

"Am leaving to-night on the *Princess May*.

"Tom."

That was all. It was dated three days ago, from Skagway, Alaska. Harmon held the telegram in his hand for some time, although he was not looking at the words. He was thinking of the sender of that message, wondering what was bringing him home. What would he do with him when he arrived? he asked himself. He tried to think of something that would satisfy Reynolds' restless spirit; that would give an outlet to his abounding energy. He had fondly hoped that Tom would throw himself into newspaper work, and thus make the *Telegram* and *Evening News* a greater force than ever. New blood was needed on the staff, he was well aware, and Reynolds was just the man for the work. He sighed as he thought of the futility of his dreams, and how impossible it was to make the young see with the eyes of age and experience.

For some time Harmon sat there, lost in deep thought. At length he arose and prepared himself for dinner. He was about to leave the room, when a knock sounded upon the door, and in another instant Tom Reynolds stood before him. Eagerly Harmon rushed forward, seized him by the hand, and bade him a hearty welcome.

"Tom, Tom!" he cried. "I am delighted to see you. I had no idea the boat had arrived. Come, sit down and tell me all about yourself."

"Just a minute," Reynolds laughingly replied. "Have you had dinner yet? No? Well, that's fortunate, as I want you to come and dine with me at the 'Pacific.'"

"At the Pacific!" Harmon looked his surprise and disappointment. "Why did you go there? I was expecting you here. And, besides, isn't it rather expensive?"