

ELSIE'S WINTER TRIP

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Elsie's Winter Trip by Martha Finley

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MARTHA FINLEY

**ELSIE'S
WINTER TRIP**



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ELSIE'S WINTER TRIP.

BY
MARTHA FINLEY,

AUTHOR OF
"ELsie DENVER," "ELsie's GIRLHOOD," "MILDRED KEYS,"
etc., etc.

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you; but there is business that should have been attended to some time ago, and must not be longer delayed."

"If it is, it shall not be your wife's fault," she replied. "The cook is still in the kitchen, and I will go and give my order for a seven-o'clock breakfast."

"Lu, dear," Chester said, on her return, "it will not be at all necessary for you to rise in time for so early a breakfast, I can pour my own coffee and eat alone."

"No, you can't have that privilege while I'm your wife;" she responded, with a saucy look and smile. "I intend to pour your coffee, and see that you have an appetizing breakfast and do justice to it."

"Your presence will make it doubly enjoyable, dearest," he returned, putting an arm about her, and giving her a look of loving admiration, "but you must not be robbed of needed rest and sleep."

"Thank you, my dear husband," she replied; "but I am accustomed to early rising and it agrees with me. Oh, I think I shall

greatly enjoy taking early breakfast with you. Isn't it delightful to begin our married life in so lovely a home of our very own?"

"It is, indeed! and we owe it to your good, kind, and most generous father."

"He is that, most emphatically," responded Lucilla. "The dearest, best, and kindest father in the world."

"Seven o'clock the next morning found them cosily seated at a little round table in their pretty dining-room, enjoying a delicious breakfast of fresh fruits, broiled fowl, hot muffins and coffee. These, added to good health, cheerful spirits, and a fondness for each other's society, made them a happy couple.

The meal was enlivened with cheerful chat.

"I am sorry you have to hurry so," Lucilla said, as she filled her husband's cup for the second time. "I really think you ought to have at least a little longer holiday."

"I expect to take it piecemeal, nights and mornings, in the society of my wife," returned Chester, with affectionate look and

smile. "I was very glad to get this case," he added, "for if I succeed with it it will bring me in some thousands."

"I shall be glad of that for your sake," said Lucilla; "but don't work too hard. You know you are not very strong; therefore you need to take good care of yourself."

"Ah, my dear, be careful how you encourage me in self-indulgence," laughed Chester. "I am too much inclined that way as it is."

"Are you?" she exclaimed with mirthful look and tone. "I really had not found it out, but thought you one of the foolishly industrious people who will even throw away health in order to get on rapidly with their work."

"And I," laughed Chester, "took you for a woman of such discernment that you must have found out before this what a lazy, incompetent fellow you have thrown yourself away upon."

"No; with all my discernment I have yet to make that discovery. I did not marry the

fellow you describe—but a bright, talented, industrious young man. And I won't have him slandered."

At that moment a servant came in with the announcement that the carriage was at the door.

"Ah! Jack is quite punctual, and I am just ready," said Chester, pushing back his chair, getting up and going round to his wife's side of the table. "I will now take away the slanderer of your bright, talented, industrious young man," he remarked in sportive tone; "you shall be relieved of his presence until perhaps five o'clock this afternoon."

Before he had finished, Lucilla was standing by his side, her hand in his.

"Oh, dear! I wish you didn't have to go," she sighed. "We have been together all the time for weeks past and now I hardly know how I can do without you."

"Suppose you come along then. There is plenty of room in the carriage, and in the office, and I could find you something to