

away on all sides, from his heap, and that even bills disappeared, as his change was dumped in front of him. Except to see that the little glass was set before him frequently, he did not notice anything; that his hands were white when they should be gnarled and black, and that his nails were polished and well-trimmed, when they should be stained and ragged and black-rimmed; that these were malodorous creatures who hung upon his shoulders and slapped him on the back, and called him Pal, and Bo, and Buddy — and Bow-Wow; that the floor was a filthy mire, that the atmosphere was fetid and foul; that gradually what little there was left in him of the semblance of God's own image was dropping away and leaving him to be submerged in his loathsome swinehood! And the swine in him was happy. It was being drenched with whisky.

Jerry-the-Limp. He came in more briskly than the others, but when he saw the throng at the bar, his leg shortened, and his mouth took on a piteous droop, and he came forward limping.

"Get in, Jerry!" sang Red Whitey, bold as a lion now. It was he who hung the most on the provider of the feast. "It's Bow-Wow!"

The change in Jerry-the-Limp was instantaneous. His leg came down, the droop went out