

PLUCK

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.



You are Sally.

There! It was out at last! At last the words he had been trying so hard and so long to speak were out, and Lucy felt as if a great burden had been lifted off his heart.

Oliver, however, did not seem quite to understand; she stood looking up at him, with her wonderful gray eyes opened to their widest extent; her lips were slightly apart, as one who suspects a joke but does not yet see the point thereof.

Lucy looked straight at her, too, his brows slightly drawn together, and a half defiant air about his whole attitude.

"You are," he repeated, doggedly. "I am sure," said Miss Weyland, with a delightful air of sauciness. "You really must forgive me, but I don't see it a bit. Where is the joke?"

Lucy groaned. "When I spoke of 'Sally' I meant you," he said, desperately.

Oliver shook her head. "It's all very sentimental, of course," she said, sweetly, "but it won't do. Capt. Lucy is not you, really; I've known you too long. I suppose you and the redoubtable Sally have quarreled again, and you are trying to make her jealous by pretending to flirt with me. But, all things considered, I think it's just a whole mean of you; we've always been such awfully friends."

"But I mean it all—every word of it," poor Lucy protested.

"Oh, come now; that won't do," Oliver declared, with a soft laugh. "Have you forgotten the times—positively out of count—when you have confided all your troubles and wretchedness to me? If you have—I have—very."

"Oliver, my darling, I was speaking of myself always," he cried. "Heaven knows, I never gave any other woman a thought." I wonder what any one of the Scarlet Lancers would have said to that! Oliver, however, had never heard of Lucy's first love, so it did not matter. "Can't you, won't you, believe that I love you?" he went on. "Have you not one word of kindness for me?"

"Do you mean it?" she asked, in a voice which had suddenly grown sober. "Do you really mean it?"

"Mean it? Of course I mean it. Why?"

"Meaning tenderly, devotedly, as you have—'is it so difficult a thing to believe?"

"Very," she answered, briefly; "very difficult!"

Still, Lucy was not alarmed.

"But you will be kind to me, even if it is difficult to believe? You won't prove a cruel, heartless Sally, after all, will you?"

"He tried to take her hand, but Oliver held it back; then, indeed, an awful thought flashed into his brain.

"Oliver, you are not going to refuse me?" he cried, in a voice that was half-toned.

But Oliver was silent, and would not look at him.

"Oh, Oliver, O'Jays!" he cried, miserably. "It's all so just! It is all so good! Have you not one kind word for me? One word of hope to give me? Can you say nothing?"

"I am very sorry," she began, in a formal voice, and wishing, as she said, that she had never come to this dance at all.

Many and many a time she had thought, and had said too, that she should like to see Lucy in a really dramatic or sentimental situation, just to make one wonder if the w before the r was put on, or natural to him! It crossed her mind, as such trifles do, and she was not a little surprised when she heard that he was indeed "born so."

And then Lucy interrupted her, but only enough.

"You are very sorry," he said, seriously. "Your tone expresses it, I assure you. Then all at once his voice changed.

"Oh, Oliver, Oliver! must you say 'No'? Will you never be able to say anything else? Will wait—perhaps, if only you will hold out some faint hope that some day you will love me a little. Why do you shake your head? Is it so impossible a thing to ask? I am not a bad fellow on the whole. I know I'm not clever; in fact, I dare say the fellows are about right when they say I'm the biggest fool in the service. And I know I'm not much more to look at, but still I should never go against you in anything, and I would love you devotedly to the last day of my life. Does all that go for nothing?"

"Oh, yes, yes; of course it goes for a great deal," Oliver answered, miserably—"for a great deal—a great deal, and yet I cannot do what you ask. I can't help it—it's not my fault, indeed; but I think if you had never misled me about that wretched Sally, perhaps it might have been different. And why did you do it? Don't you know how impossible it would be to learn, even to begin, to care about a man whom you hear always raving about some body else? And you did it, Capt. Lucy, you know you did! How was I to know you were really raving about me, when you always so carefully pretended it was some one else?"

"But if I tell you differently now—" he began, with great eagerness, when Oliver interrupted him as brusquely as he had interrupted her in the former instance.

"Oh, yes, now," she said; "but what is the good of telling me now, when it's too late?"

Lucy caught at her words.

"Too late! Why too late? Do you mean that there is something else?"

"I'm very sorry," Oliver faltered.

"Then you're engaged?" he asked.

"No, not engaged."

"Oh, I quite understand," he said, coldly. "You take me back to Mrs. Weyland. I have kept you here an—unconscionable time."

Before Oliver could reply, the door was flung open and Hartog came in, his head well up, and with a certain swaggering gait, as if he were a man of some consequence.

