

my prisoner, but only to be myself grappled by the ruffian, and down we fell, locked together.

A wild cat in activity and a bull in strength, he was near getting the better of me when I managed to get him by the throat, and, presently, had him choked to docility, I thought.

But just as I was rising off him, the Chiricahua bronco, Apache Kid, handed him a club, through the head of which a spike was driven. In the same instant one of my helpers passed me a club.

To be sure, I wore my pistol; but since I never could get my own consent to fight an enemy with any other weapon than such as he himself wielded, at it we flew.

Round and round we circled, crouching, leaping, dodging, he positively growling, like the beast he was.

For me especially it was take no chances that could be sidestepped, for one crack on the head with his spiked war club would be sure to finish me.

So all my energies were in play to avoid a blow until I could disarm him.

Presently, on a counter of a blow of his that nearly paralysed my right arm, I contrived to break his. Then, before I could recover full self-control, I gave him two cracks on the head that left him fluttering along the crest of the last divide of life for several weeks.

This club duel served to give Fryer's new deputy such a local "rep" that, transferred from the custodianship of the jail to more active service