

a burlesque house in Detroit. Ward had been in the bald-headed row—but it was only a short distance, by the imagination route, around to the actor's exit, and he covered it in no time. He also reflected on the character of a vague village belle whom he called "Milly," and made her fall in love with him as easily as he had seduced the queens of burlesque.

The last flickering moments of comprehension brought to him, over an infinite gulf, sounds that resembled the enunciation of words equivalent to "condemned falsifier"; but that Linny and Peel used them on him he had no proof next morning.

The first flickering rays of daylight revealed to Ward the features of a companion on either side of him in bed. Linny also opened his eyes.

"Well, Mr. Steele," he grinned, "did you come to the surface at last?"

"Was I down very far?"

"With the fish," said Bob.

They wakened the weary-looking Peel and made him get out and ring for the bell-boy. After a business consultation, following a few bracers, they decided it would be better to spend the forenoon arranging their joint itinerary than to face the local merchants with a sour stomach and spirits to match.

Instead of doing this, however, they engaged in a few hands of poker, which were only to last an hour; but by the time Ward was five dollars short the last bell had rung for dinner.

"Holey smoke!" exclaimed Peel, "I've got an appointment in five minutes."

"Yes," said Ward, jovially—as losing man, "I have one pretty soon myself."