

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER VIII—THE TELEGRAM.

We must now return to Madeline. As my readers are well aware those who do not live in tenement houses, or are not otherwise bound by the exigencies of business, generally escape from the burning pavements of New York during the summer months, and Madeline—not being “a flower born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air”—had never “within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant,” which is the correct expression I believe, spent July and August within one hundred miles of Fifth Avenue. She had on former occasions crossed the Atlantic, strolled on the shores of Normandy, or Brittany, paraded the pier at Brighton, or visited Ben Lomond, Killarney, or Saw Fell, but in the year of which I am writing she went no further than Scarborough Beach, since her father's occupations did not permit of his being absent from New York more than a few days consecutively. She was accompanied by Annette, whose husband, besides being consulting or assistant engineer for the Colorado Tunnel, was engaged upon some important bridge operations in the States of New York and New Jersey.

Scarborough Beach, as I need not tell you, is a continuation of Old Orchard, being part of the same magnificent shore and washed by the same grand rolling surf.

Madeline had chosen this resort as being comparatively quiet, not troubled much by ubiquitous newspaper interviewers, and where there was not only good sea bathing, but that rest so thoroughly appreciated after the turmoil of New York.

Have you ever been to Scarborough Beach? If not, go the first opportunity for it is delightful for those who desire to practice the “*dolce far niente*,” and throw aside everything except pure laziness. And what happiness it is, at times, to be really lazy? To watch the big breakers come dashing towards you—the foam with which they are crowned sparkling in the sun—as you repose on the clean dry sand; the children shouting and gesticulating like infantine navies, as they shovel and load their little buckets. Or peradventure, clothed in your bathing costume, you roll under those billows, float on their crests, or dive through them, as your humor or your skill decides, and even then you hear the merry laughs of the boys and girls who, like yourself, are enjoying their holiday, gasping and spluttering in a way which makes your heart glad. For what would life be without those small cherubs to sweeten it. Acquaintances die off, friends fall away, but oh my bachelor wayfarer let us in the midst of our bad tempers feel kindly to-



MR. BLOOMINGSWELL has just told Miss BLUSHINGTON that by holding her face up to her eyes, she has indulged him with two of the most enchanting fan's eyes he ever fancied.

wards those little ones whose innocent mirth blesses the homes of rich or poor, if we “forbid them not” as was commanded by One who had been a child Himself.

Madeline and Annette had returned from their morning dip, and were seated in their cottage facing the sea in a kind of “*demi-toilette*,” engaged in the interesting occupation of drying their hair which was hanging over their wrappers—or whatever you call them—in distracting loveliness, the blue black and light flaxen tresses being side by side, each setting off the beauty of the other by the charming contrast.

“How deliciously strong and cool you feel after a good plunge in the sea,” remarked Madeline, passing the comb through her locks.

“Oh yes indeed it is so,” said Annette, “and yet the water here is quite warm. At Kamazaska, or Murray Bay, where it was my pleasure to go, the water was cold always and we could not there remain but a little while.”

“We shall soon make you a perfect American Annette,” observed Madeline smiling.

“And why not? My husband is he not an American, and do you not perhaps remember what the Ruth of the Scriptures said about the people of him who had chosen her?”

“Upon my word Annette I think I must call you your shaw” you are so completely wrapped up in him,” said Madeline laughing.

“A shawl! But that is droll is it not?” cried Annette quite pleased.

At that moment there was a knock at the door and Madeline's maid entered with a telegram, which was from her father and read as follows:—“Off to Denver, papers will explain. Guy will write.”

“Annette, there is something wrong with the Colorado Tunnel,” observed Madeline quietly, as she handed over the bit of yellow paper.

“Oh Madeline, what can it be?”

“Probably nothing very important,” was the reply in a voice just a trifle hard, “at any rate the papers will be here when we go to lunch, and we may as well finish dressing.”

The papers arrived while they were at luncheon, and there in large type they read:—“**FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION IN THE GREAT COLORADO TUNNEL. TOTAL COLLAPSE. OVER ONE HUNDRED MEN BURIED ALIVE, INCLUDING THE CHIEF ENGINEER. ORIGIN OF THE CATASTROPHE CULPABLE CARELESSNESS. WIDOWS AND ORPHANS APPEAL TO HEAVEN FOR SUCCOR.**” And then followed a graphic account of the disaster, written by some reporter who, having reached the spot some hours after the explosion, was of course fully competent to enter into a minute description of what had occurred, and did not scruple to declare that it was evident the accident—if such it could be termed—resulted from a gross oversight on the part of the chief engineer who, along with a hundred innocent men, had paid the penalty with his life, it being scarcely possible that any could be rescued. We all know the kind of reports which find their way to the papers, and which afterwards have to be greatly modified in some respects, and flatly contradicted in others, but meanwhile the tale goes forth and is read by thousands.

Madeline laid down the paper steadily, though her color had faded, and rising said, in a surprisingly calm voice, “Annette, if you don't mind I should like to take a walk on the beach by myself. I will come back presently.”

“You do not believe —” began Annette trembling.

“That slander? No, I do not,” replied Madeline almost sternly, as she left the room.

Along the beach she paced, far away from the crowds of idlers and she was quite alone, with the fresh salt breeze fanning her cheeks. There are some who, when they are hurt, must let all their friends know it; they bare their wounds and roar aloud for sympathy, but there are others who hide their grief and “refuse to be comforted.” Nay they even