



BY A CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XI THE FIGHT IN THE COACH HOUSE.

The curtain was followed by a moment of silent surprise, and then by a general shout of laughter. There might be argument as to who was the champion at each weight, but there could be no question that all the champions of all the weights were seated round the tables. An audacious challenge, which embraced them one and all, without regard to size or age, could hardly be regarded as other than a joke, but it was a joke that might be a dear one for the joker.

"I'm sorry to go against your wishes, but I have made up my mind, and I must carry it through." Harrison shrugged his broad shoulders. "Don't you believe," answered the landlord, "that Jim, Jim, you don't know what you are doing. You've heard you speak like that before, and I know that it ends in your getting your way."

"What weight is he, Bill?" asked Jim Belcher. "He is close onto six feet, and I should put him well up into the thirteen stone when he's buffed."

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of the advantages of youth and condition the betting was three to one in his favor. His heavy, muscular frame, his broad chest, pressed ferociously, as well as courage, and he stood with his small, bloodshot eyes fixed viciously upon Jim, and his lumpy nose flared out as he snarled, like a fierce, round straining on a leash.

The hubbub of the betting had risen until it had drowned all other sounds, men shouting, the crowd's gasps, the clatter of the coach house to the other, and waving their hands to attract attention, or as a sign that they had accepted a wager. Sir John Lade, standing just in front of the bar, was roaring out the odds against Jim, and laying them freely with those who fancied the appearance of the unknown.

"I've seen his fight," said he to the Hon. Berkeley Craven. "No country hawk-buck is going to knock out a man with such a record."

"He may be a country hawk-buck," the other answered. "but I have been reckoned a judge of anything, either on two legs or four, and I tell you, Sir John, that I never saw a man who looked better bred in my life. You still laying against him?"

"Three to one." "Have you once in hundreds." "Very good, Craven." Berkeley Craven, who was craning his neck to see the fight, roared: "Berkeley! Berkeley! Berkeley! I think, Craven, that I shall trouble you for that hundred."

The two men had stood up to each other, Jim on his left with an air of defiance, his right arm raised and his right hand across the lower part of his chest, while Berkeley held both arms half extended and his feet apart, so that he might lead off with either side. For an instant they looked each other over, and then Berkeley, ducking his head, and rushing in with a hand over his eyes, bore Jim down into his corner. It was a backward slip rather than a knockdown, but a thin trickle of blood was seen at the corner of Jim's mouth. In an instant the seconds seized their men and carried them back into their corners.

"Do you mind doubling our bet?" said Berkeley Craven, who was craning his neck to see the fight, roared: "Berkeley! Berkeley! Berkeley! I think, Craven, that I shall trouble you for that hundred."

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held off as if a forty-inch bar of iron were between them. Every instant now he was breathing easier and the bluish tinge fading from his face. Jim knew that his chance of a speedy victory was slipping away from him, and he came forward again, as he had done at first, with a flash to the attack, without being able to get past the passive defense of the trained fighting man. It was at that moment that he was struck by the blow which was to have been the attack, without being able to get past the passive defense of the trained fighting man.

Jim heard and acted on the instant. Plunk came his left just where his antagonist's ribs curved from his breastbone. The blow was a half-second later than Berkeley's, but it served its purpose of bringing forward his head. Spunk went the right way with the clear, crisp sound of two billiard balls striking together. Berkeley, who had been on his feet, fell on his back, and fell in a huge, fleshy heap upon the floor. His seconds were on him instantly, and propped him up, but he never stirred. He was dead.

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ROYALTY'S PRECIOUS STONES The Crown Jewels of European and Asiatic Monarchs.

FABULOUS TREASURES OF THE ORIENT Jewels of the Late Shah Worth Millions—Wonderful Precious Throne of the Great Emperors—Famous Collections.

Large gems have always had a great charm for the Orient, and they have always paid more for them than the Europeans. The Orient holds within her jealously-guarded palaces many fine collections of jewels. The Nizam of Hyderabad owns the Victoria diamond, for which he paid \$2,000,000. The maharajah of Tagore is likewise possessed of a rich store of gems, many of them rare and curious. The maharajah of Baroda paid \$100,000 for the 125 carat Star of the South, and also bought the 225 carat pale yellow De Beers diamond exhibited at the 1889 exposition.

According to the testimony of United States Minister S. G. W. Benjamin, the late Shah of Persia had a very remarkable collection of gems, estimated to be worth between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000, but it is almost impossible to get reliable information about them, so closely are they guarded. The same may be said of the Sultan of Turkey's collection valued at over \$10,000,000.

