

Courtland informed him that none of us had as yet enjoyed that pleasure.

"Well," continued the tramp, "w'en I was in St. Petersburg, I seen de man wot painted dat picter," and he nodded carelessly toward an oil painting on the opposite wall.

"You must be mistaken," said Courtland, "a friend of mine in this city painted that.

"Nope," returned Mr. Flinn, "he didn't; dis feller in St. Petersburg painted dat; I recognize his style," and, placing his hand in his waistcoat pocket, he drew an elegant ladies' lorgnon, through which he proceeded, with graceful ease, to inspect the painting. Then closing the glass he replaced it, and said: "Yep! he's de feller," and resumed his cigar.

The absurd confidence of the man, and his entire disregard of appearance, sent us off in a roar of laughter. At this Mr. Flinn looked up in surprise and asked blandly: "Wot's de joke?"

This was too much for Tupper; he did not see the joke either. He looked sternly at the tramp, and, opening his lips for the first time since Mr. Flinn's arrival, said: "Come, my man, you know you were never in St. Petersburg."

At this Mr. Flinn produced his lorgnon again, and, turning his head slowly towards Tupper, bestowed upon him a careful scrutiny. Then, closing the instrument, he restored it to his pocket, and, turning toward his host, asked: "Who is he?"

Courtland fairly exploded with mirth. He rolled himself from side to side, rocked in his chair, and screamed in ecstasy. He was certainly enjoying his little joke to the full. Tupper, however, still failed to see the humor of the situation; in fact, he grew fairly purple with rage. Mr. Flinn ignored him entirely. Finally Tupper lost his self-control. The storm burst. "D—m you!" shouted the friend of the poor,—“You ignorant brute! What do you mean by speaking like that to me?"

Mr. Flinn turned his head slightly towards the socialist, and answered: "I would challenge you for addressing me in that manner, but I do not consider you my social equal."

He was now striving to speak proper English, and the effect was sublime.

"You do not consider me your equal?" roared the infuriated Tupper. Then he moved in his seat as though to spring at the tramp's throat. I raised my arm to restrain him.

