

face the New Year. Toward twelve I suddenly realized that the hour was late and that I was very tired. I had begun getting ready for bed when I was startled by a banging on the front door. I stuck my head out of the window and demanded who was there.

"Tommy Kehoe," said a very shaky voice.

I went down and opened the door, and that late sixteen years old, tumbled in, dead drunk. Thank Heaven! Percy Witherspoon was within call, and ran away off in the Indian camp. I roused him, and together we conveyed Thomas to our guest-room, the only decently isolated spot in the building. There I telephoned for the doctor, who, I am afraid, had already had a long day. He came, and we put in a pretty terrible night. It developed afterward that the boy had brought along with his luggage a bottle of liniment belonging to his employer. It was made half of alcohol and half of witch-hazel; and Thomas had refreshed his journey with this!

He was in such shape that positively I did n't think we'd pull him through — and I hoped we would. If I were a physician, I'd let such cases gently slide away for the good of society; but you should have seen Sandy work! That terrible life-saving instinct of his was aroused, and he fought with every inch of energy he possessed.

I made black coffee, and helped all I could, but the details were pretty messy, and I left the two men to deal with him alone and went back to my room. I