

"And, my dear one, your life's sweet happiness will never die under His merciful guidance."

Changing the subject of our long conversation, we then talked of our homeward journey, and how lovely it would be travelling in the beautiful autumn weather with the forests dotted with gorgeous autumn leaves of golden yellow, pink, red, and a variety of many other colours all blending together. A picturesque scene that never could be forgotten. How delightful that journey would be, and what a pleasant surprise to my relatives and friends! We talked of our future home in Fairbanks, and planned how beautiful it would be and how happy we would be there in Alaska.

Then I recalled that since I journeyed from Alaska, I had travelled extensively throughout Canada and the United States, and had been amazed at the many questions asked me by the people regarding my life and conditions in the land of gold. I related my memoir of Alaska, and my extraordinary experiences and thrilling adventures; they seemed filled with enthusiasm, informing me that my heroic and interesting life during those ambitious years in the Northern Country, so full of charm and historical interest, should be passed on to the public and not held in the secrets of a diary.

So as the years went by, one day a happy and interesting event occurred towards the end of a conversation with a newspaper editor, who interviewed me with regard to my manuscript. After reading it with great interest, he persuaded me to communicate with a book publisher, and to have my years' work of remarkable adventures and experience published in a volume, which would interest the public.

I meditated over my sad life and the number of years that had elapsed since my lost husband has been dis-