

**A YOUNG HERO:  
OR,  
FIGHTING TO WIN**

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A Young Hero: Or, Fighting to Win by Edward S. Ellis

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**EDWARD S. ELLIS**

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Robert B. Hammond  
Christmas  
1896

From Mamma--



**"The lion sprang through the air among the terrified group."  
—(See page 71.)**

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A YOUNG HERO;

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BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

*Author of*

*"Adrift in the Wjids," etc., etc.*

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# A YOUNG HERO.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE PEACEMAKER.

**A** FIGHT! A fight! Form a ring!" A dozen or more excited boys shouted these words, and, rushing forward, hastily formed a ring around two playmates who stood in the middle of the road, their hats off, eyes glaring, fists clenched, while they panted with anger, and were on the point of flying at one another with the fury of young wildcats.

They had been striking, kicking and biting a minute before over some trifling dispute, and they had now stopped to take breath and gather strength before attacking each other again with a fierceness which had become all the greater from the brief rest.

"Give it to him, Sam! Black his eyes for him! Hit him under the ear! Bloody his nose!"

Thus shouted the partisans of Sammy McClay, who had thrown down his school books, and pitched into his opponent, as though he meant to leave nothing of him.

The friends of Joe Hunt were just as loud and urgent.

"Sail in, Joe! You can whip him before he knows it! Kick him! Don't be a coward! You've got him!"

A party of boys and girls were on their way home from the Tottenville public school, laughing, romping and frolicking with each other, when, all at once, like a couple of bantam chickens, these two youngsters began fighting.

The girls looked on in a horrified way, whispering to each other, and declaring that they meant to tell Mr. McCurtis, the teacher, including also the respective mothers of the young pugilists.

The other boys, as is nearly always the case, did their utmost to urge on the fight, and, closing about Sam and Joe, taunted them in loud voices, and appealed to them to resume hostilities at once.

The fighters seemed to be equally matched, and, as they panted and glared, each waited for the other to renew the struggle by striking the first blow.

"You just hit me if you dare! that's all I want!" exclaimed Sammy McClay, shaking his head so vigorously that he almost bumped his nose against that of Joe Hunt, who was just as ferocious, as he called back:

"You touch me, Sam McClay, just touch me! I dare you! double, double dare you."

Matters were fast coming to the exploding point, but not fast enough to suit the audience. Jimmy Emery picked up a chip, and running forward, balanced it in a delicate position on the shoulder of Sam McClay, and, addressing his opponent said: "Knock that off, Joe!"

"Yes, knock it off!" shouted Sam, "I dare you to knock it off!"

"Who's afraid?" demanded Joe, looking at the chip,

with an expression which showed he meant to flip it to the ground.

“Well, you just try it—that’s all!”

Joe was in the very act of upsetting the bit of wood, when a boy about their own age, with a flapping straw hat, and with his trousers rolled far above his knees, ran in between the two, and used his arms with so much vigor that the contestants were thrown quite a distance apart.

“What’s the matter with you fellows?” demanded this boy, glancing from one to the other. “What do you want to make fools of yourselves for?”

“He run agin me,” said Sammy McClay, “and knocked me over Jim Emery.”

“Well, what of it?” asked the peacemaker. “Will it make you feel any better to get your head cracked? What’s the matter of *you*, Joe Hunt?” he added, turning his glance without changing his position, toward the other pugilist.

“What did he punch me for, when I stubbed my toe and run agin him?” and Joe showed a disposition just then to move around his questioner, so as to get at the offender.

The other boys did not like this interference with their enjoyment, and called on the peacemaker to let them have it out; but he stood his ground, and shaking his right fist at Sammy McClay, and his left at Joe Hunt, he told them they must let each other alone, or he would whip them both.

This created some laughter, for the lad was no older