

giant. "Not yet, but it would furnish a good subject," coolly replied the same. A loud laugh from our boys followed and its sound had scarcely died away before the fight was on.

Sudden as was the outset the caution was observed that only the very best one in our force should pit himself against the bully, and although it appeared a task too great for him to attempt, our unbounded faith in his cleverness and fighting qualities buoyed us with the belief that he could keep him too busily engaged to think of anything else. Our hope was more than realized, for strength and even ugliness added could not successfully encounter an acquired knowledge of fighting agility, and effective hitting powers. The lesser combatants injured to fight used due coldness and caution, but a vindictive purpose incensed all this day to tussle gallantly and make a supreme effort to win. In the meantime something happened which terminated the battle earlier than either side expected. One of our boys spied at some little distance a pile of stones; he hurried thither and brought back one heavy enough for him to handle with a little ease. He instantly went up to within easy reach of "His Majesty," whose great endurance to stand punishment was his truest quality, and pitched the stone with all his force upon his great toe, completely crushing it. He instantly collapsed and exclaimed with all the breath he could command: "Oh! my toe is bruk! it is bruk! it is bruk!" "Run baies," or "they will murder us! run!" So, suiting the action to the word, holding the injured foot up, he turned on the other big one toward home, but he hardly made a couple of hops when the same instrument of war was thrown again striking the heel of the one now alone depended on, when, regardless of the pain of both, he bolted into a run shouting alternately: "Follow me, baies, or you'll be stoned to death!" "Oh! my toe is bruk!" Our adversaries, though they showed more than usual pluck in the combat, seeing that he, in whom