THE YAKIMA HERALD.

SUPPLEMENT.

COUNTRY LUCK. (CONTINUED.)

He quickened his steps, he almost ran, but more than a quarter of an hour passed before he saw on a glass transom the number that indicated his journey was at an end. Phil stopped, then he crossed the street and surveyed the house carefully

"Lights in all the windows," said he. "That looks as if they'd all gone to their own rooms, looks like bedtime. I was afraid of it. I suppose there's nothing to do but go back to the sloop or find some place to lodge. Too bad!"

He recrossed the street and ascended a step or two. Truthful though he was, he would have denied to any one but himself that he did it only because Lucia had tripped up those same steps. Slowly he descended and walked away; but he had passed but a house or two, and was looking backward, when a man who had passed him ran up the Tramlay steps. Then Phil saw a flash of light and heard a door close.

"That wasn't Mr. Tramlay There aren't any other men in the family He must be a visitor Well, if other men can call at this time of night, I guess I can visit it, too."

Back he went, and, as he was unacquainted with the outer mechanism of door bells, he rapped sharply upon the door. It opened instantly, and as Phil stepped in he found the hall and stairway, as well as the parlors, quite full of ladies and gentlemen.

"It's a party," he said to himself. Then he informed himself, in great haste, that he would postpone his visit, but as he turned to go he found the door was closed, and a small colored boy who stood by it said: "Gen'lmen fust room back," and pointed upstairs. Entirely losing his self possession and wondering what to do, Phil stood stupidly staring about him, when suddenly he saw Lucia in full evening dress. He hastily dropped his eyes, for he had never before seen a dress of that particular cut.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAMLAY RECEPTION.

"WELL, who hasn't come?" asked Edgar Tramlay, as Lucia hurried toward him with a countenance in which despondency and indignation were striving for mastery. Tramlay knew his daughter's moods, for they were exact duplicates of some he had married a score of years before.

"Oh, if he hadn't come!—if he hadn't come?"

The head of the family looked puzzled, then his expression changed to indignation as he asked

"Has any one dared to come to my house after drinking?"

"Worse than that!" wailed Lucia, shuddering, and covering her eyes with her pretty hands. Her father at once strode to the hallway, looking like an avenging angel, but when he reached the door and took in at a glance the entire cause of his daughter's annoyance he quickly put on a smile and exclaimed:

"Why, my dear fellow, how lucky that you happened in town on our reception evening! Come with me; Mrs. Tramlay will be delighted to see you again."

Phil resisted the hand laid upon his arm and replied:

"I'll call again—some other time. I didn't know you had company this evening."

"All the better," said the host, leading Phil along; "'twill give you a chance to meet some of our friends. We've met many of yours, you know."

Just then the couple stopped in front of a sofa on which Phil, whose eyes were still cast down, saw the skirts of two or three dresses. Then he heard his escort say:

"My dear, you remember our old friend Phil Hayn, I'm sure."

Phil looked up just in time to see Mrs. Tramlay's feeble, nervous face twitch into surprise and something like horror. Mr. Tramlay extended his hand, as a hint that his wife should arise—a hint which could not be ignored after his hand had closed upon hers. Even when upon her feet, however, the lady of the house seemed unable to frame a greeting. Had Phil been a city acquaintance, no matter how uninteresting, she would have smiled evasively and told him she was delighted that he had been able to come, but what could a lady, at her own reception, say to a man in a sack coat and a hard rubber watch guard?

Mrs. Tramlay looked at her husband in weak protest; her husband frowned a little and nodded his head impatiently; this pantomime finally stimulated Mrs. Tramlay to such a degree that she was able to ejaculate:

"What a delightful surprise!"

"Let me make you acquainted with some of the company," said the host, drawing Phil away "Don't feel uncomfortable; I'll explain that you just dropped in from out of town, so you couldn't be expected to be in evening dress."

Phil began to recover from his embarrassment, thanks to his host's heartiness, but also to the fact that the strain had been too severe to last long. He slowly raised his eyes and looked about him, assisted somewhat by curiosity as to what "evening dress" meant. He soon saw that all the gentlemen wore black clothes and white ties, and that the skirts of the coats retired rapidly. He had seen such a coat before—seen it often at Haynton, on ex-Judge Dickman, who had served two terms in the legislature and barely escaped going to congress. The only difference between them was that the judge's swallow tail coat was blue and had brass buttons—not a great difference, if one considered the distance of New York and Haynton.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Tramlay, suddenly, "I don't believe you've met Lucia yet. Here she is—daughter!"

