

chloroformer, because he puts to sleep every feller dat comes ag'in' him, and does it easy. Yestiddy he puts more knots on de front of Bull Mulligan dan dere is on a ground artichoke what me mudder pickles, and finished de job inside of ten ticks of de watch."

"Why, this is dreadful!" moaned Mrs. Pendick. "This horrid fighting by Willie must be stopped instantly!"

"Now, don't do no't in' like dat, Lady," begged Patsy, as he raised his hands in a gesture of deprecation. "You don't know what a gen'us you've got in dat boy, what a di'munt he is. Why, he kin go twenty of de fastest kind of rounds widout blowin' enough to put out a candle on a Christmas tree! He's a wonder and de pride of de gang. Dat's me word for it. When first I brings him to Mickey Phelan's boxin' parlors, Mickey walks me off to one side and says, 'Patsy, if you don't take dat highly decorated piece of crockery away from here, it'll get smashed sure. You oughter let it see de flower dance down at de Penny Wonderland and under harmless sports. Dis is no place for it.' I says, 'Mick-ey, dere's anudder guess comin' to you. What you t'ink is brickerback is a human steam hammer. If

you've any poopil dat weighs in at one eighteen and you wants to have treated at de free clinic, just trot him out wid de mits.' He calls up Kinky O'Brien, who is a husky mut, and while I was puttin' de mits on Willie I whispers to go right in wid his left swings like he wanted to get t'rough quick and go to de t'ater. Well, dere was not in' to dat scrap, not in' but t'ree of Willie's fierce drives. It was biff-biff-kerbiff, and while dey was pourin' de icewater on Kinky wid a dipper Mickey takes me by de hand, and dere was joy in his eyes when he says, 'Patsy, you've found a John L. Sullivan in Fauntleroy's. Bring him around ag'in and I'll back him wid a t'ousand dat he kin lick any'ing of his age and weight in de ward.'"

FOR a moment or two Mrs. Pendick was stirred by varying emotions, and, while she did not understand many of Patsy's terms, yet his story was an astounding revelation. The fact slowly dawned on her that Willie, the fragile "home light," was a master spirit among the boys of the neighborhood, so masterful that he had conquered the dreaded captain of the Slugger Bugs and won the affection of that pugnacious youth. There was

no doubt of Patsy's admiration for Willie; for she saw it blazing in his eyes as he illustrated with divers movements of his clenched fists the manner in which Kinky O'Brien had been stripped of his pugilistic laurels. The realization that her son was not the weakling she had believed him to be, but was brave, strong, and able to maintain his rights and his dignity, caused her face to glow with maternal pride. She found herself actually loving the unlovable Patsy, because his generous nature had enabled him to accept defeat at Willie's hands with no feeling of vindictiveness or humiliation, but one of unqualified admiration for "de gen'us" that his self sought encounter had so unexpectedly developed.

Mrs. Pendick's smile was particularly happy and gentle as she placed her hands on Patsy's shoulder and escorted him to the door. While her gaze followed his athletic and rather jaunty figure as he stepped briskly down the avenue, she uttered a sigh that expressed great satisfaction. "How good it was of Patsy," she murmured, "to discover the manliness and prowess of my dear boy who can whip all the Slugger Bugs! I know it is horrid, quite horrid, to fight; but I'm so glad that Willie can do it!"

GORDON'S REWARD

BY NELLIE V. PHILPOTT



—JOHN EDWIN JACKSON—

"Why, Every Man Here Is My Friend—and I Am His!"

YOU'RE an ink-slinging chap, and you want me to tell you the biggest thing I've seen in the way of daring-do? Can't single out the biggest, to dilate upon at the moment; but there's something in my mind. Not big, you know; but fine, I call it—

"Let her go. I'm listening."

"It happened at a mining camp in West Australia. Ever put in a summer in W. A.?"

"No; only a frothy week one September two years ago. I was with the United States fleet."

"I remember it. Fizz and motor-cars, and speechifying from dawn until sun-up next morning; our band

playing 'The Big Brother in America' and the visitors tooting 'The Bonny Native Blue.' But I am not speaking of the W. A. you see at Perth and Albany; I mean it as it strikes you out back.

"It's warmish, out back, where the mercury sizzles at one hundred and twenty in the shade for weeks at a stretch. No firewood wanted there: you grill an emu steak on the bottom of your shaker, in the glow of the noon-day sun. The very whisky, I tell you, would blister a pan.

"Well, one real snorter of a day up came a thunder-storm. Not the kind we mostly see there,—plenty of fireworks and barely a sprinkle to put 'em out,—but a regular tornado, rain and hail pelting like mad. The ground after the long blistering summer was baked to a flint, and the water rushed along in torrents down a

slight incline, where Gordon's Reward lay right in the fairway—with mouth open, like a gasping fish, to receive it.

"There was a rush for the cages down below, while the waters thundered down the shaft. The last trip took three men who were standing throat deep in foaming slush. Fifty men were going it with pick and shovel, on the surface, trying to divert the stream; but before they could choke her off the mine was a banker. Then somebody discovered that a man was missing—just an Italian chap Antonio something or other, who had been working in the far end of the northern drive.

"Poor beggar—well, they say drowning is an easy death; though, as far as I know, nobody has ever come back across the Styx to confirm it. Anyway, it was all up with him now—and must have been pretty sudden, with every drive and tunnel loaded over the Plimssell line.

I MUST tell you that this mine, the Gordon's Reward, had been discovered by Tom Gordon nine years before; but he pegged out almost as soon as he was able to write his check for half a million. His only daughter Lucia, sole heiress to his pile, had been in Europe for seven years; but was on her way back to Australia at this time. Was, in fact, within three days' steam of Fremantle when the disaster occurred. The first thing she saw, when she opened a paper in the train between the port and Perth was the headline, 'FLOOD IN THE GORDON'S REWARD. MISSING MAN STILL LIVING. KNOCKING HEARD IN THE NORTH DRIVE.'

"In Perth she learned all there was to be known about the flood and its consequences: How, two days after the inrush of storm water the underground knocking was

first heard. It had probably been going on all the time; but the men had not been about much, for a terrific rain was roaring down, as though sea instead of sky hung overhead. It must have been Antonio down there, they concluded, incredible as it appeared to the untrained mind. The men above knocked four times, and again four knocks were dealt out from below in answer. The papers were full of the extraordinary case of a man being alive in a mine, though the water was running over at the top. The news was flashed all over Australia, and the excitement was intense. Special editions were issued from the newspaper offices, when a scientific chap figured out that the force of the flow, rushing in, had driven the air before it to the remotest cavity, the very spot, as it happened, where the Italian was working. It was just air pressure that kept the water at bay. If that air were to escape, by any means, the foul tide would rush in and finish the job as completely as we thought it had, days before.

"Well, you can take it from me, wild horses couldn't keep that girl in the city when she heard these things. An hour later she caught the express, and was wheeled away, five hundred miles, to the scene of the catastrophe.

"I saw her arrive and walk to the manager's office,—just a handful of girl, small and slim, bright brown hair, a pale face, and eyes—the Australian girl's eyes, big greeny gray, the color of our gum leaves, with brown flecks in them. When you meet that kind of eye you don't bother about the rest of the face.

THERE were four thousand of us knocking round, our boys and chaps from other mines and from farther out. Jumping mad we were to think of that miserable