

Tank Tonkey shook his head.

"I dassent make a guess," he husked.

Red Whitey, trembling with the eagerness of a rat terrier, turned to Pittsburg Joe.

"Say; is that Bow-Wow?"

"Naw!" The contempt of Joe for the asker of that question was profound.

"Well, go lamp him, that's all I say," advised Red, his curiosity at the shaking point. "Go lamp him!"

"Sure." Pittsburg Joe was ready for anything. He had that in him which gave him extreme confidence in himself. He could jump over the Brooklyn Bridge if he tried. He looked back and winked three times, as he crossed to the bar and lounged near the stranger. He made a thorough inspection, and still was doubtful, but he winked prodigiously. "Hello, sport," he ventured.

The new customer, clumsily picking up his change, turned slowly and gazed at the intruder with heavy lidded eyes, swaying and nodding, then a formless smile came upon his lips.

"Hello, Joe. Have a little drink."

Bow-Wow! They were over at the bar as one man, and he knew them all; he called them by name! They clustered round him like flies!