

FIGHTS THAT WON.

A Test of Courage Between an American and a Mexican Boy

BY PHILIP VERBIL NICHOLS.

(Copyright, 1896, by S. S. McClure Company.) The bridge that spanned the Brunswick ditch was wide and stout and its beams...

On an afternoon of early fall a dozen boys who had lingered after school on the bridge to play stood about and sport...

"What shall we do? Can't we do something—the crowd of us? It's awful. Look, look at that—poor little Bricky!"

The bully was raising and lowering the lad and grinning at his agony in a heart-cruel manner, that made the blood of the other boys boil with anger.

"Let's make a rush!" said one, stepping impulsively forward. "Get away, or I'll leave him drop," cried the rowdy.

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"Well, I'll leave ye up." But his strength was gone for the moment, the effort failed, his grasp relaxed, the fingers slipped, and downward shot the boy.

With a cry of horror the crowd ran forward to look below. The sight they saw was a wonderful surprise for there in the shallow river, holding Bricky in his arms, was Forest Kitson.

"I'd like to know what coward it was that came so near to killing Bricky," said Forest.

"I do call you a miserable scoundrel, coward and bully, Ramirez," Forest retorted. He was calmly removing his coat.

"You can't do it. Give up!" shrieked Ramirez, throwing down his hat. He was taller than Forest, stronger and fiercer, a Mexican by birth and hot for a fight.

Forest stepped to the front, prepared to battle "fair," but the Mexican made a rush, they clashed, and the struggle on the bridge began. Hither and yon they pressed and labored, the Mexican as quick as a cat, avoiding the blows that rained on him.

"Well, Fargo & Co., Express." "What can we do for you?" "I'm the manager inside," he asked of a man who was standing in front of him.

almost alone in the world; I'm living with grandfather and trying to help. It's work that I can do and like, and I could save considerable money."

"Two years; yes, come around in two years," the man repeated absently, being absorbed in his work. Then he called out: "Why'd I like to leave for college two years from now?"

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Forest climbed the hill again slowly. Such a load of hopelessness seemed to lie on the heart of his dearest ambitions that studied plans, nothing could hold his attention that evening.

Over and over they rolled in the fury of a deadly combat. With a wonderful effort Kitson arose, for he found the ground in favor of his foe.

Making a pass, like the movement of a cat as she pounces, Ramirez drew a long and gleaming knife. He raised it high to strike at the throat of the young antagonist.

Breathing hard, as he was, Forest yet had great reserves of power. He was sitting in a dory fishing off the Long Island coast when up through the bottom of the boat came a blade two or three feet long.

They came at last to where he was, watching his foe in the gloaming. Stained with blood were his hands and face, but victory shone in his eyes.

"We'd be glad to give you a gold watch, in addition to making you a driver," said the manager, looking kindly over the rims of his glasses.

Some Wonderful Adventures on Land and Sea. Nearly every hunter who is a devotee of the sport, sooner or later has an experience in the field which makes a lasting impression.

An English sportsman with some American friends was hunting the rhinoceros one day in equatorial Africa, when suddenly, without warning, they were charged by a huge bull that splayed out the Englishman and threw the rider's horse.

"CHUCK DOWN THE EXPRESS" DEMANDED THE LONE HIGHWAYMAN. "Light the pipe," said Hank. This was really a trick of his to let the lad assume the reins, for he knew what an itching Forest felt to smoke the pipe up the long ascent.

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up in a hurry!" "Give 'em the whip!" muttered Forest. "No, he'll kill us—throw 'em up," huskily answered his friend.

"Chuck down the express!" demanded the lone highwayman, "an' don't seh try no funny business!" He has a trick, Hank, I'm down with a thump to the ground.

"No!" cried Forest, angered beyond endurance. "No, Hank, it belonged to my father."

"Ain't with so much ez yer life en' he's got the drop," said the driver wisely, and he slipped the golden heirloom from its scabbard while the boy gave a low moan of distress.

In less than ten minutes the company's box was empty open, the robber had told them to "git, an' ever look back, an' he himself was gliding away in the brush and woods, with his booty slung from his shoulder.

