

distance for the delight of your guests. The fact is that, always excepting Chicago, Buffalo is more like—for the professor's sake I'll say Hades, than any other place in America."

"Oh, Buffalo's all right," said the clerk, with that feeling of local loyalty which all Americans possess. "Say, are you here on this Fenian snap?"

"What Fenian snap?" asked the newspaper man.

"Oh! don't you know about it? I thought, the moment I saw you, that you were here for this affair. Well, don't say I told you, but I can put you on to one of the big guns if you want the particulars. They say they're going to take Canada. I told 'em that I wouldn't take Canada as a gift, let alone fight for it. I've *been* there."

Yates' newspaper instinct thrilled him as he thought of the possible sensation. Then the light slowly died out of his eyes when he looked at the professor, who had flushed somewhat and compressed his lips as he listened to the slighting remarks on his country.

"Well, Sam," said the newspaper man at last, "it isn't more than once in a lifetime that you'll find me give the go-by to a piece of news, but the fact is I'm on my vacation just now. About the first I've had for fifteen years; so, you see, I must take care of it. No, let the *Argus* get scooped, if it wants to. They'll value my services all the more when I get back. No. 518, I think you said?"

The clerk handed over the key, and the professor gave the boy the check for his valise at Yates' suggestion.

"Now, get a move on you," said Yates to the elevator boy. "We're going right through with you."

And so the two friends were shot up together to the fifth floor.