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The Canadian Post.

By JOHN HABBERTON, Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

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The sentence was not completed, but Phil's e flushed and he looked down at his muddy ots. For the first time since his return he and heard an allusion to Lawin that did not make him unconfortable.

Within two hours Haynton was shaken Commenter the railway station to circumnce by the announcement that Phil his store clothes, had bought a fleket for New York and was already well to be loveney. Meanwhile at Hayn Parm. mott women as desply interested as any in the business and other possibilities int had been foreshadowed was doing all in her power to further them; she was spending

> CHAPTER XVII. WATHRE AVD SOY



vantages peculiarly its own in the genand fortune and in capacity for enjoycovering all that mey be pleasing in whiteferent in increment at hand it is left for boblind by age. The school girl does not

a been bor mother, with a palate which been in training for hal a century, will truer enjoyment out of a neighbor's loaf one made cake then the girl can flud in or full of bombons A boy will comble ough an orchard in sourch of the tree Which is fullest and has the largest fruit; his father, in late autumn, will find higher flavor. more of it, in the lets windfalls which stick discovers among the dead leaves Farmer Havn was old and weary; he was slone in his rambles about the netropolis, and he kept close guard on his pocketbook; no country with who ever hurried to the city to squander his patrimony could have bed so good a time. He saw everything that the local guide books called attention to, and so much cles which was interesting that Tramley, whom he had occasion to see for a few minutes cach day, said one morning at

"I wish, my door, that I could steal a week of two from business, so that you and I could poke about New York, personally conducted by that old farmer."

"Fright" exclaimed Mrs Trainley, "T sometimes from that old age is taking sucklen possession of you, you get such queen notions. The alex of New York people seeing their own city with a countryman for a guide!"

There's nothing queer about facts, my down," replied Tramber, "except they they her be right under our ever for years with but being som. A few years ago you and I mont marty a thousand dollars in visiting some European buttleffelds. Today that old follow has carefully done the Revolutionary Intileficials of New York and Brooklyn, at & total expense of a quarter of a dollar; even then he had a penny left to give to a best

"I mover beard of a battlefield in New York of Brooklyn," said Mrs. Tramlay.

Nor I," bur bushand replied, "at least not in so long a time that I'd forgotten the local Him first that old follow knows all about them; when I drove him out a little be made. me plane of each, with pencil on the back of an envelope, and explained how we less fong Island and New York, as well as nearly two Moneyell men, when men were for where than they are now. Here" the merchant draw a mass of latters from his pocket and extracted from them a scrap of paper-"here's the way it happened; let me explain"==

"I'm not interested in those stuple old time," will Mrs. Tramley, with a depreca-Aniso days there when't a house above Wall Mreet, no park to drive in, and parties began

"Ahl to be mire," will Tramley, with a high. "But old Hava has seen modern New York foo: I was interesty interested in his energiption of the work being done in some of the inclusively schools, where hundreds of lis-He street trade are consect in by a promise of full stomachs, and taught to be good for monothing; the hors learn how to use tools, and the girls are laught every branch of

housekeeping."
"I really don't see," said Mrs. Tramley, as the nibbled a roll, "what there is to interest

me nitible in roll, "what there is to interest us in the doings of men people."

"They're the people," said her husband, raising his voice a little, "who generally supply us with paupers and criminals, they being untaught at home, and consequently having to beg or seed for a living. It is because of such people that we have from hars on our dining room windows and area door, and hire a detective whenever we give a jury, and suit grains on our deer me and

"Oh, Begar," said Mrs. Transley, plantitrety, "our minister sold as all fits is a semon nearly a year ago. Fin are I listened
patiently to it thou; I don't think it's very
rind of you to go all over it again."
"No, I suppose not," sighed the merchant,
leastly blustes his family good-by and starting for his office. In a moment he returned,

"Just a word with you, my dear. nothing about farmers, or battles, or industrial—— Say," he whispered, as his wife joined him in the hell, "don't you think I'd better have the declar drop in to see Lucia? I'm afraid she's going to bestek. She's looked peoply for days, and doesn't seem to have any orbits."

any sports.

"I'm sure she's lively enough when she's out of temper," said Mrs. Tramley, "which she is nearly all the while. She's mapped at the children until they hate the sight of her, and I can't speak to her without being greeted by a flood of tears. Margie seems the only one who can do anything with her."

"[[mph]" muttered the merchant, taking much time to ariunge his hat before the mirfor of the hat rack.

