



REALIZATION !!

the blame," said Dugdale firmly. "Settler limp through life with success, than dance through it with the ticket of failure stamped upon you."

He has been slightly lame ever since, but it is not very perceptible, and he treats it much as a soldier looks upon the scar of an honorable wound—in which one at least agrees with him.

And now Dugdale's first venture in the United States, so far as it concerned himself, was being brought to a conclusion. As the engineer of the Colorado Tunnel he had won his spurs, so to speak. His fame was secured, and the remuneration together with the benefits derived from his patent were such as to make him a comparatively wealthy man.

#### CHAPTER X—THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

John Dugdale having arrived at the mature age of thirty-eight, or thereabouts, you cannot expect any "sighing like a furnace," or love sick sonnets to Madeline's eyebrow. No, as a man grows older he becomes more self contained than when two and twenty say, not that he feels less, but that he controls himself more. He is not cynical not "blase," but the youthful stream of life has broadened into a larger river. The latter is not so rapid as the former, and does not dash so impetuously over the rocks in its course,

but it is deeper without having lost any of its strength. This is only natural and proper, for while we admit that there is something pleasing and touching in a young fellow absolutely, irretrievably of course, and absurdly in love with a girl worthy of such devotion; when he can think, talk, and dream, of nothing else, and is ready, nay considers it an honor, to go down on his knees and grovel before his goddess, yet it would be manifestly preposterous for us to admire a man whose joints are no longer supple and whose hair is thin on his crown indulging in the same gymnastics. Thus we say, "there is a time for all things," in spring we love to see the blossoms budding, giving sweet promise of what is to come, and later on we love the fruit also, though the flowers have vanished.

It was late in November when Dugdale had finally closed his accounts with the Colorado Tunnel Company. He was enjoying a day's rest in the Albany Hotel, Denver, previous to returning to New York, and had seated himself in a comfortable chair in the reception room for the purpose of reading the latest number of some magazine. But his labors had been arduous, and he had fallen asleep with the book in his hand. He was dreaming of days long past, and in his imagination was thousands of miles away on the lawn

tennis ground of a bungalow at Poona, India, hitting the ball towards a fair creature on the other side of the net. She was smiling as her slim active figure sprang forward to return the ball. Then another figure, that of a man, came between them saying "My turn to serve I think," and Dugdale stopped back. He tried, again and again, to take up the game, but his opportunity seemed lost, and that same man always came between him and the girl, until he heard the latter exclaim "Too late, too late!"

He awoke with the sound of her voice in his ears, and though, in fancy, he had been in Poona, and was now, in reality, in Denver, he found himself listening to the same tones to which he had been a stranger for many a year. He rubbed his eyes, believing for the moment he was still dreaming; but no, a lady whom he did not see, his back being towards her, was saying "Yes, the scenery by the Rio Grande route is certainly more magnificent than any we have through the ghats in India, but then the people here Frederick are terrible! There is absolutely no 'caste' whatever, you know."

"None at all. I almost wish we had gone round the Cape to escape the Red Sea, instead of coming this way," was the reply peevishly given. "I wonder what time they have 'kana' (dinner) at this place."

Dugdale sprang to his feet and found himself, on turning round, face to face with the girl of his dream and her husband—the man whose turn it was to serve. Girl did I say? He saw before him a large stout woman pale and languid, though not bad looking, but who no more reminded him of her at whose shrine he had bowed, than his laundry woman would have done. He burst into a good hearty laugh, as the idol crashed to pieces before his eyes, and actually exclaimed "This is indeed a joyful surprise, Mrs. Ashley!"

Yes joyful, for when a ghost crosses our path, calling up buried memories, we are surely glad to find that the apparition is but a white post, or a harmless milestone. I dare say Dugdale thought of Madeline, and thanked his stars he was not standing in Ashley's shoes, just as Smith did the other day when he met Mrs. Jones and going home, and was more than ordinarily affectionate with Mrs. Smith, who little imagined that her husband was adopting this method of giving thanks for the lucky escape he had had.

"Mr. Dugdale! oh really—," said Mrs. Ashley, pretending to be confused, and thereby causing that gentleman infinite amusement.

"How are you Ashley? When did you leave India?" pursued Dugdale.

"Oh ages ago—been travelling by easy stages, as they say, though there is pre-