THE YAKIMA HERALD.

SUPPLEMENT.

PATTLING JOE'S PRAYER.

Capt. Jack Crawford, formerly the postmaster at Girardville, has written a volume of character sketches and mining poems and published them at San Francisco. They are written in the style adopted by Mark Twain and other western humorists, and are said to be equal in merit with the best. The following is a specimen of them. Its caption is

"RATTLING JOE'S PRAYER."

Jist pile on some more o' them pine knots,
An' squat yerself down on this skin;
An', Scotty, let up on yer growlin'—
The boys air all tired o' yer chin.
Alleghany, jist pass round the bottle,
An' give the boys all a square drink,
An' as soon as yer settled I'll tell ye
A yarn as 'll please ye, I think.

'Twas the year eighteen hundred an' sixty,
A day in the bright month o' June,
When the Angel o' death from the Diggins
Snatched "Monte Bill"—known as McCune.
Bill war allus a favorite among us,
In spite o' the trade that he had,
Which war gamblin'—but—don't ye furgit it
He of 'en made weary hearts glad;
An', pards, while he lay in that coffin,
Which we hewed from the trunk o' a tree,
His face war as calm as an angel's,
An' white as an angel's could be.

An' thar's whar the trouble commenced, pards,
An' Joe said: "We can't drop him this way,
Without some directions or stamps."
Then up spoke old Sandy McGregor:
"Look'ee yar mates, I'm regular dead stuck;
I can't hold no hand at religion,
An' I'm 'feared Bill's gone in out o' luck.
If I knowed a darn thing about prayin'
I'd chip in an' say him a mass;
But I ain't got no show in the lay-out—
I can't bust the game, so I pass."

Rattlin' Joe war the dext o' the speakers,
An' Joe war a friend o' the dead:
The salt water stood in his peepers,
An' these are the words as he said:
"Mates, you know I ain't any Christian,
An' I'll gamble the good Lord don't know
That thar lives such a rooster as I am;
But thar once war a time, long ago,
When I war a kid, I remember,
My old mother sent me to school,
To the little brown church every Sunday,
Whar they said I was dumb as a mule;
An' I reckon I've nearly forgotten
Purty much all that I ever knew,
But still, if you'll drop to my racket,
I'll show you what I can do.

"Now, I'll show you MY Bible," said Joseph—
"Jist hand me them cards off that rack;
I'll convince you that this ARE a Bible,"
An' he went to work shufflin' the pack.
He spread out the cards on the table,
An' began kinder pious like: "Pards,
If ye'll jist cheese yer racket an' listen,
I'll show ye the pra'r book in cards.

"The 'ace,' that reminds us of one God;
The 'deuce' of the Father an' Son;
The 'tray' of the Father, Son an' Holy Ghost—
For, ye see, all them three are but one;
The 'four-spot' is Mathew, Mark, Luke an' John;
The 'five-spot' the virgins who trimmed
Their lamps while yet 'twas light of the day,
An' the five foolish virgins who sinned;
The 'six-spot,' in six days the Lord made the world,
The sea an' the stars in the heaven—
He saw it war good, w'at He made, then He said
'I'll jist go to rest on the 'seven.'
The 'eight-spot' is Noah, his wife an' three sons
An' Noah's three sons had their wives;
God loved the hull mob, so he bid 'em emb-ark,
An' in the freshet He saved their lives.
The 'queen' war of Sheby in old Bible times,
The 'king' represents old King Sol.—
She brought in a hundred young folks, gals an' boys,
To the king in his government hall.
They war all dressed alike, an' she axed the old boy—
(She'd put up his wisdom as bosh)—
Which war boys an' which gals. Old Sol. said:
'By Joe! How dirty their hands! Make 'em wash!'
An' then he showed Sheba the boys only washed
Their hands an' a part o' their wrists,
While the gals went up to their elbows in suds.
Sheba weakened an' shook the king's fists.
Now, the 'knave,' that's the devil; an', God, ef ye please,
Jist keep his hands off'n poor Bill.
An' now, lads, jist drop on yer knees fer awhile,
Till I draw, an' perhaps I kin fill;
An' havin' no Bible, I'll pray on the cards,
Fer I've showed ye they're all on the square,
An' I think God'll cotton to all that I say,
If I'm only sincere in the pra'ar.

