

Of his clothes I have made mention. As to the man who wore these clothes—he had a weary manner. Even his moustache looked weary, dropping dismally on either side and half over his mouth. From each cheek bone, downward almost to the chin, was a sunken line. He had a slight stoop. His utterance was so drawling and careless that one was at a loss to know whether he were drunk or sober. See him in conversation with a man not used to him and they made a quaint two-some:—Smith, the meagre one (that was his meagre name), would be mumbling and drawling, the other man constantly repeating: "What? what?" or "I beg your pardon?" or "How?" according to his manners.

Some people who did not look into Smith's grey eyes were sometimes apt to think they had been talking to a "no-account" person. That was their mistake. The merely perfunctory observer would have dismissed him at a glance as a hobo, or tried to patronise him and draw him out as a character. See him among his friends, talking, and you might well imagine that he was a hypochondriac giving full details of his tired feeling to the listening and sympathetic group. And in all probability he would really be trying to tell them (seeing they were keenly anxious for details) how he arrested Larry the hold-up man, or how he took down to Victoria the Bughouse Remittance Man, who after a final jamboree ran nude in the woods. He had a funny little laugh in his chest in the midst of his narrations of such episodes—a laugh half apologetic, half relishing. But indeed he was no great talker. Often, when he had been got to begin a yarn, he would suddenly let it fizzle out, slip a faint oath into the preliminary and whetting sentences, and declare