

# LITERARY.

---

## THE RED JAR.

---

C. W. H.

My friend, Emil Olsen, is a mind-reader. He told me so once in the early days of our acquaintance. But I was a firm disbeliever in all forms of the occult, and I had laughed at the assertion.

After that, he had said nothing more about it, and the fact of his pretending to know what passed through the minds of others had slipped wholly from my memory. In fact, my incredulity had apparently put a quietus on all confidences of this nature.

One day Olsen broke through this reticence. I remember the scene so well! It was in the court house at Hammersville, and a thrilling murder case was under trial. The rain was pouring in torrents outside; the swollen Blackwater was roaring in our ears; the court room was full, and the faculties of all present were intent on the case. Olsen kept his eye fixed on one man, the busiest perhaps in all that throng.

I perceived he wished to speak to me, and bent towards him. "That grave looking old man," whispered he, "who looks as if funerals were his bread and meat, is making puns internally all the time—and pretty poor ones some of them are!"