

CHAPTER XIV

THE COMING OF THE FATHER

‘HELLO, More, you here?’ exclaimed Silas Woods, on seeing Tom More in the bar-room of the ‘Duck Lake Hotel.’ ‘Given up housekeeping, eh?’

‘What’s that?’ asked More, assuming a bellicose attitude.

‘Have you given up housekeeping?’ I asked.

‘See here, if you fellers want to fight, just go outside,’ roared Dodge, the proprietor.

‘I only asked More a civil question, Dodge,’ remarked Woods.

‘You insulted me,’ said the drunken man, with menacing manner and thickened speech, ‘and I’ll have shatishfashion.’

‘What’s the row, anyhow?’ demanded Dodge, laying his hand forcibly upon More’s shoulder, and pulling him back.