Lucia was floating by—a vision of tulle, ivory, peachblow and amber; she leaned on the arm of a young man, into whose face she was looking intently, probably as an excuse for not looking at the unwelcome visitor. Her father's voice, however, she had always instinctively obeyed; so she stopped, pouted, and looked defiantly at Phil, who again dropped his eyes, a low bow giving him a pretext

"Daughter," said Tramlay, "here's our old friend Phil, from Haynton. Now, don't spend the whole evening talking over old times with him, but introduce him to a lot of pretty girls; you know them better than I. Phil, you can explain to them how you struck a full dress reception just after landing from a cruise; 'twill amuse them more, I'll warrant, than any story any showy young fellow can tell them this evening. It isn't every young man who can have a good thing to tell against himself the first time he meets a new set."

During the delivery of this long speech Lucia eyed Phil with boldness and disfavor, but in obedience to her father she took Phil's arm—an act that so quickly improved the young man's opinion of himself that he instantly felt at ease and got command of such natural graces as he possessed; he was even enabled to look down at the golden head by his shoulder and make some speeches bright enough to cheer Lucia's face.

"It mayn't be so entirely dreadful, after all," thought the girl "I can introduce him to friends to whom I could afterward explain—friends who are too good hearted to make spiteful remarks afterward. Besides, I can blame father for it; all girls have fathers whose ways are queer in one way or another."

While acting upon this plan, and finding, to her great relief, that Phil could talk courteous nothings to new acquaintances, she suddenly found herself face to face with a man of uncertain age but faultless dress and manner, who said:

"Mayn't I be favored with an introduction? Your friend is being so heartily praised by your father that I am quite anxious to know him."

"Mr. Marge, Mr. Hayn," said Lucia. Phil's proffered hand was taken by what seemed to be a bit of languid machinery, although encircled at one end by a cuff and coat sleeve and decorated with a seal ring. Phil scanned with interest the face before him, for he had often heard Mr. Marge mentioned when the Tramlay family were at Haynton. His look was returned by one that might have been a stare had it possessed a single indication of interest, surprise or curiosity. Mr. Marge had met young men before; he had been seeing new faces for twenty-five years, and one more or less could not rouse him from the composure which he had been acquiring during all that time.

"Can you spare your friend a few moments?" said Mr. Marge to Lucia. "I would be glad to introduce him to some of the gentlemen."

"You are very kind," murmured Lucia, who was dying—so she informed herself—to rejoin some of her girl friends and explain the awkward nature of the intrusion. Marge offered Phil his arm, a courtesy the young man did not understand, so he took Phil's instead, and presented the youth to several gentlemen as an old friend of the family. Soon, however, Marge led Phil into a tiny room at the rear of the hall—a room nominally the library, the books consisting of a dictionary and a Bible, the greater part of the shelf space being occupied by pipes, tobacco boxes, cigar cases, ash receivers and other appurtenances of the vice and comfort of smoking. Placing Phil in a great easy chair, the back of which hid him from the company, Marge took a cigarette from his own case, which he afterward passed to Phil.

"No small vices," said he, as Phil declined. "Just as well off, I suppose. As for me"—here Mr. Marge struck a match—"I've (puff) been acquainted with the weed so long that (puff) I can't very well snub it when I would."

"I think nicotine is injurious to the brain, the lungs, and finally to the digestion," said Phil. "Have you seen Professor Benchof's analysis? They were printed in the"——

"I may have seen them in print, but I'm sure I passed them," said Marge, exhaling smoke in such a way that it hid his face for an instant. "I can't afford to worry myself with information that I'd rather not use."

"But one's physique," said Phil.

"One's physique becomes quite obliging when it knows what is expected of it."

Phil mentally sought a way of passing this unexpected obstacle; meanwhile, Marge breathed lazily through his cigarette a moment or two, and then said:

"Miss Tramlay is a charming girl."

"Indeed she is," Phil replied. "If she only were"——

"Tut, tut, my dear sir," said Marge, "woman is divine, and it isn't good form to criticise divinity. Miss Tramlay is remarkably pretty; I trust we agree at least upon that safe ground?"

