

A Leg-Up From Arizona Jim!



by

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The famous Indian scout and his two "pards" have their own methods of doing a good turn

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Pretty Hopeless Search.

ARIZONA JIM, famous all over the Western states of America as an Indian agent—also as a helper of lame dogs over stiles—breathed delicately on his monocle. Then he adjusted it into his eye to his full satisfaction. After which he smiled, and held out a brown but excellently manicured hand.

"Any pal of Left-Hand Britton's is sure of a shake from me," he said. "You'll be British, too, I take it?"

The stranger grinned. He was a sizeable youngster—perhaps nineteen years old. Arizona Jim was fairly tall, and had a good width of shoulder—though he dressed in a dandified fashion that was calculated to disguise the muscularity of his form. But this youngster whom Left-Hand Britton had brought along to be introduced was taller and broader. There was a certain hardness about the stranger's jaw, too, which Arizona liked to see in a man. It spoke of character.

"Thanks," said Frank Fletcher. "I've heard a lot about you, and Lord Crichton here"—he glanced at Left-Hand Britton—"has told me the best part of it in the short time I've known him."

"Say," said a tall, lanky, lantern-jawed fellow, dressed very much to the cowboy pattern; and there was a decided earnestness in his tone, "while Left-Hand was talkin' about Arizona here, did he by any chance tell ye how bad I was? Wal, I wanter say I'm the baddest man ever. Yep. I guess there never was any feller so bad. I'm a wolf. I howl sometimes. Hear me. Ow-ow-ool!"

They were sitting in the smoke-room of an hotel in Apache, which was the name of a cow-town in southern Wyoming. It was a well-built hotel, but the howl that Arizona Jim's "bad-man" partner emitted almost lifted the roof from it. It also fetched a Chinese waiter in, in a hurry. This yellow individual also did not know, apparently, how "bad" Phil Hicks was, for, as Phil sat there in his chair, howling like the wild wolf he claimed to be, the celestial just stared at him with his almond eyes, and rubbed his hands together in a puzzled manner.

"Yep," Bad Phil went on, ending his howling, "I'm so bad that if any thief, murderer, incendiary, rustler, or real-estate dealer said 'Shucks!' to me, I'd jest chew him up small an' spit the pieces out. That's how bad I am." After which he quietened down, and began to roll a cigarette.

"You wantee doctor man for your pard?"

asked the Chinese waiter, addressing Arizona Jim.

Bad Phil Hicks, at that, broke out again in another place. He flashed one of his two guns this time. The Chinaman jumped two feet in the air in his surprise and alarm. The revolver exploded, and a bullet bored a neat hole in the floor-board close to the Chink's felt-slippered feet. The Chinaman jumped again.

"Ow-ool! I'm bad!" yelled Phil. "Beat it, or I'll use ye the same as the estate dealer, etcetera! Hup! Maybe so——" But the Chinaman fled ignominiously. He, evidently, believed that the really harmless Phil Hicks was every bit as bad as he wanted people to think he was.

Arizona Jim smiled indulgently at the hotel-keeper who, his face full of alarm, came in immediately afterwards.



Bad Phil Hicks flashed his gun and sent a bullet sizzling into the floor-boards bare inches from the scared Chinaman's slippered feet. "Ow-ool! I'm a real bad man!" yelled Phil as he fired. (See Chapter 1.)

I was mighty glad to meet my old pal."

"He's got a great yarn to tell, too," said Left-Hand Britton smiling. "As soon as I heard it, I thought you'd like to hear it, too, Arizona. You might be able to help him, too. You're always ready to help decent people."

Arizona Jim lifted his eyebrows at Fletcher. "Don't see how you can help me, Arizona," said Fletcher. "I am just looking for a man—and I've got to find him in six months."

"Name?" asked Arizona Jim promptly.

"Hinkson," said Fletcher promptly. "Used to be heavy-weight boxing champion of Western Canada."

"Boxing?" asked Bad Phil Hicks. "Say, I ain't great on boxin', but when it comes to bein' real bad—"

"I've got to find Hinkson," said Fletcher, "and fight him—also beat him—in six months' time. That's all. But I can't get on his track at all. He's vanished from the ring entirely."

