THE ENEMY

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER & LILLIAN CHESTER
Author of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc.

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CHAPTER I.

The Street of the Dead

Uncanny stillness; a long, low, dim tunnel, uneasy with the shuffling specters of the voiceless damned; a rush, a rumble, a deafening clatter, a rumble and a dying rush; uncanny stillness again; the Bowery! Black, oily mire everywhere; even the snow, fine and clean and white as it sifts through the glooomy canopy of the elevated, turns to slime as it falls on the reeking pavement. Time was when that historic thoroughfare had pride in its lusty vice and flaunted a sort of gayety but now, as it lies gleaming under the long, confused perspective of iron pillars, its viscid tar-like surface reflecting the lights of the dingy shops, it is a street of the living dead; and in all its shuffling phantoms—hunch-shouldered figures with pocketed hands and glazed eyes and misshapen lips—there is none more lost to life than the man who stands against a board fence,peering down into the excavation for the Pannard Building, the ruddy glow from that inferno-like pit touching with a fantastic mockery of healthful color the waxen hue of his face.

He is of no age, this man, and of no race, and of no station, and of no name. His beard, which might have been gray with washing, has been allowed to grow as it would, and is meshed and matted; his eyes are bleared and puffed; his brow and high and full, but hidden by an absurdly shapeless hat, and the snow, melting from its crown, has run down in muddy rivulets across his face and into his beard, veining his sodden countenance with angling streaks of brown. He seems numbly fascinated without apparently knowing why, in the weird scene which spreads below him.

The pit is huge and deep, its dimness shot by clustered lights, amidst which dark figures toil like imps in a far-off hell. There are voices from below there, hollow voices but vibrant with life, hoarse, sharp voices of command; and monster derricks, like giants enslaved, in obedience to the voices sweep their great arms from horizon to horizon, picking up and setting down with a precision so marvelously human that understanding must be in their sinews; and as they lift and drop their tons, they groan!

Day after day, and night after night, the waxen face has, at intervals, peered numbly over that spot in the fence, for hours at a time, and there have been occasions when the brow has knotted, as if in an effort of concentration; but, for the most part, the man has gazed in the stupor of drink.

Radiant life came into the street of the dead. A big limousine, its great yellow eyes gliding forward as a symbol of its right and its might and its imperial will, stopped at the curb just opposite the waxen-faced watcher. The dome light flashed up within, revealing, amid the exquisitely grained woodwork and the luxurious corded gray upholstering, a jolly looking elderly man, a placid looking elderly lady, a tall, pleasant looking young man in a beaver hat, and a young lady, bewilderingly swathed in soft white furs, her richly tinted smiling face framed in a wealth of rippling light brown hair tinged with gold. Her brown eyes sparkled for a moment as she turned them on the tall young man.

"Eleven-fifteen, Billy," she warned him, as he stepped out of the limousine. "Not a minute later."

"I'll be there right after the cocktails," laughed Billy, hat in hand.

"How frank." The smiling retort seemed to please her father very much, and he chuckled.

"If you want Billy to be late, Geraldine, just keep on holding his hand." Three-B Benning was even more pleased with his own humor, for, as his shoulders shook, his face reddened and his puffy mustache rounded.

"Father!" protested Mrs. Benning in a tone so placid that it held no possibility of emotion of any sort.

Geraldine only laughed, though her face flushed slightly, as Billy hastily released her hand.

"I have to do some fiddling before I can dance," and the young man cast a quick glance toward the groaning giants of the pit. "Eleven-fifteen." He closed the door of the limousine, he gave each of the occupants a separate bow and a cheerful grin.

The dome light was extinguished, the limousine rolled away, and with its going all the light and life and warmth seemed to have disappeared from the world! The waxen-faced onlooker shivered.

A stockily built man came up out of Hades, by means of staged ladders, and appeared over the top of the fence. He wore a heavy cap pulled down over his ears, and his mustache was dripping.

"Still sliding, Joe?" anxiously inquired Billy Lane.

"Nearly a quarter of an inch!" gravely reported the man from the pit.