Jist give him a corner, good Lord—not on stocks,
Fer I ain't sich a damned fool as that,
To ax ye fer anything worldly fer Bill,
Kase ye'd put me up then for a flat.
I'm lost on the rules o' yer game, but I'll ax
Fer a seat fer him back o' the throne,
And I'll bet my hull stack thet the boy'll behave
If yer angels jist lets him alone.
That's nothin' bad 'bout him unless he gits riled—
The boys 'll all back me in that—
But if anyone treads on his corns, then you bet
He'll fight at the drop of the hat.
Jist don't let yer angels run over him, Lord,
Nor shut off all to once on his drink;
Break him in kinder gentle an' mild on the start
An' he'll give ye no trouble, I think.
An' couldn't ye give him a back of old cards,
To amuse himself once in a while?
But I warn ye right hyar, not to bet on his game
Or he'll get right away with yer pile.
An' now, Lord, I hope thet ye've tuck it all in,
An' listened to all thet I've said.
I know, thet my prayin' is just a bit thin,
But I've done all I kin for the dead,
An' I hope I hain't troubled yer Lordship to much,
So I'll cheese it by axin' again
Thet ye won't let the 'knave git his grip on poor Bill.
Thet's all, Lord—yours truly—amen."

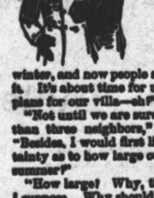
Thet's "Rattlin' Joe's" yrayer, old pardners,
An'—what! you all snorin'? Say, Lew,
By thunder! I've talked every rascal to sleep,
So I guess I had best turn in too.

—Your wasted cheeks may have all the plumpness and bloom of health through the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This time-honored remedy still leads the van. It improves digestion, purifies the blood, and invigorate the system. Give it a trial.

—Chilblains, unpleasant odors from the feet and other parts of the body, nasal catarrh, ringworm, poison oak, stye on the eye, granulated eyelids, eruptive diseases of the skin, all disappear after using Dutard's Specific. Warranted to effect a radical cure in every instance. Sold by Allen & Chapman.

COUNTRY LUCK. (CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXIV.
IRON LOOKS STILL HIGHER.



"WELL, my dear," said Tramlay to his wife one evening in late winter, "the spell is broken. Three different people have bought building sites of the Haynton Bay company, and a number of others seem interested. There's been a good deal of money made this winter, and now people seem anxious to spend it. It's about time for us to be considering plans for our villa—eh?"

"Not until we are sure we shall have more than three neighbors," said Mrs. Tramlay. "Besides, I would first like to have some certainty as to how large our family will be this summer?"

"How large? Why, the same size as usual, I suppose. Why shouldn't it be?"

"Edgar," said Mrs. Tramlay, impatiently, "for a man who has a business reputation for quick wits, I think you're in some things the stupidest person who ever drew breath."

Tramlay seemed puzzled. His wife finally came to his aid, and continued:

"I should like to know if Lucia's affair is to dawdle along as it has been doing. June is as late in the season as is fashionable for weddings, and an engagement"—

"Oh!" interrupted the merchant, with a gesture of annoyance, "I've heard the customary talk about mother love, and believed it, up to date, but I can't possibly bring myself to be as anxious as you to get rid of our blessed first born."

"It is because I love her that I am so desirous of seeing her happy and settled—not to get rid of her."

"Yes, I suppose so; and I'm a brute," said the husband. "Well, if Phil has been waiting until he should be certain about his own condition financially, he will not need to wait much longer. I don't know whether it's through brains, or tact, or what's called lover's luck, but he's been doing so well among railroad people that in common decency I must either raise his salary largely or give him an interest in the business."

"Well, really, you speak as if the business depended upon him."