"Hinkson—a boxer," said Arizona Jim thoughtfully. "No, I'm not sure I know him. I may have heard of him when he was boxing. But—you must be a hefty youngster, who'll set out to beat an ex-heavy-weight champion at his own trade!" he added. Yet he eyed Fletcher over admiringly. Arizona Jim could weigh up a man better, perhaps, than most people.

"Tell Arizona the whole yarn," said Left-Hand Britton. "It's interesting, even if Arizona mayn't be able to help."

"Oh," said Fletcher, "it's just—well, it's a foolish story, really. Three years ago, against the wishes of my only relative—a very rich uncle—I came out to Canada. My uncle wanted me to go into his business, which was city work, and I hated it. Uncle was fed up about it. He was also fed up because I was so mad-keen on boxing in those days."

"Business before pleasure, eh?" laughed Arizona Jim.

"He always believed in business and never any pleasure," said Fletcher. "Anyway, after about three years' knocking about and doing no good for myself, I pocketed my pride and asked my uncle if he'd advance me enough capital to buy a bit of a ranch out West, so I could start and be something useful.

Of course, I offered to pay him back in yearly instalments."

"And he refused, of course?" asked Arizona Jim.

"Not quite. But he evidently had a great old brain-wave. He always was a cynical old chap. Never believed I was much good at boxing. He said he would buy me the finest ranch that was for sale in Canada or the States—even if it cost a hundred thousand dollars—if I were to prove to him that I'd met and fought, and beaten, Hinkson, the heavy-weight champion of Western Canada—as my uncle thought he was then."

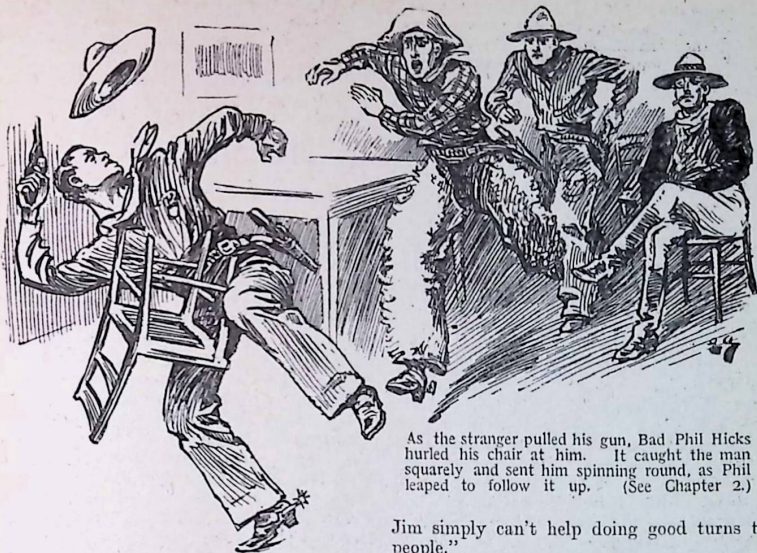
"How did yer uncle know who was champ o' Western Canada?" Bad Phil Hicks wanted to know. "Gee! Couldn't I be bad for a ranch worth a hundred thousand simoleons!"

"Oh, he evidently saw the name in an old boxing paper I'd left behind at home, and picked on it as being good enough for his purpose. Of course, Uncle Seth never imagines I could do a job like that. He thinks his money's safe enough. The worst of it is, time's getting short; I've only six months left; been looking for Hinkson for six months. Perhaps you don't know it, but Hinkson, about a year ago, vanished entirely, under suspicious circumstances. The police up in Canada think he'd something to do with a big bank-robbery that took place in Regina. Well, Hinkson threw away his championship, and just disappeared. That's where the hard part comes in—to find out where the man is. After then, maybe, I could get him to consent to meet me. Maybe I'd have to offer him a good stake, he being a pro, but I know darned well I'd fight like the deuce—just so I could give my uncle one in the eye and make him buy me a ranch!"

"A man who makes conditions like that deserves to be landed," said Arizona Jim heartily, "especially if he can afford it."