Meanwhile the old farmer and his son were having a long that in a hotel bedroom.
"No you see how the land lies," said the old man. "Though I never held that part of the farm at over two bundred an acre, the soil bein' thinner than the lower lyin' land, an' requirin' a good deal more manure to make decent crops, Tramlay says it'll fetch a clean two thousand an nere when it's out up, if the scheme takes hold as it's likely to. That's why he advised me to retain an interest, instead of sellin' out an' out. I'm to get five thousand in each for the forty seres, an' have a quarter interest in all sales; that means twenty thousand in the end, if things

turn out as Tramley thinks."
"My!" ejaculated Phil, his eyes opening very wide, and going into a brown study. The old man contemplated him for some time with a smile of supreme satisfaction. Finally he said: "Makes you feel a little bit as if you was a

rich man's son, don't it, old boy?"
"Indeed it does," Phil replied. "But Idon't

"Pon't, cht Well, I'll tell you," said the old man, eyeing his son closely. "That forty nerse is about quarter of the farm land in value, I calculate, counting out the house an' other buildin's. If I was makin' my will an' dividin' things up among the family, I'd leave just about that much land to you, with an interest in the house, stock, etcetery, when the lord sees fit to call your mother. So" here the old man intensified his gase-I've afranged to give my quarter interest in the enterprise to you, as your inheritance; in the enterprise to you, any in the comply, that'll make you a director in the comply, with as much say as anyhody else,

keep you in York a good deal, though," "Father!" exclaimed Phil. "An'," continued the old man, dropping his orne as soon as his son looked at him, and putting on the countenance in which he neually discussed the ordinary affairs of the farm, "as it may need some money for you to keep up proper style with the people whom Ill have to deal with, I propose to put the you'll have to deal with, I propose to put one count, so you can draw whenever you need

from the tooth pick which he had cherished over since he left the dining room, but Phil compelled a suspension of industry for a moment by going over to his father's chair and preceing the gray head to his breast.

"The other principal stockholders," said the old man, as soon as he was able to resume his whittling, "are Tramlay an' a man named

arge!" Phil echoed. You seem to know him," said the farmer. looking up from under his eyebrows. 'I should think so," said Phil, frowning and twitching his lips a great deal. "He's

"Well!" asked the old man, for Phil had not finished his sentence. There was no reply, up he continued:

The man you thought had caught the galf Phil nodded affirmatively 'Now you see what comes of goin' off at half cock," said the farmer. "Lost your expenser two ways, to say nothin' of peace o'

I heard one man telling another it," said Phil, quite humbly; "so what was I to think?"

"If you believe er Tythin' you hear about men an' women, my boy, you'll be off your course all your life long. Take a good grip

Again Phil went into a brown study, from Which he emerged suclearly 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 to me." "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 headquarters for information."

"Why, father," Phil exclaimed, excitedly,

'you don't mean to say, after what you promised me, that you went and and" == "Poked my nose into other people's business? Not I. Mr. Tramlay took me home to dinner say, what an outlandish way these city folks have got of not catin' dinner till nigh onto bedtime! an' after the meal, 'long about the olde o' the evenin', when Translay had gone for some papers to show me, an' the old lady was out of the room for somethin', I took 'casion to congratulate the gal on her engagement; that's the proper thing in such cases made an' purvided, you know. She looked kind o' flabbergasted, an' at last she said twas the fust sho'd heard of it. I tried to git out of it by mayin' if it wa'n't true it ort to be, if young men in York had eyes in their heads. But it didn't seem to work, She asked how I heard of it, an' I had to say that comebody in the city had told my son about

"Then," continued the old man, "she bust

out cryin'." "Oh, dear!" sighed Phil. "Will," said the old man, "I see somethin' had to be done, so I put my arms around

"I put my arms around her, an' said that then a gal was cryin' she off to have her parents to comfort her, an', as neither of on was present, I hoped she'd make b'lieve for a minute or two that I was her grandfather. So she took my nelvide; an' it seemed to do her a sight o' good."

"What advice did you give her?" neked "None in words," said the old man.

"Wait fill you're my age; then you'll under-"I don't see," said Phil, after a moment of two of ellence, "that things are much better than they were. Perhaps she's not 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 our house last summer he was the only man she folked about. I'm pretty sure, too, from what I've seen, that her mother favors him. the putting everything together, and thinking about it a good deal, as I've had to do in spite of myself since I've been up home. I've made up my mind that it's a foregone condition."

"No you're goin' to flop like a stuck pig an' let it go on, are you're goin' to do nothin'. The state of the stuck pig and the stuck pig a If I'd thought that of you I don't b'lieve I'd have brought you down here to be a business main in the city. A fellow that hain's got the grit to fight for a gal that he wants is likely to make a mighty poor flet of it depting on a fortune. No, sir: you're not coin to

muchic under while you've got a name to one you on. I don't my she't in ev'ry way the gul I'd have pleked out for you, but any gut that'll live up to the best that's in her is good enough for my man alive. If you care so much for her as you thought you did when I met you in the street that day, that gut is the one for you to the to, unless the breaks the rope. A man sometimes gets a bad lickin' in a love fight, an' a powerful big sear besides, but both together don't do him as much harm as backin' out an' playin' coward."

"I'm not a coward, father," protected Phil and his eyes flashed as if he meant it. "You don't mean to be, my boy," said the old man, with a par on his son's shoulder "but evrythin' in this affair is new to you, mebbe 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."

