

"Singing, whether out or in, is an art at which I can claim small proficiency. But tell me the time, will you? I seem to have hocked my watch."

Peter laughed a little ruefully. "It's seven thirty-six — no more and no less."

The young man sat up with an effort, and uncertainly gathered up his oars.

"You'll excuse me, then?" he said. "I have an engagement at seven thirty, and as you see, there is little time to make it."

"We gave you a light," said Peter. "Why not reciprocate? Who the devil are you?"

"I am a part of all that I have met," said the stranger, pulling off. "I am wily wandering Ulysses. I am —"

"That will do," said Peter sharply.

He bowed gravely and rowed away. Peter looked after him for some time, in rather impressive silence.

"What d'you suppose was the matter with the beggar, anyway? He was n't drunk."

"Did n't you notice his wrists when he held them up to light his cigarette? Full of little scars."

Peter whistled. "So morphine is his trouble, is it? Listen!"

From down the river rose a faint roar, like the sound of many voices a long way off. While the two men listened, it subsided and then rose again.

"Hello!" said Varney. "Look at your student of manners and customs now."

The man in the boat was still plainly discernible, his face picked out by the moon in greenish white. But

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