By JOHN HABBERTON,

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HEN Truminy bade good-by to his new partner a few moments after the part nership was verbally formed he wondered which to do first—return to the club and asnounce his good fortune to the several other from men who were members, or go home and relieve the mind of his wife. As he releasly remarked:

condered be carelessly remarked:
"Which way are you going, Phill"
The young man, who was already starting
if at a rapid pace, returned, and said, in a

"Can't you imagine?"
The older man took his partner's hand, and seemed to want to say something.
"What is it, Mr. Tramlay?" asked Phil, for the silence was somewhat embarrassing.
"My dear fellow," said the merchant, "a man who has just given away his daughter is usually supposed to have done a great favor."
"As you certainly have done," Phil replied.

Thank you, for I want to ask one in retrank you, for I want to ask one in return. Fathers aren't sole proprietors of their daughters, you know. Mrs. Tramlay—when you speak to her about the affair, as, of course, you will, be as—be all—do be your most considerate, courteous self, won't you?"

"I beg you will trust me for that," said

"I'm surs I can—or could, if you under-ood mothers as well as some day you may." "I have a mother, you know," suggested

"True, but she had no daughters, I believe.
Mothers and daughters—well, they're not exactly like mothers and some Mrs. Tramlay respects you highly, I know; but she may not have seemed as friendly to your suit as you could have liked. Try to forget that, won't you!—and forgive it if it has made you uncomfortable."

comfortable?"

"I would forgive a bitter enemy to-night, if I had one," said the excited youth.

"That's right: that's right; a man has so few chances to feel that way that he ought to improve them all. You'll even be patient, should it be necessary?"

"As patient as Job," promised Phil.

"Thank you! God bless you!" said the merchant, wringing Phil's hand and turning away. Phil again started. The merchant

walked toward the club, stopped after taking a few steps, looked in the direction Phil had taken, drew his hat down over his eyes, hurried to his house, entered the basement door, speaked up the back stairway as if he were a

thief, and quietly entered his own room, which, to his great relief, was empty. Meanwhile, Phil bad reached the house and been admitted. He had not to ask for Lucia, for he heard through the open door of the parlor some piano chords which he knew were touched only by her fingera. Lucia did not hear him enter, and as he stopped to look at her she seemed to be in a revery that was not cheerful. He had never seen her looking so—so plain, he would have said, had she been any one else. There was no color in her face, and her cheeks seemed thin and drawn. An involuntary motion startled her, and she

An involuntary motion starting ner, and say turned, exclaiming:
"How you frightened me!"
"I wish you might punish me in some way for it," said Phil, approaching her.
"It was so late that I did not imagine any one would call," the girl exclaimed.

"I was quite busy in the earlier part of the evening," said Phil, "and I needed to see your father." Business is horrid," said Lucia. "I should

think men would attend to it by daylight Well, I believe papa went to the club." "Yes; I found him." "And, as usual, he sent you home for some

borrid papers of some kind? "No, not exactly," said Phil. How un-comfortable it is to have a dream dispelledeven a day dream! All along the way to the bouse he had imagined just how she would look; he could see the flush of her cheek through the half mile of darkness that be had traversed, his path had seemed illumined by the light of her eyes, yet now she was pallid, and her eyes had none of their customary luster, and her mental condition-it did not seem at all appropriate to the conversation which he had a hundred times imagined and upon which he had set his heart that night. Well, he would be patient: "Faint heart never

"Aren't you a little severe on your father "Aren't you a little severe on your father for his devotion to business!" he ventured to ask. "Out in the country we have an old saying, 'Make hay while the sun shines.' The sun never shone brighter than now in the

Yes, I know," replied Lucia wearily. "It's always something for business' sake. Yes, we have that same dreadful saying in New "But it's all for the sake of women

men are so absorbed in business," argued Phil. "What would your father care for business if it weren't for his wife and charming daughters and younger children! He never sees iron, I imagine, while he is talking about it, nor even thinks of the money for its own bonds all transform themselves in his eyes, I suppose, into dresses and cloaks and bonnets and opera boxes and trips to Europe and You silly fellow!" said Lucia, with the first smile upon which she had ventured that evening; "I wonder where you get such no-tions. If you don't give them up you will

some day find yourself writing poetry—some-thing about the transmutation of railroad fron into gold. Think how ridiculous that "But when iron attempts 'to gild refined gold—to paint the lily," said Phil, "as it

does in your father's case, why, 'twould be worth dropping into poetry to tell of at least one instance where Shakespeare's conclusion was wrong. You know the rest of the quo

Yes, evidently Lucia knew it, for her cheek glowed prettily under the compliment, which, while somewhat awkward, reached its mark by the help of Phil's eyes. As for Phil, his heart began to be itself again; whose heart wouldn't, he asked himself, under the consciousness of having given one second of pleasure to that dear girl!

"You seem to be in a sermonizing mood to-night," said Lucia. "I know my father is the best man alive, and I supposed you liked him—a little; but I can't imagine what should have impressed you so strongly with

Phil studied the toes of his boots, the tints of the patternless rug, the design of the frescoed ceiling. Lucia watched him with an amused face, and finally said, "Even you don't seem to know."