The waxen-faced one did not hear. He was shivering so that his shoulders drew together and his teeth chattered, and a tremor seemed to run down his whole bowed body to his gaping shoes. Intelligence followed that awakening of his senses. The man knew exactly what to do. He turned and shuffled, trembling, down the street toward the Chicago Buffet, more popularly known as Mike Dowd's Sink. He walked with his head bent and his eyes to the ground. Once he stooped and picked up a water-soaked cigar butt, which he slipped in his bulging right-hand pocket, and a little farther on he found an iron nut. Left-hand pocket. These things, and bones and rags and empty bottles and the like, could be sold when there were enough of them.

The dingy Sink, with its frowsy habitues, was like a scene rfom Dante; but Mike Dowd was strictly material. He was a big, large-necked man, with a yellow mustache and a face as expressionless as a stone post. He nodded gruffly as "the regular" drew up to the bar, but he made no other movement until a nickel was laid down with a quivering hand; then he deftly filled a small glass, brimful, from a worn looking bottle. The man drew a deep breath and reached for the drink, but time after time he withdrew his shaking hand, lest he should spill one drop of that life-giving liquid!

The well-dressed young man in the beaver hat, and the stocky man from the pit, with the heavy cap still pulled down over his ears, came briskly in, so intent that they scarcely noticed the total depravity of Mide Dowd's Sink, low and ill-smelling, and peopled with living carrion.

"Have you any good whisky?" dubiously asked the younger man, as he inspected the rickety back-bar, with its narrow cracked mirror and its scant assortment of bottles.

"Leave it to you," rumbled Mike Dowd, reaching under the stickily painted counter for a copper measure. "I got some at two bits a throw."

"Shoot it," accepted the young man in Mike's language, and with a smile which disclosed a set of even white teeth. He radiated so much good-fellowship that even the stone post gave him a half glance of approval, as he strode heavily to the row of black barrels across the rear end of the room.

"We're up against it, Billy," said the stockily built man, wiping his dripping mustache, and there was a look of deep concern on his face. "That foundation is solid rock. It can't slide, and yet it does."

Billy Lane unconsciously studied the geometrical relation of four dents in the bar. He was troubled.

"I might as well go out of business if the big Pannard Building should loaf down toward the river one night." He moved forward as he felt an elbow touch his from behind. "Better stop the work until I investigate, Joe."

"Nothing else to do," worried the superintendent. "I wish Harrison Stuart were alive. He knew the geological formation underlying New York as if he had made it."

"If Harrison Stuart could stop that sliding, I can," declared Lane, laying a good fist on the edge of the bar. "First of all, however," and a laugh betrayed his perplexity, "I have to find out what causes it. The surveys show that it's to be as solid as the universe itself."

"Survey's wrong!" husked a voice.

Startled, both men turned to find the waxen-faced refuse peering up at them with strained brows. The man was soddenly drunk, but he was fairly trembling with his effort at concentration, and his bleared eyes were steady for the first time in weeks. He had drunk his whisky, and was holding the glass with a grip which would have crushed it had he been stronger.

"Beg pardon?" said Billy, in surprise.

"Shale up-cropping," went on the man, holding tightly to thought by his grip on the edge o fthe bar, and sliding slowly towards the young man in his earnestness. "Substratum—runs down there—like a trough. You're on the point." His brows began to relax, his eyes to dull, his voice to weaken. "Cut it off." His voice died away in a mumbling whisper. He leaned heavily against the bar. His head drooped.

If a genie had popped out of a bottle to solve their dilemma, they could have been no more amazed! That this distorted shell contained fragments of a cultivated intelligence was beyond comprehension! Looking at him, as he stood there relapsed into dullness, with his grimy hands and his matted beard and his dirt-streaked face, they could scarcely believe that it was he who had spoken!

"Well, what do you think of that!" gasped the superintendent.

"It's probably the answer," decided Billy, his mind delving below the Pannard excavation, and constructing a diagram of the tilted substratum. He bent eagerly over the bleared stranger. "Do you know the extent of this shale up-cropping?" he asked.

The frowsy one lifted his head, but the gleam of intelligence had gone from his eye.

"A little whisky," he mumbled, with a formless smile.

Mike Dowd had returned with the copper measure, and with great vigor was washing and burnishing two glasses.

