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## The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, PRIDAY, DEC. 18, 1889.

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

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does 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 quo-

Yes, evidently Lateia knew it, for he week 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 beitself again; whose beart wouldn't, he isked 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 facis. "I know my father is the best pen alive, and I supposed you liked him-a little; but I can't imagine what should have impressed you so strongly with

Phil studied the tors of his boots, the fints frescord 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 harried 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 casy, indeed, that he had come to have very little patience with that portion of novels. Of course he could not fell it while I nela was laughing laughing at him, too, Perhaps he could lead conversation back to the de gired tone; but no, for just at that instant Margie flow 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 di In'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, Lat Do

fell me at once "Perhaps," suggested Phil, with a gleam of hope for Margie and several for himself, "your

mindress can tell. "The very thing," said Margie. "What a blessing you are' I wish you were always Then she flew out of the room, but not until she had flung a meaning look at her sister and another at Poil Both blushed, and Phil felt uncomfortable, but as he stole a look at Lucia be mentally blessed Margie, for Lucia was no longer laughing, and she was looking

unusually pretty; her eyes, slightly down-cast, 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 facia, her whole face suddenly aglow and hereyes looking full into his. "I'm so glad so glad for your 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 everyh to think the greatest stroke of business that any firm has made this season. So he asked me my price, and while was wondering what to say he made me the

"Just like his dear, noble heart," said

"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 secount 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 course to think unkindly of me for it."

"Moref" said facia, wonderingly, an somewhat soborly. "What more could you want then to be a prominent merchant?" "As we say in the country, gines," soid

Phil, approaching the plane stool and opening his arms.

What a deal he had to say to her while will 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 seen that facia would weary of the position; nor did she. And what a los of questions each asked and answered!-ques Hone 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 as the golden fangle just about at the level of his lips, and think how much more precious to wan than all the gold that railroad from could be changed into by the alchemy of ea-

How long they might have stood there, if milisturbed, they never knew, for they were no headless of all that might be going on bout them that they did not note the canes of Margie, who was returning from interview with the launcirem in the base-th. That young lady was quick to discorp

the situation, and was about to depart quietly and with colority; but, acting upon the promptings of her second throughts, and returned, threw her arms around the couple

"Oh, ien't this splendid!"

There was a rapid separation of the trie, and then Margie attempted to whirl Lucia about the room in a waits, that being the room ger sister's most natural method of expensions into the property in the second sec pressing joy. But, somehow, Lucia did not feel like waitsing. On the contrary, she kiesed 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 toes of her head: "Pape's partner. Tramlay & Hayn is to be the sign over the store hereafter."

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

"Marnma 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 ristled 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,"

'lan'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 present closely to his side, as if to meist him, but when her mother's footstep was heard in the hall the girl's courage de serted 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, instant 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 "He was pleased, of course?"

"Greatly, I am happy to say." Mrs. Trainley 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

"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 fut-

ure, 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 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 be tray it his prospective mother-in-law had depressed his head so that she might kiss him

on both checks. Such a prayer . 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 prened 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 inte 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 XXVD. AMONG THE BUINS.



R. MARGE reach ed 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 dis-

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 \$3,000 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 Trainlay and Phil, to neither of whom would he admit that he needed money; he would rather loss 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

Sears 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 op-erated 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 indebted:

As for R. & 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 Buston. 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 men of mines while on the fateful E. & W. czcursion 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

"listed" at one of the New York the property "fisted" at one of the New York exchanges, and Harge, 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 be 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 im prove on acquaintance. While there was life there was hope. Why shouldn't be 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 freatment, he did not know that the operation would give him any more discomfort than he was already endur-

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 en-

gaged to Miss Trainlay; 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."

"I supposed," said Marge, with a dawn of interest, "that Miss Tramlay was to marry Young Hayn." 'What! that country clerk of her father's

said the man, with the confidence born of ignorance. "Nonsense! Why, it seems only the other day that I heard some one laughing short that fellow's infatuation. Oh, no; now that they're rich they'll want to marry their daughter to some one of social standing. Indeed, I heard some one say as much. The mother is very ambitious in that line, you

Marge soon excused himself, lit a strong cigar and betook himself to a solitary walk and some hard thinking. There was perhaps a grand point to be made on that fellow's suggestion. From what he knew of Mrs. Tramlay-and he informed himself that no one knew that lady better-he would not be surprised if an approved society man might now be entirely welcome as a husband for Lucia, even if he were as poor as a church mouse. And Lucia herself-had she not always longed for larger and more prominent society than she had yet enjoyed?

