

"We don't want to give ourselves away if we have," snarled Krum.

The woman grinned and spat upon her hands before resuming her work.

"I guess you're young," she said contemptuously.

"The fog is getting up now," whispered Krum.

"We can run our business through in an hour."

He drew his mud-stained cloak closely round his shoulders, and stepped across the floor. Munro followed; but as he passed Mrs. Doolittle, she swung out a red hand and held him.

"Just out of the cooler, I hear?" she said.

The young man grunted an affirmative, trying at the same time to pose as a hardened offender.

"You're a right sort of boy," said Mrs. Doolittle, with far more feeling than she generally displayed. "You ain't one of them. Bless you, I can pick out the birds by this time. As for him, he's well plucked; but you—" She sniffed, and released his arm. "A decent woman could make something out of *you*. See here!" she went on, between the swoops of her broom, "if they catch you agin, up goes yer number. Remember that; an' remember, if they're after you, come right straight here." She lowered her rough voice. "I'll hide yer, lad."

"Thanks very much," the ticket-of-leave man mumbled, like a nervous schoolboy.

At the head of the stairs he found Krum awaiting him impatiently.

"I go south, you north," explained that gentleman brusquely. "You're a marked man, and if we walked together the police might suspect me. I prefer to keep my reputation. Meet me presently on the sidewalk, opposite the post office."