

Perkins was confident that he had found his man, and he hastened to overtake him.

"Pardon me, sir," said Perkins, touching the man's shoulder, "may I speak with you a moment?"

The stranger eyed Perkins sharply, but replied respectfully, "What can I do for you?" "I represent the *Tribune*" said Perkins, and I would like ——"

"I have nothing for publication," was the abrupt reply and the man turned away.

Perkins was baffled for a moment, but he must have that man's name. Begging the gentleman's pardon most profusely, he pressed to have mistaken him for one Anderson.

"No, no! my name is Jaimeson!"

"Oh, yes; I remember now. You're at the Auditorium."

"No, the *Lex*—; you're entirely mistaken," said he, impatiently facing about.

This was as much as Perkins could hope for now, and jotting down in his note book "Jameson, Lexington Hotel," he returned to the city.

"That's a queer customer," thought he. "He's the first foreigner I ever struck that wouldn't give all his spare change to see his name in the paper. But what eyes that woman had—so dark and deep, yet so soft! She's a Spaniard, all right. Mighty peculiar! There's a story worth getting."

Occasionally a reporter meets a man who will not be interviewed, though seldom, for most people prefer to formulate their own statements rather than to leave that matter to the gentle disinterestedness of the reporter; but as Perkins was shown up to Jaimeson's apartments at the Lexington that night, he began to think his a bootless errand.

"He's certainly putting money into circulation," was his mental comment. "These are the Lexington's finest rooms, and cannot cost him less than fifty dollars a day."

A frown shot across Jaimeson's face as he recognized his caller, but it vanished instantly and he assumed the utmost courtesy. Greatly encouraged, Perkins began to have visions of his "scoop," and in his most persuasive manner, born of years' experience in making unwilling people talk, he began, first trying to interest his host with his knowledge of the city's more hidden interest. Jaimeson was willing to talk; yes, but *too* courteous. He gave Perkins the choicest cigar he ever smoked and treated him as a