MAXWELL SCOTT'S LATEST & BEST SCHOOL SERIAL. (See)

Free Picture Coupon



TUESDAY.

The object of THE BOYS' FRIEND is to Amuse, to Instruct, and to Advise Boys.

No. 503.—Vol. X. New Series.]

ONE PENNY. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 28, 1911.

* * An introduction for the new reader appears on the next page.

The Truant Recaptured.

HEY had nearly reached the village when Cyrus suddenly started and glanced behind

started and glanced behind him.

"Listen," he said, in an agitated whisper. "Don't you hear somebody running down the road?"

"Yes," said Hodgson, turning round and peering through the darkness. "I can see 'em, too. Two boys they are."

"They're after me, I expect," said Cyrus excitedly. "I didn't tell you before, but I've run away from school. They must have missed me sooner than I expected, and they've come to fetch me back."

Hodgson crushed back a venomous imprecation. Was his nice little plot to be frustrated at the last moment? Was he to be cheated of the prize just when he was flattering himself that he had secured it? It was galling, exasperating, maddening.

He grabbed Cyrus by the arm.

"Run!"he said hoarsely. "Faster! By ook or crook, we must get into my 'onse b fore' they see you."

But it was then too late. The two boys—who were Philip and Rigden, as a matter of fact—had already seen Cyrus, and had recognised him.

"Hi! Sharpe!" shouted Philip.
"Stop! I've something to say to you!"

Cyrus would probably have pulled up, but Hodgson insisted on deagging.

you!"
Cyrus would probably have pulled up, but Hodgson insisted on dragging hun along. At every stride, however, the two boys gained on the fugitives;
(Continued on the opposite side.)

By Maxwell Scott. The two men met in violent collision on the glassy slide, and oth went down.

and at last, realising that the game was up, Hodgson dropped Cyrus's arm and came to a halt.

"Was yer callin' to us?" he asked innocently, when Philip and Rigden dashed up, panting and out of breath.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Philip, with a scornful curl of his upper lip. "I didn't recognise you till you spoke."

with a scornful curl of his upper lip.
"I didn't recognise you till you spoke."

He turned to Cyrus.

"I can't congratulate you on your choice, of a companion," he said.
"Do you know who this fellow is?"

"No," said Cyrus sullenly.

"His name is Hodgson," said Philip, "He's the landlord of the Blue Boar, and one of the dirtiest ruffians in Rayton. It was he who tried to swear away my character last term, and it was only through Sir David's clemency that he wasn't prosecuted and sent to gaol. I don't know where you picked him up, or where he was taking you, but you can take my word for it that if we hadn't spoiled his little game he would have robbed you all ends up before he let you go."

"Look 'ere," said Hodgson furiously. "If yer think I'm goin' to stand 'ere an' be insulted by a kid like you, you're jolly well mistock."

"I don't wish you to stand there," said Philip coolly. "The sooner you get a move on, the better I shall be pleased."

"I 'aven't done nothin' wrong," said Hodgson. "I met this young gent up the road an' he said he

"I 'aven't done nothin' wrong," said Hodgson. "I met this young gent up the road, an' he said he wanted to go to Barnby to catch the London mail, so I hoffered to drive him there for ten bob."

"Well, he has changed his mind,"

(Continued on the next page.)





said Philip. "He doesn't want to go to Barnby now. He's coming back to the school with us, so you can clear off as soon as you like."

"I don't take no horders from you," said Hodgson defiantly. "If this young gent tells me to go, I'll go, but not without."

Cyrus hesitated for a moment. It was evident that Philip and Rigden would not let him go now that they had found him; and if the truth must be told, he was already beginning to repent of his hasty action in running away. Moreover, although he had never met Hodgson before, he had heard a great deal about him at he had never met Hodgson before, he had heard a great deal about him at the school, and now that he knew who his companion was, he was by no means anxious to trust himself and his money to the care of such a notorious blackguard.

"You hear what he says," said Philip. "Tell him to go."

"You can go," said Cyrus to Hodgson. "As Ashley says, I've changed my mind. I'm going back to the school."

Hodgson glared at him for a moment in vindictive silence. Then, with a snarling oath of baffled rage, he turned on his heel and strode away.

moment in vindictive silence. Then, with a snarling oath of baffled rage, he turned on his heel and strode away.

"How did you know that I had run away?" asked Cyrus as they started to walk back to the school.

"When we went in to tea," said Philip, "I saw you weren't in Big Room, so I slipped up to the dormitory to see if you were there. When I saw that your cap and overcoat were missing, and when I remembered that you had threatened a few minutes before to run away, I twigged at once what had happened. So I ran downstairs, and told Rigden what I had discovered; and then we set out in search of you."

"Did you tell anybody else?" asked Cyrus, in a shamefaced voice.

"No," said Philip. "Only Rigden and I know that you ran away, and you needn't fear that we shall tell anybody else. You were a silly little ass to run away—if you'll forgive my saying so—but your secret is safe with us."

"At least, we hope it's safe," said Rigden. "It'll be safe enough if we can get back to the school without bein' spotted. But we've broken bounds, of course, by goin' down to the village, and there'll be a jolly row if we're found out."

"But we won't be found out," said Philip confidently. "You see, most of the fellows are at tea now, and as nobody is forced to go in to tea unless he wishes, nobody will think it strange that we aren't there. They'll think we're in the gym. or in the library, or having tea with one of the monitors."

"But we've got to be back before prep. begins, of course," said Rigden, striking a match and consulting his watch. "If we aren't in by then, awkward questions will be asked, and the whole truth will have to come out. It's a quarter-past six now, and as prep. begins at half-past, we've no time to lose. Let's walk a bit faster."

They quickened their pace, and in due course arrived at the school gates,

no time to lose. Let's walk a bit faster."

They quickened their pace, and in due course arrived at the school gates, only to find theme shut and locked.

"It's all up now!" groaned Rigden.
"Not a bit of it," said Philip cheerfully.

"But if we ring the bell—"
"We're not going to ring the bell."
"We can't climb over the gates."
"True."
"Then how can we get in?"
"Through that private door in the back lane," said Philip—"that door that leads into the doctor's garden. It's seldom or ever locked, and there's never anybody in the garden at this hour. Come on. I'll show you the way."

The lane to which Philip—referred turned out of the main road about fifty yards beyond the school gates, and ran past the back of the doctor's house—for the first part of its length—from the road to the doctor's house—it ran steeply downhill; after that it was fairly level.

Earlier in the day a party of village boys had made a slide in this lane—a slide that began at the top of the hill and ended a few yards below the doctor's garden gate. During the afternoon a slight fall of snow had covered up this slide and hidden it from view.

Not knowing this, Philip led the

way into the lane, stepped on to the slide, and sat down with a crash that jarred every bone in his body.

"How did—" began Rigden. Then he, too, stepped on to the slide, his feet flew from under him, and he landed on his back.

Cyrus would probably have shared a similar fate if Philip had not warned him in time.

a similar late if Finity him in time.

"Keep back!" he gasped, as Cyrus was about to step on to the slide.

"The village kids have made a slide down the middle of the pavement. Keep in the roadway; you'll be quite as for there."

Keep in the roadway; you'll be quite safe there."

He and Rigden picked themselves up, and a moment or two later the three boys reached the gate, which was really a wooden door set in the garden wall. Inside the wall was a row of leafless trees, some of the branches of which projected over into the lane.

After listening outside the door for a few seconds to make sure there

After listening outside the door for a few seconds to make sure there was nobody in the garden, Philip cautiously turned the handle. To his dismay, the door refused to open. It was bolted on the inside.

"We'll have to climb over the wall," he whispered. "Give me a back, Rigden, and then I'll haul you two up after me."

Now, as evil luck would have it, Enoch Blobbs, the village constable, happened at this time to be walking along the road which ran past the top of the lane. Although it was dark, the snow gave a certain amount of light, and the moment Blobbs reached the top of the lane he at once perceived three shadowy figures standing outside the doctor's garden gate, apparently holding a whispered consultation.

From head to foot Blobbs trembled with a seitengate and triumph. Only

standing outside the doctor's garden gate, apparently holding a whispered consultation.

From head to foot Blobbs trembled with excitement and triumph. Only a day or two ago the doctor had complained to the police that on various occasions during the past few weeks quantities of fruit and vegetables and other garden produce had been stolen from his garden. The thefts were supposed to have been committed by village boys, and hence it was only natural that Blobbs, when he saw three youthful figures whispering outside the garden gate, should jump to the conclusion that these, were the thieves, and that they were planning another raid on the doctor's garden.

"Caught in the hact!" he muttered, thumping his manly breast and fumbling for his truncheon. "Hat last my wigilance is rewarded. Hat last Hi 'ave run the miscreants to hearth. But Hi mustu't be too 'asty. They 'aven't done nothing yet to justify me in harrestin' 'em. Hi must wait till they're hackshually in the garden."

What followed next only confirmed his suspicions. In blissful ignorance of the fact that Blobbs was watching them, Rigden placed himself in a stooping position, and Philip, after climbing on Rigden's back, hauled himself on to the top of the wall. Cyrus followed suit, and then he and Philip reaching down their hands, hauled Rigden up beside them.

"It's all plain sailing now," whispered Philip. "All we've got to do is—"

The sentence died away in an inarticulate gasp of dismay, for at that

The sentence died away in an inarticulate gasp of dismay, for at that moment the back door of the house opened, and Dr. Gandy walked out into the garden. Luckily for the three boys on the top of the wall, the trees already mentioned screened them from the doctor's view; but, needless to say, it was impossible for them to descend from their perch and reach the school until, the doctor went away.

we wait until he goes back into the house?"
"We'd better jump down and bunk across to the school the moment he goes into the greenhouse," said Rigden. "It only wants two minutes to half-past, and if we wait here any longer we'll be late for prep."

In the meantime, Enoch Blobbs, having seen the three boys climb on to the top of the wall, and believing that they were now in the garden, decided that the moment for action had brived.

like Philip and Rigden, he did not notice the slide until he stepped on

like Philip and Rigden, he did not notice the slide until he stepped on it.

"Ow! 'Elp! Murder!" he howled, as his feet shot away from under him. He made a desperate effort to preserve his balance, and partly succeeded. But he could not pull up, and the next instant he went sliding down the hill at express speed, sawing the air with his arms, and bellowing at the top of his voice.

Alarmed by the constable's yells, Dr. Gandy darted to the garden gate, hastily withdrew the bolt, and dragged the gate open. By an evil chance he rushed out on to the pavement at the very instant when Blobbs came whizzing past. Whether it would be correct to say that the doctor ran into Blobbs or that Blobbs ran into the doctor is a matter of small importance. The result was that the two men met in a violent collision, and after flinging their arms around each other and executing a highly original war-dance on the glassy slide, they both went down and rolled to the bottom of the hill.

Dr. Gandy was the first to pick himself up. He had broken his spectacles, he had split his trousers, he had scraped all the skin off the end of his nose, and he had a bump on the back of his head the size of an egg.

"You—you doddering old idiot!" he thundered, shaking his fist in Blobbs's face. "How—how dare you make a slide utside my garden gate!"

"Me!" gasped Blobbs. "Me make a slide! Hi, hi, ho!" This is

make a slide outside my garden gate!"

"Me!" gasped Blobbs. "Me make a slide! Hi, hi, ho! This is too much!"

"It is outrageous!" said the doctor. "I shall most certainly report you to your superior officers. An old man like you to amuse yourself by sliding!"

"Ho, yus!" said Blobbs sarcastically. "Hi look as if Hi'd been amoosin' myself, don't Hi? Very funny, wasn't t? Ha, ha! Ho, ho! He, he! Why don't yer laugh?"

"It is my opinion that you're drunk," said the doctor severely.

"Hand it's my opinion that you're a hass!" said Blobbs. "A regular jackhass!"

"Insolent scoundrel!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Insolent scoundrel!" exclaimed the doctor.

"That's right!" said Blobbs. "Go hon! Call me a few more names. Don't mind me. Hi like it!"

He raised his eyes piously to heaven.

"And this is hall the thanks Hi get," he murmured, "for tryin' to protect 'is property from thieves."

"Thieves!" The doctor started. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "Hi mean," said Blobbs, with dignity, "that with my hown heyes Hi saw three harmed an' desperate ruffians climb hover that 'ere garden wall, an' Hi was runnin' to harrest them, hat the peril of my life, when

wall, an' Hi was runnin' to harrest them, hat the peril of my life, when them, hat the peril of my life, when more. Ha ran back to the open gate and rushed into the garden. But he was too late. By that time the "three harmed an' desperate ruffians" had reached the school, and were demurely marching into Big Room, along with the rest of the juniors, for evening preparation.

"There's nobody here," said the doctor, when Blobbs followed him into the garden.

"They can't be far away," said Blobbs. "With my hown heyes Hi saw them climb hover that wall. P'r'aps they're 'idin' in the green'ouse. Hi will explore."

Gripping his truncheon, he dashed towards the greenhouse. On the way he stumbled over a garden-rake, half buried in the snow, and his truncheon, flying from his grasp, crashed through the greenhouse roof, smashing half a dozen panes, knocking down a pile of flower-pots, and wrecking several of the doctor's choicest plants.

This was more than the doctor could stand. Foaming at the mouth with rage, he collared Blobbs by the seruff of the neck, dragged him to the

gate, and thrust him out into the lane.

"As I said before," he thundered,
"it's my opinion that you are drunk!"

drunk!"

Then he slammed the door in the constable's face and bolted it.

"Hand has Hi said before," bawled Blobbs through the keyhole, "hit's my opinion that you're a hass! Any'ow, next time Hi see thieves break into yer garden, they may take hevery plant an' cabbage in the place afore Hi'll hinterfere. So there!"

With which parting remark he picked up his truncheon, which the doctor had tossed over the wall, and stalked majestically away.

Paying Off Old Scores.

ARTLETT was the monitor in charge of prep. that evening. When the juniors had taken and noted that Tubb was missing.

"Does anybody know where Tubb is?" he asked.
"Yes," said Card. "He's interviewin' Mr. Sopworth."
Bartlett raised his eyebrows.
"Been gettin' into trouble again?" he inquired.
"Yes," said Card. "And it's a

"Been gettin' into trouble again?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Card. "And it's a beastly shame, too. We were snowballin' in the quad. this afternoon, and a snowball which Tubb had shied at another chap happened to biff Soapy Sam—I mean Mr. Sopworth—in the face. It was a pure accident, but Sopworth was furious about it, and ordered Tubb to go to his study immediately after tea."

He had scarcely finished speaking ere Tubb himself walked in, looking very red and flushed. He made no reply to the whispered questions of his chums, but when prep. was finished, and prayers were over, and the juniors were sitting round the fire for a few minutes before going up to bed, he explained that Mr. Sopworth had refused to accept his apologies and had given him a sound caning.

"And I've you to thank for it," he added, glaring at Cyrus.

caning.

"And I've you to thank for it," he added, glaring at Cyrus. If you hadn't sneaked to him, he'l never have known who threw the snowball, and I shouldn't have been licked."

Philip whispered something in Cyrus's car. For a moment Cyrus hesitated: then, with flaming cheeks, he walked over to Tubb and held out his hand.

"I'm sorry I sneaked," he said awkwardly. "I admit now it was a caddish thing to do. I'll never do it again. Will you be friends?"

Tubb was not the sort to bear ill will, and he readily shook hands with Cyrus.

Tubb was not the sort to bear ill-will, and he readily shook hands with Cyrus.

"And now," said Philip, "don't you fellows agree with me that it's time we settled accounts with Soapy Sam? He's getting far too meddle-some nowadays. It was he who told the Gander how we'd mugged him at the footer practice. It was he, again, who persuaded the Gander to flog us yesterday. And now he's started using the cane himself—a thing no junior master was ever allowed to do in Dr. Paul's days. That's three grudges we owe him, anyway, and I vote we lay our heads together and devise some scheme for paying 'em off."

"That's just what I was goin' to propose myself," said Tubb. "I've been thinkin' the matter over durin' prep, and if you chaps are game to take a bit of risk, I can show you how we can give Soapy Sam the time of his life!"

Needless to say, Tubb was immediately bombarded with a fusillade of questions, in reply to which he expounded his plan. What his plan was need not be here described. It is enough to say that it was enthusiastically adopted by the juniors, and preparations were forthwith made for carrying it out.

Midnight had just struck. Mr.

Midnight had just struck.

AN INTRODUCTION FOR THE NEW READER OF THIS GRAND SERIAL.

AN INTHOUGHTON FOR THE NEW Philip Ashley, a brilliant young scholar, saves the life of Sir David Rendle's only daughter. In consequence of this action, Sir David adopts lim, sends him to Rayton College, giving him all the benefits he intended for his unscrupulous nephew, who has deceived him, and who has now packed off to Canada to make a fresh start in life. The new term at Rayton College is to begin, and Phil starts on his journey to Rayton. He is accompagied by Cyrus A. Sharpe,

an American lad,

longer we'll be late for prep."

In the meantime, Enoch Blobbs, having seen the three boys climb on to the top of the wall, and believing that they were now in the garden, decided that the moment for action had arrived.

Whipping out his truncheon, he started to run down the hill. Alas!

have arranged between them a scheme for kidnapping Cyrus, with the view of extort-ing a large sum of money from his million-aire father as ransom.

everything in readiness

cverything in readiness for making Cyrus a prisoner, and he is on the way to the school to inform the rascally Cruft how matters stand, when he suddenly meets Cyrus, who has truantly left Rayton College.

The boy is anxious to reach Barnby in order to take train to London, and Hodgson, seeing the coast clear to lure the boy into his premises, offers to drive him to the station.

station.

A moment later they are trudging down the road side by side, and Hodgson is muttering softly to himself:

"Got 'im! Got 'im safe as 'ouses! Won't Cruft be pleased!"

(Now read this week's splendid chapters.)

Walker and his family, the other masters, and the servants, had all gone to bed. The house was wrapped in darkness, and the only sounds that broke the brooding silence were an occasional sullen thud, as a mass of melting snow—for a thaw had set in—slid off the roof and dropped to the ground.

The door of Dormitory B swung open without a sound. Into the deserted corridor stepped Card, barefooted and in pyjamas, and carrying in his hand a small electric torch.

"All serene!" he whispered, after flashing the light of his torch up and down the corridor. "The coast is clear."

Out of the dormitory stole Tubb and Rigden, carrying between them a big bucket filled with a mixture of half-melted snow and soot. Behind them came Philip, armed with a long fishing-rod, to the end of which he had tied at right-angles a lead pencil.

"You're sure you know the room?" whispered Tubb to Card.
Card nodded.

"Follow me," he said.
Lighting the way with his torch, he led his companions up two flights of stairs, and opened the door of a room on the top landing. The room was used as a box-room, and was immediately over Mr. Sopworth's bedroom.

When all four boys had entered the room, and Philip had closed the door, Card opened the window, and Tubb and Rigden placed the bucket of melted snow on the window-sill outside. Then Philip leaned out of the window, with the fishing-rod in his hand.

About ten or twelve feet below the bex-room window there was another window. This, of course, was the window of Mr. Sopworth's bed-room. Reaching down through the darkness, Philip tapped on the outside of the bed-room window with the pencil he had tied to the end of the fishing-rod.

Tap, tap, tap!
Mr. Sopworth was just dropping off to sleep when the sound fell on his ears. He thought it was somebody rapping at the bed-room door.

"Who's there?" he called out in a

"Who's there?" he called out in a sleepy voice.

Tap, 'tap, tap!
"Who's there?" repeated Mr. Sopworth irritably. "I say, who's there, and what do you want?"

worth irritably. "I say, who's there, and what do you want?"
Tap, tap, tap!
With an angry snarl, he sprang out of bed, switched on the electric light, and flung open the door. But there was nobody there.
"I must have been dreaming," he muttered. "I say I must have been dreaming!"
He closed the door, switched off the light, and scrambled back into bed.
Tap, tap, tap!
Mr. Sopworth nearly exploded. This time, however, it dawned on him that the tapping was on the outside of the window. Again he sprang out of bed and switched on the light. Then he drew up the blind and peered through the pane.
All he saw was a dreary expanse of snow-covered ground, for Philip was careful to draw up the fishing-rod after each of his tappings.
"It must have been a bird," muttered Mr. Sopworth, as he drew down the blind and turned away from the window. "I say it must have been a bird. I hope it won't annoy me again."
He stretched out his hand to switch off the light, when:

window. I say it must have been a bird. I hope it won't annoy me again."

He stretched out his hand to switch off the light, when:

Tap, tap, tap!

Again the tapping fell on his ears. Livid with rage, he dashed back to the window, tore down the blind, threw up the lower sash, and thrust out his head and shoulders.

This, of course, was what the boys were waiting for.

"Now!" whispered Philip excitedly. "Quick!"

Tubb and Rigden needed no second invitation. With the swiftness of a lightning flash they turned the bucket upside-down, and the next instant a devastating avalanche of sooty and half-melted snow flopped down on Mr. Sopworth's unprotected head and thinly-covered shoulders!

The blood-curdling yell which he let out woke Herr Hoffmann, the German master, who slept in the adjoining room. Firmly believing that Mr. Sopworth was being murdered by some midnight assassin. Herr Hoffmann leaped out of bed, snatched up a poker, and burst, without knocking, into Mr. Sopworth be defoom.

The sight which met his astounded gaze fairly took his breath away. Mr. Sopworth was standing by the open window, dancing with rage and shivering with cold. His head was enveloped in a jelly-like mass of sooty

Starts His Great New Boxing Serial Next Tuesday THE BOYS' FRIEND Patrick Morris

snow, and lumps of the same mixture were clinging to his arms and shoulders. Streams of inky water were trickling down his face and running down his back, and collecting in a pool at his feet.

"Himmel!" gasped Herr Hoffmann. "Vat—vat has happened, pain friend dat you in so frightful

mann. "Vat—vat has happened, mein friend, dot you in so frightful a condition find yourself?"
"It was a bird, I think!" spluttered Mr. Sopworth. "I say it was a bird, I think."
"Ein ried."

bird, I think."

"Ein pird!" repeated the bewildered German. "But how was it bossible dot ein bird shall so cover you mit dirty snow, hein?"

"It tapped at the window," said Mr. Sopworth. "I opened the window and looked out. I say I opened the window and looked out. At the same moment a quantity of snow fell from the roof, and—and this is the result!"

"You was notten before

rom the roof, and—and this is the result!"

"You vas petter haf ein path, if you vas dake mein advice," counselled Herr Hoffmann, solemnly wagging his head. "Ein hot path, und den pack to ped as quick as bossible."

Mr. Sopworth agreed that this was good advice, and after Herr Hoffmann had helped him to clean up the mess on the bed-room floor, Mr. Sopworth adjourned to the bath-room, which was only on the other side of the passage, exactly opposite his bed-room door. Having had his bath, he donned a dry suit of pyjamas, returned to his bed-room, closed both door and window, switched off the light, and once more tumbled into bed.

light, and once more tumbled into bed.

A quarter of an hour later three barefooted juniors might have been seen creeping along the passage outside Mr. Sopworth's bed-room door. The foremost of the three was Card, showing the way, as before, with his electric torch. Behind him was Tubb, while the rear was brought up by Philip, who had in his hand a couple of yards of thin but strong cord.

Without a word, and almost without a sound, they opened the bathroom door, which, as already stated, was exactly opposite the door of Mr. Sopworth's bed-room. Having set the door wide open, they placed the towel-rail just inside the doorway, and behind it they placed a large sitzbath, which they cautiously filled with water.

bath, which they cautiously filled with water.

"Now, you'd better go back to the dormitory, Card," whispered Tubb.
"We'll have to do a quick bunk when Soapy Sam rushes out, and the fewer there are to bunk the better."

Somewhat reluctantly Card took his departure, taking his torch with him, and leaving Philip and Tubb alone in the dark and silent corridor. After his departure, Philip handed one end of the cord to Tubb, and the two boys knelt down, one on each side of Mr. Sopworth's bed-room door.

"We'll stretch the cord across the doorway, about six inches from the ground," whispered Philip. "Wind the end round your wrist to prevent it slipping. I'll do the same, and when Sopworth rushes out, we'll stretch the cord as tight as we can, and if that doesn't trip him up, my name isn't Ashley."

"Right you are!" said Tubb. "Now, get to work."

Philip uttered a low-toned, plaintive

"Right you are!" said Tubb.
"Now, get to work."
Philip uttered a low-toned, plaintive
"Miaow!" and gently scratched on
the outside of the door with his finger-

mails.
"If he isn't asleep, that ought to fetch him!" he muttered under his

breath.

Mr. Sopworth was not asleep, but he was just dropping off. He took no notice of the mewing at first, so a moment later Philip mewed again, this time in a higher key.

"Good heavens!" snarled Mr. Sopworth. "Am I never to be allowed to go to sleep to-night? What with birds tapping at the window and cats mewing outside the door, I shall be a perfect wreck to-morrow. I say I shall be a perfect wreck to-morrow!"

"Sas! Cats! Go away!" bellowed Mr. Sopworth.

"Sss! Cats! us.

"Sss! Cats! us.

Mr. Sopworth.

"Miaow-ow-ow!"

His face distorted with fury, Mr.
Sopworth leaned out of bed, picked up a boot, and hurled it at the up.

that will frighten the wiled.

door.
"Perhaps that will frighten the beast away!" he growled.
But he was wrong—quite wrong!
"Miaow!" Scratch — scratch.

"Miaow!"
At this Mr. Sopworth's rage boiled over. Something like a volcanic eruption took place in the bed. Flinging off the clothes, the infuriated master sprang out of bed and dashed wildly to the door. Without pausing to switch on the light, he dragged the door open and rushed out into the passage.

At least, he intended to rush out

into the passage, but the moment he crossed the threshold he tripped over the cord which Philip and Tubb (invisible in the darkness) were holding tightly stretched across the doorway. With an ear-splitting yell, Mr. Sopworth stumbled across the narrow passage, and dived headforemost into the bath-room, where, after falling over the towel-rail and smashing it into splinters, he fell floundering into the sitz-bath on the floor.

The crash, to say nothing of Mr. Sopworth's howls, woke every master and servant on that side of the House. But by the time they had rushed out of their rooms, and had switched on the lights, and had rescued Mr. Sopworth from his humiliating plight, Philip and Tubb had regained their dormitory, had scrambled into bed, and, judging from the expression on their faces, were fast asleep and dreaming happy dreams of innocent boyhood.

Trapped.

Trapped.

T was still thawing when the boys came down to breakfast, and by dinner-time practically all the snow had disappeared. During the

snow had disappeared. During the afternoon a drying wind sprang upbut when Philip and one or two of his chuins went down after tea to inspect the "Swamp," they were disappointed to find that more than half the field was still under water. "It's all up with our match to morrow," said Holeroft gloomily. "Absolutely," said Tubb. "This rotten field will never be fit for play by to-morrow afternoon."

He turned to Philip.

"You'd better write to St. Benedict's to-night," he said, "and tell 'em it's no use their comin' to-morrow."

Philip shook his head.

"It looks pretty hopeless, I admit, he said. "But if this wind keeps up all night, and there's no more snow, there's just a sporting chance that the ground may be fit for play by to-morrow afternoot. Anyhow, I'm not going to give up hope till I see what the ground is like in the morning.

As events turned out, however, there was no need to send to St. Benedict's, for when Philip and his chums inspected the Swamp again, at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, they were both surprised and delighted by the change. All the water had drained off, and although the ground was very much on the soft side, there was no longer any fear that it would not be fit for play by three o'clock.

"By the way," said Tubb, as they walked back to the school, "who's goin' to meet the Benedictines when they arrive? As the Gander has stopped our half-holiday leave, noncof us can go down to the village; and they'll think it jolly queer if there's nobody to meet them."

"And what about givin' em tea, after the match." said Holeroft.

"I've arranged all that," said Philip. "Mr. Drummond, who is going to referee for us, has promised to go down to the station and bring them up to the school. And Mr. Walker has given me permission to give them tea in Big Room, and has told the match is over."

"I've arranged all that," said Philip. "And good old Drummond, too," said Tubb, "does he know we're playin' St. Benedict's this attennoon?"

"I'd fon't think so," said Philip. "Hish, "does he know we're playi

pearance.
"I have just heard," he said,

excitedly addressing Philip, "that you are expecting the Benedictines here this afternoon, and that you have arranged to play a football match with them. Is that true? I say with the say is that true? I say have you obtained this permission? I say have you obtained the doctor's permission?"

"We didn't think it necessary to ask his permission," said Philip.
"You know that he objects to football matches?"

He turned to one of the housemaids who at that moment came through the quadrangle gate.
"Can you tell me where Dr. Gandy is?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; "he's down in the boiler-room with Cruft. Something has gone wrong with the heating apparatus, and the doctor

trapdoor. Dr. Gandy and Cruft, the school porter, were standing in the boiler-room examining one of the

pipes.
"Dr. Gandy, may I speak to you for a moment?" said Mr. Sopworth.
"I say may I speak to you for a moment?"
"What about?" growled the

"What about?" growled the doctor.

Mr. Sopworth descended the iron ladder and excitedly told his news. While he was telling it, Philip stole to the door of the room above. From there, of course, he could not see the three men in the boiler-poom, neither could they see him, but he could hear every word they said.

"They have dared to invite the Benedictines to come here!" he heard the doctor angrily exclaim. "They have had the insolence to arrange a football match without my permission!"

permission!"
"That is so," purred Mr. Sop-

When

Any day ex-cept Mons, and Sats.

Any per-formance except Sat

Saturday Afternoons.

Tuesday Evening.

Any per-formance excepting Saturdays.

Wednesday Minimum 2d.

Tuesdays.

Weds. and Thurs. to boys not over 16 yrs. Mon. and Thurs.

Tues. and Friday.

Wednesday

Any per-formance.

manus manus THE RULES OF FOOTBALL. Explained and Simplified for the Boy Player.

B ARS for football boots shall be transverse and flat than half an inch in width, and shall extend from side to side of the boot. Studs shall be round in plan, boot. Studs shall be round in pian, not less than half an inch in diameter, and in no case conical or pointed.

and in no case conical or pointed.

