THE YAKIMA HERALD.

SUPPLEMENT.

COUNTRY LUCK. (CONTINUED.)

ment of that lady's society? Oh, horrible, delicious thought! Jealousy was not an unknown quality at Haynton; he had observed its development often and often. But to be jealous a girl must be very fond of a man, or at least desirous of his regard. Could it be that Lucia regarded him as he did her? Did she really esteem him as more than a mere acquaintance? If not, why that strange look?

If really jealous, Lucia soon had ample revenge, for music began, and Miss Dinon said:

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

"I—no, I don't dance," he stammered.

"How unfortunate—for a dozen or more girls this evening!" murmured Miss Dinon. "You will kindly excuse me, that I may see if the sets are full?"

Phil bowed and edged his way to a corner, where in solitude and wretchedness he beheld Lucia go through a quadrille, bestowing smiles in rapid succession upon her partner, who was to Phil's eyes too utterly insignificant to deserve a single glance from those fairest eyes in the world. His lips hardened as he saw Lucia occasionally whirled to her place by the arm of her partner boldly encircling her waist. He had always thought dancing was wrong; now he knew it. At Haynton the young people occasionally went through a dance called "Sir Roger de Coverley," but there was no hugging in that. And Lucia did not seem at all displeased by her partner's familiarity—confound it!

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

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

"Awkward, indeed!" exclaimed Phil. A very young man with a solemn countenance came over just then to remind the maiden with the fan that the next quadrille would be his; so she floated away, bestowing upon Phil a parting smile far too sweet to be utterly wasted, as it was.

"You seem unhappy, Mr. Hayn," said Miss Dinon, rejoining Phil. "I really believe it's because you don't dance. Confess, now."

"You ought to be a soothsayer, Miss Dinon, you are so shrewd at guessing," said Phil, forcing a smile and then mentally rebuking himself for lying.

"Won't you attempt at least a quadrille? The next one will be very easy."

"Phil!" exclaimed Lucia, coming up to him with an odd, defiant look, part of which was given to Miss Dinon, "you're too mean for anything. You haven't asked me for a single dance."

Phil's smile was of the sweetest and cheerliest as he replied:

"Wouldn't it be meaner to ask for what I wouldn't know how to accept? We country people don't know how to dance."

"But any one can go through a quadrille; it's as easy as walking."

"You couldn't have a better opportunity than the next dance, Mr. Hayn," said Miss Dinon, "now a more graceful partner and instructor than Miss Tramlay."

Lucia looked grateful and penitent; then she took Phil's arm, and whispered rapidly, "We'll take a side; all you need do will be to watch the head couples carefully, and do exactly as they do, when our turn comes."

"But if I blunder"——

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

"Nothing," said Phil, his heart warming, and his face reflecting the smile that accompanied Lucia's promise. The quadrille was really as easy as had been promised; indeed, Phil found it almost identical, except in lack of grace, with an alleged calisthenic exercise which a pious teacher had once introduced in Haynton's school.

The motion of swinging a partner back to position by an encircling arm puzzled him somewhat as he contemplated it, but Lucia kindly came to his assistance, and 'twas done almost before he knew it—done altogether too quickly, in fact. And although he honestly endeavored to analyze the wickedness of it, and to feel horrified and remorseful, his mind utterly refused to obey him.

"There!" exclaimed Lucia, as the quadrille ended, and, leaning on Phil's arm, she moved toward a seat. "You didn't seem to find that difficult."

"Anything would be easy, with you for a teacher," Phil replied.

"Thanks," said Lucia, with a pretty nod of her head.

"And I'm ever so much obliged to Miss Dinon for urging me to try," continued Phil.

"Agnes Dinon is a dear old thing," said Lucia, fanning herself vigorously.

"Old!" echoed Phil. "A woman like Miss Dinon can never be old."

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

"I should imagine you had been smitten by Miss Dinon."

"Nonsense!" Phil exclaimed, with a laugh. "Can't a man state a simple fact in natural history without being misunderstood?"

