

I can not imagine, for he would be horrified, I am sure, at the thought of indulging himself in any caper of the kind anywhere out of his office. Where on earth did you ever hear him make a pun?"

"Oh!" said I, "I have never heard him. But there was something about his face today that made a friend of mine fancy that he was thinking puns. It struck me as an odd idea, and I made up my mind to ask you about it. Of course I shall not mention to anyone what you have said."

From this time on I was resolved to put Olsen's claim to further trials. He had not convinced me wholly, but had piqued my curiosity. I put his powers to the test again and again, and each time his success was unvarying—manifest even to me, in spite of my reasoned skepticism. He was steadily triumphing over my mistrust. The thoughts of many men of widely differing types were to all appearance as open to him as if they had spoken them out. In every instance, I thought I noted that it was the more or less unconscious undercurrent of their souls that Olsen fastened his gaze upon.

But could he read as clearly the thoughts of women, those wonderful dissemblers? I determined to try this.

I took him, then, with me to see a lady whom I had known well in a far distant state. I knew that he had never met Miss Patricia Simons—perhaps had not even heard of her arrival in Hammersville until I invited him to accompany me on my visit. She gave me a cordial welcome, and for