

"By heaven! if he strikes my father I'll fight wi' him till I kill him!" exclaimed Aleck, savagely.

Some one standing by, eager for a fight, carried the remark to Surly Tim, who smiled sardonically, and striding up to the venerable old man, dealt him a blow which felled him to the earth.

From all sides rushed the relatives of the fallen man, and Surly Tim would soon have been pounded till beyond recognition, had not Red Aleck, with a thunderous voice, exclaimed:

"Leave him to me! Leave him to me!"

"Yes," shouted Strong Archie, "leave him to Aleck. If he canna finish him, I will mysel' tear him limb fra limb." Nor was this an idle boast from the man who had been known to hold back a pair of wild oxen.

At once a ring was formed, and into it stepped Red Aleck and Surly Tim; the latter cool and wary, but inwardly quaking; the former exasperated by countless insults, and filled with a wrath that more than doubled his stupendous strength. I would like to describe a long and bloody battle, but the high witness from whom I heard this story assures me, and I never

knew him to tell a lie, that it was all ended in one blow. And such a blow! No sooner were they together in the ring than Red Aleck, with a shout of exultant rage, dashed at Surly Tim, and struck him upon the breast. Vain was the boxer's science; vain his feeble attempt to turn aside that ponderous fist. As unswerving as a huge claymore opposed by a willow wand, fell the avenging blow; and, as an empty barrel is lifted and hurled shoreward by the impulse of a resistless wave, so Surly Tim was lifted and hurled to the ground, full ten feet from where he had stood. Onlookers say that when the blow struck, and before he reached the ground, the blood spurted from his mouth, nose and ears. When they picked him up he was dead; the blow had crushed in the ribs and breastbone, and, in all probability, had ruptured the heart.

Men talk of that blow to-day. It is needless to say that no more prize-fighters were imported by the ship-builder; and the Lion of Scotland, from that time forth, reared itself, unopposed, above the Leopards of England.

Boston, Mass.

THE SIGH OF LOVE.

Red were her lips, her eyes soft blue;
She was kind and good as heaven is true;
Her smile was sweet, her graces coy;—
I loved her, lost her, when a boy.

And now the stars, the earth, the sea,
And thunder are the same to me,
Alas! for me all joys are o'er,—
The brightest rose perfumes no more.

The thorny pathways of this life
Seem but the lengthening hours of strife;
I feel much poorer than the poor
That beg and starve from door to door.

J. A. RADFORD.