"I know," said Phil, slowly, "and I'm try-ing to think how to express it properly." Poor fellow! how he did despise himself that what he had hurried there to say would not come to his lips properly! Such a story had seemed easy enough when he had read in books, of how other men told it—so easy indeed, that he had come to have very little patience with that portion of novels. Of course he could not tell it while Lucia was laughing—laughing of him, too. Perhaps he could lead conversation back to the de-sired tone; but no, for just at that instant Margie flew into the room, exclaiming, be fore she fairly entered:

'Oh, Lu, isn't it awfulf I just went across the room for something, and my dress caught the table cover, and over went an ink stand on my very, veriest white- Why, Phil, I

didn't know you were here."
"I wish I knew what would take ink stains from very, veriest white "Oh, so do I. What shall I do, Lut Do

tell me at once." ps," suggested Phil, with a gleam of hope for Margie and several for himself, "your

not until she had flung a meaning look at her sister and another at Phil. Both blushed, and Phil felt uncomfortable, but as he stole a look at Lucia he mentally blessed Margia, for Lucia was no longer laughing, and she was looking unumally pretty; her eyes, slightly downcast, seemed a more heavenly blue than ever.

"The reason I have your father's goodness on my mind to-night," mid Phil, breaking the silence to abste the awkwardness of the situation, "is because to-night he has made me his partner in business—his own equal."

"Oh, Phil!" axclaimed Lucia, her whole face suddenly aglow and her eyes looking full into his. "I'm so glad—so glad for you—for him, I mean; for both of you. What I means to say was— Oh, how did it happen!"

"Oh, I chanced to get an order which he was kind enough to think the greatest stroke of business that any firm has made this season. So he saked me my price, and while I was wondering what to say he made me the offer."

Lucia.

"Yee," said Phil, rising, and pacing to and fro in front of the plano, and fixing his eyes on the floor; "and all the nobler it seemed on account of the sordid, grasping way in which I took it. I wam't satisfied with that, but wanted more. I hope he'll never have cause to think unkindly of me for it."

"More!" said Lucia, wonderingly, and somewhat soberly. "What more could you want than to be a prominent merchant!"

"As we say in the country, guess," said Phil, approaching the plano stool and opening his arms.

Phil, approaching the piano stool and opening his arms.

Lucia guessed.

What a deal he had to say to her while still they stood there! He knew it was not polite to keep a lady standing, but while he was supporting her so strongly, though tenderly, it did not seem that Lucia would weary of the position; nor did she. And what a lot of questions each asked and answered!—questions and answers that would seem as silly to any one else as they were interesting to those they concerned. Perhaps there came occasional moments when neither was speaking, but during these Phil could look down at the golden tangle just about at the level of his lips, and think how much more precious it was than all the gold that railroad iron could be changed into by the alchemy of endeavor.

How long they might have stood there, if undisturbed, they never knew, for they were so heedless of all that might be going on about them that they did not note the entrance of Margie, who was returning from an interview with the laundress in the basement. That young ledy was quick to discera
the situation, and was about to depart
quietly and with celerity; but, acting upon
the promptings of her second thoughts, she
returned, threw her arms around the couple
and exclaimed:

and exclaimed:

"Oh, isn't this splendid!"

There was a rapid separation of the trio, and then Margie attempted to whirl Lucia about the room in a waltz, that being the younger eister's most natural method of expressing joy. But, somehow, Lucia did not feel like waltzing. On the contrary, she kissed her sister several times, hid her own face a great deal, and finally made a great affort to be calm as she pointed at Phil and said with a sprightly toss of her head:

"Papa's partner. Tramlay & Hayn is to

"Papa's partner. Traminy & Hayn is to be the sign over the store hereafter." Margie's eyes opened in amazement for a moment; then it was Phil's turn to be whirled about the room—an operation in which he displayed the astounding awkwardness pe-culiar to young men who cannot dance. Sud-denly she paused, and said:

"Mamma must know at once. The idea of there being some one within reach to tell is to, and I wasting all this time!"

"Margie!" exclaimed Lucia, as the girl's dress rustled up the stair, "Margie, come back a moment, do." Then there was some rapid whispering, and Margie reascended, mying, in very resigned tones: Very well."

"I suspect," said Phil, when Lucia returned. "that you've suggested that I am the proper person to break the news." "Isn't it better?" asked Lucia, timidly.

"Mamma is not always easy to speak to, on some subjects," Lucia suggested.
"No task could be hard to me to-night,"

"No task could be hard to me to-night," responded Phil.
Yet in a moment or two, when Mrs. Tramlay was heard approaching, the young man's looks belied his brave words. Lucia pitied him: she pressed closely to his side, as if to assist him, but when her mother's footstep was heard in the hall the girl's courage descreted her, and she fled, and left the young man to whatever fate might be impending.

man to whatever fate might be impending.

"Margie tells me you have some great news," said Mrs. Tramlay to Phil. "Bless Margie!" said Phil to himself; then, instead of at once addressing himself to the duty before him, he gave Mrs. Tramlay as full a report of the rise, progress and result of the Lake and Gulfside operation as if she, instead of her husband, were the head of the

"And you have told Mr. Tramlay, I think you said," the lady remarked.
"Yes; I looked him out at the club for the

"He was pleased, of course?" "Greatly, I em happy to say."

Mrs. Tramlay looked thoughtful. Phil was puzzled by her manner. Did she know or care so little about business as not to estimate at its true value the importance of the Lake and Gulfside order! She was so calm about it that Phil himself began to think less than before of his success. He even wondere whether it would be worth while to tell he of the worldly fortune the operation had brought to him. Probably she was one of the large class of women of whom he had heard who have no heads for business.