"For a month or two he's been taking all the orders; I've been simply a sort of clerk, to distribute them among mills, or find out where iron could be had for those who wanted it in haste. He's after an order now—from the Lake and Gulfside road—that I let him attempt at first merely to keep him from growing conceited. It seemed too great and difficult a job to place any hope on, but I am beginning to half believe he'll succeed. If he does I'll simply be compelled to give him an interest in the business; if I don't some of my competitors will coax him away from me."

"What! after all you have done for him?"

"Tut! tut! the favor is entirely on the other side. Had some outsider brought me the orders which that boy has taken, I would have had to pay twenty times as much in commissions as Phil's salary has amounted to. What do you think of 'Edgar Tramlay & Co.' for a business sign, or even 'Tramlay & Hayn?'"

"I suppose it will have to be," said the lady, without any indication of gratification, "and, if it must be, the sooner the better, for it can't help making Lucia's position more certain. If it doesn't do so at once, I shall believe it my duty to speak to the young man."

"Don't! don't, I implore!" exclaimed the merchant. "He will think"——

"What he may think is of no consequence," said Mrs. Tramlay. "It is time that he should know what city etiquette demands."

"But it isn't necessary, is it, that he should know how matter-of-fact and cold hearted we city people can be about matters which country people think should be approached with the utmost heart and delicacy? Don't let him know what a mercenary, self serving lot of wretches we are, until he is so fixed that he can't run away."

"Edgar, the subject is not one to be joked about, I assure you."

"And I assure you, my dear, that I'm not more than half joking—not a bit more."

"I shall not say more than thousands of the most loving and discreet mothers have been obliged to say in similar circumstances," said Mrs. Tramlay. "If you cannot trust me to discharge this duty delicately, perhaps you will have the kindness to undertake it yourself."

"The very thing!" said Tramlay. "If he must have unpleasant recollections of one of us I would rather it wouldn't be his mother-in-law. The weight of precedent is against you, don't you know?—though not through any fault of yours."

"Will you seriously promise to speak to him? At once?—this very week?"

"I promise," said Tramlay solemnly, at the same time wickedly making a number of mental reservations.

"Then if there should be any mistake it will not be too late to recall poor Mr. Marge," said Mrs. Tramlay.

"My dear wife," said Tramlay, tenderly, "I know Marge has some good qualities, but I beg you to remember that by the time our daughter ought to be in the very prime of her beauty and spirits, unless her health fails, Marge will be nearly 70 years old. I can't bear the thought of our darling being doomed to be nurse to an old man just when she will be most fit for the companionship and sympathy of a husband. Suppose that ten years ago, when you boasted you didn't feel a day older than when you were 20, I had been twenty years older than I am now, and hanging like a dead weight about your neck? Between us we have had enough to do in bringing up our children properly; what would you have done had all the responsibility come upon you alone? And you certainly don't care to think of the probability of Lu being left a widow before she fairly reaches middle age?"

"Handsome widows frequently marry again, especially if their first husbands were well off."

"Wife!"

Mrs. Tramlay looked guilty, and avoided her husband's eye. She could not avoid his encircling arm, though, nor the meaning of his voice as he said:

"Is there no God but society?"

"I didn't mean to," whispered Mrs. Tramlay. "All mothers are looking out for their daughters; I don't think fathers understand how necessary it is. If you had shown more interest in Lucia's future I might not have been so anxious. Fathers never seem to think that their daughters ought to have husbands."

"Fathers don't like girls to marry before they are women," said Tramlay. "Even now I wish Lu might not marry until she is several years older."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Tramlay. "Would you want the poor child to go through several more years of late parties, and dancing, and dressing? Why, she'd become desperate and want to go into a nunnery or become a novelist, or reformer, or something."

"What! Is society really so dreadful to a young girl?" asked the husband.

"It's the most tiresome thing in the world after the novelty wears off," said Mrs. Tramlay, "unless she is fond of flirting, or gets into one of the prosy sets where they talk about nothing but books and music and pictures and blue china and such things."