"I wonder what Mr. Tramlay wants of

me," said Phil, a moment later.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.



as usual, I sup-pose," said Mr. Tramley to hisoldest daughter, as he came home in the afternoon and roamed despondently about the house, after the manner of family men in general when their wives are away. "She isn't back from her ride yet,'

said Lucia. "You

know the usual

drive always keeps ber out until about a" "I ought to know it by this time, I supnoen," said the merchant, "and I don't be grudge her a moment of it, but somehow the louse is never quite the same when she is out

Lucia looked at her father with a little wonder in her face. Then she laughed, not very cheerfully, and said: "Father, do you know that you're dread-

fully old fashioned?" 'I suppose so. Maybe it's force of habit." Inicia still wondered. She loved her mother in the instinctive, not over intelligent way of most young people, but really she could not see what there was about the estimable woman that should make her father long to see her every day of the year and search the house for her whenever he returned. She had never heard her father make remantic speeches, such as nice married people some times do in novels; and as for her mother, what did she ever talk of to her liege lord but family bills, the servants, the children's faults, and her own ailments! Could it be, she asked herself, that this matter of fact couple said anything when alone that was unlike what the whole family heard from

"Why are you looking at me so queerly?" suddenly asked the father. Laura recovered herself, and said:

them daily at the table and in the sitting

"I was only wondering whether you never got tired of looking for mother as soon as you "Certainly not," said the merchant.

"Most husbands do, sooner or later," said Lucia.

"Perhans I will some day." the father re plied; "and I can tell you when it will be." "Tell." said Lucia.

"I think 'twill be about the day after etersity ends," was the reply. "Not a day sooner. But what do you know about what some husbands do, you little simpleton! And what but the subject into your little head?" "Oh, I don't know," said Lucia, dropping

upon the p'ano stool and making some chords and discords. "It came into my mind; that's

"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 new clerk 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 tight 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, childf" asked the

father, tenderly. "Too much candy!-too few parties?" "Oh, nothing that I know of," said the girl, wearily. "I'll feel better when real cold weather comes, I suppose." She played with

the piano keys a moment or two, and cen-"So 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." "And that stupid fellow might have had the chance if he hadn't gone off home again without even calling to say good-by f'

"Oh, I don't want to see him," said Lucia, pettishly. "I'm tired of young men." "What a mercy it is that they don't know it!" said her father. "They'd all go off and

commit suicide, and then merchants couldn't have any clorke at all." "Now, papa!" said Lucia, with a crash on the lower octaves of keys, followed by a querulous run, with her thumb, over the norter strings. "Is the new clerk anybody

in particular! What is his name!" Philip Hayn." Lucia sprang from the piano stool and al-most strangled her father with her slender

'Gracious, Lu!" exclaimed the merchant, "Your mother's family must have descended from a grizzly bear. But why this excite-

"Because you're a dear, thoughtful old man, who's always trying to do good," said Lucia. "If 'tweren't for you that poor 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 them-selves; I know it is, for our minister has said so from the pulpit again 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 Joung Hayn deserves a chance in the world.

"I only know what you yourself have said about him," said Lucia, demurely.
"Good girl! always take your father's ad vice about young men and you'll not be mis-taken in human nature. 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 Margie to help me dress."

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

A quarter of an hour later Lucis floated

"Well, girisare personal to spect the natural order of things, I suppose. But, my dear daughter, you've put the rouge on too thick; don't you think so!" Please inform your readers that I have a positive smedy for the above named disease. By its timely

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, and the flush of her cheeks spread to her brow. "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."
"Yee," said the merchant, dryly; "I told her the doctor was coming. That's often enough to cure the ailments of some children, you know." Then the merchant devoted ten-minutes of business tact to the task of ex-plaining to his wife the reasons of Philip's re-turn to New York; he also enlarged upon the Haynton Bay Improvement company, and the probability that if the Tramlays were to build the first and handsomest house on the new property Mrs. 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 a stockholder and director in the company she became quite

Phil was not so happy as he should have been while on his way to the Tramlays'. 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 he would feel awkward and act accordingly, 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 Margie would laugh at him when his back was turned. He did not realize that in meeting, as well as in fighting the burden of action does not all rest upon one person. Neither did he take into consideration the tact which some maidens ac quire in a year or two spent in society. As he was ushered into the parlor, with a face which he was sure was sober and set, Lucia approached him with a pleasant smile and exclaimed, as heartily and unaffectedly as if she were a Haynton girl: "How do you do, Phil? I'm ever so glad

to see you back again." Away went all sense of soberness, hesitation and doubt; the young man's soul leaped to his face, and he held so long the little hand offered him that Lucia, perhaps remembering some impulsive demonstrations toward that graceful member, withdrew it before any attempt to release it had begun. Then the girl began a rapid series of questions about Hayn Farm and its occupants, and Phil made cheery replies, and Tramlay, after gasing at the couple from the back parlor, retired to his library to indulge undisturbed

in as much vigorous and affirmative head shaking as the situation seemed to justify. (Continued next week.) The Press. THE CULTIVATOR

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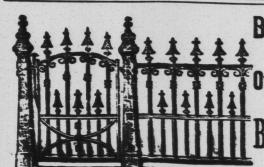
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