

you in quality and price better than any other house in the town."

I had hardly gone a block before I was accosted by a well-dressed, intelligent looking man, on the opposite side of the street, with: "Why, bless my soul! Is that you Ben? I thought I would never see you again. Where do you hail from? Hold on a moment, please, till I come over and have a shake!" and he crossed the street toward me.

I waited for him, both amused and perplexed, and wondered what such proceedings meant. The stranger shook my hand warmly, patted me on the back and said, familiarly: "Old boy, you are as smiling as ever. That face of yours is a fortune to its owner."

I thought it about time to clear away the mystery, and so said: "Stranger, you seem to know me, but I hope I may die if I ever saw you or met you before."

The stranger laughed and answered: "That won't do, Ben; won't do. Don't you know John Barclay, lawyer? Well, if that isn't too cool; good morning, I'll see you again."

I was confounded. Was it a joke some one had put up on me, or was it the way these people greeted every stranger? It was sociability and familiarity bordering on impudence.

I stepped into the hotel, up to the counter, and registered my name, the proprietor staring at me all the while. When I looked up the proprietor said, tauntingly: "Oh! you've changed your name, have you?"

"Changed my name?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean? Are you all bewitched in this town, or am I dreaming?"

"You're not Ben Haines, the bare-faced, oily-tongued book agent, who was here two weeks ago selling law books?" propounded the landlord. "You didn't get an advance on your books from the lawyers, as smart as they are? Of course not! You can't get accommodation in this house until you have settled the old score!"

Just at this moment a man hurriedly entered, clasped my slender arm with a vise-like grip, exclaiming: "Ah! Mister Ben Haines, I've got you at last. You're my man, sir. I have