"Live and learn," quoted the merchant. "Next time I become a young man and marry I'll bring up my family in the country. My sisters had at least horses and trees and birds and flowers and chickens to amuse them, and not one of them married until she was twenty-five."

Mrs. Tramlay maintained a discreet silence, for, except their admiration for their brother, Mrs. Tramlay had never been able to find a point of contact in her sisters-in-law. Tramlay slowly left the room and went to his club, informing himself, as he walked, that there were times in which a man really needed the society of men.

Meanwhile, Phil had for the twentieth time been closeted with the purchasing officials of the Lake and Gulfside railroad—as disagreeable and suspicious a couple as he had ever found among Haynton's assortment of expert grumblers. Had he been more experienced in business he would have been less hopeful, for, as everybody who was anybody in the iron trade knew the Lake and Gulfside had planned a branch nearly two hundred miles long, and there would be forty or fifty thousand tons of rails needed, everybody who was anybody in the iron trade was trying to secure at least a portion of the order. Phil's suggestion that Tramlay should try to secure the contract had affected the merchant about as a proposition of a child to build a house might have done; but to avoid depressing the young man's spirits, he had consented, and had himself gone so far as to get terms, for portions of the possible order, from men who were looking for encouragement to open their long closed mills.

Unknown to the merchant, and fortunately for Phil, one of the Lake and Gulfside purchasing agents had years before chanced to be a director in a company that placed a small order with Tramlay, and, remembering and liking the way in which it had been filled, was predisposed toward the house's new representative from the first. But Tramlay, not knowing this, laid everything to Phil's luck when the young man invaded the whist room of the club, called Tramlay away from a table just as cards had been dealt, and exclaimed in a hoarse whisper:

"I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked the merchant, not over pleased at the interruption. Phil stared so wildly that his employer continued: "Not the smallpox, I trust. What is it? Can't you speak?"

"I should think you'd know," said the young man, looking somewhat aggrieved.

"Not Lake and Gulfside?"

"Exactly that," said Phil, removing his hat and holding it just as he remembered to have seen a conqueror's hat held in a colored print of "Gen. Scott entering the City of Mexico."

"Hurrah!" shouted the merchant, dashing to the floor the cards he held. This movement eliciting an angry protest from the table, Tramlay picked up the cards, thrust them into the hands of a lounger, said: "Play my hand for me. Gentlemen, I must beg you to excuse me; sudden and important business," seized his hat, and hurried Phil to the street, exclaiming:

"Sure there is no mistake about it? It seems too good to be true."

"There's no mistake about this," Phil replied, taking a letter from his pocket. The merchant hurried to the nearest street lamp, looked at the written order, and said——

"My boy, your fortune is made. Do you realize what a great stroke of business this is?"

"I hope so," said Phil.

"What do you want me to do for you? Name your terms or figures."

Phil was silent, for the very good reason that he did not know how to say what was in his heart.

"Suppose I alter my sign to Tramlay & Hayn and make you my equal partner?"

Still Phil was silent.

"Well," said the merchant, "it seemed to me that was a fair offer; but if it doesn't meet your views speak out and say what you prefer."

"Mr. Tramlay," said the young man, trying to speak calmly, but failing most lamentably, "they say a countryman never is satisfied in a trade unless he gets something to boot."

"Very well. What shall it be?"

"Millions—everything; that is, I wish you'd give me your daughter too."

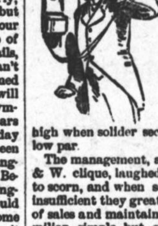
The merchant laughed softly and shook his head. Phil started and his heart fell.

"I don't see how I can do that," said Tramlay, "for, unless my eyes deceive me, you already have her."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Phil devoutly.

"So say I," the merchant responded.

CHAPTER XXV.
E. & W. AGAIN.



ONE of the penalties of success (according to the successful) being the malignant envy of those who have not succeeded, it is not surprising that in time there began to creep into Wall street some stories that E. & W. was no better than it should be, nor even quite so good, and that there was no reason why the stock should be so high when solider securities were selling below par.

