

# “ K R U M ”

## CHAPTER I

### REPLACED

THE solemn clock of the penitentiary for Central Canada struck nine over the wet waste of Stonefell.

While the last stroke still rumbled among the quarries, a figure climbed the ridge which hid the buildings from the straggling stone village below, and proceeded along a ghostly trail, until it sighted the sentry crossing a beam of light which flowed between the bars of the lower windows. There the wayfarer halted, seated himself upon a flat stone, and produced from some portion of his mixed attire a selection of cigar-ends gathered from various hotels during peripatetic days of leisure. Choosing the most promising of these remnants, he shredded the leaves, minced them with a broken knife, packed the gratuitous stimulant into a short pipe, and smoked ruminatively.

“Nine,” he said, watching the lights of the prison gleaming across the sullen pools. “Three more hours and Munro will be a free man, with the option of remaining under Government protection until morning, or of quitting its hospitable precincts