"Did Mr. Tramlay say anything in reply?"
asked the lady, after a moment or two of thought.
"Why, yes," said Phil, with some hesitation, for he wondered if, after all, it might not be better that Tramlay himself should

tell the story of his clerk's promotion. Mrs.
Tramlay eyed him keenly; then she asked:
"Did he say anything concerning your future, and ours also, as related to it?"
"Yes," said Phil, now satisfied that Tramlay's offer had been premeditated, and not made in the excitement of the moment; "and," he continued, with his best smile and

bow, "I am happy to assure you that I was simply delighted to agree with him." "My dear son!" exclaimed Mrs. Tramley. Phil's astonishment reached almost the stage of petrifaction, but before he could betray it his prospective mother-in-law had de-pressed his head so that she might kiss him

on both cheeks.

Such a prayer of thanksgiving as Phil's heart sent up as be returned Mrs. Tramlay's salutation! Meanwhile, two young women who had been flagrantly transgressing one of the most imperative rules of their breeding flew at each other from the two doors that opened from the hall into the parlor; at last Margie had found some one who was both able and willing to be waltzed madly about. They were even reckless enough to float into They were even reckless enough to float into the parlor, right before their mother's eyes. Then Mrs. Tramlay, conscious for the first clusion of her own room, where, to her great surprise, she fell into the arms of her husband.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. MARGE reached New York with only the distinct impression that he would like at once to turn his single bit of real cutate into cash, stake the dust of the city from his feet forever, and begin life and business anew at some place where I e was not known, and where the disgree—as it seemed to him—of his altered fortunes would be unknown to any one. There was his interest in the Waynton bay

Perhaps his broker had saved something for him from the wreck. Marge sought an obscure hotel instead of going to his apartments or his club, fearing even to meet any one he knew on Wall street, went to his broker's house by night. The interview was not satisfactory. The broker had not only been obliged to close Marge's account, but, infected by his customer's success, had operated so largely in E. & W. on his own account that he also had been ruined, and contemplated selling his sent in the exchange so as to make good some of his indebtedness to members.

contemplated selling his seat in the exchange so as to make good some of his indebtedness to members.

As for E. & W., instead of recovering it had gone lower and lower, until sparations in it almost ceased. The president, utterly ruined, retired from office, turned over all his property to his creditors, and went abroad to recover his shattered health or to die, he did not much care which.

Marge sold his house at auction, and while wearily awaiting the circumlocution of "searching title" which necessarily preceded his getting full payment he betook himself to Boston. To avoid speculation was impossible; it had been his life for years, and as he found mining shares were within his reach he began again to operate in a small way. The little he had seen of mines while on the fateful E. & W. excursion was so much more than the majority of those about him knew on the outlet that he made a few lucky turns, and he finally interested some acquaintances in a promising allver property he had seen in the west. His acquaintances succeeded in getting the property "listed" at one of the New York exchanges, and Marge, with new hopes and a great deal of desperation, risked nearly all he had on the Brighthope mine.

The scheme worked finely for some weeks. It was skillfully managed by the Bostonians interested; they even succeeded in getting a great deal about it into the newspapers of both cities. But—alas for the wickedness of human nature!—one day the company were horrified to learn that their title to the property was hopelessly defective. When this fact became indisputable, Brighthope stock tumbled farther than E. & W.—tumbled utterly out of sight; and all the assets of the company, except the asfe and two desks, were

tumbled farther than E. & W.—tumbled utterly out of sight; and all the assets of the company, except the safe and two desks, were sold to a paper stock dealer at a cent a pound. Then Marge thought seriously of suicide. He had but a thousand or two dollars left; how could be operate in anything on that awall sum and support himself besides! He could add something to the sum by selling his horses and carriage, but such things always had to go at a sacrifice; besides, there would be a terrible bill to be paid for the maintenance of the animals during the two or three months in which he had been absent from New York.

Still, the thought of suicide did not improve on acquaintance. While there was life there was hope. Why shouldn't be go back to New York, brave everything, and start anew to the best of his ability? Other men had pocketed their pride; and, although his own pride was frightfully large to be submitted to such treatment, he did not know that the operation would give him any mora discomfort than he was already sendors.

know that the operation would give him any

The thought resolved itself into de when one day be chanced to meet in Boston a New Yorker with whom he had a casual acquaintance. After a little chat the man, who had been away from the city for months,

remarked:

"You're not married yet?"

"No," said Marge, with a grim smile.

"I thought I had heard that you were engaged to Miss Tramlay; and I wanted to congratulate you. An iron house traveler whom I met a short time ago told me that Tramlay was getting rich very fast."

"I supposed," said Marge, with a dawn of interest, "that Miss Tramlay was to marry young Havn."

young Hayn."
"What! that country clerk of her father's?" mid the man, with the confidence born of ignorance. "Nonsense! Why, it seems only the other day that I heard some one laughing about that fellow's infatuation. Oh, no; now that they're rich they'll want to marry their daughter to some one of social standing.

Indeed, I heard some one say as much. The mother is very ambitions in that line, you know."