When the English king, Edward VII, at Mandalay, Burma, they searched eagerly for the fabulous treasures, which it was supposed this Oriental monarch possessed. They were doomed to disappointment. Nothing of any special value was found, the far-famed jewels consisting of a miscellaneous lot of poor emeralds and rubies. Many of them were of large size, but of inferior quality, the value of any of them. So little are they valued that they are now exhibited in simple glass cases in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

There is one of these Oriental collections, according to Sir Edwin Arnold and other Oriental travelers, are kept in isolated rooms. Some of the most famous are those of the Emperor of the Moguls. They were gradually shown one at a time. Of all the costly wonders that the palace of the Mogul emperors at Delhi contained, the most costly was the throne of the Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan, which was constructed during the reign of Shah Jehan and was the work of a Frenchman, Augustus III, who had been brought to the Mogul court. It was estimated that the value of the throne was \$6,000,000 sterling. It stood in the center of the beautiful Hall of Private Apartments, and was surrounded by the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded, and the whole carved in ivory. The throne was made of a single piece of wood, and was inlaid with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and other precious stones of appropriate colors to represent life. The throne itself was six feet long by four feet wide; it stood on six massive feet of solid gold, and was inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the border of the canopy.

Between the two peacocks stood a figure of a parrot of ordinary size, said to have been carved in ivory. On each side of the throne stood an umbrella, one of the Oriental emblems of royalty. They were formed of crimson velvet thickly embroidered and fringed with gold-studded with diamonds. It has been held that the famous Kohinoor was one of the jewels that adorned the crown of Shah Jehan, the story may be true. When Delhi was sacked by the Persians under Nadir Shah, the Kohinoor was broken up and carried away, with \$750,000,000 of loot. A block of white marble now marks the spot where it once stood.

Catherine II and Peter the Great of Russia were lovers of precious stones, and collected fine samples of the Jeweler's art, which are preserved, together with other precious relics, in the Kremlin in the Oudon Palace, at Moscow. Here are thrones studded with diamonds, rubies, turquoises, pearls, emeralds and sapphires; an orb containing a ruby and a diamond; a sword and a pair of scabbards studded with gems. The wealth of gems is amazing. Stones cut and uncut, some of the largest size, shine in these regalia. Most curious of all is the crown of Catherine II, which was made especially for her by order of Peter the Great. There are 2,358 diamonds in this crown, and over the brow is a magnificent fringe of pearls. The crown of Catherine II was worn by the empress and grand duchesses on state occasions; and among diamonds and gems galore is a very large pink diamond, which was placed at the back of the crown. The crown of Catherine II was made especially for her by order of Peter the Great. There are 2,358 diamonds in this crown, and over the brow is a magnificent fringe of pearls. The crown of Catherine II was worn by the empress and grand duchesses on state occasions; and among diamonds and gems galore is a very large pink diamond, which was placed at the back of the crown.

THE ENGLISH ROYAL COLLECTION. The English royal collection has been a gradual growth. The present repository of the English regalia is the Tower of London. After the execution of Charles I some of the older objects were broken up and dispersed, and at the restoration it was necessary to reconstruct many of them from the fragments that remained. The crown of Queen Victoria is now in the Louvre originally possessed by Queen Marie de Medici. It is of rock crystal, and the frame was of polished silver. The crown of Queen Victoria is now in the Louvre originally possessed by Queen Marie de Medici. It is of rock crystal, and the frame was of polished silver. The crown of Queen Victoria is now in the Louvre originally possessed by Queen Marie de Medici. It is of rock crystal, and the frame was of polished silver.

MUNYON'S GREAT WORK White Day he is Relieving Suffering Humanity With His Wonderful Improved Homeopathic Remedies.

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OR ANY OTHER BELCHER THAT EVER CAME OUT OF BRISTOL.

"For here he comes through the doorway." I glanced around, and had a side view of a tall and well-dressed young man, in a long brown traveling coat and a black felt hat. The next instant he had turned, and I had clutched with both hands onto Champion Harrison's arm.

HIS SECONDS WERE ON HIM INSTANTLY.

"And I like the look of you and I wish you well," said Belcher, holding out his hand. He never made a fairer match of his hand. He never made a fairer match of his hand. He never made a fairer match of his hand. He never made a fairer match of his hand. He never made a fairer match of his hand.

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