

"Then you can tell me one, perhaps. You live somewhere here, don't you?"

The boy regarded him disdainfully. "Garn! I'm having my holidays here."

"Exactly." Dick Stewart struck a match. "But even in holidays"—he paused to puff at the light—"even on a holiday one has to live somewhere."

"Why, of course," the boy said rapturously. "We're living in a van. A *gipsy* van, it's splendid! And *such* a stove in it. Only it's the wrong weather for stoves. . . . Ah-h!" He had pounced on the still-burning match which Stewart had dropped incautiously, and "Hi-tiddly-hi-ti!" he cried in triumph. "Garn!"

"You've beaten me, have you, you amazing imp!" Dick Stewart said slowly. "Why don't you smoke cigarettes, if you must smoke at all?"

"Garn!" the boy said contemptuously. "Cigarettes! I'm not a baby. Hi-tiddly-hi-ti, I'm *all* lit!" He rejoiced and vaunted! Then he began to sing—

"En montant sur la tour Eiffel,
Avec mon cousin Gabriel."

"Why," he went on proudly, "sometimes I've smoked cane."

"Cane, have you? It ought to be applied to the other end of you, Coco."

"Cane's awful dangerous, you know," the boy said, under the influence of his pipe becoming more friendly. "Anybody might get the yellow janders with cane."

"So they might," Dick Stewart said. "And yellow janders are the awfulest kind, aren't they, by-the-by? Green janders are bad enough, and red janders are worse, but the yellow variety——"

"Cut it!" said the boy, "I'm not having any, Falda-laldo. Why don't you sit down and smoke, sociable?" He was smoking furiously himself.

"Most remarkable Coco, I yield. You conquer me, Coco." Dick Stewart sat down on the heap of stone and watched the urchin suck at his coltsfoot with a dreadful joy. "Now, then, you must tell me,—there's a place i