

pass. Still there was just sufficient, if Madeline could make her horses swerve a trifle to the left. Of course she had the reins already as tight as iron bands, but quicker than thought, as she neared the gap, she touched up the off horse with the whip, by a twist of the wrist, such as only an accomplished driver knows how to do, and the phaeton shot through, with just an eighth of an inch to spare.

"That was what you would call a 'near thing' Papa," said Madeline, as they dashed onwards.

Both Van Higgin and Richard had caught their breath, as one is apt to do when a terrible smash seems inevitable. The former had been entirely roused from his lethargy, and was admiring his daughter with all his heart and soul. Was this the girl, he thought, whom he dreaded, could not bear misfortune? By heavens! he felt she could dare anything on earth. They still rushed forward, but they had passed the great crowd of carriages, and having the road more to themselves, Madeline was enabled to bring more tactics into play, for obtaining the mastery over the runaways. The horses were one mass of foam, and in another half mile began to slacken their headlong pace, till at length with a wrench or two, their gallop subsided into a trot and then snorting and trembling, they were finally pulled up. Madeline turned them round, with a triumphant smile on her countenance, for she might well be pleased with her conquest.

"I am afraid my gloves are gone as well as my hat," she said laughing, and displaying the rents which had been made by the reins in those articles.

"I can tell you now Madge," observed her father gently.

"Wait till we are at home Papa, and if you don't mind we will change places once more as my arms are nearly pulled off," replied Madeline.

They drove quietly back, and arrived without any further mishap. Then Van Higgin taking his daughter into the small drawing room, closed the door and said in a low voice "Madge what I have to tell you is, that—I am ruined."

"Oh Papa, is that all, and were you afraid to tell me?" replied Madeline, going up to him and putting her arms round his neck. Yes he had feared to give her this news, and here she was making light of it.

"My child you do not understand. We shall have to give up everything."

"Not everything Papa—you are still my father," said the girl softly.

Then the former Wall Street magnate broke down, but they were not bitter tears, for he felt that Madeline was dearer a thousand times than all the riches he had lost. Aye there are some among women whose real worth is only brought out by adversity and who seem to be sent to console us. Here was a girl raised in luxury, a leader of society and a reigning

belle, who was supposed to be wrapped up in what is called the world, and yet there was the ring of the true metal in her, and she makes me feel that Van Higgin at that time was more to be envied than pitied. Indeed he was wonderfully cheered, and went to meet his trouble the next day with a lighter heart than he had conceived to be possible.

They were engaged to some reception that evening, but did not go, Van Higgin for reasons you can readily guess, and Madeline because she would not leave her father alone. May all parents be blessed with such a daughter when overtaken with misfortune. They talked far into the night, and strange to say it was Madeline who took the lead and directed the conversation. Her father praised her for her quick perception, which she parried with a joke, saying there was no merit in inheritance and when the Colorado Tunnel Company was discussed she enquired if Mr. Dugdale was acquainted with the state of affairs. Van Higgin was not sure, adding that he believed the engineer would be in New York to-morrow or the day after.

"He is pretty well off now," said Van Higgin, thinking with a touch of envy of the man whose career he had helped to build up, and who was the wealthier of the two, nay, even young Guy Balston counted far more in the race of life than did he, who, but yesterday, was the great Van Higgin and had almost ruled Wall Street.

Madeline did not say much in rejoinder, but in her inmost heart she had an implicit trust that Dugdale was not one of those whom we designate as "fair weather" friends, the truth or otherwise of which opinion was very soon to be tested.

To be concluded.

Spoiled the Sentiment.

In the promenade.

"We keep step perfectly," murmured Wadsleigh.

"Yes," with a sigh.

"Well, darling—may I call you so?—I want to ask you to walk with me through life."

"Thank you, but I've already accepted an invitation to ride."—From the Chicago News Record.

THE PARSON GOT AS GOOD AS HE GAVE.

A clergyman in the neighborhood of Nottingham was complimenting a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of the conversation he, however, incautiously observed:

"When I want a good coat, I go to London—they make them there."

Before leaving the shop he inquired:

"By-the-by, do you attend my church?"

"No" was the reply. "When I want to hear a good sermon, I go to London—they make them there."—London Tit-Bits.

The Smooth Man of Flora.

"There are many ways of turning a penny," soliloquized J. R. Morton. "Some time back a smooth-spoken fellow turned up in Flora, Ill. He went to the bank and had an audience with the president and cashier. He had a little story all ready, and it wore the garb of plausibility. Several banks had been robbed recently, and the youngster pretended to possess the confidence of the gang that was doing the deviltry. The next descent, he said, would be made on the Flora bank.

He, the good young man, would notify the officers of the exact time of the intended raid, in order that the robbers might be appropriately rounded up. He was sent to Decatur, the alleged rendezvous of the robbers, and there lived in royal style, while the bank officers sat up nights to guard the treasure and waited in vain for the note of warning. It did not come, and when the good young man had worked the game for all it was worth he folded his tent like the Arabs and made a sneak for green fields and pastures new."—From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Seraps from "Pick-Me-Up"

RUDE OF HIM.

Miss Ethel Makeup.—You are complimentary to our sex, Captain; but, after all, we women can do a lot with our faces.

Captain Caustique.—Ya-as—by Jove! triumph quite over nature—ah—quite!

THE VACANCY.

Poet.—Is there an opening for a poet in this office?

Editor.—Why, certainly! There's the door you came in at.

ON THE SANDS IN FRANCE.

Sylvia.—Are you going to bathe this morning, Ethel?

Ethel.—I don't know, I will see who comes down. It is no use going through it all for a lot of old married fogies.

Parson, overhearing a parishioner indulging in a little swearing, accosts him and administers a sever reproof. The offender answers apologetically:

"Well, you know, sur, it's just heer. You do pray a bit on Zundays, and I do swear a bit in the week, but law bless ee, sur, we don't, neether of us, mean anything by it."

WIT IN THE PIGGERY.

First Stylish Resident (putting on side).—Do you know that I'm a descendant of Sir Roger Bacon.

Second Ditto—A "rasher" statement I have never heard.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Lieutenant (to soldier)—So you say you were a playwright before you entered the army.

Soldier—Yes, Lieutenant.

Lieutenant—Well, let me tell you if the villains in your play don't shoot any better than you do, you could not get up a tragedy to save your life.—Texas Sitings.