

pise a good dinner when he will say to his life's partner, "My dear, there are few things in this world equal to a really good dinner," but at present, you understand, he was in an ethereal state, was not in fact a reasonable being, and felt not the pangs of hunger. When he imparted the contents of the telegram to Annette, she was transported and even astounded at what appeared to her the magnificent future in store for her. "Ah my love," she cried, "it is grand, it is noble, but oh Guy what have I to give you in return?" "Something ten thousand times better my darling, something I would not part with for all the world."

"But Guy will you always think so?" asks a little pleading voice. "Yes I believe you will, and I will try to make myself deserving."

And so on. These two were in the seventh heaven; we all know the story and have had it related a thousand times before; and you and I were young yesterday though our hair is now gray. We remember the time—yes and happy is he I say who with silver locks can look across the fireplace at the lady knitting opposite and feel that his life would have been a blank but for her. We will pass over a couple of months or so, in which Guy and Annette were married, and had spent their honeymoon in Florida, or some other Southern clime, and resume our story when Mr. and Mrs. Ralston were established in one of the numerous flats which had lately come into fashion in New York.

You may be sure Madeline was the first to call upon her newly made cousin, and was of great service to her in teaching her how to manage her house in the big city, where the mode of life was so different to what she had been accustomed in Montreal. Annette was very quick and soon learned her lesson, and Guy found a nice little dinner waiting for him on his return from the city, to which the pretty smile which greeted him was better seasoning than any which Park and Tilford could furnish.

"I think she is just lovely Guy," said Madeline to her cousin when the latter was seeing her home one night, to which Ralston could only reply "Delicious!" but it was quite a satisfactory answer.

The syndicate before mentioned had been completed, all the legal formalities had been arranged, and very shortly John Dugdale would start for Denver to commence the work. The offices of the "Colorado Tunnel Company" were in the same building as that of the President, Washington Van Higgin, and thither Dugdale and Ralston betook themselves daily to prepare preliminary plans and so forth, until the time arrived when the former would depart to the scene of action. Dugdale now knew New York pretty well from the Battery up to the Plaza Hotel at the

entrance of Central Park, besides which he had often been a guest at Van Higgin's mansion on Fifth Avenue, while indeed hardly say he was always welcome when he made his appearance on the Ralstons' flat.

We are all aware how much easier it is to preach than to practise, and recollecting the advice Dugdale gave to Guy, in reference to Annette, we need not be astonished to find Aesculapius unable to swallow his own medicine, with regard to Madeline Van Higgin. Dugdale had told Ralston how he had upon one important occasion "hung back because he had not rupees enough" and had endeavored to prove the folly of such weakness, and yet here was he at the mature age of thirty-seven, with a timidity of a school girl in so far as one subject was concerned. He would have said—had he talked about the affair, which he never did—that Guy's case and his own were not parallel, as Annette had not a dollar, whereas Madeline Van Higgin was the only child of a millionaire, but somehow we never argue for ourselves as we do for others, and he who had advised Ralston to "go in and win," had sneered at his friend's want of confidence and been as bold as a lion by proxy, so to speak, was a coward in his own behalf.

The time was now approaching when John Dugdale was to proceed to Denver for the purpose of carrying out the work of the great tunnel. He was spending one of his last evenings, previous to his departure, with his friend Ralston and his wife, and having talked the matter over, as they had done many a time before, Dugdale remarked "I wish you were coming with me had, though I suppose you will not echo that sentiment."

"No I am perfectly contented," replied Ralston smiling at Annette, who answered with a similar signal, "I fear you will find it rather lonesome, as I did upon that 'Soo' line."

Dugdale sighed, thinking there was a vast difference between Ralston's case and his own. Then Annette, in her pretty French way, suggested that all bachelors were lonely and why did not Mr. Dugdale marry?

We know that almost all women consider marriage the grand aim of existence, even those who have not been particularly happy in their choice, whereas dear Annette was for ever wondering how she had managed to live so long without Guy.

"Ah Mrs. Ralston, we cannot all of us hope to be as fortunate as your husband," said Dugdale bowing, and laughing somewhat grimly.

"But no, that is nonsense," replied Annette "it is I who am the fortunate one."

"Indeed I think you were both of you in luck," was Dugdale's answer.

"And why not you also?" pursued Annette.

"Perhaps because 'I care for nobody and nobody cares for me,'" said Dugdale.

"Ah it is not so is it?" cried Annette, shaking her little head, and Dugdale hastily changed the conversation.

The last night, before Dugdale went away, he and the Ralstons all dined at No. 600 Fifth Avenue. Madeline and Mrs. Ralston had been driving in Central Park, and what does that shy little puss Annette do but sing praises of John Dugdale almost till they reached the Van Higgin's door. She made him out to be ten times taller, better looking, and nobler than he really was, or could be, until Madeline, who had scarcely had a word to say, exclaimed with a kind of laugh, "Why Annette you seem to be actually in love with Mr. Dugdale, you shocking girl."

"What, I! Oh Madeline for shame, as if I could ever love anyone but Guy!" returned the young wife in quite a pitiful tone, at the very thought of such an absurdity.

"No you little goose, I do not believe you could," said Madeline mirthfully. "But here we are at home, and have discussed Mr. Dugdale quite enough."

When Annette, like all dutiful wives, told her husband what had passed during the drive, Ralston did not seem particularly pleased, for he looked at the subject from a masculine standpoint, and with men there are certain matters which are considered forbidden ground. Annette was disappointed and with that plaintive glance of hers observed, "Are you so very miserable Guy that you do not want Mr. Dugdale to marry?" to which there was but one reply to be made, and so it came to pass that Annette was called "a little goose" twice that evening.

Dugdale felt that dinner a terrible ordeal, notwithstanding that it was well cooked and the wines of the best. Van Higgin was an excellent host and exerted himself to the utmost, but Dugdale has since confessed that he did not know what he was eating or drinking nor what the conversation was about. He had Madeline to himself for a few brief moments in the drawing room, and with his heart thumping in a most uncomfortable manner he stammered forth something about the kindness he had received from both her father and herself, adding that if he was successful in the great venture on hand he would hope to speak to her concerning another venture, of which he could say nothing further at present. Did Madeline understand him and guess that like a soldier going to battle he wished to prove himself worthy by first winning his laurels? Perhaps—but just then the others came forward, and how the remainder of the evening was spent Dugdale has pledged his word that he has not the remotest conception.

To be continued.