Comment: Any player discovered infringing the law shall be prohibited from taking further part in the match. The referee shall, if required, examine the players' boots before the commencement of a match or during the interval. Wearing soft indiarubber on the soles of the boots is not a violation of the law.

Everybody knows that the referee is a most important person, and all who act in that capacity will be interested in this law:

A referee shall be appointed, whose duties shall be to enforce the laws and decide all disputed points; and his decision on points of fact connected with the play shall be final. He shall also keep a record of the game and act as timekeeper. In the event of any ungentlemanly behaviour

timekeeper. In the event of any ungentlemanly behaviour on the part of any of the players, the offender or offenders shall be cautioned, and if any further violence is committed, or in case of any violent conduct without any previous caution, the referee shall order the offending player or players off the field of play. The referee shall allow for time wasted, lost through accident, or other cause, suspend or terminate the game whenever, by reason of darkness, interference by spectators, or other cause he may deem necessary.

or other cause in sary.

The referee shall award a free kick in any case in which he thinks the conduct of the player dangerous, or likely to be dangerous, but not sufficiently so as to justify him in putting into force the greater powers vested in him.

him.

In the event of any temporary suspension of play from any cause, the ball not having gone into touch or behind the goal-line, the referee shall throw down the ball where it was when the play was suspended, and it shall be in play when it has touched the ground, and the players on either side shall not play the ball until it has touched the ground.

Then the laws do not neglect to say a word about perpattics.

a word about penalties,

Any day excepting Saturdays and Sundays

a word about penalties,
and a glance at the next rule will
show that the powers that he has
have been very particular:
When a penalty-kick is awarded, all
players with the exception of the one
taking the kick and the opponents'
goalkeeper shall be outside the
penalty area. The opponents' goal
keeper shall not advance beyond
his goal-line. The ball must be
kicked forward. The ball shall be in
play when the kick is taken, and a
goal may be scored from a penalty
kick; but the ball shall not be again
played by the kicker until it has been
played to the opposite side if the ball
is not kicked forward, or is played a
second time by the player who takes
the penalty kick until it has been
played by another player.
If, when a penalty kick is taken, the
ball passes the goalposts under the
bar the goal shall not be nullified
by reason of infringement by the
defending side.
Finally, we come to a definition of
terms, which should clear up any little

points of doubt

my friends may have

points of doubt

my friends may have.

A place kick is a kick at the ball while it is on the ground in the centre of the field of play.

A free kick is a kick at the ball in any direction the player pleases when it is lying on the ground.

A place kick, a free kick, or a penalty kick must not be taken until the referee has given the signal for the same.

Carrying by the goalkeeper, is taking more than two steps while holding the ball or bouncing it on the hand.

Knocking on, is when a player strikes or propels the ball with his hand.

the hand.

"With a bit of luck," he chuckled to himself, as he darted from the room and closed the outer door behind him; "that ought to keep the Gander quiet till the match is over."

(Another grand instalment of this nipping School Serial, next Tuesday in THE BOYS: FRIEND.)

the hand.

Knocking on, is when a player strikes or propels the ball with his hands or arms.

Handling is intentionally playing the ball with the hand or arm, and tripping, is intentionally throwing, or attempting to throw, an opponent by the use of legs, or by stooping in front or behind him.

THE END.

FRIEND Coupon at the booking-office of any theatre mentioned you will be admitted at Half-Price to any part of the house at the performances specified. This week's coupon is available only until Monday, Jan. 30th.

FREE COUPONS FOR THE PICTURE THEATRES

GREAT ADDITIONS TO OUR LIST THIS WEEK.

On the front page of this number you will find a coupon, and below there is a list of theatres. By presenting a BOYS'

List of Theatres Where BOYS' FRIEND Half-Price Admission Coupons are Accepted. Electric Picture Palace, the Square, Walsall Electric Picture Palaces, High Street and Paradise Street, West Bromwich Prince's Theatre, Horwich, Lanca.

Park Picture Palace, Sankey Street, Warrington Gymnasium Royal Pictures, Duke Street, St. Helens Royal Picture Palace, Ashton-in-Makerfield Central Hall, Pemberton

The Picture Palace, Whitehaven The Athenæum Picture Palace, Maryport

Palace Theatre, West Hartlepool Boro' Theatre, North Shields New Picture Palace, Gateshead Tivoli, Laygate Circus, South Shields Picture Hall, Sunderland Picture Hall, West Hartlepool Empire Theatre, Coventry

Cromwell Hall, Lancaster Picturedrome, Longridge Tomperance Hall, Preston Picturedrome, Preston

West London Theatre, Church Street, Edgware Road, London, W. Grand Theatre, Woodgrange Road, Forest Qate,

London, W.
Grand Theatre, Woodgrange Road,
London, E.
Central Hall, Peckham
Arcadia and People's Picture Palace, Lewes Road,
Brighton
Theatre Royal, Darwen, Lancs.
Appolenian Hall, Snargate Street, Dover
Co-operative Hall, Sheerness
The Empire, Wharf Street, Leicester
People's Picture Palace, Penzance
Electric Empire, Woking
The Empire, Wigan
Holloway Hall, Holloway Road, N.
The Universe Picture Palace and Skating Rink, Great

Electric Theatre, Sutton, Surrey Electric Theatre, Epsom

Brinkburn Picture Theatre, Brinkburn Street, Byker,
Newcastle-on-Tyne
Tyne Picture Theatre, Station Road, Wallsend
Reyal Animated Pictures, High Street, E. Wallsend
Abington Picture Palace, Wellingborough Road,
Northampton

Electric Picturedrome, Scarborough

Jefferson's Imperial Picture Hall, Bill Quay, Durham Fenton's Pictures, Central Palace, Darlington

Temperance Hall, Bradford, Yorks Central Hall, Nottingham Picturedrome, Huddersfield Cinema, Longroyd Bridge, Huddersfield Kinema Theatre, Horn Lane, Acton, W.

and Cruft have just gone down to

examine it."

Without a word, Mr. Sopworth turned on his heel and strode away. Quick as thought, Philip turned to

"I'll follow him and hear what the doctor says," he whispered. "If the Benedictines arrive before I come back, take them straight down to the Swamp

The boiler-room, which contained the furnaces and boilers of the heating apparatus, was a big, underground cellar which extended under the big school-room, and several of the class-rooms. The only means of entering it or leaving it was by a trapdoor in the floor of a small outbuilding at the back of the big school-room. From this trapdoor, which was provided with a massive bolt on the upper side, an iron ladder led down to the boiler-room.

In blissful ignorance of the fact that Philip was following him, Mr. Sopworth strode into the outbuilding and peered down through the open

worth. "But the match has not yet begun. There is still time for you to you to stop it. I say there is still time for you to stop it. That is, of course, if you wish to stop it."

"Of course I shall stop it," said the doctor. "I will show these insolent young scoundrels that I am not to be defied in this way. There will be no match this afternoon—you can take my word for that."

"Won't there?" muttered Philip, as-a sudden daring thought flashed across his mind. "We'll see about that!"

He stole into the room on tiptoe, and just as the doctor placed his foot on the lowermost rung of the iron ladder, Philip banged the trapdoor down and hurriedly shot the bolt!

"With a hit of luck" he chuckled."



I want all my boys to look upon me as their firm friend and adviser. There are few men who know boys as well as I do, and there are no little trials and troubles, perplexities and anxieties, in which I cannot help and assist my readers.

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of THE BOYS' FRIEND. All boys who write to me, and who enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply.

All Letters should be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, 23, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

** The contents of this number copyrighted in the United States of America.

OUR NEW STORY NEXT WEEK.

V friends I am sure will be pleased to learn that a new serial starts next week. It is entitled "A Champion of the Ring," and has been written specially for THE BOYS' FRIEND by Patrick Morris.

My chums will find it an extremely interesting tale. It describes how a young man, born to a life of ease, suddenly finds himself penniless, and having no other calling to follow, takes up that of a professional boxer.

that of a professional boxer.
The story is full of interesting incidents; the hero's adventures in trying to fathom the mystery of

in trying to fathom the mystery of his father's death and the disappearance of the family fortune are as thrilling as the many chapters in which his various fights and encounters in the ring are told.

I am sure my friends will like this serial very much. It is breezy, bright, and manly, and it is, moreover, absolutely based on facts. Those of my readers who take an interest in boxing ought to make a special endeavour to get next week's issue of our paper—not only this, but to tell their friends about the coming new story.

ARTICLES FOR THE SPRING MONTHS.

I am paying special attention to the articles, which are appearing in The Boys' Freend now, and amongst the topics to be dealt with in the forthcoming issues are articles on keeping pets, making kites, playing tops and marbles, and every other game which is seasonable in the spring, as well as every other topic which is interesting to boys at this time of the year.

Mr. G. P. Moon, who has done many excellent articles for The Boys' Freend, is now at work on a special "How-to-Make" series, and as the spring comes the outdoor boy will find he has been specially catered for. Altogether, it is my hope that this spring The Boys' Freend will eclipse all records.

ABUSING OUR PAPER.

ABUSING OUR PAPER.

Some of my chums will remember that a week or two ago I published a letter from a lad living in the Isle of Man, who signed himself "Disgusted, Though Amused." In it he had the effrontery to tell me—in spite of the fact that he is seventeen years of age—that I do not understand boys; in fact, that I do not know anything about them!

I am very sorry for my young friend, because the fact of my publishing his letter—an action on my part which I do not suppose he anticipated for one moment—has brought me a whole pile of letters from enthusiastic friends who have taken up the cudgels against him on my behalf.

One of my lads in a brief sentence

rom enhitstatic friends who have taken up the cudgels against him on my behalf.

One of my lads in a brief sentence mays all that is necessary in reply. "He," writes my correspondent "Ben O.," from Northallerton, "says his younger brother reads your paper. I think it would do him ('Disgusted, Though Amused') a bit of good if he did so as well." I am quite sure that "Ben O." is right. If "Disgusted, Though Amused' had really read my paper carefully he would not have accused me of knowing nothing about boys. "Ben O.," by the way, says that although he does not claim to be the best boxer in his town, he would not mind challenging "Disgusted, Though Amused," if ever he came to Northallerton.

Northallerton.

Another friend says: "After reading the letter of 'Disgusted, Though Amused,' last week in The BOYS' FRIEND, I was very much dis-

gusted, though amused, at his temerity." And goes on to say that it is no doubt the popularity of The Boys' FREEND which makes some people annoyed with it. It is the fact of The Boys' FREEND being the most popular paper of its kind—not only with boys, but with girls as well—that causes certain jealous and small-minded people to be angry at its continued enormous success.

LETTER FROM A GIRL

One of my girl friends puts to me this question: "Is there any harm in my reading your paper? I say there is not, but several of my girl friends say that it is not for a girl to read." This comes from C. M. B., of Bristol.

My dear C. M. B., there is not the slightest harm in reading The Boys' Friend, and I can assure you that if you read it from now until I have to give up its charge you will never find in it a single word which could give you the slightest offence. I have never in my life knowingly published anything which would bring a blush to the most sensitive cheek, or which could cause the most clean-minded child or grown-up any regret for reading my paper, and as long as I am alive and in charge of it I shall carry out the same policy.

So, my dear C. M. B., read The Boys' Friend and enjoy it, and encourage as many of your girl chums as you can to do likewise. Believe me, I shall be glad to know that they are reading the paper, and shall also be glad to hear from them whenever they like to write to me.

TO SAVE MINERS' LIVES.

"Pitman" works in a coal-pit in Northumberland, and he tells me he thinks he has invented a plan which, if adopted, will be the means of saving a considerable number of valuable lives. His difficulty, however, seems to be that of getting into touch with someone who can tell him if the plan is workable, and help him to introduce it into the coal-pits. It is not a very difficult thing, "Pitman," to carry out your wish. You must approach one of the local sub-inspectors of mines—you will find their names in any local directory, or in a copy of "Whitaker," which is to be found in any public library—or have a chat on the subject with the manager of your own coal-pit. I am perfectly certain that if you were to write to him and tell him you think you have a plan for protecting life he would be very glad to hear what you have to say, and tell you whether it is practicable or not.

WHAT TO SLEEP IN.

J. H. tells me that he wears a vest, pants, a shirt, and woollen socks, and he wants to know whether it is healthy to sleep in these. It certainly is not, and my young friend should invest in a flannel nightshirt, and sleep in that.

INTERESTING QUESTIONS.

E. M. L. lives in Kensington, and puts to me a couple of questions, to which he wants replies.

One is this: "Supposing he is given a job to do which it is expected will take him half an hour, and he does it in twenty-five minutes, is he entitled to pull The Bors' Freen out of his pocket and read it for the remaining five minutes, or should he start on his next job at once?"

Well, my dear young friend, I am sorry, but I have only one answer to give to that question, and that is, the time is your employer's, and not yours, and if you are given a job which is supposed to take you half

Starts

GETTING FIT FOR SPRINTING.

"Sprinter" wants me to tell him it running a distance of three miles at a medium pace twice a week is proper training for a sprinter who wants to keep fit until next season.

Long-distance running is all very well, and these occasional trots of they are not much good for improving him as a sprinter.

A better plan would be for him to take a good long run once a week, and during that run occasionally to break into a sprint. He should also—once a week, at any rate—practise starts, and do some fifty or sixty yards' dashes. E. M. L. lives in Kensington, and puts to me a couple of questions, to which he wants replies.

One is this: "Supposing he is given a job to do which it is expected will take him half an hour, and he does it in twenty-five minutes, is he entitled to pull The Boys' Friend out of his pocket and read it for the remaining five minutes, or should he start on his next job at once?"

an hour, and it only takes you twenty-five minutes, then that five minutes saved is your employer's, and you certainly ought to go on with your next task.

The other question he asks is this: "Do you think I might spend my Christmas-boxes in whatever way I like, without asking my parents?"

My friend's reason for asking this is that lately he has been going to the dentist, who charges rather high prices, and now the dentist tells him he should have his teeth scaled, at a charge of half-a-guinea. But E. M. L.'s parents think that the money spent on this is wasted.

I am sorry to say that I don't agree with them—most emphatically I don't; and I think that every lad or girl who has the sense to go to the dentist when his or her teeth need attention is doing a most sensible thing. The teeth play such a vital part in the health of the body that too much care cannot be taken of them, and attention to the teeth in one's youth will save many an hour of pain and discomfort in later in one's youth will save many an hour of pain and discomfort in later

life.
So, my young friend, I think the answer to your second question is this: Tell your parents that you want your teeth attended to, that your Christmas-boxes will supply the necessary half-guinea, and you propose to spend it in that way. I do not think they will strongly disapprove.

pose to spend it in that way. I do not think they will strongly disapprove.

I would like to draw the serious attention of every parent to the necessity for having their children's teeth examined, even if they have to go to a dental hospital, for the teeth are such a very important part of the body. Sound teeth, in good working order, mean that the food one eats will be properly masticated, and therefore easily digested, and, with ordinary care, lots of the troubles which come to young people, and which spring wholly from defective teeth, would be avoided. Good teeth in many cases—certainly where there is no organic trouble—mean good health. So, E. M. L., tell your parents what you propose to do with your Christmas-boxes, and urge them to give their consent.

A WORRIED READER.

T. I. has been living away from home for some time, but a friend of his, who was living with his people, has now gone to Australia, and his mother is missing the money this friend used to pay. Now she wants T. L. to return home to take the place of this departed friend, but, unfortunately, he does not get on with his uncle, who lives at home too, and, further, was the cause of his leaving home one or two years ago.

The rearing ago.

Under the circumstances, I think that T. L. would be wise not to go back home again. Instead, he should urge his mother to get another lodger; and in the meantime, if possible, he should contribute something towards home expenses.

GETTING FIT FOR SPRINTING

As long as he keeps himself in fairly decent physical condition, it is not necessary for him to be absolutely fit, because directly next season comes he can train himself into a fairly fit condition for racing in a week or two.

A MISSING SON.

The father of one of my readers asks me to insert the following intimation, and I have great pleasure in doing so. The boy to whom the appeal is made is a constant reader of The Boys' Friend.

Frankie.—Letter received. All your debts paid, and everything arranged at office. Truly forgiven. Write immediately.

ADVICE ON SINGING.

"A Constant Reader" wants me to give him some advice on singing. He says he belongs to a village choir, is eighteen years of age, and has an alto voice, and he wants me to tell him whether his voice will break, also how to keep it in training, and whether smoking will harm it.

The male voice usually breaks at about the age of fourteen or fifteen, but some voices do not break, among these being the alto.

"A Constant Reader" will find some very useful hints in "Hamilton's Singing Tutor," price 1s. 8d., which is published by Messrs. Pitman, Hart. & Co., of 20 and 21, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

KNOCK-KNEES.

One of my friends wants me to tell him if there is a cure for knock-knees in the case of a grown-up young man. Yes, but it means a surgical operation, and about a fortnight in bed. The operation is a simple one, and there is no danger whatever in it. The bone of the leg is broken below the knee and then straightened. The leg is placed in splints or some other supports, according to the method adopted by the doctor, and then the patient must rest in bed until the bones re-set, when the legs will be found to be quite strong.

That is all. If my young friend is very badly knock-kneed, this is the remedy. All he must do is to persuade the house surgeon of the hospital near him to take him in and perform the operation.

TO SAVE THE TYRES.

L. G., who tells me that he is a regular reader of the "B. F." wishes to lay up his bicycle for a few weeks, and comes to me for advice in the matter of the tyres. He tells me that he has vaselined the bright section of the machine, and attended to the running parts. ning parts.

tended to the running parts.

L. G. will be well-advised if he keeps the tyres pumped up fairly hard during the time it is out of use, and, if possible, the The Correct Posimachine should be tion. Discussed in suspended clear of our Boxing article the ground so that on this page. the weight is taken off the tyres. To do this it would be an excellent plan to have a couple of screw eyes fixed in the rafters of the storage place to which cords could be secured.

These cords could then be fastened to the bicycle, one at the peak of the saddle, and the other to the handle-bars.

GOING ABROAD.

A reader, who foolishly omits both his name and address, asks where he can write for information regarding Australia and New Zealand. He is out of employment, and has no money. I am truly sorry to hear of my correspondent's ill-fortune, but I am afraid he cannot emigrate without a little capital. There is his outfit to consider, his fare, and also a small sum to keep him in the new country till he can get a post.

Still, my reader might enlist the sympathy of his clergyman or minister, and he will obtain full information regarding assisted passages, etc., from the Chief Clerk, Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W. For advice regarding Canada in particular, I should advise my reader to communicate with Mr. Willian Weeks, Chippenham, Wilts.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

POSITION IN BOXING

Another Helpful Article by

T is easy enough to assume the right position for a boxing bout after you have once got used to it. But you must always remember that it is just as important after the start.

that it is just as important after the start.

When you have advanced from your corner and shaken hands with your opponent you fall naturally into the right position, but this must be kept up afterwards.

As can well be imagined, the ordinary movement of a boxing bout is in circles—that is to say, you naturally work round and round your opponent in the middle of the ring. A most important rule to remember is always to work round to the right if possible, and never to the left. The reason for this is that if you keep to the right you always have your right hand ready to guard your head, whereas, if you work round to your left, you are ever liable to leave yourself open to

a straight right-hand blow

a straight right-hand blow

yourself open to

a straight right-hand blow
from your antagonist.

If you feel yourself to be very much stronger than your man an excellent plan is to drive him across the ring by sheer weight. Remember not to charge, but to advance perfectly steadily, left foot first, then drawing the right foot up to it, going fast, but not actually running.

Keep the position with which you start the bout all the time, left arm half bent, and right arm across your chest Follow up your blows one after another in quick succession—left, right, left, right—until you have driven your man either into a corner or else up against the ropes at the side of the ring. Then quite suddenly skip back a couple of paces, and go for him again before he can recover with redoubled force.

You can very often beat a man in this way; but, needless to say, it should never be attempted unless your antagonist is quite worn out, or else, as suggested above, much weaker than yourself.

Above all things, you must remember never to allow yourself to get slack and careless just when victory is within your grasp.

THE END.

THE BOY'S DOG.

How to Keep Him Fit and Well in the Winter.

in the Winter.

T this time of the year a dog needs a good deal of attention, and, to a great extent, many of its winter troubles can be guarded against.

If your companion is kept out of doors it should be seen that he is sheltered from the cold winds. A good plan is to place the kennel close up against the wall or closed fence, and, instead of having the open entrance in the front, put it at the side. Then run a closed boarding, about three feet in height, parallel with the kennel and in front of the entrance which has been made at the side. The dog should be supplied with clean straw for bedding. The kennel should be covered with tarpaulin, and raised about four inches from the ground. The animal's house should not stand upon a stone ground, and good, dry gravel or cinders will be found best.

The indoor pet should be supplied with a box covered at the bottom with a piece of carpet. Do not allow him to sleep

in front of the fire

in front of the fire and then immediately turn him into an ice-covered garden. To allow an indoor pet to sleep on cushions is only cruelty. The animal becomes lazy, and forgets its duty in the house. Make it a rule to turn the animal into the garden three or four times at regular intervals every day, and see that he gets a run at least once or twice a day, and when he is wet after a run him down with an old cloth.

cloth.

Bathing should only be carried out when really necessary—say, once in four weeks—to keep the coat from getting tangled and to keep the skin from becoming sourly, dirty, or insect ridden. At other times your dog should be smartened up with the comb and brush. On no account should a dog be allowed to swim in cold water, and at all times it is advisable to rub him down, especially long-coated animals.

THE END.

Next Tuesday THE Starts Great New Boxing Serial BOYS' FRIEND. Patrick Morris

THE SHOTLEY CHAMPI

A Stirring, Complete Story of Navy Boxing.

VER a hundred lads-fine, stal- [wart youngsters, looking par-ticularly smart in their blue hats and white tunics and trousers -stood in a compact square in the barrack-yard at Shotley, where in "the ship on land" our bluejackets spend the first six months of their

"the ship on land" our bluejackets spend the first six months of their training.

Seamanship school, gun drill, revolver practice, and even a short spell on the old three-decker mast with its yards and ropes and its wide net at the foot to catch those who might happen to slip in the evolutions of "First over the maintop," were over for the morning; and now Quartermaster Jebb was giving his company a few minutes' marching drill before the bell would ring out for dinner.

"Close ranks!" cried the officer.

"Else tine, by the right, number!"

With alertness and precision the lads carried out the order. The last boy of the company responded with his number. All became eager and expectant, their tanned, manly faces turned to the quartermaster.

"Seeing that several of you have boxing bouts on in the tournament to-night," said the officer, his eyes wandering to the muscular forms of Ben Briggs and Joe Haley a few paces away, "I'll cut the drill short this morning. Eyes right! Right turn! Dismiss!"

As the lads stepped outward and began to break away in all directions

turn! Dismiss!"
As the lads stepped outward and began to break away in all directions a loud, hearty cheer left their lips.
Quartermaster Jebb was a strict and sometimes a stern officer, but the lads knew him at heart to be a good sort.

It was getting towards the end of the year, when those who had finished their six months' probation, and had passed "first-class" in the examinations, were to be sent from Shotley Barracks, officially known as the Ganges, to the old armoured cruiser Minotaur anchored close to the shore for the next stage in their training. And, according to custom, there was to be held that evening the usual boxing tournament and grand assault-at-arms.

Amongst those who were to go up were Ben Briggs, a fresh-complexioned, sturdy youth of seventeen, and a native of Birmingham; and Joe Haley, a powerful, bulldog type of youngster, who hailed from Southam. There had been a rivalry between the lads from the moment Ben had come to the barracks. Joe had been undisputed "cock of the walk" in the dormitory until then, but Ben would not submit to bullying tactics. He was a smarter lad in the schools, and set such a good example of industry to the others that the various instructors encouraged him, and in

and set such a good example of industry to the others that the various instructors encouraged him, and in consequence, the feud between them had become very bitter.

Little groups of admirers now flocked round the two lads.

"How are you feeling, Ben, boy?" asked Matt Halligan, a neighbour of Ben's. "Going to knock the swank out o' the Cockney to-night and score another point for old Brummagen? Ay, but you're looking fit?"

"More than Joe Haley does, anyway," added Bert Williams, another admirer. "His crowd don't know what to make of him. They ain't so cock-sure as he is. If I was fool enough to bet I'd put my shirt on old Ben, though he is half a stone lighter and four inches shorter than the Southam chap."

"Get away wid yer blarneying!" grinned Ben, imitating the style of old Micky O'Reilly, who gave them instruction in dropping, heaving, and catting the anchor. "Let the best man win, say I. There's been too much talk about this bout. Joe and I have never had a proper scrap. If he's better than me with the mittens I'll be ready to admit it."

He moved away towards the barracks, with his friends around him.

"Pr'aps you won't be able to help yourself!" cut in a voice. "You won't be able to say anything if you get knocked out."

Ben looked up.

Ginger Wilkins, Joe Haley's pal,

get knocked out."

Ben looked up.
Ginger Wilkins, Joe Haley's pal, was grinning sneeringly at him. Joe himself was scowling blackly.
"If Joe's on for the knock-out tonight," said Ben, "I shall know what to do. Don't forget, though, that if there's no knock-out the one who gets the most points wins the silver medal. It won't be a dormitory scrap, you know—hit where you like."
The taunt—a reference to foul fighting on Joe's part—maddened the lad.

Once there it would be fairly easy to get to Birmingham.
With a swift glance round to see if he were being observed, Ben hopped into the dinghy, slipped off the painter, and pushed off.

The tide was with him. Silently he got the oars to work, and began to pull

His face flushed hotly, and he clenched his fists as he stepped briskly

clenched his fists as he stepped briskly forward.

"You'll tell a different tale tomorrow!" he snarled. "You think 'cause the instructors favour you you can do and say what you like! All the chaps 'ave had enough of your toadying. It wouldn't surprise me if you didn't find some excuse to stop away from the gym. to-night. Don't you forget either that if you don't turn up, as the challenger the medal's mine."

you lorget either that it you don't turn up, as the challenger the medal's mine."

"Ha, ha, ha it' laughed Matt Halligan. "Dou't tell us your thoughts, Joe. You're only hoping as Ben won't turn up. You're funking the bout yourself, and you know it."

"All right, then!" growled Joe Haley after them. "Just you wait and see. You won't be so cocky, none of you, before long."

"Joe's fair up the pole!" grinned Bert Williams, as they entered the barracks. "He's lost all his gumption now it's come to the actual scrap."

An officer was going round with the post-bag as they entered the big hall in which the tables—were being laid for dinner.

"Here you are, Briggs!" he cried. "Here's one for you—wishing you wolk for the fight to right."

"Here you are, Briggs!" he cried.
"Here's one for you—wishing you luck for the fight to-night, I expect."
Ben took the missive and tore it open. The handwriting on the envelope was unfamiliar to him. He picked out the note; and as he read it the colour left his cheeks, and he reeled a bit.
"What's the matter, Ben?" asked Williams. "Bad news?"
"Nothing much," answered Ben, stuffing the letter in his pocket and moving away in the direction of the dormitory.

dormitory.

In the seclusion of the big room Ben pulled out the letter and read it through again. As he did so tears welfed into the honest brown eyes.

It ran:

"Dear Ben,—Can you manage to slip home somehow? Poor mother's been ill ever since you left—nearly six months ago—and I'm afraid she won't last much longer. It would make her happy if she could only see you before she dies. I don't suppose they'll let you off at Shotley, but I know that won't keep you back. I've got a chum to write this letter, as my hand's bound up through a bad cut. Hurry up and come home.

"Your affectionate brother,"
"HARRY."

Harry was Ben's senior by a couple of years, and an apprentice in a brass foundry.

For some moments Ben sat gazing

For some moments Ben sat gazing at the scrawly writing, with a mist before his eyes. He loved his mother, and he was not entirely unprepared to hear of her illness, for she had been unwell when he had last seen her in Birmingham.

The dinner bell sounded loud and clear. There was a scamper of feet—the feet that would one day be tramping Britain's warships—but Ben did not stir.

"Harry's right," he murmured at last.

"They'd never grant me leave to go home; but I'm going, all the same. Dear old mother! The best pal in all the world. I must see you again.

in all the world. I must see you again. Let 'em do what they like afterwards."

Down to the water's edge ran Ben. Alongside the landing-stage there was a pair-oared dinghy, used for getting to and from the Minotaur.

Shotley is about ten

getting to and from
the Minotaur.
Shotley is about ten
miles by road from
Ipswich, but less than
half that distance
along the coast. Ben
knew he could row
in less than an hour.
Once there it would
be fairly easy to get
to Birmingham.
With a swift glance
round to see if he
were being observed,
Ben hopped into the
dinghy, slipped off the
painter, and pushed
off.
The tide was with
him. Silently he got

with long, vigorous sweeps. The old armoured cruiser, soon the barracks themselves, were left farther and farther behind. And still there came no sign of his absence having been discovered.

Ben shipped oars, and peered cautiously along the coast. Ipswich had come in sight. He determined to beach the dinghy at the further end of the town. It had been a long pull, and the muscles of his arms were aching, and, besides that, the knowledge that his companions were having their dinners made him feel desperately hungry.

Great leaden clouds hung in the sky, ready to burst. Not a craft was to be seen The river bank was deserted.

"It isn't as if I were stealing the boat," mused Ben, as he forced the nose of the dingly into the shore, and, clambering out, began to pull her up the slope beyond the reach of the Orwell. "Whoever finds her'll know she's Government property, and send her back to Shotley. I expect I'll get it hot, though, when I come back from seeing mother."

Quickly he climbed over the cobbles and got on the path that led to the main road. Ten minutes' walk would bring him into Ipswich. He swung past a big net-drying shed, then staggered backward, gasping for breath.

Quartermaster Jebb and two bluejacket instructors had suddenly confronted him. Without a word, the men ranged themselves on either side of Ben.

"What's the meaning of this It isn't as if I were stealing the

fronted him. Without a word, the men ranged themselves on either side of Ben.

