

Miss Lucy, thinking she might as well let him have a full view of the countenance he praised, turned fully toward him, and the conversation became brisk. The man was a knave, but gifted with a ready tongue and a rare power of lying. Moreover, he had really a fondness for this girl, while he hoped to make her useful in a certain little affair which had been entrusted to him. If that succeeded he would marry her and settle down for good and all.

So when Lucy began to air her grievances and to exclaim against rich folks who had everything their own way, and to declare that she hated poverty, Jim Hollis said to her, slowly and deliberately, that she might weigh every word:

"You needn't be poor, Lucy, my dear, a day longer than you wants to."

Lucy looked at him in astonishment.

"And you can marry me, too, if that pleases you. Leastways you've only yourself to blame if you don't, Lucy my dear."

"But you h'aint got no money!" she cried, point blank in her amazement.

"I will have some, and you, too, if you'll do as I says."

Lucy's eyes sparkled. She had always had the bright, glittering dream of wealth before her eyes. She saw herself riding in a carriage, dressed in a silken gown such as my lady wore to Madam Madison's reception, with ruffles of lace, and jewels. From this dream she was rudely, if unconsciously, awakened by Jim Hollis.

"We could take the inn at Tarrytown or set up shop at Myers' Corner."

"An inn? A shop?"

The wealth Jim spoke of was not that of which she had been