"Give him a drink," suggested the superintendent.

"This good whisky'll kill him," grinned Mike, his yellow mustache lifting. "Hey, Bow-Wow! Have a drink? Of course you will!" and he poured it out and set it in Bow-Wow's hand.

The bent head raised quickly and the drooped shoulders straightened a trifle.

"Thank—you," and, in a trembling hand, the glass was held up and out, with an absurd attempt at formality. Mike laughed, but Billy Lane turned on Bow-Wow that warm smile which had lined his path through life with friends.

"The same to you, sir," he replied with grave courtesy, and drank with the man. A look of gratification brightened the young architect's face as he tasted the liquor. "That's great stuff," he complimented Mike Down. "Can you stand another one, Joe?"

"One at a time for me," refused the superintendent, with a speculative, sidelong glance at his companion.

"Eleven-fifteen, Billy" Geraldine warned him as he stepped out of the limousine.

"I'm not too proud to drink by myself," laughed that young man gaily, and poured his diminutive glass two-thirds full. "It's a shame to let a good drink of whisky be lonesome."

"Whisky!" suddenly shouted Bow-Wow, with a sharp intake of his breath.

Billy Lane and his superintendent turned at the vehemence of the tone. The man's fists were clenched and his eyes were glistening. The human carrion on the benches grinned stupidly.

"It's the curse of the world!" went on the derelict ,his voice rising shrilly. "There is no hell but whisky! Drink! It's the enemy of man and God! It burns the body and it sears the brain! It—"

"Can that!" interrupted big Mike, and reaching across he gave a sharp jerk at the man's beard, by way of emphasis.

The orator instantly subsided. He set down his empty glass and shuffled across to a bench, where he huddled, mumbling unintelligibly and plucking nervously at his heard.

"I told you that two-bit whisky'd kill him," grinned big Mike.

"Who is he?" asked Billy.

"A bum," and the blond mustache came up. "He hands us that spiel every time he gets one drink past the corner.

"Where does he live?"

"Here."

Billy inspected Mike Dowd's Sink with a shudder. It was a narrow room, its rough board walls and ceiling painted a ghastly blue. It was lighted with small yellow bulbs, half obscured by clouds of stinking smoke. Along each wall were decrepit benches, and on these sat, puffing at their pipes, soiled and rumpled creatures, who, after an apathetic glance at the newcomers, had descended again into motionless, hopeless, lifeless silence. There was sawdust on the floor, which, by the tracking in of the slush, had been mixed into a mottled pasty mire.

"Where does he sleep?"

"In the alley. He crawls into an old coal box out there that's shaped like a kennel. That's why we call him Bow-Wow. He sweeps out in the morning, for a drink, and he's the only bum I ever had that don't steal."

The young man paid for his drinks, and buttoned his coat.

"I'm going to take him home and sober him up," he announced to the superintendent. "He knows all about the rock under the Pannard Building," and Billy walked across to Bow-Wow. Lord, what a debasing name! "Come on," and he touched the fellow on the shoulder.

"Eh?" The nodding head raised slowly.

"Come on!"

Bow-Wow half rose.

"Where?"

"Home!"

There was a rumble in Bow-Wow's throat, a rumble which began in a laugh and ended in a cough.

"A little whisky," he said.

CHAPTER II.

Tommy Tinkle

A big lounging room, with rich hangings and soft leather chairs and couches; a huge log blazing in the fireplace, and casting its ruddy glow in fitful flares upon the well chosen pictures, upon the odds and ends of art from every quarter of the globe, and upon the glistening evening attire of Tommy Tinkle, who, with a highball at his elbow and a cigaret between his fingers is sitting contentedly by Billy Lane's fireplace, in Billy Lane's favorite chair.

The lock clicked, the door opened, and Tommy turned lazily to greet his friend, but, instead of Billy Lane, there shuffled into this harmony, Bow-Wow! He stood blinking stupidly at the fire.

Billy followed briskly a second later. He closed the door, and leaned the swaying Bow-Wow against it; then he peeled off his gloves, threw them into a waste basket, and drew a long deep breath.

"You're quite a collector," Tommy grinned with appreciation. "Where did you get it, and what corner's it for?"

