## THE ATHENS REPORTER. FEBRUARY 6, 1918



As time passed, and Sam did not losing a sensation, that Sam might have declined a contest so unequal with entire honor. Bela kept her eyes down to hide their angry glitter at

down to filde then any second bolstcrousness and arrogance. Not only did he usurp the place at the head of the table, but he held every-body off from the place at his right.

"That's reserved," he said to all comers

As in every party of men, there was an obsequious element that encouraged Joe with flattery. Among the sturdler spirits, however, Big Jack Mahooley, Coalson, an honest resentment devoloped

In particular they objected to Joe's changed air toward Bela. He was not openly insulting to her, but into his voice had crept a peremptory-note ap parent to every ear. He called her at-tention to empty plates, and otherwise acted the part of a host. In reality he was imitating Sam's manner of the night before, but the effect was different.

If Bela had shown any resentment it would have been all up with Joe. They would have thrown him out in less time than it takes to tell. But Bela did his bidding with a cold, suppressed air. The other men watched her, as-tonished and uneasy. None has ever seen her like this.

When the dinner was fairly under way it transpired who the vacant place was for.

"Come and sit down, Bela!" cried Joe. "Lend us the light of your handsome face to eat by. Have something yourself. Don't be a stranger at your own table."

Big Jacq scowled into his plate, and Coulson bit his lip. Their hands itched for Joe's collar. Unfortunately among men, no man likes to be the first to administer a public rebuke. The least sign from Bela would have been sufficient, but she gave them none. She made believe not to have heard Joe. He repeated his invitation in louder tones

"I never sit," she said, quietly. "Time that rule was broken," cried

Joe. "I busy." "Hang it, let the old woman serve! Every man has had one plateful. Come and talk to me." All eyes were on Bela. She hesi-

tated, then went and sat as Joe commanded The other men could scarce-ly believe their eyes. Bela to take orders in public like this! Her inscrutable exterior gave no indication of what was passing within.

There was, perhaps, a hint of pain, anger in her eyes, but hidden so deep they could not see it. The obvious inference was that Joe had won her at last. She went down in their estimation. Every man shrugged, so to speak, and let Joe have his way.

That youth swelled with gratified anity. He heightened his jocular air; his gallantry had an insolent ring. "Say, we'll pay double if you let us look at you while we eat. You'll save money, too; we won't eat so much. We'll take you for dessert!"

The other men were uneasy. If this was Joe's and Bela's way of making love they wished they would do it in private. They were slow thinking men, accustomed to taking things at face value. Like all men, they were shy of inquiring too far into an emotional

situation Bela did not eat, but sat still,

"What's the matter?" he asked As time passed, and sam did hot turn up, the company was frankly dis-appointed. They abused him thought-lessly, forgetting in their chagrin at disturb yourself. I've had my supper I just walked up for a bit of sociabil ity before turning in, if you've no objection.'

He waited for a significant air for her to speak. There was nothing naive about Sam's light manner; he was or the qui vive for whatever might come.

Bela tried to answer him, and could not. Her iron will was no longer able to hide the evidences of agitation. Her

lips were parted and her breath was coming fast. She kept her eyes down. There was a highly-charged silence in the shack. All knew that the turn of the drama depended on the next

word to be spoken. They watched Bela, bright-eyed. By this time Joe had partly recov

ered his self-possession, "Let him go!" he said, roughly. "We don't want no cooks around!" Sam ignored him. "Can I stay?"

he asked Bela, smiling with a pecu liar hardness. "If you don't want me all right. But it must come from you. "If you don't want me Bela raised her eyes imploringly to him and let them fall again.

Sam refused to take it for an answer. "Can I stay?" he asked again. "Ah, tell him to go before he's

thrown out!" cried Joe. That settled it. Bela's head went up with a jerk, and her eyes flashed savagely at Joe. To Sam she said, clearly: "Come in; my house is open to all."

