.

But again he was startled when a light
headed friend complained that, aithough the
said friend's father had been promised a
place for his son in Tramlay's office when the
iron trade should look up, Tramlay had taken
in a countryman instead. His own eyes soon
confirmed the intelligence, and, as Tramlay
made no explanation or even mention of the
fact, Marge again found himself asking:
"What can Tramlay want of that fellow!"

"What can Trainlay want of that fellow?"
Evidently it meant either business or Lucia. Perhaps the merchant during the long depression of the iron trade had borrowed money of the young man's father, or was now borrowing of him, to avail himself of his increasing opportunities. (Marge had the city man's customary but erroneous impression as to the bank surplus of the average "well to do" farmer.) If Tramlay were merely a borrower, except against notes and bills receivable, iron had not looked up enough to justify a prudent man in becoming the merchant's son-in-law. If there had been such transactions, perhaps a share of the business was to pay for them. Inquiries of his banking acquaintances did not make the matter clearer to Marge; so he resolved to devote himself to What can Training want of that fellow!" to Magge; so he resolved to devote himself to the new clerk, as he could safely do in his capacity of co-director of the Improvement company. The young man had considerable self possession, Marge admitted to himself; but what would it avail against the fine methods of a man of twice his years, all spent among men who considered it legitimate business to pry into the business affairs of

So Marge began operations at once; no time was to be lost. He had no difficulty in making his approaches, and his courtesies were so deftly offered that Phil could not help accepting many of them and feeling grateful for kindness rendered. The young man's suspicions were soon disarmed, for, like honorable natures in general, he abhorred suspicion. That there was a purpose in all of Marge's actions Phil could not avoid be-lieving, but little by little he reached the con-Improvement company's prospects. As Marge himself said, Phil knew the company's land thoroughly, and was the only person who could talk of it intelligently. Any vestiges of distrust that remained were swept away when Marge succeeded in having the priviwhen Marge succeeded in having the privi-leges of his club extended to Phil for three months, pending application for admission. It was a small club, and exclusive; Phil heard it named almost reverently by some young men who longed to pass its portals, and among its members were a few men of a social set more prominent than that in which

To Marge's delight, Phil began to spend money freely at the club; Marge had seen other young men do likewise, and there was but one end to be expected if their parents are not rich. Phil drank no wine, smoked no cigars, yet when he thought it proper to give a little dinner the best that the club's caterer could supply was on the table. He did not seem to have any other expensive babits, except that he dressed so carefully that his tailor's bill must be large; still, man who gives dinners at clubs must have plenty of money. From being a source of gratification, Phil's free use of money began gradually to cause Marge dismay. Where did it all come from! He could scarcely be earning it in his capacity of junior clerk in an iron house. Could it be that Tramlay had him in training for the position of son-inlaw, and was paying the cost of introducing him favorably to the notice of some sets of New York society to whom he could not present him at his own house? Such a course would be quite judicious in a father desiring wider acquaintance for his daughter when she should become a bride; but, if it really were being pursued, would he, Marge, ever hear the end of the rallying to which his own

part in the programme would subject him?
There was more torment in this view of
the case than Marge had over experienced in
his life before, and it robbed him at times of his habitual expression to an extent that was noticeable and made him the subject of some club chat. No matter how exclusive a club may be, no matter how careful in the selection of its members that none but gentlemen may be upon its list, it cannot prevent small, gradual, but distinct and persisten aggregation of gossips-fellows whose ene gies, such as they are, tend solely to investigation of the affairs of their acquaintances. There was not an hour of the day or night when several of these fellows could not be found at Marge's club, lounging as listless! and inconspicuously as so many incurables at a hospital, but Marge knew by experience that these were the only fellows worth going to if he wanted to know all that was being said about a member, particularly if it was un-complimentary. And now, comfound them, possibly they were talking about him, and ntimating that he was being used to improve

the standing of his own rival! Still, as he informed himself, all his annoy ance came from a mere supposition, which might be entirely without foundation. Perhaps the young man had means of his own; he had not looked like it when he first appeared in New York, but appearances some times were deceitful. Marge had heard Tram lay allude to Phil's father as an honest old farmer to whom fortune had not been any too generous; but perhaps be had been esti-mating the old man's possessions only by New York standards; was it not the farming class that originally took up the greater part of the government's great issues of bonds?

