

forthwith. I cannot imagine that Munro will cling to his plank bed one minute longer than necessary for the poor pleasure of claiming a restricted breakfast of bread and porridge before making his farewell. He must be, metaphorically speaking, banging his young wings against yonder cheerful walls, counting the minutes which have still to pass before Justice may be considered satisfied. Munro must be dying for some liquor. There is a saloon in Stonefell village. I possess thirty-five cents, earned, I am ashamed to think, by smashing stones for a bloated city council. There is liquor in that saloon, and Munro and I will reach that liquor in spite of any petty illegality as to hour, even though the shadow of the prison shall lie across our law-breaking. What a triviality does the law become to a level-headed man who has once defied it."

The wayfarer's voice was refined, his enunciation faultless, in strange contradiction to his unwashed face, with its stiff growth of beard a week old, and his extraordinary costume. His hat was of a distinct clerical type; the cloak which surrounded his shoulders and nearly reached the ground equally suggested the bandit. His features were anarchic in their lean ferocity. And yet Walter Krum was far less harmful than he looked. He was hopelessly selfish, unbelieving, and opinionative; but he was in no important sense a danger to the community. His well-educated voice struck the ears which heard it for the first time with a distinct shock, so astonishing was the contrast between the speech and appearance of the vagabond.

Krum's surroundings were as desolate as Nature, with man's assistance, could make them. Stone was