"Forgive me," said Lucia, prettily. "I forgot that you were always interested in the deepest and most far away side of everything. Here comes that stupid little Laybrough, who has my next waltz. I'm going to depend upon you to take me down to supper. By by."

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

"Wouldn't it be great if our charming hostess were to set her cap for that young fellow from the country?"

"Nonsense!" was the reply; "she's too much the older to think of such a thing."

"Not a bit of it. She'll outlive any young girl in the room. Besides, where money calls, youth is never slow in responding."

"They say he's as good as engaged to Miss Tramlay," said the first speaker.

"Indeed? Umph! Not a bad match. Has he got any money? I don't believe Tramlay is more than holding his own."

Phil felt his face flush as he moved away. He wanted to resent the remarks about his hostess, an implication that his friend Tramlay was other than rich, and, still more, that any young man could be led to the marriage altar merely by money. If people were talking about him in such fashion he wished he might be out of sight. He would return at once to his hotel, had he not promised to take Lucia down to supper. He could at least hide himself, for a little while, in the gentlemen's room up stairs. Thither he went, hoping to be alone, but he found Margie, who had just come in, and who lost his self possession for an instant when he recognized the well dressed young man before him.

"Anybody here?" drawled Margie.

"Lucia is—I mean Miss Tramlay," said Phil, in absent minded fashion—"and lots of other people, of course."

Margie looked curiously at Phil's averted face and went down stairs. Phil remained long enough to find that his mind was in an utter muddle, and that apparently nothing would compose it but another glimpse of Lucia. As supper was served soon after he went down, his wish was speedily gratified. From that time forward his eye sought her continually, although he tried to speak again to every one to whom he had been introduced. How he envied Lucia's father, who was to escort the little witch home! How he wished that in the city, as at Haynton, people walked home from parties, and stood a long time at the gate, when maid and man were pleasantly acquainted!

He saw Lucia go up stairs when the company began leave talking; he stood at the foot of the stair that he might have one more glance at her. As she came down she was an entirely new picture, though none the less charming, in her wraps. And—oh, bliss!—she saw him and said:

"See me to the carriage, Phil, and then find papa for me."

How tenderly he handed her down the carpeted stone steps! He had seen pictures of such scenes, and tried to conform his poses with those he recalled. He opened the carriage door. Lucia stepped in, but her train could not follow of its own volition, so Phil had the joy of lifting the rustling mass that had the honor of following the feet of divinity. Then he closed the carriage door regretfully, but a little hand kindly stole through the window as Lucia said:

"Good night. Don't forget to send papa out."

"I won't," said Phil. Then he looked back quickly: the door of the house was closed, so he raised the little hand to his lips and kissed it several times in rapid succession. True, the hand was gloved; but Phil's imagination was not.

CHAPTER XI.

DRIFTING FROM MOORINGS.

MASTER Philip Hayn retired from his second evening in New York society with feelings very different from those which his rather heavy heart and head had carried down to Sol Mantring's sloop only a short week before. No one called him "country" or looked curiously at his attire; on the contrary, at least one lady, in a late party that boarded the elevated train on which he was returning to his hotel, regarded him with evident admiration. Not many days before, even this sort of attention would have made him uncomfortable, but the experiences of his evening at Miss Dinon's had impressed him with the probability that he would be to a certain degree an object of admiration, and he was already prepared to accept it as a matter of course—very much, in fact, as he had been taught to accept whatever else which life seemed sure to bring.

Of one thing he felt sure: Lucia did not regard him unfavorably. Perhaps she did not love him—he was modest enough to admit that there was no possible reason why she should—yet she had not attempted to withdraw that little hand—bless it!—when he was covering it with kisses. She had appropriated him, in the loveliest way imaginable, not only once but several times during the evening, showing marked preference for him. Perhaps this was not so great a compliment as at first sight it seemed, for, bold his own face and figure in as low esteem as he might, he nevertheless felt sure that the best looking young man in Miss Dinon's parlors was plainer and less manly than himself. But if her acceptance of his homage and her selection of him as her cavalier were not enough, there was that jealous look, twice repeated. He informed himself that the look did not become her; it destroyed the charm of her expression; it made her appear hard and unnatural; yet he would not lose the memory of it for worlds.

