

could not mention the name of a person but "Mr. P." would tell you something about him you had never heard before. The reader must have a touch of "P.'s" view in order to comprehend the mysterious curiosity respecting him that gradually crept over my mind while I lived beside him. This curiosity, as has been said, none of the rest of my watering-place companions could gratify. He was unknown to all, though, strange to say, several of them were at times firm in the belief that they had seen him somewhere before, but where or when they racked their brains in vain to recollect. The general impression among us came to be that "Mr. P." was a man of consequence, who had found it convenient, from some temporary pecuniary difficulty, to keep himself and his whereabouts quiet for a short time.

How could we think otherwise, when we found a man capable of describing accurately from personal observation the appearance, dress and manners of every prominent man of the country, from presidents, ex-presidents and senators down to some rank socialist, anarchist or even to the jockey of the Galy stables? Suppose the subject of the price of oil and the heroes of oil regions in former days to be started by our little club of diners, out came "Mr. P." with the observation—I suppose you all have heard of "Coal Oil Johnny," the man who awoke one morning after a good night's rest amidst most agreeable dreams, to find himself a multi-millionaire. Well, as is well known he had many peculiar traits. With your permission, gentlemen, I will tell you of a personal experience with him, and so "P." would go on with an interesting account of some of the quaint sayings of this famous spendthrift. Again, suppose the topic of fast riding on a railway train to be broached, and "P." would say: "Just after the B. and B. B. C. railway was completed I received an invitation from the President of the road to accompany him on an inspection tour," and "P." would relate the experience of their thrilling ride over a new road with a crazy engineer at the throttle. how a brave fireman saved them, and would conclude by relating how the President's hair turned from a deep black to a silver white on that occasion.

Who, thought I and all present, when our friend with the whiskers gave us such stories as these, who is this that is or has been so intimate with all these people as to have been a witness of the sayings and doings of their most retired and convivial moments. If a suspicion of his being simply a retailer of things heard from others ever entered our minds it was speedily removed