Before his cigar was burned out, Marge had bought a ticket for New York, determined to make a bold stroke for fortune where he felt that he had at heart one faithful friend to aid him. His imagination and pride combined to cheer him on; he would reappear at Tramlay's, see how the land lay, and if the signs were encouraging he would propose at once, first taking Mrs. Tramlay into his confidence. He had lost enough by hesitation, now he would adopt entirely new begin than by proposing to Lucia. As he had told himself before, she was a very pretty girl, and fully competent, with such guidance as he would give her, to make the most

of her new advantages. Reaching New York at nightfall, he lost no time in dressing with extreme care and making his way to the Tramlay abode. He would have no difficulty in explaining his long absence to the ladies; perhaps they had heard of his disaster in E. & W., but he could tell them that he had been largely interested in a rich silver mine ever since. There would be nothing untrue in that statement; had he not been so deeply interested that he could not sleep a wink during the week while the title to the Brighthope mine-curse the rocky hole! -was first in doubt? Resides, women were sure to talk, and equally sure not to diminish the size of a story while telling it; quite likely his tale, repeated by Mrs. Tramlay and Lucia, might have the effect of restoring him to the regard of the many people who estimate a

man solely by his money

As he entered the house he was satisfied that his operations would not be postponed by the announcement "not at home," for through the open door he heard familiar voices in the rear of the parlor, and he saw several heads bent over a table. None of them seemed to belong to strangers; so he entered with the freedom to which long acquaintance entitled him. The backs of the entire party were towards him, so his presence was not observed; besides an animated discussion seemed to be going on between Lucia and Margie.

"I think you're real mean," he heard Mar-gie say. Then he heard Lucia reply:

"No, I'm not. Am I, mamma!" "No," said Mrs. Tramlay, as Marge approached close enough to see that they were looking at the floor plan of a house, spread upon the table.

"My heart is set upon having that room for my very own," said Margie. "The young lady of the family always has first choice,

after her parenta," "Not where there is a bride to be provided for," Mrs. Tramlay replied.
"Well said, mamma. There, Margle," said
Lucia; "that room is for Phil and me."

"Here," said Tramlay, entering from the library, with a large sheet of paper in his hand, "is the plan of— Why, Marge!—bless my soul!—when did you get back, old fellow?"
"Mr. Marge!" exclaimed the three ladies in

chorus, as they hastily arose.
"What! only just come in!" asked Tramlay.
"And of course there was such a clatter here,

there being three women together, that no-body could hear a word."

Apparently the ladies did not agree with the head of the family, for Mra. Tramlay inoised at the visitor pityingly and Lucia dropped her eyes and blushed. But Margie was equal to the situation; her eyes danced

"Just in time to see the plans of the villa we're to have at Haynton Bay. Seet This is the principal chamber floor; it fronts that way, foward the water, and I've just been cheated out of the darlingest room of all; it's been set apart as sucred to the bride and groom. As if the ally things would care to look at water or anything else but each other?"

"It will be as handsome a house as there is on the coast," said Tramlay, "though your humble servant will be its owner. Say, old fellow, you need New York air; you don't look as well as usual."

"A long day of travel—that is all," mid Marge, with a feeble smile that seemed re-luctant to respond to the demand imposed Mrs. Tramley rang for a servant and

"A glass of wine for Mr. Marge."

"Haynton Bay is booming," remar

Framing, "Bure you heard any parties
recently?"

"Nune at all," drawled Marge, "I

When the company will be and be and an extra control of the contro

The news and the wine—both were needed—releat Marge's spirits as that he consed to four he would faint. He finally collected wits and strongth enough to vay:

"Be just the time for me to sell out, then?"

"fell out?" school Transley. "It's just the time to hold on to it. I don't know of anything anywhere that's making a respectable fraction of the profit that there is in our little company when the smallness of the investment is considered. I believe, too, we could make twice as much if there was some could make twice as much if there was some could make twice as much it there was some one who knew buyers well enough to charge appropriate prices. We've been selling at set figures, regardless of what some people might be persuaded to pay; prices of such property may as well berfancy, you know, for those who want it will have it at any price. But we've nobody to give proper attention to it; Phil's time is se fully occu-

pied"—
"On account of"—interpolated Margie

pinching her sister's arm.

"Margie!" said Mra. Tramlay, severely.

"He is so very busy"—resumed Tramlay.

"Being papa's partner," said Margie.

