

"Here you!" bellowed Mike, and he shammed Jerry-the-Limp until his teeth chattered. "You duck before I smash you! You're barred from this joint, you shrimp!" and he flung Jerry backwards, without looking where he landed, so suddenly that he crashed against the door with a grunt. Finding himself so handy to egress, Jerry-the-Limp, who was a quick thinker, promptly jumped outside and hurried up the Bowery, with a total disregard for his poor crippled leg.

In the meantime, Mike Dowd leaned down to pick up the fallen combatant, and, as he did so, he stopped, with a catch of his breath.

"St. Patrick, it's —" He paused at the name.

"It's Bow-Wow!" A hoarse and hurried chorus apprised him of that fact.

"Get back, you!" roared Mike. "Get down!" and they sat.

He had picked up the fallen man, whose eyes were staring wildly about him, and now led him behind the bar, where there was a chair at the forward end. It was comparatively clean, he thought. It was Mike's drawing-room.

"I am sorry to see you this way, friend." Mike was careful about names, even though he was leaning over and speaking in a low voice. "I know there'd be a come-back some time, though, and