

THE YAKIMAN HEAD.

SUPPLEMENT.

COUNTRY LUCK. (CONTINUED.)

"If you believe anything you hear about men and women, my boy, you'll be off your course all your life long. Take a good grip on that."

Again Phil went into a brown study, from which he emerged suddenly to say:

"It's just what you did when you supposed you learned she wasn't engaged, isn't it? You believed it and wrote it at once. Now you know she is."

"Oh, no," said the old man, with an air of superiority, as he put a very sharp point on what remained of the toothpick. "Not much. I've learned always to go to head quarters for information."

"Why, father," Phil exclaimed, excitedly, "you don't mean to say, after what you promised me, that you went—and—"

"Folks my nose into other people's business! Not I. Mr. Tramlay took me home to dinner—say, what an outlandish way those folks have got of not eating dinner till eight o'clock! After the meal, long about the edge of the evening, when Tramlay had gone for some reason or other, the old lady was out of the room for something, I took occasion to congratulate the gal on her engagement; that's the proper thing in such cases made an awkward, you know. She looked kind of flabbergasted, and at last she said 'the fust shod' heard of it. I tried to get out of it by saying 'if it wa'n't true it ort to be, if young man in York had eyes in his heels. But it didn't seem to work. She said 'heard of it, an' I had her say that somebody in the city had told my son about it.'"

Phil frowned.

"Then," continued the old man, "she bust out crying."

"Oh, dear," sighed Phil, "I see something had to be done, so I put my arms around her."

"Why, father," said Phil, in alarm.

"I put my arms around her, an' said that when a gal was cryin' she ort to have her parents to comfort her, an', as neither of us was present, I hoped she'd make believe for a minute or two that I was her grand father. So she took my advice; an' it seemed to do her a sight of good."

"What advice did you give her?" asked Phil.

"None—in words," said the old man. "Wait till you're my age; then you'll understand."

"I don't see," said Phil, after a moment or two of silence, "that things are much better than they were. Perhaps she isn't engaged, but that fellow Marge is hanging about her all the time. From what I've heard people remark, he's been paying attention to her for a year or two. When the family were at the house last week, I saw him sitting at the table with her. I'm pretty sure, too, from what I've seen, that her mother favors him. So, putting everything together, and thinking about it a good deal, as I've had to do in spite of my nose, I've come to the conclusion that she's a foregone conclusion."

"So you're going to flop like a stuck pig an' let it go on, are you? Just because you've thought something up, you're going to do it. If I'd thought that you don't believe I'd have brought you down here to be a business man in the city, for a fellow that ain't got the grit to fight, a gal that he wants to marry to make a mighty poor flat of it fightin' for a fortune. No, sir; you're not going to knock under while you've got a father to egg you on. I don't say she's in every way the gal I'd like to pick out for my boy, but any gal that'll live up to the best that's in her is good enough for any man alive. If you care as much for her as you thought you did when I met you in the street that day, that's the one for you to do, unless she breaks the rope. A man sometimes gets a bad lickin' in a love fight, an' a powerful big ear besides, but both together don't do him as much harm as backin' out an' playin' coward."

"I'm not a coward, father," protested Phil, and his eyes flashed as if he meant it.

"You don't mean to be, my boy," said the old man, with a pat on his son's shoulder, "but you're in the dark about some things that maybe look bigger than they are. That sort of thing'll make cowards out of the best of men, if they give in to it; that's the reason I'm crackin' the whip at you; Tramlay wants me, said Phil, a moment later.

"Reckon you'd better go down and find out," the old man replied.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NEW CLERK.

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

"Well, I hope that some day you'll find out to your own satisfaction. By the way, I wish you'd get out of that morning gown. My nose is coming to dinner."

"Oh, dear! then I'll have dinner sent up to my room, I think. I don't feel a bit well, and it's awful to think of sitting bolt upright in a high dress for an hour or two. And Lucia whirled from side to side on the piano stool, and looked forlorn and cross.

"I suppose it would be impossible to dine in a dress that is not tight?" said the father.

"Papa, please don't tease me; I don't feel a bit well; really I don't."

"What is the matter, child?" asked the father, tenderly. "Too much candy—too few parties?"

"Oh, nothing that I know of," said the girl, warily. "I'll feel better when the cold weather comes, I suppose. She played with the piano keys a moment or two, and continued:

"You have a new clerk. I hope he's nice—not a mere figuring machine?"

"Quite a fine fellow," said the merchant. "At least he seems to be."

"Is he—have you given him the place you intended to offer Philip Hayn?"

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

"Indeed it is, since iron has looked up. Your father's hand will have descended had the chance if he hadn't gone off some again without even calling to say good-by?"

"Just so."

"Oh, I don't want to see him," said Lucia, pettily. "He's a kind of a young man."

"What a mercy it is that they don't know it!" said the merchant. "They'd all go off and commit suicide, and then merchants couldn't have any clerks at all."

"Gracious, Lu!" exclaimed the merchant. "Your mother's hand will have descended from a grizzly bear. But why this excitement?"