"Pretty!" echoed Phil, before Marge had ceased speaking. "She is radiant—angelic!"

Again Mr. Marge enshrouded his face with smoke, after which he did not continue the conversation, except to remark, "Yes." Phil studied the color tone of the room, and wondered why paper like that on the wall had not been offered for sale by the storekeeper at Haynton; then he resolved he would buy and take home to his mother a chair just like that in which he was sitting, for it was so comfortable that he felt as if he could fall asleep in it. Indeed, he was already so oblivious to Marge and other human presence that he was startled when a gentle rustle ushered in Lucia, who exclaimed:

"Phil, you must come back to the parlor. Half a dozen girls are real envious because they haven't seen you at all, and half a dozen others want to see more of you. Father has been sounding your praises until they're sure the Admirable Crichton has come to life again."

Phil attempted to rise—an awkward operation to a man previously unacquainted with Turkish chairs. Lucia laughed, and offered him assistance—it was only a little hand, but he took it, and as he looked his thanks he saw Lucia's face as he had sometimes known it of old—entirely alert and merry. At the same time a load fell from his mind, a load which he had been vaguely trying to attribute to the lateness of the hour, the strangeness of his surroundings—anything but the manner in which the girl had first greeted him. As she took his arm and hurried him out of the library he felt so fully himself that he forgot even that he was not attired like the gentlemen around him.

Mr. Marge, who had risen when Lucia entered the library, followed the couple with his eyes; then, when alone, he frowned slightly, bit his lip, dropped the end of his cigarette, paced to and fro several times, leaned on the mantel, and muttered:

"'Phil!'"

Then he lighted another cigarette, and veiled his face in smoke for several minutes.

CHAPTER V.

NOT SO DREADFUL AFTER ALL.

REGULAR hours being among the requirements of the head of the Tramlay household, Lucia appeared at the breakfast table the morning after the reception at the clock struck eight. Her father, dressed for business, and her mother, in negligee attire and expression, were discussing the unbidden guest of the evening before.

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

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

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

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

"So much the better fitted to pass opinions on young men," said Tramlay. "Shows more sense in one girl of her age than a hundred like—like"——

"Like me, papa," said Lucia. "You may as well say it."

"Like you, then. Bless your dear, ignorant heart, I'd give my head if you could see as clearly as she without waiting so long to learn."

"You may be very sure, though, that Miss Agnes will never invite him to her own receptions," declared Mrs. Tramlay.

"Wrong again, mamma, she's invited him for next Tuesday night, and I do believe she devised the reception just for the purpose. None of us had heard of it before."

Mrs. Tramlay gathered all her strength, stimulated it with an entire cup of tea, and exclaimed:

"Well, I should like to know what society is coming to, if a common farmer's boy, of no family, can stumble into town and be invited about to good houses."

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

"Nobody would have paid any attention to him, if you hadn't talked so much about him," said Mrs. Tramlay. "One would have thought him a dear old friend, to hear you go on about him as you did."

"I said nothing but what was true. I merely said he was one of the finest young men I had ever known; that he was of the highest character, and very intelligent besides."

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

"No, I suppose not; if they did we'd see more of them at our receptions and parties."

"Edgar!"

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

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

"About Phil! Nonsense, you dear old worry! But really, mother, he made quite an impression. A lot of the girls admired him ever so much. I began to apologize and explain, as soon as I could get rid of him; but I found it wasn't at all necessary."

"Girls will admire anything that's new—anything, from a Zulu to a monkey."

"Mamma!"

"Young men like Hayn can't ever marry out of their own circle; you should be able to see that. How can they buy houses for their wives, and furnish them properly, and set up horses and carriages, and keep in society?"

"Mamma, you're too dreadfully funny: indeed you are. Suppose young men aren't rich enough to marry, can't girls like them! Aren't young people good for anything but to get married?"