"My uncle's worth over a million British pounds," said Fletcher simply, "and he's got nobody to leave the cash to. He won't leave it to me, I know. But I'd like to tear the price of the Double-Five Ranch out of him. However—"

"I'm only sorry, lad," said Arizona Jim, "that I don't know where to lay my hands on



As the stranger pulled his gun, Bad Phil Hicks hurled his chair at him. It caught the man squarely and sent him spinning round, as Phil leaped to follow it up. (See Chapter 2.)

Hinkson. If, as you say, he vanished so suddenly and has kept out of sight for so long, he's either dead, in prison, or living under another name. Now, my pards and I knock about a good deal, and we meet many strange people. Well, if we do happen to hear of Hinkson, we'll certainly let you know. You must leave us an address we can write or wire to."

"You're very decent," said Fletcher. "As you say, you get about a lot while you're doing your work. I've got to stop at certain places to earn my living. But I intend to keep on trying till the next six months are up."

"You needn't thank me," said Arizona Jim, simply. "You're Left Hand Britton's pal. Britton is one of my two pards, who've already done enough for me to put me into their debt for life, and—"

"Rot," said Britton, quickly. "It's the other way about, Fletcher, old chap. Arizona

Jim simply can't help doing good turns to people."

"Jest the same as I can't help bein' right bad," said Phil Hicks. "But what Arizona says goes. We'll jest look around for that Hinkson hombre. An', ef we find him, I hopes I sees the fight." He felt Fletcher's biceps critically. He seemed satisfied with them. "But it ain't muscle as makes a feller as bad as me," he said. "It's just plumb cussedness as does that. Say, hear me howl again!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER

The Man with the Medal

THREE or four weeks later Arizona Jim and his pards sat in the smoke-room of another hotel, in another town—also in another State. They were in Colorado now, and Arizona Jim was working in his capacity of Indian agent for the Indian Department at Washington.

"Think there's soon goin' to be a chance to be right bad?" asked Phil Hicks, as he rolled

himself a cigarette. "Gee! We do shore seem to've struck a mild patch right here."

"Wait and see," said Arizona Jim, smiling. "Anyway, we're a deal nearer Tough Smallwood's gang here than we were last night."

"Wal," said Phil Hicks, "I jest wanter meet that Tough Smallwood, an' then he'll l'arn as he can't go murderin' redskins with impunity—not while I'm around."

It was a fact that Arizona Jim and his pards were on the trail of a very notorious outlaw, the leader of a gang of rustlers, train-robbers, and worse. Not that Arizona Jim was employed by any county or state to do the work of the sheriffs. Arizona Jim, personally, had nothing to say about Smallwood and his gang as a gang. It was the fact that Smallwood himself had murdered a Crowfoot Indian a month before that Arizona was interested in. For Arizona's work was to look after the Indians of the States. He had the responsibility of seeing that the red men got a square deal from the whites. Which is why he was kept so constantly busy at the task he loved.

He wanted Smallwood, because he had killed an Indian. All Indians to Arizona Jim were his children. Even the bad ones got a square deal from that very influential agent. Many an injustice would have been suffered by the redskins but for the watchfulness and swift justice of the man who was above mere sheriffs of counties in his influence. Even governors of states respected that dandified Indian agent.

So, though the sheriffs were supposed to see to it that Smallwood and his gang committed no more crimes, Arizona had set himself the task of assuring vengeance for the death of that Crowfoot Indian whom Smallwood had killed. Justice, as understood by the Indians, demanded it. It would give the Crowfoot's people little satisfaction to know that Smallwood had been hanged for rustling; they wanted him to pay for the death of one of their kind.

So, here in Cactus City, Colorado, Arizona Jim camped down for one night only, after wandering about the state for many days. And, so faultless was the Indian agent in his trailing of men, that he knew he would very

soon have the chance of meeting Smallwood and arresting him.

"When we see Smallwood," said Arizona Jim, "you can be just as bad as you like, lad. But don't kill him, whatever you do. See?"

"Yep," said Phil Hicks. "I won't be so bad as all that. Now— Hallo! 'Evenin', stranger!"

A youngish man had walked into the smoke-room. Just inside the doorway he stood and looked about the room. He favoured the three occupants of it with a cool stare.

He was a fairly big man, of, perhaps, twenty-seven years of age. He was dressed roughly, and carried two guns at his belt. There was a bulkiness about the shoulders that denoted great strength; yet he did not look to be the fittest man in that room, by any means.