And, yet, if the young man had money o his own or of his father's, where did he keep it! Had he ever displayed a check, to indicate his banking place, Marge would have found ways of ascertaining the size and na ture of his account. But, though he had several times seen Phil pay bills which were rather large, the settlements were always made with currency. Was it possible, Marge asked himself, that the traditional old stock ing was still the favorite bank of deposit for the rural community? It might have lieved his mind to know that the countr man's customary method, when he has money is to carry a great deal of currency, and that instead of making payments by check he

draws bank notes with which to pay. And so the weeks went on, and Marge did not accomplish anything that he had intended when he began to devote himself to the young man from the country. Phil borrow money, squandered none at cards, did not run into dissipation, offered no confidences, and, although entirely approachable, was as se-cretive about his personal affairs as if he had been sworn to silence. Even on the subject of Lucia, which Margo had cautiously approached several times, he talked with a calmness that made Marge doubt the evidence of his own senses. Phil did not even wince when Marge reminded him of the horse knew of that would match Marge's own, the reason assigned being that the sleighing sea son was coming and he would be likely to frequently take the ladies of the Tramlay family out behind two horses. On the con trary, Phil had the horse found and sent to New York at his own expense, saying he could make himself even by selling, in case

the animal did not please Marge.

The horse arrived; he pleased Marge, who was delighted with the impression the new team made upon the family and his acquaint ances generally, Phil included. Margo was not equally pleased, however, when within a few days Farmer Hayn sent his son a pair of black horses, which, though of no blood is particular, had a quality of spirit and style not to be expected of high born animals long accustomed to city pavements and restricted to the funeral gait prescribed by park com missioners' regulations. With their equally untamed country bred owner to drive them, the span created quite a sensation, and, to Marge's disgust, the Tramlays seemed to prefer them to the pair on which he had incurred extra expense for the sake of Lucia and her

His plans foiled, his wonderings unan swered, his direct questions evaded, his enmight act, and the father of his intended avoiding mention of Phil so carefully as to excite suspicion, yet inviting Marge to his house as freely as ever, the man of the world was unable to reach any fixed decision, and was obliged again and again to repeat to

mself the question:
"What can Tramlay want of that fellow?"

CHAPTER XXI. HATNTON ROUSES ITSELF.

One of the blissful possessions of the man of mature years is the soif control which spares its possessor the necessity of consuming time and vitality in profitiess excitement. Farmer Hayn, returning to his native village, had a great deal more on his mind than Phil when that youth presented him a few days here. ceded him a few days before. It is true that

Till was bemonning what he believed to be the loss of a sweetheart, but the old man's thoughts were equally full of the possible gain of a daughter—an earthly possession be had longed for through many years, but been denied. He had also a large and promising land speculation to engage his thoughts—a speculation which, apparently, would bring the family more gain in a year than thre the family more gain in a year than three generations of Hayns had accumulated in a century. He was planning more enjoyments for his gray haired, somewhat wrinkled old wife, should the Improvement company's plans succeed, than any happy youth ever devised for his bride, and he knew exactly how they would affect the good woman—a privilege which is frequently denied the newly made husband.

And yet his mind and countenance were as serene and undisturbed as if he were merely

perene and undisturbed as if he were merely looking forward to the peaceable humdrum of a farmer's winter. The appearance of fields and forests past which the train hurried him did not depress him as they did his son; a shabby farm house merely made him thank heaven that his own was more sightly and comfortable; a bit of pine barren or scrub oak reminded him, to his great satisfaction, that his own woodland could be trusted to pay some profit, to say nothing of taxes and interest. Even swampy lowlands caused his heart to warm with pride that his strong arm and stronger will had transformed similar bogs into ground more fertile than some to which nature had been kinder.