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

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

He could not explain to himself the difference, except that, compared with Lucia's friends, his old acquaintances appeared—well, rather unfinished and ignorant. And as far as these new acquaintances appeared above his older ones, so far did Lucia appear above her friends. He had studied her face scores of times before and told himself where it was faulty; now he mentally withdrew every criticism he had ever made and declared her perfection itself. Would he ever forget how she looked as she offered to help him from that easy chair in the library? He wished his mother might have seen her at that instant; then he was glad she did not. He remembered that his mother did not entirely approve of some of Lucia's bathing dresses; what would the good woman think of fashionable evening attire? And yet perhaps it was not as dreadful as it seemed. Evidently Lucia's mother approved of it, and was not she a member of a church—not, he regretted, of the faith in which all Haynton worshiped, yet still a church? And did not many of Lucia's guests dress in similar style?

He mentally laid the subject away for future consideration, and gave his mind to his own attire. Until that evening his faith in the perfection of his Sunday suit was as unquestioning as his faith in Haynton's preacher, but now it was hopelessly shattered. He did not admire the attire of the gentlemen he had met, but the evidence was overwhelming that it was the correct thing, and that he must prepare himself to dress in like fashion if he went to Miss Dinon's party. And, by the way, what a queenly woman that Miss Dinon was!

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

Almost immediately after forming this virtuous resolution he boarded a horse car, on which were several couples, evidently returning from a party somewhere, so again Phil found himself studying attire. Gradually it occurred to him that his own appearance was attracting attention. This was not a new experience; he had encountered it several times at Haynton with calmness; indeed, although he was not vain, he had never feared comparison, in church, of his appearance with that of any summer boarder from the city; for, as his mother has already intimated in these pages, his Sunday coat had been cut from the same piece of cloth as the minister's. But now he felt ill at ease while being eyed, not at all impertinently, by the young people who sat facing him. First he thought the mildly critical glances were directed to his hard rubber watch guard, then he was sure the cut of his vest was not being approved; he detected one very pretty young woman in the act of suppressing a smile as she looked at his shoes. Thirdly, he was obliged to believe that an admirably dressed fellow opposite entirely disapproved of his Sunday coat—the coat cut from minister's cloth and made by Sarah Tweege, and with a real silk velvet collar, too!

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

"Country!"

Then he heard a young woman softly ejaculate:

"Te-he!"

The street was as dark as gas lighted streets usually are; it was almost deserted, and the autumn evening was quite chilly, but Phil felt as if his blazing eyes were illuminating everything—as if the walls had eyes to look disapprovingly at Haynton fashions, or as if his own blood were hot enough to warm the entire atmosphere of New York. He knew what he would do; when he reached Sol Mantring's sloop he would remain aboard until she sailed; then he would go back to Haynton and remain there forever. He could exist without New York, if New York found him unsatisfactory. He didn't care ever to see again anybody in New York, except, perhaps, Lucia. As for her, hadn't even she——

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

"You're from the rural district, I s'pose?"

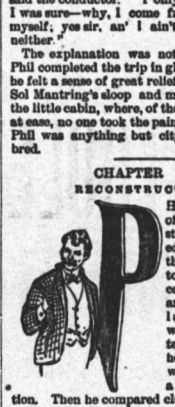
"What makes you say that?" asked Phil, indicating a sense of injury

"Oh, I didn't mean nothing out of the way," said the conductor. "I only kinder thought I was sure—why, I come from the country myself; yes sir, an' I ain't ashamed of it, neither."

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

CHAPTER VI.

RECONSTRUCTION.



PHIL devoted part of the next day to studying well dressed business men in the streets. Thanks to well trained perceptive faculties and also to some large mirrors which he accidentally encountered, he soon learned why his attire had attracted attention. Then he compared clothing stores for an hour, finally entered one and asked how long it would take to make a well fitting every day suit. The salesman looked him over, and replied:

"Fit you at once, from our ready made stock. Never any trouble to fit a good figure."

Phil could have hugged that salesman. Here, at least, was some one who did not intimate that he was from the country; and yet, perhaps, a good figure was a country product. He would think about this, as soon as business was off his mind. The salesman certainly fitted him to perfection. Phil scarcely recognized himself when asked to look in the glass.

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

Phil resolved at once to have his hair cut. Under the guidance of the salesman he had his neck wear changed; then the old man said

"Those low crowned, straight brimmed hats used to look exactly right with the clothes of that season, but somehow they don't harmonize with the cut of this year. Hats are cheap, though, and there are two or three good dealers on the other side of the street, a little farther down. Keep this suit on, I suppose! All right, sir; I'll do up the others. H'm!"—here the old man scrutinized the material of the coat made by Sarah Tweege—"that's splendid stuff. Great shame 'twas cut sack fashion. There isn't much stuff as good as that in swallow tails nowadays."