The management, assisted by the entire E. & W. clique, laughed all such "bear" stories to scorn, and when scorn seemed somewhat insufficient they greatly increased the volume of sales and maintained the price by the familiar, simple, but generally successful expedient of buying from one another through many different brokers in the stock market. The bear party rallied within a day or two, and returned to the charge with an entirely new set of lies, besides an accidental truth or two; but the E. & W. clique was something of a liar itself, and arranged for simultaneous delivery, at different points on the street, of a lot of stories so full of new mineral developments on the line of the road, and so many new evidences of the management's shrewdness, that criticism was silenced for a while.

But bears must live as well as bulls, and the longer they remain hungry the harder they are sure to fight for their prey; so the street was soon favored with a fresh assortment of rumors. This time they concerned themselves principally with the alleged bad condition of the track and rolling stock in the west, and with doubts as to the mineral deposits said to have been discovered. The market was reminded that other railroad companies, by scores, had made all sorts of brilliant discoveries and announcements that had failed to materialize, and that some of these roads had been managed by hands that now seemed to be controlling E. & W.

Then the E. & W. management lost its ordinary temper and accused the bears of malignant falsehood. There was nothing unusual in this, in a locality where no one is ever suspected of telling the truth while he can make anything by lying. When, however, E. & W. issued invitations to large operators, particularly in the company's stock, for a special excursion over the road, with opportunities for thorough investigation, the bears growled sullenly and began to look for a living elsewhere.

The excursion start was a grand success in the eyes of Mr. Marge, who made with it his first trip in the capacity of an investigating investor. There were men on the train to whom Marge had in other days scarcely dared to lift his eyes in Wall street, yet now they treated him as an equal, not only socially but financially. He saw his own name in newspapers of cities through which the party passed; his name had appeared in print before, but only among lists of guests at parties, or as usher or a bridegroom's best man at a wedding—not as a financier. It was gratifying, too, to have presented to him some presidents of western banks who joined the party, and be named to these financiers as one of the most prominent investors in E. & W.

He saw more, too, of his own country than ever before; his eyes and wits were quick enough to make him enter heartily into the spirit of a new enterprise or two which some of the E. & W. directors with the party were projecting. It might retard a little his accumulation of E. & W. stock, but the difference would be in his favor in the end. To "get in on the ground floor" of some great enterprise had been his darling idea for years; he had hoped for it as unwearyingly as for a rich wife; now at last his desire was to be granted; the rich wife would be easy enough to find after he himself became rich. Unaccustomed though he was to slumbering with a jolting bed under him, his dreams in the sleeping car were rosier than any he had known since the hair began to grow thin on the top of his head.

But as the party began to look through the car windows for the bears of the Rocky mountains the bears of Wall street began to

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

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

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

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

"I know," said Phil, slowly, "and I'm trying to think how to express it properly."

Poor fellow! how he did despise himself, that what he had hurried there to say would not come to his lips properly! Such a story had seemed easy enough when he had read, in books, of how other men told it—so easy, indeed, that he had come to have very little patience with that portion of novels. Of course he could not tell it while Lucia was laughing—laughing at him, too. Perhaps he could lead conversation back to the desired tone, but no, for just at that instant Margie flew into the room, exclaiming, before she fairly entered:

"Oh, Lu, isn't it awful? I just went across the room for something, and my dress caught the table cover, and over went an ink stand on my very, veriest white— Why, Phil, I didn't know you were here."

"I wish I knew what would take ink stains from very, veriest white"——

"Oh, so do I. What shall I do, Lu? Do tell me at once."

"Perhaps," suggested Phil, with a gleam of hope for Margie and several for himself, "your laundress can tell."

"The very thing," said Margie. "What a blessing you are! I wish you were always here." Then she flew out of the room, but not until she had flung a meaning look at her sister and another at Phil. Both blushed, and Phil felt uncomfortable, but as he stole a look at Lucia he mentally blessed Margie, for Lucia was no longer laughing, and she was looking unusually pretty; her eyes, slightly downcast, seemed a more heavenly blue than ever.