"Haven't decided," speculated the connoisseur, studying his prize with considerable wonder at himself. "Where's Burke?"

"Chipping highball ice," and long-legged Tommy obligingly rang.

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the stupor-like breathing of Bow-Wow, while the two young men studied the new guest with awe.

"Genuine antique or imitation?" finally inquired Tommy, but the laziness in his tone was now only superficial, for the fingers with which he clutched pencil and paper from the table were both agile and deft.

He was sketching Bow-Wow with great enjoyment when Burke came in, a pleasant-faced Irishman with three scars; one from a Boer War, one from a fight in China and one a memento of his sole attempt at domestication.

"A guest of mine, Burke," explained Billy, with solemn gravity; "Mr. John Doe."

"Yes, sir." Burke was equally grave, but there was a twinkle at the corners of his Killarney eyes as he surveyed John Doe. "The blue room, sir?"

Tommy Twinkle's ever-ready grin widened, as he observed the perplexity which this counter thrust cast upon Burke's master. What was to be done with the fellow, after all!

"The first escape, I think," the host suggested in desperation. "However, Burke, he's up to you," and it was Billy's turn to grin, as he saw genuine worry flash into Burke's brow. "You will scrub my guest, feed him, and hold him here until my return."

"Yes, sir," assented the Irishman gloomily. "I suppose you prefer him sober."

Bow-Wow, having lurched dangerously along the door, once or twice, now arouse sufficiently to take part in the conversation.

"A little whisky!" he husked, and lurched again.

Burke gave an entirely perfunctory glance around the room. There was no place here to seat Mr. Doe; no place in the kitchen; no place in any room.

"Excuse me, please." He hurried out, and came back wearing a pair of gloves. He took Billy's new guest by the arm and led him into the servants' bathroom, in which he had placed a coal pail.

"A little whisky!" husked Bow-Wow.

"Take off your clothes and throw them in this pail, shoes and all; then climb into the tub, and you'll get your whisky," directed Burke, and turn on the water. Billy was in his dressing room, throwing things when Burke returned.

Half an hour later, Billy and Tommy Tinkle were in the gaudiest of the private dining rooms in one of New York's most superb uptown palaces of food; and they had minutes to spare.

"You need a drink, my boy," advised Tommy as, properly slim in their swallow-tails, they entered the door and found themselves in company with no one but waiters, whom it was a distress to see idle. "Bow-Wow has had an entirely too sobering influence on you. Are you in any condition to join a gay and festive supper dance? No! Then, get pickled, Billy; get pickled!" and he motioned the solemn headwaiter to him.

"I don't have to be gay until the fun comes," retorted Billy, attempting to reach Tommy's height of glorious flippancy; but his somberness would not shake off. He was studying the familiar ornateness of the big empty room, as if all at once, its luxury were strange to him, and his gaze strayed from the big chandelier, with its thousand iridescences, to the elaborately paneled Louis Quinze walls. "Tremendous contrast between this and the Bowery."

"Wow!" said Tommy. "It's a lucky thing for you that I have ten minutes before the mob arrives." He turned to the headwaiter. "Six cocktails," he ordered. He turned briskly back to his friend. "You will get one drink every three and a third minutes," he explained, watch in hand.

"Sensible idea," laughed Billy, and they followed the headwaiter to the sideboard.

Young Lane, both his engineering and his psychological problems forgotten, was light of mood and sparkling of eye when the Benning party came chattering into the room.

There were twenty of them, mostly youthful and fresh-cheeked and care free; and the spirit of frivolity took possession of the place. It was as if a cyclone of merriment had suddenly burst into the prim stiffness of that gold and rose hall. There were laughing voices, flashing eyes, the gleam of pearly teeth, the curving of bewitching lips, the glitter of jewels, the rustle of filmy gowns, and all the gay bustle and confusion of such parties as jolly old B. B. Benning loved to give.

An orchestra, half screened by palms, struck into a lively march, and Billy found the tall and graceful Miriam Hassleton beside him as the throng made its way to the table. Clever girl, Miriam, full of general appeal, and serenely conscious of it. A little light repartee between them, vague half-meanings which might or might not be turned into a laugh or a flirtation, but light as froth in its analysis.

