

curred a strange phenomenon. In Bow-Wow's mind there was no memory of this room; but his body remembered! It led him automatically to the lounging-room table, the library table, the buffet, the pantry. No whisky! He must have it! There was a burning in him. There was fever in his veins, and yet he shivered with the cold.

"Whisky! Whisky!" His quivering voice started in a whine and ended in a wail. Automatically he wandered back to his bedroom, and then again that queer memory of the body directed his sodden mind. He knew a barrel-house which kept open all night. Mechanically he opened the cupboard and drew down the first clothes he found, a plain brown business suit, and dressed himself with quick, nervous little jerks. As unconsciously he took money from the drawer in his dresser and stuffed it in his pocket. These things were done as independently of his mind as if he had been a clock-work figure. Whatever grain of actuating intelligence he had was centered on the one thing; whisky! The taste was on his tongue!

He passed out through the lounging-room, and, as his eyes fell on the red-headed man asleep on the couch, he moved stealthily. Instinct pointed out the red-headed man as a foe, as a detaining