Marge soon excused himself, lit a strong cigar and betook himself to a solitary walk and some hard thinking. There was perhaps a grand point to be made on that fellow's suggestion. From what he knew of Mra. Tramlay—and he informed himself that no one knew that lady better—he would not be one knew that lady better—he would not be surprised if an approved society man might surprised if an approved society man might now be entirely welcome as a husband for Lucla, even if he were as poor as a church mouse. And Lucia herself—had she not al-ways longed for larger and more prominent society than she had yet enjoyed? Before bis cigar was burned out, Marge had cought a ticket for New York, deter-mined to make a bold stroke for fortune where he felt that he had at heart one faith-ful friend to aid him. His imagination and pride combined to cheer him on; he would

ful friend to aid him. His imagination and pride combined to cheer him on; he would response at Tramlay's, see how the land lay, and if the signs were encouraging he would propose at once, first taking Mrs. Tramlay into his confidence. He had lost enough by heaitation; now he would adopt entirely new tactics, and there was no pleasanter way to begin than by proposing to Lucia. As he had told himself before, she was a very pretty girl, and fully competent, with such guid. girl, and fully competent, with such guid-ance as he would give her, to make the most

Reaching New York at nightfall, he lost no time in dressing with extreme care and making his way to the Tramlay abode. He would have no difficulty in explaining his long absence to the ladies; perhaps they had heard of his disaster in E. & W., but he could tell them that he had been leavely interested in a them that he had been largely interested in a rich silver mine ever since. There would be nothing untrue in that statement; had he not sleep a wink during the week while the title to the Brighthope mine—curse the rocky hole! —was first in doubt! Besides, women were sure to talk, and equally sure not to diminish the size of a story while telling it; quite likely his tale, repeated by Mrs. Tramlay and Lucia, might have the effect of restoring him to th regard of the many people who estimate a

man solely by his money.

As he entered the house he was satisfied that his operations would not be postpone by the announcement "not at home," for through the open door he heard familiar voices in the rear of the parlor, and he saw several heads bent over a table. None of them seemed to belong to strangers; so he entered with the freedom to which long acquaintance entitled him. The backs of the entire party were towards him, so his pres ence was not observed; besides an animated discussion seemed to be going on between Lucia and Margie.

"I think you're real mean," he heard Margio my. Then be heard Lucia reply:
"No, I'm not. Am I, mamma!"

"No," said Mrs. Tramlay, as Marge approached close enough to see that they were looking at the floor plan of a house, spread

upon the table.
"My heart is set upon having that room for my very own," said Margie. "The young lady of the family always has first choice, after her parents."
"Not where there is a bride to be provided for," Mrs. Tramlay replied.
"Well said, mamma. There, Margie," said

Lucia; "that room is for Phil and me."

"Here," said Tramlay, entering from the library, with a large sheet of paper in his hand, "is the plan of— Why, Marge!—bless my soul!—when did you get back, old fellow?"

"Marge!" 

chorus, as they hastily arose.
"What! only just come in?" asked Trainlay "And of course there was such a clatter here, there being three women together, that no body could hear a word."

Apparently the ladies did not agree with the head of the family, for Mrs. Tramlay looked at the visitor pityingly and Lucia dropped her eyes and blushed. But Margie was equal to the situation; her eyes danced as she exclaimed:

we're to have at Haynton Bay. See! This is the principal chamber floor; it fronts that way, toward the water, and I've just been eated out of the darlingest room of all; it's en set apart as sacred to the bride and

whispered:

"A glass of wine for Mr. Marge."

"Haynton Bay is booming," remarked Tramiay. "Have you beard any particulars recently?"

"None at all," drawled Marge. "I have been so busy that— Thank you, Mrs. Traminy," he said with a nod and a glance, as the wine appeared.

been so busy that— Thank you, Mrs. Tramlay," be said with a nod and a giance, as the wine appeared.

"We're doing espitally," said Tramlay. "It begins to look as if, in spite of all the extra land on which old Hayn bought us options, there won't be snough sites to meet the demand."

The news and the wine—both were needed—raised Marge's spirits so that he censed to fear he would faint. He finally collected wits and strength enough to say:

"It's just the time for me to sell out, then I' "Sell out!" school Tramlay. "It's just the time to hold on to it. I don't know of anything anywhere that's making a respectable fraction of the profit that there is in our little company when the smallness of the investment is considered. I believe, too, we could make twice as much if there was some one who knew buyers well enough to charge appropriate prices. We've heen selling at set figures, regardless of what some people might be permaded to pay; prices of such property may as well be faucy, you know, for those who want it will have it at any price. But we've nobody to give proper attention to it; Phil's time is so fully occupied"—

"On account of"—interpolated Margin."

tention to it; Phil's time is so fully occupied"—

"On account of"—interpolated Margie, pinching her sister's arm.
"Margisf" said Mira. Trumlay, severely.
"He is so very busy"—resumed Trumlay.
"Being papa's partner," said Margie.
"Have you seen the new sign, Trumlay and Hayn,' yet! Lu goes down town every day in our carriage, and I don't believe it's for anything but to look at that sign. Oh, mamma, you hurt me cruelly then."

"Well," said Trumlay, "If I may be permitted to finish a sentence, I'd like to say that if you've an hour or two a day of spare time on your hands you could do a first rate thing for the company, as well as yourself, by keeping an eye on this property. There's so much in it that I've had half a mind to devote myself to it and leave Phil to attend to iron; there's"—

"For Pail can do it," said Margie. "You

"For Pail can do it," said Margia. "You must have heard of his great Lake and Gulf-side order; everybody said it was the great-

"Margie," said Mrs. Tramlay, in til dis-

"Thank you, my dear," said Tramlay.

