

cisco and that it had been agreed between them when he started away for Alaska, that as soon as he made his pile he was to come back and marry her. One day he got a letter from Kitty and when he had read it he sat, holding it before him in his hand, with the look on his face of a man who has just heard his death sentence pronounced. Kitty had thrown him over. She told him that she was tired of waiting, and was going to marry a man whom she could see once in a while, and who could support her. It was a cruel thing, and Tom was so cut up over it that we were all afraid for him for a time. As luck would have it Old

"She's a pretty girl and a good girl if she doesn't belie her picture," I said. "You're going with the rest of us to Frisco next summer, with more gold than you can carry in a handcart, and leaving a million dollars more in your claim behind you. Why don't you marry the sister while you're there?"

"We said nothing further then, but I could see that he was thinking. We all observed in the course of a day or two after, that his old laugh had come back, and it stayed to the spring. We cleaned up the dirt that we had dug through the winter, and then we took passage on the



PASSING THE SUMMIT OF WHITE PASS.

McCormick came to the camp next day with his story of new diggings and all Circle City got up and moved to the Klondike. We took Tom along with us, and when he saw the gold that was to be had for the digging he brightened up and set to work at his old stroke.

"One day, when Tom and I happened to be alone together in the shack, in overhauling his kit he by accident dropped a photograph to the floor and I picked it up.

"'You still keep her picture, I see.'

"He looked at the photograph. 'That's not she,' he said. 'It's her—Kitty's—I mean Mrs. Brownlow's—sister.'

first steamer for Frisco. We were a ragged regiment when we landed, but we had the stuff to buy good clothes and we lost no time in getting outfitted for the city. I saw that Tom had put on a frill or two more than the rest of us, and then I lost sight of him for a week. When I saw him again he told me that he had been to see Kitty.

"She married a clerk in a retail clothing store," he said. "They are keeping house in three rooms. I've seen her sister, and—do you remember the advice you gave me about her?—we are to be married next Thursday morning. I want you to come to the wedding."