

like one of Hine's 57. In fact, she could hardly Bear the Payne and had to make frequent use of her Kaempfer bottle.

It wuz his turn to get Cross den, and he used his Klapper to give a Knox to de Marshall.

Dat wuz his finish. She Towl him to go, and he Wendt to papa.

When de old boy Herd what he had to say, he got mad as a Hatter, and went cussing and Deming around. "Great Scott," he said, "that Marshall is Lazear than a Chicago street Carr, and if I catch him around here I'll Lynch him if I have to go to de Penn for it."

Papa felt bad. He had Hoops dat his daughter would marry a Noble, even if it did mean his Coffeen up a dowry. If his daughter married an ordinary Marshall it would Roen his name. She might just as well marry a Poor Schumacker.

But he wuz too Smart to tell dis to de Marchese. He said:

"Is your Armstrong?"

"Strong enough for my Marchetti."

"You may fight him with Speers for all I care, only if you want to make his chances any Slimmer you must Banta him into a fight and then Pierce him thro de Hart."

A Saner man would have thought twice about it, but de Marchese wuz as stubborn as a Mueller something worse. Dat night he met de Marshall on de Main street, rushed up to him and accused him of stealing a Paradise.

De Marshall replied by hitting him a few Phillips on de cheek, and den de fight began.