"As I was saying, Marge, there's no easier way to make that property bring twice as much money than for you, with your knowledge of who is who in New Y "k, to give "Thanks for the suggestion," said Marge.
"This think about it. At present, however, I think I'll say good-by and seek some rest. I morely dropped in for a moment to pay my

respecta."

"Lu," shouted Margie from the head of the stairs, as Marge was donning his light overcoat in the hall, "don't let Mr. Marge go until you show him that cunning little lovers' ngok on the plan of the house front."

Mrs. Tramlay hurried to the hall and presed Marge's hand; he looked down an instant, whispered, "Thank you," and departed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



ELL, Lou Ann," one morning when the month of May had reached that stage when farmers forget their coats except on Bundays, "it'll seem most again to have such

"Not quiteas bad as that," said Mrs Hayn, carefully moving an iron over one of the caps which she reserved for grand occa-sions. "Only Mr. and Mrs. Tramlay an' the

two gals."
"Well, you ortn't to forget that Phil is city folks now, an-I declare to gracious, I be lieve I forgot to tell you that Miss Dinon—that splendid gal I told you about, that owns a lot of stock in the company-Phil's writ that like enough she'll come down too. She an' her mother want to pick a lot for a l for themselves before it's too late for much of a choice."
"Well, I can't understand it yet," said

Mrs. Hayn, carefully picking the lace edging of the cap into the proper neglige effect. "It seems like a dream. Here's me, that's sometimes been almost a-dyin' to get away from this farm an' into the city, an' there's a whole passel of city folks goin' to leave their palaces in New York an' come down here to live on little pieces of our farm an' other farms along the ridge. I tell you, I can't understand it."

"Well," said the farmer, picking some bite of oat chaff from his shirt sleeve, "it ain't always easy to understand city folks at first sight. Now, there's that feller Marge. When I fust saw him in New York I wouldn't have give him his salt for any work he'd do in the country. Yet now look at him! Them roads an' drives through the company's property wouldn't have been half so near done if he hadn't come down here an' took hold to hurry things along for the spring trade. Why, some of them fellers that's doin' the work has worked for me on the farm, off an' on, for years, an' I thought I knowed how to get as nuch out of 'em as ther' was in 'em oless your soul, he manages 'em a good deal

"They do say he's a master hand at managin'," Mrs. Hayn admitted, "an' that it's partly because he takes right hold himself, instead of standin' round bessin', like most

city men."
"Takes hold? Why, he works as if be'd been brought up at it, which I'm certain sure he never was. You can't see the fun of it, because you never saw him in New York. Why, if you could have seen him there you'd have thought that a gate post with two pega in the Bottom of it would have had as much go as him. I've reelly took a likin' to him. More'n once I've let him know that I wouldn't put up with us, but somehow he didn't seem

"That's strange, ain't it?" said Mrs. Hayn, with a quizzical look that made her husband "Oh!" said the old man, after a little re-

"You're growin' dretful old an' short-sighted, Reuben," said Mrs. Hayn; and the farmer made haste to change the subject of

A day or two later the party from the city arrived, and great was the excitement in the village. Sol Mantring's wife, who had learned of what was expected, made a trip to Hayn Farm daily on one pretext or other, reaching there always just before the time of the arrival of the train from the city, received the deserved reward of her industry, and before sunset of the day on which the party ar-rived everybody in the village knew that when Lucia stepped from the carriage at the farm house door Mrs. Hayn caught her in her arms and almost hugged the life out of her. Everybody knew, also, that the party

was to be there for only twenty-four hours.

The shortness of the time at their disposal The shortness of the time at their disposal was probably the reason that Phil and Lucia disappeared almost immediately after the meal which quickly followed their arrival. They went to the lily pond; there were no lilies yet upon the water, but the couple did not notice their absence; they could see them just where they should be—just where they were ten months before. They got again the characteristic of the old hirch bark canoe; it was not as into the old birch bark canoe; it was not as clean as it should have been for the sake of clean as it should have been for the same or Lucia's expensive traveling dress, for the small boys of the Hayn family had not taken as good care of it as Phil would do, but Phil made a cushion of leaves, which Lucia slowly expanded into a couch, as she half reclin while she identified the scenes which her farmer boy guide and boatman had shown her the summer before. Phil thought her ex

don angells as she dreamily gaind about her; yet when her eyes reverted to him, as they becausely did, he informed himself that there were even gradations of angelic expression.

They even rode in the old basch wagon; the ocean was still as cold as winter; buthing was out of the question, but Phil had a persistent faucy for reminding his sweetbeart of every change there had been in their relations, and in himself; and Lucia understood him.

tions, and in himself; and Lucia understood him.

"It's dreadfully mean of those two to go off by themselves and not help us have any fun," complained Margie to Agues Dinon, when the latter returned from a stroll with Mr. and Mrs. Tramley, during which she had selected a satisfactory cottage sits. "Let's have a run. I know every foot of this country. Do you see that clump of dwarfed cedars off youder on the ridge, with the sky for a background? They're lovely: I've tried again and again to sketch them. Come over and look at them."

Away the couple plodded. As they approached the clump they saw that a road had been partly sunk in front of it; and as they drew nearer they saw a man sodding a terrace which sloped from the ridge to the road. "That's not right," said another man, who was looking on. "That sod must be laid more securely, or the first rain will wash it away. I'll show you how to do it. See here."