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

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

Then came back to him suddenly in all their blackness his moody thoughts over the obdurate facts in the case. Prolong his butterfly day as long as his money would allow, he must soon return to his normal condition of a country grub; he must return to the farm, to his well worn clothes of antique cut and neighborly patches, to the care of horses, cows, pigs and chickens, take "pot luck" in the family kitchen, instead of carefully selecting his meals from long bills of fare. Instead of attending receptions in handsome houses, he must seek society in church sociables and the hilarious yet very homely parties given by neighboring farmers, and an occasional affair, not much more formal, in the village.

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

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

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"Margie, Margie, wake up!" whispered Lucia to her slumbering sister, on returning from the Dinon party.

"Oh, dear!" drawled the sleeper. "Is it breakfast time so soon?"

"No, you little goose; but you want to hear all about the party, don't you?"

"To be sure I do," said the sister, with a long yawn and an attempt to sit up. Miss Margie had heard that she was prettier than her elder sister; she knew she was admired, and she was prudently acquiring all possible knowledge of society against her approaching "coming out." "Tell me all about it. Who was there?" continued the drowsy girl, rubbing her eyes, pushing some crinkly hair behind her ears, and adjusting some pillows so that she might sit at ease. Then she put her hands behind her head, and exclaimed, "Why don't you go on? I'm all ears."

Lucia laughed derisively as she pulled an ear small enough, almost, to be a deformity, then tossed wraps and other articles of attire carelessly about, dropped into a low rocker, and said:

"Only the usual set were there. I danced every dance, of course, and there was plenty of cream and coffee. Agnes and her mother know how to entertain; it's a real pleasure to go to supper there. But I've kept the best to the last. There was one addition to the usual display of young men—a tall, straight, handsome, manly, awfully stylish fellow, that set all the girls' tongues running. You've seen him, but I'll bet you a pound of candy you can't guess his name."

"Oh, don't make me guess when I'm not wide awake yet. Who was it?"

"It—was—Philip—Hayn!" said Lucia, so earnestly that she seemed almost tragical.

"Lucia Tramlay!" exclaimed Margie, dropping her chin and staring blankly. "Not that country fellow who used to drive us down to the beach at Haynton?"

"The very same; but he's not a country fellow now. Upon my word I shouldn't have known him if I hadn't known he had been invited and would probably come. I was in terror lest he would come dressed as he did to our reception last week, and the girls would get over their admiration of his talk and tease me about him. But you never in your life saw so splendid looking a fellow—you really didn't. And he was very attentive to me; he had to be. I took possession of him from the first. He doesn't dance, so I couldn't keep him dangling, but I had him to myself wherever men could be most useful. Margie, what are you looking so wooden about?"

"The idea!" said Margie, in a far away voice, as if her thoughts were just starting back from some distant point. "That heavy, sober fellow becoming a city beau! It's like Cinderella and the princess. Do pinch me, so I may be sure I'm not dreaming."

"Margie," whispered Lucia, suddenly seating herself on the bedside, and, instead of the desired pinch, burying her cheek on a pillow close against her sister's shoulder, "after he had put me into the carriage he kissed my hand—oh, over so many times."

"Why, Lucia Tramlay! Where was papa?"

"He hadn't come down yet."

"Goodness! What did you say or do?"

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

"That country boy a flirt!" exclaimed Margie, going off into blankness again.

"He isn't a flirt at all," replied Lucia, sharply. "You ought to have learned, even in the country, that Philip Hayn is in earnest in whatever he says or does."

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

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

"Lu," said Margie, turning so as to give one of Lucia's shoulders a vigorous shake, "I believe you think Phil Hayn is in love with you!"

"What else can I think?" said Lucia, without moving her head. Her sister looked at her in silence a moment, and replied:

"A good deal more, you dear little wretch: you can think you're in love with him, and, what is more, you are thinking so this very minute. Confess, now!"

