

sat in one of the boxes at the Globe he screwed his courage to the sticking point and said to Miss Strang :

"Missie, I've got something very important to say to you. Perhaps you can guess what it is. I don't quite know how to go about saying it."

"Better not say it, Mr. Glenn," said Miss Strang, gently.

"But why not?" said the old man, finding words. "Wait, my girl; don't go; listen to me. I know that I am much older than you are, but I am strong and hearty. I have a little money, and I would try to make you happy. Do you think that you could manage to put up with me? I can work and earn enough to keep both of us comfortably. You know that you do not like this theatre life, you are too good for it, I am sure that you hate it. Let me take you away from it."

The girl bent forward over the little table, leaned her head on her folded arms, and burst into tears.

Up jumped Captain Glen. "What is it? What is it? What have I said? Oh, don't cry, don't cry! Tell me what is the matter." And he patted her on the back, in his excitement forgetting that the knock-about clowns on the stage were eyeing him with much interest.

With a great effort the girl controlled herself enough to speak to her bewildered suitor.

"Oh, Mr. Glenn, please do not be sorry; but I can not do as you wish.

You have been very kind, and I will tell you why I am working in this place. I am trying to get money enough to take me to the Klondike, where a very dear friend of mine went more than a year ago. I heard some months ago that he was sick and had no money and could not get out of the country. You are right. I do hate this life, but I am getting some money so that I can go to him and help him."

"He? Him?" said the Captain. "Ah, I see. I guess that let's *me* out."

And down fell all his airy castles with a crash.

"Don't cry, my lass. Everything will be all right, never fear."

Next day, Captain Glenn put on his embroidered moccasins and his buckskin coat with the fringes, paid his hotel bill, made up the rest of his money into a neat little package, and addressed it to "Miss Mollie Strang, Globe Theatre, Duncannon." Inside the package there was also a slip of paper on which was written—"To bring him back from the Klondike. Good luck to you!"

Then he "hit the trail," with his face turned towards the north, back again to his howling dogs, mosquitoes, bacon and beans, and frozen fish.

"What? Back again, Glenn?" said the official in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Wayback. "Well, well; you did not stay 'out' long. Did you have a good time?"

"I think so," said Captain Glenn.

THE GREAT MISGIVING.

I STOOD to-day beside an open grave,
And lo! between the breathings of my breath,
The phantom Nothingness uprose, and gave
One awful look from out the eyes of Death.

John Arbory.