

marry a man without first asking his name," said Kathleen.

"I wanted to see if—if you would accept the trapper from Smoky River," explained Jones, penitently.

"My dear boy," said Kathleen, softly, "did you imagine I'd do it any faster if I knew you for the second Kipling of the North?"

"My dear lady," said Mr. Hoddens, with

a look of understanding, "there is certainly a glamor about that sort of thing, and Jones was wise to play the game a bit slyly. Now, for instance, look at Wentworth over there. If that young lady thought him to be a trapper of foxes from Smoky River, do you imagine she would be eyeing him as she is now doing?"

"Poor Maud," sighed Kathleen, as she surreptitiously squeezed her lover's hand.