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

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

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

"Just like his dear, noble heart," said Lucia.

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

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

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

Lucia guessed.

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

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

"Oh, isn't this splendid!"

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

"Papa's partner. Tramlay & Hayn is to be the sign over the store hereafter."

Margie's eyes opened in amazement for a moment; then it was Phil's turn to be whirled about the room—an operation in which he displayed the astounding awkwardness peculiar to young men who cannot dance. Suddenly she paused, and said:

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

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

"Very well."

"I suspect," said Phil, when Lucia returned, "that you've suggested that I am the proper person to break the news."

"Isn't it better?" asked Lucia, timidly

"Infinitely."

"Mamma is not always easy to speak to, on some subjects," Lucia suggested.

"No task could be hard to me to-night," responded Phil.

Yet in a moment or two, when Mrs. Tramlay was heard approaching, the young man's looks belied his brave words. Lucia pitied him; she pressed closely to his side, as if to assist him, but when her mother's footstep was heard in the hall the girl's courage deserted her, and she fled, and left the young man to whatever fate might be impending.

"Margie tells me you have some great news," said Mrs. Tramlay to Phil.

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

"And you have told Mr. Tramlay, I think you said," the lady remarked.

"Yes; I looked him out at the club for the purpose."

"He was pleased, of course?"

"Greatly, I am happy to say."

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

"Did Mr. Tramlay say anything in reply?" asked the lady, after a moment or two of thought.

"Why, yes," said Phil, with some hesitation, for he wondered if, after all, it might not be better that Tramlay himself should tell the story of his clerk's promotion. Mrs. Tramlay eyed him keenly; then she asked:

"Did he say anything concerning your future, and ours also, as related to it?"

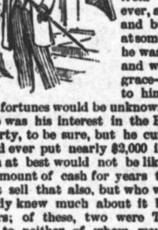
"Yes," said Phil, now satisfied that Tramlay's offer had been premeditated, and not made in the excitement of the moment; "and," he continued, with his best smile and bow, "I am happy to assure you that I was simply delighted to agree with him."

"My dear son!" exclaimed Mrs. Tramlay.

Phil's astonishment reached almost the stage of petrifaction, but before he could betray it his prospective mother-in-law had depressed his head so that she might kiss him on both cheeks.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.
AMONG THE RUINS.



MR. MARGE reached New York with only the distinct impression that he would like at once to turn his single bit of real estate into cash, shake the dust of the city from his feet forever, and begin life and business anew at some place where he was not known, and where the disgrace—as it seemed to him—of his altered fortunes would be unknown to any one. There was his interest in the Haynton bay property, to be sure, but he cursed the day he had ever put nearly $2,000 into property which at best would not be likely to return any amount of cash for years to come. He might sell that also, but who would buy it? Nobody knew much about it but the other owners; of these, two were Tramlay and Phil, to neither of whom would he admit that he needed money; he would rather lose all he had invested. As for Agnes Dinon, who held most of the remaining shares, he could not make a business offer to a woman who had refused his hand and heart several years before.

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

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

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

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

Then Marge thought seriously of suicide. He had but a thousand or two dollars left; how could he operate in anything on that small sum and support himself besides? He could add something to the sum by selling his horses and carriage, but such things always had to go at a sacrifice; besides, there would be a terrible bill to be paid for the maintenance of the animals during the two or three months in which he had been absent from New York.

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

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

"You're not married yet?"

