

"There, there, dear, don't feel so badly," her father at length told her. "Come, let me brush away your tears. One would think that I had committed some terrible deed."

"But I can't help it, daddy," the girl replied. "This is all so sudden, and such a great surprise. But I feel better now, so we can talk it all over. There are so many questions I want to ask."

The storm had now passed, and once more they resumed their seats. Glen, however, kept her eyes fixed intently upon her father's face.

"And to think that you have deceived me all these years," she upbraided. "Don't you feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself?"

"I suppose I should," was the laughing confession. "But I have had so much innocent fun out of it that my conscience doesn't trouble me in the least."

"And it was you all the time who travelled on the same steamer as I did," Glen mused. "I thought it strange that you should be going up or down the coast whenever I did."

"Yes, I was keeping a good watch over you. I must confess that you behaved yourself very well."

"Was it not difficult to play your part as a prospector?" Reynolds asked.

"Not after I got used to it, though at first it was a little awkward. But I threw myself so gladly and heartily into the character I had assumed that I really believed for the time that I was Frontier Samson. I might explain that he was a prospector I knew years ago, and was one of the finest men I ever met. So you see, it was quite easy for me to imitate him."

"How did you happen to lay claim to me, sir, on the *Northern Light*?"

"Oh, that is easily explained. I was always on the lookout for young men different from the ordinary min-