"Thanks," said Sam. Bela glared at Joe, defying him to do his worst. Joe refused her chal-lenge. His eyes bolted. He scowled

and muttered under his breath. Sam, taking in the situation, walked quickly to Bela's place, and, picking up the box, sat on it, and smiled directly

into Joc's discomfited face. That move won him more than one friend in the shack. Young Coulson's eyes sparkled with admiration. Big Jack frowned at Sam, divided between old resentment and new respect. Sam quickly followed up this advan

tage. "Seems you weren't expecting me this evening," he said, quietiy. "I wouldn't have missed it for a lot. Heard there was going to be some thing special doing. How about it

Joe was no match for him at this kind of game. He looked away, mut

tering. "What's on boys?" asked Sam "Vaudeville or parlor charades?" He won a hearty laugh by it, and

once more Joe felt the situation slipping away from him. Finally he thought of a way of getting back at Sam "Bela!" he cried. roughly. "Yoi

bring another box and sit down here. stared, genuinely amazed at Sam his tone.

"There is no room." said Bela in a vooden voice. "You bring over a box!" cried Joe,

peremptorily. Sam's face was grim. "My friend, that's no way to speak to a lady," he

This was the kind of opening Joe wanted. "What the hell is it to you?" he shouted.

"And that's no way to speak to a mant "A man, no; but plenty good enough

for a-cook! At Sam's elbow was a cup with tea-

dress in the holtom. He pleked it up with a casual alr and tossed the con-tonts into Joe's face.

sile

hard. "Good man!" he said. "You're

Maholey, Birley, and another, abashed by this little scene, now stepped forward. Sam waved them

back. "Musq'oosis is my second," he said. "Straight Marquis of Queensberry rules," said Big Jack. "No hitting in the breakaway." This was an advantage to Sam. university seized Big Logic

"Time!" cried Big Jack. The advensaries stepped out of their

All this while Bela had been stand ing by the kitchen door with her hands presed tight to her breast and her agenized eyes following all that went on. She did not clearly under-stand. But when they advanced toward

stand. But when they advanced toward cach other she knew. She ran into the middle of the room between them. "Stop!" she cried.. "This is my house. I won't have no fightin' here!" She patzed, shielding Sam and glaring defiantly around her. "You cowards, mak them fight. This is no fair fight. One is too big!" One

One is too big!" All the men became horribly uncasy. In this man's affair they had com-pletely overlooked the woman. After

all, it was her house. And it was too dark now to pull it off outside. The silence was broken by a sneering laugh from Joe. He made a move

"Go to the kitchen!" he command-ed. "Shut the door behind you. I started this, and I'm going to see it through. Do you want to shame me

again again Bela collarsed under his bitter, angry worde. Her head fell forward, and she retreated to the kitchen door like a blind woman. She did not go out. Sae stayed there through the ter mements that followed, making rible no sound, and missing no move with

those tragic, wide eyes. The adversaries advanced once The adversaries advanced once more, Big Jack stepping back. The two circled warily, looking for an opening. They made a striking con-trast. "David and Gollath," somebody whispered. Joe's head was thrust forward be-

tween his burly shoulders and his face lowered like a thundercloud. Sam, silent and tense, smiled and paraded

"Why don't you start something, "Why don't you start something, Jeffries?" asked Sam. \_ Joe, with a sledgehammer swing that would have ended the fight had it landed. Same ducked and came up of the other side. Joe's momentum car

ried him clear across the room. Sam laughed. 'Missed that one. Jumbo," he taunted. "Try another." Joe rushed back and swung again. Once more Sam ducked, this time, as he went under Joe's arm, contriving to land an upper-cut, not of sufficient force-to really shake the mountain, but driving him mad with rage.

Joe wheeled about, both arms going like flails. This was what Sam de-sired. He kept out of reach. He kept Joe running from one side of the room to the other. Joe was not built for running. At the end of the round, the big man was heaving for breath like a floundered horse. Such was the general style of the

battle. The spectators pressed against the wall to give them plenty of room, roared with excitement.

In the beginning the cries were all for Joe. Then Sam's clever evasions began to arouse laughter. Finally a voice on two was heard on Sam's side. This was greatly stimulating to Sam, who had steeled himself to expect no favor, and correspondingly de

pressing to Joe. For three rounds Sam maintained his tactics without receiving a seriou blow. He was trying to break the big man's wind-not good at the bestand to wear him out in a vain chase He simed to make him so blind with rage he could not see to land his blows. To this end he kept up a run-

ning fire of taunts. "I sha'n't have to knock you out, Blow Hard. You're doing for your self nicely. Come on over here. Pret-ty slow! Pretty slow! Who was your dancing teacher, Joe? You're getting white around the lips now. Bum heart. You won't last long!"