"What's the meaning of this, Briggs—desertion?" asked the officer sternly. "We twigged your little game from the Minotaur, but we followed you up in the captain's motorcar to see what happened. I'm afraid you'll have to come back and see Captain Jackson instead of bolting off to London."

"I was going to Birmingham, sir," stammered Ben, finding his tongue with difficulty. "My mother's ill—dying! I was going to see her. I thought you wouldn't give me leave, sir."

"Wen't week my led." gripped

thought you wouldn't give me leave, sir."

"Won't wash, my lad," grinned the quartermaster. "Every deserter who gets caught tells the dying grandmother yarn."

Ben flushed hotly, He produced the envelope and letter he had received scarcely more than an hour ago.

"This is interesting—very interesting," said the officer, after reading the letter through. "Briggs, my boy, you've been fooled. You must come back with me to Shotley at once."

come back with me to Shotley at once."

Very soon they were back at the naval barracks. Ben was taken at once to Captain Jackson's room.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the captain, examining the envelope after Quartermaster Jebb had given him particulars in so low a voice that Ben was unable to hear. "The young rogue! Boxing bout, you say, Jebb? Umph! Put him in the lock-up while we make investigations?"

So Ben was led off to the little cell-like room and the key turned upon him. Two hours later Quartermaster Jebb returned and gave him his freedom.

"You see this telegram, Briggs," said the officer. "It is from your

mother, who is quite well. There's been a little plot on foot against you, but if you'll take my advice, you'll keep your mouth shut and leave the matter to the captain to settle."

"Seconds out of the ring! Time!"
Ben, in his white duck trousers, singlet, and rubber shoes, came up to the scratch amidst a roar of applause from the lads in the packed gymnasium. His eyes were bright and confident, and a smile played about his lips. His opponent, Joe Haley, looked morose and sullen, He had been in a vicious temper since the afternoon. He gave a surly glance towards the ropes around which sat a number of officers, and amongst whom was Quartermaster Jebb, holding the stop-watch.

The mystery of Ben's sudden disappearance at dinner-time had added considerably to the excitement surrounding the bout now to be fought for the championship of Shotley.

Ben's glove momentarily touched Joe's, and then came a ringing smack on the side of the head. Joe had got home the first blow. The Southam lad was taller and heavier than Ben, and from the way he started business, it was evident he meant to take full advantage of his powers. Ben had to side-step from a swinging left, and then, failing to reach Joe's head with a straight punch, staggered back almost to the ropes before a regular pile-driver on the ribs.

"Never mind, Ben boy!" roared out Matt Halligan. "There's plenty of time. Ten rounds, remember!"
But the vast majority in the room kept silent. They wanted Ben to win, but the bulldog expression on Joe Haley's face showed that he did not mean Ben to have a walk-over.

Joe kept up a hot attack, driving Ben back inch by inch. He wanted to get the fight over as quickly as possible. Out swung his right. Ben slipped his head over just in time, then—crash!—came a hook on Joe's jaw that sent the Cockney rocking on his heels. A roar of delight greeted Ben's first real punch!

Savagely Joe rushed into the attack. Ben ducked a swinging left, and slipped out of range. In a second, however, he had pinned Ben in a corner, and began to rain blows upon his body that sounded all over the room, and then came the call of "Time!" that relieved the anxiety of Ben's admirers.

"Stick to him, Ben boy!" cried Matt, as he flap

bit when they came face to face

bit when they came again.

The officers sitting on forms round the ropes, though keenly interested in the battle, had applauded neither of the opponents. But now, as Ben and Joe were at hammer and tongs again, Quartermaster Jebb bent towards Lieutenant Blake.

"He'll pull through," he muttered.

"It was a big risk, but I'm not sorry now. The lads can't say they haven't had fair play."

afternoon— It's a very stiff handicap."

Ben was still making progress. He was standing his ground now, giving blow for blow. That long pull to Ipswich had made his muscles feel tired at first, but now that the blood was coursing quickly through his biceps, he found that he could hit harder and with more freedom.
"Good old Ben!" came the roar from his chums. "You've got him set now! Give him his money's-worth!"

A clever feint caused Joe to drop

A clever feint caused Joe to drop his guard. Instantly a sledge-hammer blow caught him on the jaw, and, spinning round like a teetotum, he crashed to the floor. Up again in an instant, he rushed in at Ben like a mad bull, but a straight left between the eyes once more sent him stagger. mad bull, but a straight left between the eyes once more sont him staggering flat on his back amidst an outburst of wild excitement.

"Go on, Ben! Wait on him!" rose the cry. "Give him the knockout!" "One, two, three—" called the quartermaster.

"One, two, three—" called the quartermaster.

Joe scrambled to his feet. Ben had stood with folded arms. Again they began to spar, Joe's mouth working with the passion that was consuming him. But Ben did not press home his advantage as he could have done. "You ought to have finished him off, Ben," protested Matt Halligan, as he wiped the young boxer's face. "Still, you've got the points so farmust have! Joe Haley's tiring fast. Shove on the pressure a bit."

Ben was certainly much fresher than his opponent. All the sting was out of Joe's attack. A pretty bit of boxing followed, Ben hopping about as light as a feather, and seeming to be able to hit Joe where and as often as he liked.

as light as a feather, and seeming to be able to hit Joe where and as often as he liked.

A quick tattoo on Joe's ribs was followed by a quick right and left on each side of the jaw. It exasperated Joe, but Ben refused to be cudgelled into a corner. Joe's grunts for breath could be heard like a grampus, and at last, when he could scarcely move. Ben got home a swinging right on the ribs. and before his guard could be raised, an upper-cut with the left laid the Southam lad helpless upon the ropes.

"Bravo, Ben!" came the great shout, and then silence.
Joe Haley was not senseless. As Quartermaster Jebb came to the ropes and began to count, he grunted surlily:

"I've had enough. I give in!"
At once a mighty roar of applause shook the gymnasium. Ben found himself, as he stepped under the ropes, in the midst of a clamouring crowd of admirers, each anxious to grip his hand. But the next instant, as Mr. Jebb's voice called out for silence, all eyes were turned to the ring.

ring.

The quartermaster was standing in the centre with his hand on Ben's

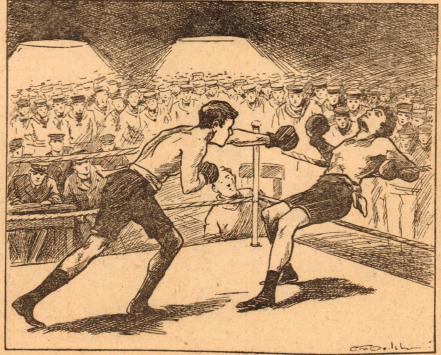
The quartermaster was standing in the centre with his hand on Ben's shoulder.

"Just one moment, my lads!" he called out. "I've not interfered with this bout, but I should like you to know about the mean advantage that Haley has attempted to take. Apparently he funked this contest to-night, for he wrote a letter, and got someone to post it for him in Ipswich. That letter suggested that Briggs's mother was ill, and he, no doubt, thought that Ben wouldn't be able to meet him to-night, and that he'd have a walk-over. Fortunately, the plot didn't work."

A torrent of hisses and execrations were hurled at Joe Haley, who cowered, ashamed and silent, at the officer's feet.

"If we had sent Haley to the lock-up, as he deserved, this bout could not have taken place, and the Shotley championship would have still remained in dispute," continued the officer; "but now there's no doubt that Briggs well deserves the title. I ask you to give him three rousing cheers."

And the Shotley lads responded with all the strength of their lusty lungs. As for Joe Haley, he was not only sent to Coventry by all the decent lads, but he had to forego a week's pocket-money, and to do fatigue duty all that time.



Ben got home a swinging right on Joe's ribs, and before his guard could be raised, an upper-cut with the left laid the Southam lad helpless upon the ropes.

TRONG MAN'S SECRETS.

How to Make and Use a Bar-bell.

promised to tell you how to make a heavy dumb-bell or bar-bell, and to describe one of two of the recognised "lifts."

recognised "lifts."

Well, science and correct poise and balance play so important a part in weight-lifting that, it must at once be admitted that a properly constructed "bell," by a good maker, is infinitely to be preferred to any makeshift, however nearly this may approach the real thing in appearance.

But as it is not my intention to attempt to describe the art of weight-lifting in all its many complexities, but merely to touch upon the principles underlying its study, and as it is decidedly questionable whether it would be wise for my readers, without long previous training and practice, to endeavour to do more than merely master these principles preparatory to a more thorough study of the subject at some future date, the apparatus which I shall describe will be found quite adequate, and will suit our purpose.

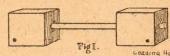
our purpose.

For the guidance of those, however, who may wish to continue the practice of the art with more orthodox appliances, I may mention that the cost of a good new dumb-bell (shot-loading), weighing, empty, 56lb., and loading up to something over twice that weight, would be about twenty-

In the first article of this series I promised to tell you how to make a heavy dumb-bell or bar-bell, and to describe one of two of the cognised "lifts."

Well, science and correct poise and balance play so important a part is weight-lifting that it must at once a admitted that a properly conructed "bell," by a good maker, is ifinitely to be preferred to any takeshift, however nearly this may prorach the real thing in appearance. But as it is not my intention to tempt to describe the art of weightfiting in all its many complexities, and the wearing of nickel-plating, if it bears any when new.

Besides, except when used for exhibition purposes, the appearance of a bell does not matter a jot—and cactice, to endeavour to do more than terely master these principles prearatory to a more thorough study of the subject at some future date, the



Appearance of Completed Bar-bell.

self before making a purchase is that all nuts and fastenings securing the globes to the hand-grip or stem are quite sound, and that the screw stoppers to the loading-bungs in the

globes themselves are in order; a loose or unsound fastening might result in a very nasty accident.

Second-hand dumb-bells and barbells may generally be obtained of most dealers in sports appliances, and are frequently advertised for sale in the columns of those weekly papers devoted to the interests of phy-

devoted to the interests of physical culture and athletics. However, a bell admirably suited to our purpose.

sical culture and athletics. However, a bell adwer, a bell adwer, a bell adwer, a bell adwer, a bell adwerted to our purpose, and well adapted to the strength of my readers, may be made at home by anybody for a few pence, with no other materials than an ordinary broomstick, two large-size biscuit-tins—round or square—a cheap soldering outfit, and a few plugs of wood, with a quantity of coarse sand for loading.

Having obtained our biscuit-tins—either the 7lb. size or smaller, as desired—from the local grocer or stores, and a good straight broomstick, without flaws or notches if possible, we can get to work.

Having first sawn our stick off to the required length—about 3ft.—we bore eight holes in the broomstick as shown in Fig. 4, the first and fourth pair of holes about 1½in. from the extreme ends of the stick and close together, and the second and third pairs in such a position as to come one inside and one outside the lids of the tins when these are in position—i.e., when the tins are resting on the pegs at the extreme ends.

Care should be taken not to split

Care should be taken not to split the stick, and a red-hot iron rod or ten-inch nail of the required thickness is best for our purpose.

It must be remembered that the holes of each pair must be only just sufficiently wide apart to admit of the thickness of the tins between them, so that when the latter are in position and the pegs in place they will be held firmly without shifting. Having done this, we must cut eight tapering pegs of wood to fit the holes.

We can now turn our attention to the tins.

Having removed the lids of these, we must bore bottoms of each bottoms of each sufficiently large to admit of the passage of the stick through them, taking care to make each hole as nearly as possible in the centre of the by pegs.

The bottom of the tin secured in the centre of the end of each tin.

Repeat this operation in the lids of the stick through them.

Repeat this operation in the lids of the sufficiently large to admit of the passage of the stick through the sufficiently large to admit of the passage of the stick through the sufficiently large to admit of the passage of the stick through the sufficiently large to admit of the passage of the stick through the sufficiently large to admit of the passage of the stick through the make each hole as nearly as possible in the centre of the end of each tin.

Repeat this operation in the lids of the stick through the make each hole as nearly as possible in the centre of the end of each tin.

Repeat this operation in the lids of the stick through the make each hole as nearly as possible in the centre of the end of each tin.

Repeat this operation in the lids of the stick through the make each hole as nearly as possible in the centre of the end of each tin.

Drive one peg well home in the extreme end hole at one end of the stick. Pass the stick through the hole in the bottom of one of the tins, and push the latter well down on to the peg.

The stick should then project 1½in. beyond the tin. Drive a second peg through the next hole on the inside of the tin. Secure the third peg. Pass the lid of that tin down the stick, fasten the lid down on to the tin, when it should rest on the third

peg, and drive in the fourth peg on the outside of the lid.

peg, and drive in the fourth peg on the outside of the lid.

Slip the second tin down the stick, drive in the other extreme end peg, and proceed as with the first one. In the case of this tin the lid will, of course, be the first thing to be slipped on the stick.

Before fastening on the lids it would be well to paint a little glue around the inside of the tins where the stick passes through, as well as on the outside to prevent the escape of sand when the dumb-bell is loaded.

If the holes have been made too large, a binding of worsted round the stick on the inside, supplemented by a coat of glue, will be found to make the tins "sand-tight."

The lids should now be soldered firmly in place, as the pegs alone should not be relied upon to prevent them slipping and allowing the sand to run out.

them slipping and allowing the sand to run out.

Having bored two holes about a quarter of an inch in diameter, one in the side of each tin, and made pegs to fit these exactly, our dumbbell is complete, and it only remains to obtain a quantity of coarse sand from the local corn-chandler or stores,

The position of eight holes bored in broom handle.

and with this to load up to the required weight, and we can get to work.

WORK.
(The splendid article will be concluded next
Tuesday in THE BOYS' FRIEND, when
some exercises with the bar-bell will be
described.)



Thosetti de Brown was an artist of fame, it in to by his pictures, at least by his name; and though by his friends he was often traduced. He vowed that his works were the finest produced. Tis true, they were large; and he had a great many, But strange is the fact that he never sold any. He was sitting alone in his garret one day, and sucking a brush in a wandering way; He was thinking of money, and what he would do If he only could sell a fine painting or two. And as he sat thinking, a step on the stair Made him rise in alarm from his badly-worn chair. He rushed to the door, and he peeped through the crack, For he thought the bumbaillif had got on his track; But conscience, alas! proved a coward once more, For a fine, portly gentleman stood at the door. Rossetti bowed low, and he said, "Sir, good-day, Welk right inside, take a seat, sir, I pray."

And the stranger walked in without more ado,
And seeing Brown bow—why, of course he bowed too.
He took off his hat, and he said, "Vas you Brown ?"
"The same," said my friend. "Will you kindly sit down?"
"Mooch oblige," said the man, sitting down on a chair,
The only available seat that was there.
"Vas you baint?" he then said, as he looked round the place.
"Yas you baint?" he then said, as he looked round the place.
"Vas you baint?" he then said, as he looked round the place.
"Vas you baint?" he then said, as he looked round the place.
"Vas dot zo?" he replied. "Dot vas lucky, you see,
Vor I vants you do baint a nice boortrait vor me—
Boortrait of mein vader, resbegdable man;
Und I vants you do baint him as vell as you can,"
"Delighted, I'm sure," then said Brown, with elation,
"And when can I see your respected relation?"
"Donner und flitzen!" the stranger then said.
"Zee, mein boor vader, ach, Himmel, he's dead!"
"Was he taken off lately?" asked Brown, with a sigh,
And something resembling a tear in his eye.
"Yat, ladely? Ach, Himmel! Mein gracious! Vy, no;
Mein boor vader died nearly dree year ago!"
"Ah, indeed: very sad. Then perhaps you can show
Some kind of a picture, or photo, you know?
For, really, I must have an on-line, at least,
From which to portray your dear parent deceased!"
"Ach, no! I haves nodin's—no, nodin's at all!
But I gan efery bart of his veatures regall.
I'll egsblain him to you, und den you gan see
Vat kind of man mein boor vader was 'e.
Vell, his legs dey vas bent like un parrel of peer,
Und his nose vas a crook, und his mouth had a schneer.
Den der vas his hair—he had only a piece—
Ut vas black—und so long, und be curled it mit grease.
Den his eyes, dey vas grey, und so little und schmall
I zomedimes did dink he had no eyes at all.
Bud, gracious, he had—und dey vas vide avake,
Und ven baying a bill he did make no mishtake.
Vy, I've sheen him somedimes, yhen opliging a gent,
Do make joost ash mooch ash his feefty per shent!
Den he sat in a chair dot vas yellow und green—
"Tvas de lofti

Tvas bought at un sale, und so handsome und tall;
Und der man knocked ut down vor near nodin's at all."
"Very clear!" said Rosetti. "I quite comprehead;
Now, if that same chair, sir, to me you will send,
This portrait I'll paint, and I think you will find
That the picture I make will be quite to your mind.
Three days from to-day, pay a visit to me,
And then your deceased parent's portrait you'll see."
Well, the chair it arrived in the course of the day,
And Brown set to work without any delay.
He got out his tools, and he painted that chair,
But the figure he sat in the seat was so rare,
And the structure so quaint, that at first you'd suppose
It was made for some farmer to frighten the crows.
Three days passed away, and then at the door
The same portly gentleman came as before.
"Goot-morning—goot-day! I vas punctual, you zee;
Und now vill you show mein boor vader to me?"
Rosetti uncovered the picture with pride.
And admiringly stood by the gentleman's side.
"I've finished your father—to the best of my skill;
I hope you will like him! I think, sir, you will.
The tones are arranged, as perhaps you will see,
In harmonious lines, and the drawing is free.
Then that foreshortening—see, that's a masterful stroke!"
"Ach! Yah! Id vas look like his arm—it vas proke!"
"And look at that chair, now, was ever there seen
Such a contrast so great as that yellow-and-green?
Then his nose—ah, the tone, how rich and how true!
Was ever there seen such a rubicund hue?"
"Ach! Yah! Dare he was and mein vader vas dare;
Yah! Dare he vas sit in dot fine handsome chair.
Und his eyes joost der same, und his nose mit der crook,
I'nd his eyes joost der same, und his nose mit der crook,
I'nd his eyes joost der same, und his nose mit der crook,
I'nd his eyes joost der same, und his nose mit der crook,
I'nd his eyes joost der same, und his nose mit der crook,
I'nd his eyes joost der same, und his nose mit der crook,
I'nd his eyes joost der same, und his nose mit der crook,
I'nd his eyes joost der same, und his nose mit der crook,
I'nd his eyes

EDGAR DYALL.

Published by arrangement with Messrs. Samuel French, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

HAMMOCK-MAKING FOR BOY SCOUTS.

A Helpful Article That Will Interest All Boys, Whether Scouts or Not.

How to Make Hammocks. OME time ago I promised to tell you chaps how to make hammocks. Now is just the time for doing it, as you will have them all ready by the time you start

them all ready by the time you start camping. So here goes.

I'm going to tell you the simplest way of making them without a needle, because I'm afraid a lot of you chaps would have a difficulty in getting a proper needle—and homemade ones are no good.

Doing it without a needle is slower work. But it is simpler, and easier to pick up, and for simple, plain hammock-making, I think you fellows will find it much better.

The Things You Want.

The only tools you need are a

The only tools you need are a couple of screw hooks, a good big ball of twine, and a meshstick.

The twine you can get at a sail-maker's, or ropemaker's, if you know of one, or if not, at an oilshop. The best kind to get is called "macrame," but if you can't get that, any strong twine will do. I would tell the man in the shop what you want it for.

How to commence the first row of loops.

Fig 4.

The meshstick you can easily make for yourselves. It is nothing but a flat piece of wood a foot long, two inches wide, and not more than a quarter of an inch thick. You should plane it perfectly smooth—particularly at the edges.

Now to get to work.

Screw your two hooks into a carpenter's bench, or a beam in the wall, or anywhere, where they will fix firmly and give you plenty of room to work in front of them. They should be placed about fourteen inches apart—an inch or two more or less doesn't matter.

Tie a piece of cord tightly across between the two hooks. This is what you have to start your netting upon.

Starting the Netting.

Starting the Netting.

Starting the Netting.

Tie the end of your twine to the cord up at the left-hand end of it, using an ordinary half-hitch or a figure eight knot: Now hold the meshstick with its edge on a level with the cord. Bring your, twine down round the meshstick, up again, and tie to the cord. You will then have made a loop of twine exactly round the meshstick. (Fig. 1.)

Now go on making these loops, pulling each one tight round the meshstick. This gives you a gauge, you see, and ensures that all your loops shall be the same length.

If you only make the loops loosely round, you will have

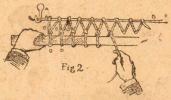
each one a different size, and your netting will look awful.

Make forty or fifty of these loops along the cord. Forty should be the minimum. The more you have over that, the deeper your hammock will be, so you please yourself about it. Then draw out your meshstick, leaving the row of loops on the cord.

Now make a second row of loops, using the meshstick in just the same way, but tying the twine to the first row of loops instead of to the cord.

(Fig. 2.)

(Fig. 2.)
Go on making row after row of loops like this until you have a piece of netting four feet long. It will, of course, be as wide as the number of



The way of attaching the second row of loops to the first row.

under the netting, the work to the ring.
groove just taking the outside of the
corner loop on each side. (Fig. 4.)

By the way, macrame twine can be
bought in all colours, and you can
make a very pretty and attractivelooking hammock by making the first
four rows of loops in red and the
second four in green, and so on.

Once made, these hammocks have
no end of uses.

At camp you can sling them be-

Once made, these hammocks have no end of uses.

At camp you can sling them between two trees in the open, and sleep most comfortably if the weather is fine and warm.

If you want to spend the night at your headquarters, you can sling them to two hooks.

And when you can turn out a neat and attractive-looking hammock—which you will be able to do after a little practice—you can sell them to help swell the troop funds.

Slings for Your Staffs.

I've said such a lot about the hammocks that I've not much room to talk about using staffs this week.

But here's one useful little tip,

third loop, and so on until you have every loop linked up to the ring.

Then do exactly the same at the other end, first taking out the cord you worked on Fig. 5.

All you want to finish the hammock is two sticks, just long enough to hold the network out to its full width. They should be planed round and smooth, and have a groove ent in each end to take the twine.

Put them one at each end of the ham m ock under the network to the ring.

Connecting the network of the ring the network to the ring.

Connecting the network of the corder to march at ease to sling your staff over your shoulder and have both hands free.

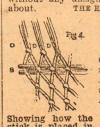
You can make excellent slings of webbing or canvas. But the very best thing is a leather strap.

Cut off the buckle, with about two inches of strap, and nail it firmly to the lower part of your staff—about a foot from the end. The buckle, of course, points towards the other end of the straff.

Now nail the cut end of the long piece of the strap to the top part of your staff at such a distance from the backle that you can buckle the two together and make a sling long enough to go right over your shoulder.

The sling attached to the staff.

The great advantage of this is that you can have the sling long enough to cary the staff right across your back, or pull it tighter and just slip your arm through it. While on parade you can buckle the whole thing flat and tight against your staff without any unsightly loop hanging about.



("Champion of the Ring," a superb new boxing serial by Patrick Morris, starts next Tuesday in THE BOYS' FRIEND.)

Showing how the stick is placed in the network.

A Stirring Adventure Serial, Dealing with the Life of a Young Press Photographer.

Written by MALCOLM DAYLE,

Author of that Popular Story, "The Odds Against Him," etc.

THE GIST OF OUR NEW SERIAL.

Christopher Mayne, a young photographer living at Forest Gate, an eastern suburb of London, is out of employment, and by strange good fortune secures an excellent picture of the capture of two Anarchists, which he sells as a great scoop to the editor of the "Morning Mercury."

Later Chris receives an appointment on the staff of the "Mercury," owing to the dismissal of another photographer named Parker. The latter becomes most malignant, and unable to withstand his insults, Chris strikes him a nasty blow, an act of which he was perfectly justified. Parker, who is now in the employ of the "Daily Herald," threatens to have his revenge upon the boy photographer, and so the two become bitter rivals.

Chris meets with several stirring adventice. THE GIST OF OUR NEW SERIAL.

Christopher Mayne, a young photographer living at Forest Gate, an eastern suburb of London, is out of employment, and by strange good fortune secures an excellent picture of the capture of two Anarchists, which he sells as a great scoop to the editor of the "Morning Mercury."

Later Chris receives an appointment on the staff of the "Mercury," owing to the dismissal of another photographer named Parker, The latter becomes most malignant, and unable to withstand his insults, Chris strikes him a nasty blow, an act of which he was perfectly justified, Parker, who is now in the employ of the "Daily Herald," threatens to have his revenge upon the boy photographer, and so the two become bitter rivals.

Chris mosts with saveral stipping advance.

rivals.

Chris meets with several stirring adventures with his rival, and now he is at Sandsend to secure photographs of an acroplane flight from England to France, for which the "Morning Mercury" have offered a prize of five thousand pounds. Owing to the squally weather the airmen have been unable to make a start, and Chris has waited a whole week. At last Mr. Loriston and M. Perone succeed in making a start, and before they have gone very far there is a terrible crash. The

aeroplanes have collided.

The Brit sher is able to recover himself, but M. Perone and his machine are dashed into the sea.

The unfortunate airman is unable to swim, and the motor-boat occupied by Chris is rushing through the water to his aid. Already M. Perone is practically exhausted, and yet there is still a long stretch of sea between the fast-throbbing motor-boat and the drowning man.

Nan read the salendid charter below.

(Now read the splendid chapters below.)

In the Nick of Time—A Fine Flight.

E'S sinking!"
Chris gro Chris groaned out the words, as the motor-boat plunged its way towards the drowning aviator. His eyes were fixed on the body in the water, and he dropped his boathook and craned out over the side, for a glance had told him that Perone had either lost consciousness or was too paralysed with fear to be

able to help himself. Then the boat came alongside, and the speed was slackened; Chris clutched sharply at the man's collar and secured a firm hold.

And only just in time, for the next instant Perone became a dead weight, his arm was stretched painfully, and the boat heeled over at a dangerous angle. Williams, the boatman, swung himself to the opposite side.

"I can't come and help you, sir," he cried, "or the boat will go over."

"Keep her straight," cried Chris.
"I'll manage all right."

He got his other hand over the side and secured a firmer grip of the man's collar. M. Perone's face looked ghastly, and he was unconscious, as by a desperate effort that nearly over-turned the heat Chris hauled him in turned the boat Chris hauled him in.

turned the boat Chris hauled him in. Then he took the wheel, whilst Williams, who understood something of artificial respiration, worked hard at the Frenchman's arms. Chris saw that the aeroplane had sunk, and that no good purpose could be secured by hanging about in mid-Channel, so, when Williams had left his work for a moment to put the engine to full speed, Chris steered the boat after the other aeroplane that was travelling well, and had secured a big lead.

Gradually Monsieur Perone came

well, and had secured a big lead.
Gradually Monsieur Perone came round, and presently sat up in a pool of water and put his hand to his aching head.

"My beautiful machine, eet ees gone!" he meaned, and tears stood in his eyes, and he gazed over the grey Channel; and then, to Chris's discomfiture, he staggered to where he sat and kissed him on the cheek, declaring that he was a young hero, and had saved his life.

Williams, after a gasp of amazement, edged away, evidently fearing that he would be the recipient of a similar embrace.

"It's rough luck on you," said Chris.

Then Chris, with a couple of telegraph-forms spread out on his cameracase, wrote down as briefly as possible the story of the accident, Monsieur Perone explaining that his steering apparatus had failed him; and as he wrote he knew that the words would be cabled across the Channel to the "Mercury," and that his paper would come ont next morning with the exclusive story of the accident. "I only wish I could get the photos over in time for the next issue," he said. "It would be a fine scoop! But I must follow Loriston at all costs, and— By Jove! I say, Monsieur Perone, you can help me still further if you will, and do yourself good, too, for the "Mercury" would be as grateful as I should be to you. Do you feel up to going back to Sandsend and then motoring to London?" The Frenchman had tossed off some brandy from a small flask he had been carrying, and seemed little or none the worse for his adventure. He knew very well the power of the great paper which had offered such a huge prize, and, seeing Chris's drift, he declared his willingness to proceed to London at once.

Chris looked at his watch. It was a quarter to five.

"Look here," he said quickly, "we shall reach the coast by five, I should say, and I'll land you, and cable that you are on your way to London to give a full account of the race across the Channel, and are bringing photographs, so that they will keep someone there to develop them. With luck you'll reach Sandsend at half-past six. The landlord of the Marine Hotel has a car, and I'll wire him to have it ready to take you to London. You should be at the "Mercury" office soon after nine, and with a rush the stuff will get through. Here are the dark slides and— Hallo! We're close in shore, and plenty of lights about, so it's a town—or village, at least. What's the name of the place, Williams?"

"Etaples—a little place west of Boulogne, so far as I can judge, sir," said the boatman.

It was quite dark when Chris, after gripping the Frenchman's hand and urging Williams to make all the speed he could on

He would have liked to have had time to look round the place, but there was the shadowy form of the aeroplane above his head gradually drawing away southwards; and as he walked up the slipway, alongside which the motor-boat had come, several voices shouted out something that he could not understand, and the next moment a chauffeur who could speak a little English came hurrying up to him.

"From ze paper called ze—"
"Yes, yes!" cried Chris, in French that was worse than the chauffeur's English. "I want the post-office, then to follow the aeroplane."

The chauffeur was a smart man, He would have liked to have had

The chauffeur was a smart man, and, conducting him to a waiting motor-car, built for speed rather than comfort, he explained how for days he had been waiting about in the neighbourhood of the town, feeling certain that when they were able to cross, the aviators would pass within easy distance of Etaples.

Within twenty minutes Chris had

Chris.

"Ah, vell," said the little Frenchman bravely, "eet is the fortune of war! Ve must not veep over ze milk that is capsized! Your countryman, "easy distance of Etaples. Within twenty minutes Chris had despatched his cables and was off at the tooked a small speck in the moonlit sky.

It was as they tore along the hard, bleak roads in the direction of Versailles that Chris was painfully reminded of the fact that it was over five hours before he had had anything to eat. He longed to stop the car at one of the towns or villages that they flashed through, but, with the aeroplane flying beautifully and at a great pace still some distance ahead of them, he did not dare. He had had one narrow squeak that day by neglecting his duty, and he did not mean to have another.