Lucia was silent; she did not move her head, except to press it deeper into the pillow, nor did she change her gaze from the wall on the opposite side of the room; nevertheless, she manifested undoubted signs of guilt. Her sister bent over her, embraced her, covered her cheeks with kisses and called her tender names, some of which had been almost unheard since nursery days. When at last Lucia allowed her eyes to be looked into, her sister took both her hands, looked roguish, and said:

"Say, Lu, how does it feel to be in love? Is it anything like what novels tell about?"

"Don't ask me," exclaimed Lucia, "or I shall have a fit of crying right away."

"Well, I'll let you off—for a little while, if you'll tell me how it feels to have your hand kissed."

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

"Ah! you're real mean!" protested the younger girl. "But what will papa and mamma say? And how are you going to get rid of Mr. Margie? I give you warning that you needn't turn him over to me when I come out. I detest him."

"I don't want to get rid of him," said Lucia, becoming suddenly very sober. "Of course I couldn't marry Phil if he were to ask me—not if he's going to stay poor and live out of the world."

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

"I'm not going to marry anybody until I'm asked," exclaimed Lucia, springing from the bed, wringing her hands and pacing the floor; "and nobody has asked me yet; I don't know that anybody ever will. And I'm perfectly miserable; if you say another word to me about it I shall go into hysterics. Nobody ever heard anything but good of Phil Hayn, either here or anywhere else, and if he loves me I'm proud of it, and I'm going to love him back all I like, even if I have to break my heart afterward. He shan't know how I feel, you may rest assured of that. But oh, Margie, it's just too dreadful. Mamma has picked out Mr. Margie for me—who could love such a stick!—and she'll be perfectly crazy if I marry any one else, unless perhaps it's some one with a great deal more money. I wonder if ever a poor girl was in such a perfectly horrible position?"

Margie did not know, so both girls sought consolation in the ever healing fount of maidenhood—a good long cry.

CHAPTER XII.

IRON LOOKS UP.

THE truth of the old saying regarding the reluctance of watched pots to boil is proved as well in business as elsewhere, as Edgar Tramlay and a number of other men in the iron trade had for some time been learning to their sorrow. Few of them were making any money; most of them were losing on interest account, closed mills or stock on hand that could not find purchasers. To know this was uncomfortable; to know that the remainder of the business world knew it also was worse; there is a sense of humiliation in merely holding one's own for a long period which is infinitely more provoking and depressing to a business man than an absolute failure or assignment.

How closely every one in Tramlay's business circle watched the iron market! There was not an industry in the world in the least degree dependent upon iron which they did not also watch closely and deduce apparent probabilities which they exchanged with one another. The proceedings of congress, the results of elections, the political movements abroad that tended to either peace or war, became interesting solely through their possible influence upon the iron trade. Again and again they were sure that the active and upward movement was begin at once, the opening of a long closed mill to execute a small order, even a longer interval than usual between the closings of mills, was enough to lift up their collective hearts for a while. Then all would become faint hearted again when they realized that they, like Hosea Biglow's chanticleer, had been

Mistakin' moonrise for the break o' day

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

Good news flies fast, the upward tendency of iron was soon talked of in New York's thousands of down town offices, where, to an outside observer, talk seems the principal industry. Men in other businesses that were depressed began to consult iron men who had weathered the storms and endured the still more destructive calms of the long period of depression. Bankers began to greet iron men with more cordiality than of late. Announcements of large orders for iron given by certain railroads and accepted by certain mills began to appear on the tapes of the thousands of stock indicators throughout the city.

It naturally followed that Mr. Margie, to whom the aforesaid "tape" seemed the break of life, began to wonder whether, in the language of Wall street, he had not a "privilege" upon which he might "realize." If the upward movement of iron was to continue and become general, Tramlay would undoubtedly be among those who would benefit by it. Would the result be immediate, or would Tramlay first have to go into liquidation, after the manner of many merchants who through a long depression keep up an appearance of business which is destroyed by the first opportunity for actual transactions! Margie had long before, for business purposes, made some acquaintances in the bank with which Tramlay did business, but he did not dare to inquire too pointedly about his friend's balance and discounts. Besides, Margie had learned, through the published schedules of liabilities of numerous insolvents, that some business men have a way of borrowing privately and largely from relatives and friends.

