

that ensued the whistle of the referee was heard, and silence settled down on the Clinkers' half of the field like a wet blanket when the Dusties were given a free kick.

Luck had seemingly deserted the Clinkers to dwell with their opponents. That kick resulted in a goal, and all the fighting that the Clinkers were capable of failed to change the score. The game was closed with triumphant cheers by the Dusties for the Clinkers and by cheers of diminishing strength—the third very weak—by the Clinkers for the Dusties. The Dusties took the high road on the way back to town and the Clinkers took the low road. The latter did not talk as joyfully as when they went out, and Blots walked behind with his tail between his legs.

After that day the Clinkers had to struggle to maintain their pride. Their importance had departed.

Now we will return to the beginning of this tale. I could thoroughly understand the feelings of Roogan as he heard the greeting of his enemy on the other side of the square, more particularly because the other fellow was a Dusty, and but a week had elapsed since the great match.

The subsequent proceedings rapidly passed from the state of strained relations to a crisis. The other fellow was just as big as Roogan.

As in the case of the football game there were few preliminaries.

“Will yer fight,” said Roogan.

“Don't care,” said the Dusty.

“Mind that there coat, d'ye hear,” said Roogan to Blots.

Blots sat down on the coat, wagging his tail, and with the joy of fighting in his eyes.

“What yer waiting for,”—this to the Dusty who was slower about getting his coat off, and had a calculating expression on his face. It seemed as if he were going to “eat crow,” but this remark of Roogan braced him.

He stepped forward and met a hard blow which caught him fair on the nose.

A delighted yelp from Blots, and a groan from the Dusty, who ran in and tackled Roogan, both of them falling to the ground.