He carried—something of a rarity amongst the men Arizona Jim met with in his travels—a gold-watch-chain, which apparently kept a watch secure in the pocket of his shirt. From this chain dangled a pendant of gold. It looked like some sort of medal.

"Good-night," grunted this fellow. "Say, I jest wanter know—where's the sheriff of this burg?"

"Best find out at his office," said Arizona Jim. "Why?"

"'Cause," said the other, with a grin, "I don't like sheriffs—that's why. Say—what the Sam Hill are ye starin' at?"

"You—and your watch-chain," said Arizona Jim coolly.

The man started, and eyed the dandified Indian agent more closely. His hands went to the guns that swung at his hip.

"Say—what's the big wheeze?" he asked. "Guess—say, air ye sheriffs, or suthin'?"

"Nope," said Bad Phil Hicks, and came to his feet. His eyes began to sparkle. "Guess we're some better'n sheriffs, son, and—"

"Say—up with 'em!" shouted the stranger. He flashed a gun in a trice. But before he could get it rightly sighted on any one of the party Phil Hicks went "bad." Here was a chance such as the would-be "bad" man always loved.

Hicks picked up the chair upon which he had sat, gave a howl, and hurled the article of



Phil reared his well-trained horse, and the animal came down with all its weight on Smallwood's mount, sending the man headlong from the saddle. (See Chapter 2.)

furniture straight at the gunman. It caught the big fellow on the shoulder, with such a force that he was spun around. And, even as the chair was flying, Bad Phil sprang forward, and with a lusty kick, sent his drawn gun flying through the air.

"I'm bad—right bad!" howled Hicks. "Say, this is a great old howlin' night for me!"

"Look out!" shouted Left-Hand Britton at this point, for the big stranger had recovered himself somewhat, and was reaching for his other gun. But Britton sprang forward also, and caught the weapon by the butt. A moment later the fellow was unarmed, and knew he had made a very big mistake. For he found himself confronted by two guns in the hands of Britton and Phil Hicks. Arizona Jim, knowing the efficiency of his partners, just sat there coolly, breathing on his monocle, smiling quietly.

"So that's the end of your outbreak, pard, is it?" he asked. "I guess I don't know why you should launch out like that. We've

nothing against you—that I know of. Ah, you've dropped something!"

The gold medal that had dangled at the end of the man's watch-chain had come off in the short, sharp struggle.

He stooped to pick it up, and its owner began to do the same. But Phil Hicks gave a a howl, and the fellow jerked his hands towards the ceiling again. Apparently, he thought more of those two levelled guns than he thought of his trinket.

Arizona gave the medal a single glance, then handed it over to its owner, bowing gracefully as he did so. His manner puzzled the stranger considerably, but he took the medal, and slipped it into one of the pockets of his chaps.

"No," said the Indian agent, "I've got nothing against you, my lad. So, Phil, let him put his hands down. But don't get too jumpy, my friend, with us. We're rather used to tackling emergencies."

"Wal," said the other, with a jerky laugh, "I thought ye were sheriffs or suthin' o'

the kind. Howso, I s'pose I better beat it."

"What's your name?" asked Arizona Jim.

"Jenkinson," was the reply, which came quite pat. "An' yourn?"

"My own business," said Arizona Jim sharply. "Anyway, you can go now—but don't get fresh again with strangers. They don't all like it. Where are you making for? Looking for a job?"

"Yep—but not with you," was the reply. "Say, I'll not be forgettin' this way youse fellers double-crossed me. There's things I don't like, neither." With which he swaggered out jauntily, or as jauntily as was possible in the circumstances.

"Jack," said Arizona sharply, "you're a first-class trailer. Keep your eye on that fellow, and don't let him see you're doing it. Tell me where he fetches up, will you?"

Left-Hand Britton did not ask for any reasons why. He was always ready to obey his beloved chief and partner implicitly, whatever Arizona Jim wanted doing. Accordingly, he slipped out of the hotel at once, and saw the figure of the blusterful stranger vanishing up the street.

Three hours later, Britton came back with his report.

"He mounted," the youngster announced, "and rode out of town, heading eastwards. I got my horse out and followed him. He rode to the Madre Mountains, and, well in a canyon, he struck a camp full of men. I got close enough to see what he did and heard what he said.