"Because you're a dear, thoughtful old man, who's always trying to do good," said Lucia, with a sigh. "I've never seen a young man might never have a chance in the world. I think it's real missionary work to help deserving people who aren't able to help themselves. I know it is, for our minister has said so in his sermons, and again."

"I'm real glad to learn that my daughter remembers some of the things she hears in church," said the merchant. "So you think young Hayn deserves a chance in the world, eh?"

"I only know what you yourself have said about him," said Lucia, demurely.

"Good girl! always take your father's advice about young men and you'll not be mistaken in the long run. Which cut of the roast chicken shall I send up to your room?"

"Oh, I'll try to come down, as it's only Phil; maybe I can coax Marge to help me."

Lucia slipped slowly from the room, but went up the stairs like a whirlwind. The merchant sat at the piano and made a dreadful succession of noises as the muffled instrument had ever endured. He went to do something.

A quarter of an hour later Lucia floated down stairs in a robe of pale blue, her face as fresh and bright as dawn.

"What a surprise at sunset!" exclaimed her father, "but she's got to be used to the natural order of things, I suppose. But my dear daughter, you've put the rouge on too thick; do you think so?"

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, and the flush on her cheeks spread to her ears.

"Edgar," said Mrs. Tramlay, who came in a moment or two after, "see how foolish you were to think Lucia ill. I never saw her looking better."

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

Phil was not so happy as he should have been. He checked his way to the Tramlay's. He wondered how he should be able to greet Lucia without betraying the mixed emotions which he was sure the first sight of her face would cause him. He had a firm conviction that the merchant would not act according to his feelings, and his remembrance of various men whom he had seen behaving awkwardly in the presence of young ladies made him quite certain that Lucia and Marge would laugh at his much vigorous and affirmative head-bobbing as the situation seemed to justify.

"How do you think you will like the iron business, Mr. Hayn, asked Mrs. Phil replied at dinner.

"I'm really, so far as I know it," Phil replied. "Up to date my duties have been to go to lunch, read the morning papers and chat with a railroad company's vice president about off shore fishing."

"We always try to break in our young men pleasantly," said Tramlay, "so they'll be willing to promise long service for small money; then we begin to put on heavier chains, one by one."

"And he has social position, which is of more importance in New York than anything else," continued the wife. "He knows many prominent people whom we do not, and if he were to marry Lucia it would improve Marge's opportunities. We haven't gone into society as much as we should, and I'm afraid our daughters will have to suffer for it."

"Then I shall earnestly strive to be nice," said Phil.

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

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

"Are you a good judge of tea?" asked Lucia. "Mamma has not been quite so herself since one of papa's clerks went to Fenelon's to take charge of a rolling mill. The good man used to spend hours in the tea parlour's warehouse, down near the mamma department for the kind of tea mamma doted on."

"You children are not to worry Phil with any of your trifling affairs," said the head of the house. "I want you all to understand that, besides having a desk in my office, he is a large operator in real estate. He is a sort of monopolist, in fact, for he is secretary and a director of the Hayn Farm Improvement company, which monopolizes one of the finest bits of shore front on the Atlantic coast."

"Hayn Farm?" said Lucia, in wonder. "Why, that is where Hayn Farm is."

"Why child! said her father, "and that blue portion of the map she overlooks the lay in the company's property. He never again cut your shoes to pieces on the spot outside of that bluff, for when next you see the place it will be covered by fine villas, like the ones you see in the newspapers."

Some young men who were accounted great catches were only secretaries and even assistant secretaries of one thing or other; she knew it, because she had seen their names listed in dividend notices and other advertisements in the newspapers.

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the gentle protests which a subsequent conversation could banish from his ear.

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

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"Besides," said Mrs. Tramlay, retracting her thoughts, "Mr. Marge doesn't look the least bit old; he is not the kind of man to grow old. I can't see that he appears a day older than he did years ago."

"Bless your sentimental heart!" said the merchant. "He doesn't, eh? Well, it does you credit to think so, and it doesn't make me jealous to have their millions in the street and live on their children forever after."

"If the company succeeds," continued Mrs. Tramlay, "Mr. Marge will be as much the gainer as you or young Hayn, won't he?"

"Certainly."

"Then he'll be that much better off than this young man you're so fond of?"

"Yes, if he does nothing foolish in the meantime; but I have my doubts of the financial stability of any man who can't see a stock market without looking at it. Wall street exists solely for the purpose of absorbing such man's money."

"Mr. Marge is no fool," said Mrs. Tramlay. "He's no wiser than some veterans who have had to leave their millions in the street and live on their children forever after."

"The improvement company has only about forty acres, I believe you said?"

"And two thousand an acre is the most you hope for?"

"That would be eighty thousand dollars; four to eighty goes twenty times, and the difference between which year or two of society will impose on an observing maiden, was as artless and effusive and affectionate as if Phil were an ideal other brother, if not a lover. Of course Marge was not in love with Lucia; but she was not in love with Marge's praises! To her the world seemed to live and move and have its being solely for Lucia. Phil had never before seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed all the more wonderful as he recalled the large passages of words in which the two girls had indulged at Hayn Farm not a half year before. Marge seemed to have adopted him as a big brother, and it was quite delightful, as he had never seen such affection between sisters, and it seemed