It was not until they reached Amiens, after traversing about fifty miles, when they got slightly ahead of the aeroplane, that Chris felt justified in calling a halt outside a large cafe.

The chauffeur, who had had a good

The chausteur, who had had a good tea whilst waiting at Etaples, stopped outside to keep the aeroplane in sight whilst Chris, after a gallant struggle with the French language, procured some sandwiches and a cup of coffee, and warmed his chilled body at the cheerful fire that burned at one cnd of the room.

Then, buttoning up his coat, he went out into the cold again, and took his seat beside the chausfeur. It was now seven o'clock, and the aeroplane was bearing a little to the east, the chausfeur explaining that Mr. Loriston wished to pass over Versailles to get his bearings.

"He may go out of his course to pass over Paris," he said in French. And Chris, who caught the word Paris, if he understood little of the rest of the sentence, sincerely wished he would, for he had a great longing to see the French capital.

It was a perfect moonlight night, and the young photographer, who had his camera ready, calculated that he would be able to obtain a very fair photograph of the descent.

The car bowled along at a good pace, every now and then getting slightly ahead of the aeroplane, and having to wait.

It was just after nine when Versailles was reached, and, to Chris's disappointment, the aviator bore off a little to the west, making in a straight line for Orleans.

As they passed through what is practically a suburb of Paris there was a good deal of excitement, crowds standing in the streets and staring upwards, causing the ear to travel slowly, and by the time they were clear of Versailles the aeroplane had got a good start.

"Now we go quick!" Chris gasped for breath as the great car flew over the hard road, and lowered his head against the rush of wind. He had had little experience of motor-cars, and had certainly never been driven by such a daring driver. The man seemed to have no nerves at all, for, with his syren howling hoarsely, he flew round corners on two wheels, only just escaping a collision with a carrier's cart that was jogging lazily along the road; and then suddenly had his furious rush stopped by

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" COMPLETE LIBRARY

New Books for the New-Year. NOW ON SALE.

No. 142-

"THE LAST STAND."

A Thrilling Long, Complete Tale of the Three Famous Comrades— Jack, Sam, and Pete. By S. CLARKE HOOK.

REDCASTLE AT ST. SIMEON'S."

A Splendid Long, Complete Story of School Life.

By DAVID GOODWIN.

No. 144-

"BEHIND PRISON WALLS."

A Thrilling Long, Complete Tale of Adventure.

By GORDON CARR.

road and waving his arms wildly for

road and waving his arms wildly for them to come to a halt.

The chauffeur brought the car to a stop with difficulty.

The gendarme spoke to him in an excited voice, and the chauffeur, with much shrugging of the shoulders, replied, whilst 'Chris, who could scarcely understand a word of their rapid, excited conversation, looked anxious as he saw the aeroplane gradually drawing away from them.

Then the driver turned to him, and jerked his thumb in the direction of the angry gendarme, who was holding on to the car as though to make certain it did not escape him.

"He say ve are arrest," he said sadly; "that ve have to go to the police-bureau as ve go too fast."

Chris's heart sank. However easily things might be fixed up at the police-station—and he did not think it would be by any means an easy matter to persual the efficients to allow him to

be by any means an easy matter to persuade the officials to allow him to proceed—he would have lost sight of the aeroplane, with little or no chance of catching it up.

the aeroplane, with note of catching it up.

"We must not stop," he said firmly. "It will ruin everything if we do, and— I know!" He went on to speak very slowly, in a mixture of French and English. "Get him to get into the car. He'll think we are going to take him to the station; and then put on plenty of speed, and take him with us. If there's a row I'll take the responsibility. The 'Mercury' won't mind paying a stiff fine if it's necessary."

then put on plenty of speed, and take him with us. If there's a row I'll take the responsibility. The 'Mercury' won't mind paying a stiff fine if it's necessary."

The chauffeur said something to his fellow countryman, and the little official somewhat suspiciously took his seat behind them in the body of the car, then gave a howl of rage as the great car sprang forward at full pace and began to scream out imprecations and cries for assistance.

"Tell him," said Chris, "who we are, and that unless he shuts up I'll chuck him out of the car."

And the chauffeur delivered the message as near as he could understand it, and it had the effect of making the gendarme quiet, for he sat down and consoled himself with the thought of the great punishment that would be meted out to the mad Britisher and the wild chauffeur.

The car was going at an ordinary pace now, for the aeroplane, which for some little time had been fighting against a pretty stiff breeze from the south-west, was going much slower, and they were almost underneath it.

Twenty miles from Versailles a big red car, travelling at a great pace, its huge lamps almost dazzling Chris and the chauffeur, dashed past them.

"President of the Aero Club of France, from Paris," said the chauffeur. "I know his car."

And at a little town near Orleans called Artenay the car came to a sharp stop, as did the big red car just in front of them, for Mr Loriston had commenced to descend when over a field close to the roadway.

Up went Chris's camera, and he gave as long an exposure as he dared. Then whipped out the dark slide, reversed it, and, springing from the car, he climbed over a gate, and ran into the field, ready to take a photograph of the actual landing, forgetting all about the gendarme, who promptly followed him.

And the gendarme seized his arm as Loriston was coming to the ground.

"Let go, you ass!" cried Chris, determined not to be done out of

as Loriston was coming to the ground.

"Let go, you ass!" cried Chris, determined not to be done out of the picture he had travelled nearly half-way across France to obtain.

"Arrestez," said the little official importantly, "le—— Ow!",

Chris, reckless as to the consequences, had landed out and caught the little man a heavy blow on the chest, and taken completely by surprise, he sat down gracefully in the field.

"Click!"

"Click!"

Chris had got his photo. True, it was a poor light, and he did not expect much of a result, but with a little working up, he felt that something could be made of it, and then with the cheering knowledge that his work was done, and done well, he ran up to the aeroplane and was the first to shake hands with the avaitor and congratulate him upon his performance.

It was half-past ten, and nearly

first to shake hands with the avaitor and congratulate him upon his performance.

It was half-past ten, and nearly two hundred and fity miles had been covered in a little over six and a half hours. The president of the aero club came up just as the little gendarme who, having found a fellow-officer from the town attracted to the field by the sight of the descending aeroplane, had regained his confidence, made another attempt to arrest the "mad Britisher."

Chris saw them coming just as Mr. Loriston had introduced him to the

president of the aero club, and described how he had pluckily rescued Monsieur Perone.

"Mon brave Garcon! My brave fellow!" cried the president, and embraced him much as the luckless avaitor had done in the motor-boat in the channel.

Now, the President of the Aero Club of France was a very great man—a man known to even insignificant village gendarmes—and when the little officer saw the great man embracing the youth he was about to arrest, his jaw dropped, he came to an abrupt halt, and stared blankly at the scene before him.

It was Chris who gave the explanation of the incident, and said that he was sorry for what he had done at the moment, but there had appeared to be no other course open to him. If he was to be arrested now, he hoped that he would be allowed to cable the news of Mr. Loriston's safe arrival at Artenay before being taken to prison.

But there was no question of taken to prison.

the news of Mr. Loriston's safe arrival at Artenay before being taken to prison.

But there was no question of prison. The great man bestowed some gold coins upon the officers, told the little man who had been kidnapped to take his seat beside his chauffeur, and he would deposit him safely in his village on his way back to Paris.

Then there was an adjournment to an hotel in the town when papers were signed by various officials, whilst Chris was sending a cable to the "Mercury," having aroused the postmaster and persuaded him to dispatch the message.

Shortly before midnight Chris Mayne, absolutely dead tired, rolled into bed at the hotel with the knowledge that he had to be down to early breakfast, and motor to Paris with Mr. Loriston to catch the 9.50 train to Calais. On the journey in the cold, grey light of the morning, he saw the French scenery, but he was too cold and too tired to admire it; though in Paris, just beginning to wake up to another day's work or pleasure, he enjoyed the drive through the city to the Gare du Nord, and felt a pang of regret as the Calais express glided out of the station.

Mr. Loriston proved an entertaining companion, and he got the whole story of his experiences during the journey. The aviator arranged for his machine to be sent back to England, and meant to have another try to break his own record, for there was still over a month of the time limit to elapse, and under more favourable conditions another aviator might beat him.

As Chris waited on Dover Pier station for the London boat express to start, he saw a contents bill of the "Mercury," and his heart leapt for he knew that he was responsible for the big scoop.

"LORISTON LANDS NEAR ORLEANS!

"LORISTON LANDS NEAR

ORLEANS!
M. PERONE'S STORY OF
CHANNEL FLIGHT!
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS!"

It seemed strange to him to be in England again, to hear the familiar language and see the familiar things, but strangest of all was to see the contents bill of his paper, and, when obtaining a copy with difficulty, to read of his own experiences. He blinked as he read the Frenchman's account of his rescue, and Loriston, who had been glancing over his shoulder, laughed.

"Perone may have exaggerated a bit, but your presence of mind undoubtedly saved his life. If you become famous, Mayne—which I somehow fancy will be your fate—you will get used to too much praise as well as receiving too much blame. It's the penalty of being a public personage."

At Cannon Street the two parted,

It's the penalty of being a public personage."

At Cannon Street the two parted, and Chris reached the office of the "Mercury" just before half-past five. He went straight up to the photographers' room, and almost ran into Mr. Larter, who was on his way down to Mr. Rolands with a bundle of photograph prints.

His chief, usually the most reserved of men, slapped him violently on the back.

"A Champion of the Ring." A Superb New Boxing Serial, by the Author of "The Railway Walf," Starts Next Tuesday in THE BOYS' FRIEND. right, it was unlikely that Mr. Rolands would make a row about his visit to Folkestone, as, on the other hand, though he praised where praise was due, he was far too busy a man to send for a new member of the staff at a rush part of the day to tell him that he was pleased with his work.

What did the news editor want with him?

Dangerous Work-Trapped.

R. ROLANDS was very busy. The tape-machine was clicking away at his elbow, his secretary was sitting by his side taking down an article shorthand, as he dictated in the intervals snatched from the rush of dealing with telegraphic and tele-phone messages. Two reporters stood close to his desk waiting their instructions, and in the little waiting-room several people had been sitting for a long time, in the hope of obtaining a brief interview with him.

him.

He looked up and nodded to Chris as the two entered.

"Sit down over there, Mayne. I want to see you before I go, but I must get through this stuff first. Dawson, tell the people in the waiting-room that it's no earthly use for them to remain any longer. I'm up to my over in work. Tell them the Dawson, tell the people in the waiting-room that it's no earthly use for them to remain any longer. I'm up to my eyes in work. Tell them that I'll try and see them to-morrow morning early. Larter, that will do. Double column, page five. Use these, unless Brown gets in with some better stuff. Here you are, Harper; this looks like a good story. Get off to Hammersmith, and see what you can find out."

He jerked a telegraphic message from one of the news agencies to one reporter, and a short paragraph from an evening paper to another, rattled off a few sentences to his secretary, and then leant back, nodded to Chris to come to his desk, and began to fill his pipe.

"Look here, Mayne," he said quickly, "I'm very well pleased with your work so far. You've shown recourse and ability to act on your own responsibility when faced with a difficult situation, and that is why I am putting you on to some work that will probably prove both difficult and dangerous."

"I shall be glad to get some ex-

am putting you on to some work that will probably prove both difficult and dangerous."

"I shall be glad to get some excitement, sir," said Chris; "it was awfully dull waiting about Sandsend with nothing to do."

"I should have thought you would have had enough excitement in saving aviators' lives in the Channel, and dashing across the Channel, and dashing across the Channel, will be work of an entirely different nature. Do you know Mr. Escott;"

"Yes, sir," said Chris; "he was the reporter who brought me in here to you when I first came."

"Yes. Well, Mr. Escott, who has about the most thorough knowledge of the East End and the people who inhabit it than any other man, is conducting a most important investigation for us, and we want photographs to illustrate his article. The chief and I have decided that we will give you the work. It would be madness to use an ordinary press camera for such work, but we have a small one that can be carried in the waistcoat pocket upstairs, and Mr. Larter will explain its working to you. I warn you that the work is dangerous, and if you would sconer not undertake it, you need not do."

"I'm awfully keen on it," cried Christ wordships were a carett the

not undertake it, you need not do so."

"I'm awfully keen on it," cried Chris, wondering what on earth the work was that Mr. Rolands should make such a serious matter of it.

"Very well. Meet Mr. Escott here at ten to-morrow morning. He will explain things to you, and you will accompany him. You'd better go and develop your photos, and then you can get off. Oh, did you get anything from Loriston?"

"I took down these notes in the train, sir," said Chris, handing the news editor several sheets of paper that bore evidence of having been written under difficulties.

Mr. Rolands took the sheets.

"Good!" he said. "I'll have them written up. It was a good idea of yours to send Perone with the photographs. I believe he would have gone to the North Pole for you. Best part of his story was about you, and we had a job to get him to talk about anything else."

Chris laughed, and hurried out to

we had a job to get him to talk about anything else."

Chris laughed, and hurried out to get his photos of the arrival of Mr. Loriston developed. They turned out better than he expected, considering the difficulties under which they had been taken, and giving them to the control of the latter of

youth who was working late to print them and those that the little Cockney was expected to bring in every moment, he went into Mr. Larter's room, and had the working of the tiny but powerful camera that he was to use when with the young reporter explained to him.

"I'll take it home," he said, "and have a go at it to-night, and try my hand with it in the morning. I've fitted up a small dark-room in a corner of a sitting-room—much to my landlady's disgust—so if you'll give me the plates I can load up at home to-night."

"Right you are," said Mr. Larter, "What an industrious beggar you are, Mayne! If I'd half your 'go,' I should be doing much better than I am now. I know something of art, something of photography, and a good deal about journalism, but I've always been too lazy to go in thoroughly for one or the other. Well, I suppose it's my smattering of all three that makes me useful here, so I mustn't grumble."

And Chris went to his lodgings, which, compared with those he had occupied in Forest Gate, were palatial, to master the wonderful little camera with which photos could be taken without attracting notice."

"Hold up, Mayne!" said Mr. Escott, the reporter, as, on coming out of the "Mercury" office scon after ten the next morning, Christurned to go eastwards. "I told you we were going to Stepney, but we're not going like this; we've got to dress the part, my boy, or we'd be done at the start. Hi, Taxi! In you get, and you'll be a fine young loafer when Benson has spent half an hour on you, Mayne!" Chris was still hewildered when the

and you'll be a hne young loater when Benson has spent half an hour on you, Mayne!"

Chris was still bewildered when the cab stopped outside a costumier's near Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Escott, dismissing it, led the young photographer to the shop.

Certainly, no one seeing the two enter the front of the shop would have recognised in them the two ragged, dirty-faced loafers that stepped out from the back entrance into an alleyway, for Mr. Benson had given them his personal attention, and done his work well.

"Shuffle, man!" said Escott to Chris, as they started to walk towards the Temple Station to get a train eastwards. "You must not walk as though you were a respectable citizen with money in your pockets; you must slouch along and stare furtively round every now and then, and avoid the police. I tell you, Mayne, this is no playacting. A little slip might easily cost us our lives where we are going."

Chris started, and dropped into a sort of hang-dog slouch. Up to that moment he had regarded the affair as rather a poor sort of joke, but now he saw that there was certainly nothing humorous about his adventure, and when, at the far end of one of the long red District Railway carriages, Mr. Escott told him what he had been doing in Stepney and what they would both have to do now, he felt that Mr. Roland's warning had certainly not been out of place.

It appeared that the reporter had specialised on the subject of

of place.

It appeared that the reporter had specialised on the subject of Anarchists and aliens, and had visited most of the capitals of Europe, and was on friendly terms with the special police whose duty it was to keep a watch on the undesirables.

with the special police whose duty it was to keep a watch on the undesirables.

Recently, whilst in the East End gathering fresh material for an article he was doing for a magazine, he had noticed suspicious signs, and felt that there was trouble brewing, and was now making an independent investigation for the "Mercury."

"What the trouble is, I can't say," he went on, "but I'm inclined to fancy that there is some big plot behind it all. I am convinced that cases delivered to a store-room off Stepney Causeway do not contain fancy goods, but rifles from Germany, though, of course, I can prove nothing.

"Once I've got any definite evidence I shall tell the police, and we shall naturally wait for them to take action before publishing the story in the 'Mercury.' We're on a big thing, Mayne, for if these beggars are up to mischief, as I expect them to be, we shall not only be getting a terrific scoop for our paper, but doing the country a valuable service."

Chris was staggered.

slouch, and don't talk. A little care-lessness, and you may find a dagger in your back, though it's broad day-light and we are in civilised Eng-

Chris felt far from comfortable. o one would have denied that he Chris felt far from comfortable. No one would have denied that he was a plucky youngster; his actions since he had been on the "Mercury" had proved that. But there was something about this unseen, this scarcely credible danger, that very nearly unnerved him, and as he slouched alongside Mr. Escott along the dreary, dismal East End roads he fought hard to conquer the desire to rush back to Fleet Street at once.

They loafed about several roads and alleyways, and Chris, on his companion's instructions, took several photographs of houses and darkvisaged men who passed them, his finger trembling as he pressed over the shutter of the camera that he kept partly concealed under his shabby coat.

Soon after twelve Mr. Escott led him up through a maze of alleys into the main road.

"Tve got a little job on hand that I can do better by myself." he said.

"You'd better go over to that coffeeshop and have some grub, and wait until I come. I may not want you, but it will be better for you to stop in case I do."

So Chris, having purchased a paper, went into the coffee-shop, and

in case I do."

So Chris, having purchased a paper, went into the coffee-shop, and had a meal. It was nearly two hours later when Mr. Escott turned up; and the slovenly waitress had several times asked Chris if he

world can't fight without food or world can't fight without food or without money to transport them to the scene of war. No, Mayne; this all helps my theory. I believe that Lanski and his confederates are going to attempt to raid Reveel's in the hope of getting funds for their

the hope of getting funds for their scheme.

"At all events, that's what we've got to find out, and I've taken the same floor in the house next door. There's only a thin wall' separating them, and we ought to be able to hear something of what is going on. The landlord was suspicious, but half-a-sovereign in rent advanced was quite enough to reassure him. Come on, and, as you value your life, keep cool, and do what I tell you."

He led the way through a maze of roads and dismal courts, where sallow faced, miserable—looking youngsters hung about too listless or too weary to play, and presently came to an abrupt halt.

"Is your camera loaded?" he asked quickly.

"Yes," said Chris.

"Then take that house, the fourth from the corner. There's no one in sight, so be as quick as you can."

Chris took the camera from an inside pocket of his coat. A few seeonds and he was ready. A quick glance at the light, then—

Click!

glance at the light, then-Click!

He had secured a photograph of the house where the Russian revolu-tionary was living, a photograph that was to mean so much before long, "Now," said Escott, "stick that camera away, and, for Heaven's sake,



"Let go!" cried Chris, determined not to be done out of the picture he had travelled nearly halfway across France to obtain "Stop!" said the little official importantly.

intended making the place his permanent home or whether he was only going to remain for the day.

There was a subdued gleam of excitement in the reporter's eyes as he slouched into the seat beside Chris, and growled out a surly order for two cups of coffee, and whilst he sipped at the brown concotion that hore little or no resemblance to its sipped at the brown concoction that bore little or no resemblance to its name, he talked in a low voice to the young Press photographer.

young Press photographer.

"I've found out that Paul Lanski, one of the most dangerous and most desperate revolutionists, has taken rooms with a couple of men supposed to be his brothers in a dismal house in Blankley Alley, a place that backs on to Reveel's workshops. You've heard of Reveel's, the big West End jewellers? Well, they've a large work-room and store down here. It faces on to the main road, and is thoroughly well protected from the

wenters: Well, they we have some and store down here. It faces on to the main road, and is thoroughly well protected from the front; but I've got an idea that it is not so secure from the back, or we shouldn't find our friend Lanski where he is."

"But if there's a revolutionary plot, surely they wouldn't bother about burgling places?" said Chris. Escott laughed softly.

"My dear boy," he said, in a low voice, "the most important thing in wars big or little is money. Without money Great Britain would be as helpless as the smallest tinpot State. Ships are no use without the money to arm and provision them. The finest soldiers in the

don't let anyone see it! Take a quick glance up and down the alley, and then follow me into the house next door."

next door."

They gained the first floor of the dismal, dirty house without meeting anyone, and Escott promptly led the way through a vilely-furnished sitting-room to an even worse bedroom; and, holding up his finger to caution Chris to be careful, he crept along the wall, and stood listening to strange noises proceeding from the other room.

other room.
Suddenly he wheeled round.
"Quick!" he cried, in a Suddenly he wheeled round.
"Quick!" he cried, in a low, strained voice. "On to that bed there, and pretend that you're asleep. They're seen us enter here, and a couple of them are coming up the stairs. We're trapped, and unless we've luck we shall never leave this place alive!"

Armed Aliens—The Fight in the Street.

HRIS had leapt to one of the beds whilst Mr. Escott rolled on the other, and lay there fully dressed, and breathing deeply, as though fast asleep, when the door was opened without any cere-mony, and two pallid-face, wild-eyed men burst in, and then came to an abrupt halt.

One of the men said something in

a tongue that Chris did not know,

a tongue that Chris did not know, and the next instant he crossed over to the bed, where he lay, and he felt the cold barrel of a revolver pressed against his temple.

It was a terrible moment. Chris felt that he must yell or else spring up and struggle with the man, but summing up all his power of self-control and breathing an unspoken prayer, he moved uneasily, as though slightly disturbed in his sleep, let his arm fall naturally over the bed, and continued to breath as one deep in slumber.

Mr. Escott did much the same, and the two men glanced at each other. The two figures on the bed were familiar types to their eyes. It was quite usual for men who had been looking, or pretending to look, for work in the morning to sleep all the afternoon before going out on the prowl at night. It would simply be inviting trouble to "remove" them if there was no necessity.

At a nod from the man who had been standing by Chris, they pocketed their revolvers, and moved towards the door. As they did so, one of them caught his foot against Escott's bed and stumbled forward.

Immediately Escott sat up with a cleverly-done start of fear.

"What yer doin' 'ere?" he demanded hoarsely.

Both men were silent.

Escott rubbed his eyes.

"Hi, mate!" he shouted, leaning across to the bed where Chris lay.

"There's a couple of bloomin'—"

"Pardon," said the man who had held the revolver to Chris's head.

"We mistake the house; we are strangers in the—"

"Well, you jolly well clear out, quick!" growled Escott, sinking back on the bed again. "You deserve a biff on the ear for comin' in an' givin' a bloke a shook like that! Made me think it was the cops, and —"

Both men had vanished, closing the door behind them. Chris was

Both men had vanished, closing the door behind them. Chris was about to speak, but Escott's warning gesture stopped him.

And well for them that it did, for it was fully five minutes after they had closed the door before they heard their unwelcome visitors descend the stairs again. stairs again.

stairs again.

"Now," said Escott, "if we leave here at once we shall arouse suspicion. It's half-past three now; we must stop until five, at least, and then we'll go to the police. The man who so thoughtfully placed the revolver against your head was Lanski, and I've heard enough to know that they are tunnelling through the wall into Reveel's strongroom, which is on a level with this floor."

room, which is on a level with this floor."

It seemed hours to Chris before he heard the clock strike five, and then they rose in the darkness and sumbled out into the street, taking a roundabout course to the police-station, so as to throw off any possible shadower.

Escott, who was well known, secured an interview with the inspector, and immediately the power of the law was put in motion. A detective had reported that undesirables had taken the house, and now with the reporter's evidence the police meant to act at once.

Two other stations were communicated with, and a plan of campaign was mapped out. The inspector, a couple of sergeants, and four constables were to raid the house, whist cordons of police held every approach to the place.

Escott tried to persuade Chris to get away from the danger zone, but he insisted on seeing the thing out, and the reporter had not the heart to disappoint him after the caver way in which he had played nis part.

"You ought to be armed," he said to the inspector, as they started off.

"You're up against desperate men who will stick at nothing."

"Against the regulations," said the inspector shortly; "but I don't expect they'll show fight. The average criminal, whether a foreigner or not, knows when he's caught."

"I wish I could think the same," said Mr. Escott.

The inspector, having seen his men into position, approached the house, and knocked at the door.

"Open in the King's name!" he cried, as no sound came from within.

Again and again the summons was repeated without response, and eventually a burly constable was deputed to smash down the door.

To do this was the work of an instant, and the officers rushed inside the building.

"The place is empty!" cried the inspector, after a moment's search.

(Another thrilling instalment of this grand Press-Photographer Serial next Tuesday in THE BOYS' FRIEND.) the place.
Escott tried to persuade Chris to



A Superb New Serial, Specially Written for THE BOYS' FRIEND by that Well-known Globe-trotter and Author, STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

The latter treated them with scant

courtesy, knowing by experience—or, at least, by hearsay—that white men of any standing did not travel across the veldt without stores and equip-

At the first kraal they struck after their horses had died the headman did not even offer the customary presents. His two sons had worked in the Barberton mines, and had told him much concerning the ways of white men.

JUST TO INTRODUCE TO YOU

JUST TO INTRODUCE TO YOU Dudley and Marcus Scarfield, who are travelling northwards in Africa on the track of Mr. Douglas, a hunter, who is beyond the pale of civilisation, and who holds the papers referring to an invaluable invention their father has left to them.

By getting these papers they become immensely rich, whilst if they fail to recover them they will remain poor, so that they are, straining every nerve to reach their father's old friend.

Joseph Scarfield is their cousin, who by fair means or foul is also trying to find Douglas. Up to the present he has mostly employed foul means—in fact, he

leaves no stone unturned

to gain his ends.

Amous is a native who has attached himself to the brothers, and he is a friend indeed.

Amous is a native who has attached himseli to the brothers, and he is a friend indeed.

Travelling with a prospector, the boys reach Fort Busi, where they have a terrible encounter with Matabele savages and Trek Boers who are making an attack upon the British fort. When at last the battle on the veldt is over, and the savages and Boers retire, Dudley and Marcus proceed on their journey, and reaching another lonely station, find that Joseph is still leading in the great-race to reach Douglas first.

The boys proceed on their journey northwards, and some days later when crossing a river they are attacked by a tribe of Arabs, whose appearance in that part of the country is mysterious. Later, the boys and their companions discover the elephants' death-place in the jungle. The vicinity is a veritable boneyard, and they find a huge pile of ivory tusks worth thousands of pounds.

"Who stacked that ivory?" inquired

vernable boneward, and they find a huge plue of ivory tusks worth thousands of pounds.

"Who stacked that ivory?" inquired Kerridge, the prospector, who is travelling with the boys.

"The Arabs, baas," says the native, Amous. "This is what they have come to fetch."

(Now read the splendid chapters below.)

of mealie meal and an old fowl. Even for these he charged them outrageously. Collins swore volubly. His usual custom was not to pay a native for anything except in blows, but now he realised the weakness of his position. The savages were well armed and suspicious, ready to fall on Joseph and himself at an instant's notice; so he had to smother his wrath—or, rather, to vent it on Joseph later.

When he asked for a guide and another man to carry their blankets the headman frowned.

"All my young men are away," he said. "Some are fighting the Matabele, others are at work in Johannes or Barberton."

The white man bit his lip.

"How much do they want to go with us to the Great Sabi?" he asked.

"The Great Sabi! That is far indeed! They would not go so far as that; but, for a pound each, three might go with you to the Lundi River, where you could get other carriers."

Collins scowled. The price asked was outrageous: but he had to com-The Great Sabi.
ARRY COLLINS may have been a scoundrel—in fact, he was a scoundrel of the first water, robber, traitor, and would-be

water, robber, traitor, and would-be murderer—but he was also a man of dauntless pluck and iron determination. When he told Joseph Scarfield that he was going on, at all costs, to find John Douglas he meant what he said, and he meant, too, that Joseph should go with him.

What that journey involved for Joseph no words could ever tell. It was one long nightmare of horror, of weariness by day and dread by night. He could not shoot, but he felt that even the possession of a firearm would have given him some little sense of security; but, as it was, their only weapon was the one rifle which Collins had brought with him, and the stock of cartridges for that was very small.

only weapon was the one rine which Collins had brought with him, and the stock of cartridges for that was very small.

Several times, when lions were prowling round their camp at night, Joseph had begged his companion to fire a shot and scare them off, but Collins had always refused.

"They'll take the niggers first," he had remarked; "and I'm not going to waste a cartridge in that way. It's your own fault. Just fancy bolting without a rifle! You had yours and a belt full of cartridges beside you on the waggon. It would serve you right if the lions got you—though it doesn't suit my purpose that they should do so."

Joseph shuddered.

He had never imagined that one man could fear another as greatly as he feared this partner of his. He was so completely in Collins's power. He could not speak a word of the native languages; he had but the remotest idea of where they really were. They just seemed to be going on and on, getting deeper into the wilderness every day, and it was no part of Collins's policy to enlighten him on any point. Joseph's questions met with the curtest of answers, many of which were absolute insults. Their horses had both died as a result of the tsetse fly bites, and they had been forced to go on foot. Their only kit consisted of the blankets they had taken away from Mackay's store and such food as Collins had been able to buy from the natives.

"The young men will want their money left with me, so that they may be sure of it when they come back."
With the greatest reluctance Collins paid over three of Joseph's sovereigns; then for another sovereign he got a stock of meal, sweet potatoes and monkeynuts, and half a dozen fowls—the ordinary market price of which down there would not have exceeded four shillings in all.

"We shall soon get through your money at this rate," he remarked grimly to Joseph, who groaned inwardly.

grimly to Joseph, who groaned inwardly.

The route Collins had decided to take was very different from that chosen by Kerridge, although both parties were making for the same point. Whilst the prospector went round the eastern end of the great dry stretch of bush veldt, which extends southwards from the Lundi River, Collins decided to go to the west of it, skirting its edge, risking an encounter with a raiding-party of Matabele and with local natives, who had thrown in their lot with the Matabele. Consequently, for much of the way his path and that of the boys' lay a hundred miles, or even more, apart, which accounted for neither hearing a rumour of the in the Barberton limits, in much concerning the ways of white men.

