

rather fight than eat, it is safe to suppose that he has had some experience of victory. So that although they were two to one, while they were furious at being balked of their prey, they were yet very shy of the weight of his arm, knowing something of its powers. Besides, fighting in day time was not part of their method. For such as they the night has its advantages. None the less the doughty champion was pretty well warmed up when he heard the welcome sound of new voices. A dozen men entered the yard, led by one whom Hector recognized to be Captain Roberts, owner of a large fleet of grain vessels, under whom he had sailed for many years. But the wharf rats stayed not for welcoming. By ways known only to their kind they went, leaving Hector to make some little explanation of the occurrence. The girl proved to be the Captain's little daughter, but the few dollars Captain Roberts insisted upon Hector's taking would have been better withheld. The next night as he reeled out of one of the taverns along the bay front, two pairs of eyes that had been trained to see well in the dark were watching him. The night policeman found him at day-break with never a spark of animation in him, thrown behind a couple of logs in one of the darkest corners of the dock. What it was that scared them off before they had finished the job by throwing him weighted into the bay, he never knew. He had been stabbed in a dozen places and kicked into insensibility. The quantity of blood he lost before the policeman found him at dawn would have been too much for most men to lose. But when a man would rather fight than eat, some allowance must be made. He does not give up life easily.

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"Say, de last ting I knew dere

was a knife stuck up against me shoulder-bone, an den I felt a bang like me whole head was broke in ; an' I tinks to meself, kind of sleepy-like, 'Hector, yer' been troo a good many fights, but I guess its a go dis time, dee ye see ?

"Say, right after dat I woke up. First ting I seen was an angel. I taught I was dead, see. De angel had on a black dress an' white bibs an' tings. Dat's wat made me tink it was all right.

"'Is dis Heaven?' I says, after I taught about it fur a while. 'Is dis Heaven?' I says.

"De angel looked at me a little while an den says :

"'No. Dis ain't Heaven. Yer in a 'ospital an' yer been here about tree weeks.'

"All right, I says ; all right. See how it was ? I didn't know I'd been dere tree weeks. I taught I woke up right after dat last kick on de head."

"Well ?" said the Englishman, whose fine appreciation of the verities led him to expect that Hector would yet make good his boast about having been really in Heaven.

"Well," said Hector, indignantly ; "course I wasn't in Heaven altogether. But wen I woke up an' saw meself in de same place wid a Sister of Charity, I says to meself dis must be Heaven sure. Ye see I taught I was dead, of course. So I taught I was in Heaven, and dat's more den you'll ever do. I says to de Sister one day, I says, Sister wen I seen you I taught I must be in Heaven, but I didn't know how de archangel I ever got dere. Dat's right."

Only I regret to say that the archangel indicated was not the one who remained faithful. Ships and docks are not just the same as Sunday schools, and one must form his habits of language where he is reared.