

mands to be fed, to have its thirst quenched, to lie in slothful slumber; and if it be refused these things, it ousts mind and soul.

The body of Bow-Wow commanded his mind to awaken; and it did; awakened to its full strength, to its full intellectual capacity, to the full measure of its understanding; and all those mental powers were comprised in one muttered word, which broke huskily upon the silence of black night:

“ Whisky! ”

Bow-Wow opened his eyes. Darkness, shot with glimmering light. He reached out his arms. Space! Groaning, he sat up, painfully, and endeavored to locate himself. Through the windows there came the faint illumination of the street, and the moist, cold air of the snow. A door stood ajar, letting in a slit of dim radiance from the room beyond. Bow-Wow shivered. He was thinly clad. He was trembling, too, from head to foot, with a strange nausea.

What was this thing which had happened to him? He was in a luxuriously furnished blue room, and on a bed of easy mattresses and clean white linen. He had no more memory of this room than if he had never seen it before. He had come into this house in a drunken stupor, he