"These are thieves, fleeing from the police," he said; "certainly fiey are not chiefs of any kind. The sooner they leave here the better!" So he refused point-blank to supply them with more than a few cupfuls of mealie meal and an old fowl. Even for these he charged them outrageously. Collins swore volubly. His usual

Collins watched his three carriers carefully. He was certain that they intended to run away at the first opportunity, and equally certain that he was going to prevent them from

portunity, and equally certain that he was going to prevent them from doing so.

The first night they camped at a little kraal in the bush veldt, and, without a word of excuse, he drove his savages into the strongest-looking hut, despite the protests of its owner, and himself slept across the doorway outside. Joseph had to turn in where he could, and finally discovered a fairly-sheltered spot under the eaves of the headman's hut, where he dozed until about three a.m., when, with a sudden change of wind, a rain storm broke, and he was drenched.

It was a miserable task starting out in the chilly morning air, without even so much as a cup of tea to warm them, and with the certainty of being utterly played out at the end of the day's trek.

Yet it was the same day after day. Joseph's boots were wearing out fast, his feet were covered with broken blisters, every bone in his body ached, yet Collins kept him at it, just as he kept the carriers to it.

It spoke eloquently for Collins's strength of character that he was able to make them go on. After the first day he had got his three natives down to a state of dull submission, and all thought of flight had gone out of their minds. They felt sure that, were they to steal away, this terrible white man would overtake and kill them.

The country was horribly mono-

The country was horribly mono-

onous-grey bush veldt of the most

tonous—grey bush veldt of the most cheary type, water was scarce, villages few and far between, though lions were very plentiful.

Twice Collins shot small buck, and they had a change from the diet of tough fowl and mealie meal; but without flavouring of any sort—even salt was scarcely obtainable—the meat seemed tough almost regulsive.

salt was scarcely obtainable—the meat seemed tough, almost repulsive. Still, the longest stage must have an end, and at last they were on the ridge whence they could look down on to the valley of the Lundi. The carriers heaved great sighs of reliaf.

relief.

"There is the river we promised to bring you to, chief," they said to Collins. "You see the line of green trees? At the foot of that big kopje, the M'Bendese, is a kraal—Bota's. From there it is four days' trek to the Great Sabi River."

Collins grunted.

He was very glad to be through that last stretch, for now he was getting into a country he knew of old; but he did not trouble to say so much to Joseph

but he did not trouble to say so much to Joseph.

At midday they reached the riverbank. The bed at that point was about half a mile wide, but the stream was nowhere deep. It was the first really fresh water they had struck since their horses died and the first actual river, and the cool freshness seemed to take half the soreness out of Joseph's feet. He felt he would like to paddle in it all day.

On the opposite bank was the kopje of which the carriers had spoken—the M'Bendese—immense, forbidding, covered with bush, amidst which the vast boabob-trees and bright green aloes stood out with startling clearness. At its foot they could see the smoke rising lazily from the native village.

ness. At its foot they could see the smoke rising lazily from the native village.

They climbed up the bank, went a hundred yards down it; then Collins gave a whistle of surprise, for just in front of them, surrounded by a strong scherm of thorn-scrub, a waggon was outspanned. One white man was sitting in the back of the waggon-tent, with his legs dangling down, cutting up some tobacco, whilst two more were standing against the back rail, deep in conversation.

A couple of dogs rushed out to greet the new-comers, and the men at the waggon looked round quickly.

Collins turned to Joseph.

"Now, be careful what you say!" he whispered fiercely. "One of those looks like John Douglas—the elder one. He might easily have trekked across from the Sabi. Leave the lying to me."

The Elephants' Boneyard.

HE discovery of the immense pile of ivory absolutely staggered Kerridge and his companions, but it is safe to say that for the space of several minutes it

seemed of less importance than a discovery which Dudley made.

"Water!" he cried. "Look, there is a little pan of it here!"
Only those who have been really thirsty can know what the agony of it is. Consequently to the majority it may seem almost incredible that the boys and Kerridge and Amous should have left the ivory, left the great bull elephant, and hurried to the pan, or pool, of muddy water on the far side of the open space. They knelt down, and having no cup or pots, lapped it up, and then they filled their faces. After that they went back to the ivory, breathing heavily, like men who have just come through a crisis. Kerridge stood very still, and stared at the pile of tusks.

"Ten thousand pounds' worth, at least!" he said after a long pause. The boys gasped. Ten thousand pounds' worth, and all theirs just for the trouble of taking it away!

"Are you sure?" Marcus asked breathlessly.

"I'm sure it's not worth kess," Kerridge answered. "Look at the size of most of the tusks, even the cows' tusks! Some—the very old ones—may be spoilt, but most are perfectly sound still. Phew! What a boneyard!"

He was quite right. It was a boneyard indeed. The ground was simply

a boneyard!"

He was quite right. It was a boneyard indeed. The ground was simply littered with immense bones, some still fresh and white, others grey and crumbling. Dudley tried to count the number of vast skulls, out of which the builder of the heap had pulled the tusks, but he soon gave it up. Then they examined the giant they themselves had killed.

All four bullets had struck him in

pulled the uses, but he soon gave it up. Then they examined the giant they themselves had killed.

All four bullets had struck him in the neighbourhood of the ear, but it was impossible to decide which had been the fatal shot. The important fact was that he lay there, a vast mountain of flesh with a pair of tusks worth well over a hundred pounds, and that, incidentally, he had led them to a fortune.

"The carriers will get full of meat—very full!" Amous remarked.
"How they will gorge! I wonder where we shall get other carriers to take all this ivory away before the Arabs come? Certainly it was they who piled it up. I suppose one of their rubber-hunters found the place, and they will be here to-morrow."

The Basuto's remarks recalled the others to the needs of the present. They were in africa, where "finding are keepings." They had found the ivory, and they were not going to give it up, least of all to those Arabs who had made such an unprovoked attack on them.

"Certainly they will be here to-morrow." Amous repeated calmly, "and we cannot get it away by then. It needs many carriers—hundreds of them, and it will take days to muster them."

Kerridge sat down on the fore leg

them."

Kerridge sat down on the fore leg of the dead elephant, and pulled out his pipe, which he filled slowly.

"Yes," he said at last, "you're right, Amous. It'll be touch and go to get this fortune away into British territory. I wonder where those carriers of ours are—if they'll turn up?"

"These any of us here know where

Does any of us here know where "Does any of us here know where the big villages are?" he asked quietly. "No. Well, those carriers will be able to tell us what we want to learn. Ah, here's one of them!"—as a breathless native, carrying the boys' blankets, emerged from the turnal like outrans.

boys' blankets, emerged from the tunnel-like entrance.

The new-comer gave one glance round, gasped, and dropped his pack, an example which was followed by his five companions who were close on his heels.

"Ho! You invol

his heels.

"Ho! You jungle folk!" Amous cried to them angrily. "Has an evil spirit bitten you, that you behave so foolishly? Have you never seen the bones of elephants before? Come forward now! The white men would ask you questions."

The carriers picked up their loads and obeyed. They had kept up on the spoor well, feeling certain that at the end of the chase there would be a great feed of elephant meat. To be sure, the meat was there, and already their mouths were watering, yet the place itself was uncanny. It must be haunted by the spirits of the dead monsters, and the ghost of an elephant was not a thing to be regarded lightly.

They put down their loads, went to the pool, and drank slowly and moderately, as is the way of a thirsty savage, who understands the danger of long draughts. Then Amous began to question them.

"Where is there a big village.



As soon as he had fired, Dudley jumped to one side, fully expecting, however, that the buffalo would turn also, for he did not know what effect his shot had had. Yet the animal went straight on, and actually blundered into the tree under which Dudley had been sitting.

village which could supply many carriers?"

village which could supply many carriers?"

The natives shook their heads.
There were none very near.
There was Ma'Li's which should be about five hours' trek. Doubtless Ma'Li would let them have ten of his young men.

Amous cut them short impatiently.
"Ten! Oh, foolish jungle people!
Ten! We want two hundred. Where are the big villages of which M'Tchavi told us?"

It was the usual way with raw savages. They had no reason for witholding the information wanted, but they must needs give every sort of useless information first. Possibly they imagine it makes the white man set a higher value on the facts when he ultimately gets them. But Amous knew that his white men were in a hurry, and he insisted on getting to the point.

Rather reluctantly the carriers had to cut the preliminary stages very short, and to admit that there was a very large village, the largest in the MaTchangana country, about twenty miles away, only, as they added truthfully:

"It is useless to try to cut across the veldt from here. The jungle

fully:

"It is useless to try to cut across the veldt from here. The jungle would stop us. We must go back to where we left the footpath, and follow that. It will save time. Perhaps this great village—N'Tambandiro's—is only ten miles from here in a straight line. But who knows? Our people never go out into this wild jungle, but keep to the path. They fear the elephants and the evil spirits too greatly."

fear the elephants and the evil spirits too greatly."

Amous nodded, realising that they were telling the truth. Then he translated to the boys.
"What are we going to do now?"
Marcus asked, looking towards Kerridge.
The prospector tilted his hat backwards.

wards.
"Well, I suggest that one of you goes with Amous and a guide to N'Tambandiro's—we must send a white man, or the chief may not believe the story—while the other stays here with myself and the rest of the carriers."

N'Tambandiro's—we must send a white man, or the chief may not believe the story—while the other stays here with myself and the rest of the carriers."

"And if the Arabs come meanwhile?" Dudley said.

Kerridge smiled.

"There's only one way in—down that tunnel. Everywhere else the jungle is like a wall. I don't think even a hare could get through it. If we make a barricade in the tunnel and keep a good watch, we should be safe."

"What are you going to barricade it with?" Marcus demanded.
Again the prospector smiled, and pointed to the elephants' skulls.
"What could you want better than

those?"
The boys tossed up to decide which of them should go with Amous, and the choice fell on Dudley. It did not take the little party long to get

not take the little party long to get ready.

"Take one carrier as well as the guide," Kerridge said, "as you will need your blankets and two days' food. And mind you go very carefully. You don't want to run into those Arabs, whatever else you do. They've probably got some track marked out, and it may be close to the one we followed, or, rather, which the big bull made for us. Tell N'Tambandiro he will be well paid for helping us, and that if he doesn't help us at once we'll send the Portuguese down on him. Now, good luck! And don't forget to be careful!"

As soon as they had gone, Kerridge

luck! And don't forget to be careful!"

As soon as they had gone, Kerridge set to work stopping up the tunnel, rather to the disgust of the carriers, who, heedless of the danger from the Arabs, thinking only of the mountain of meat before them, proposed to begin hacking up the elephant without further delay.

They dragged the great skulls to the entrance, where they piled them one on top of another until it was virtually impossible for anyone to pass, though they were careful to leave spaces through which they could shoot.

"The only rampart of elephants' skulls ever made, I expect," Kerridge remarked. "We're establishing a record. I wish we had a camera, for I'm sure no one would believe us."

"They'll believe in the ivory, though," Marcus answered cheerfully.

A most careful seach failed to show any other entrance to the place.

any other entrance to the place. Everywhere was the same dense tangle of thorn-creepers twined amongst the bush.

amongst the bush.

"It would take days to hack a way through," Kerridge declared, "and long before they had accomplished that N'Tambandiro's men will be here. It's lucky we've got water, though. We should have been in a bad way otherwise"—a remark

which was destined to prove true in a way which none of them had fore-

seen.
At nightfall they spread their blankets close to the rampart of skulls, then they all turned in.
"There is no need for sentry go," the prospector said. "Those Arabs have probably waited for darkness before leading are knowing if the the prospector said. "Those Arabs have probably waited for darkness before landing, not knowing if we were still in ambush on the bank. Then they certainly could not find their way up here in the darkness. I don't expect them, really, until about midday to-morrow."

"Dudley and Amous may be back by then?" Marcus replied.

But the other shook his head.

"It takes time to get a big crowd of carriers together. It's probably a question of sending to several kraals, though the mere mention of elephant meat will make them ready enough to come. Don't be surprised if your brother is not back for two days. And now you had better go to sleep."

Marcus, however, did not find it easy to take the prospector's advice. It was not pleasant to think that those Arabs might defeat Kerridge's calculations, and come stealing upon them—might climb the rampart in the darkness, and cut their throats.

For an hour the boy tossed from side to side restlessly, then he sat up suddenly. Footsteps—stealthy footsteps coming down the tunnel! He seized his rifle with one hand, and gripped Kerridge's shoulder with the other.

"There's someone just the other side of the rampart," he whispered.

As Kerridge sat up, a horrible wail sounded out, so close that it brought Marcus to his feet with a bound.

But the prospector only laughed.

"I knew those brutes would come."

But the prospector only laughed.
"I knew those brutes would come along on the trail of the blood. It is only a hyena, my lad. Better make up your mind to go to sleep; you'll want all your nerve to-morrow, I expect."

UDLEY and Amous had a perfectly uneventful trip back to the spot on the path where they had just seen the big elephant bull. By that time it was nearly sundown, and the main question w that of finding water so that they could camp for the night.

"There is a pan on ahead," the guide said in answer to Amous'

question. How far away?" the Basuto de-

question.

"How far away?" the Basuto demanded.

The savage shrugged his shoulders.

"It's near, and yet it's far," he replied in a phrase beloved of his kind. Amous muttered savagely at him.

"When shall we reach there?"
The guide shook his head.

"To-morrow, perhaps."

The Basuto turned to Dudley.

"Baas, these jungle folk are foolish indeed. We had better go on until it is too dark to see; then, if we have not found water, we must do without it. We have some bread and cooked guinea-fowl. It is the jungle folk who will go hungry, because they will not be able to boil their porridge."

Dudley assented, knowing it was the only thing to do, and they pushed forward quickly; but before they had-gone half a mile they were at the water, a large pan, very similar to that in the ivory ground.

Amous turned to the guide.

"Is this 'far,' O child of lies?" he demanded, but the other was wise enough not to answer.

It was not that he had wished to lie, he was not aware that he was lying; he had merely done as nine savages—African savages, at any rate—out of ten do in the same circumstances—he had said the things which he thought would please the white man, Oh, how often have I suffered in that same jungle from that same abominable practice! How often have I stopped at noon, when I might safely have gone on till sundown, or gone on from a good camp in the late afternoon, finally to spend a thirsty night with a couple of noisy lions for company.

They slept that night about a hundred yards off the path, under a large clump of bush. Moreover, as soon as their cooking was finished, Amous insisted on extinguishing the fire, greatly to the disappointment of their two savages.

"Possibly the Arabs will come up as far as this before they turn off the path, baas," he said, "and we do

fire, greatly to the disappointment of their two savages.

"Possibly the Arabs will come up as far as this before they turn off the path, baas," he said, "and we do not want them to cut our throats asleep."

"We shall die of cold, and the lions will come and kill us," the

guide muttered. "Then, too, t jungle is full of evil spirits, who fe

guide muttered. "Then, too; the jungle is full of evil spirits, who fear the fire."

The Basuto snorted.

"You jungle folk lead such bad lives that you fear everything; still, for this one night you will be safe, for my baas is a great chief—a chief, indeed—and his witchcraft is stronger than that of your devils. Now, go to sleep, and do not dream aloud, or the white man's devil will bite the soles of your feet."

The night passed without alarms of any sort. As Amous remarked in the morning, probably all the hyenas of that part had gone up on the blood spoor of the elephant bull. As soon as it was light enough to see, they were off again.

"We shall reach N'Tambandiro's village at noon," the guide remarked, whereupon Amous snorted, knowing the value of his information.

They had gone perhaps a mile, and were already wet to their waists from the dew, when Amous, who was in front, suddenly held up his hand, and pointed up a long olei which ran across the path. Then, about three hundred yards off, grazing quietly, were a score or more of great animals.

"Buffalo, baas," the Basuto whispered. "They have not seen us, and the wind is right."

Dudley understood at once. There was a dry ditch running up the olei, and by creeping along that, he could keep out of sight of the buffalo, and reach a clump of trees but some hundred yards off them. He went forward very cautiously, followed closely by Amous. They could see nothing of the animals, of course, and until they emerged from the sluit, literally dripping with perspiration, and crawled amongst the trees, they had no idea whether their presence had been detected.

Amous looked at him in disgust. "Isn't the meat poisoned, O jungle

"Isn't the meat poisoned, O jungle man?"
The guide shook his head.
"It never makes us ill," he answered simply, then he went on: "We shall see that buffalo again. He will not forget."
The Basuto laughed scornfully.
"He ran away very fast; he did

"He ran away very fast; he did not want to stay and have another

But the guide was not satisfied, and from time to time the Basuto noticed both him and his com-panion glancing round apprehen-

At midday there was no sign of N'Tambandiro's kraal, and a couple of travelling natives informed them that it was still three hours' tramp

Amous nodded disgustedly.

Amous nodded disgustedly.

"I thought so, baas. I knew that these jungle folk must tell lies. Still, here is a water hole, and we had better stay and eat, for evening may not find us at this famous village."

The carrier put the pile of blankets at the foot of a tree, and Dudley sat down on it, his rifle by his side. They had no fear now of the Arabs coming on them, knowing that the party from the dhow would have turned off from the path many miles back. There was no special reason for keeping any sort of a look-out, no reason at all, so far as they knew, and Dudley began to nod sleepily whilst waiting for Amous to make the coffee.

Coffee.

He was wondering dreamily how
Marcus and Kerridge were getting
on, thinking about the wondrous luck
which had befallen them in finding which had betallen them in finding the ivery, speculating as to how long it might be before they came on John Douglas. He was nodding—nodding. A cry from the guide brought him to his feet, and as he speaking in an unsteady voice. "What a schelm!" Then he bent over the carcase, and looked up with an exclamation of surprise. "This is the one you fired at this morning. Look, here is where your bullet scored his back. He has been following ever since then, in the hope of revenge. Indeed a great schelm!" The guide, who had now returned, nodded wisely.

"I knew he would charge some time to-day. Buffalo never forget if one interferes with them."

For once Amous had no answer ready for the jungle man. They agreed to leave the bull where he was. speaking in an unsteady voice "What a schelm!" Then he bent

For once Amous had no answer ready for the jungle man. They agreed to leave the bull where he was.

"N'Tambandiro's people will come quickly enough for the meat," the guide remarked. "It will make them all the more ready to go for the ivory when they know what a mighty hunter the chief is."

The two travelling natives had lied, of course. A bare half hour's tramping brought them to N'Tambandiro's fields; another half hour, and they were in the village itself.

The settlement proved to be a very large one, judged by East African standards. True, you could never see many huts at one time, owing to the local custom of each family having its own clearing; but the immense extent of the fields made it quite easy to believe that, as the guide declared, there were four hundred huts.

At first Dudley's appearance was the signal for a general stampede. The women and children dived into the bush. The men picked up their assegais and bows and arrows, which were, as a rule, beside them, and retreated sullenly to the edge of the clearing. Then the guide shouted out that Dudley was a Britisher, and not a Portuguese, and the men began to come forward again, a little shamefacedly.

Dudley sat down on an overturned tom-tom, and waited whilst Amous was inquiring for N'Tambandiro.

The man to whom he spoke, a grave-faced elder, turned to a similar looking personage beside him, and whispered a question, getting a nod in reply; then he answered the Basuto.

"N'Tambandiro is away. He has gone on a very long journey, far to

grave-faced eider, turned to a similar looking personage beside him, and whispered a question, getting a nod in reply; then he answered the Basuto.

"N'Tambandiro is away. He has gone on a very long journey, far to the south. He will not be back for weeks to come."

Amous raved to the jungle folk under his breath; then:

"That is a pity, because the white man has much meat to give N'Tambandiro, the meat of a buffalo bull, and also the meat of a very great elephant. Still, we can go to the other village—Selan's—and tell them to fetch it."

The two elders exchanged glances again, and the Basuto went on:

"There is also much ivory to be carried. The bass would pay three tusks "—the old men's eyes gleamed—"three tusks to the chief who supplied him with carriers to take it into the territory of the British, and would also pay the young men well."

The elder, who had not spoken so far, now stepped forward.

"I am N'Tambandiro," he said, without the slightest apparent shame.

"Would they be large tusks?"

Amous hesitated.

"Yes," he said, "very large ones, if the young men are ready to start this afternoon; but they would grow much smaller in the night."

N'Tambandiro understood.

"I will send to collect the young men at once."

He was, as Amous saw at a glance, too great a chief to haggle over payments. The Basuto told him where the buffalo was to be found, and a score of men started off at a run to bring in the meat; then Amous explained about the finding of the ivory, and hinted cautiously at the prospect of trouble with the Arabs.

The chief's eyes flashed.

"Now you have told me that, I will come with you myself. I have a long score to settle with those dogs. They killed my son."

Amous turned to Dudley with a sigh of relief.

"Now, beas, we shall be all right. This is a fighting chief, and he will take fighting men with him."

Dudley sighed.

"I only hope we shall be back in time," he muttered.'

It was at that moment that the carrier on watch at the rampart of challs tunned quickly.

It was at that moment that the carrier on watch at the rampart of skulls turned quickly, and signalled with his hand to Kerridge.
"I can hear voices, chief," he whispered, as the prospector drew near. "The Arabs are coming, at leat!"

(Another grand, long instalment next Tuesday, when "A Champion of the Ring" commences.)

Do Not Fail to Order Next Tuesday's Grand Special Number THE BOYS' FRIEND. *********

PATRICK MORRIS'S Superb New Boxing

Serial commences: "CHAMPION OF THE RING."

By the same author as "The Railway Waif," Sunken Millions," etc., etc.

-A Splendid, Special Long Complete Story. "TWIXT MAN AND BEAST." Written by F. ST. MARS.

A NUMBER FULL OF GRAND SPECIAL FEATURES. DON'T MISS IT!

"Shoot carefully, baas," Amous murmured; "remember, the buffalo is the greatest of all schelm, far more dangerous than the lion—indeed, the king of beasts. Shoot carefully, and be ready for him to charge at us."

However, they were doomed to disappointment. The buffalo had already finished their morning feed, and were moving away at a fast walk, a huge bull bringing up the rear of the procession. There was just a chance of getting him with a rifle like Dudley's, so the boy tried a shot. Instantly, the beast faced round, caught sight of the boy standing amongst the trees, then turned again, and galloped off after his companions.

"I think you hit him, but not badly, baas," Amous said; "just a graze on the skin, perhaps. Still, it does not matter greatly not having got one, for it would have delayed us."

Dudley nodded. He was a little ashamed of himself for having made

got one, for it would have delayed us."

Dudley nodded. He was a little ashamed of himself for having made the attempt, feeling that he had let his anxiety to shoot a buffalo, the greatest prize which can fall to a sportsman's rifle, get the better of his sense of duty towards his brother and Kerridge.

The two local natives, who had been watching from the path, shook their heads gravely. "The buffalo is indeed an evil creature," the guide said. "When our people wish to kill him, they shoot a poisoned arrow, and then run away as fast as they can, often climbing a tree. Next day they follow the spoor and find him dead."

stood up, he instinctively grasped his

stood up, he instinctively grasped his riffe.

From the scrub at the other side of the little glade, a buffalo bull was coming at the charge, straight for the boy. The two natives were bolting wildly. Amous had dropped his kettle, and was dashing for his riffer but the bull seemed to heed none of these. He was after Dudley.

He came straight, head down, the immense mass of his frontal bone protecting the greater part of his chest, making a fatal shot—a stopping shot—doubly difficult.

The tree under which the boy had been sitting was quite a small one, and there was no tree which he could climb within reach. The only thing to do was to shoot.

He raised his riffe quickly, but did not fire until his enemy was only some fifteen yards away. It was his last chance, as he realised only too well, and there was not a tremor in his hand as he pulled the trigger. The bullet just missed the frontal bone—just shaved it rather—then entered the great chest, tearing through the lungs penetrating almost the whole length of the body, and yet not stopping the bull, who still came on. As soon as he had fired, Dudley jumped to que side, fully expecting, however, that the buffalo would turn also, for he did not know what effect his shot had had. Yet the animal went straight on, actually blundered into the tree under which Dudley had been sitting, then dropped to his knees, and rolled over, dead.

"A narrow escape, bass—indeed a narrow escape." It was Amous,

Next Tuesday THE BOYS' FRIEND. Great New Boxing Serial Starts Patrick Morris

A Magnificent Complete Story of the Famous Towley Triplets. A Tale of Fun and Adventure.

THE 1st CHAPTER.

A Little Snack.
ABIN No. 27, sir? Yes, sir.
This way, if you please!"
said one of the stewards of the magnificent Reynard Liner Oripopo to Joe Towley, who had at that moment passed from the tender to the ship in which he had booked his passage to New York.

Following the steward, Joe soon found himself in a comfortably, not to say luxuriously, furnished cabin opening on to the decks amidships. It was a four-berth cabin, but every berth had been booked by the young passenger, a proof of means which caused the stewards to look at him with the respect money always commands.

"Very nice indeed!" said Joe.

"Very nice indeed!" said Joe, standing at the open window and looking out over the busy muddy Mersey. "I have been travelling all night, so please see that I am not disturbed."

ertainly, sir! Can I bring you

Joe appeared lost in reflection.

"Yes; just a snack—enough to last
me until dinner-time. Got any cold
chicken?"

"Yes, sir."

chicken?"
"Yes, sir."
"Let me have two; and if you have got a ham in cut you may bring that in as well."
The steward elevated his eyebrows, but he was accustomed to the eccentricities of passengers, and concealed his surprise

eccentricities of passengers, and concealed his surprise.

"Anything to drink, sir?"

"Yes; three bottles of beer."

"The gent doesn't mean to starve himself, at any rate," commented the steward, as he hastened to secure the necessary viands from the pantry.

the necessary viands from the pantry.

A few minutes later he returned with a carefully-covered tray. This he placed on a hinge-flap which, attached to the side of the cabin, acted as a table, then looked around at the apparently empty cabin, and thinking the passenger had gone for a stroll on deck, turned to go about his many duties, carefully closing the door of No. 27 behind him.

As he passed the gangway he was hailed from the midst of a number of passengers, who were hastening on board from a second tender, which had shortly before steamed from the landing-stage, with the cry:

"Hi, steward! Which is my cabin?"

An ejaculation of astonishment

An ejaculation of astonishment burst from the steward's lips, for swinging round the gangway hand-rail was the man he had just shown

swinging round the gangway handrail was the man he had just shown into his cabin.

"No. 27, if you remember, sir," he replied respectfully.

"But I don't remember; that's just the trouble. Where is 27?" asked the new-comer.

"Amidships, sir."

Hugh Towley, for it was he, deliberately walked towards the stem of the vessel.

The steward hurried after him.

"No, sir. This way, if you please.
Allow me to carry your bag," offered the steward, noticing for the first time that his puzzling passenger was carrying a bag exactly similar to the one he had first brought.

This, to the steward's mind, explained No. 27's return to the tender. Probably he had forgotten his second bag, and had gone to fetch it, though how on earth he came to forget the position of his oabin the steward was at a loss to "Here you are, sir; this is your "Here you are, sir; this is your

cabin, and here's the things you told me to bring," explained the man, as he opened the door of the cabin Joe Towley had entered shortly before. "You said two chickens, I believe,

sir?"

"Ah, yes! Certainly! That will do!" replied Hugh. "But please don't let me be disturbed. I get so mixed up and confused if I am worried."

"Certainly, sir!" assented the steward, again retreating from the

eabin.

Barely had the door closed behind him ere one of the curtains which hid each bunk from view were drawn aside, and Joe Towley's laughing face was thrust out.

"Hallo, old chap! Come aboard, then?" he cried. "What luck your hitting on the same steward! Poor

chap! He doesn't know what he is in for yet; nor do the passengers, for the matter of that. It was a stroke of genius your suggesting that we should secure a cabin to ourselves and come on board separately."

"Ah, if we can only keep it up, as I think we can, this will be one of the most exciting crossings the good ship Oripopo has ever made!" returned Joe, grinning from ear to ear. But we want to be safely tucked up in our little cots before Tom puts in an appearance."

As Joe withdrew his head Hugh sprang into the opposite bunk, and without going through the formality of removing his clothes, drew the curtains closely to after him.

In the meantime the steward, who rejoiced in the name of Peter, was bustling about the saloon preparing the tables for lunch, for it was about the middle of the morning, when he was startled by seeing the young man he had twice conducted to his cabin standing, gladstone-bag in hand, in the doorway.

"Oh, I say, steward! Is there a

standing, gladstone-bag in hand, in the doorway.

"Oh, I say, steward! Is there a cabin reserved on board in the name of Towley?" he demanded.

The astonished steward dropped the plate-basket he was carrying, sending its contents flying in all directions.

"Of course there is, sir! You were in it a minute or two ago!"

sending its contents hying in all directions.

"Of course there is, sir! You were in it a minute or two ago!" he declared.

Tom Towley shook his head as he gazed more in sorrow than in anger at the steward.

"You shouldn't, you know—you really shouldn't! The purser would be quite angry if he knew the state you are in!" he cried reprovingly.

"Why, my good fellow, I have only just come on board!"

The steward flushed angrily at the insinuation conveyed in Tom's opening sentences, then forgot his anger in astonishment at his concluding words.

"Excuse me, sir, but aren't you a little absent-minded, if I may be so bold as to ask?" he demanded.

The look of guileless surprise on Tom's face would have deceived a much more experienced man.

"Absent-minded! What do you mean?" he demanded. "Surely this it he Causene?"

Absent minded: What do you mean?" he demanded. "Surely this is the Oripopo?"
"Of course it is, sir."
"And I have booked a berth in the name of Towley?"

"Right you are, sir!"
"Then what on earth are you talkg about?

The steward scratched his head perplexedly, looking at the speaker with such an air of bewilderment

that Tom found it difficult to refrain from laughing outright.

At that moment the purser entered the saloon.