Geraldine Benning slipped between pompous Joseph Gandish and Jack Greeves, to get at Bill. Miriam Hasselton was considered to be an acquired taste, like olives; but some people became very fond of olives. Tommy arrived at Miriam's side just as Geraldine reached them; so Geraldine swept both the boys away. They, at least, should not be Miriamized! She turned Tommy over to the dimpled little Parsons girl. Dolly Parsons could be trusted.

Geraldine snuggled her hand in Billy's arm. She was unusually pretty tonight, in her shimmering gown of silver tissue touched with green, and with her new tiara of diamonds and emeralds in her golden brown hair. As young Lane drew her hand in place, he patted it. She turned swiftly up to him, and her eyes were glowing. He drew her arm closer within his own. They were very fond of each other, these two; they had always been. He bent down and whispered something to her, and a little ripple of laughter followed, then Geraldine flushed prettily.

"Here are our places!" she exclaimed, examining the cards on the table. "Here's mine, and there's yours, and next to you is pretty Leila Langster. You're in luck!"

"Indeed I am," and he helped her into her chair with exaggerated gallantry.

"Why there's Billy Lane!" suddenly called Tommy, taking his seat on the opposite side of the table, between the dimpled Parsons girl and the vivacious Mrs. Greeves. "Ladies and gentlemen, Billy has a Bow-Wow!"

"Billy's always doing something interesting," drawled Miriam Hasselton, bending past her thick partner to look at the young man, who was quite pink and jovial this evening. "What kind of a bow-wow has billy?"

"A booze Bow-Wow!" returned Tommy solemnly. "Here's to him, old friend."

"You didn't tell me you had a new dog," protested Geraldine.

"Tommy Tinkle has given way to an overstrained sense of humor," explained Billy, with a cheerful grin at the young man in question, who was making a rapid sketch on his napkin. "I happened to find a poor devil down in the Bowery whose only name in Mike Dowd's Sink, beg everybody's pardon, is Bow-Wow." His eyes, which had been shining, began to grow thoughtful.

"Feed him his cocktail quick, Geraldine!" called Tommy as one in a panic. "He's growing morbid again. Friends and fellow citizens, behold Bow-Wow!" and he displayed his napkin, on which he had sketched a caricature of John Doe.

Everybody laughed, with the exception of sharp-featured Mrs. Gandish, who objected on general principles to the introduction of such a thought into so select a company. Mrs. Gandish herself had not been long in this company.

"Begins to sound like a story," suggested Host Benning, beaming across with great satisfaction and lifting his glass.

"Not much of one. The foundation for the Pannard Building is rather unstable, and this fellow seemed to have some information about the substrata there; so I'm trying to sober him up to see if he knows anything. That's all."

"It isn't half!" denied Tommy Tinkle. "We have among us a simonpure, dyed-in-the-wool philanthropist! Where do you suppose Bow-Wow is being sobered. In William Lane's apartments!"

There was a general flutter of consternation at this, and Geraldine turned with concern.

"But, Billy!" she protested. "He might do something desperate; kill you in the night or something!"

"Not with Burke there," he reassured her. "Besides," and now he spoke generally, since they all seemed interested, "I rather trust the fellow. I think that, at one time, he may have been an engineer of some standing."

"Nonsense!" It was the pompous Joseph Gandish who spoke. He was a big man, whose chest traveled far ahead of him and whose habitual expression of eye was one of ferocity. "A man who is worth his salt never sinks that low!"

"Yes he does," corrected B. B. Benning, whose acquaintance had been wide and varied. "Hard liquor has sent many a man that low; and he never comes back!"

There was a quiet moment after that, for Benning had spoken with unwonted seriousness for him. The awkward little pause was broken by Tommy Tinkle, who loathed awkward little pauses.

"Billy, let this be a solemn warning to you!" he declared with mock gravity. "You like hard liquor. Beware! Billy, we behold you now in the flush of your young manhood, your constitution as yet unimpaired by hard liquor. There passes but a few years, and it is thus that we shall behold you!" He had taken the fresh napkin which a waiter had laid before him, and now, with a few deft strokes, he started to draw a caricature of Billy Lane, as that eminent young engineering architect would look when he became Old Bill.