"Agues Dinon!" exclaimed Margie, in a

"Agnes Dinon!" exclaimed Margie, in a tone which suggested that a mouse, or at least a make, was in close proximity. "Do you hear that voice!—do you see that man! Do you know who he is! That is the elegant Mr. Marge." large." Miss Dinon manifested surv

Miss Dinon manifested surposes, but she quickly whispered:

"Sh-h-h! Yes, I knew he was here, looking after the company's interests. He is one of the directors, you know."

"Yes, I know; but see his hat and his clothes, and his brown hands. This is simply killing! Oh, if I had crayons and paper, or, better still, a camera! The girls at home won't believe me when I tell them; they'll think it too utterly preposterous."

"Why should you tell them?" asked Agnes, turning away. 'Isn't it entirely honorable for a man to be caring for his own and fuffilling his trust, especially when so valuable a property as this is demands his attention? "Yes, yes, you dear old thing; but"—

"Sh-h!" whispered Agnes, for just then Marge climbed the alope and appeared a little way in front of them, shouting back at the man:

"Cut your next sod here; this seems to have thicker grass."

Suddenly he saw the ladies and recognized them. It was too late to run, as he assuredly would have done if warned in time, but he had the presence of mind to shout to his

"No, it isn't, either. Get the next from the old place!"
"Good morning, Mr. Marge," said Miss Dinon, with a frank smile and an outstretched hand.

Dinon, with a frank smile and an outstretched hand.

Marge raised his hat, bowed, and replied:

"The hand of the laboring man is sometimes best shaken in spirit. I assure you, though, I appreciate the compliment."

"Then don't deny me the honor," said Miss Dinon. "It's a positive pleasure to see a man doing something manly. It is my misfortune that I see men only in the city, you know, and doing nothing."

Her hand was still extended, so Marge took it, again raising his hat. Margie turned away; the situation was so comical to her that she felt she must laugh, and she knew by experience that her laughter was sometimes uncontrollable when fairly started.

"Mr. Tramlay says you've worked wonders since you've been here," said Miss Dinon, as Marge released her hand; and, as old Mr. Hayn is his authority, I have no doubt it is so."

"I imagine that I deserve the campany's thanks," Marge replied, "though I'm astonished at having mastered some portions of the work so quickly. I think I can astonish you, also, by an honest confession; I really wish something of this sort had turned up years ago; I'm a greatdeal happier at it than I ever was while worrying my wits over stocks in Wall street. I think the work far more honorable and manly, too. You're quite at liberty to repeat this to any of our mutual

more honorable and manly, too. You're quite at liberty to repeat this to any of our mutual friends in the city; I'm sure 'twill amuse them, and their laughter won't annoy me particle."

"They wouldn't laugh," said Miss Dinon,
"If they could breaths this glorious air
awhile, and forcese the gold which this ground
will yield, unless appearances are deceitful."

The old beach wagon, a quarter of a mile
away, crawled up the grassy slope from the
long tretch of and and Ebiliterates.

stretch of sand, and Phil st long stretch or sand, and Fmil stopped, as or old, to let the borse breathe after his hard tug at the deep sinking wheels.

"What a picture those two people make on the hill yonder, bride that green clump!" said Lucia. "Why, the woman is Agnes there is Margie, picking daisies far to the right—and the man Agnes is talking to is some common workman. What a splendid woman she is! She can be as independent as she likes, and no one ever mistakes her mean-ing. Imagine any other girl of our set stand-ing on a country hillside, chatting with some boor!"

"Boor!" echoed Phil, running a whole gamut of intonations. "Do you know who that boor is! I recognized him at sight; he was in the village as we passed through, but it didn't seem kind to call attention to him." "Who is he? Do tell me." "Mr. Marge."

"Philip Hayn!" exclaimed Lucia. "Do turn the wagon away, so we don't seem to be looking at them." "Consistency, thy name is not woman," and Phil, after complying with the request, for Lucia was kneeling on the back seat of the wagon and peering through the little window in the dingy old curtain.

window in the dingy old curtain.

"Not to revive any unpleasant memories," and Marge, after he and Miss Dinon had chatted several moments, as co-investors, about the property, "but merely to call attention to the irony of fate, it seems odd to me to contrast today and a certain day several years ago. Laugh about it, I beg of you, because I call attention to it only for its laughable side. Today you do me the honor—which I never shall forget—of pressing your hand upon me, although no stranger your hand upon me, although no stranger could distinguish me from one of my work-men. Then, when in a different sense I wanted your hand, and had the temerity to think myself worthy of it, you withheld it."

Miss Dinon did not laugh; she looked off toward the are and said.

toward the sea and said: "You were not then as you are today." "Thank you. But if I had been?" Again Miss Dinon looked toward the sea,

and said:
"I might perhaps have been more appreci-"And today," said Marge, gently taking the lady's finger tips—"no, not today, but bereafter, is it impossible that I should benestly earn it?"
"Who knows," said Agnes, gently, "but

"Phil!" gasped Lucia, from the back of the old beach wagon, "he is kiming her "Umph!" said Phil. "What can that Lucia looked at him soberly and replied:

What a question for you, of all men, to

"Why, 'tis only an old fashioned form of salutation or adieu," said Phil. "I have your own word for it, don't you remember?" For answer Lucia's eyes looked from be-neath their lashes as provided. neath their lashes so provokingly that Phil stepped across his seat and hid each under ustache for a second or two.

> CHAPTER XXIX SO TREY WERE MARRIED.



narrative,June was as late in the season as was fashionable for a wedding. Thanks, however, a large infusion of the unexpected into welding did not bave to be deferred until after June All the invited it as pretty an affair of its kind as the season

had known, and the more so because the bride and groom really made a very handsome and noteworthy couple—an occurrence quite as unusual in the city as in the country.

