

for ending to another taunt.

John looked to his father and saw the blood in his face. He assuredly appeared then as though he had an intention to make an end of the weazel hanging to his neck; but some other thought came to him and (though now with clenched fists) he plodded nervously on afresh, in a new resolve. But now, to be sure, his bearing was such that the crowd stayed aside from him, gave him passage freely.

But this was not enough for John.

For himself he could, all his life, stand a deal of abuse and smile on the giver. But a word against family, a word against his secretly beloved, and John was neither to hold nor bind.

"No word of that!" he cried, wheeling and leaping.

White and glaring-eyed he smote the weazel under the chin, following the blow, the only way one can describe his attack seems to be by saying, with himself; hurled himself on the man as he staggered back, falling down in the crowd that parted and then encircled.

I am painting the picture of no hero of melodrama, whatever I may be painting, and I have to tell you the truth.

"I will have no word of my——"

The crowd heard John cry so much in a voice that appalled with its blent, youthful timbre and its madness. He had flung himself on the fallen man, and they both were now struggling and smiting. Either the weazel did, or Upcott imagined that he did, while cuffing and gripping, try to bite

his hand.

Upcott, a strength, own ribs grown, an

Then he knew) stand a gulping voices, aln

"All right Englishman

The man as the crowd whole thing minute.

They we passed from eyes, the fatherly boy, and J phrase is, and would not demnatory between father

Upcott has with a side ordinary. (fatherly on

"Now, John round with You can run fancy."

But John