

that. He was entrapped by these friendly plotters, and here he was forced to stay.

"Do you remember the words I wrote?" Redmond asked. "I think you will recall them. I said, 'I go from the busy haunts of men, far from the bustle and worry of business life. I may be found, but only he who is worthy will find me, and he who finds me, will, I trust, not lose his reward.' That is part of my message, you remember."

Harmon merely nodded in reply.

"Very well, then," Redmond continued. "I have been found, and he who found me stands there," and he motioned to Reynolds.

"So I surmised," Harmon replied. "And gold, I suppose, is the reward?"

"No, no," Reynolds protested. "Here is my reward," and he stepped over to Glen's side. "Where are your senses, sir?"

"Sure, sure, what was I thinking about?" and Harmon placed his hand to his head in perplexity. "I seem to be all upset to-night. But, my, my, what a reward! Why didn't I undertake this quest? for then the reward might have been mine."

Redmond and Reynolds smiled, but Glen immediately stepped forward, and putting her arms about the neck of the embarrassed man, kissed him upon the cheek.

"There, you have your reward, sir," she announced. "And if you are willing you may have me as a daughter. How will that do?"

Harmon was now more confused than ever. Not since the last time his mother kissed him had a woman's lips ever touched his face. And this girl had really kissed him, Andrew Harmon, the staid and sober editor of the *Telegram* and *Evening News*! What would his associates think and say if ever they heard of it? He