"Have you seen the new sign, "Tramlay and Haye, 'yet' Lu goes down town every day in our carriage, and I don't believe it's for mything but to look at that sign. Oh,

mamma, you hart me cruelly then."
"Well," said Tramlay, "If I may be permitted to finish a sentence, I'd like to say that if you've an hour or may a day of spare time on your hands you could do a first rate thing for the company, as well as yourself, by keeping an eye on this property. There's so much in it that I've had half a mind to evote myself to it and leave Phil to attend "For Phil can do it," said Margie. "You

must have heard of his great Lake and Gulfside order; everybody said it was the great "Margie," said Mrs. Tramlay, in ill dis

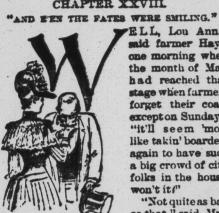
guised anger, "go to your room at once. Your father shall be allowed to talk without "Thank you, my dear," said Tramlay. "As I was saying, Marge, there's no easier way to make that property bring twice as much money than for you, with your knowledge of who is who in New York, to give

me personal attention to it." "Thanks for the suggestion," said Marge.
"I'll think about it. At present, however, I
think I'll say good-by and seek some rest. I merely dropped in for a moment to pay my

"Lu," shouted Margle from the head of the stairs, as Marge was doming his light overcost in the hall, "don't let Mr. Marge go
until you show him that cunning little lovers'
note on the plan of the flouse front."

His. Tramlay hursest to the hall and pressed Marge's hand; he flooked down an instant,
whispered, "Thank you," and departed.

CHAPTER XXVIIL



ELL Lou Ann." said former Havn one morning when the month of May had reached that stage when farmers forget their coats except on Sundays, "it'll seem 'most like takin' boarders again to have such a big crowd of city folks in the house, won't it!" "Not quite as bad

as that," said Mrs. 16 Havn, carefully moving an iron over one of the caps which she reserved for grand occasions. "Only Mr. and Mrs. Tramlay an' the two gals."

"Well, you ortn't to forget that Phil is city folks now, an-I declare to gracious, I believe I forgot to tell you that Miss Dinonthat splendid gal I told you about, that owns a lot of stock in the company-Phil's writ that like enough she'll come down too. She an' her mother want to pick a lot for a house for themselves before it's too late for much of

"Well, I can't understand it yet," said Mrs. Hayn, carefully picking the lace edging of the cap into the proper neglige effect. "It seems like a dream. Here's me, that's sometimes been almost a-dyin' to get away from this farm an' into the city, an' there's a whole passel of city folks goin' to leave their palaces in New York an' come down here to live on little pieces of our farm an' other farms along the ridge. I tell you, I can't understand it."

"Well," said the farmer, picking some bits of oat chaff from his shirt sleeve, "it ain't always easy to understand city folks at first sight. Now, there's that feller Marge. When I fast saw him in New York I wouldn't have give him his salt for any work he'd do in the country. Yet now look at him! Them roads an' drives through the company's property wouldn't have been half so near done if he hadn't come down here an' took hold to hurry things along for the spring trade. Why, some of them fellers that's doin' the work has worked for me on the farm, off an' on, for years, an' I thought I knowed how to get as much out of 'em as ther' was in 'em; but, bless your soul, he manages 'em a good deal

"They do say he's a master hand at managin'," Mrs. Hayn admitted, "an' that it's partly because he takes right hold himself, instead of standin' round bossin', like most

"Takes hold? Why, he works as if he'd been brought up at it, which I'm certain sure he never was. You can't see the fun of it, because you never saw him in New York. Why, if you could have seen him there you'd have thought that a gate post with two pegs in the bottom of it would have had as much go as him. I've reelly took a likin' to him. More'n once I've let him know that I wouldn't mind if he'd leave the hotel in the village an' put up with us, but somehow he didn't seem

"That's strange, ain't it?" said Mrs. Hayn, with a quizzical look that made her husband "Oh!" said the old man, after a little re-

"You're growin' dretful old an' short-sighted, Reuben," said Mra. Hayn; and the farmer made haste to change the subject of

A day or two later the party from the city arrived, and great was the excitement in the village. Sol Mantring's wife, who had learned of what was expected, made a trip to Hayn Farm daily on one pretext or other, reaching there always just before the time of the arrival of the train from the city, received the deserved reward of her industry, and before sunset of the day on which the party arrived everybody in the village knew that when Lucia stepped from the carriage at the farm house door Mrs. Hayn caught her in her arms and almost husered the life cut of

her arms and almost hugged the life out of her. Everybody knew, also, that the party was to be there for only twenty-four hours. The shortness of the time at their disposal The shortness of the time at their disposal was probably the reason that Phil and Lucia disappeared almost immediately after the meal which quickly followed their arrival. They went to the Hly pond; there were no filies yet upon the water, but the couple did not notice their absence; they could see them just where they should be—just where they were ten mouths before. They got again into the old birch burk canoe; it was not as clean as it should have been for the sales of Lucia's expensive traveling dress, for the small boys of the Haym family had not taken as good care of it as Phil would do, but Phil (Conffict of on 7th page.) BERE AND THERE.

She—Patti's next tour to the United States is really to be a farewell one. He—Of course it 1s, She fares well on all her final tours,

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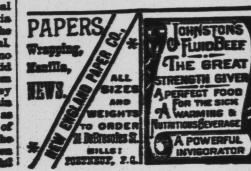
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