

road. Loss of the family fortune, eh? As for me, put it down to a rovin' disposition."

"I'm no dirty tramp," said Munro incautiously. "I've got a profession, and just out of prison for following it. I'm a whisky-runner."

"Whusky!" murmured the Scot, his sternness momentarily relaxing.

"Dirty tramp, hey?" shouted an angry voice from the background. "Who are yer insultin'? Ain't trampin' an honourable profession?"

"Shet yer head," interrupted Krum. "Adjectives don't count at this picnic. What made you a dirty tramp, anyhow?"

"Tired of work," replied the man, with a grin.

"I wanted to take life easy," said another.

"Drink here," said the rope-plaiter, without looking up.

"I wanted to see the land," muttered a gruff voice.

"An' I couldn't live outer the air," a mere boy chipped in.

"Beautiful charity tempted me," leered the one-legged man, opening his faded eyes. "There is too much of it around for a man to work, more especially when he's got this elegant piece of tree to stump around on. Clever men have to live on the fools, lads. It don't matter how poor the one is, or how rich the other, the clever man gets there every time. In summer we have Mother Green to lodge with. In winter there's the hospital, if we don't foller the summer south. When money's short, there's always a box-car, a waggon, a church, or a schoolhouse. Blessed charity can't rest if it ain't lookin' after us. Grub's to be had for the takin'. A good drink when we have the stuff. A soberin' up