

thought of all this as he stood there abashed with the girl's twinkling eyes fixed upon him.

"But perhaps you do not consider me a reward, sir." It was Glen speaking, so with an effort Harmon rallied his tumultuous senses. He must rise to the occasion, and say something. He mopped his perspiring brow with his handkerchief, and looked helplessly around.

"Reward!" he gasped. "Not consider you a reward! Oh, Lord! what have I done to merit such happiness? You as my daughter! You the fairest of the fair, the flower of womanhood, you, you——"

"Come, come, sir," Reynolds laughingly chided, as Harmon floundered for words. "You will make me jealous if you are not careful. But suppose we have something to eat, as I, for one, am hungry. Dinner is already served, and waiting for us. This is a part of our surprise; a private dinner, with plates set for four."

"It is certainly wonderful what money will do," was Harmon's comment as he took his seat at the table at Glen's right hand. "Little did I expect such surprises to-night."

"Isn't it delightful!" the girl replied. "I have heard so much about you lately, and what a great man you really are, that I felt quite nervous at the thought of meeting you. But I am not one bit afraid of you now."

Redmond and Reynolds laughed, and even Harmon smiled. The editor was happy and contented, and life seemed very pleasant just then. He was satisfied to listen in silence while Reynolds related the story of his experiences in the north, and his great triumph in winning the only daughter of the dreaded ruler of Glen West.

"It all seems to me like a fairy-tale," Harmon remarked, when Reynolds had finished. "To think that in so short a time you have undergone such wonderful adventures, discovered my old friend, and won this

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