

his shoulders and his eyes brightened. He began to talk volubly, with a curious break from his hoarseness to a metallic shrillness. He told where he had been the past month, and all that he had done, with a dozen contradictions in his wasted lies; and when the bartender had enough, and walked away, Pittsburg Joe sat by Red Whitey and told him the rest of it.

Tank Tonkey came presently, as big of girth as ever and as pendulous of chin; then two more of the old winter guard; then Piggy Marshall; and the day's business at the Sink was fairly begun. It consisted of sitting and warming, and waiting for some one to buy a drink; and it was largely a silent business, requiring much quiet concentration. Only the voice of Pittsburg Joe went shrilling on and on.

The pin-eyed bartender looked up in amazement as a quite unusual customer came through the door. He was an old man in a neatly pressed suit, but without shirt or collar or tie, his breast being covered by a silk pajama jacket. His face was waxen-white, his eyes were bleared, and there were huge puffs under them, his lips were formless, and even his silver Vandyke seemed to be scraggly and distended from the loose puffiness of his skin. Every muscle of his face was lax,