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"A GOOD TIME."

By Basil C. d'Easum.

OLD "Captain" Glenn had been buried in the north for nineteen years. For nineteen years he had been working for the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Wayback in the Arctic Circle.

Nineteen years of murderous cold and mosquitoes, Indians, dog-trains and half-breeds; in the winter, and it is winter nearly all the time, living on frozen fish; for nineteen years cut off almost entirely from the civilized world except when "The Boat" made its annual trip with stores and letters to that far-away post.

Yet the north has a strange fascination for many men. They grow to like the loneliness, the savagery of it; however much they may curse it, yet they are restless until they get back to it.

But "Captain" Glenn declared that he had turned his back upon it.

He made the long journey "out" by dog-train, canoe and steamboat; when he reached the fringe of civilization he ravelled with horses.

Then he came to Duncannon, a little frontier town.

At Duncannon he found whisky and other delights; and at Duncannon he stayed.

He had come "out" with five thousand dollars, not a small fortune for a working man (his title of "Captain" was given to him on account of his skill at building boats), although the north is a country where a man can not help

but save his money. But it was different from that at Duncannon.

A cowboy "on the tear," a miner "on the spree," and a sheepherder with a year's wages burning in his pocket, can, each and all of them, give a good illustration of senseless scattering of hard-earned money, but an old-timer "out from the north" can eclipse them all.

There was, in Duncannon, a little variety theatre; a kind of music hall, cheap and not nice.

Captain Glenn visited it the first night of his arrival in town; it was, really, a dreary place. Fiddles were squeaking, and a dirty-looking man was strumming dismally on a cracked piano, while a lady of uncertain age, thin-throated and clothed in green tulle, mystic, wonderful, was warbling a pathetic ballad in a husky voice.

But Captain Glenn thought it was all very beautiful. He seated himself in one of the "boxes," and presently a girl, one of the attendant Hebes, was at his side, winningly asking him what he would order for a drink.

Captain Glenn cast his eyes over the house; there were about sixty rough, shabby-looking men lounging and smoking and paying but little attention to the performers on the stage. He was feeling on good terms with the world and with himself, he had dined well at the best hotel in the place, the dinner was an improvement upon his