

fiddlers fiddled at Captain Glenn, the girls sang at him, the audience was fuddling itself at his expense, and he, feeling well content, sat and enjoyed the scene.

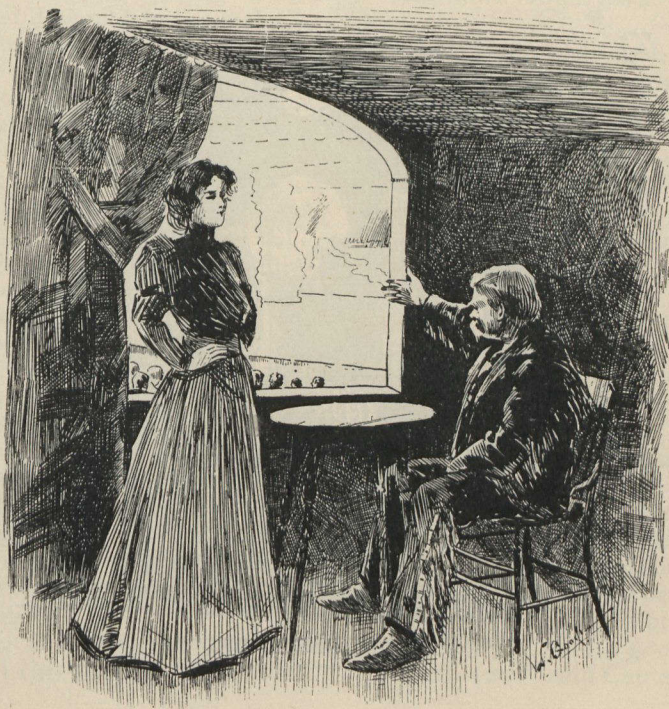
This was "life," this was the beginning of the "good time" he had thought of when he was up in the icy north, under the frozen stars.

The bill for the evening's amusement was a trifle under five hundred dollars and it was paid without a mur-

ago; that was the custom of the country.

Yes, indeed, this Miss Strang was a fine woman, and she really seemed to be very friendly toward him. (The guileless old man did not know that Miss Strang received a commission of twenty-five per cent. on all the money that she could take in for drink).

After breakfast, he sought out a clothing store, and bought a complete outfit for himself, discarding his



"Bring every mother's son in the house a bottle of wine."

mur. It had been a most enjoyable evening, and Miss Mollie Strang, the waitress, was the loveliest woman that he had ever seen.

When he woke next morning in the best bedroom of the best hotel in the town, the girl was still in his thoughts. How tired he was of "batching"! How pleasant it would be to have a woman like that to take care of him and to look after his house! He might, of course, have married a squaw years

embroidered moccasins and buckskin coat with the many fringes, and blossoming forth in vivid yellow shoes, a tweed suit, and "boiled shirt fixings."

That night he again visited the "Globe" Theatre and basked in the smiles of Miss Mollie at a cost to himself of two or three hundred dollars. And the same thing happened the next night and many following nights; Captain Glenn thinking that now he was indeed enjoying life, and fondly im-