

familiarity. Oh, that my venerable father were here to hear me called a tramp! *Ars est celare artem*. I am no *asinus ad lyram*, as this man of a number and a superfluity of brass buttons paid for out of farmers' taxes, has so plainly testified. Here, take this *pour-boire* to the saloon of Stonefell and drink to the long life of the tramp!"

The speaker produced a quarter of a dollar from some mysterious source, all the money he owned in the world except ten cents, and flipped the coin into the middle of the trail, where it blinked in the sickly moonshine.

The warder stared aghast, until it became perfectly obvious that the man on the stone was a demoniac. No sane being could have given utterance to such amazing balderdash, or have altered his identity so completely. The wise official adopted that policy which is popular when a madman is encountered in any lone spot. He delivered himself of an ejaculation and ran.

Krum, laughing cynically, rose and picked up the precious coin.

"I would never have thrown it to him had I suspected he would have taken it," he observed. "So I am like Munro in appearance! Well, it is interesting to see ourselves as others see us. Probably that accounts for the charge sworn against Munro of having drugged that trooper with a mug of our smuggled whisky. It would have been folly on my part to have stepped out and owned to the deed, when Munro was already sure of prison. It is a pity, for his own sake, that he's such a good-natured fellow. He tempts easy-going men to shelve their just responsibilities. Well, well! Don't worry,