Between rounds little Musa'oosis



**Dandruff** and Itching The Cause of Falling Hair Rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and *hot* water. Rinse with tepid water. Trial free. These fragrant, super-creamy emolients clear the complexion of pimples, redness and roughness, cleanse the scalp, prevent failing hair and soften the hands. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Oint-ment to Soothe and heal. For Samples address post-eard: "Cattern, Dept. W, Boston, V. S. A." Sold throughout the world.

beginning to seek clinches to save his wind. Jack, in parting them, received a sly blow meant for Sam.

Like a flash Jack's own experienced right jabbed Joe's stomach, sending him reeling back into his corner. The spectators howled in divided feelings.

Jack, however, controlled the situa-tion with a look. In the fourth round Joe turned snllenly and refused to force the fight-ing any longer. He stood in front of his corner, stooping his shoulders and swinging his head like a garilla. Such blows as Sam had been able to land had all been addressed to Joe's right cye. His beauty was not thereby im-

proved. Now he stood, deaf alike to Sam's taunts and to the urgings of his own supporters. Sam, dancing in front of him, feinting and retreating, could not draw a blow. Strategy was working

in Joe's dull brain. He dropped his Instantly Sam ran in with another blow on the damaged eye. Overconfi-dence betrayed him. Joe's right was walting. The slender figure was lifted clean from the floor by the impact.

He crashed down in a heap and, rolling over, lay on his face, twitching. A roar broke from the spectators That was what they wanted.

arms.

Bela ran out from her corner, dis-tracted. Musq'cosis intercepted her. "No place for girl," he said, stern-"Go back."

ly. "Go back." "He's dead! He's dead!" she cried wildly.

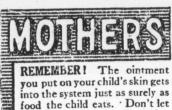
Only got wind knocked He thrust her back to her "Fool! out!" bace by the door. Big Jack was stooping over the prostrate figure, counting with sem-

aphore strokes of his arm: "One! Two! Three!'

The spectators began to think it was all over, and the tension let down. Joe grinned, albeit wearily. There was not ease, diabetes and dropsy and Bright's disease, and their popularity is the proof of the good work they are doing. Dodd's kidney Pills are the standard (anadian kidney target) much left in him. -Meanwhile Sam's brain was working

with perfect clearness. He stirred cau-"Nothing broken," he thought. "Take nine seconds for wind enough to keep away till the end of the round. Then you have him!" At the count of nine he sprang up,

and the spectators roared afresh. Joe,



of joy welled up in Sam's breast.

**REMEMBER!** The ointment you put on your child's skin gets into the system just as surely as food the child eats. ' Don't let impure fats and mineral coloring

usion and dis-Asthma Cured ber aloud in his enough," said Sam. "He's had

To Stay Cured!

Thousands Testify to the Lasting

Benefit Secured from CATARRHOZONE

CURES WITHOUT DRUGS!

One of the finest discoveries

medicine was given to the public when Catarrhozone was placed on the market about fifteen years ago.

Since then thousands have been cured of asthma and catarrh. An

interesting case is reported from Calgary in a letter from Creighton E.

The one-dollar package lasts two

The Cat and the Chickens.

An authentic story tells of a male

cat and a female cat in France that

lived on terms of perfect amity with

all the animals on the place-dogs. chickens and what not. It so hap-

pened, that a hen which had a brood of seven chickens was killed accident-ally. The cat, which some weeks be-fore, had been deprived of her kittens.

appeared to observe the predicament of the seven little chickens, looking

of their following the mother cat about the premises, as if expecting her to find them food after the manner of a

Few Roads in China.

That industrial development must

stagnate so long as transport facilities

are inadequate needs no emphasis, and

direction, but locomotion on them is naturally slow and uncertain. Railways

are few and far between and serve only to connect a few of the larger

SOAPLESS DAY.

(Washington Star) "My friend, there is really no excuse for your not looking neut and clean." "Sorry, mister," explained Ploiding Peter, "but I'm conserving my bit along wid de reat o' de folks. You jes' hap-pened to hit me on my soapless day."

