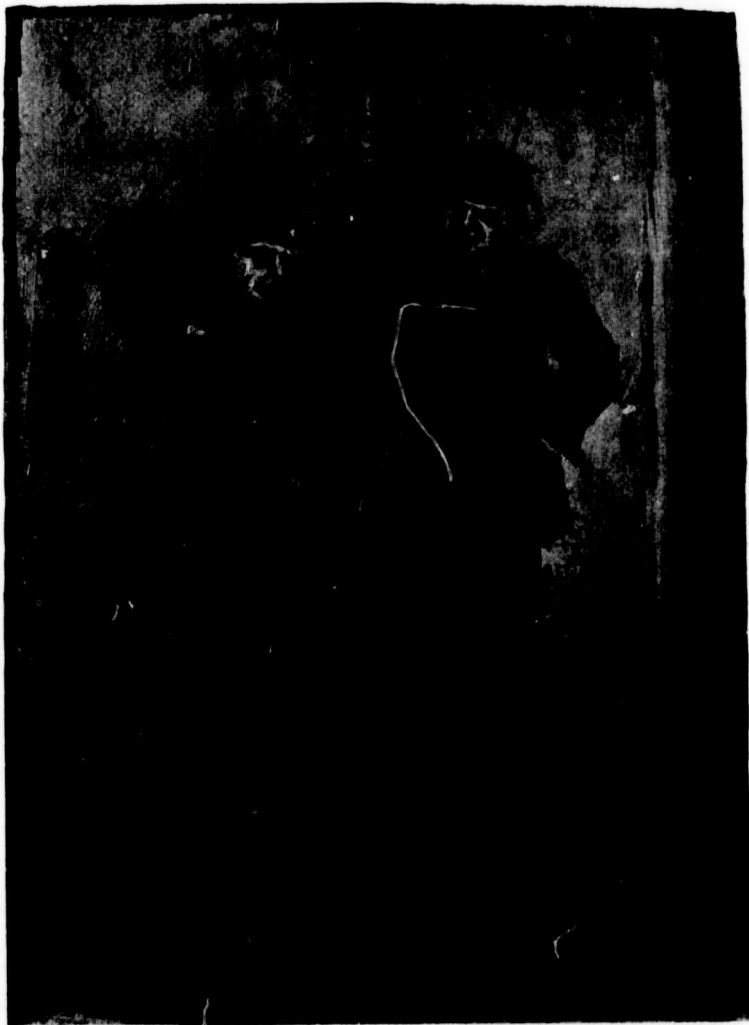


first rush of the winter wind wedged through the half-opened door. So he re-arranged his muffler, carefully turned up the collar of his coat, and having given his hat such

with his head down as a ram to assail the violent onslaughts of wind which every now and then swept down the street, when something in the window of a book store



SNECK AND HIS FORMER SECRETARY.

a vigorous pull as almost brought it down over his ears, opened the door again and hurried down the street as fast as his poor stiff legs could carry him.

He had walked several blocks,

attracted his attention. He stopped abruptly, and a look of wonderment came over his face, changing slowly and almost imperceptibly, as he gazed, to one of reverent adoration such as was never sent