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

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

indulge in pernicious activity. They all attacked E. & W. with entirely new lots of stories, which were not denied rapidly enough for the good of the stock, for some of the more active managers of the E. & W. clique were more than a thousand miles away. Dispatches began to hurry westward for new and bracing information, but the whole excursion party had taken stages a few hours before for a three days' trip to see some of the rich mining camps to which E. & W. had promised to build a branch. No answers being received, E. & W. began to droop; as soon as it showed decided signs of weakness and seemed to have no friends strong enough to support it the bears sprang upon it en masse and proceeded to pound and scratch the life out of it. It was granted a temporary breathing spell through the assistance of some operators in other stocks, who feared their own properties might be depressed by sympathy, but as soon as it became evident that E. & W. was to be the only sufferer all the bulls in the market sheathed their horns in bears' claws and assisted in the annihilation of the prostrate giant who had no friends.

The excursion party returned from the mines in high spirits; even the president of the company declared he had no idea that the property was so rich. He predicted, and called all present to remember his words, that the information he would send east would "boom" E. & W. at least ten points within ten days. Marge's heart simply danced within him; if it was to be as the president predicted his own hoped for million by the beginning of the stagnant season would be nearer two. He smiled pityingly as Lucia's face rose before him; how strange that he had ever thought seriously of making that chit his wife, and being gratified for such dowry as the iron trade might allow her father to give!

The stages stopped at a mining village, twenty miles from the station, for dinner. The president said to the keeper of the little hotel:

"Is there any telegraph station here?"

"There's a telephone 'cross the road at the store," said the proprietor. "It runs into the bankin' house at Big Stony."

"Big Stony?" echoed the president. "Why, we've done some business with that bank. Come, gentlemen, let's go across and find out how our baby is being taken care of."

Several of the party went, Marge being among them. The president "rang up" the little bank, and bawled:

"Got any New York quotations today?"

"Yes," replied a thin, far away voice.

"How's the stock market?"

"Pretty comfortable, considering."

"Any figures on E. & W.?"

"El," was the only sound the president could evolve from the noise that followed.

"Umph!" said he; "what does that mean? 'El' must be 'twelve'—hundred and twelve. Still rising, you see; though why it should have gone so high and so suddenly I don't exactly see. Hello," he resumed, as he turned again to the mouth piece; "will you give me those figures again, and not quite so loud? I can't make them out."

Again the message came, but it did not seem any more satisfactory, for the president looked astonished, and then frowned; then he shouted back:

"There's some mistake; you didn't get the right letters. I said E. & W.—Eastern and Western. One moment. Mr. Marge, won't you kindly take my place? My hearing isn't very keen."

Marge placed the receiver to his ear, and shouted, "All right; go ahead." In two or three seconds he dropped the receiver, turned pale, and looked as if about to fall.

"What is it?" asked several voices in chorus.

"He said, 'E. & W. is dead as a smelt; knocked to pieces two days ago.'"

"What is it quoted at now?" asked one, quickly.

True enough: who could want to know more than Marge? It was in a feeble voice, though, and after two or three attempts to clear his throat, that he asked:

"How did it close to-day?"

Again, as the answer came back, Marge dropped the receiver and acted as if about to fall.

"What is it?" Speak, can't you?"

"Thirty-seven!" whispered Marge.

There was an outburst of angry exclamations, not unmixed with profanity. Then nearly all present looked at the president inquiringly, but without receiving any attempt at an explanation, for the president was far the heaviest owner of E. & W. stock, and he looked as stony of face as if he had suddenly died but neglected to close his eyes.

Marge hastily sought the outer air, it seemed to him he would lose his reason if he did not get away from that awful telephone. Thirty-seven! he knew what that meant; his margin might have saved his own stock had the drop been to a little below par, but it had tumbled more than half a hundred points, so of course his brokers had closed the account when the margin was exhausted, and Marge, who a fortnight before had counted himself worth nearly a million dollars (Wall street millions), was now simply without a penny to his credit in Wall street or anywhere else; what money he chanced to have in his pocket was all he could hope to call his own until the first of the next month, when the occupants of his tenement houses would pay their rent.

It was awful; it was unendurable; he longed to scream, to rave, to tear his hair. He mentally cursed the bears, the brokers, the directors, and every one else but himself. He heard some of his companions in the store bawling messages through the telephone, to be wired to New York; these were veterans, who assumed from past experience that a partial recovery would follow and that they would partly recoup their losses. But what could he do? There was not on earth a person whom he could ask, by telegraph, for the few hundred dollars necessary to a small speculation on the ruins.

