

the top of the glass so that it would hold more, and poured it full to the top of his finger, and lifted it to his mouth with three separate jerks, the pin-eyed bartender looking dully on. This style of drink was allowed to regular customers, for the first morning's morning. After the drink, Red Whitey, with a shudder and wry face, shivered over to the bench near the stove and sat down, and waited for the drink to take effect. It would warm him awake in a minute or two.

Pittsburg Joe. He shivered in, shivering and rubbing his hands. His shirt was open at the neck, and his thin coat hung on him like a wilted rag, covered with stains of so many sorts and ages that it looked like a record of crime.

"Some cold, Bo." His voice was so hoarse that it might have been a late fall bull-frog's. He reached up under his arm-pit, and, from some mysterious recess in the coat lining, he produced a much folded and soiled dollar bill. "Ladle out a schooner."

The glass of beer forthcoming, he emptied in it some crystal-like powder from a red pill box, stirred it with a bar spoon, and drank the mixture slowly but steadily, without seeming to swallow, much as if he were pouring it into a funnel. The effect was almost instantaneous. He shook