

Perkins finished his dinner that evening with a feeling of entire satisfaction, which made him well disposed toward everybody. He admired the excellent service of the Templeton; he hardly expected such in this Mormon town; and the top floor dining room was quite to his taste. He gave the waiter a liberal tip, and then, not satisfied with this, he offered him a cigar. As that worthy pocketed the weed, Perkins caught sight of another cigar in the waiter's vest, and something about that cigar—its color or the way it tapered at the end—aroused unpleasant recollections.

"Yes," he said to himself, "I expect that was the biggest scoop I ever lost." Hardly was the thought framed, when a gentleman and lady were ushered to a table directly in front of Perkins. The man's back was turned, but the woman was facing him.

"Good Heavens! that's Jaimeson!" First a desire for revenge and then a determination to make that man talk came to him and he hastened from the room. He knew where the waiter's cigar came from now. Perkins went to his room to think over a plan of action. Aside from being a fairly good lawyer, politician, economist, financier, sporting and business man, the successful newspaper man must have the qualifications of a good detective. Perkins was above par in his profession, and was not wanting in the latter requirement. "I've got to play a pretty dark part if I catch him. He's up to all ordinary rackets," thought Perkins. "Let me see! what are his weak points? He certainly is a good host, and probably prides himself on his ability to entertain; I'll test that point first."

But Perkins was a long way off from testing any point yet, for he must first remake Mr. Jaimeson's acquaintance. With the ordinary American this is an easy task, but Mr. Jaimeson evidently didn't care to enlarge his circle of acquaintances.

Perkins' first move was to shave off his mustache. The eagerness with which he parted with this dear mustache told him how really in dead earnest he was. Then he put on a pair of glasses, which he seldom wore, dressed in his summer clothes, and assuming a leisurely air, he felt sure that Jaimeson would never recognize in him the hustling reporter whom he had repulsed a year before.

Then Perkins set out to get into Jaimeson's way wherever he could. That gentleman found him gazing rapturously at the organ in the Mormon Tabernacle, very eager to impart the infor-