

leg caught him neatly in the chest and thrust him back.

"Scottie, I'll take you on!" cried Krum, pushing out his refined face. "I'll back this match against any of yours for ten cents. Come on, old hunks! Fetch out yer mint drops."

"No, laddie," stammered the Scot, pushing out two raw hands, "I have no use for the game. I might lose, ye ken," he sniggered.

A group of men, some little distance from the stove, were recalling certain catastrophes in their lives, each trying to outstrip the fancy of the last narrator. The thin man was thoughtfully plaiting a fragment of rope. The Greek was struggling to explain, to no one in particular, how that he had once owned a respectable coffee-house in Smyrna. The father of the house closed his evil eyes and began to breathe heavily.

"I did have, all my own, one little coffee-house," whined the Greek into the ear of Munro. "It did stand up in ver' good—good circumstance. Worth much money, my friend, worth ungold told. I did sell him cheap to a man with long hair on his lip and ver' polite, and he did ascend up, while I did ascend down. Dam'."

"My little babby died at half-past nine o'clock in the morning," wailed the tearful scoundrel for the hundredth time.

"What make you a man who do the tramp?" demanded the Greek, imitating the action of walking along an interminable road.

"Listen to ink-top!" shouted Krum, pushing an arm out of his cloak to indicate the swarthy Greek. "Wants to know, boys, what made us take to the