A WOMAN'S HEALTH

Can Only Be Maintained by Keeping

the Blood Rich and

Pure.

The woman at home, deep in house

hold duties and the cares of mother-

hold duties and the cares of mother-hood, needs occasional help to keep her in gord health. The demands up-on a mother's health are many and severe Her own health trials and her

hildren's welfare cxact

heavy toils

centres .-- Commerce Report.

Co., Kingston,

Catarrhozone

Canada.

Thompson, who says:

grimly. The result was received in the sil-ence of surprise. A few laughed at the spectacle Joe made. Others merely shrugged. The victory was not a popula; one. (To be continued.)

## Do You Know.

That in hanging cheesecloth or mus. That in hanging checkerscher of has lin for backing on which to hang wall paper wrinkles will be prevented if you first wet the cloth with clear water and when dry size it with alum water, one pound to the pail?

That a new egg boiler for households is surmounted by the figure of a rooster that crows automatically when the contents have bolled for a set time?

That King George of England is the inventor of a stove that will serve as an open grate in one room of a house "Nothing too strong can be said for Catarrhezone. I suffered four years from asthma in a way that and cook meals in the usual way in another?

would beggar description. I went through everything that man could suffer. I was told of Catarrhozone by a clerk in Findlay's drug slore, and purchased a dollar package. It That a Baltimore inventor has pro-That a Baltimore inventor has pro-vided a bootblack's chair intended for women's use with curtain that can be moved from the areas to prevent an undue display of hosiery.

was worth hundreds to me in a week and I plate a priceless value on the benefit I have since derived. That digestion proceeds more swiftly I strongly unge every sufferer to use Catarrhozone for Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh." when persons are recumbent than when erect, because, in the process of evolution, the stomach has not ad-vanced as rapidly as other organs? months; small size, 50e; sample size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists, or

LOCKS SUSPICIOUS. (Louisville Courier-Journal)

"Decs your boy believe in Santa Claus?" "I don't know. He's writing him a

letter." "Well?" "But I notice he leaves it around where I can see it."

## Western Woman Speaks With Enthusiasm

MRS. R. ECKFORD TELLS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

for warmth. She crawled into their for warmth. She crawled into their nest and the seven little chickens mestled into her warm fur, peeping gratefully. The chickens, fed by their owner, throve perfectly, and every day the strange sight was presented the Says They Are "All Right," and Gives Her Reasons for Saying So-Why They Are Popular on the Prairies.

Leslieville, Alta. Feb. 4 .- (Special.) -It is with true Western enthusiasm that Mrs. R. Eckford, of this place, gives her opinion of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I wish to inform you that Dodd's Kidney Pills are all right," says Mrs. Eckford.

"I have only taken two boxes, and

"I have only taken two boxes, and my back is fine. Of course I will keep on taking them whenever I think my kidneys are not just right." "Your Diamond Dinner Pills are dandy, too," Mrs. Eckford added, "I keep them in the house, and take one occasionally as required." What strikes one most on the proinare incleduate needs no emphasis, and when it is borne in mind that there is not a road worthy of the name, so much as 100 miles long throughout China, it becomes evident that the country is very severely hand(capped. Certainly there aer the rivers and can What strikes one most on the prairals, which intersect the land in every What strikes one most of the pran-ies is the warm praise the people give Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are used for all kidney troubles, including back-ache, rheumatism, lumbago, heart dis-ease, diabetes and cropsy and Dright's

Canadian kidney remedy.

Germany's Self-Betrayal.

(Philadelphia Record.)

The disgust o' the Pan-Germans at

the peace terms Secretary von Kuchi-

manu offers the Russians is highly sig-

nificant. This war was undertaken to

and walled-up. At such moments sho was pure Indian. Long afterward the men recollected the picture she made that night, still and dignified as a death mask.

Jee could not leave Sam alone. "I Joe could not leave sam alone. "I wonder there our friend the ex-cook is to-night?" he inquired facetiously of the company. "Boiling his own pot at the Point, I suppose. He don't seem to hanker much for the society of men. That's as it should be. Men and cooks tor't agree."

ion't agree." Anyone looking closely would have seen Bela's breast rise and fall ominously, but no one looked closely. Her

"Sam was a little too big for his shoes last night," Joe wont on. "To-day I guess he thinks better-" "Hello! Somebody talking about

mo?" cried a cheerful voice from the

Sixteen men turned their heads as one. They saw Sam by the door smil-Bela involuntarily jumped up, he box the was sitting on feld he was sitting on felt over. Jcc, caught up in the niddle of a sentence. stared with his mouth and the a sentence. stared with his mouth open; a comic expression of dismay fixed on his features.

