

THIS IS OUR 200TH NUMBER! BUY IT TO-DAY!

The Boys' Realm

Football Series

1⁰

A BRIGHT AND UP-TO-DATE PAPER FOR ALL BRITISH BOYS AND YOUNG MEN.

No. 200. Vol. IV.]

EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, MARCH 31ST, 1906.]

DAVE THE BARGE-BOY.

A TALE OF ENGLAND'S WATERWAYS: BY DAVID GOODWIN.



"HOORAY! HOORAY!" CRIED DAVE EXCITEDLY, FOR THERE WAS THE VANGUARD RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE MAIN CHANNEL OF THE RIVER. BOTH BOYS SHOUTED FOR VERY JOY.

(The previous chapters re-written will be found on the foot of the next page.)

The Siege of the Old Chapel.

"My eye!" spluttered Cecil, coughing, as the smoke began to fill his lungs. "This is too thick altogether. Dave, what's to be done?"

"Pile up the stuff!" said Halkett's voice outside triumphantly. "Put some wet turf on it as well. We'll have them smoked to a kipper!"

The stinging reek came curling through the openings in great wreaths, filling the chapel, for the draught drove it inwards. Dave searched swiftly round the place for some way of letting it out.

"Keep it up!" cried Peter Craye—"light fresh ones against the window-slits there. Half an hour of this'll lay the brats out! Bring some of that wet fern-brake; that's the stuff!"

Both boys were soon coughing and choking desperately. The smoke seemed to rack their lungs to pieces, and their eyes were streaming.

"Take off your neck-cloth an' wind it over your mouth," said Dave. "There must be some way to let the beastly stuff out."

"I'll let them tan me into a haddock before I give in!" choked Cecil. "Will the door burn down?"

"No; too thick an' too much iron. But we've got to get over this somehow; we shall go unconscious if it ain't stopped, an' they'll have it all their own way. We must smash the boarding out o' that window an' let it out,

I don't think they can reach from the outside. Bear a hand here!"

He seized an old broken crowbar that lay on the floor, and jammed the end under the boards that filled up one of the side windows. Both boys swayed on the end of the bar with all their might, and up came two of the planks with a bang. A gush of fresh air swept in through the open space, and the half-choked prisoners gasped with relief as they drank it in. The smoke went eddying round the building.

The interior of the chapel was higher than the ground outside, and Dave thought the besiegers would not be able to reach the window. At the two narrow slits in the opposite wall fresh fires were hoisted up on branches, sending in still more smoke; but now there was a

through draught this was driven back, and the smoke thinned.

"Now's your time!" yelled Halkett's voice. "We've got to rush 'em!"

"Look out!" exclaimed Cecil. "The window!"

A form loomed at the open space of the planks, where there was just room for a man to get through. It was Peter Craye, for he had had a "leg-up" from outside, and was just about to spring through and enter the chapel. His dead-white face shone through the smoke, and he called to those behind him.

In a moment Dave whipped the revolver from his pocket, cocking it with a click, and presented it at Craye. The man gave a cry, and flung himself backwards, so that he fell bodily out again upon those who had helped