Nor did he lose his seconity when the na-tives came down on him like a famished horde of locusts and demanded news of what was going on in the city. He cheerfully told was going on in the city. He cheerfully told them rearly everything he knew and parried undesirable questions without losing his tem-per. He pointed with pride to his subsoil plow and his wife's new bread pan, and told how the lenses in his new spectacles had been made to equalize the strength of his eyes, in-stead of being both alike, as in the glasses of the village stores. He had heard all the great preachers, had a good square talk with the commission merchant to whom most Haynton farm products went, seen everything that the newspapers advertised as wonder-fully cheap, bought some seed oats larger than any ever seen in Haynton, got a Sunday hat which was neither too large nor too small, too young nor too old, and added to the family collection of pictures a photo-graph of the Washington monument and an engraving of the "Death of President Gar Geld."

Haynton and its environs simply quivered with excitement over all the news and per-sonal property which the farmer brought back; but it experienced deeper thrills when the old man told his neighbors that he knew of a plan by which they might get rid of their ridge land for an amount of money the mere interest of which would bring them more profit than the crops coaxed from that thin soil. The plan would benefit them still more should the buyer's project succeed, for a lot of cottagers would make a brisk cash market for the vegetables which Haynton ground produced so easily, and which Hayn not at present sell the surplus at any price much less at the figures which their agricul-tural newspapers told them were to be ob-tained in large cities.

Would they take ten dollars per acre for

their ridge land, the money to unless the remainder of two hundred per acre were paid within a year! Would they Well, they consented with such alacrity that the farmer soon had to write to New York for more currency. Before Thanksgiving day the Haynton Bay Improvement company controlled a full mile of shore front, and there was more money in circulation in the village than could be remembered except by the oldest inhabitant, who was reminded the good old times when in 1813 a pri-iteer, built and manned in Haynton's little bay, had carried a rich prize into New York and come home to spend the proceeds.

Small mortgages were paid off, dingy houses appeared in new suits of paint, several mothers in Israel bought new Sunday dresses, two or three farmers gave their old horses and some money for better ones, the aisle of one church was carpeted and another church obtained the bell that for years had been longed for, a veteran pastor had fifty dollars added to his salary of four hundred a year, and got the money, too; several families began to buy parlor organs on the installment plan; one farmer indulged in the previously unheard of extravagance of taking his family, consisting of his wife and himself, to New York to spend the winter, and another dedicated his newly to the reprehensible work of drinking himself

"An' it's all on account of a gal," Farmer Hayn would remark to his wife whenever be heard of any new movement that could be traced to the ease of the local money market "If our Phil hadn't got that Tramlay gal on the brain last summer, he wouldn't have gon to New York to visit; then I wouldn't have gone to look for him, and the Improvemen company wouldn't have been got up, an Phil wouldn't have batched the brilliant idea of buyin'-what did be call 'em?-ob, yes, options-buyin' options on the rest of the ridge an' there would have been no refreshir shower of greenbacks fallin' like the rai from heaven on the just an' unjust alike. It reminds me of the muss that folks got in the old country over that woman Helen, whose last name I never could find out. You remember it-'twas in the book that youn minister we had on trial an' didn't exactly like left at our house. It's just another such case, only a good deal more proper, this not bein' a heathen land. All on account of a

"If it is," Mrs. Hayn replied on one occa sion, as she took her hands from the dough she was kneading, "an' it certainly looks as if it was, don't you think it might be only fair to aliade to her more respectful? I don't like to hear a young woman that our Phil's likely to marry spoke of as just 'that Tramlay gal."

S'pose, then, I mention her as your daugh ter-in-law? But ain't it odd that all the changes that's come to pass in the last mouth or two wouldn't have happened at all if it hadn't been for Phil's bein' smitten by that gall As the Scripture says, 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." 'fire' read 'spark,' or sparkin', an' the text "Reuben!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayn, "don't

take liberties with the Word." 'It ain't no liberty," said the old man 'Like enough it'll read 'spark' in the Revised

Then wait till it does, or until you're one of the revisers," said the wife.
"All right; mebbe it would be as well," the ausband admitted. "Meanwhile, I don't mind turnin' it off an' comparin' it with an other text: 'The wind bloweth where it list eth, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.' The startin' up

Haynton an' of Phil's attachment is a good "I don't know that that's exactly reverent, either," said Mrs. Hayn, "considerin' what follers in the Book. An' what's goin' on in the neighborhood don't interest me as much as what's goin' on in my own family. I'd like to know when things is comin' to a head Fhil ain't married, nor even engaged, that we know of; there ain't no lots bein' sold by the company, or if there are we don't hear