He had gone perhaps half a mile and was weaving his way through a tangled copse, as a forest creature might have done, when, coming abruptly to a clearing and skirting an enormous hemlock, he found himself face to face with Ramirez, the bully with whom he had fought. The fellow was down on his knees making a dash for the same hole.

Over rocks and twisted roots, forward and back, they battled, the wiry Mexican clanking, attempting to beat in a twinkling that here was more than just a desperate robber—here was a deadly foe.

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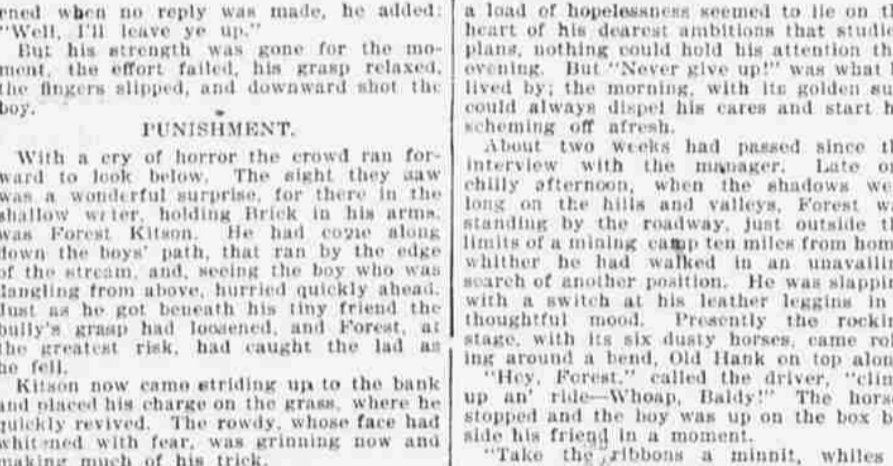
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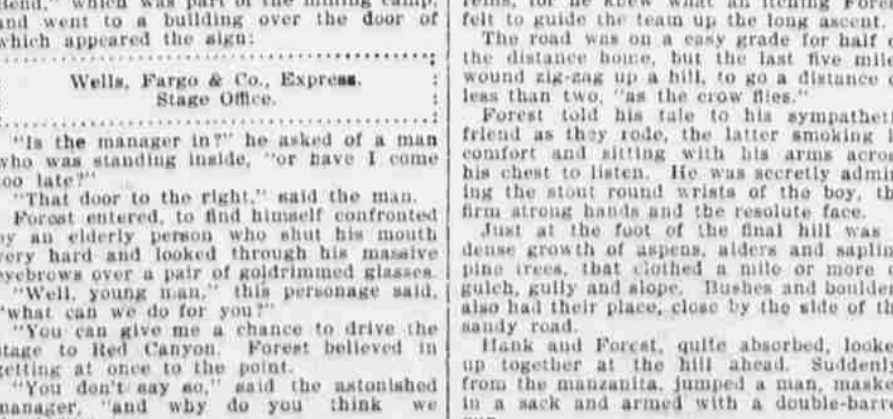
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Jiminy—is it? Gee! I must tell maw that as soon as I get home.

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a theory that if mortgaged railroads can be kept going concerns it matters not what else may stop. That the public is decidedly the most important going concern in existence appears to be overlooked.

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but he's gone to a better inn' where we are all gals' ourselves some day, an' now the audience will please step forward to take their las' view of the remains, indulgin' in the gaze of a few moments but not too long, for there are others who want to see, the each an' every one will quietly walk out, turnin' neither this-a-way nor that-a-way, after with the friends of the corp will take their last look an' may the good Lord have mercy on us all."

MY FRIEND—THE PROSPECTOR. Cy Warman, in New York Sun. If I were to write for the papers to print, I'd touch the last tating of my lye and sink Of the best-hearted man in the world. Hark back to the prospect in Poverty, Gulch, Before you found dirt that would pay. When the hope in your breast, like the gold in the west, Burned brightest at close of the day. If I were but rich, or, if you were still poor, And we sat where your cabin smoke Then in unlighted lays I could pour out Of the best-hearted man in the world.