"Tommy!" cried Geraldine, and there was such distress in her voice that even the irrepressible Tommy stopped and read the dawning horror in every face. He grinned to Geraldine, and before the dimpled Parsons girl could snatch the napkin from under his hand, he had finished the sketch! but lo, it portrayed Old Bill as a splendidly preserved gentleman, with a rakish air, a wink in his jovial eye, and a cocktail in his hand!

"The peace of the evening having thus been restored by sacred truth, I move that we be merry," suggested Tommy. "This is no place for engineering or philanthropy, or," and here he winked prodigiously at Three-B Benning, "or temperance."

That broke the only touch of seriousness which the jolly Benning party endured that evening; and the host was happy in consequence, for he loved laughter better than wine. This was saying a great deal, for Benning was a connoisseur in wines, and there was plenty of it at his supper.

Billy was fond of wine, too. He was fond of almost anything to drink, and he imbibed quite freely, especially during the exhilaration of the dancing which followed the supper. The wine seemed to agree with him. It made him more animated. Handsome fellow, Billy, with his broad shoulders and his well poised head, his good nose and chin and jaw. It became him to case off his business cares, and indulge in a little hilarity. It was Tommy Tinkle's turn, however, to drive home with the Bennings.

Tommy kept them laughing all the way. Great chap, Tommy! Natural comedian. Three-B Benning, who had gained the soubriquet from his signature, laughed less than the others, for he was always respectful of Tommy's wit. There was an underlying keenness in it, which gave Benning a higher degree of enjoyment than laughter could express.

Tommy remained in the vestibule with Geraldine, and chattered for a few moments after her placid mother and her jovial father had gone in. She was wonderfully pretty, with the soft light of the quaint old lamp shining down on her.

They remained an unusually long time, and when Geraldine bade him good-night, she smiled on him with extra sweetness. His familiar grin was the last thing she saw, as she closed the door; but, as the latch clicked, a little spasm of pain twitched Tommy's humorous face. It was the first time he had ever proposed.

CHAPTER III.

"In the Silence of Black Night"

That numb carcass which was Bow-Wow, stirred uneasily. Something was wrong. A mattress; clean linen; silken pajamas; a bath. The body of Bow-Wow resented these things long before his soddened mind could comprehend them. His body missed the knotted rags upon which it had lain each night; it missed the cramping touch of the kennel, head, foot and shoulder; it missed the gusts of wind, cold and wet or hot and stifling, which had swept upon him through the cracks of the box in the alley; so the body rebelled. It rolled, it swisted, it straightened and bent, until it became aware of a new uneasiness; and this was the heavy dose of "fixer" which Burke had inserted into Bow-Wow as a substitute for whisky.

There is no resisting the ultimate command of the body. When it is born, a mind and a soul spring into existence. When it has reached its time to die, the mind and the soul have no say in the matter; so, in this life, the body is always supreme. It demands to be fed, to have its thirst quenched, to lie in slothful slumber; and, if it be refused these things, it ousts mind and soul.

The body of Bow-Wow commanded his mind to awaken; and it did; awakened to its full strength, to its understanding; and all those mental powers were comprised in one muttered word, which broke huskily upon the silence of the black night.

"Whisky!"

Bow-Wow opened his eyes. Darkness, shot with glimmering light. He reached out his arms. Space. Groaning he sat up painfully, and endeavoring to locate himself. Through a small window there came the faint illumination of the street, and the moist air of the snow. A door stood ajar, letting through a slit of dim radiance from the room beyond. Bow-Wow shivered. He was thinly clad. He had been used to sleeping in all his clothes! He was trembling, too, from head to foot, with a strange nausea.

What was this thing which had happened to him? He was in a narrow, white room, and his bed had been improvised on the top of a bathtub, two mattresses deep. How had he come here? In all his fuddled consciousness, he could find no trace of an answer to that mystery, and the effort at any thought further than his physical self, weared, and weakened, and sickened him. He gave up the vague and feeble attempt at reasoning, and returned to the one idea which he could comprehend—whisky!