The only complaints that any one heard were from Haynton and vicinity. The friends and ecquaintanees of the Havy fam

it an outrage that when such a lot of money was to be spent on a wedding it should all be squandered on New York people, who had so much of similar bleasings that they did not know how to appreciate them, instead of Haynton, where the couple would sooner or later make their bome; for had not Phil selected a villa site for himself on his father's old farm?

No invitations by card reached Haynton, but Phil's pastor went down quietly to the city to amist at the marriage service, by special arrangement, and Hayn farm, of course, sent a large delegation, and the head of the family saw to it that some of the Barah Tweege cut longer than was required to make a thorough change at a reputable clothing store. As for Mrs. Hayn, her prospective daughter found time enough to assume flial duties in advance, and the old lady was so pleased with the change that ever afterward she was what the late lamented Mr. Boffin would have termed "a high flyer at fashion."

But there are souls who laugh to scorn any such trifling obstructions as lack of formal invitation, and one of these was Sol Mantring's wife. She tormented her husband until that skipper found something that would enable him to pay the expense of running his sloop to New York and back; his wife sailed with him as sole passenger, and on the morning of the welding she presented herself at the church an hour before the appointed time, and in raiment such as had not been seen in that portion of New York since the days when sullen brown stone fronts began to disfigure farms that had been pictureque and smiling. She laid slegs to the secton; she told him who she was, and how she had held Phil in her arms again and again when he had the whooping cough, and yet again when he had scarlet fever, although she ran the risk of taking the dread malady bome to her own children, and the sexton, in seif defense, was finally obliged to give her a seat in the gallery, over the rail of which, as near the alter as possible, her elaborately trimmed Sunday bomet caught the eyes of every one who entered.

What all Haynton did not know about that wedding, three days later, was not worth knowing; it was a thousand times more satisfactory than the combined reports in the morning papers, all of which Mrs. Mantring carried frome with her and preserved between the leaves of her family Bible for the remainder of her days, and every one in the village read them, even Sarah Tweege, who magnanimously waved the apparent slight implied by Phil not having his wedding suit made by her.

Mrs. Hayn, Sr., no longer had to wish in

Mra. Hayn, Sr., no longer had to wish in vain for a place in the city where she might sometimes forget the oares and humdrum of farm house life. Risky as the experiment seemed from the society point of view, Lucia, backed by Margie, insisted upon making her at home in the city whenever she chose to come; and, although some friends of the family would sometimes laugh in private over the old lady's psculiarities of accent and grammar, there were others who found real pleasure in the shrewd sense and great heart that had been developed by a life in which the wife had been obliged to be the partner and equal of her husband.

Before a year passed there was another wedding. Agnes Dinon changed her name without any misgivings; she had previously confessed to Lucia, who, in spite of the difference in years, seemed to become her favorite confidante, that she had always admired some things about Mr. Marge, and that the business misfortunes which had compelled him to become the active manager of the Haynton Bay Improvement company seemed to supply what had been lacking in his character and manner.

Other people who were no longer young were gainers by the culmination of the incidents narrated in this tale. Tramboy and his wife seemed to renow their youth under the influence of the new love that pervaded their home, and almost daily the merchant blessed his partner for gains more precious than those of business. He never wearied of raillying his wife on her early apprehensions regarding the equation:

"But who could have foreseen its I can't

"Nor I," her husband would reply. "As I've said before, it's country luck. Nine men of every ten who amount to anything in New York come from the country. Remember it, my dear, when next you have a daughter who you think needs a husband."

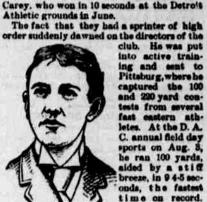
THE DETROIT WONDER.

Beerd of John Owen, Jr., the Present Amateur Champion Sprinter of America.

Here is a good picture of John Owen, Jr.,
of Detroit, Mich., who is now amateur champion sprinter of the United States at 100 and and 229 yard. When the national meeting was held at Detroit in the fall of 1888, Toby, was held at Detroit in the fall of 1888, Toby, so he is generally called, was unknown to amateur circles. He was a member of the Detroit Athletic club at the time, but was taking no active interest in it. He little thought that when the next championably meeting occurred he would breast the tape is front of such men as Westing and Copeland. Owen won his first race at Detroit last January. It was a 45 yards novice race, in which number started and he won as he pleased nber started, and he won as he p a number started, and he won as he pleased.

Nothing, however, was thought of his powers
as a runner until he ran second to Luther
Carey, who won in 10 seconds at the Detroit
Athletic grounds in June.

The fact that they had a sprinter of high
order suddenly dawned on the directors of the
club. He was put



time on record. The time, however, JOHN OWEN, JR. was not credited by majority of athletes over the country, and Toby still remained an unimportan western runner in the eyes of eastern ath western runner in the eyes of eastern athletes. They were soon forced to acknowledge his prowess. Every one knows how he captured the 100 and 220 yards events at the second annual championship games of the Amateur Athletic union. His time was 10 2-5 for the 100 yards dash and 23 3-5 for the 220—good time when one considers the poor condition of the track at the time.