"Seemed a pretty secret sort of place, and took a bit of getting to it," went on Britton. "Looked a permanent sort of an affair, too. Plenty of horses about, and stores galore. A few cattle were grazing near by. Well, Jenkinson went there, and I heard him talking to a fellow who seemed to be a sort of boss there."

"Describe that boss," said Arizona Jim. And Britton began a close description of the man, who appeared to be a smallish fellow, of about forty, with a long knife-scar on his cheek. "Saw that scar in the light of a

camp fire," he said, "Well, Jenkinson seemed to ask for work. The boss of this camp wanted to know how Jenkinson had found him out there. I didn't get Jenkinson's reply. But Jenkinson said he was wanted by police and sheriffs all over the continent, and had got sick of trying to go straight. Would the boss give him a job?"

"That camp is Tough Smallwood's," said Arizona Jim. "In carrying out my orders so well, my boy, you've helped us to bring off the job that brought us here. And so Smallwood's so near as that, is he? And our pal Jenkinson wants a job as rustler and train-robber, eh?"

"Said he wanted a job and a place where he could be safe from the sheriffs," said Britton. "I say, I wish I'd known that that was Smallwood's place. I'd have had a shot at arresting Smallwood myself."

"Perhaps as well you didn't heard the lion in that particular den," smiled Arizona Jim. "You're quick on the draw—but I don't want you shot yet. No, lad; we'll do this thing cannily."

But he went out forthwith and saddled up his horse. His partners did the same thing, and Phil Hicks began to chortle to himself, for it looked to him just then as though, before long, he were going to have a chance to be bad again.

Left-Hand Britton led the way. Straight for the Madre Mountains they all rode, and less than an hour and a half later they all drew rein, as they entered the canyon in which Britton had said he had found Smallwood's outlaw camp.

"Now, I think we might dismount and go the rest of the way on foot," said Arizona. "Our horses might start their whinneying—Hallo! Somebody coming!"

There was a high wall of sheer rock at either hand of them, and the moon cast a strong shadow into the gulch in which they were. Into this shadow they turned their horses. They could hear the sound of trotting horses, also the voices of talking men; the sounds grew louder every second.

In half a minute two horsemen came level with the hidden three. The moonlight fell full

upon their faces. One was easily recognisable as Jenkinson. The other was not known to either Bad Phil Hicks or Britton—until Arizona Jim spoke softly.

"That's Smallwood," he said. "Now, Phil—as bad as you like!"

The two horsemen were exactly abreast of them when Phil Hicks whipped a gun out. He gave out no howl then. But he spurred his horse right at the pair near him.

These two drew rein sharply, and exclamations broke from them. But the thing was over in a few seconds. For Phil Hicks just blazed away a couple of rounds of ammunition, then lifted his horse so that the well-trained creature reared almost upright, then came down with all its weight on the withers of the animal Smallwood was riding. And Britton, gun in left hand, rode up to Jenkinson and presented his weapon at him.

Smallwood, with a yell, came to earth, his horse almost on top of him. Before he could arise, Arizona Jim had dismounted, and, with a couple of clicks, had clapped a pair of steel handcuffs upon his wrists.

"Gee! Hadn't hardly time to be bad!" panted Phil Hicks, as he looked down on the outlaws' leader. "And—"

"Shut up, Phil," said Arizona. "Catch Smallwood's horse. We want to get out of here as quick as we can, in case others have heard the row."

Smallwood's horse was easily caught, and

its owner was made to mount. Smallwood—a mean-looking rat of a man—obeyed grumbly.

"I've got you for the murder of a Crowfoot Indian back in Wyoming," Arizona Jim said. "So you needn't worry about what the local sheriff will do to you. Understand that?"

He eyed Jenkinson, who was disarmed now, and sitting dejectedly on his horse. Smallwood began to make explanations.

"Guess I ain't done nothin', boss," he said. "I'll allow I was thinkin' o' going off to rob a bank with—"

"Shut up," said Arizona Jim sharply.

"I'll talk to you later, my friend. I'll be wanting you."