"Oh, you are here, Miss Weyland! I think this is our dance," he said, pleasantly, and not looking at all as if he saw that Lucy's face was the picture of disgust and anger, as was Oliver's of object wretchedness.

Oliver took the offered arm eagerly, and turned away with an imploring look at Lucy, who was staring stonily out of the window.

"Been proposing and got a let-down," Hartog said to himself. "Poor old chap! I guess thought, between Naomi and Mignon, he was above proposing."

But he was far too wise—though in matters which had not to do with the fair sex, he was not remarkable for wisdom—to let Miss Weyland see for a moment that he even suspected the storm through which she had just passed. It was wonderful how he contrived to charm the girl, and to creep into her good graces during that one afternoon; his manner was so pleasant and easy, yet without a trace of sponsonous about him.

In the frame of mind in which she was, after the shock of discovering the treachery of Lucy's feelings, such a manner was the one best calculated to soothe her and make her feel at peace and ease with herself. She could not have borne a more familiar tone; and, indeed, I think if Capt. Hartog himself had happened to be in daylight, she would have turned from him in disgust. She had had more of love making than she cared for; it was because he was so entirely friendly, and nothing else, that Hartog contrived to charm her so wisely. Such a protection, too, seemed to her that Oliver altogether met; and when, after a moment's chat with Weyland, that lady very graciously invited him to go over to Coppethwaite, she supposed the invitation by a smile and a "Yes-do," which had the effect of making her determine, there and then, to go in and win at all or any costs, though for the occasion—keeping Lucy's "let-down" in mind—

his manner continued to be friendly, even to fatherliness.

As for Lucy, he never addressed Oliver once again during the rest of the afternoon, or seemed to have any idea that she was in the room. A dance for which she was engaged to him began, and she had the pleasure of seeing him sail off with a tall damsel, in an aproned, colored gown, without so much as a glance in her direction.

Hartog, who had not troubled himself to find any other partner than her and happened at that moment to be leaning against the wall watching her, said to himself that he had no idea that old Lucy could have proved such a sulky brute, without the grace to take a denial gracefully; and he knew by Oliver's face that they had been engaged for this dance. Well guessing as he did at what had passed between them, he could not, of course, leave her neglected under the humiliating slight which Lucy put upon her in behaving thus, so he pushed his way across the room to her.

"Are you enjoying for this dance, Miss Weyland?" he asked.

"I will dance it with you, if you wish," answered Oliver, evading a more direct reply.

"As I guessed," engaged to Lucy," thought Hartog; "and Lucy dancing with that scraggy Miss Morton. Ah!"

After that, Oliver gave herself up recklessly to flirt with the lady, who, she sat out and ate less—all with Hartog, and finally when they went away, it was Hartog who saw them into their carriage, and stood with his hand upon the door thereof for yet five minutes, telling them about the regimental ball, which was fixed for the 5th of January, and to which they would receive a formal invitation in the course of a day or two.

"A charming man," said Mrs. Weyland, as they drove out of the square and turned in the direction of Barnaby.

"Yes," said Oliver absently.

"What was the matter with Capt. Lucy?" Mrs. Weyland went on. "He never came to say good-night to us, though I'm sure he saw us leaving."

"Oh, he was in a bad temper," answered Oliver, with a forced laugh.

"In a bad temper?" her mother echoed, drawing the fur rug a little closer. "Dear me! I did not know he was even possessed of such a thing. And why was he in a bad temper?"

"Oh, I had the ill-fortune to offend him," answered Oliver, with studied carelessness.

"Really, I was very sorry; but I dare say he will get over it," said Mrs. Weyland confidently.

Oliver, knowing perfectly well what she meant, with a soft laugh, said: "I'm sure, for the sake of Capt. Lucy, who probably never got over it in the way her mother's tone implied. However, she maintained a discreet silence, because she did not just then feel like going into whys and wherefores of her reason for refusing him."

CHAPTER VI.
NOT EXACTLY A QUARREL.

To be a make-piece shall become my name. —Richard II.

Love, that hath us in the net, Can pass and we forget? Many a time and again, Love's habit links us yet.

Love is hurt with love and fret, Love is made a vague regret; With its habit links us yet, What is love? For we forget! —The Miller's Daughter.

The short winter days passed quickly over, as days do about Christmas time; but Lucy, who had made her appearance at Coppethwaite, and the young lady who did not seem at all near to being made up.

True, one evening they met him at dinner at Barnaby's, when Mrs. Arner, who did not seem to know whether she was the split, as Oliver once or twice elegantly put it to her father in the privacy of absolute confidence—sent them to dinner together, through the long course of which Lucy talked to her precisely as he might have talked to a duchess with whom he was not very well acquainted.