"Are you the purser?' demanded

"Are you the purser?' demanded Tom.
"Yes, sir," replied the official.
"What can I do for you?"
"My name is 'Towley. I have booked a cabin on board this ship, and all I can get out of this man is that he has shown it to me twice already," explained Tom angrily.
"And so I have!" interposed the bewildered steward. "And I took him two chickens and a ham and three bottles of beer into No. 27 at his own order."
The purser cast a sharp, penetrative of the stoward.

The purser cast a sharp, penetrating glance at the steward.

"Peter—Peter! I thought you were a teetotaler!" he said

"Peter—Peter! I thought you were a teetotaler!" he said solemnly.

"And so I am, sir! It's the solemn truth I'm telling you!" gasped the wrongly accused man.

"Then you'd better see the doctor, for I saw this gentleman on the tender three minutes ago. He was so interested in watching the shipping that he'd have been left behind if I hadn't called him. As it was, he was the last to come on deck."

"Crikey!" gasped the unfortunate steward, dropping into one of the revolving chairs and looking at his superior in open-mouthed amazement. "If you were one of the other stewards, sir, and not the purser, I'd say you were trying to pull my leg. As it is, come with me and see if I haven't taken what the gent called a 'snack' up to 27." And rising wildly from the chair, he led the way on deck.

"There, sir! What did I tell you?"

wildly from the chair, he led the way on deck.

"There, sir! What did I tell you? There's the tray with the food on it!" he cried triumphantly, throwing open the door of No. 27.

The purser looked inquiringly at Tom Towley.

Tom shook his head.
"I give you my word, purser, that I haven't been in the cabin before, and I certainly did not order these light refreshments," he declared earnestly.

The steward tilted his cap on to the back of his head, and literally tore his head, as he cried:

"Well, if you didn't, I must have been dreaming. Shall I take the tray away, sir?"

Tom raised the white cloth and surveyed the viands before him.

"No; leave them, then I need not go down, to lunch. I dare say there'll be sufficient here for me; I'm not a big eater."

The purser gasped, and a momen-

tary look of dismay swept across his face as he made a swift mental calculation of what the passenger would cost by the time he reached New York, if he contemplated making away with two chickens and a ham, to say nothing of bread, etc., for lunch.

a ham, to say nothing of bread, etc., for lunch.

However, he was far too experienced an officer to say anything that might offend a passenger rich enough to reserve a four-bunked cabin to himself. So trying not to put an undue amount of sarcasm into the words, he asked Tom Towley to ring the bell if he required anything else, and followed the astounded steward from the cabin.

Barely had the echo of the purser's feet along the deck died away ere Tom threw himself into a chair, and remained for some minutes doubled up with laughter, whilst from the bunks into which they had crawled, Joe and Hugh thrust grinning faces.

thrust grinning faces.

A purser has not much time for reflection whilst a liner is ploughing her way through the ocean between Liverpool and New York, especially at the outset of the voyage, but as he busied himself answering a thousand-and-one questions asked by various passengers, smoothing over the complaints of this man or the growling of that, his thoughts reverted continually to the extraordinary passenger in Cabin 27.

The ship had started on its voyage, the purser was in his office ticking off the list of passengers, when, in reply to a knock at his door, he uttered a somewhat impatient "Come in!" and then turned with a forced smile on his face, for the disturber of his work might be a passenger come to complain of the position of his bunk or cabin, when Peter entered carrying a large tray in both hands.

"What in the name of all that's

hands.
"What in the name of all that's annoying have you brought that here for?" he demanded, gazing angrily

for?" he demanded, gazing angrily at the tray.

With a look of desperate bewilderment Peter swung the door to with his foot, then, as the purser gazed at him, undecided as to whether he had taken leave of his senses or not, he placed the tray on a table, and turning to his astonished superior, said in hoarse, sepulchral tones:

"He's ate it!"

"Who's ate what?"

"He's ate it!"
"Who's ate what?"
"The gent in No. 27 has polished it all off," asserted Peter, whisking the cloth off the tray and exposing the clean-picked bones of two chickens and a ham, three-parts of which had disappeared, whilst not a scrap remained of the loaf of bread which had accompanied the viands.

The purser gazed in speechless amazement at the remnants.

"Do you mean to say one man

"Do you mean to say one man polished all that off?" he asked, in awed tones. "I do!" declared the steward.

awed tones.
"I do!" declared the steward.
"And what's more, he rounded on

me for not having brought another chicken in case two wasn't enough." "Good gracious!" gasped the

chicken in case two wasn't enough."

"Good gracious!" gasped the purser.

"And that isn't all!" asserted Peter. "I offered to bring another chicken, but he said I needn't trouble; he'd have all the better appetite for dinner."

The purser groaned aloud, for on many ocean-going ships that functionary is responsible for the food of the passengers throughout the voyage, and he began to fear he had made a serious miscalculation in his stores.

The thought that he would have plenty of tinned and frozen stuff in reserve brought little comfort, for on a short voyage like the one between Liverpool and New York passengers expect to be served with comparatively fresh meat and vegetables, and he knew that competition amongst the lines was so strong that if the table showed signs of falling off towards the end of the voyage it would do the line a great deal of harm.

"That will do, Peter. You may

would do the line a great deal of harm.

"That will do, Peter. You may go. I don't think I'd talk about it amongst the others if I were you."

Adding, in more hopeful tones:

"There's all appearance of rough weather. Let's hope he'll be too ill to eat much."

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

A Dinner, a Widow, and Commodore Jinks.

HAT afternoon, as the Oripopo ploughed her way down the Irish Channel gloomy fears assailed the purser's heart.

Irish Channel gloomy fears assailed the purser's heart.

The Towleys, unwilling that their wonderful resemblance to each other should be known too early, left the cabin one at a time, and each made a point of throwing himself in the purser's way and asking with the eager interest of hungry men what time dinner would be served.

With astonishment, not unmixed with indignation, the purser saw the passenger from No. 27 descend three separate times into the saloon for tea, and at each visit eat a tremendous quantity of bread-and-butter and cake.

The worst of it was that the other passengers noticed Mr. Towley's voracious appetite. It became the subject of many shafts of wit amongst them, one joker ascribing the purser's sad and chastened demeanour to the enormous appetite of this strange passenger, although, needless to say, that officer indignantly denied the accusation.

Consequently, Joe Towley was the subject of universal observation when he sat down to dinner between a widow of uncertain age and a stout, red-faced retired Naval officer who rejoiced in the name of Commodore Jinks.

Now, Mrs. Pontex, the widow,

red-faced retired Naval officer who rejoiced in the name of Commodore Jinks.

Now, Mrs. Pontex, the widow, though, as we have said, of uncertain age, possessed very certain means, and, to be perfectly frank, Commodore Jinks had booked a passage on board the Oripopo for the sole purpose of laying siege to the gushing widow's heart and fortune.

To this end he approached a steward with a view to obtaining a seat next the lady whom he hoped one day to make Mrs. Jinks, but the tip had been so small, the slight to the dignity of the purser, who should always be consulted if special arrangements are required, was so great, that when he came in, somewhat late, to dinner he found Joe Towley established by the widow's side.

Towley established by the widow's side.

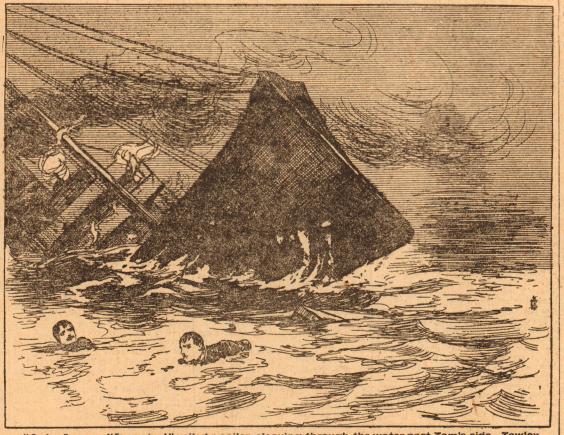
Commodore Jinks was furious, also injudicious, for instead of asking Joe to change places—a request to which the elder of the Towley Triplets would at once have accede—he demanded the seat by right, and almost tried to eject Joe by force, thus bringing upon himself irretrievable disaster; for Joe, realising why the irritable commodore was so cager to be near Mrs. Pontex, proceeded to make himself agreeable to her.

Flattered by the attention of so handsome a young man, Mrs. Pontex absolutely beamed upon her neighbour, and the two got on splendidly together, until, shortly after the third course had been cleared away, Joe stopped in the middle of a sentence, clasped his handkerchief to his mouth, and with hasty muttered apologies, rushed from the saloon.

"Ha, ha, ha! Our great feeder is not on exhibition to-day," sneered Commodore Jinks. "I think, madam, if you will allow me, I will occupy his chair," he added, turning to the widow.

"Please do nothing of the kind."

widow.
"Please do nothing of the kind,"
returned Mrs. Pontex coldly. "Mr.
Towley may return, and you will



"Swim for your life—swim!" yelled a sailor, cleaving through the water past Tom's side. Tow obeyed. But at once felt himself being drawn backwards, as if by some remorseless hand.

pardon me, Commodore Jinks, if I say I prefer gentlemen nearer my

own age."
Commodore Jinks nearly had a fit.
He turned purple, white, and red in
turns, and choked back a bitter retort
with difficulty; in fact, he had barely
recovered ere Hugh Towley slipped
into the chair his brother had vacated
shortly before.
"Are you better, Mr. Towley?"
asked the widow anxiously.
"Much better, thank you: in fact.

asked the widow anxiously.

"Much better, thank you; in fact,
I think the indisposition which
threatened has passed off. I was not
feeling at all hungry. This was not
to be wondered at, considering in
what charming company I found myself, but the sea-breeze has brought
back my real appetite. Steward!"

"Yes, sir," said a man from
behind him.

"I will start the dinner over

"I will start the dinner over again."

"I will start the dinner over again."

He spoke purposely, in a loud voice, and the buzz of conversation was immediately hushed. Mrs. Pontex could not repress an exclamation of astonishment, Commodore Jinks emitted a short, barking laugh, whilst the captain at the head of the table glanced towards the voracious passenger with raised eyelids.

Apparently ignorant of the sensation his request had called forth, Hugh Towley calmly recommenced his meal, at the same time, following the tip Joe had given him, paid the widow quite marked attention.

But it seemed as though fate was against Towley at that meal, for he had just completed a liberal helping of roast beef, when he laid down his knife and fork, sprang violently from his seat, and rushed out of the saloon followed by the wondering glances of the company.

"Go on, Tom; your turn next," he cried, bursting into the cabin, in which his brothers awaited him. "Hurry up, old chap! I've prepared the way for you beautifully; off you go."

His appetite sharpened by the keen sea-air, Tom lost no time in carrying out his brother's instructions.

As the door closed behind him Hugh clasped his hands to his forehead.

"Thoughtless idiot that I am! I

head.
"Thoughtless idiot that I am! I forgot to tell him about the widow!" he cried, in tragic tones, winking solemnly as he spoke.
"Poor Tom! I did not think to mention it, either," returned Joe.
Then the brothers burst into a roar of levelter.

Then the brothers ourst into a roat of laughter.

In the meantime, Tom Towley had quietly slipped into the seat at the dinner-table between the widow and the naval officer.

"I trust you are better, Mr. Towley," said the widow, smiling varietingly.

Towley," said the ravishingly.
Tom shook his head lugubriously.
"Better, yes, but hungry—oh, so hungry! Waiter, I'll begin at the

hungry! Waiter, I'll begin at the fish."

Even the widow could not restrain the amazement the announcement produced, whilst the 'passengers seated round the long tables craned their necks to gaze at Tom, as though he was some new kind of wild beast.

"You're a bit delicate, aren't you, sir?" snorted Jinks.

"I'm afraid I am," was the sad reply. "I generally eat a great deal more than I have done this evening, but the sea has the effect of robbing some people of their appetites."

"Good heavens! If you eat like this at sea, what must you do on land!" ejaculated a man opposite Towley No. 5.

"Ah!" replied Tom mysteriously; and the next few minutes devoted himself entirely to the fish.

Even Mrs. Pontex felt as though she dare not interrupt so strong and enthusiastic a diner at his favourite occupation.

In dead silence the passengers.

enthusiastic a diner at his layournee occupation.

In dead silence the passengers watched Tom send up his plate for a second helping of duck and a second helping from the joint. Sweets he dismissed, and only nibbled a little cheese.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Towley," said the widow archly. "Perhaps you were thinking of that very pretty, but I'm afraid flattering, speech you were making when you left the table so abruptly."

"Do you really wish to know what I was thinking of?" asked Tom, in a low voice.

w voice. If you would care to tell me, or "If you would care to tell me, or perhaps we might continue the conversation better on deck," added the widow, seeing Commodore Jinks glaring at them as though he would emulate Tom's supposed appetite, and devour them both.

"No, no; I cannot stop until we leave the saloon. I must tell you what occupied my thoughts. Mrs. Pontex, tell me, as a lady whom,

I have known so short a time I feel is a kindred spirit, could I—might I—is there any hope?"

"Oh, Mr. Towley," murmured the widow, glancing coyly at her bejewelled fingers.

"My dear madam, you do not know how eagerly I await your reply. But pray consider your answer carefully; my happiness this night depends upon it," urged Tom.

"Really, Mr. Towley, this is so very sudden. We have known each other such a very short time. When we are better acquainted—to-morrow perhaps—" began Mrs. Pontex.

"No, no! Tell me now—at once; I cannot wait!" pleaded Tom. "Tomorrow will be too late. Speak, quick; every moment my chance grows less."

A puzzled frown crossed the lady's expansive face. Then, as she saw no chance of evading this all-too-pressing suitor, she simpered:

"But you haven't asked me anything yet, Mr. Towley."

"Ah, no; neither have I," admitted Tom. Then turning solemnly to the lady, he grasped her hand and murmured: "Is there any hope that the purser will allow me to start dinner all over again?"

"Sir!" ejaculated the widow, rising abruptly from her place.

"I am so hungry," pleaded Tom.

purser will allow me to start dinner all over again?"

"Sir!" ejaculated the widow, rising abruptly from her place.

"I am so hungry," pleaded Tom.

"And I thought you wanted to marry me!" burst in low, dismayed tones from the widow's lips.

Tom drew a deep sigh from somewhere in the vicinity of the soles of his boots.

"Alas, madam, such happiness is denied me! I could never leave off eating long enough for the ceremony to be performed. Although, perhaps," he added reflectively, "I might struggle through it if you didn't mind me holding a sandwich in one hand and the ring in another."

Mrs. Pontex waited to hear no more, but, the ladies rising at that moment, wheeled angrily round and left the saloon.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.
Three Too Many for Him.

OM found the astonished glanes of his fellow-travellers somewhat ambarrassing and somewhat embarrassing, and was about to retreat to his own cabin, when Commodore Jinks tapped him fiercely on the shoulder. The pas-sengers who had been near enough to watch his ill-suppressed jealousy, clustered round to see the fun.

to watch his ill-suppressed jealousy, clustered round to see the fun.

"Look here, you young whipper-snapper, do you know who I am?" he demanded fiercely.

Tom surveyed the red-visaged old sailor from head to foot, then placed his index-finger to his temple with a puzzled frown ere he replied:

"I seem to have seen you somewhere, sir. Let me see, wasn't it in the monkey-house at the Zoo? I can't be sure, but if I remember rightly you were swinging by your tail from a trapeze, trying to steal another monkey's nuts."

It really seemed as though the elder man was about to have a fit; he fumed, stamped about, and shook his fist furiously in Tom's face.

"You—"

There he stopped; evidently his extensive vocabulary had no words strong enough to express his feelings.

"Yes, it's me," admitted Tom genially. "Tom Towley, at your service."

"And I, sir, I am Commodore

"And I, sir, I am Commodore Jeremiah Jinks, late of his Majesty's Navy, and I'd have you know, sir, that—"

Navy, and I'd have you know, sir, that—"

He got no further, for, with exaggerated delight, Tom Towley had seized his hand and was shaking it heartily, not to say violently, pouring out his delight at meeting so distinguished an officer in a constant, bewildering succession of sentences, until the almost maddened commodore snatched his hand so quickly away that he overbalanced himself, and staggered against the table, with which he collided with sufficient force to render him incapable of speech or action for several minutes, thus giving Tom Towley an opportunity of hastening away with a genial, "See you later" over his shoulder.

The skipper had left the table immediately after the last course was cleared, and it was to seek that officer, and lay a complaint against his fellow-passenger, that Commodore links entered the chatteroom.

cleared, and it was to seek that officer, and lay a complaint against his fellow-passenger, that Commodore Jinks entered the chart-room.

But the captain had gone on the bridge, whither no passenger may follow, except on a special invitation, and the commodore, who believed in striking whilst the iron—or, at least, his temper—was hot, made his way to the purser's office.

"You have a passenger of the name

of Towley on board," he said, addressing the purser.

"I believe so, sir, but I have not yet had time to make the acquaintance of all our passengers," was the purser's cautious reply.

"But you must know him, or, at least, have heard of him; I mean the fellow who ate three dinners this night. Yes, sir, three separate dinners," wailed Commodore Jinks.

The purser sighed deeply.

"And he ate two chickens and three parts of a ham for lunch," he said solemnly.

"He is a scoundrel, sir, a trifler with ladies' feelings; a madman, who dared to insult me, even me—Commodore Jinks, late of his Majesty's Navy!" thundered the angry officer.

"But he shall not do so with impunity. Kindly give me the number of his bunk."

"He has cabin number twenty-seven, sir," replied the purser, referring to his book. "He must be a man of means, for he has paid for three first-class passages to secure the cabin to himself."

"I don't care who or what he is; I'm going to have it out with him!" fumed the commodore, puffing like a steam-barge from the office.

A few minutes later he was rapping furiously at No. 27.

A sleepy voice bade him enter. He did so, then stood gazing at the curtained bunks which lined the wall of the cabin to port and stern.

"Ahem! You, sir. It's no good hiding in your bunk; I'm going to have it out with you here and now," he began.

"Shew! Go away, you wicked old man! How dare you come into my cabin!" shrilled a high-pitched, feminine voice from behind the curtain.

Commodore Jinks was a brave man, but he grew as pale as his rubicund

Commodore Jinks was a brave man, but he grew as pale as his rubicund ace could allow, as the fearful shought flashed into his mind that he

had entered the wrong cabin.
"A thousand pardons, madam," he began, making a hasty retreat to the

door.

But even as he crossed the threshold he was brought up "all standing," as he himself would have expressed it, by a hearty roar of laughter.

"Why, it's Jinks—my dear old peppery Jinks! Please don't run away." And, looking back over his shoulder, the retired naval officer saw the grinning face of Joe Towley beaming at him through an opening in the curtains.

"You unmitigated scoundrel! I'll

"You unmitigated scoundrel! I'll make you laugh on the other side of your face!" he roared, advancing towards the bunk.

With a cry of alarm, Joe withdrew his head behind the curtains.
"Come out of it, you skunk, and face me like a man!" roared the

ins head befind the curtains.

"Come out of it, you skunk, and face me like a man!" roared the commodore.

"How can I face you when you turn your back to me?" asked Hugh, from the port bunk.

Commodore Jinks twirled round like a tectotum, to find the man whom he could have sworn he had seen a moment before on the opposite side of the room, smiling benevolently upon him through the curtains.

"What in the name of Neptune do you mean by it, sir?" he demanded.

But Hugh, apparently as frightened by the sailor's threatening visage as Joe had been, withdrew his head as hastily.

Joe had been, withdrew his head as hastily.

"Evening, Jinks!" cried a voice almost at his elbow. And the old sailor stood rooted to the deck in surprise, glaring with bulging eyes at Tom, who was surveying him with twinkling eyes from the window.

The next moment he shook himself, to make sure that he was awake, for the face had vanished as quickly as it had come; then sprang a foot from the deck, as, leaning from his bunk, Joe tickled him in the ribs.

"I—I say, sir," stammered Jinks.

"Are you there?"

"What number, sir?" demanded a voice behind him.

He wheeled round, and a stiffed roar, which in one with a less stentorian voice would have been a shriek, burst from his lips as he found himself face to face with Hugh.

"Peep!" cried Tom from the window.

"Booh!" echoed, from the starboard bunk.

"I spy!" cried Hugh, carrying on

board bunk.
"I spy!" cried Hugh, carrying on

"I spy!" cried Hugh, carrying on the game, whilst the commodore wheeled round like a top, trying to face his three tormentors at once.

Suddenly he sat down on the floor with a thud which seemed likely to threaten the stability of the ship, as the electric light, burning from the centre of the cabin was extinguished.

For some minutes Commodore Jinks remained seated in the centre of the

cabin. Then, after calling "Towley!"

cabin. Then, after calling "Towley!" in a loud voice once or twice, he crept on hands and knees from the cabin.

Reaching the deck, he looked about him to make sure that his undignified retreat had not been observed, then moved off swiftly to the smoking-room, to find Tom Towley stretched in a comfortable armchair, puffing contentedly at a large cigar.

As he sought to retrace his steps ere the man he was beginning to fear should see him, he ran into the smoking-room steward.

Commodore Jinks grasped the man by the arm, and, pointing to Tom Towley, demanded:

"That man in the chair—how long has he been there?"

"Ever since dinner, sir," replied the astonished steward.

Commodore Jinks clasped his hands to his forehead, and staggering to his own cabin, flung himself on his bunk, and sent for the doctor.

THE 4th CHAPTER.

Mixed Company.

UT though Hugh and Joe
Towley had retired to their
bunks for the benefit of Commodore Jinks, they had no intention of seeking repose so early in the evening. Though so exactly alike that no one could tell the difference between even when they stood side by side, they had very dissimilar tastes and accomplishments. Joe therefore entered the music-room, and was soon charming a small but select audience with his magnificent tenor

voice.

Hugh repaired to the lounge, and had not been there long before he was convulsing an appreciative audience with humorous tales.

with humorous tales.

But the Towley Triplets had no intention of losing their beauty sleep, and by half-past eleven were all sleeping soundly in No. 27.

Consequently, they missed a hearty laugh with some half a dozen men assembled in the smoking-room for a night-cap ere they went to bed.

"I guess we Amuricans don't hold all the championships of the world. That Towley will take a lot of beating in the eating line," said a hatchefaced Yankee, as he sipped a cocktail.

At any rate, he plays a good game bridge," interposed a London

"At any rate, he plays a good game of bridge," interposed a London lawyer.

"Do you know him, then?" asked an Irish doctor, from the depths of an easy-chair.

"Never saw him in my life until to-day. But I have been his partner almost the whole evening, so I ought to know," was the reply.

"Shure, and it's mighty short rubbers they must have been!" retorted the Irishman.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the other.

"Only that until a quarter of an hour ago he was spinning some of the funniest yarns I ever heard in the lounge. By the powers, my sides are aching now with the laughter of it!"

"You must be dreaming, sir," he declared. "Mr. Towley was in this room when I entered it about nine o'clock. We made up a four, with a friend and John Evans, the Chicago millionaire, at once, and I'd have kept it up till now, but Towley said he was tired and wanted to go to bed."

"It's dreaming yourself you were, for if Towley wasn't in the lounge from nine to eleven-thirty, I'll eat my hat," asserted the son of Erin doggedly.

"And I tell you he was here!" roared the solicitor. "I can believe the evidence of my eyes, I

"And I tell you he was here!" roared the solicitor. "I can believe the evidence of my eyes, I hope, sir!"

here!' roared the solicitor.

believe the evidence of my eyes, I hope, str!'

"And my throat, it's as dry as a lime-kiln with laughter, will prove that he was in the lounge!" insisted the Irishman with equal obstinacy.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen!" interposed a quiet, retiring individual from the opposite end of the room.

"I cannot make out how the mistake has occurred, but you are evidently both labouring under a delusion. At the time you mention, Mr. Towley was giving us an unexpected treat in the music-room. He has one of the finest amateur tenor voices it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. And as I'm journeying to America to arrange a series of concerts for one of our finest singers, I may be allowed to know what I am talking about."

Both men turned angrily upon the speaker.

"You mean to say, then, that I'm has occurred, but you are evidently both labouring under a delusion. At the time you mention, Mr. Towley was giving us an unexpected treat in the music-room. He has one of the finest amateur tenor voices it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. And as I'm journeying to America to arrange a series of concerts for one of our finest singers, I may be allowed to know what I am talking about."

Both men turned angrily upon the speaker.

"You mean to say, then, that I'm a liar!" roared the Irishman fiercely.

"And that I've been playing bridge with a ghost?" asserted the lawyer, with a contemptuous laugh.

"I only think, gentlemen, that you have both made mistakes. If I was

called upon to swear on oath tomorrow that Mr. Towley was in the
music-room from nine to eleventhirty this evening, I would do so,"
persisted the third man.

"I would swear he was here, in this
very smoking-room all the time!" declared the lawyer.

"And I'll turn Dutchman tomorrow if he wasn't in the lounge!"
interposed the Irishman.

The dispute ran high, and it
seemed as though it might lead to
blows, when the smoking-room
steward entered.

blows, when steward entered.

blows, when the smoking-room steward entered.

"Ah, now you'll know who's speaking the truth!" cried the lawyer triumphantly. "Steward, haven't I been playing bridge with Mr. Towley, this evening?"

"The gentleman in No. 27, sir? Yes, sir," replied the man.

"And how much did the gentleman give you to say that?" shouted the Irishman: then, as a thought struck him, he despatched the man for the lounge steward, who shortly afterwards emphatically declared that Mr. Towley had spent the evening in the lounge.

Wards emphatically declared that Mr. Towley had spent the evening in the lounge.

"Anyhow, he wasn't in the musicroom!" asserted the lawyer triumphantly. But when, on the American's suggestion, the music-room steward was sent for, the quiet man beamed triumphantly at his companions, for the steward declared, without a moment's hesitation, that Mr. Towley had not left the music-room from the time he entered it, about nine o'clock, till eleven-thirty.

This left the position of affairs even more perplexing than before. At length, unable to agree, the three disputants and the Americans formed themselves into a deputation to visit Cabin 27, and settle the question ere they retired to rest.

"Hallo! Who's there?" asked Joe Towley, who was just dropping into his first sleep as the four gentlemen entered the cabin.

"We are sorry to disturb you, sir, but unless you have the somewhat uncommon gift of being able to appear in three places at once, there's two almighty big liars in this here company. Were you in the smoking-room this evening?" asked the Yankee.

"I certainly was not. Are any spoons missing?" was Joe's renly.

Yankee.

"I certainly was not. Are any spoons missing?" was Joe's reply.

"Or in the lounge?" continued the American, ignoring the question.

"You can search the cabin, if you like I haven't stolen either tables or chairs," replied Joe evasively.

"Then you must have been in the music-room," interposed the quiet man

Joe nodded in a friendly way at the

speaker.

"Of course I was. Didn't you play my accompaniments?"

"There, now, gentlemen, what did I tell you? I dare say we would not have had this argument if you had been like myself, a teetotaller all your lives."

been like myself, a teetotaller all your lives."

"What! You undersized little shrimp! You dare to hint—" began the Irishman; but the quiet man, alarmed by the speaker's ferocious appearance, took to his heels, closely followed by the other three, and reached his cabin and shot the bolt in the lock just in time to save himself from capture.

Ere their footsteps had ceased to recho along the deck, Hugh and Tom, leaning out of their bunks, winked solemnly at Joe; then, turning over on their sides, dropped into the sleep of innocence once more.

THE 5th CHAPTER.

Fun in a Fog.

HE Towleys had no intention
of keeping up the mystery of their wonderful appearances the whole of their voyage, but fate took the matter quite out of their

When the steward called Joe, as he thought, though in reality he was calling the three brothers, the following morning, a thick fog had settled over the Irish Channel.

The rear of the steam syren had

Starts Next Tuesday Patrick Morris THE BOYS' FRIEND. Great New Boxing Serial

parture, closing the door carefully behind him.

Half an hour later Joe Towley left the cabin, but barely had he taken a dozen steps ere he came into violent collision with a swiftly-moving rotund

body.

Joe politely begged the other's pardon, but the stout one—it was Commodore Jinks—glared fiercely into his face, and, recognising his neighbour at the dinner-table the previous evening, passed on without a word

Barely had he taken a couple of steps ere he was brought up all standing, by coming in violent contact with another fog-hidden form.

"Are all the blind fools of England on board this ship, I wonder?" he snorted angrily; then surprise robbed him of speech, as he recognised the man with whom he had collided a minute before.

"You impudent young hound!

minute before.

"You impudent young hound! What do you mean by it?" he demanded, shaking his fist in Hugh's face.

"By what? Running up against you? Anybody might have done that in a beastly fog like this!" replied Hugh.

in a beastly fog like this!" replied Hugh.

"But you did it on purpose, sir! You knocked against me a minute ago, then slipped past me on purpose to do the same again. Don't deny it, sir. I recognised you!" fumed Jinks.

"I give you my word of honour, commodore, that I have not met you before this morning!" said Hugh.

"You're a—" began the inate sailor, when Hugh moved swiftly past him, for he had heard Tom's step immediately behind Commodore Jinks, and did not wish to spoil sport.

"Young jackanapes! I'll—" continued Commodore Jinks, turning to resume his interrupted way.

But it seemed as if the unfortunate officer was destined never to finish a

But it seemed as if the unfortunate officer was destined never to finish a sentence, for he ceased speaking, his hands dropped to his side, and he gazed through the fog into the frank, open countenance of Tom Towley, with whom he came face to face at that moment.

open countenance of Tom Towley, with whom he came face to face at that moment.

"Hallo! Where did you come from?" demanded the commodore.

"From my cabin, of course. Awful fog, isn't it, commodore?" returned Tom cheerily.

Commodore Jinks only shook his head with an air of bewilderment that made Tom long to retire to his cabin and laugh in secret.

"Do you know, Mr. Towley," he said solemnly at last, "something's going to happen. Don't think that I'm off my head if I assure you most solemnly that this is the third time I have come face to face with you in as many minutes."

Tom screwed his face into a look of the most utter consternation.

"For goodness' sake, commodore, don't tell me that! It's a most awful sign when you suffer from hallucinations of that kind!"

