

### III

"I DID, young Impudence!" said Stewart. "I heard you plainly."

"So you ain't deaf?" said the boy. "Nor dumb, it appears. Very well, then, come on! Gimme a match!"

Dick Stewart regarded him in sorrowful silence.

"Got one, h'ain't you?"

"Yes," Dick Stewart said. "I have; several. Boxful, point of fact."

"Very well, then, give us a few; one, anyhow. Quick!"

"Want to set the place afire, do you, you young ruffian?"

"Garn!" said the gamin; or rather he said the Parisian equivalent for that expressive word. "Set the place afire!" Contemptuously he repeated that phrase. He raised his right eyebrow, shut his left eye, and slowly opened it, with a most knowing and impudent wink. He was pulling out a pipe—and a corneob pipe too, that instrument for the tobacco connoisseur. "I been wanting a smoke for hours! Only I'm run out o' 'bacca."

"Are you?" Dick Stewart remarked. "I'm glad. . . . Then you won't want a match."

"My aunt!" the boy exclaimed in surprise; "ain't as mean as all that, are you? You got some 'bacca, hain't you, eh?"

"Yes, I have, you young shaver. But I got it for myself."

In a land where tobacco is dear the boy could understand a reply like that, and did not consider it particularly stingy.

"Gimme a match, anyhow," he said. Then he stared very hard, and exclaimed, "I say, you know, you're Faldalido!"