# THE PHANTOM FUTURE: A NOVEL, PP. 1-238

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The Phantom Future: A Novel, pp. 1-238 by Henry Seton Merriman

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# HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

# THE PHANTOM FUTURE: A NOVEL, PP. 1-238



# THE PHANTOM FUTURE

A Movel

BY

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN / /.

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE
1897

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### THE PHANTOM FUTURE.

"Graverard crept through a village street,
His head was bowed, his weary feet
Were bruised and torn.
A staff in his right hand he bare,
The wind played with his silver hair—
His coat was worn.

"Onward he passed through golden corn, Weary with toll from early morn. He cast him down.

A youth and maiden came along, Grave she; but he, with noisy song Learned in the town.

"'What seek you in this sunny field?'
Graybeard, to whom he thus appealed,
Slow raised his head—
'A Phantom Future I pursue!'

"'Methinks we seek the same as you,'
The maiden said,"

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## THE PHANTOM FUTURE.

### CHAPTER I.

### MYRA'S BAR.

".Yzs, Mr. Crozier, I think it is very good. Tell me, will it make a difference in his life?"

The girl who spoke closed the book she had been glancing through, and laid it upon the marble counter among the sherry decanters, black china match-boxes, and ash-trays. She was only a bar-maid, and the brilliant gas shining down from a sunlight in the ceiling overhead betrayed the fact that her faultless face was not quite innocent of artificial aid. Faultless!—no, not quite faultless. The lower lip was pressed upward when in repose, forcing the upper slightly out of place. The expression imparted thus to the daintiest mouth imaginable was not disagreeable, but it was somewhat sad, if studied closely, for it seemed to imply that existence was an effort.

The man to whom her innocent question was addressed did not answer at once. He took a long sip of whiskey-and-water, and by a turn of his tongue shifted his cigar from the left to the right-hand corner of his mouth. He was a heavy-shouldered man, with a large head and small blue eyes set close together. When he thought deeply his eyes appeared to contract and sink deeper beneath the splendid forehead. This expression came over his face now, although his gaze was fixed on nothing more interesting than the linoleum which covered the floor.

"I don't know," he said, thoughtfully; and being seated on a high stool, he swung his right leg backward and forward. "It is hard to say what the result will be. He is such a harum-scarum