"They were no hallucinations, Mr. Towley. I saw you each time as plainly as I see you now. And what is more, I felt you, and spoke to you. Not in the flesh, Mr. Towley, mind that, but in the spirit, for, unless you have the power of being in three places at once, you could not possibly have run round to meet me in the time."

Jinks's face bore such an expres-

have run time."

Jinks's face bore such an expression of apprehension that Tom took pity on him.

"No, no, commodore, you were mistaken. The fog plays such tricks with our eyes, you know," he declared cheerfully.

Still Commodore Jinks shook his

Still Commodore Jinks should head.

"No, no, sir; it is no good trying to comfort me. Mark my word, it is a warning that something is going to happen."

And something did happen—something so sudden and terrible that Joe and Hugh, who, hidden by the fog, were enjoying the foregoing conversation, had all thoughts of fun and mischief banished from their heads.

Loud cries arose from immediately abaft the engine-room. Then they

Loud cries arose from immediately abaft the engine-room. Then they heard the captain roar:
"Hard aport!" in hoarse, alarmed tones down the speaking-tube.
Ere the order could be obeyed, the mighty ship shook beneath the impact of a tremendous blow, then heeled over to starboard as though about to turn turtle.

The crashing roar of shivered woodwork and riven iron plates sounding in their ears, Tom Towley, who had been thrown off his feet by the force of the impact, sprang up, and tried to pierce the thick fog which hid everything from view. What had happened? thing from view.

There was no need to ask, for a

breath of wind lifted the fog for a moment, and they saw the sharp bows of an ocean liner driven deep into their vessel's side.

"Come, lads—quick! The Oripopo is doomed!" cried Joe Towley, clambering on to the roof of his cabin, and springing from thence on to the colliding ship's bows.

The others started to follow. Even as they did so, the sound of a screw flercely beating the water fell upon their ears, and the colliding vessel backed from the side of the ship to which she had given her death-blow. When Hugh reached the spot where he had last seen Joe, he had to fling himself on to the deck above the cabin to save himself from plunging headlong into the huge chasm in the Oripopo's side the liner had made, through which the water was swiftly rushing in and throwing itself with baffled fury upon the watertight doors, which had fortunately been closed at the time.

But though, thanks to these precautions, the ship still floated, it soon became evident to the merest tyro on board that she was sinking fast.

By this time the loud shrieks of terror which had followed the first deafening crash of the collision were silenced, and though here and there arose the sobs of frightened women and children and the calls for dear ones of the men, the first panic had subsided, and passengers and crew alike were awaiting orders with that devotion to duty which distinguishes those who sail the seas in British ships, and has so often turned a catastrophe that might well have been accompanied by heavy loss of life into a comparatively harmless wreck.

The heavy and constantly increasing list to starboard of his vessel told

oven accompanied by heavy loss of life into a comparatively harmless wreck.

The heavy and constantly increasing list to starboard of his vessel told the captain that there would be little chance of keeping her afloat, and the stentorian cry of: "Man the boats!" rose from his lips.

At that moment, as though it had done all the mischief that lay in its power, the fog lifted, and the two Towleys watched with admiration the sailors spring nimbly into the boats and commence throwing off the shackles, as calmly as though at everyday drill.

"Women and children first!" was now the cry from the officers, who

shackles, as calmly as though at everyday drill.

"Women and children first!" was now the cry from the officers, who stood alongside the swinging boat.
Each held a revolver in his hand, but there was no need to use it. Not a man was craven enough to attempt to reach the boats until accommodation had been found for the women and children.

Then the oldest men were called upon to advance, and the first boats launched were soon rocking on the long, rolling billows some two hundred yards from the doomed vessel.

Doomed the Oripopo surely was Steam rising in huge columns from the engine-room, the gallant ship was settling slowly but surely to her doom.

the other boats were made y and the passengers moved for

As the other boats were made ready and the passengers moved forward in silent procession to take their places, Hugh and Tom held back. They were expert swimmers, and knew that amongst the passengers who still crowded the deek there were many unable to swim a stroke. But they were not idle. Although close to the coast of Ireland, it was evident that the fog had only lifted for a time, and there was no telling how long the boats would have to float in that fog-hidden sea before they were picked up or reached the shore, and were busy carrying water and provisions to the boats.

Even in that awful moment Tom could scarce repress a smile when the purser, who a minute before had despatched Hugh with a beaker of water to the starboard lifeboat, uttered a loud:

"Well, you don't allow the grass to grow under your feet!" as Tom snatched a bag of biscuits from his hand.

At that moment a loud cry of

snatched a bag of biscuits from his hand.

At that moment a loud cry of "All on deck! She is sinking!" caused him to scramble swiftly up the companion-way.

As he reached the deck, he saw the boats rapidly pushing away from the ship's side. The captain, rushing to the end of the bridge, flung himself into the water.

Close behind Tom came the purser and Peter the steward, whilst one or two sailors, who had been searching the cabins in case anyone had been left behind, hurried up.

"Over with you, sir; there's not a moment to be lost!" said the steward, setting the example and springing into the waves.

Tom looked round for Hugh, and his heart fell as no sign of his brother met his eyes. Then, knowing that further delay would be fatal, he sprang from the deck, and plunging

into the waves, commenced swimming away for dear life.

A strange, terrible sucking sound caused him to cast a terrified glance over his shoulder. He was just in time to see the last of the gallant Oripopo as she disappeared beneath the waves.

Oripopo as she disappeared beneath the waves.

"Swim for your life—swim!" yelled a sailor, cleaving fhrough the water past Tom's side.

Realising his danger, the younger Towley obeyed. But barely had he taken a couple of strokes ere a cold chill of dismay swept through his heart, for he felt himself being drawn swiftly backwards, as though in the grasp of some remorseless hand.

In vain he struck out with all his might. Swifter and swifter he was carried towards the whirlpool which had closed over the sinking ship. Then he felt himself being sucked under, and a loud, despairing cry burst from his lips as his head disappeared beneath the waves.

"Down he went—down, down, down, until it seemed as though he would never stop. His head throbbed, sparks seemed to flash before his eyes, his lungs felt as though about to burst. Then his grasping fingers closed over some hard substance, and he felt himself being drawn swiftly towards the surface.

But human endurance could bear no more, and the last thing he remembered was the water pouring into his open mouth.

But as many of their victims have

into his open mouth.

But as many of their victims have often declared, none of the three Towleys was doomed to drown. Luck

sengers were on board?" asked the

sengers were on board?" asked the captain.

"Three hundred and forty-two steerage, and two hundred and eighteen cabin, sir," replied the purser.

"The steerage is all right, sir; I've just counted them," reported the first officer.

"Count the cabin passengers!" ordered the captain.

The purser immediately obeyed the command. He counted them over twice, then, a puzzled frown on his face, started again.

"Well, what's up?" demanded the captain impatiently. "Make haste! The ladies and gentlemen do not want to be kept out here in the cold."

"Cap't make it out, sir. There's

The ladies and gentlemen do not want to be kept out here in the cold."

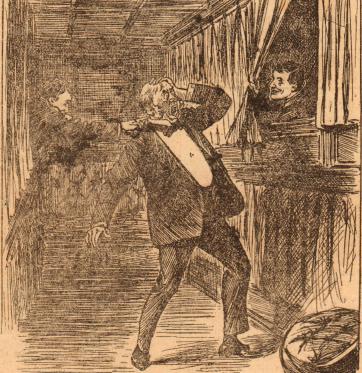
"Can't make it out, sir. There's two hundred and twenty!" declared the purser.

"Then your list must be wrong," said the captain confidently.

But the purser shook his head.

"I went over the whole last night. sir, and it tallied exactly with the cabins occupied."

"Kindly file past me, gentleman," said the captain. Then, as the passengers obeyed, he counted them off in tens. "Two hundred and ten. Now two hundred and eleven, two hundred and twelve, two hundred and thirteen, two hundred and fifteen, two hundred and sixteen, two hundred and eighteen, two hundred and nineteen, two hundred and twenty," he concluded. "That's right, so you must have been wrong," he declared triumphantly.



"How can I face you when you turn your back to me?"
Hugh. Commodore Jinks twirled round to find the man wh
had seen a moment before on the opposite side of the
smiling upon him through the curtains.

brought him to the surface close to where a boat was tossing on the disturbed waters on the look-out for anyone who should have been drawn under by the suction of the descending vessel. A minute later he was lying in the bottom of the boat, with the third officer pressing his back with both hands.

Whilst they were thus engaged, a steam-trawler came up, and as Cork Harbour was only some twelve.

a steam-trawler came up, and as Cork Harbour was only some twelve miles away, it was decided that she should cruise round, and, picking up the other boats, tow them all into Cork.

Cork.

Not all the passengers and crew of the Oripopo were in the boats. Some had been taken on board the liner which had sent their vessel to its doom. She had stood by the ship as long as she dare, but her bows had been so severely damaged that her captain decided to run at once for land, and she was beached in Cork Harbour just as the trawler, with the rest of the boats in tow, appeared on the scene.

Long ere land was reached Tom

The purser did not speak. He was gazing in amazement from Tom to Hugh and from Hugh to Joe, who between the counting had gradually drawn close to each other.

"Look at those three men, sir!" he said, in a low, awed voice to the captain. "Has the strain of the wreck affected my brain, or is there more than one man standing there?"

The captain looked, rubbed his eyes, then, for the first time since the fog settled down over his ship, a smile crossed his lips.

"I have it, purser!" he declared. "This gentleman is from cabin twenty-seven, and the other two who are so much like him are undoubtedly his brothers. That accounts for Mr. Towley's wonderful appetite and his power of being in three places at once last night. Is it not so, gentlemen?"

Laughingly, the Towley Triplets

once last hight. Is it not so, gentiemen?"

Laughingly, the Towley Triplets confessed their trick, and a burst of merriment arose from the passengers as they realised how heatly they had been tricked.

Then conveyances were procured, and the saloon and steerage passengers carried off to various hotels to await the arrival of another steamer to carry them on to their destination, each thankful that though the Oripopo had been sent to the bottom, not a single life had been lost with her. on the scene.

Long ere land was reached Tom Towley had recovered consciousness, and having been helped on to a thwart, looked around him, to find to his relief Hugh safely seated in one of the other boats.

The first thing the captain did on reaching land was to line up the sailors and passengers to find if any were missing. They could not call the roll, for the purser's papers had gone down with the ship.

"Do you know how many pas-"

been tricked.

Then conveyances were procured, and the saloon and steerage passengers carried off to various hotels to await the arrival of another steamer to carry them on to their destination, each thankful that though the Oripopo had been sent to the bottom, not a single life had been lost with her.

THE END.

("Twixt Man and Beast," a superb, long, complete story, by F. St. Mars, next Tuesday in THE BOYS' FRIEND.)

PARTY ENTERTAINING. The Double Turn—How Two Boys Can Combine—Cross Talks, etc. 00000000000000

ROSSTALK is another very acceptable form of conversation when worked by a couple of amateur comedians. In a crosstalk act the straight-man—the long-suffering partner, who is for ever being insulted by the comedy-man, and who patiently acts as a but for all the offensive remarks that the comedian thinks fit to make—endeavours to relate a story. However, the comedian makes it his business, and a very funny business, too, to chip in with facetious remarks and interruptions.

For instance, the comedy-man will ask the straight-man:

"Is that thing sticking out of your collar a face?"

"Yes, most decidedly it is!" comes the angry reply.

"And does it hurt you very much?" is the sympathetic query.

"Sir, this face grew on me!" cries the straight-man in indignation.

"Yes, and I'm very pleased that it didn't grow on me!" is the rude remark of the comedian.

Crosstalk is very often worked by a tramp-like individual and a smart man. The contrast adds humour to the act, and hardly ever fails to please.

And yet another very good style of double-turn is that of the "Swell." Both

the comedy and straight-man are mashers, being dressed yery acceptable form of conversa tion when worked by a couple

the comedy and straight-man

the comedy and straight-man are mashers, being dressed very smartly—fashionable suits, hats, gloves, walking-sticks. They should make an endeavour to be dressed exactly alike.

Although similarly dressed, the distinction between the two partners very soon becomes apparent when they start pattering.

When a couple of amateur comedians first work, they find, no doubt, that it is not an easy job to patter for ten minutes on end. Great care should be taken to learn an act thoroughly, as nothing could be more painfully embarrassing for a turn than to stand before an audience with nothing to say. It is, therefore, advisable for the comedians to invariably have a few stock gags—jokes—by them, and so in the event of the act slipping their memories, they will be able to bring forward their stock stuff, and finish the turn to the best of their ability.

A double-turn should take great care whilst pattering to always execute this part of their show in anatural manner, and avoid dropping into a sing-song voice.

And now a word about making-up for the straight-man. Although perhaps an amateur may find little difficulty in making-up for the emedy part, it is probable that he may find himself somewhat at sea when he attempts to make-up for the part of straight-man, and so I think a few hints on this important subject will not come amiss.

Cocoanut-butter should be applied to the face, followed by a light coating of dark flesh paint. The eyebrows should then be darkened. The eyelfds should receive a shading of dark flesh paint, and a line, drawn with a liner, should be made underneath each eye. The lips should then receive attention. Fashion them to resemble a Cupid's bow as much as possible, and be very careful not to make the mouth appear larger than it really is by applying too much "colour."

Then red paint should be thickened towards the centre of the lips. A line drawn from the top to the

"colour."

Then red paint should be thickened towards the centre of the lips. A line drawn from the top to the bottom of the chin will give the face a "strong" appearance, a quality that becomes a straight-man. Carmine, carefully applied, should added to the cheeks. The face is then powdered, and the straight-manic is ready for action.

The straight-man has to play a very difficult part in a double-turn. He must listen to

He must listen to

every funny remark

and gag of his comedy partner without showing the least sign of being interested; in fact, he must appear to be quite the contrary.

The straight-man, when he is new to his part, usually finds that his hands become a nuisance, and that they get in the way. He doesn't know what to do with them. A very good plan is for him to carry a walking-stick or umbrella, and standing it in front of him, to rest both hands on the handle. The pose looks very well.

A Superb New Boxing Serial, by the Author of "The Railway Waif," Starts Next Tuesday in THE BOYS' FRIEND. "A Champion of the Ring."

CONJURING UP-TO-DATE.

A Bright New Trick Clearly Described for Boy Performers.

The Egg Bag Trick. IME occupied: About seven minutes.

Effect: Performer exhibits a

black bag and an egg. After turning bag inside out, to show it is unpre-

black bag and an egg. After turning bag inside out, to show it is unprepared he places egg inside, when it immediately vanishes, and is produced and vanished again in a most bewildering fashion entirely at the will of the performer.

Requisites and Preparation: An ordinary common or garden egg, preferably laid by a fowl, and a black cloth bag, about 9 inches deep, and six inches across the mouth, made of some soft, thick material. Its only deception is that it has a pocket pointing downwards from the mouth the whole width of the bag and about half its length. As the correct thing may be purchased for less than one shilling, I should advise the reader to pay a visit to any of the conjuring stores; instead of bothering to make one. Presentation: The bag should be turned inside out and back again to prove its innocence, care being taken to keep the pocket side away from the audience, who must remain in ignorance of its presence. Then, holding the bag in the left hand by the bottom, mouth downwards, the performer places the egg with his right hand up inside, pretending to seize it through the cloth. The bag should downwards. With the left hand appear to squeeze the egg into a tiny pellet, and pretend to force it through the cloth and pretend to force it through the left hand appear to squeeze the egg into a tiny pellet, and pretend to force it through the cloth and pretend to force it.

The bag is now taken and turned mouth downwards, it really appears empty, especially when the conjure the conjure the loth. The bag shou

Under cover of the bag, the performer slips the egg into the pocket (See diagram). The right hand now seizes the mouth of the bag, and at the same time the egg through the cloth. The bag should now be turned bottom downwards. With the left hand appear to squeeze the egg into a tiny pellet, and pretend to force it through the cloth and blow it from the finger tips.



Sexton Blake: S

NEW READERS START HERE.

In the opening chapters of this grand new serial we read how two Britishers are captured in the fortifications on the Island of Tarkum, off the German coast, while a couple of days later two Germans are seen making plans of Fort Ridley, in the East of England. One German is arrested while the other escapes with his plans.

The news is abroad like wildfire. The Britishers have lost their plans, while one of the Germanis has succeeded in making his escape with plans of the British fortification in his possession.

Sexton Blake, the famous detective, is summoned to Lord Dorrington at the War Office, and is at length employed in the Secret Service. Now that Germany is in possession of knowledge of one of Britain's most valuable strongholds.

most valuable strongholds,

so must Britain be upon equal terms with Germany. Sexton Blake is aware that the one German who is captured is none other than Prince Gunther, son of the Kaiser. The famous detective, with his assistants, Tinker and Pedro, are to repair the unsuccessful attempt to obtain plans of the Tarkum fortifications.

Disguised as Baron Rudolf Steiner, chief of the Prussian Secret Service, Sexton Blake gains an entrance to the Tarkum fortifications, succeeds in securing the plans of Fort Tarkum, and with Tinker he escapes.

of Fort Tarkum, and with Tinker he escapes.

Later, the detective while staying at the residence of Professor Bruns in Berlin finds himself face to face with a woman detective belonging to the German Secret Service. There is no apparent means of escape, but Tinker, awaiting his opportunity, springs upon the female spy, and she is afterwards securely bound. Once again, after a narrow escape, Sexton Blake has the chance of detempting to gain his freedom from German soil, and Professor Bruns decides to flee with him in his motor-car.

"Very well. The first thing is to get out of Berlin," says Blake.

(Now read this week's splendid chapters.)

The Spy's Story—A Vain Appeal—A Glimmer of Hope.

A FTERWARDS we will settle on our plans," Sexton Blake continued. "As it is unlikely that anybody knows that Fraulein Becker came here to-night, and as, in that case, she may not be fo for several days, we shall probably have plenty of time to reach Hamburg, and sail from there for England,

where you will have a safe refuge."

"What about Pedro?" put in the lad "We daren't walk round to the garage with him with us."

"It will not be necessary," said Sexton Blake. "The professor will go for the car, and bring it here. But not now," he added. "We must all get out of our evening-clothes at once, so that we may be prepared for flight.

so that we may be prepared for flight. Come: every minute is precious!"

They hastened to the other part of the flat, and when they came together again in the sitting-room, in considerably less than a quarter of an hour, they were tweed caps and suits of rough, dark cloth, and heavy overcoats. Professor Bruns carried a small bag, in which he had thrown what money he had and a few valuables; and now, as he realised that he was about to flee from his native country, and from all that he held so dear, a fit of trembling seized him, and he sank down in a chair in a half fainting condition. Tears gathered in his eyes, and his grief deeply moved Sexton Blake, who mixed some brandy-and-water for him, and to comfort him.

"It is very hard on you, I know,"

to comfort him.

"It is very hard on you, I know," he said, "but cheer up. Your exile will not be for ever. Some day I will get a pardon for you, and you will be allowed to return to Berlin. How do you feel?" he continued. "Are you better?"

"Yes, much better," the professor answered, in a faltering voice. "I will fetch the car now."

"No, not yet," said Blake. "Sit still for a few moments, and then you shall go. I would fetch the car myself, but I don't suppose they would give it to me."

"While we are waiting," remarked

give it to me."

"While we are waiting," remarked Tinker, "don't you think we had better take a look at the girl, and make sure that she is all right?"

It was a wise suggestion, and at once the detective stepped into the next room, with the lad at his heels. The electric light had been left burning, and it showed that Fraulein Bertha Becker was still bound and gagged, and lying in the same position on the couch. She glanced

defiantly at her captors, and then smiled at them in a way they did not like. And in her dark, velvety eyes was a gleam of mockery that puzzled and irritated them.

"She seems jolly well pleased about something," murmured the lad.

"Yes; the fact that we are still here appears to give her pleasure," said Blake.

"Why should it, guv'nor? Do you suppose she has set a trap for us outside?"

"It is not likely my hoy. No

"It is not likely, my boy. No more than half an hour has passed since we met Inspector Jager in the street, and he did not then know that the girl was here, for he was worried about her."

the girl was here, for he was worried about her."

The detective pondered for a moment, and then, as his eyes fell on an object that was on a table near the cedarwood case, a sickening thought flashed to his mind.

"By heavens, I am afraid we are in imminent danger!" he exclaimed, turning pale. "I had forgotten that there was a telephone here! It must have been Fraulein Becker you heard talking! No doubt she crept out of the case and rang up the—"

He broke off, listening to a noise that was like the rapid tramp of feet. The bloodhound began to bark, and the next instant, as Blake and Tinker dashed back to the other apartment, the door was flung open, and into the room sprang Inspector Leopold Jager, followed by a dozen policemen, who were armed with sabres.

"Make no resistance!" shouted Inspector Jager, as he levelled a pistol. "I arrest you all, in the name of the law!"

The girl's ill-concealed satisfaction and the sight of the telephone,

Inspector Jager, as he leveled a pistol. "I arrest you all, in the name of the law!"

The girl's ill-concealed satisfaction and the sight of the telephone, had prepared Sexton Blake and the lad for the raid; but it was a ghastly surprise for Professor Bruns, who rose to his feet, and sank down again with a groan of despair.

Pedro would have flown at the invaders, but Blake thrust him to the back of the room, with a command to be quiet; and then he and Tinker submitted calmly to the police, who seized them roughly, and at once locked irons upon their wrists.

"These men don't answer to the descriptions we have," said one of the party, who wore the uniform of a police captain.

"No; that is true," replied Herr Jager, in a doubtful tone. "I can hardly believe that they are the spies, though they have a bloodhound with them. But we will soon see."

With that he took a handkerchief from his pocket, and poured some water on to it from a jug that was on the table, and when the wet cloth had been rubbed over the faces of Blake and the lad, and the detective's false moustache had been snatched off, their natural features were revealed to their captors.

"What an alteration!" gasped the

to their captors.
"What an alteration!" gasped the police-captain.

"What an alteration!" gasped the police-captain.

"Is it not, Liebart?" exclaimed the inspector. "It was no false message that brought us here. By himmel, the Tarkum spies have been caught at last! This is indeed Sexton Blake, and this is his boy Tinker! I know them well! It was a cunning trick for them to hide in Berlin, where no one suspected them of being. Ah, you rascals!" he went on, shaking his fist at the prisoners. "How do you feel now? It will go hard with both of you, and with the Herr Professor as well! To think that you should have had the audacity to dine with me this evening!"

"It was by your own invitation, you will remember," Sexton Blake told him, with a glimmer of a smile on his lips.

"Xes; but I had no idea who you were!"

"Well, never mind about that!

"Yes; but I had no idea who you were!"
"Well, never mind about that! You gave us a good dinner, Herr Jager, and we had a couple of pleasant hours together. I shouldn't speak about it, however, if I were you. If the story leaks out, you will be the laughing-stock of Berlin."
Inspector Jager's face flushed crimson, and he growled like an angry bear, annoyed by the thought of being held up to public ridicule. He glared at Blake and the lad, who were outwardly composed, though their reflections were of a sickening nature. The prospect before them was of an appalling kind. Less than an hour ago they had been in cheerful spirits, fully believing that they would soon see England again, and now they were in the clutches of their foes, in the shadow of long years of

A Superb New Serial of the Great Detective's Secret Service in Britain and Germany. START READING IT NOW.

imprisonment in a German fortress. The blow was so heavy and unexpected, indeed, that as yet they scarcely comprehended their position.
"What about the girl?" said the inspector, as he turned from his captives. "She should have shown herself by this time."

"As she has not appeared," replied

inspector, as he turned from his captives. "She should have shown herself by this time."

"As she has not appeared," replied Captain Liebart, "I have no doubt that she has been discovered and caught. Let us search for her."

The adjoining apattment was immediately visited, and loud voices from it told of the finding of Fraulein Bertha Becker, who shortly after entered the room, looking placid and unruffled, in spite of the desperate struggle she had recently engaged in. She was leaning on the arm of Herr Jager, whom she was soon to marry.

"It is a shame," he said to her. "that you should have been treated so badly. I will make these fellows pay for it, you may be sure!"

"But they did not treat me badly," the girl answered. "They were very gentle, Leopold, considering how hard I fought with them."

She looked tenderly up at her lover, and then gave her attention to the prisoners.

"You remained just a little too long, Herr Blake," she laughed, her eyes flashing insolently. "I told you that I would have my way with you, and I was right. But while I rejoice in my triumph, I can also feel pitt for you. We have fought fair in the past, you and I, and I have respect for a fallen foe."

And, half in jest, half in earnest, she made a low curtesy.

"I thank you, Fraulein!" murmured Blake.

"I have not heard your story yet, Bertha," put in the inspector, with

mured Blake.

"I have not heard your story yet, Bertha," put in the inspector. with a jealous glance at Sexton Blake.
"I cannot understand how you came to bring off this brilliant capture. It is bewildering to me. Were you aware that our companions at dinner this evening were the two spies?"

"Oh, no; not at the time."

"Oh, no; not at the time!"

"Oh, no; not at the time!"

Fraulein Becker replied. "I had no suspicion of it, else I would have confided in you. After leaving the Rheingold I disguised myself, and went to the Moabit quarter, where I mixed with the rioters, and overheard August Muller and one of his comrades planning to rob the flat of Professor Bruns, in which they believed he had some valuable curios, of gold. "Here is a chance," I said to myself, 'of trapping this disciple of revolution, and putting him where he will not be able to do any more mischief for some time." So I slipped off to Moabit Mansions, and entered the professor's flat by means of the key that admits me almost anywhere, and examined the room yonder in which he keeps his treasures.

that admits me almost anywhere, and examined the room yonder in which he keeps his treasures.

"There was a huge wooden case in the corner, and in it was a mummy in its shell. I concealed the mummy under the couch, and got into the case, and waited. For some reason August Muller and his comrade did not come, but after a time Professor Bruns and his friends from Volstein arrived, and sat down in this room, and from their conversation I speedily learned who Herr Treptow and Herr Rixdorf really were.

"While they were talking I stole out of the case, and over to the telephone, and softly called up the Exchange, and delivered a message to be conveyed to you as soon as possible. And then—"

The girl paused, and laughed merrily as she secured a stray tress of her raven-black hair.

"There is not much more to tell," she continued. "This clever dog first discovered the mummy under the couch, and then betrayed my hiding-place. I stepped out, with my revolvers levelled, but Herr Blake's

discovered the mummy under the couch, and then betrayed my hiding-place. I stepped out, with my revolvers levelled, but Herr Blake's boy pluckily sprang upon me, and I had to yield to superior numbers. That is all, Leopoid."

"It was mere chance, then, that led to this capture," said Inspector Jager. "But you are none the less to be congratulated, Bertha. You have been shrewd and courageous, as you always are."

Mere chance, not skill! It was with chagrin that Professor Bruns and Blake and the lad learned that they would have remained safe, that not the slightest suspicion would have fallen upon them, had not the girl-spy overheard a few words uttered by one of the rioters to another. The professor, his interest briefly roused, lapsed again into a state of deep dejection.

PREPARING FOR EMIGRATION

A Very Important Matter for the Boy Emigrant.

N a few weeks' time the steady! who has had experience in a particu stream of emigration will com- l lar line stands

stream of emigration will commence to flow again, and between now and April literally thousands of our young men will sail for Canada and other Colonies, there to make their forfunes—or, at any rate, with the firm hope of doing so.

In the first place, the emigrant must always bear in mind the hope that he is indeed going to make a fortune. There is nothing like ambition, and the higher we aim the better is our success likely to be.

Now, you all know as well as I do that before a boy can succeed he must have some definite object in life, and he must thoroughly understand the various stages through which he will have to pass to attain that object. So many boys appear to imagine that by emigrating all they have to do is to take a steamer to a Canadian port, board one of the great trains that cross the continent, reach a certain town, and get a job!

As a matter of fact, this is all wrong. No boy should emigrate with the intention of taking any odd job that is offered to him. Odd men, jacks of all trades, unskilled labourers, have just as hard a task to find a post in the Colonies

unskilled labourers, have just as hard a task to find a post in the Colonies as they do in the Mother Country.

No; a boy who is going to emigrate must prepare himself for the new work in a new land. He must make himself master of some special work, so that on arrival in a Colony he shall know exactly what he is going to do. It is no earthly use going out as a handy man.

It is no earthly use going out as a handy man.

What I suggest is that boys who propose to emigrate should write to "The Chief Clerk, Emigrants' Information Office, 31, The Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W." for the free Government pamphlets regarding the particular Colony to which they think of going. These pamphlets (which cost nothing) give details of the labour markets concerned, and by reading them you can ascertain whether carpenters, bricklayers, farm hands, or what not are in demand.

You can then to a great extent prepare yourself for emigration by getting to know as much as possible about the particular trade you intend to follow. Technical classes are held almost everywhere, and it should be possible for any bright boy to obtain a good deal of technical as well as practical experience before he takes the important step of going abroad.

Of course, you may well say that the conditions in a new land will be vastly different, and that you will have to unlearn a lot. That is true enough, but, at the same time, a boy

a much better chance

a much better chance
than the greenhorn.
What I would suggest to boys who
propose to go farming in Canada
with a view to eventually taking up
a free grant of land for themselves,
is that they should first of all work
as farm-hands in the Old Country.
In this way they will find out whether
they like the life and can take a real,
lasting interest in it.
Boys and young men can easily obtain a post on a farm. Vacancies
are being continually advertised in
the country newspapers and also in
"The Farmer and Stockbreeder," the
farmers' weekly penny paper. Their
wages will not be large, but then the
expenses are far smaller than those
of a boy employed in a town.
Only a few days ago I heard of two
cases which will show you the importance of preparing yourself before
emigrating.
There were two boys, who lived in

cases which will show you the the portance of preparing yourself before emigrating.

There were two boys, who lived in a Middlesex village. They went to school together, chummed in together in every possible way, and when they became young men they decided to emigrate to Canada. A, as I will call the first, had served his apprenticeship as a carpenter, but could not get employment at home: B was a capital fellow in every way, but he was a "casual," without any particular trade.