He rose, and tottered out of the bathroom. He found himself in a softly carpeted hall. There was a light at the end, a flickering, wavering red glow. With many a stop for breath and strength, and steadying of nerves, he edged along the wall until he reached a large lounging room, comfortable with leather chairs and couches, where a half spent log in the fireplace cast the ruddy reflections of its dying flames upon well-chosen pictures and queer objects of art from every quarter of the world. Dazed, bewildered, he stood swaying, and blinked stupidly at the fire.

"What are you after, Pop — whisky?"

The lips of Bow-Wow spread in a formless smile.

"A little whisky," he husked, even before he turned to look at the clear-eyed Burke, in robe and slippers, and with his red hair touseled in a thousand curling points.

"Let's have a look at your eyes, sport." Without ceremony, Burke flashed on a light, drew Billy Lane's guest to it and pulled apart the lids of his right eye. He nodded in business-like satisfaction, and left Bow-Wow standing by the fire place while he went out into the pantry. He was back in a moment, and gave the man a glass with a carefully measured spoonful of whisky in it. Bow-Wow clutched at the glass with desperate eagerness! He lifted it to his lips with a trembling hand, and, after he had drunk it, he shivered from head to foot.

"Now drink this," commanded Burke.

"This" was a greenish compound,, which the man swallowed obediently; then he docilely allowed Burke to lead him back to bed.

Two hours passed. Again the body of Bow-Wow rose in imperious command over the seared mind and soul.

"Whisky!" he gasped, awakening with a jerk. He was only a moment now in coming to consciousness of his surroundings.

In the kennel he had spent the nights, from 1 o'clock until dawn, with only occasional cravings, which he could resist until Mike Dowd's bartender opened the Sink; but in this strange environment and under the influence of the medicine which Burke gave him, his craving had become imperative! There was a burning in him, There was a buring in him, there was fever in his veins, and yet he shivered with the cold.

[To be continued.]

Bringing Up Father

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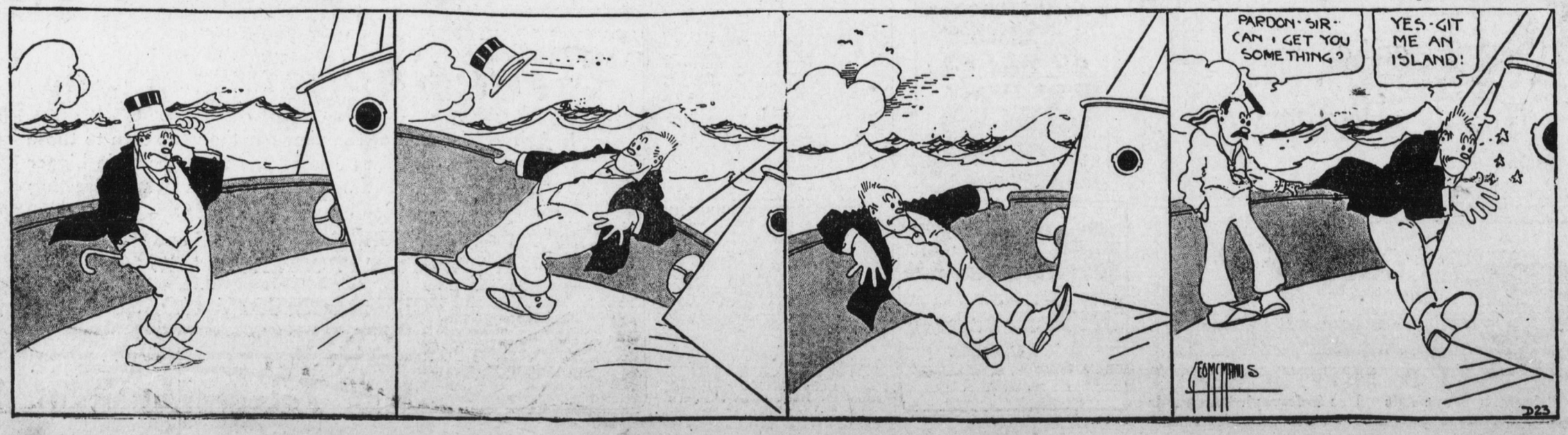
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