

Say, Stilly, I'm off uptown to attend to the emptiness in this stone utensil. I've been empty too often myself not to sympathize with its condition. You wrestle this matter out about the tent. You know the ways of the country, whereas I don't."

It was perhaps as well that Yates left negotiations in the hands of his friend. He was quick enough to see that he made no headway with the officer, but rather the opposite. He slung the jar ostentatiously over his shoulder, to the evident discomfort of the professor, and marched up the hill to the nearest tavern, whistling one of the lately popular war tunes.

"Now," he said to the barkeeper, placing the jar tenderly on the bar, "fill that up to the nozzle with the best rye you have. Fill it with the old familiar juice, as the late poet Omar saith."

The bartender did as he was requested.

"Can you disguise a little of that fluid in any way, so that it may be taken internally without a man suspecting what he is swallowing?"

The barkeeper smiled. "How would a cocktail fill the vacancy?"

"I can suggest nothing better," replied Yates. "If you are sure you know how to make it."

The man did not resent this imputation of ignorance. He merely said, with the air of one who gives an incontrovertible answer:

"I am a Kentucky man myself."

"Shake!" cried Yates briefly, as he reached his hand across the bar. "How is it you happen to be here?"

"Well, I got into a little trouble in Louisville, and here I am, where I can at least look at God's country."

"Hold on," protested Yates. "You're making only *one* cocktail."