

again by the discovery of his correctness, in some point or other, that could scarcely have been known to any but an eyesight observer. And yet would a man of high rank live, unattended, in a paltry little country hotel, too, of a watering place, a public resort?

After spending a week or two in daily listening to such anecdotes as those that have been spoken of, my desire, and I believe it was participated in by all the rest, to know who "Mr. P." really was, knew no bounds. From his stories one would have imagined him to be a lawyer, a railway official, a physician, or at least a daily associate of one of these professions. Sometimes I imagined that he might be a politician, a State Senator perhaps, but seeing that half-a-dozen at least in the Senate bore the same initials I was as much at loss as ever.

The appointed term of my stay in the little watering-place approached, and I was wretched. Had it not been for the medicinal waters, which I drank every morning, I probably would have fallen into a "curious" consumption. The man with the whiskers—he of the initials J. P.—had made me miserable. He was as courteous, as much respected and anecdotal as ever. One day, however, while six or seven of us were sitting at the table, and just as I was thinking of announcing my departure on an early day, one of the party, who had taken up a newspaper from a neighboring city, remarked that visitors had at last begun to return from the country to the city, and read a long list of arrivals, including Senator Evertson, wife, and daughter, at the American Hotel, in that city.

For the first time, as this list was read, I saw emotion depicted on the usually unperturbed countenance of the mysterious "P."; that countenance I had so long watched with interest. "Poor J. P. has an attachment to Miss Evertson, it is clear," was my cogitation; and it was confirmed by his announcement, shortly after, to return to the city by the next day's coach. More deeply interested in my friend of the initials than ever, I quickly formed and made known my resolve to depart by the same conveyance.

After I had taken my seat, at an early hour the next morning, on the top of the coach "J. P." made his appearance, but to my surprise his cheeks were as bare as my hand. His whiskers were completely gone. As I was wondering over the cause of this he jumped up beside me on the coach, the driver snapped the whip at his horses and we were off for the city. With the impression