

"He's as deaf as a post," said the landlord.
"Kingstone," roared Fritz.

"Thank you," said Halleck. "I can see at a glance, Mr. Ringstone."

"Kingstone, Kingstone!" Fritz shouted in his ear.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. Well, as I was saying, I can see at a glance that you are a young man of thought. You are one who knows the value of a good book, though engaged, busily engaged no doubt, in the cultivation of the soil; noble occupation, sir; the farmer is the foundation of society. Yes, sir, and a good horseman I should judge; he would be a clever man who could outwit you in a horse deal."

"I do know a little bit about horses," murmured Fritz.

"Sir?"

"You'll have to shout it to him," said the landlord.

"I know a bit about horses," said Fritz, in a voice loud enough to have been heard a quarter of a mile off.

"Well, Mr. Kingstone, I never heard you say so much about yourself before," said the landlord, laughing heartily.

"Yes, sir," continued the irrepressible book-agent, "I am here to talk to intelligent men like you, to place them next to the sources of the