"Couldn't it—I suppose it couldn't be made over into a party coat?"

"H'm!—scarcely—scarcely," said the salesman, controlling his features as well as if the question were the most natural in the world. "Not enough stuff, you see; too short; sleeves not full enough; button holes in wrong places; lapels too narrow. Besides, velvet collars have gone out. Any time you need a dress suit, though, we've got a boss artist who can cut it so as to do you justice. 'Tian't often he gets a good figure to spread himself on."

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

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

"You have a thin fall overcoat, I suppose?"

"Oh, I won't need an overcoat for a month yet. Why, there hasn't been a bit of frost up our way." Phil was already appalled by the extent of his order

"True enough," said the salesman, "but it doesn't do to go out in a dress suit without an overcoat, you know, unless you're merely stepping from your door to a carriage; and it's hardly the thing even then."

"Why, Judge Dickman"——

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

Phil meekly purchased an overcoat, and hurried away with a heavy load on his conscience. More than three-quarters of the hundred dollars his father had given him was already gone or mortgaged; he had meant to spend none of it, except for some things which he knew his mother craved. Fortunately he had brought some savings of his own, and, as he informed himself, hair cutting was not an expensive operation, and the clothing salesman had told him that new hats did not cost much. He had nothing else to spend money for except a watch chain; his father had told him to buy one. Indeed, had not his father told him to buy clothes?—"lots of them" were the old gentleman's exact words. But could his father have known about evening suits and fall overcoats?

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

"I wanted my hair cut."

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

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

What next to do he scarcely knew. An inclination to go back to the sloop and see how Sol Mantring was getting along at discharging the cargo was suppressed by the thought of what Sol and the crew would say if they saw him in his new suit. The countryman has some grand qualities that denizens of cities would do well to imitate, but not all his moral courage can keep him from feeling uncomfortable when first he displays himself in new clothes to old associates. Country youths have sometimes run away from home—gone to sea, the city, the devil—anywhere—rather than undergo this dreadful ordeal.

Suddenly it occurred to him that he was not far from Tramlay's office, he might make a call, if only to show that he could, with proper facilities, look unlike a countryman. Besides, he wanted to know all about the iron business, about which he had seen so many contradictory assertions in the newspapers.

He entered the store and walked back toward the railed counting room in which he saw the head of Haynton's recent summer boarder. A clerk asked him his business; he replied that he had merely dropped in to see Mr. Tramlay The head of the establishment looked at Phil without recognition when this information was imparted, and advanced with a somewhat impatient air, which suddenly changed to cordiality as he exclaimed:

"Why, my dear fellow! excuse me. I didn't recognize you at first; we can't all of us have young eyes, you know. Come in; sit down; make yourself at home. I'm glad you dropped in; I'm going out to lunch pretty soon, and I do hate to lunch alone."

Phil soon found himself coaxed and assisted to a high office stool at a desk by the window and all the morning papers placed before him, while Tramlay said:

"Look at the paper two or three minutes while I straighten out a muddle in a customer's letter; then we'll go out."

Phil took up a paper; the advertising page—which happened to be the first—was very interesting; nevertheless Phil's eyes wandered, for his mind was just then curious about the iron trade. He looked around him for indications of the business; but the only bit of iron in sight was a paper weight on the desk before him. Closer scrutiny was rewarded by the discovery of a bit of angle iron, a few inches long, lying on a window sill. In the meantime the proprietor had scribbled a few lines, assorted some papers, and closed his desk by drawing down the top. Then he said:

"Now let's go in search of peace and comfort."

"I shouldn't think you'd have to leave your office for that," said Phil, who had found the counting room greatly unlike what he had expected.

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

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

"How are you, Marge?" said Tramlay. Phil afterward wondered that his host could smile so genially on so cold a person.

"As usual," replied Marge with a slight inclination of the head. "Good morning, Mr Hayn. Don't let me interrupt conversation. I merely meant to say I've nothing to do this afternoon and would be glad to show Mr. Hayn about town a little, if he likes."

"That's ever so good of you," said Tramlay, "for the truth is, I was wondering how I could find time to do it myself, and fearing I couldn't."