THE THIRD CHAPTER

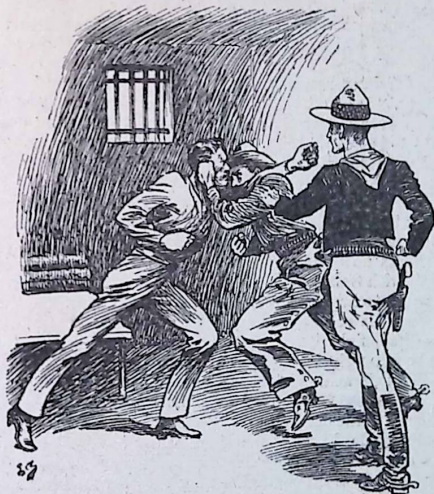
Stage-managed by
Arizona Jim!

"It's this way," I said Arizona Jim, and a humorous little smile quirked his firm, handsome lips. "There's a fellow here in my charge who wants teaching a severe lesson. So I've called on you to teach it him. Now will you oblige me?"

"Well," said Frank Fletcher, looking rather puzzled, "of

course, as you're a friend of Britton's, I'll do anything for you, Arizona. But—"

"We caught a bad rustler and murderer last week," said Arizona, "and with him was a young fellow who, maybe, isn't too bad at heart. But he was just on the brink of turning rustler himself. Now this fellow, I can plainly



Fletcher thumped a capable left fist to Jenkinson's ear, and the pair were going at it hammer and tongs ere Arizona Jim could interfere. (See Chapter 13.)

see, has been an athlete of sorts at one time, and has only gone to seed because he's—well, he's at a loose end. I have it in my mind that if he came up against a real live athlete he would be reminded of what he used to be himself. So what I want you to do with this fellow is to pick a quarrel with him, and fight it out, either gloves or bare knuckles."

"Well, I'm dashed!" said Fletcher, and eyed Bad Phil Hicks and Left-Hand Britton in amazement. "And you wired for me to come all this way just for that?"

"I did," said Arizona Jim, "just for that. You see, it's a hobby of mine, helping lame dogs over stiles, and here's a lame dog wants helping over one. I think a fairly good hiding at the hands of an expert would serve to bring that fellow, Jenkinson, up with a jerk. Then he might turn over a new leaf and become some sort of a man."

"Which," Left-Hand Britton murmured to himself, grinning quietly, "is about the most unconvincing yarn I've ever known Arizona Jim to tell. But we'll let it go at that."

"Oh, well," said Fletcher, with a shrug, "I hate fighting fellows I've got no grudge against. But if, as you say, it might do him a bit of good—well, where is he?"

"I've got him in the calaboose here," said Arizona Jim. "He thinks he's under arrest for being in partnership with Smallwood. He doesn't know what's going to happen to him, either, and—well, he's got his nerves on such an edge that I'm sure he'll fight if he's got half an excuse. So make him fight!"

"Show me where he is," said Fletcher, feeling his biceps.

Arizona Jim led the way to the calaboose of this Colorado town, and, inside, Fletcher was ushered in to a cell-like apartment, which was furnished very plainly, with a table, a stool, and a bunk-bed. Upon the bunk a young man was lying—Jenkinson.

He came to his feet when he saw who his visitors were. He seemed to be in an evil humour.

"Say," he shouted, "I want to know what's goin' to happen to me. Ye can't keep a free man penned up in jail without tryin' him. I do know that much about the law. Yet I been shut up here four days—"

"Shut up, you fool!" said Frank Fletcher curtly.

"Eh?" asked Jenkinson, starting. "Talkin' to me, ye boob?"

"Yes," said Fletcher. "I'm talking to you—a fool who can't keep straight without—"

He ducked the next moment, for Jenkinson had lashed out furiously at him with the only weapon left to him—a capable left fist.

There was no doubt about what Frank Fletcher did in return. He countered, and caught Jenkinson a resounding thump on the ear.

At that, Arizona Jim thrust his dandily-dressed form between the two, and there was a sweet smile on his face.

"Outside for this work," he said. "There's a yard at the back of the jail. I guess the sheriff won't mind if we use it for a minute or two. Oh, you two quarrelsome boys!"

There were quiet, mysterious smiles on the faces of Left-Hand Britton and Bad Phil Hicks as the amazed Jenkinson, followed by the firm-lipped Frank Fletcher, was led outside. There was a sizeable courtyard at the back of the calaboose. And they, the five of them, had it all to themselves.

