

Gilbert heart. The Captain was the first to find some means of expression. "Give me some of that best candy for her," he commanded to the stovekeeper. "No, take a bigger piece of paper, and tie it up well."

It was Mario, there on the scaffolding, his arms and neck bare, his splendid muscles swelling under the lead of bricks. He emptied the hod with a jerk, hurled it through the window, and then leaped after it with a roar of conquest. Terita simply laid down her clumsy shawl and went with him. For a woman, he did not beat her. He took her home and told her to get his dinner, which she did. He sat down, and taking up the kettle, went down to the hydrant in the court to fill it with water.

The weather was good for a month after that, and he never went back to the ferry. But in August a chill rain came, and he laid off for another bout with his enemy. He did not find him, and he asked a stout German girl who sat at the foot of a stairway. The German girl shook her head, and the carpet weaver held his two hands palms upward, while his brows were lifted.

THE WAPSEYRINNONIGON TIGER. CHAPTER I. It was Saturday night in Rock River. Teams covered with the dust of the sidewalks. Harvesting was in full drive, and the town was filled with nomads from the South, men who had worked their way north following the isthmian line of ripening wheat.

home and the blood poured forth again. Jim caught the dead animal again in his left and lifting his terrible right hand struck a blow upon the side of his brother's head, which laid him out limp and still. "Out of my way now," he said, as he rose, holding the limp body in his hands. They made way for him and he passed out into the street.

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SARAH ORNE JEWETT. THE BRITON.

Though why one should have called him "The Briton" is more than I know. He was Irish enough, and when the rheumatism, as he called them, got into his bones he was exceedingly likely to lose his temper, and resent "The Briton" to the extent of hauling his trader.

Mario, the Italian, had moved over from the west side and was lounging along Folk street, one of his shufflers, trouble through delighted nostrils, when he saw Terita ahead of him on the muddy and littered pavement. He had told her to stay at home. Not even the grocery market, painfully laden, though it had given her no money for provisions or anything else—would excuse that failure to obey.

Each looked at the other and figured out the proper mode of attack for next time. "These boys had better take a drink, and I'll do it," said the barkeeper. "You've had a nice time." Mario went back to the scaffold next day, for he belonged to the union, and the foreman couldn't fire him. And he kept an ugly eye on the weaver's widow, and frightened the German girl who was trying to equal Terita's patterns.

It was reported that the "Wapsey" gang was in town. The Swedes from Rock Run were also well represented down at Ole's "Hole in the Wall." The Vesey boys and Steve Nagle had been seen, and last and most important, Bill Shea, "the Wapsey Tiger," was down at the red saloon.

CHAPTER II. He looked sad and weak as he went out the door, but they knew the stuff of which his heart was made. "If he isn't too drunk, he'll come along when I lay my hand on his shoulder; if he's tighter than a drum on me," he said to himself, as he went down the street accompanied by Foster, "I'll put him away."

A NIGHT WATCHMAN'S STORY.

"What gave me a start in business?" said Jerry Jarman. "Well, I'll tell you. In 1883, I was a night watchman. About 2 o'clock one cold morning in March the street had become deserted, and I was able to sit down beneath the tarpaulin shelter and enjoy a pipe and the warmth from the coals fire that glowed in the iron basket which stood against the open side of the hut."

Ward and Finn, the policemen who always travelled together, untangled the combatants, thumped them jarringly, and went on their way. "The Briton" was surprised, and he went down on Clark street to consider. He didn't remember ever having met so unpleasant a man in his Italian. And Mario went home the next day, to thrash Terita, by way of getting his bearings. What was the use of being the best scrapper on the west side if one is to be mauled by the first man he meets, and that when he feels like meeting men, too?

And it was there "The Briton" found him. Mario was in the way, so the Irishman tripped him. If "The Briton" had known how hard a man this Italian would be he would have begun differently. But he found it all out presently, only by the time he had fully learned it "The Briton" was bleeding and covered with mud.

And always stands opportunity to assist temptation. Here was a sign which said a carpet weaver was wanted. Nothing lost by going up to inquire. The boss was very glad to have her come. She knew he would be still happier when he saw her work. He was, and he told her she could have the other room by the window. He would put an inferior weaver in the dark corner where she had been.

Now, "whether Rodrigo killed Cassio, or Cassio Rodrigo, all makes my gain, I'm getting news." "We may pull through all right yet," said the Mayor, a small man of a scholarly turn of mind, not fitted to cope with such crises.

And there he stayed for a moment, at a man's arm length in the air, silent and gathered for the fall. But he turned as he fell and struck on his back and lay there. "The Briton" watched him a moment, then retreated to the pavement, fearing an Irish boy not as a plan of triumph. But the cry of delight behind him stopped the words on his lips, and he started to find two small arms slung round him.

CHAPTER III. The matter was being discussed in the Mayor's office. Ridings was there, and Judge Brown, and two or three others. Foster of the Saturday Morning Call took a humorous view of the matter, the others did not. Foster quoted a line or two while sharpening a pencil.

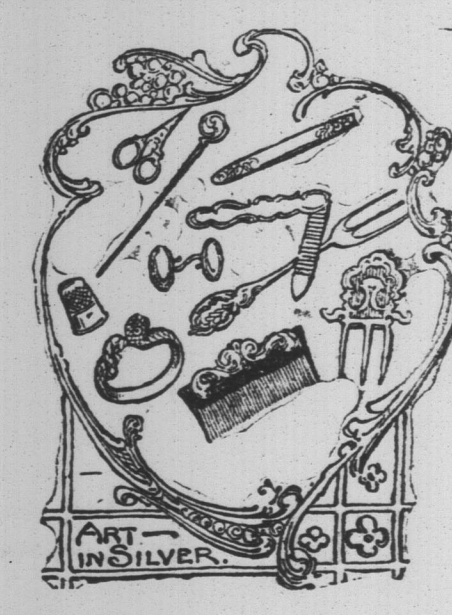
And then he stepped from the perpetually muddy pavement he could not but think of the girl, and harbor plans for her chastisement. "But pugilism, even of the informal kind, is a jealous mistress, and Mario lost his first advantage when he turned for that last malevolent glance. And then, "The Briton" had him. The conflict did not last long. Mario felt his feet leave the ground, and try as he would, he could not get them down again. He tried to break the Irishman's hold with one wild wrench, but he failed.

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