

had lived a year of clean life, and now he was in a drunken stupor again, a torpor which joined and linked itself almost without joint to that other torpor, blotting out the intervening year as if it had never been. How had he come here? In all his fuddled consciousness he could find no trace of an answer to that mystery; and the effort at any thought, further than his physical self, wearied and weakened and sickened him. He gave up, the vague and feeble attempt at reasoning, and returned to the one idea which he could comprehend; whisky!

He rose and tottered out of the room. He found himself in a softly carpeted hall. There was a light at the end, a flickering, wavering red glow. With many a stop for breath, and strength, and steadying of nerves, he edged along the wall until he reached a large lounging-room, comfortable with leather chairs and couches, where a half spent log in the fireplace cast the ruddy reflection of its dying flames upon well chosen pictures and queer objects of art from every quarter of the world. Dazed, bewildered, he stood, swaying, and blinking stupidly at the fire. There was a redheaded man in a lounging robe asleep on the couch. Bow-Wow did not know him.

Whisky! He looked all about, and now oc-