

A GIRL OF THE NORTH

CHAPTER I

THE world called it failure: he called it success, and the thought evolved itself into happiness for a time.

George Archer was a man of unusual talent and power. He had translated the most recent book by a celebrated Danish naturalist, besides which he had acquired some fame as a naturalist on his own account; and the small world of men, who trouble about such things, mentioned his name with a certain amount of respect as that of one to whom mysteries are revealed.

He was rich. He had travelled all over the world. At last, wishing to go to Canada, the idea of writing a book on the different