

"Let go," said Brand.

The constable turned about in surprise, but he let go.

"Now," said Brand, "you'll find a coffee fakir trading by the dock gates, and you'll get more out of him than you will from us."

The policeman looked at the loom of Brand's huge body against the dawn light; he cast an uneasy glance at the river behind him.

"Be jabbers!" he blustered, "I've a mind to arrist the both of yez." Then he swaggered away to blackmail the coffee fakir.

"Brand," quavered the Colonel, "our city police would puzzle any biologist, but you've studied natural history some."

"Here's your share of the bread." Brand handed his five-cent roll to the Colonel, then turned away, making dumb show as though he gnawed at some imaginary crust. He could hear his friend behind him eating ravenously.

"You're a slow feeder," he growled; "I've almost finished mine."

"Bread must be cheap now," mumbled the Colonel. "You got good weight for your money."

"That's so," said Brand heartily, drawing his belt in an inch; "I've had to loosen my belt. Say," he continued, "I'm going to leave you at sunrise. I have business to do in this place, work that will keep me all day, and by to-night I shall have money for both of us. Where shall I find you, Colonel?"

But the Colonel reached out his hands, and plucked feebly at Brand's sleeve. "Don't leave me," he pleaded; "don't desert me!"

For a moment he sat limp and helpless, his hands fallen at his sides, his eyes closed. Presently he felt the