Sam came in. His eyes were shining with excitement.



Albert Soaps Limited, Mirs., Montreel

CHAPTER XXII. A gasp went around the table. Joe

sprang up with a below of rage. Sam was already up. He klcked the imped-ing box away, When Joe rushed him he ran around the other side of the

table. Sam had planned everything out. Above all he wished to avoid a rough and tumble, in which he would stand no chance at all. He had speed, wind, and nerve to pit against a young mountain of muscle. "Will you see fair play, boys?" he

cried. "Sure!" answered half a dozen

voices. Big Jack stopped Joe in mid-carcer

"Let's do everything proper." he said

grimly. By this time all were up. Of one accord they showed the treatles back

against the wall and kicked the boxes underneath. Every breast responded to the thrill of the keenest excitement

known to man-a fight with fists. Sam and Joe, obeying a clothed creature's first impulse, wriggled out of their coals and flung them on the ground. Joe took off his boots. San was wearing moccasirs.

Young Coulson came to Sam with

Young Coulson came to Sam with tears of vexation actually standing in his eyes. He gripped Sam's hand. "I can't be present at a thing like this," he said. "Oh, damn the luck! I'd lose my stripes if it came out. But I'm with you. I hope you'll lick the tar out of him! I'll be watching through the window," he added in a whisper. He ran out. Big Jack took the centre of the floor. "I'll refere this affair if agreeable to both," he said. "Soits me," replied Sam, briefly. Jack pointed out their respective corners and called for a second for each. Several volunteered to help Joe. He close young Mattison.

He chose young Mattison. Sam remained alone in his corner. While his pluck had won him friends, here was no man who wished to em brace a cause which all thought was hopeless. Young Joe was a formidable figure, He had calmed down now. From behind the tall white men a

little bent figure appeared and went to Sam.

"I be your man," he whispered; "If Tou ashame' for a red man. Sam smiled swiftly in his white, set face, and gripped the old men's hand

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watching all that Mateison did, did

likewise for his principal. Finally the spectators began to grow impatient with too much footowrk They required a little blood to keep up their rest. Sam was blamed.

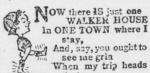
Collide!" they yelled. "Collide! that a marathon or hare and nds? Corner him, Joe! Smash "Is hounds? him! Stand, you cook, and take your punishment!"

Big Jack fixed the last speaker with

a scowl. "What do you want-a murder?" he growled.

The referee's sympathies were clearly veering to Jack's corner. Big Jack, whatever his shortcomings, was good sport, and Joe was showing disposition to fight foul. Jack watch a cape further punishment. him closely in the clinches. Joe was

ATTERNET STRATES STRAT



The only other time I was so happy, Goodness knows, Was when a kid Dad bought me

Red topped boots with copper toes.

When other travellers hit that

town, They, too, don't want to roam, or they say, "At that WALKER HOUSE For th

It's just like staying home." Where is the ONE TOWN where

WALKER HOUSE is? Don't you know? Why, it's that good old burg spelled T-O-K-O-N-T-O.

The House of Plenty The Walker House Toronto Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors

Ferrerstententeterstententeterstenteterstenteterstenteter

n:ficant. This war was undertaken to execute the programme of conquest which, the Pan-Germans have been pressing upon their country for a quarter of a century. The Kaiser, the Chancellors, the General Staff, the leaders in the Reichstag, the pulpit, the universities, the press, leaders in commerce and agriculture, have thrown themselves—but we must seek some new simile, for they have no heart and ap soul—into a war of con-quest that would make a fact what quest that would make a fact what was only a boast when the Kaiser declared that nothing should happen matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood! Zamanywhere in the world without his Buk is purely herbal. No poisonsent. onous coloring. Use it always. Reichstag, controlled for the The SOc. Box at All Droggists and Stores.

