

The Abysmal Brute

By JACK LONDON
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Sam Stubener, manager of boxers, hears about a wonderful unknown boxer called Young Pat Glendon. He finds the boy in the wilderness.

Glendon, innocent of the world's ways, goes to San Francisco and is matched with Roughhouse Kelly.

He whips Kelly and other boxers so easily that he is called "One Punch Glendon." He meets the Flying Dutchman.

Glendon wins again. He hears the top in pugilism. His manager, Stubener, enlists him in crooked ring practices, unknown to Glendon.

[Continued from last week.]
And Stubener believed him. He was coming to the stage where he could believe anything about his young charge.

"You don't need to get angry," he said. "You're so thoroughly the master of your man at any stage."

"At any inch or second of the fight," Pat affirmed.
"And you can put them out any time you want."

"Sure I can. I don't want to boast, but I just seem to possess the ability. My eyes show me the opening that my skill knows how to make, and time and distance are second nature to me. Dad called it a gift, but I thought he was blarneying me. Now that I've been up against these men, I guess he was right. He said I had the mind and muscle correlation."

"At any inch or second of the fight," Stubener repeated musingly.
Pat nodded, and Stubener, absolutely believing him, caught a vision of a golden future that should have fetched ed out Pat of his grave.

"Well, don't forget, we've got to give the crowd a run for its money," he said. "We'll fix it up between us how many rounds a fight should go. Now your next bout will be with the Flying Dutchman. Suppose you let it run the full fifteen and put him out in the last round. That will give you a chance to make a showing as well."

"All right, Sam," was the answer. "It will be a test for you," Stubener warned. "You may fail to put him out in that last round."

"Watch me," Pat paused to put weight to his promise and picked up a volume of Longfellow. "If I don't I'll never read poetry again, and that's going some."

"You bet it is," his manager proclaimed jubilantly, "though what you see in such stuff is beyond me."
Pat sighed, but did not reply. In all his life he had found but one person



"You know he's never yet been knocked out by any one."

who cared for poetry, and that had been the red haired schoolteacher who scared him off into the woods.
"Where are you going?" Stubener demanded in surprise, looking at his watch.
Pat, with his hand on the doorknob, paused and turned around.
"To the Academy of Sciences," he said. "There's a professor who's going to give a lecture there on Brownian motion, and Browning is the sort of writer you need assistance with. Sometimes I think I ought to go to night school."
"But, great Scott, man!" exclaimed the horrified manager. "You're on with the Flying Dutchman tonight!"
"I know it. But I won't enter the ring a moment before half past 9 or quarter to 10. The lecture will be over at 9:15. If you want to make sure come around and I'll pick me up in your machine."
Stubener shrugged his shoulders helplessly.
"You've got no kick coming," Pat assured him. "Dad used to tell me a man's worst time was in the hours just before a fight and that many a fight was lost by a man's breaking down right there, with nothing to do but

think and be anxious. Well, you'll never need to worry about me that way. You ought to be glad I can go off to a lecture."

And later that night, in the course of watching fifteen splendid rounds, Stubener chuckled to himself more than once at the idea of what that audience of sports would think, did it know that this magnificent young prizefighter had come to the ring directly from a Browning lecture.

The Flying Dutchman was a young Swede, who possessed an unwonted willingness to fight and who was blessed with phenomenal endurance.

He never rested, was always on the offensive and rushed and fought from gong to gong. In the outfighting his arms whirled about like sails; in the infighting he was forever shouldering or half wrestling and starting blows whenever he could get a hand free.

From start to finish he was a whirlwind, hence his name. His falling was lack of judgment in time and distance. Nevertheless he had won many fights by virtue of landing one in each dozen or so of the unending fusillades of punches he delivered.

Pat, with strong upon him the caution that he must not put his opponent out, was kept busy. Nor, though he escaped vital damage, could he avoid entirely those eternal flying gloves.