It cannot be said that Oliver exactly enjoyed that evening; he felt so like—and, if the truth be told, looked so like—a culprit. I almost think if Lucy had thrown his anger to the winds, and had pleaded his cause once more, she in her turn would have cast aside likes and better likes, and would have taken him, but, unfortunately, Lucy was, as he had been ever since the afternoon dance, in a towering rage—such rages as exceedingly amiable and importunate people do indulge in—when they are fairly roused out of their habitual serenity. So, though he, out of common politeness, paid all due attention to his sister's guest in his sister's house, he never so much as once condescended to look at her, or to give her the opportunity of making up everything, and winning what his heart was so sore at losing.

Alas! all opportunities which have once been ours, but which we have put aside or missed, seldom, if ever, come again, but are gone forever. A poet has put it, as poets do, poetically:

These know nothing of last year, To-morrow has no more to say. It is so true, so very true; it is so easy, so usual, to say, "There's another day to-morrow." Ay, but to-morrow has no more to say to yesterday.

And Tony Hartog went and went at Coppethwaite very frequently; indeed, he kept seemed to have taken Lucy's place as friend of the house.

He came and went upon all occasions, paying as much attention to the mother as to the daughter; and even from Murray Weyland himself very soon won the character of a right good fellow, without any humbug about him.

I must admit that Oliver flirted with him discreetly, though she never forgot Hartog's words at a moment; nor, however much or many the amusements she went in for, was the hold he had taken upon her heart weakened or loosened for a single moment.

It was wonderful how cleverly she contrived to lead a conversation round to the regiment and then to Capt. Harkness, and there keep it. She heard from Hartog that he was coming back in time for the ball on the fifth, and therefore to the fifth day of the new year did she look forward, much as do the eyes of a Mohammedan pilgrim to Mecca, the holy city; for he was coming back, and then—and then she would be in paradise.

Now, it happened that Harkness returned to Coppethwaite on the morning of the 5th, and after lunch strolled into Lucy's quarters.

"Well, old chap, how are you?" he demanded, pushing an easy chair a little nearer to the fire.

"Oh, pretty fit, thanks," answered Lucy, with a shade more drawn than usual.

"And how has the world used you lately?"

"Oh, much as usual"—smoking very hard, and looking fixedly at nothing.

"Ah!" murmured Harkness.

"For full ten minutes neither of them said one word; then Harkness's voice mounted through the fog of tobacco smoke which filled the little room.

"How's Miss Weyland?" he asked abruptly.

"I believe she's all right," answered Lucy, in a formal tone.

"You believe?" repeated Harkness, in astonishment. "What are you not going to tell me now?"

"I've not—or been very lately,"

"Quarrelled?" asked Harkness.

"No—not exactly quarrelled," returned Lucy, awkwardly.

"Oh, a misunderstanding? Oh, take my advice, old man; get it made up at once. Is she thinking about that little flirtation of yours in the summer?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, as I told you afterwards, I think you behaved rather shabbily over that."

"Look here, Harkness, it's just this, she didn't care a little hang for me and that's the whole secret. She was good as told me so, and I haven't thought of her since I shall some day, but"—shaking his head dolefully—"I don't feel like it just now."

"I shouldn't mind laying a hundred that she's desperately in love with you," Harkness declared.

Lucy shook her head again. He knew better than she, that she was mistaken—quite mistaken, as you will see to-night. At present, Tony Hartog is first favorite lives there. I don't think, though, that she really cares about him, remembering, as she had admitted that there was had introduced Hartog to her. Never for one moment did he suspect that it might be Harkness himself.

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tion; that she was quite as evidently injured relieved when the time came for her to dance with him. Not being a particularly conceited man he never suspected for a moment that he was the cause of the whole wide earth, occupied the place which he had always believed to be filled by Lucy.

"I do think you are treating her badly," he said, when they were—asking a pipe together after it was all over.

"Badly—?" echoed Lucy, in astonishment. "Well, perhaps not badly, but in a hard, unkind way—kind of way—never going near her, or asking her to dance, or anything. All girls like a little attention at an affair like this."

"I did ask her," Lucy returned. "And she—well—not precisely refused me, but she told me she had only one left—the last; and then, she added, she didn't think they would dance." Of course I thanked her and came away."

"And didn't take it?"

"Oh, no; what was the good? I—took the hint safely," with a miserable attempt at indifference.

