

State Library

LET HIM WHO HATH NO NERVE FOR THE FIGHT, DEPART.

NO. 21



Lions started into view so suddenly and plentifully that it seemed as though there must have been a lion behind every rock on the mountain. Jake threw another card of defiance into the barrel of his rifle, and the lions began to come for the piece to take aim, but he lay down again slowly and remained motionless. He knew that he would be everlastingly remembered for this deed. He was damned. Then he suggested to himself that it was no use for him to be a chump, and that perhaps he had better go home if the lions were to win. They retreated cautiously, and he managed to get out of their range without being attacked. Jake was aware that he counted thirteen as the main lions in that crowd of "varmints," and nobody doubts his word.