"You want me to fight this boob?" asked Jenkinson, eyeing the clean-looking Fletcher with marked disfavour. "Why?"

"To teach you a lesson and some manners," said Arizona Jim. "You need them! Now, don't be a mad hat. After that fight you're going to be given a day's start of the sheriffs, and that'll give you a chance to dodge. So fight. If you don't, by heck, I'll have you up as an accomplice of Smallwood's. And the judge'll believe me."

"Oh, all right," said Jenkinson. But he seemed quieter in his manner now. He tore his shirt off over his head, and spat into his hands. Frank Fletcher, at Arizona Jim's suggestion, also stripped to the waist. In a few moments both were ready for the fray.

It was a good fight. Both Left-Hand Britton and Bad Phil Hicks enjoyed every second of it—perhaps Arizona Jim did, too, though he never said so. It was the sort of fight Left-Hand Britton had often read about. It was a genuine set-to with the raw 'uns.

Frank Fletcher was by far the fitter fellow

of the two. There was something rather short-winded and flabby about Jenkinson; probably the man had been smoking too many cigarettes prior to his arrest. But, from the start, it was apparent that Jenkinson was no mean exponent of the noble art.

The way he threw himself into position told the spectators much about his ability. The way he snugged his chin into the hollow of his left shoulder betrayed the fact that he knew how to put up a good guard. The way he held his left ready to strike at any instant, his feet set ready to advance, retire, side-step one way or the other, all told Frank Fletcher, himself a boxer of merit, that he would have a handful of work to do, to oblige his eccentric friend, Arizona Jim.

There were three full rounds of it. Left-Hand Britton kept time, while Arizona Jim constituted himself referee. Arizona Jim soon showed that he knew more than a little about boxing, and twice he had to check Jenkinson for work that was anything but square and above-board. Jenkinson tried the favourite American stunt of boring into his opponent closely, then suddenly jerking up his head, in the hope of catching him under the chin and shaking him badly in that manner. But, though but an amateur boxer, Frank Fletcher was wise to that, as he was wise to other shady tricks, and, at the end of the first round, there was little to choose between the two as to the way in which they had stood the gruelling each had given and received.

Half-way through the second round, however, the question of fitness began to tell. Too many cigarettes—perhaps too much bootlegged whisky, too—had left their mark on Jenkinson. He began to breathe shortly; his chest rose and fell labor-

iously. He began, further, to pant out abusive remarks to his antagonist; another American habit amongst boxers. But he could not "rattle" Frank with his offensiveness. All through it, Fletcher kept cool, and just boxed.

"Guess I want to hear from ye," panted Jenkinson, after Fletcher had boxed defensively for a while, in order to avoid a series of whirlwind blows that the other sent in, having lashed himself up for the moment to a state of almost savage ferocity.

"You shall," said Fletcher, and, with a stiff, straight left, jolted Jenkinson in the ribs—a blow that fetched a red patch up on his chest, and which made him gasp. "And again," he added; this time it was an uppercut that caught the other on the point.

For the first time in the fight a fighter went to the ground. The man to fall was Jenkinson. Before he had come to his feet, even while the referee was counting Jenkinson out, Left-Hand Britton announced



Jenkinson lay on the floor, dead to the world, a long time after he had been counted out. "Well done lad!" exclaimed Arizona Jim as he gripped Fletcher's hand.

that this, the second round, was at an end.

The third opened hotly. Jenkinson wasted his failing strength in a mad attempt to get Fletcher down and out quickly. For Jenkinson had it working at the back of his mind that he would return to that cell for trial if he lost the fight; though there was no such arrangement as that.

He spoilt himself by his ferocity. Fletcher kept cool, and, though he did not try for any knock-out at first, he sent in several jolting punches which left Jenkinson distinctly the worse for wear.

It was after the round had been in progress two minutes and forty seconds that Fletcher saw his chance. Jenkinson was rocking on his feet, was longing for the call of time. Fletcher feinted at the man's heart. Jenkinson dropped his guard to meet it; then he received a crashing blow fairly on the chin, which jerked his head back with a click. The man groaned; his knees gave way beneath him. He slid to the floor, and was there, dead to the world, for a long time after he had been counted out.

