

the victim. Then Mike looked Bill over critically and, turning to his audience, said:

"If the prevailin' starvation prevails, and little Willie dies by inches, how long will it take his equator to reach his poles?" During the ensuing laugh Mike took up a small school-house of home manufacture, with the paint scarce dry on it. "Will Wah-na-gi, little bright-eyes, the spirit child, communicate with us?" Wah-na-gi came forward, laughing. Every one was in high glee. It was many a day since any one had seen her so radiant.

"Wah-na-gi," said Mike, "here's a school-house for you with the hope that some day you may have it full of children of your own and be beholden to nobody."

While Wah-na-gi was blushing furiously, Silent broke in with the remark: "Gee, I'm awful dry. Ain't nobody got a drink?"

"That's the one topic of conversation," said Mike, "upon which Silent can and will discourse. Gentlemen, git your cut-glasses."

The mob broke for the cupboard en masse and there was a wild scramble for drinking vessels, no one stopping to discriminate, and this was followed by a frantic rush back to Mike, who in the meantime had possessed himself of the bottle of whiskey brought out by Big Bill from his private stock. Mike, having with some difficulty protected himself from their violence, called out:

"Don't crowd; don't crowd. Now stand in line. Stand in line, ye beggars. Ain't ye ever been invited to have a drink before?"