

J. Wesley Crœsus

gers usually found him bluntly unresponsive to anything like effusiveness, but he was finding it curiously difficult to resist the good-natured heartiness which seemed to exude from the talkative gentleman, overlaying him like the honeydew on the leaves in a drouthy forest.

If Mr. J. Wesley Cortwright's surprise on hearing the Brouillard surname was not genuine it was at least an excellent imitation.

"Well, well, well—you don't say! Not of the Brouillards of Knox County, Indiana?—but, of course, you must be. There is only the one family that I ever heard of, and it is mighty good, old *voyageur* stock, too, dating 'way back to the Revolutionary War, and further. I've bought hogs of the farmer Brouillards hundreds of times when I was in the packing business, and I want to tell you that no finer animals ever came into the Chicago market."

"Yes?" said Brouillard, driving the word in edgewise. "I am sorry to say that I don't know many of the farmers. Our branch of the family settled near Vincennes, and my father was on the bench, when he wasn't in politics."

"What? Not Judge Antoine! Why, my dear young man! Do you know that I once had the pleasure of introducing your good father to my