"Well done, lad!" said Arizona Jim, holding out his hand. "I'm sure you've done what I wanted you to do. Now, wait till he's able to sit up and take notice. I want him to talk to you."

Soon Jenkinson, a limp man, was sitting up. He seemed dazed and quite unable to believe that he had been soundly thrashed. Further, he did not seem very clear in the head at first.

"Gosh!" he said. "A boob like that—beats me—me—Huh!"

Fletcher held out his hand frankly.

"No hard feelings?" he said. "Hope I didn't hurt you too much?"

"Guess ye hurt me some. But—Gosh! Say, boss"—he addressed Arizona Jim—"where did you find this one? He'd oughter be champ at his weight. He'd oughter—"

"Now, listen here, Jenkinson," said Arizona Jim, interrupting. "I want you to tell Fletcher here exactly who you are. I know, of course. That medal told me. If you'll speak up, I'm sure it'll be worth a thousand dollars for you. That'll be enough capital to give you a good start, so that you can keep out of rustlers' hands."

"What—a thousand bucks?" asked Jenkinson. "Ye say ye know who I am? Then—Wal, then, ye'll tell 'em in Canada?"

"I've nothing to do with Canada," said Arizona Jim, shortly. "The Canadians can look after their own affairs. You're in the States now. It may be—But tell Fletcher who you are!"

"I'm Hinkson, o' course," said the boxer slowly. "Guess I never did rob that bank at Regina—though the Mounted said I did. Howso—"

"You're Hinkson—ex-heavy-weight champion of Western Canada?" gasped Frank Fletcher. "I can't believe it."

But he had to. Further, he had to believe something else—that he had in every respect earned the finest ranch his wealthy uncle could buy for him. There were three responsible witnesses who drew up and signed a document to that effect.

"But—why didn't you tell me at first?" asked Fletcher.

"You might not have fought so well if you'd known really whom you were up against," said the Indian agent. "There are such things as nerves, and you never know when they're going to let you down. So I practised a little mild deception, to get you to fight."

"Then I owe the Double-Five Ranch to you?" said Fletcher, huskily. "My hat! But I believe you're right. I don't suppose I should have fought so well if I'd known."

"So, I think, if you'll accept the loan till things have been fixed up for you, I'll lend you a thousand dollars to give to Hinkson," said Arizona Jim. "He's earned it. You can repay me when you've got your ranch in working order. And Hinkson can clear out. I shan't trouble him again. Hinkson—keep straight, lad. It pays better. And if the Canadian authorities do get on your trail, it won't be my doing."

Hinkson blinked. He also was coming out of this affair well—thanks to Arizona Jim.

"Yep," said Phil Hicks, "it's all right to be bad, Hinkson, so long's ye're decently bad, without no vice in it. I'm bad myself—maybe ye've heard that. I'm so bad that—Howso, I won't go into no more details."

THE END



FATTY HOLDS THE FORT!

A FOOTBALL BALLAD
By JACK BLAKE



WHEN Fatty Wynn is guarding goal,
You hear the shouts like thunder roll.
There's only one "Welsh Wizard" now,
That's Fatty Wynn, we all avow.

High shots, low shots,
The forwards fire them in!
Swift shots, slow shots,
He saves with a cheery grin.
Swerving shots, and dropping shots,
Teasing shots, and topping shots,
And the-sort-that-take-some-stopping shots—
Are gallantly saved by Wynn!

Although as plump as Baggy Trimble,
He's far more active, blithe, and nimble.
Between the posts he'll dart and dance,
It's great to see him pounce and prance!

Smart shots, strong shots,
The forwards fire them in,
Lofty shots, long shots,
He saves with a cheery grin.
Cunning shots, and curling shots,
Twisting shots, and twirling shots,
Whizzing shots, and whirling shots,
Are gallantly saved by Wynn!

Our goalie plays a glorious game,
And schoolboy sportsmen sing his fame,
He holds the fort, and never fails.
Some day he'll surely play for Wales!

Meek shots, mild shots,
The forwards send them in;
Weak shots, wild shots,
He saves with a cheery grin.
Gallant shots, and glorious shots,
Mighty, meritorious shots,
Thrilling but non-victorious shots—
Are gallantly saved by Wynn!

