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THE WAY TO WIN.

Edward Stone stood impatiently upon the top step of Uncle Dan's stately residence. There was not the faintest sign of life anywhere around—the whole front part of the house was closed and darkened; and having rang several times without eliciting any response, he was about to conclude there was no one within hearing, when a head was thrust out of the upper window.

"Young man, go round to the side door."

Considerably startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed. Upon the porch brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a young girl of fifteen. She looked very pretty as she stood there, the bright autumnal sunning falling on her round white arms and uncovered head.

Setting down her broom, she ushered him into a medium sized, plainly furnished room which gave no indication of the reputed wealth of its owner.

The young man took a seat, brushed a few flecks of dust from the lapel of his coat, ran his fingers through his carefully arranged locks, and thus delivered himself:

"Tell your master that his nephew, Edward Stone, is here."

A faint smile touched the rosy lips, and with a demure "yes, sir," the girl vanished.

A few minutes later an elderly gentleman entered, with intelligent, strongly marked features, and a shrewd look in the eyes, which seemed to take the mental measure of his visitor at one single glance.

"Well, sir, what is your business with me?"

"I am your nephew."

"So my daughter told me. What do you want?"

"I was thinking of going into business, and thought I would come down and talk it over with you, and ask you to give me a lift."

"What better capital do you want than you already have? A strong able-bodied young man wanting a lift! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! What have you been doing?"

Edward's face flushed with anger at this unmerciful language, but feeling that he could not afford to quarrel with his wealthy relative, he gave no other indication of it.

"Said nothing from your salary, I suppose?"

"No, it only five hundred; not more than enough for my expenses."

"Humph! You are able to dress yourself out of it, I perceive. I have known men to rent and educate a large family on five hundred a year; and if you have been unable to save anything, you certainly are not able to go into business on your own account. When I was at your age my income was less than three hundred dollars, and I saved half of it. What is the business you wish to engage in?"

"Stationery and books. Six hundred dollars will buy it, as the owner is obliged to sell; a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount, only lend it; I will give you my note with interest."

"Young man, I have several such papers already. You can have all of them for five dollars; and I warn you that it will prove a poor investment at that. I can give you some advice, though, which if you follow will be worth a good many times over the amount you asked. But you won't do it."

"How do you know that?" said Edward, with a smile, who began to feel more at home with his eccentric relative. "I'd like to hear it, anyway."

"Well, here it is. Go back to your place in the store, save three dollars a week from your salary, which you can easily do; learning in the meantime all you possibly can in regard to the business you wish to pursue. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, together with sufficient experience and

judgement to know how to use it. And better still, it will be yours, earned by your own industry and self denial, and worth more to you than ten times that amount got in any other way. Then come and see me again."

"You'd rather have my money than advice, I dare say," added Mr. Stone, as Edward arose to go; "but we'll be better friends four years hence than if I let you have it. Sit down, nephew, the train you have to take won't leave until six in the evening. You must stay to tea; I want you to see what a complete little house-keeper I have, and make you acquainted with her."

"Polly!" he called out, opening the door into the hall.

In prompt obedience to this summons a rosy cheeked, bright eyed girl tripped in. The neat print dress had been changed for a pretty merino, but our hero did not fail to recognize her, and his face flushed painfully as he did so.

"Polly!" continued her father, "this is your cousin, Edward. He leaves on the six o'clock train, and I want his short stay with us as pleasant as possible."

"Polly is my little housekeeper," he added, turning to his nephew: "I like a woman for the work, and she does all the rest. When she is eighteen she shall have all the servants she wants, but she must serve her apprenticeship first. It may stand her in good stead; she may take it into her head to marry a poor man as her mother did before her. Eh! my girl?"

Mary's only reply to this was a smile and blush. Our hero was considerably embarrassed by the recollection of the mistake he had made, but the quietly cordial greeting of his young hostess soon put him comparatively at rest.

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"I got your card nephew," said the old man with a cordial grasp of the hand, and called around to see how you were getting on. I thought it was about time I gave you that little lift you asked of me three years ago. You don't look much as if you needed it though."

"Not at present thank you, uncle," was the cheerful response. "Curiously enough it is the same business that I wanted to buy then. The man who took it had to borrow money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell it at a sacrifice."

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Edward smiled at the point made by his uncle.

"It isn't what I've done though. I've saved four dollars a week from my salary for the last three years; and so was not only able to pay the money down but had fifty dollars besides."

"Bravo! my boy," cried the delighted old man, with another grasp of the hand that made our hero wince. "I'm proud of you! You are bound to succeed. I see and without anybody's help. I told your cousin Polly that when she was eighteen I would buy her a house in the city; and that she should furnish it, suit herself and have all the servants she wanted, and I kept my word. Come around and see us whenever you can. You'll always find the door open."

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