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

It was solely with this view, he explained to himself, that he had made careful reconnoissances in other directions; if some ladies who would have been acceptable—Miss Agnes Dinon, for instance—had not been able to estimate him rightly as a matrimonial candidate, he was sure that they as well as he had been losers through their lack of perception. As matters now stood, Lucia was his only apparent chance in the circle where he belonged and preferred to remain. His purpose to advance his suit was quickened, within a very few days, by the announcement on the tape that a rolling mill in which he knew Tramlay was largely interested had received a very large order for railroad iron and would open at once.

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

"Do any of you know where that young Hayn is stopping? I want him."

"Why, Edgar!" said Mrs. Tramlay.

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

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

Margie stole a glance at Lucia, that young lady was looking at a chicken croquette as intently as if properly to manage such a morsel with a fork required alert watchfulness.

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

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

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

"Bright woman!" replied Tramlay, with a smile and a nod; "but I wouldn't have thought so at his age, and I don't believe Hayn will. I can afford to pay him as much as that farm earns in a year—say fifteen hundred dollars; and I don't believe he'll decline that amount of money; 'twill enable him to take care of himself in good bachelor style and save something besides. I'm sure, too, he'd like to remain in the city, country youths always do, after they have a taste of it."

Again Margie glanced at Lucia, but the chicken croquette continued troublesome, and no responsive glance came back.

"He had far better be at home," persisted Mrs. Tramlay, "where the Lord put him in the first place."

"Well," said Tramlay, finishing a cup of coffee, "if the Lord had meant every one to remain where he was born, I don't believe he would have given each person a pair of feet. And what a sin it must be to make railroad iron, which tempts and aids hundreds of thousands of people to move about!"

"Don't be irreverent, Edgar, and, above all things, try not to be ridiculous," said the lady of the house. "And when you've spoiled this youth and he goes back to home a disappointed man, don't forget that you were warned in time."

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

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

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

"Excuse me, too," said her husband a moment later, after looking at his watch. "Conversation is the thief of time—in the early morning. Good-by, children."

Margie sprang from her chair and threw her arms around her father's neck. She was a fairly affectionate daughter, but such exuberance came only by fits and starts, and it was not the sort of thing that any father with a well regulated heart cares to hurry away from, even when business is looking up. When finally Tramlay was released he remarked:

"I used to have two daughters—eh, Lu?"

Lucia arose, approached her father softly and with head down, put her arms around him and rested her head on his breast as she had not often done in late years, except after a conflict and the attendant reconciliation. Her father gave her a mighty squeeze, flattened a few crimps and waves that had cost some effort to produce and finally said:

"I must be off. Give me a kiss, Lu."

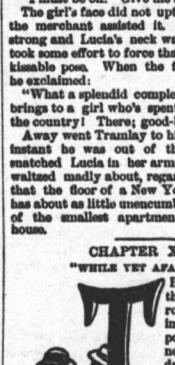
The girl's face did not upturn promptly, so the merchant assisted it. His hands were strong and Lucia's neck was slender, yet it took some effort to force that little head to a kissable pose. When the father succeeded, he exclaimed:

"What a splendid complexion October air brings to a girl who's spent the summer in the country! There; good-by."

Away went Tramlay to his business. The instant he was out of the room Margie snatched Lucia in her arms and the couple waltzed madly about, regardless of the fact that the floor of a New York dining room has about as little unencumbered area as that of the smallest apartment in a tenement house.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHILE YET AFAR OFF."



THINNER and thinner became the roll of bank notes in Philip Hayn's pocket; nearer and nearer came the day when he must depart from the city—depart without any hope that he might ever return. The thought was intolerable; but what could be done to banish it? He might again, and several times, make excuses to leave home and come to New York for a day or two, perhaps on Sol Mantring's sloop, and keep up after a fashion the acquaintance he had made, but to remain in the city any length of time and spend money as he had been doing, was not to be thought of; the money could not be taken from the family purse or saved in any way that he could devise.

