

"Krum is my name," drawled the wayfarer. "I'm waitin' for a pal whose time is up. Not my fault if you choose to release gentlemen in the middle o' the night. Try and make yerself popular an' gimme some tobacco."

"Give you tobacco, Mister Krum!" exclaimed the warder cuttingly. "Not me. Not if you call yerself the whole loaf. Who's yer pal?"

"Leonard Munro. Say, he ain't detained? He's coming out at midnight?"

"Number four-three-nought," said the man glibly. "Nothing agin him, far as I know. He'll likely be back in another month, and you with him, I guess. Two fellers more like each other I never did see. You're just four-three-nought over agin to look at, and I reckon you're jest as wrong, if all was known. In with him over that liquor business, I'll lay a dollar."

"Bake yer brains, an' don't insult gentlemen," retorted Krum. "A man's innocent until he's proved guilty, or you wouldn't be wearing that uniform what you never paid for. You'd be in canvas, and have to pull them fins outer your pockets and pick stone."

"Wait till you come inside," growled the warder. "I won't forget ye. Dirty tramp! I'd run you off this ground if I wasn't dead certain the touch of you would poison me."

Krum leaned forward and laughed softly.

"Now is the winter of my discontent made glorious by this fellow's compliment," he recited, in his most elegant manner. "I thank you, friend. It has been for long my ambition to be called to my unshaven face a tramp. Good fellow, I would shake hands with you if our social positions allowed such a