Harkness shook his head solemnly. "Poor little soul! She might well look so bored as she did at times. You should have asked her early in the evening, and not left her alone till an ass like D'Albino, or a bumptious idiot like Carnegie, had had a chance of boring her into giving them dances."

"If she had wanted to give me one, she would have kept some," Lucy persisted.

"I know she had one vacant at supper—the fourteen," Harkness asserted.

"Oh, yes, I know; but I was engaged to Lady Mavry for that, and I couldn't possibly throw Lady Mavry over."

"Well, if she kept one, you couldn't really, under the circumstances, expect more than that. How fearfully hot the ballroom was. Never danced in such a hot room in my life. Positively, once or twice I thought my whole mind was going."

"Yes; it was very hot," Lucy agreed.

"What an ass D'Albino is!" Harkness went on, cheerfully. "I always seem to me such a piece of presumption, presuming to be so founded impudence—for a fellow who dances what he calls 'dixie-temp', and looks like a sausage casing about by electricity, or a marionette of the kind which you are going to take up the waltz of the best partner in the room. I asked Miss Weyland what she thought of him. She admitted that she did not consider him exactly a cheerful sort of fellow."

"By the by, what did you talk about?"

"Oh, I said the room was full," she answered.

"And then?" I asked.

"I said it was warm," she told me.

"Oh, then, oh, I fell back on the theatres, and asked him if he'd seen Mrs. Tussaud's lately."

"By Jove!" Harkness continued, with a laugh. "Mrs. Tussaud's must have been quite a godsend. It's my opinion old D'Albino will be having a fit, or an attack of paralysis, before too long."

"At that moment Oliver Weyland was just getting up her pretty, white-curtained bed, so blissfully happy that she seemed miles away from her. She never tried even to close her eyes, but lay wide awake during the rest of the night, thinking over it all. How gentle and considerate he had been! How big and brave and honest he was! Poor Oliver! If she had only known the truth, that Harkness had but looked after her because he was the friend of his heart, and he hoped one day to see her Lucy's wife."

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Queen Victoria has been ordered by her physician to give up champagne and claret and drink whisky and water.

Mrs. Mary Roberts, who died at the age of 90 the other day at Sharon, Pa., was never inside a postoffice and never rode on a railroad train.

Mrs. John E. Gordon, of Cumming county, Neb., has 10,000 cabbages ready for shipment as the result of her season's experiment in silk culture.

A German governess named Lina Dohle has been condemned to eight months' imprisonment for maintaining her charge, a little French boy of 14.

Mrs. Eliza Kerwin, the wife of a West Newton, Ind., laborer, has fallen from a high estate in Ireland valued at \$102,000. It is said that she can neither read nor write.

Mrs. George H. Corlies will erect a fine building for the Young Men's Christian association at Newburyport, Mass., as a memorial to her late husband, the famous engine builder.

Mrs. Harriet De Bar, widow of an actor well known years ago, is now nearly 68 years old, but scarcely less sprightly than when she appeared in pantomime more than thirty-five years ago.

The empress of Austria has much improved in health, which is attributed to massage treatment. She is now able to go climbing and to indulge in her favorite mountain climbing, although she is not yet able to ride.

The colored women of Little Rock, Ark., have just organized a washerwomen's association. The society has been legally incorporated, and its objects are to care for members in times of illness and to promote the general welfare of the laundry business.

A West Seneca (N. Y.) woman has for the last few years supported herself from the earnings of a seventeen-acre flower farm. Her income is at times as good as \$2,000 a year. She recommends horticulture as a good business for women and the wild west as the best field to begin in.

Miss Hume and Miss Amos, two Illinois teachers, have gone to South Pasadena, Cal., and established a woman's fruit preserving union. They conduct the business themselves, and have been very successful, shipping their goods to New York, Chicago and other large business centers.

Queen Margherita of Italy has succeeded in re-establishing the manufacture of Burana lace, an industry that had died out. The queen found an old woman that knew the secret in Ireland valued at \$102,000. It is said that she can neither read nor write.

Burana lace has again become a source of large revenue to the people of Burana.

Mrs. Bulze, whose death was recently announced, was the wife of the founder of the Revue des Deux-Mondes and mother of the present director. She greatly aided her husband in establishing the Revue, especially in the stormy days of 1838, when M. Bulze edited his magazine in a cell in the debtor's prison at Clancy, and had George Sand for a proof reader.

The number of women who hung in England last year by year on the gallows, and the latest variation of the sport is rather startling. Over hunting is done on foot and requires an equipment of short petticoats and thick boots. The other is almost the only existing species of the wild fauna of England, with the exception of the bulge and the roe deer, and there is something sad in seeing the war of extermination begun against him as a fashionable fad.

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