

on the east by Feudal Ruin, on the west by the Slough of the Orient, on the south by the Tropic of Cancer, on the north by the Aurora Borealis. Behold, Mr. Brand Haraldson, the zinc cornices of the future capital of this planet, the chosen home of the eagle Freedom, head-quarters of the Trusts, of representative misgovernment, of the Tammany gang. Corrupt, you say? Rotten? Sir, it is Amurrican."

The tramp was shaken with prolonged coughing; he shivered miserably, but still must needs make valiant attempts to cheer his companion in disaster.

"We are not welcomed with the customary brass bands, the procession of free-born citizens, the champagne lunch; we are not pestered with interviewers; we have arrived from the Far West without trespassing upon Eastern hospitality; we have made our entry *incognito*, riding on the humble insecurity of the brake-beam, and now you look as glum as a forecastle parrot in a den of deacons."

"Shut up," said Brand, roughly. "Here, you're shivering; take this." He wrenched off his tattered pilot jacket, which he spread with womanly tenderness over the other's knees. "Now, Colonel, don't be a fool."

"Sir," said the Colonel, "I am greatly obliged to you. And now, Brand, since I'm too cold to sleep, I will harrow up thy young soul with tales of impecuniosity and abortive vengeance. Do you know why I went to Revolversburg?"

Haraldson paid not the slightest attention, for he had turned his back upon the broken man, to gaze at the towering roofs of the metropolis that rose up stark against the dawn. Down under the quay the ebb tide was murmuring among the piles, long lines of lamps reached away along the water-front into the river mists,