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Bragshaw. "I'll lay four to one Richmond holds the field," he shouted, raising the odds once more.

Looking at Richmond as he stood there in the morning sun, there was reason for his supporter's confidence. The black had sobered somewhat after his walk, although he was still sufficiently under the influence of his excesses to move unsteadily, and there was an unnatural gleam in his dark, wild eyes. There was no mistaking the figure of the man. A little too stout, his black torso was massive with muscular strength, the shoulders and upper arms bulging every time he lazily stretched himself in the sunlight. He had proved a game fighter on many occasions, and as one looked at his gnarled, muscular trunk one could see any amount of power there to put behind his blows. He stood in the centre of the ring awhile sniffing the air defiantly, and at last went to the corner where his seconds were grouped.

"Bring along that chawbacon," he shouted with a lurid oath, "and I'll cook him and eat him for my breakfast," a sally which was after the taste of the ringside, and set his supporters roaring.

Almost before the roar had died away Richmond saw the crowd round the ropes open out, and the white man stepped nonchalantly into the ring.

"Ah! here comes the Game Chicken at last," called a Corinthian, making play with Hen Pearce's contracted Christian name.

Another roar of delighted laughter greeted this sample of Corinthian humour, and for the rest of his career Pearce was better known to his peculiar public as the Game Chicken, a name which stuck to him throughout his life.