

guest, but with a dignified reserve which plainly told Perkins that he could work no artifice on the polished, traveled man of the world. One chance remained, to put the question point blank.

"Mr. Jaimeson," he began, you know we people of the Western Hemisphere feel a brotherly interest in each other, and I'm sure——"

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said Jaimeson, rising; "I have a pressing engagement which calls me away now. I am gratified to have received a call from you, and I trust—I hope not in vain—for the honor of another visit from you soon."

Mr. Jaimeson assumed his most friendly manner, as if he regretted exceedingly the departure of his guest, and with the blindest indulgence insisted on Perkins' filling his case with the delicious Havanas.

Perkins felt the hot blood rush to his face. Not for a long time had he received such a rebuff. But a newspaper man learns to control his temper, and with as much good nature as he could command he bowed himself out.

"I'll give that fellow a roast that'll warm him up," was his resolve as he walked out of the Lexington. He soon changed his mind, but the more he tried to forget his defeat, the more puzzled he became. That polished manner, the conversation between them and the Chilean beauty, assured him of a valuable mystery, and he made a secret resolve that some day he would know it.

When Perkins reported his failure to the chief, that gentlemen laughed at his discomfiture, saying: "Well, if you couldn't get it out of him, we needn't be afraid of any other paper's getting a scoop," and the affair was dropped. The space that Jaimeson should have had was filled with less interesting "stuff," and he was at once forgotten, except by Perkins.

A year passed with the usual routine of newspaper work, and the following autumn found Perkins enjoying a vacation in the mountains. The first long lay off for several years, he resolved to banish all busy thoughts and go in for such a good time as a newspaper man knows how to have when he gets by himself. The first week in September he planned to spend in that interesting Mormon stronghold, Salt Lake City. Upon arrival there he engaged comfortable quarters in the Hotel Templeton, and made his program for the week; but programs are often interrupted, and Perkins found his abruptly interfered with, but in a manner which eventually gave him infinite pleasure.