y to dishe do it anguish, a to the mirror, his huumanity s every d to the drawer, ed face, stopped and read

y some before

There's ——"
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and then suddenly released, a jingling of glasses, and then a heavy fall. Mike Dowd dropped the receiver and ran to the huddled figure. Harrison Stuart was crumpled on the floor in a shapeless heap, at his hand the revolver snatched from the cash drawer. Harrison Stuart had fought his last battle with d ink, and had conquered. He had found the way to keep from ever falling a victim to whisky again. He was dead!