

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER XIII—TRUE METAL.

It had come to be acknowledged, that Washington Van Higgin's mail phaeton and horses, could not "be beat" in New York. The vehicle was light, but strong, having two seats in front, the seat for the driver being considerably raised above that for the companion, on the left hand side thereof. Indeed the driver's seat was so high, that practically the one who handled the reins leaned rather than sat on it. The horses were very handsome bays, with black points, having fine sloping shoulders, and grand quarters, which together with clean made limbs, short below the knee, bespoke both strength and speed. They had plenty of spirit, for both Van Higgin and Madeline were good 'whips' and liked horses, which required more than ordinary driving. On the present occasion the animals were decidedly fresh as they had not been out of their stable for some days, and though they were tolerably quiet while trotting up Fifth avenue, they no sooner turned into the drive way of Central Park, than they began to show signs of insubordination. By this time, the effect of the two glasses of sherry had passed off, and a nervous lassitude again appeared to seize Van Higgin, though at first, Madeline hardly noticed the change.

"What is it that you have to tell me Papa?" she asked, thinking little of the horses' prancing, as she reclined comfortably back in her seat. "It is something that troubles you I am sure." "I scarcely know how to begin" replied Van Higgin, feeling his throat and lips becoming dry, and parched, as he slowly proceeded, "It is something I must mention, and yet I am afraid it will be—a great shock to you Madge,—It is not my fault—I could not help it—but—great God!" he exclaimed, dropping the reins and throwing up his hands, "they are off!" Which was true enough, for the horses believing from the feeble manner in which they were being driven, that some other than their master was behind them, suddenly seized by bits between their teeth, and bolted as hard as they could lay their legs to the ground. In such a situation, presence of mind, as well as courage can alone be of service, and luckily Madeline was possessed of both those qualities. She swiftly but calmly rose, and caught the reins as they slipped from her father's grasp, remarking quietly "Take my seat Papa—you are not well—but it will be all right directly."

Van Higgin obeyed mechanically, and in less time than it has taken me to tell it, their places were changed, and Madeline was on the driving seat, endeavouring to pull in the now thoroughly excited steeds. It was a pretty sight in spite of its danger, to watch the beautiful girl, her elbows well squared and her lips firmly set, as



A NICE FREEZER.

HERR FRITZ—"Ach, Mees Browns! Ven I look upon you I do stand beside mineseelf. I am ingombrehensible and mie hertz go bang! How shall I egpress mineseelf?"

MISS BROWN—"Pardon me, Herr Fritz, but do you play euchre?"

HERR FRITZ—"Von ieedle bid."

MISS BROWN—"Then I 'pass,' if y u please."

[Herr Fritz finds himself left.]

she sat, or more properly speaking, stood behind those horses, at full gallop. Her hat had blown off, leaving the sunlight playing over her dark hair, and as her eyes flashed, with a determined "pluck" (it is the only word which fully expresses my meaning) unmingled with a trace of fear, she would have made a good portrait for the goddess Diana, and I regret I am unable to do justice to her picture.

Away the horses bounded at their topmost speed, tearing past the other carriages like an express train, and causing not a little consternation, among several respectable old ladies, who were enjoying their afternoon airing.

On they flew, setting at naught all outside efforts to stay their course, nay, the shouts of some bystanders had the con-

trary effect, as did also one of the mounted police, who for a moment thought his lumbering hack could overtake them. Everyone looked on with a sort of terror at the mad career,—everyone that is except Madeline, who never lost her nerve for an instant. Right ahead, was a laudan, whose coachman was either deaf or absent-minded, for he paid no attention to the clattering hoofs behind him and a collision seemed certain.

"Shout to that booby Richard," said Madeline, slightly turning her head and addressing their man servant, whereupon the latter yelled lustily. The laudan coachman then woke up to the danger, but becoming confused, stupidly guided his vehicle to the wrong side of the road, leaving a very narrow space for the phaeton to