"An' there's never any bread being baked while you're kneading the dough, old lady You remember the passage, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear? Mustn't look for fruit in the blossomin' time: even Jesus didn't find that when he looked for it on a fig tree ahead of time, you know, Pears to me you run to Scripture more than usual this mornin' " said Mrs. Hayn,

after putting her pans of dough into the What's started you?" "Oh, only a little kind of awakenin', l s'pose," said the old man. "I can't keep my mind off of what's goin' on right under m eyes, an' it's so unlike what anybody would have expected that I can't help goin' the returns, as they used to say in politics. An' when I do that there's only one way of seeing 'em, an' I'm glad I've got the eyes to

see 'em in that light "So am I," said Mrs. Hayn, gently but successfully putting a floury impression of four fingers and a thumb on her husband's head. "I s'pose it's 'cause I'm so tired of waitin' that I don't look at things just as you do. 'Pears to me there's nothin' that c up, an' that our hearts get set on, but what we've got to wait for. It gets to be awful tiresome, after you've been at it thirty or forty years. I think Phil might hurry up

rs a little." "Mebbe 'tisn't Phil's fault," suggested the farmer. "Weil," said Mrs. Hayn, with a flash be

hind her glasses, "I don't see why any gal should keep that boy a waitin, if that's what

"Don't, en?" drawled the old man; with queer suite and a quizzical look. "Well, I pose he is a good deal more takin' than his

father was. "No such thing," said the old lidy.
"Much obliged; I'm a good deal too polite to contradict—when you're so much nest, you know," the old man replied.

if it's so, what's the reason that you kept him "Why, 1-it was you see, 1-'twas-the way of it was—sho?" And Mrs. Hayn sud-denly noticed that a potted geranium in the kitchen window needed a dead leaf removed from its base.

"Yes," said her husband, following her with his eyes. "An' I suppose that's just about what Phil's gal would say, if any one was to ask her. But the longer you waited the surer I was of you, wasn't I!"

"Oh, don't ask questions when you know the answer as well as I do," said the old lady, "I want to see things come to a head; that's

"They'll come, they'll come," said the old man. "It's tryin' to wait, I know, seein' I'm doin' some of the waitin' myself; but 'the tryin of your faith worketh patience, an' let patience have her perfect work, you

remember."
"More Scripture!" signed the wife. "You're gettin' through a powerful sight of New Testament this mernin'. Reuben, an' I s'pose I deserve it, scein' the way I feel like fightin' it. But s'poso this company speculation don't come to anythin') then Phil'll be a good deal wuss off than he is now, won't be! You re-member the awful trouble Deacon Trewk got into by bein' the head of that new fangled stump and stone puller company, that didn't pull any to speak of. Everybody came down on him, an' called him all sorts of names, an' said he'd lied to 'em, an' they would go to the poor house because of the money they'd put in it on his advice, an'"——

"Phil won't have any such trouble," said the farmer, "for nobody took stock on his ad-

vice. Tramlay got up the company before we knew anythin about it, an all the puffin of the land was done by him. Besides, there's nobody in it that'll suffer much, even if things comes to the wust. Except one or two dun mies-clerks of Tramlay's-who were let in for a share or two, just to make up a board of dir. tors to the legal size, what shares ain't held by Phil and Tramlay an' that fel-ler Margo belongs to a gal."
"What! Lucia?"

No, no-another gal; mebbe I ought to call her a woman, seein' she's putty well along, although mighty bandsome an' smart. Her name's Dinon, an' Tramlay joked Phil about her once or twice, makin' out she was struck by him, but of course that's all non-sense. She's rich, an' got money to invest every once in a while, an' Tramlay put her

up to this little operation." "You're sure she ain't interested in Phill"
asked Mrs. Hayn. "I've seen no end of
trouble made between young folks by gats
that's old enough to know their own minds

"For goodness' sake, Lou Ann!" exclaimed the old farmer. "To hear you talk, anybody would a pose that in the big city of New York, where over a million people live and a mill-ion more come in from diff rent places every week, there wasn't any young man for folks to get interested in but our Phil. Reelly, old lady, I'm beginnin' to be troubled about you; that sort of feelin' that's croppin' out all the time in you makes me afeard that you've got a kind o' pride that's got to have a fallpride in our son, settin' him above all other mortal bein's, so far as enythin's concerned

