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## JOAQUIN MILLER'S RETURN FROM THE KLONDIKE.

BY ISABEL DARLING.

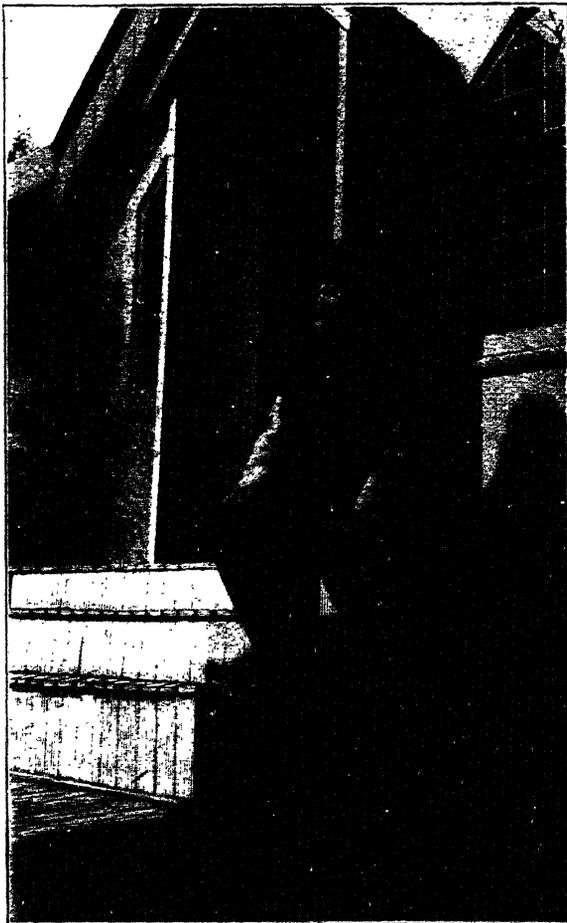
ALL through the fall we watched and waited for him, but the days grew shorter and shorter till they "dwindled to a dim little ray of light," the ice closed in between us, and then it was night there, and the moon rolled up out of the cold darkness and circled

"Around and around all the vast night long"

At first he was glad, grateful for a sight of the same moon that shone on his own Heights at home; but at length he grew weary of the monotony of that one face continually staring, making more evident the frozen desolation on every hand, then, he almost hated it, and called it "disreputable, pale, and dark around the eyes, blowsy, frowsy, exhausted, low-necked, shriveled, wrinkled," but the tireless moon cared nothing for his disapproval.

He had tried to come home, but the pitiless ice-king drove him back from Circle City to Dawson again, and he sat down and wrote of the perils, the failures and successes by river and by snow-covered land, of the mines and miners, of the flowers and the few beasts, birds and men inhabiting that region of "this old, old world that is so new, so very, very new"; even of the hair-breadth escapes "when Kreling cooks," and then of the things that the men in the Klondike cabins talk about when the nights are three months long and the latest newspaper is above half a year old.

As he wrote, the au-



HOME AGAIN!

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