

so that his countenance was filled with putty-like lines.

"A little whisky," he asked, and threw some money on the counter; a bill; five dollars.

The pin-eyed bartender hesitated a moment, then he reached under the bar and produced a bottle of labeled whisky. From the same hiding place he produced a gentleman's glass.

The new customer, with a formless smile at the size of the glass, stretched his hand around its brim, and poured until it was full to the top of his finger, and lifted it jerkily to his mouth, and drank; while the bartender rang up a double drink, and threw out change for a four-dollar bill. He laid the other dollar beneath the bar for slipping in his pocket, later.

"Kind o' cold," he observed, by way of friendly encouragement.

Red Whitey was all aquiver! He edged over close to Piggy Marshall and whispered in his ear:

"John Doe!"

"Bow-Wow!" Piggy spoke quite confidently, but he sat still, and studied the new customer with perplexed professional interest.

Red Whitey motioned Tank Tonkey to come closer.

"You don't suppose it's Bow-Wow!"