But it was good training, and in a mild way he enjoyed the contest.
"Could you get him now?" Stubener whispered in his ear during the minute rest at the end of the fifth round.

"Sure," was Pat's answer.
"You know he's never yet been knocked out by any one," Stubener warned a couple of rounds later.

"Then I'm afraid I'll have to break my knuckles," Pat smiled. "I know the punch I've got in me and when I land it something has got to go. If he won't my knuckles will."

"Do you think you could get him now?" Stubener asked at the end of the thirteenth round.
"Any time, I tell you."

"Well, then, Pat, let him run to the fifteenth."
In the fourteenth round the Flying Dutchman exceeded himself. At the stroke of the gong he rushed clear across the ring to the opposite corner, where Pat was leisurely getting to his feet.

The house cheered, for it knew the Flying Dutchman had cut loose. Pat, catching the fun of it, whimsically decided to meet the terrific onslaught with a wholly passive defense and not to strike a blow. Nor did he strike a blow nor felt a blow during the three minutes of whirlwind that followed.

He gave a rare exhibition of stalling, sometimes hugging his bowed face with his left arm, his abdomen with his right, at other times changing as the point of attack changed, so that both gloves were held on either side his face or both elbows and forearms.

[Continued on page 7 Col. 1.]

Almost Any Kind.
"Pa, what is a comfortable income?" "One that sits easy on the conscience, I suppose."—Detroit Free Press.

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS FOR NON-PAYMENT OF TAXES FOR 1912 AND 1913.

Table with columns: Acres Per, Warrant, Owner, Taxes and Costs. Lists various land parcels across different townships.

Continuation of the Treasurers Sale table, listing more parcels and their details.

A. Fiver.
A. Fiver's my name, as it will be seen, Otherwise known as "The Good Long Green." Everyone to me Extends a Hand, For I haven't an Enemy in the Land.

From the Pauper, to the Millionaire, The Friendship of all the World I share, For, Ragged or Dirty, Where'er I roam, I'm a Welcome Guest in Every Home.

The Bellefonte Trust Co.
For my start in Life I had to thank The Bellefonte Trust Company's Bank, Where One Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand, I'd say, In Dollars is there in Capital today, While as a Surplus, this Bank, also, Thirty Thousand more can show.

I Leave the Bank.
To the Bank, one day, a Gentleman came And I overheard him speak my Name, An Introduction followed by the Teller, While the Man pronounced me a "Likely Fellow."

E. J. Eckenroth Next.
It is with pleasure next I meet E. J. Eckenroth on High Street, Whose Wall Papers have a Reputation Second to none in this Yankee Nation, And where every order will be Promptly filled For Paper Hanging by men that's Skilled.

George A. Beezer Gets Me.
At Beezer's Garage you'll always find Auto Supplies of every kind, Including Vulcanizing, Batteries, Gasoline And all things useful for ones Machine. Here the Studebaker Car is sold, Also the Chalmers, each Good as Gold, Both Cars possessing Qualities nice And Quoted at a Reasonable Price.

At the Smoke Shop.
Next in my Travels I chanced to drop Into Lewis Daggett's neat Smoke Shop, Here, the Smoker comes and gets His Pipes, Tobacco and Cigarettes, But I'd like to call the reader's attention To Two of his Leaders which I'll mention:

Among his Cigars, the Straight, "The Stratford" is certainly up to date, 'Tis a Mild Cigar, runs Even, too,

And surely would appeal to you. "La Flor De Genovar," Five Cent Straight To Buy you need not hesitate, In fact all Cigars sold here you see Bear the Stamp of Quality.

An Hour with Gray & Son.
To John F. Gray and Son I went; Where a Pleasant Hour was Spent. Quite a number of People I there did find Talking Insurance of Every Kind:

Mr. Mallory Smiles.
Mr. Mallory met me with a Smile And thought to keep me for a while. Mr. Mallory, I'd have you know, Conducts a Photograph Studio, And beautiful Specimens of his Skill Were Revealed to me by Eyes to thrill.