The chums sailed together one May. B returned in the following November as poor as when he went out; in three years A has saved three hundred pounds, and is steadily improving his position.

improving his position.

improving his position.

Speaking of another phase of emigration, boys should not take as gospel all they read regarding our Colonies. There are emigration agents, railway agents, and a host of others, all with an axe to grind, who prepare booklets describing Colonies in glowing terms. Their statements are probably true in the main, but the bright spots are glorified and the drawbacks are frequently slurred over. Certainly, boys should do their best to get guidance from people in Canada and from the Emigrants' Information Office, and to carefully sift all-they hear before taking a passage.

I am convinced that hard-working, honest boys can make a splendid living in our Colonies, and can really get on and save money; but emigration is an important step in one's life, and should be carefully considered. Moreover, before actually going to a Colony the boy should prepare himself for the work he is going to take up.

As for Sexton Blake, he had been turning things over in his mind, and was now thinking of that lever which had been a factor in his plans from the day he left England—a lever which, under certain circumstances, might be a tremendous advantage to himself and to his fellow-prisoners. Was the identity of Prince Gunther, the captive of Fort Ridley, still unknown? If so there was hope, otherwise there was none. Blake dared not put the question, however. By doing so he would show his hand, and betray what was, it was quite likely, still a secret.

"Fate has played me a scurvy in the secret was no bear a scurvy in the secret."

betray what was, it was quite likely, still a secret.

"Fate has played me a scurvy trick, Herr Jager," he said. "Last night I saved your life, and to-night I am your prisoner."

"Yes; that is true," the inspector answered. "I am grateful for the service you rendered me, but I can do nothing in return."

"You are wrong," said the detective. "There is one trifling thing that you can do."

"What is it?"

"Is the Kaiser in Berlin?"

"No; he is at Potsdam."

"Well. I want to see him without delay. I must have an interview with him. I have something to confide to his car in private, and beg that you will send him a message to that effect."

"It is utterly impossible. Herr Blake. His Majesty is terribly incensed against you, and he would certainly decline to see you. He would be enraged with me if I were to have such a message conveyed to him."

"Do you refuse?"

"Do you refuse?"
"Yes; I cannot grant your

request."

"And what of you, Fraulein?"
asked Blake, turning to the girl.
"You have a tender heart, and this
is a vital matter to me. Will you not
go to the Kaiser on my behalf, and
ask him to accord me a brief interview?"

ask him to accord me a brief interview?"

"Oh, I should not dare to!" exclaimed Fraulein Becker. "I am sure that if I were even to mention your name to him, he would have me clapped into prison! I am serious"—with a trace of pity in her lovely eyes. "You have caused such a turmoil in Germany that the Kaiser, they say, has not been able to sleep at night because you were still at liberty. And he has also said, it is rumoured, that twenty years in prison would be too light a sentence for you."

rumoured, that twenty years in prison would be too light a sentence for you."

The detective continued to plead with both Herr Jager and the girl, but they remained obdurate, and at length he realised that he was only wasting his breath. The inspector was now speaking to Captain Liebart, instructing him to find two taxicabs as soon as possible, and bring them to the door of Moabit Mansions.

The police-captain nodded and departed, and a moment later Sexton Blake's face brightened for an instant, and then resumed its former expression of gravity. He had suddenly discovered that the wrist-irons he was wearing were a trifle too large for him, and he had no doubt that he would be able to draw his slim, wiry hands through them.

"I may be able to escape," he told himself. "I will make the attempt, at any risk, and try to see the Kaiser. It is our only chance, and a slim one at that. But there is a ray of hope on the horizon."

at that. But the on the horizon.

A Daring Escape Followed —
Need of Help.

VENTS had moved quickly
after the return of the professor and his guests from

after the return of the professor and his guests from their evening of pleasure, and it was less than an hour after midnight when the two taxicabs that had been ordered left Moabit Mansions, and turned down the Gobenstrase.

In the first of them were Sexton Blake, Fraulein Becker, Inspector Jager, and Captain Liebart, and in the other were Professor Bruns and Tinker, two sergeants of police, and Pedro.

Not wishing to have the hound with him, Blake had contrived, without arousing any suspicion, to have him conveyed in the second vehicle.

With hoods up, the cabs proceeded leisurely on their way, going at a snall's pace because of the broken glass that was strewn about in profusion; and on the pavements to right and left walked a number of policemen in a careless manner, which suggested that they were not acting as an escort to the vehicle. The destination of the party was the Central Police Bureau, but the detective had no intention of going there if he could help it. His senses were on the alert, and now and again he peered furtively through the glass

top of the door that was next to him, the blind of which had been allowed to remain up, so that Herr Jager could himself see out.

The strike troubles were by no means over yet, though the forces of law and order had got a stronger grip of the neighbourhood than they had had at first. There had been several pitched battles during the day and in the course of the evening, and there could still be heard at intervals, from near and far, sounds of brawling, and the muffled clatter of hoofs and an occasional pistol-shot.

These ominous signs, which were welcome to Blake, had a disquieting effect on the inspector, as well they might. He knew that if he should get into a mob, and it should be discovered that there were prisoners in the cabs, the strikers would certainly attempt to rescue them, and would probably succeed. He kept a keen watch for patrols of mounted police, with a view to adding them to his party, but he did not see any.

"There goes another pistol-shot somewhere, Bertha," Jager said anxiously to the girl. "I don't like this. We should not have started without a larger escort."

"Don't worry," Fraulein Becker replied, toying with the brace of revolvers that were lying in her lap. "We shall get through all right, Leopold."

"I think so," put in Captain Lie-kent." "We shall get he out of the

revolvers that were lying in her lap.
"We shall get through all right,
Leopold."
"I think so," put in Captain Liebart. "We shall soon be out of the
danger zone."
The detective, listening to this conversation, felt a sinking of the heart.
He was determined to try to escape
in any event, risk or no risk; but ho
was aware that his chances of success
would be infinitely better should he
be able to dive into a mob of strikers
as soon as he had got clear of the
vehicle. There was also in his
favour, and would be until he had
left the Moabit quarter behind, the
fact that very few of the street-lamps
were burning.
"I must make the attempt before
long, while I am in this dark neighbourhood," he told himself. "A riot
would be a tremendous help to me,
but I am afraid there is not going to
be one."
He was wrong, however. The

but I am afraid there is not going to be one."

He was wrong, however. The strikers had a habit of turning up when least expected, and they were to do so in this case. The two taxicabs, which were no more than half a dozen yards apart, had just swung from the Rockenstrasse into a rather narrow street that led towards the Tiergarten, and a few moments later, as Blake was warily and silently squeezing his hands through his fetters, a flower pot landed on the roof of the leading vehicle, thrown from an upper window of a tall dwelling to one side.

One of 'the policemen on the opposite pavement at once discharged his revolver at the window very imprudently, and the sharp report and the sound of breaking glass were followed by a pandemonium that swelled and spread with amazing rapidity.

Doors were thrown open, and from all directions, from houses to right

amazing rapidity.

Doors were thrown open, and from all directions, from houses to right and left, and houses in front and behind, there appeared as if by magic a swarm of men and women and youths, and, with bloodthirsty shouts and screams, hurling sticks and stones and other missiles, they attacked the escort of police, whom they had perceived to be few in numbers.

Shall I shoot, Leopold?" asked

not yet," replied the

a jerk; and, meanwhile, Blake had scrambled up unhurt, and dived into the crowd, which had swallowed him

"I've done it," he told himself, with a heartfelt thrill; "and now to elude the enemy! I must keep my freedom, for if I should be caught I'll never get another chance to escape."

I'll never get another chance to escape."

He was on the pavement, and in the thick of the mob, who had been too busy to notice his daring leap. It would be risky to attract their attention, but he knew that it would be more risky to loiter among them. So he took to his heels at once, and ran as fast as he could, dodging by a policeman, who was engaged with a couple of assailants, and ducking his head as stones and other missiles flew around him.

"After him! He has gone that way!"

around him.

"After him! He has gone that way!"

It was the voice of Inspector Jager, and it was so loud, so high-pitched, that it rang above, the hoarse tumult, and floated faintly to the ears of the detective, as he continued his flight. The taxi-cab was in pursuit of him, thundering along on his track at reckless speed, as he could tell by the sound. It was evidently knocking people down, and scattering them right and left, to judge from the imprecations and yells of fright that marked its course. It came on stepped, and came on again, thumping and throbbing: and now, as Blake realised that he was in danger, and thought of seeking refuge in one of the neighbouring dwellings, he heard an explosive report that was sweetest music to him. The cab had stopped again, and he knew why.

"That sottles it!" he chuckled. "They have burst a tyre."

Back in the rear, where the disabled vehicle had halted, the battle with the police was raging as fiercely as ever, and Browning revolvers were crackling amid the frenzied clamour. Shouting rioters, hastening towards the scene of the fight, dashed by the fugitive: but they paid no heed to him, and he bore on at a steady trot, with increasing confidence, and was soon entirely clear of the mob. He swerved into a street on the right, and then into one on the left, and just as he had paused for breath in a dark and deserted locality, he was alarmed by a heavy, muffled pattering of feet behind him, and the next instant Pedro was fawning upon him, and trying to lick his face, and whimpering with Joy and affection.

"By heavens, what a misfortune!" gasped Blake, as he earessed his faithful friend. "I did not suppose there was any likelihood of this! What am I to do now?"

What had happened was obvious to him, and he was deeply touched in spite of his chagrin and dismay. When he took his

had contrived to escape from the second vehicle; and, through the thick of the fighting, in peril of being shot by the police or clubbed by the rioters, he had followed his master's seent. had followed master's scent, and had finally run him down. He had been as-

what trouble you may get me into," Blake said to him, in a low tone, with a shrug of resignation. "But it is not your fault. You did not understand. We must make the best of it, and stick together, now that you are here. Fortunately, there are some hours of darkness left," he added to himself. "I must elude observation as far as possible, and reach Potsdam before daybreak. And then I shall have to find a hiding-place for the dog, and tie him up, while I go to the palace."

But Potsdam was, as he was aware, at a distance of sixteen miles or so from the Prussian capital. How, then, was he to get there before the night was over? At this hour the trains had stopped running, and even had it been otherwise, he would not have dared to enter a railway-station with Pedro. And it would be equally risky, he felt, to attempt to hire a vehicle.

"I must do it somehow," he mut-

vehicle.

"I must do it somehow," he muttered, thinking bitterly of the friends he had deserted. "The fate of Tinker and myself, and of Professor Bruns, depends on my obtaining an interview with the Kaiser. And what the Kaiser will be willing to do for me will depend entirely on what has happened in England during my absence."

for me will depend entirely on what has happened in England during my absence."

There were other complications, mainly the difficulty of getting an audience with the Emperor, and Blake's mind was in a fever of perplexity and doubt and fear as he went slowly on, with Pedro trotting by his side. There was no outward token that might betray the hound's ownership, for the nameplate had been removed from his collar, in which, of course, the copies of the Tarkum plans were still concealed.

The two fugitives had not yet left the Moabit quarter, where faint sounds of fighting could be heard from different points. But the neighbourhood they were in was at present quiet and deserted—the police must have been called elsewhere—and this lull was welcome to the detective, though he was not long to enjoy immunity from danger and excitement. Anxiously pondering the problems that he had to deal with, he traversed several streets, picking his way over broken glass; and then, from somewhere not far off, rose angry voices, and a clatter of footsteps. The dog growled and ruffled his neck, and a moment later, the brawling having swelled louder, a man dashed out of the mouth of a side-street a few yards ahead, hotly pursued by a mob of men and women, who numbered more than a score.

"A spy—a spy!" they shouted.

"Kill him!"

By the light of a corner lamp, which had escaped destruction, and was burning dimly, it could be seen

that the fingistive was well-dressed, and that he was apparently a gentleman. Having got half-way across the street along which Blake and Pedro were approaching, he tripped, and fell, and by the time he had risen to his feet the foremost of his pursuers were upon him, and he was compelled to turn at bay.

"Police! Police!" he cried, as he defended himself with a walkingstick. "Help! Help!"

An Unselfish Act—A Terrible Loss
—Recognised.

S EXTON BLAKE had per-ceived all this, and he was now in a dilemma. On the one hand, should he render assistance, it would probably lead to his

now in a dilemma. On the one hand, should he render assistance, it would probably lead to his being caught by the police; while, on the other hand, should he refram from interfering, the man would likely be murdered, or would at least be badly hurt. His hesitation was brief, however. With unconscious heroism, deliberately risking his chances of freedom, he sped forward, and literally hurled himself into the clamouring, raving crowd, hitting out right and left.

"Stop it, you scoundrels!" he shouted. "There has been enough of this!"

Taken aback at first, the rioters, quickly recovered from their surprise, and divided their attention between the alleged spy and the detective. It looked as if Sexton Blake was going to have a bad time of it, for, in spite of the sledge-hammer blows that he delivered, though the bloodhound gave splendid help by leaping upon men and women, and knocking them over, the infuriated mob showed no signs of giving up the fight. But at a critical moment, when a pricking virago was trip to stab Blake with a knife, and a snarling ruffian was striking at him with a club, somebody shouted lustily:

"The mounted police! They are coming!"

One shout was sufficient. At once the rioters took to their heels, scattering in all directions. And now a clatter of hoofs was audible, telling that mounted police were indeed approaching. Sexton Blake was so exhausted by his struggle that he was, for the time being, incapable of flight, and for a short interval he heard the mounted patrol swing off to one side, and with a deep breath of relief he turned to the stranger, for whom he had staked his life and his freedom. He saw by the dim light a man of middle age, with a fair beard and moustache, who wore a grey overcoat, and a bowler hat (Continued on the next page.)

(Continued on the next page.) RIDER AGENTS WANTED

What had happened was obvious to him, and he was deeply touched in spite of his chagrin and dismay. When he took his flying leap from the foremost cab he must have been seen by the devoted hound, who, by some means, by some means, by seen means the probably a little a HANDSOME ARTICLE OF FRETWORK FURTURE, and a SIXPENNY DESIGN for making probably a little a HANDSOME ARTICLE OF FRETWORK FURTURE, and a SIXPENNY DESIGN for making had contrived to escape from the second vehicle;





Large Profits easily made in spare time.

MEAD Coventry Flyers.

Puncture-Proof or Dunion Tyres. Coasters. &c. Puncture-froof or Dunlop Tyres, Coasters, &c.
From £2.15 s. Cashor Easy Payments
Packed Free. Carriage Paid. Warranied 15 yrs
Ten Bays' Free Trial allowed.
With a tone for Free Art Catalogue and
Special Offer on latest Sample Machine. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. Z 128

104

FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home tor permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and in fancless examp to pay postage to Mr. D. TEMPLE (Special 8, Bleaheim Street, Bond Street, London, W.

THE "LITTLE SPITFIRE" AIR RIFLE



s most accurate air gun. Shoots slugs, darts, or shot with tecs, and is guaranteed to kill at long range. Specially adapted edn or salcon practice, bird and rabbit shooting, also for bottly st practice. Securely packed, with sample of shot; postagram. Illustrated List, Id.—B. FRANKS & CO., Gun Manwis, Empire Works, Caroline Street, Birningham.

Applications with regard to Advertisement Space in this paper should be addressed; Stanley H. Bowerman, Advertisement Manager, THE BOYS' FRIEND, 6, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.



that had been crushed by a blow. Blood was tricking from a slight cut on his cheek, and there was another cut on his right hand, in which he still grasped his stick.

"I am greatly indebted to you, my brave fellow," he said, in a voice that had a familiar ring in it.

"I am glad that I was able to be of service to you," replied Sexton Blake, who was standing in such a position that his face was in shadow. "I am afraid you are hurt."

"No, I don't think so," declared the man. "Only a couple of trifling cuts. But those scoundrels meant murder, and I should have been killed but for your timely assistance."

"What I did is not worth mentioning, sir. I should have been a coward if I had not come to your help."

"And you have shown yourself to

"And you have shown yourself to be a hero. You have saved my life at the risk of your own, and I wish to reward you as you deserve."
"I want no reward."
"I insist on having my own way. What is your name?"

What is your name?"
"It is Giesler, sir," Blake answered, on the spur of the moment. "Anton Giesler."
"And your address?" said the stranger. "Please let me have

stranger. "Please let me have that."

Sexton Blake did not reply, for he could not at once think of an address to give. There was silence for a few seconds, while the rescued man regarded his companion with vague suspicion, and gazed with evident curiosity at the bloodhound, and then, as the detective was about to speak, he suddenly heard footsteps, and saw a group of dusky figures approaching from the direction of which he had come.

"We had better be off, sir," he said, with forced calmness. "Look, here are more of the—"

The sentence was stifled on his lips. He had just caught a glimpse of a silver button flashing on a uniform, and the next instant he had taken to his heels, followed by Pedro. He ran as hard as he could, and when he had gone for twenty yords, and was passing close to a lighted street-lamp, a shout of alarming import rang in his ears

"By himmel, it is Herr Blake!

"By himmel, it is Herr Blake! There he goes! After him, men, after him! We shall have him now!"

There he goes! After him, men, after him! We shall have him now!"

It was Inspector Jager who had shouted, and Sexton Blake, recognising the voice, felt that the aid he had rendered to the stranger would probably cost him dear. The situation was critical, but he was far from yielding to despair. He dashed on and on, bearing from one deserted street to another, while behind him swelled a hue and cry, and the patter of feet, and he failed to observe, in the meantime, that the hound was not keeping pace with him.

Owing to the fact that Pedro had been lamed during the battle between the police and the rioters, and that he had received several blows in the second fight, he had fallen some yards behind his master. He gained a little, but Inspector Jager and his companions had gained more; and at length, just as Blake discovered that the dog was not with him, a nevolver cracked, and the bullet whistled by his ear.

Heedless of his own danger, he stopped and wheeled round. He had a brief glimpse of Pedro limping along in the rear, and the next instant, as a second shot was fired, he heard a sharp yelp, and saw the hound leap convulsively to one side and rolled over. The poor animal had been hit, and was lying motionless on the pavenment, apparently dead.

For a second or two, quivering with anguish, Sexton Blake stood still, uncertain whether to go forward or backward; and then, as he

SANDOW'S BOOK FREE.

Just published, a new book showing how Sandow won Health and Fame, beautifully illustrated, and explaining how every man and woman can obtain robust health and perfect development by exercise. Special Offer: To every reader who writes at once a copy of this book will be sent free.

Address: No. 5, SANDOW HALL, BURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

realised that he could do nothing for the dog, and that he was bound to give first consideration to the interests of Tinker and Professor Bruns, he turned and resumed his

Bruns, he turned and resumed his flight.

"By heavens, what a loss I have sustained!" he said to himself.

There was a lump in his throat, and his eyes were dim with tears. He had lavished on Pedro such affection as he could have given to few human beings, and the intensity of his grief, the torture it was to him to think that his faithful friend was dead, cannot be put into words. He was almost indifferent to his danger, and was hardly aware that he was straining every nerve to escape, in which he so far succeeded that he not only held his own against his pursuers, but gained on them a trifle. They were probably confident of running him down in the end, for they did not again fire at him. He knew that they were still chasing him, but he did not look back.

"I have lost the best friend man ever had." he nanted "and I will

him. He knew that they were still chasing him, but he did not look back.

"I have lost the best friend man ever had," he panted, "and I will have a reckoning some day for that cruel deed, if it was done on purpose! I doubt if it was, though, for Jager is a decent fellow. He must have fired that shot at me, aiming low to cripple, and he hit the dog by mistake. Poor Pedro! To think that only a short time ago I was anxious to be rid of him! But it is possible, of course, that he is not dead. He may be only wounded."

Blake was slightly comforted by this reflection. The strain had meanwhile been telling on him, and he had lost ground, and now, as he perceived that the police were drawing nearer, he awoke to a full sense of his danger, and made a spurt that somewhat increased his lead.

But the odds were against him, and his hopes of freedom were failing. He turned a corner, around which was a gloomy and quiet street, and when he had sped on for a few yards, and was growing faint from exhaustion, he saw on his left a dark and open doorway giving access to a tall building that was doubtless divided into flats, and in a trice he had whipped into it, and had swung the door shut, and was standing behind it with a fast-beating heart. There was a short interval of suspense, and then was heard the rapid trampling of feet. Inspector Jager and his companions were approaching, but they had evidently not observed the fugitive's ruse, for they did not stop. They went tearing past with loud hue and cry, and the clamour quickly faded. Sexton Blake had found a refuge, but it could be only a temporary o.e, as he knew.

"They will return," he said to himself. "They will soon come back to

"They will return," he said to him-self. "They will soon come back to search for me. I dare not stop here."

From the utter silence, and the fact that not a glimmer of light was visible anywhere, it was obvious to Blake that the occupants of the buildings were either out with the rioters or were in bed.

buildings were either out with therioters or were in bed.

An idea occurred to him, and without delay he took his matchbox from his pocket and struck a vesta; and then, the tiny flame guiding him, he stole to the farther end of the wide passage, and along a narrow hall, and through a kitchen, from which, having first extinguished the match, he emerged in a small yard. A gate led him into an alley that ran between blank walls, and that, in turn, brought him in the space of some yards to a street parallel with the one he had been traversing.

This street, like the others in the Moabit quarter, was badly lit, and strewn with broken glass and flowerpots. Here and there skulking figures were visible, but they did not cause Blake any uneasiness. Now that Pedro was not with him—it was with a bitter pang that he thought of that—he was not afraid of being identified unless he should encounter some of the police who had seen him in Professor Bruns' flat that night.

"I have the advantage over Jager," he reflected, "and I must do my best to hold it. I will walk towards Potsdam until the early trains begin to run, and then I will travel the rest of the distance by rail from some station along the way. I must see the Kaiser by hook or crook."

He was a pitiful figure as he shuffled along the payement, dragging

or crook."
He was a pitiful figure as he shuffled along the pavement, dragging his weary limbs, and he felt as miserable as he looked. There was mud on his cap and on his dishevelled clothes, which he had torn in two places when he jumped from the cab. He was fatigued and hungry and

thirsty, and in low spirits. He had sprained his wrist and his head ached dully, and he was stiff from bruises he had received in the fight. For a short distance he limped slowly and painfully on, thinking of what he must do if he would save himself and his friends from years of imprisonment; and then, as he was passing a drinking-shop, the door was suddenly opened, and out swarmed a dozen evil-looking men wiping their lips.

"Ah, what a stroke of luck!" cried one, as he observed the detective. "Look, Karl! Here is the fellow who set upon us a bit ago, as we were trying to do for that spy!"

"You are right, Luther!" exclaimed another, with an oath. "Yes, this is the man, and I'll bet he is a police-spy himself! Come! Let us give him what he deserves! He hasn't got his dog with him now!"

Sexton Blake had heard and understood every word, and the necessity for flight, in his present condition, almost disheartened him. But at once, realising his peril, he took to his heels and bolted as fast as he could, while the ruffians as promptly gave chase.

"A spy—a spy!" they shouted.

"Kill him!"

Blake's fatigue was heavy odds against him, but, on the other hand, his pursuers had been drinking more than was good for them, and they could not take after him very rapidly, as he soon perceived. He kept the lead he had gained at the start, and gradually increased it as he continued his flight, turning from one street to another.

"Where am I," he murmured half aloud, "and how did I get here? Am I in the house of some good Samaritan, or have I been—"

He paused abruptly, for a door opposite to him had been opened, and through it came a portly German, with a fat, kindly face, who carried a candlestick in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other, and had a plump sausage tucked under his arm.

"Ach! I am glad to see you better!" he exclaimed, with a smile.

"You have recovered—yes. But you had better not try to talk yet. No, not until you are still better."

Having put his burden on the table, the man brought a tumbler from a closet and filled it with beer, and pressed that and the sausage into Blake's hands.

"Eat and drink," he bade. "It is what you need—yes."

Sexton Blake willingly obeyed. He emptied the tumbler at a draught, and bit deeply into the sausage, and looked gratefully, and anxiously as well, at his benefactor, who divined his thoughts.

"Have no fear, my friend," he said. "You are safe with me, and your enemies will not find you. I heard the voices of those reascals who were chasing you with shouts of 'Spy!' so I came out to see what it meant, and it was just then that you dropped from exhaustion close to my door, and before your pursuers had turned the corner I had picked you up and dragged you to this little room behind my shop."

"That was very kind of you!" declared Blake. "No doubt you have saved my life!"



Blake swung himself to the crest of the wall; and then, as he was in the act of vaulting over, he felt a hot, stinging pain in his left arm, and knew that he had been hit.

"I must give them the slip," he said to himself. "If I fall into their clutches they will kill me."
His strength presently began to fail, however, and when he had gone a quarter of a mile, and was in a dark and narrow street, he felt as if he could not take another step. But he could hear the hue and cry of the pursuing ruffians behind him, and desperation lent him fresh power, spurring him to further effort.

For a few more yards he dashed blindly on, gasping for breath, his brain reeling and his heart thumping against his ribs; and then, as he lurched round a corner, his senses swam, and he knew that he was done for. He staggered, dropped like a log, and remembered nothing more.

A Good Samaritan—The Inspec-

desperation lent him fresh power, spurring him to further effort.

For a few more yards he dashed blindly on, gasping for breath, his brain reeling and his heart thumping against his ribs; and then, as he lurched round a corner, his senses wam, and he knew that he was done for. He staggered, dropped like a log, and remembered nothing more.

A Good Samaritan—The Inspector's Uniform—The Problem for consciousness, and the fight that had ended in a wave of darkness, he was very much surprised, and at first vaguely alarmed, to find himself alone and lying back in a big chair with a cushion under his head in a small room that was comfortably but simply furnished.

The carpet was faded and worn, and the upholstering of the furniture was shabby. On the walls were coloured prints of the Emperor and Empress, and on a fable were a lighted lamp, a tin of tobacco, and a huge porcelain pipe with a long stem of cherry-wood.

The Registered for transmission to Canada at Magazine Postal Rates. Agents for Australia; Gordon & Gordon, Melbourne, Sydney!

It am Otto Schrader, who he who he with delicatessen shop in the Wienerstrasse, where you fell."

It am Otto Schrader, who heeps the little delicatessen shop in the Wienerstrasse, where you fell."

Blake nodded wisely, and the nod was meant to deceive. He had been quick to conclude, under the circumstances, what the German that the Mewershale was a land delicatessen shop in the Wienerstrasse, where you fell."

Blake nodded wisely, and the nod was meant to deceive. He had been quick to conclude, under the circumstances, what the delicatessen shop in the Wienerstrasse, where you fell."

Blake nodded wisely, and the nod was meant to deceive. He had been quick to conclude, under the rectumstances, what the German the this from the was confident under the head been quick to conclude, under the reicumstances, that the had been quick to conclude, under the reicumstances and on the transmission to the first of the was what the German left the wish of the was what the German logon. You are

"Perhaps so," assented the German. "These rioters are fiends when the blood-lust takes them, and they would kill without mercy. I know them, yes, and they do not like me, for they suspect that I give information about them to the police—which is true. As for myself, it may be that you will have heard my name, if you are indeed a police-agent. I am Otto Schrader, who keeps the little delicatessen shop in the Wienerstrasse, where you fell."

Blake nodded wisely, and the nod was meant to deceive. He had been quick to conclude, under the circum-

"No; he waited for only half an hour, and then he fooled the rascals meatly. He borrowed a suit of my clothes and put them on, and then slipped away without being recognised. The clothes were much too large for him, but in the darkness nobody noticed that. He was lost in the coat, and as for the trousers—"

The German paused, and drew from under the table an old chest. He raised the lid, chuckling again, and disclosed to his companion's view a blue uniform with silver buttons, a sword and belt, and a spiked helmet of white metal.

"There you are, herr," he went on. "These are what Inspector Korfl left behind."

"And when will he come back for them?" inquired Blake, who had given a slight start.

"Not until to-morrow evening," answered Herr Schrader. "He is off duty for the next twenty-four hours."

answered Herr Schrader. "He is off duty for the next twenty-four hours."

There was a brief interval of silence, while Sexton Blake gave earnest consideration to a brilliant idea that had flashed to his mind. Here, as luck would have it, was such an opportunity as he could never have dreamed of getting.

The plan that he had conceived was daring to a degree, but he had essayed ventures just as daring, he reflected, and had carried them through with ease. He had in his pocket a mirror and a small make-up box, purchased for him at Hanover by Professor Bruns, and he knew that it would be a simple matter for him to alter his features to resemble those of Inspector Jager, who was a clean-shaven man, but as yet he could not see his way clear. There was a certain point to be settled, and there might be a difficulty that could not be got over.

"It was a good joke, was it not?" said the German, breaking the silence. "Ha, ha! Think of the inspector sneaking off in my clothes!"

"It was a splendid joke!" replied

"It was a splendid joke!" replied Blake, laughing heartily. "My old friend Korff must have been a funny sight!"

Blake, laughing heartily. "My old friend Korff must have been a funny sight!"

"Your friend—en! exclaimed Herr Schrader. 'Ah! I suspected that you had some connection with the police!"

"Well, never mind about that. By the way, Inspector Korff and I are very nearly of the same build and height, are we not?"

"Yes, much the same, herr. There is very little difference between you."

"That was my impression. I have been thinking that I ought to give my friend a fright, since the regulations forbid him to discard his uniform, no matter what the circumstances may be. I will sleep here until morning, if I may, on that couch yonder, and then I will put these things on and present myself to Inspector Korff while he is having his breakfast."

"But—but the uniform has been left in my care."

"Yes, contrary to police regulations," Blake said gravely.

"If you take it I may get into trouble," faltered the German.

This was true, and it suddenly occurred to Sexton Blake, with a sense of shame, that he had been trying to take a mean advantage of the man who had probably saved his life. He hesitated for a moment, and then a solution to the difficulty suggested itself. He determined to steal the uniform and secure his benefactor from blame by writing a truthful account of the affair to Inspector Jager.

"I won't press you," he said, "for I dea!" weat you to do anything

Jager.
"I won't press you," he said, "for