



GUTS BOTH WAYS.

TALLBOYS: "Look here, Smith, it's only your size which has saved you from many a slap in the face"

SMITH: "Well, it is only your size which prevents my punching your head."

"Ah a good house. or used to be at one time. I must put your name down at the Club. which is close to your hotel. just this side of Madison Square in Twenty-first Street," for which Dugdale returned due acknowledgements. "And now Mr. Dugdale," pursued Van Higgin. "I have a scheme in my mind by which I believe we may be of mutual benefit to each other. I intend to form a syndicate to construct a tunnel through a mountain near Denver, and I want you to be the engineer to carry the work to completion. It will be a big thing. but there is money in it sure for both of us. See here is a rough sketch of the plan, what do you think of it?"

Dugdale examined the drawing and replied that the proposition appeared quite feasible on paper, but that he would have to examine and take a rough survey before he could give a decided opinion.

"And that cannot be done till the

spring," said Van Higgin, "but from particulars I have here, and can give you. I think we know enough to form the syndicate, and push the bill through before anyone else gets wind of it. I mean to take a third share, and will propose terms which I guess will be satisfactory to you."

Indeed when Van Higgin named the terms, they were so liberal as almost to take Dugdale's breath away.

"But Mr. Van Higgin while I cannot thank you enough, I consider in justice to the syndicate you should have some one here, a sort of consulting engineer, to receive and check my reports upon the work from time to time, and such would be more comfortable to myself."

"To that I shall raise no objection, although I have perfect confidence in you," returned Van Higgin pleasantly. "What do you say to Guy Ralston?"

"To that I in my turn shall certainly

raise no objection," said Dugdale laughing.

"Good; then we will fix the syndicate, after which Guy can marry. get his honeymoon over, and settle down in harness."

Happy Guy! thought Dugdale. Aye, happy indeed is he who at the start in life can meet with such a friend. Dugdale was pleased too, and sent a telegram to Ralston apprizing him of the good fortune which had befallen both of them. I leave you to imagine the ecstatic delight into which that news plunged Guy, and how, although he had not dined, he must needs rush off to a certain house in St. Famille Street, in order that someone else may share his happiness. Dinner! Who cares for a prosaic meal at such a time? All the delicacies of his club, and the best wines, were nothing but coarse dross. The time will doubtless come when Guy will no longer des-