

for some time, sir—yes, sir, I am writing a book that will throw light on the human nature, sir."

"He's a great scholar, I know," said the landlord, "and ain't he just about got the gift o' the gab?"

"Yes, he's got a glib tongue," said Fritz.

"So now, gentlemen, I'll bid you good morning and retire to my room and bury myself in thought. Got any good tobacco, landlord?"

"I've got the best on earth," shouted the host.

"What's that?" queried the talkative guest, his hand to his ear.

"T. & B."

"Give me a plug." The which receiving, the glib talker retired.

Fritz could not help thinking, that if this man were not so hard of hearing he could assist him in the troublesome problem that was engaging his attention. Staying at the hotel he could watch all that went on. But one so deaf as that was hopeless.