At Knisely's.
At Knisely's Restaurant, Allegheny Street I'm offered for Good things to Eat, Here the Hungry one can always get His Ham and Eggs or Omelet, Or Eggs and Bacon, should he wish, And many another Tempting Dish.

W. R. Brachbill Surprises Me.
If I had a hundred eyes, to seek, If I had a hundred tongues, to speak, I'd still be unable here to tell Of all that Brachbill has to sell. Furniture and Bedding of the Better Kind At this Old Established Store you'll find, Including the famous Old Hickory brand Of Chairs, none finer in the land.

Montgomery & Co.
Next with eagerness they bore Me to Montgomery & Co's Clothing Store, Now whether Young or Old, Large or Small, Montgomery & Company Clothe them all,

Having the Finest Stock on Hand Of Garments in this Yankee Land, Also Men's Furnishings, a Line Complete, At Prices you'll find Hard to Beat. Hats, the Famous "Stetson" Brand, You'll also find at this well known Stand And Carhartt Overall, which all declare Can't be Beat, so any where! Suits made to Measure, Extra nice, By the Famous House of Ed. V. Price. So for all I've mentioned, 'twill pay to see The Firm of Montgomery & Company.

I Shake Hands With Schaeffer.
At H. P. Schaeffer's Busy Store I was entertained with sights Galore! Builders' Hardware here you'll find Embraced in a Stock of the Finest Kind. Also Cutlery of the Highest Grade And Every kind of Tool that's made. Paints, Oils, Varnish, Glass, And Farmers' Supplies of the Better Class. Wire Fencing, Netting, Screens as well As Field and Garden Seeds they sell. Glenwood Ranges, which, by the way, "Make Cooking Easy," as they say. So let this remind you as you read When anything of the above you need Can't be Beat, go see Schaeffer's where Quality Reigns Beyond Compare!

On the Go.
Still on the Go, yet sound and Able, I land at Rearick's Livery Stable, Where I was Patted on the Back, When taken in Payment for a Hack. For all go to Rearick, when they want a Carriage. Be it Funeral, Christening or a Marriage, Single or Double Turnouts, as you require And a Competent Driver if you desire. Now let any one Inspect this Stable, And ask him then if he is able To show, in all the Keystone State, A Livery that's more up to date.

I Visit the "Movies."
I find myself at the close of day At the Scenic Theatre, with a party gay; A Moving Picture Play House great, None Cosier in the Keystone State. This Theatre presents to all that seek A Change of Bill, Six Times a Week, And Three or More Long Reels are shown Of Pictures of the Highest Tone. Every Seat a View commanding Of Pictures of the Highest Standing, Where all can get their Money's Worth In Scenes of Pathos or of Mirth. This Theatre is Open, too, 'Till Date, For Large Attractions, Up-to-date, So to those who are Lovers of the Stage Mr. Brown Solicits your Patronage.

Moral
This concludes my Busy Day, A Prosperous one, I think you'll say And the Moral it conveys you'll see Equally applies to you and me. If People would observe this thought, Every time when Goods are bought, And instead of Out of Town should roam Would do their Trading here at Home. You'd hear less talk of Hard Times then Among your Fellow Business men. When Troubles come and you want Aid, To whom is your request first made? 'Tis your Merchant, and he's Seldom Deaf To your Supplications for Relief. Be Loyal then, and no more Roam, But Spend Your Money Here at Home!

Table listing names and amounts, likely related to the Treasurers Sale or a similar financial record.

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Treasurer's Sale of Seated Lands June 10, 1914. SEATED LIST RETURNED BY THE SEVERAL TAX COLLECTORS.

Table with columns: ACRES, NAME, TOWNSHIP, TAXES & COSTS. Lists land parcels and their owners.