Oh that he might speculate! Oh that the people who had thought of Hayn farm as a site for a cottage village would make haste to decide and purchase, so the family's property might be in money instead of land—solid earth, which could not be spent while in its earthy condition. Oh that he might at least find occupation in New York; he would deny himself anything for the sake of replacing himself on the farm by a laborer, who would be fully as useful with two hands as he, if he might remain in the city. Why had he never had the sense to study any business but farming? There were two stores and a factory at Haynton; had he taken employment in either of these, as he had been invited to do, he might have learned something that would be of avail in New York.

But, alas! it was too late. He must go back to the farm—go away from Lucia. How should he say farewell to her? Could he ask her to accept an occasional letter from him and to reply? Would the Tramlays want to spend the next summer at Hayn farm? he wondered. Should they come and Lucia see him carrying a pail of pea pods to the pig sty, or starting off with oil skins and a big black basket for a day's fishing off shore, would not her pretty lip curl in disdain? Or if the family wanted to go to the beach for a bath, would he come in from the fields in faded cotton shirt and trousers and bandless old straw hat to drive them down?

No; none of these things should occur. The Tramlays should not again board at Hayn farm, unless he could manage in some way to be away from home at the time. He would oppose it with all his might. And yet, what could he say by way of explanation to his parents? There are some things that one cannot explain—not if one is a young man who has suddenly had his head turned by change of scene.

How he should say farewell to Lucia troubled him a great deal, particularly as the time was approaching rapidly. To tell her of his love would be unmanly, while he was unable to carry love forward to its natural fruition; but, on the other hand, would it be right for him to take mere friendly leave after having betrayed himself over her hand at the carriage window? And if her manifestations of jealousy at the Dinon party meant anything more than mere desire to monopolize his attention, would she not hate him if he went away without some expression of tenderness?

The longer he cudgeled his wits the more inactive they became. He resolved to call at once and trust to chance, and perhaps a merciful Providence, to help him to a proper leave taking. He wondered if she would be at home; he had heard her recapitulate a succession of engagements which seemed to him to dispose of a week of afternoons and evenings. He would seek her father and ask him when Lucia could be found at home.

He acted at once upon the impulse, but Tramlay was not at his office. As the time was about noon, Phil strolled to the restaurant to which the iron merchant had taken him. Tramlay was not there, so the young man took a seat and ordered luncheon. Just as it was served, Margie passed him, without seeing him, and a young man at a table behind Phil said to his companion:

"That Margie is a lucky dog. Have you heard that he's going to marry Tramlay's daughter? She'll be rich; iron is looking up."

"Is that so," asked the other. "When did it come out?"

"I don't know whether it's announced yet," was the reply, "but one of the fellows at the bank told me, and I suppose he got it from Margie, he knows him very well."

Phil's appetite departed at once. It seemed to him his life would accompany it. His mind was in a daze, his heart was like lead. His feelings reached his face, and, abstracted and stupid though he felt, he could not help seeing that he was attracting attention, so he paid his bill, went out, and hurried along the street. The first distinct impression of which he was conscious was that there need no longer be any doubt about how to say good by to Lucia, a formal courteous note would suffice; he would not trust himself to meet her. Could he blame her? No, he certainly had no claim upon her heart, nor any reason to really believe she had regarded him as more than a pleasant acquaintance. She had let him kiss her hand, but had not she herself taught him that this was merely an old time form of salutation? She had the right to marry whom she would, yet Margie—The thought of that man—that lazy, listless, cold, dry stick—being bound for life to a merry, sensitive soul like Lucia drove him almost mad.

