

In here every night, didn't she? People say she lived alone, but of course she had company when she wanted it. What's your idea, Mac?"

McManus looked out of the window and drummed on the bar with the blade of his oyster knife.

As I was eating in silence, thinking of Wah-Wo and the dead girl, Caithness of the Consolidated Press came in looking cold and ill, and we hastily made room for him at our table.

"You're sick," said Lynde sharply. "you ought to be in bed."

"I'm all right," said Caithness, glancing at us with his large dark eyes. "Mac, get me something hot."

I turned again to the chops, scarcely listening to the voices beside me, for I was thinking again of the dead girl.

I had no doubt that Wah-Wo had killed her. Again and again I had seen his eyes fastened upon her as she sat chatting with us, here at this very table. The motive was clear to me. I had spoken of this to the others but they laughed at me. The District Attorney took no stock in it, either.

How could anybody but a Chinaman, crazed with jealousy and opium, harm the child? For she was a mere child, this pallid victim whose soul had mounted to the Judgment seat from the filth of New York's Chinatown.

Pale, slim, childish, she had never haunted Chinese resorts nor, to my knowledge, had she ever touched needle to flame. She had shunned the women of the quarter. I seldom saw her speak to any man except the reporters and newspaper artists who came to McManus' for a midnight chop or rarebit.

Her acquaintance with us had been open and guileless. She chatted with us about our business, discussed the latest police shake-up or the newest Tammany scandal, and glided away into the street again followed by her dog.

Her dog!

A great hulking brute, with sombre

eyes and low hanging jaw—a creature silent, unmoved except when she bent her pale face to his ear and whispered. Then and then only he would rise, shuffling from the sawdust and stalk after her into the night.

He never paid the slightest attention to us. Calls, caresses, threats, left him unmoved.

"What is it you whisper into his ear, Lil?" we often asked, but she would only smile and answer:

"His name."

And so, as none of us knew his name, we called him simply, "her dog."

It had been two months now since Lil was found on her bed with a bullet in her heart and the dog lying stolidly across one bare little foot. And after we had clubbed together and buried her, we were kinder to her dog.

Every night he came gravely into McManus' to lie down just as he had done when Lil sat there chatting with us.

At first McManus was afraid that the dog would "hoodoo the place," but he left the silent brute undisturbed, and, after a while, began to grow fond of it.

As I sat thinking of all these things, I heard the iron door creak on its hinges. McManus stood up saying: "Here he comes, gents!"

Her dog entered.

Lynde held out his hand as the brute passed, and Penlow flung a bone on the floor. The dog noticed neither the caress nor the bone, but lay down under the bar and stretched his great limbs across the floor, sighing heavily.

"There is one thing certain," said Lynde, looking at the dog. "The man who killed the girl was in the habit of visiting her—and that dog knew him."

"I also believe the murderer was known to the dog," said Penlow.

"The murderer," said Caithness, "was her lover."

"It is strange," said I, "that none