

Clive Forrester's Gold

I felt the necessity of saying something, and began abruptly, 'Miss Jocelyn, I—the fact is,' I blurted out, 'I'm off to the Yukon.'

'The Yukon!' she exclaimed, in tones of consternation and horror. 'Klondike—that frightful region of which the papers are so full. But why? You said you were trying for the army. You——' She stopped abruptly and her face flushed, as she evidently realised that she was betraying far too much anxiety on my account. 'But you are not in earnest, Mr. Forrester? You are only joking?' she said.

'Indeed I am not, Miss Jocelyn. Matters are far too serious with me. I have failed again by two marks and lost my last chance for the army. I was feeling dreadfully down on my luck, but your father has just drawn my attention to the new gold-fields and shown me Lou's letter. The gold-fields seem marvellously rich, and I have decided to go out and join your brother in a bid for fortune.'

'Money, money—it's always money first with father,' she began, and then checked herself, with a look of contrition.

'Money is a good thing,' I ventured.

'But it is not the highest good!' she exclaimed. 'There is what is better—you know it—ininitely better than money.'

I am afraid I did not think much of her