Having defeated Westing, his title of champion sprinter of the United States was established. He next competed at the Canadian championship meeting Sept. 28, 79. All interest was centered in the race between Owen and Westing as champion. When, therefore, Owen in his trial heat fell in a heap at the Owen in his trial heat fell in a heap at the 60-yard mark, cutting himself up badly, the enthusiasm of every one dropped correspondingly. Owen toed the scratch in the final heat, but was unfitted by his accident, got away badly and finished third, Copeland taking first honors, Westing second. In the 220-yard event he was completely pocketed by Lee and Cochran and obliged to run around them seven then making a cood second. around them, even then making a good second to Cochran, who finished in 23 4-5 second onds, under the circumstances a very performance.

With proper training and care, Owen should lower the record in the 100 yards dash before a next championship meeting.

At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris recently, M. Mascart gave a true account of the striking by lightning of the Eiffel tower, which took place on Aug. 19, and exaggerated reports of which appeared in the daily papers. The conductor was struck, with the normal results, showing perfect communication with earth, and consequently complete safety of the structure from any danger on this score.

Sea Gull and Crow in a Fight.

An Eastport picnic party visiting Casco island the other day were attracted to a sound like that which an old fashioned wind-mill might send forth in a gale. They went to the south side of the island, where they witnessed the astonishing sight of a pitched battle being savagely waged between a sea guil and a crow. It was a hard fought battle, but the gray bird won, knocking the crow out so badly that he was co-fly captured by

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

OLIVE HARPER WRITES OF THE LATEST MODES IN LADIES' DRESS.

Work - Just How and What Min They Are to Be Hade of This Senser Young Ladies' Cost Wraps.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—No one can
cuse the dressmakers this season of
travagance in the use of material in newest wraps, for they are made as small and scant as the nature of the case will allow. Variations on the little shoulder and Carrick capes are all the rage for the present, though, of course, as soon as right cold weather comes on they will have to give place to warmer wraps and long thick cloaks.



The peculiar trimming to the waists of the Directoire dresses makes any kind of wrap rather in the way, and so presty little triple capes are made and designed in such a way as will allow the revers to show and also keep the shoulders warm. The figure No. 8 will show that style of a capeline, as the French call it. The one in this model is trimmed with an Astrakhan collar, and the largels onen over it so that it seems to be lapels open over it so that it seems to but one garment. For chilly days, while it is not yet cold enough to require heavy garment, these Carrick capes at invaluable. The corset comes up we under the arms, with its closely work

under the arms, with its closely wow texture rendered cold proof by t starch, but between the shoulders and them the cold makes itself felt withouthese as protection, and these can made of the dress goods or ladies doth. The Carrick cape No. 1 is of cost man's drab cloth, here med and stitche or bound with ailk braid and ticollar of velvet. Others have a garture of open work braid, laid flat aross each edge. The plain cape is also wo very rauch, but in heavier goods, and make to fit the figure slightly by seas on the shoulders. All the new fur cap are made in the same way, only withem the collars are standing. These soften made of velvet and astrakhiss, bo gray and black. For theatree frey a of the soft, flexible felt in cream whor drab, lined with white or light color satin and tied with bows and loops ribbon.

The wrap marked No. 4 is made plush, or velvet, or astrakhan, the emuclose quality being the most used in latter case. This wrap is lined a quilted satin, and is quite plain acrethe back. It will also be seen in fi the back. It will also be seen in later, and is that case will have a string collar, and it can also be made camel's hair, or any of the meson woolen goods to match the dress which case it requires some trimm down the front, such as crechet is ming in color or black, or passements. Young and old, stout and alim, and matrons all, have adopted the abler cape for the demi-mison wrap. Many young ladies, however, are swearing very handsomely made wraps for alsopping and the brish walks that young ladies now affect, they are trim and graceful. I pre-

models of two such. One is in quality mixed gray and black astrak with cuffs, lapels and side piece of t black astrakhan. The fronts are cl with military cordon, and buttons placed at the back. This is a very sish and handsome garment, and will worn not only now, but all winter, we the addition of a muif and boa.



The other coat wrap is of dark The other coat wrap is of dark bind cloth, and is made very simply, but with the utmost neatness and tailor finish. It has three pockets, two below the walst line and one on the left breast for watch and handkerchief. In the matter of pockets women now are making a bold strike for independence, and some of them have as many as seven in different parts of their attire. The only difficulty is to find them and their contents when you want them. you want them.

Almost all undergarments now ande with yokes which leave all fulls to fall from four or five inches below hips, and many ladies wear the divided skirt beneath the dress, which gives great freedom of movement with the lightest weight, and now it will be still more popular on account of its warmth. Almost all actresses wear the divided skirt, and how very gracefully they me

the dress hang can be easily seen.

There has been added to the already long lift of women's wear a new texture which has all the wearing qualities of serge and the beauty of Vicuna cloth, and it will be a great favorite on account of the exquisitely soft yet rich surface.

Output Hannes. OLIVE HARPER The Great Baseball Finish.

Nover before in the history of baseball have the two leaders in the race for the permant been so close together at the finish as they were this year. New York closed with a percentage of .650 and Boston with .64s. The great struggle of the Boston club, with Clarkson under such a long strain, will go down into baseball history and be communicated on for years.

ed on for years.

Records of pennant winners in pre-years since New York joined the Leagu-



30 lost, percentage .707. New York has held the following po at the close of previous scavons since to trance to the Lengue: 1883, sixth, 1884, 8 1885, second: 1886, third, 1887, fourth; 1

Moore's Almanac, first published England in 1713, had for a number years an annual sale of 500,000 co