"Well," said Mrs. Hayo, after apparently thinking the matter over, "if it's so I reckon it'll have to stay so. I don't b'lleve there's any hope of forgiveness for anythin' it count for seem' all the good there is in her first born. I hain't been down to York mybeen down here, one time an' another, an' if they're fair samples of the hull lot, I should think a right of our Phi! would be to all the

city gals like the shadder of a great rock in a weary land." "Who's a droppin' into Scripture now?"
saked the old farmer, moving to where he
could look his wife full in the face.

"Scripture ain't a bit too strong to use freely about our Phil-my Phil," said the old woman, pushing hor spectacles to the top of her head and beginning to walk the kitchea floor. "All the hopla', an' fearin', and waitin', an' nursin', an' teachin', an' thinkin', an' prayin', that that boy has cost comes hurryin' into my mind anythin' he ought to be an' icu't, I don't see what it is, an' I can't see where his mother's to blame for it. Whatever good there is in me I've tried to put into him, an' whatever I was lackin' in I've tried to get for him elsewhere. You've been to him ev'rythin' a father should, an' he never could have got along without you. You've been lots to him that I never could be, he bein's boy, an' I never cease thankin' heaven for it; but whenever my mind gets on a regain about him I kind o' get us mixed up, an' feel as if 'twas me instead of him that was takin' whatever happened, an' the longer it lasts the less I can think of him any other way.

The old farmer rose to his feet while this speech was under way; then he removed his hat, which he seldom did after coming into the house, unless reminded. When his wife concluded, he took both her hands and dropped upon his knees; he had often done it before-years before, when overcome by her young beauty-but never before had he done it with so much of reverence.

Continued next Saturday.

OBSERVATIONS ON WHIST.

Some of the Difficulties About Playing a Poor Hand Well. There is nothing which taxes the ability of a whist player more than the playing of a poor hand. With a good hand an ignoramus may win the game, but it takes ability to win with a poor one. This is where the strat-egic force of the whist player is brought into play. Sometimes, when the playing of one card may or may not make the game, established rule is thrown aside, and a subime nerve is shown. Then again, the player holding poor cards is often called upon to throw the lead into his partner's hand or

to keep the lead out of his opponent's hand, In order to do this be may be obliged to lead from a short suit, or to throw on a high card second hand. In brief, the player with a poor hand plays a defensive game. He is so to speak, at bay, but if, at a critical mo ment, he can step in and aid his partner; the game may still be saved. Suppose, for instance, that you hold the following bands 6, 7 and 8 of hearts, 6, 8 and 9 of spades a, 7, and 3 of diamonds, and 8, 4 and 2 of clubs Your partner, B, turns up a small heart, and D, on your right, leads a small spade. You put on the 8 second hand inot the 6, as the play in this case may save your partner a good card; C takes it with the a, and leads back a small diamond, which you take with

Now here comes the point, and it involves a great principle. You have the lead, and your partner has given no indication that he wants trumps. True, he hasn't had a chance to signal, but that makes no difference. You can't take it for granted. You can, however, arrive at a conclusion. D'a long suit is spades, C's is diamonds, and neither of them want trumps led. You have but three trumps in your hand. Now the inference is that your sartner has at least four, and the probability s that he has five. You can do nothing courself, and your play is to throw the lead into his band.

Your long suit is the diamond, and if you had led originally you would have played the but now you have good reason to suppose that your partner has hearts and clubs You don't dare to play trumps, because your inference that your paruer has five or more of them may not be true. Therefore you lead the highest club you have dighest from a suit of three), and the chances are your partner will secure the trick. Then if be has good hand he may get the trumps out and save the game. If ave the game. If he hasn't a good hand it is ket anyway, but you have had the satisfaction of playing your hand for all it was

Mrs. Sallie Joy White, of The Boston Herald, claims the distinction of being the first woman journalist to have a po-White began her journalistic career in 1869, and has been steadily at work ever since, stopping only long enough to get Her home is in Ashcroft, just out of lloston, where she lives in a house 200 years old. Mrs. White is the president of the New England Women's Press