

Simon clutched it eagerly.

"Ay," he said, gathering courage, "I will do that for you, Mr. Joliff, and just for love and a'."

"And A'll do that for thee!" said the still Englishman, jerked him into half-arm reach, and smote him like thunder—"Just for love and a'!"

He dropped Danny and fell upon the other like a tempest, smiting hugely.

"Call yo' sen an Englishman!" he bellowed. "Ma guy! ma gosh! A'll learn thee!" (blow) "yo' bloody-minded" (blow) "double-dutch" (blow) "Frenchified" (blow) "Roosian Prooshian" (blow) "made in Gummanee," and felled him.

"Stan' oop!" roared the Englishman. "Stan' oop! A ain't reetly begun on thee yet! Stan' oop, I say!"

"What for?" whined Simon, wriggling.

"That A may fell thee!" roared the Englishman.

"I'd liefer lay," whimpered Simon, "if it's the same to you."

"Get oop!" stormed the other. "Get oop! ma guy! or A'll tread thee," and he began to.

Simon wriggled, rose, and shifty as lightning, slipped out of fist reach.

Then he turned, babbling, blubbering.

"Ye shall hang for this, ye bloody Englisher!" he screamed. "Ye've murdered me past mendin'! Ye've banged me sore! You are not his Honour that you can murder folks when you've the mind!—ye bloody foreign Englisher!"

"Hod awa' wi' thee!" stormed the Englishman, coming on. "Ma guy! ma gosh! If A lay hand to thee, it'll like to be t' end o' thee, yo' miserable, mangy, all mak' o' mongrel!"

"Pay me my penny fee!" screamed Simon, dancing out of reach, "and I will away and tell his Honour I am murdered quite, and he will hang you."

The Englishman thrust his hand into a huge pocket, pulled out a penny, spat on it, and slammed it at Simon's face.

"Tak' it!" he roared. "It's the price o' blood. And may it bring thee the luck o' Judas!"