moment by the combination of Cen-trists and Social Democrats, adopted resolutions favoring peace without an-FOR CRILDRENS SOFRE nexations, but von Bethmann-Hollweg never uttered the formula; Dr. Minever uttered the formula, it chaelis eraded it every time it was pressed upon him, and in the inter-view between Count von Hertling and Poichetez leaders, before the Reichstag leaders, before Count would consent to take the Chancellorship, these resolutions were surprised, went after him without

permitted to drop out of sight overmuch heart. Sam managed to es-Hence Count Czernin and Dr. von Kuchlmann offer to surrender "what German blood has won," in the bit A growing weariness now made Joe's attacks spasmodic and wild. He German blood has won, in the ver-ter language of the Pan-German news-papers, some of which invite the pub-lic to hiss the Minister for Foreign Attains on his return to Berlin. Of was working his arms as if his hands had leaden weights attached to them. A harrowing anxiety appeared in his eyes. At the sight of it a little spring

Affairs on his return to Berlin. Of course, Czernin and von Kuchimann are not acting in good faith; they are hope. "Pretty near all in, eh?" he said. ful of overreaching the cowards with whom they are dealing. They hope yet, to retain a large part of Russia in order to save the prestige of the Kaiser and the army, and make the German people believe that they won

Joe, missing a wild swing. fell of his own momentum, anid general laugh-ter. Derision ate" the heart out of a great deay in the war. In the ulti-mate settlement the Allies will have the casting vote. They cannot afford to allow Germany to increase its power by annexing Russian Poland and the Baltic provinces. him. He rose with a hunted look in his eyes. Sam suddenly took the offensive, and rained a fusillade of blows on the damaged eye, the heart, of

But Germany has got to have peace the kidneys. Joe, taken by surprise, put up a feeble defense. very soon or succurab, and this is the meaning of the gambler at brest-Litovsk, who purports to have laid down his cards, but still has a sleeve

The next round was the last. Around Caribou Lake they still talk about it. A miracle took place before their eyes. David overcame Goliath at Jack beat down his own game. Jack beat dow giant. At the referee's word, Sam

sprang from his corner like a whirl-wind, landing right and left before Joe's guard was up. The weary big man was beaten to his knees. Struggling up, he tried to clinch, only to be met by another amashing blow in the face. He turned to escape, but the dancing figure with battering fists was ever in front.

He ewnt down again, and, stretching but on the floor, began to blub-

while hurried meals, broken rest, and much indoor living tend to weaken her constitution. No wonder that the woman at nome is often indisposed through weakness, headache,

back aches and nervousness. Too many women have grown to accept these visitations as a part of the visitations as a part of the lot of motherhood. But many and varied as her health troubles are, the cause is simple and the cure at hand. When well, it is the woman's good blood that keeps her well; when ill she must make her blood rich to renew. health. The nursing mother more than any other woman in the world needs rich blood and plenty of it.

There is one always unfailing way to get this good blood so necessary to perfect health and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new blood atundant-ly, and through their use thousands of weak, alling wives and möthers have been made bright, cheerful and strong. If you are ailing, easily tfred, or depressed, it is a duty you owe yourself and your family to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. What this medicine has cone for oth-What this medicine has cone for oth-ers it will surely do for you. Mrs. W. H. Alberry, Mallorytown, Ont., says: "I was very much run down and suffered from weakness and ner-vousness. At times I did not know what to do, as I would shake all over, and would have to go and lie down. I was treated by several doctors, who said the trouble was bad blood and weak nerves, but they did not do me a bit of good. I was advised to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills and they made me feel like a new woman. Later when I was nursing my baby, I felt

when I was nursing my baby, I felt rand down, and again took the pills, and my baby at six months weighed A SUCCESS. (Washington Star.) "Was this show gitten up to cheer up the tired nusiness man". "Yes," rejied the manager. "Yes," rejied the manager. "And it's doing the work." "How co you know?" "How co you know?" "How is stelling to be one of the wear-it's business men in, the business." "My wife's felines and Eta

medicine dealer or by mail postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.59 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Opt.

cally rule our house." "A case of 

of him.

giant.

"You're going to get licked, and you know it! There's fear in your eye. You always had a yellow streak. Cry-ing Joe Hagland!"