

in Bow-Wow's face. His little eyes were glaring vindictively and his snarl displayed all his red gums. "You turned us up to Mike Dowd, didn't you!" His claw-like hand grabbed Bow-Wow at the shoulder and shook him, for better attention. "You got me in a scrap with my pals, and I got four months on the rock pile! I cracked rocks for four months, I did; four months, in fine weather, and me with my poor crippled leg! I'll show you!" and he turned Bow-Wow roughly around to face him.

At last the sodden Bow-Wow, intent only on supplying his one great need, knew that he was annoyed.

"Whisky!" he suddenly husked. "It's the curse of the world!" His voice rose shrilly. "There is no hell but whisky! Drink! It's the enemy of man and God!" The creature's fists were clenched and his eyes were glistening, as his voice rose to greater vehemence. "Whisky! It burns the body and it sears the brain!"

It was Piggy Marshall, who, with one of his rare flashes of memory, suddenly recalled the great joke. He knew now why he always chuckled at the mention of Bow-Wow's name. It was the regular climax to this set speech. He suddenly reached over Jerry-the-Limp's shoulder and gave