

longer. I attacked him so suddenly that he was sent sprawling on the ground. He was up in an instant, and we mixed it pretty freely for a few minutes. We were about of a size although he was about a year older than I. We struggled fiercely for some time to the delight of the other boys present. My oponent chanced to turn half around, when I delivered a kick on the posterior part of his anatomy. He immediately began to cry, and for some reason or other I began to cry, too, and that ended our fight, to the disappointment of the boys. The teacher heard of it in some unaccountable way, and when school was called at one o'clock Angus and I were summoned to his desk. 'You boys were fighting, weren't you? Hold out your hands. I'll teach you to act like cats and dogs,' he exclaimed in a voice of thunder. To say I was frightened and received fearful punishment would be putting it mildly. I can almost feel the sting of that strap yet.

"When school was dismissed at four o'clock Angus and I had forgotten our differences and we were the best of friends, and have remained so ever after. I was rather proud of my part in the affair, and related it to my parents when I arrived home, but they sternly reproved me for the part I had taken in it."

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