Well, the blow was a blessing in one way now he could go back to the farm without any fears or hesitation. Go back!—yes, he would hasten back; he could not too soon put behind him the city and all its memories. After all, it was not the city he had dreaded to leave; it was Lucia, and whatever through her seemed necessary. Now that she must be forgotten, all else might go. He would go back to the hotel, pack his clothes—how he longed for the money they had cost him!—write a line to Lucia, and take the first train for home. Home! How shamefully he had forgotten it in the past fortnight! Perhaps this disappointment was his punishment; if so, although severe, it was no more than just. Home! Why, he would rejoice to be once more inside his dirty oilskin fishing clothes—to obliterate the city man he had been aping for a fortnight. Heaven had evidently intended him to be a drudge; well, heaven's will should be done.

Thus reasoned the spirit; but the flesh did not rapidly conform to its leader's will. Phil's teeth and lips were twitching; he felt it was so; he noticed that people stared at him, just as they did while he was in the restaurant. This at least he could escape, and he would, so he turned into the first side street, to avoid the throng. Within a moment he feared he was losing his reason, for it seemed to him flat people were pursuing him. There certainly was an unusual clatter of hurrying feet behind him, but—pshaw!—it was probably a crowd running to a fire or a fight. The noise increased; several wilds yells arose, and some one shouted, "Stop thief!" Then Phil's heart stopped beating, for a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. He started violently aside, but there was no shaking off the grasp of that heavy hand; he looked wildly around, and into the eyes of his father.

"Bless you, old boy, how—how fast you do walk!" panted the old man. "I was 'way up—on the other side of the road when—when I saw you turnin' down here. Sol Mantring said I wouldn't know you—if I saw you. Why—I knowed you at first sight."

"Wot's he done?" bleated a small boy in front, for the crowd had already surrounded the couple.

"What's who done?" asked the old man, angrily, after he had looked around and seen the crowd. "Why, you tarnal loafers, can't a man run down the road to catch up with his own son without you thinkin' there's somethin' wrong? I've heard that in New York ev'ry man suspects ev'ry other man of bein' a thief. Git out! go about your business, if you've got any."

The crowd, looking sadly disappointed and disgusted, slowly dispersed, one very red faced man remarking that the entire proceeding had been "a durned skin."

The father and son walked along until comparatively alone; then the father said:

"Somethin's wrong, old boy. What is it?"

Phil did not reply.

"Out of money an' afraid to send me word?"

"No," Phil replied.

"Then it's her, eh?"

Phil nodded. His father squeezed his hand and after a moment continued:

"Proposed to her an' been refused?"

"No," said Phil; "another man has proposed and been accepted."

"Dear! dear!" sighed the old man. "An' she's dead in love with him, I s'pose?"

"I never saw any sign of it," said Phil, his face wrinkling. "I don't see how she can; he's a dry old stick."

"Rich?"

"Um-m—I don't know," said Phil.

"Know him?"

"Yes, a little. Mr. Tramlay says he lives on his income."

"Easy enough for a bachelor to do that in New York," said the old man, "an' still not have much."

They walked in silence a few minutes, then the old man continued:

"Sure you weren't mistaken, bub?"

"About what?"

"Sure you really fell in love? Sure you warn't only in a fit of powerful admiration? Lots of young fellers get took in that way an' spend a lifetime bein' sorry for it."

Phil shook his head.

"She's mighty good lookin'; I know it. I can take in the p'ints of a gal as good as if she was a colt. Good stock in her, too; that father of hern is full of grit an' go, an' her mother's a lady. Still, you might have been kind o' upset, an' not knowed your own mind as well as you might."

"Father," said Phil, "you remember what you've often said about your horse Black Billy?—'There's only one horse in the world, and that's Billy.' Well, for me there's only one girl in the world—Lucia."

"That's the Hayn blood, all over," said the old man, with a laugh that grated harshly on Phil's ear.

"And I've lost her," Phil continued. "Don't let's talk about her any more. Don't remind me of her."

"Don't remind you?" shouted the old man, stopping short on the sidewalk. "See here, young man," the father continued, shaking his forefinger impressively, "if I was you, an' felt like you, do you know what I'd do?"

"No," said Phil, amazed at this demonstra-

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