He heard the outburst of incredulity, followed by rage, as the passengers who had remained at the little hotel received the unexpected news, which now seemed to him to be days old. Then he began to suspect everybody, even the crushed president and directors. What could be easier, Marge said to himself, than for these shrewd fellows to unload quietly before they left New York, and then get out of reach so that they could not render any support in case of a break? He had heard of such things before. It certainly was suspicious that the crash should have come the very day after they got away from the telegraph wires. Likely enough they now, through their brokers, were quietly buying up all the stock that was being offered, to "peg it up," little by little, to where it had been. The mere suspicion made him want to tear them limb from limb, to organize a lynching party, after the fashion of the territory they were in, and get revenge, if not justice.

It was rather a dismal party that returned to New York from the trip over the E. & W. The president, fearing indignant western investors, and still more the newspaper reporters, whom he knew would lie in wait for him until they found him, quietly abandoned the train before reaching Chicago, and went eastward by some other route. A few of the more hardened operators began to encourage each other by telling of other breaks that had been the making of the men they first ruined, but they dropped their consoling reminiscences when Marge approached them; they had only contempt for a man who from his manner evidently was so completely "cleaned out" as to be unable to start again, even in a small way. The majority, however, seemed as badly off as himself. Some of them were so depressed that when the stock of cigars provided especially for the excursion was exhausted they actually bought common pipes and tobacco at a way station, and industriously poisoned the innocent air for hundreds of miles.

This, then, was the end of Marge's dream of wealth! Occasionally, in other days, he had lost small sums in Wall street, but only he and his broker knew of it; no one ever knew in what line of stock he operated. But now—why, had not his name been printed again and again among those of E. & W.'s strongest backers? Every one would know of his misfortune: he could no longer pose as a shrewd young financier, much less as a man with as large an income as he had time to enjoy.

Would that he had not been so conceited and careless as to mentally give up Lucia, who now, for some reason, persisted in appearing in his mind's eye! Had he given half as much attention to her as to E. & W., she might now be his, and their wedding cards might be out. And iron was still looking up, too! How could any one not a lunatic have become so devoted to chance as to throw away a certainty? for she had been a certainty for him, he believed, had he chosen to realize. Alas! with her, as with E. & W., he had been too slow at realizing.

[To be Continued.]

The Teacher

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

General Debility.

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Moluncus, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration,

with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 80 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

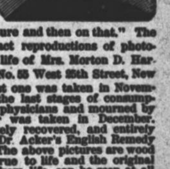
PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

THE STORY OF A YEAR.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE TAKEN ONE YEAR AGO.



PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE AS SHE NOW APPEARS.

"Look on this picture and then on that." The above faces are exact reproductions of photographs taken from life of Mrs. Morton D. Harlan, who resides at No. 55 West 25th Street, New York City. The first one was taken in November, 1887, while in the last stages of consumption, abandoned by physicians and mourned by friends. The other was taken in December, 1888, when completely recovered, and entirely through the use of Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption. The above pictures are wood cuts, but they are true to life and the original photographs, taken from life, can be seen at all the drug stores. Mrs Harlan's consumption began as consumption usually does, with a cough in the morning, raising of phlegm, tired and depressed feelings, a lack of appetite, the loss of flesh and pains throughout the body. She did not realize her extreme danger until it became almost too late, but she is in perfect health to-day. Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption is sold by all reputable druggists. *You can't afford to be without it.*

OREGON
KIDNEY TEA
FOR
URINARY AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.
DR HENLEY'S
DANDELION TONIC
AN ELEGANT
APPETIZER
CURES INDIGESTION
DUTARD'S SPECIFIC
FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES
THE STARK MEDICINE CO.
PORTLAND, OR.

Sold by Allen & Chapman.

—"Hackmetack" is a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale at Janeck's Pharmacy.