"Entirely at his service," said Marge, as lifelessly as an automaton.

"And both come and dine with me this evening," suggested Tramlay; "entirely informal, you know."

"I should be delighted," said Marge, in his unvarying manner.

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

On the Produce Exchange they fairly agreed, Marge admitting that in importance it ranked next to the Stock Exchange, while Phil was able to regard it as a great business house

city Pretending to search, by Phil's request, for the building in which Washington bade farewell to his generals, Marge succeeded in getting back through Broad street to the vicinity of the Stock Exchange, where he tried to atone for his failure by pointing out through a window the head of Mr Henry Clews; but Phil had no eyes except for the statue of Washington, standing, as he knew on the site of the first president's first inaugural. The two men exhibited equal interest on half a dozen successive occasions in "stock tickers," which Marge seemed to know how to find in all sorts of places; but, while Marge looked over the quotations on the tape, Phil studied the machinery of the indicator itself.

The strain upon Marge became almost too great for his self control, and he breathed a sigh of relief when Trinity's clock struck three. To have left the vicinity of the Stock Exchange earlier would never have occurred to him, but promptly on the stroke he hurried Phil to an elevated railway station and uptown to a stable, where he had his horse and wagon brought out and took Phil for a drive in Central park. Probably there he thought he could be entertained after his own manner, for he had the reins. Driving out Fifth avenue, the two men really became congenial for a little while, for Phil understood horses, and Marge's horse was a good one, and Phil admired him and knew of a good horse that would match him nicely, and Marge saw a prospect of making a team that he could sell at a large profit, and Phil promised to arrange that Marge should come out and see the horse.

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

"What can Tramlay want of that fellow?"

CHAPTER VII.

AT HER SIDE.

THE arrangement of the guests at the dinner table that evening suited all concerned. Phil sat at the right of the host, with Lucia directly opposite, where her face was before him all the while. Marge sat at the right of the hostess, where he could closely observe the young man from the country, and, not less important, Tramlay's manner toward the younger guest. He could also note the effect of the young man and his ways upon Mrs. Tramlay; for did he not know how to translate every expression of her face? It was his own fault if he did not, for he had been one of her suitors nearly a quarter of a century before, and the lady had never ceased to be mildly grateful for this compliment, and to repose as much confidence in him as a loyal wife might without harm grant an acquaintance who never had been offensive.

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

The arrangement of seats at the table suited Lucia also. She knew her mother's matrimonial intentions regarding her. She was not in love with Marge, but girls in her set did not think it good form to be very fond of men whom they probably would have to marry. If, however, Marge meant business, she wished he would be more attentive to it. She felt that she was missing a great deal of pleasure for lack of proper escort. Twice in the course of the last season Marge had taken her and her mother to the opera; Lucia adored opera—that is, she liked to look about the house, and see who was with who, and how the prima donna dressed, and to have gentlemen call at her box between acts—but two operas were merely sips at a cup she longed to drain, and only once had she been able to persuade her father to mitigate the privation. If apparent interest in Phil at table could have any effect upon Marge's languid purpose, the provoking fellow should not lack stimulus. To have to devote herself for a whole hour to one young man, in the long hair and country garb which regained their awkwardness in her mind's eye when her father announced that Phil was coming to dinner, seemed a hard task; but when the young man made his appearance Lucia was so agreeably surprised that what had seemed a task at once became by anticipation a positive pleasure.

The evening soon opened promisingly for Marge, for Phil took soup a second time—a proceeding which inflicted upon Mrs. Tramlay several moments of uncontrolled anxiety and caused profound silence around the table. But Lucia rapidly recovered; desperate cases required desperate remedies; so she said

"Phil, do you remember that dinner you once made us in the grove by the beach?"

"Indeed I do," said Phil. "I never shall forget it." And he told the truth, for Lucia's look of horror when he brought from the fire a piece of board piled high with roasted clams had been one of the few great mental dampers of his life.

"You made us forks from dried twigs," said Lucia. "I kept mine as a memento; it is hanging over my mantel now, with a bow of blue ribbon around it."

Marge frowned perceptibly, Mrs. Tramlay looked horrified; but Phil's face lightened so quickly that Lucia's little heart gave a gay bound.

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Prosser, Wash., October 5th, 1889. oct10-tf