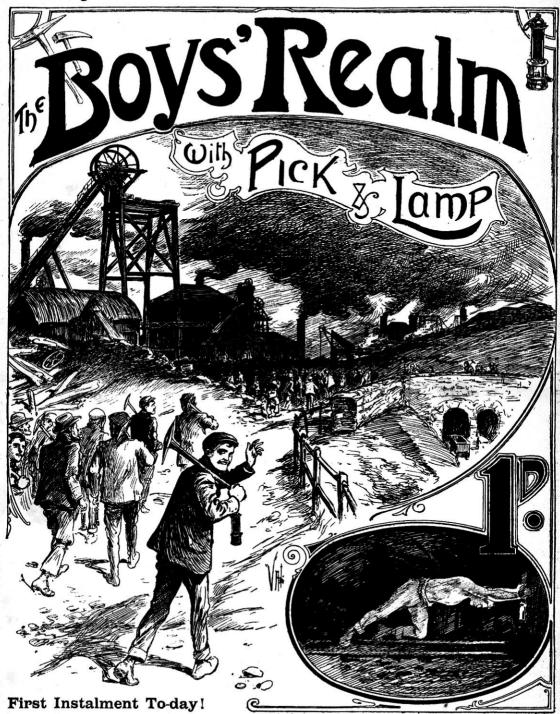
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A Creat New Tale of the Collieries, by David Goodwin. A Great new two of the Conteries, by Bavid Coodwin.

THE 1st CHAPTER. ven Ouarrelled with Mor-How Roddy Ow gan ap Morgan

gan ap Morgan.

ORACK! Whack—crack—whack! Whiz

-lbump! "No hitting on the neck, Roddy:

It is not allowed!"

'It's no worse than you hittin' at my
knuckles."

whatefac! not do so; and not on the head,

It is not allowed!

"It's no works than you hittin' at my knuckles."

"I was not do so; and not on the head, where the second of the second of

right at the end, don't you? He can make things he for you."
"Well. I don't like being interfered with outside the mine." was all Rodwell raphet. "Osme on, the mine." was all Rodwell raphet. "Osme on, the mine was all Rodwell and Ton went off together. They looked a queerly-assorted pair, and yet there was something very taking about them. In contrasts. Roddy They was a dark, well-bailt lad of seventeen, with keen brown eyes and a thoughtful extression. He was uncommonly active, both in body and brain." His bosom that the was uncommonly active, both in body and brain. The was uncommonly active, both in body and brain. The was uncommonly active, both in body and brain and a cheerful, grinning face, overed with freekles-the sort of face that puts other folk in a good humour, for the grin was the property of the was all the first form the grin was all the was all the for his wide cheat and strongly-thewed limbs made him immensely we was a supplemental to the was little, for his wide cheat and strongly-thewed limbs made him immensely was a supplemental to the work of straddle that made.

more untilly as "Short Un," it was only in height that he was little, for his wide chest and strongly-thewed limbs made him immensely powerful for his age. He walked with a wide he impossible to pluck him look as if et would be impossible to pluck him look as if et would be impossible to pluck him look as if et would be impossible to pluck him look as if et would he impossible to pluck him look as if et would he was help to he would have he will have a well-known as a wrestler. Rhys Evans gets longer an' longer every day," said Tom scornfully, as they departed lovers as well-known as a wrestler. Rhys Evans gets longer an' longer every day," said Tom scornfully, as they departed how out of the top o' the upcast-shaft, and that's collect the halo! What now?"

Morgan, the pittman, who had not yet entered the collicy ward, suffield up to Rodwell sgain, and have he with the word of the top o' the upcast-shaft, and that's he said. "The second white will not blow yet, and we had time enough. Come a little out with her."

Rodwell, wough he did not know what the Rodwell was for the time being a "putter" next the stall that Morgan worked in mutter next the s

It was soldom that Morgan opened his mouth at any time except to put food or beer into it-expecially beer—and Roddy was rather surprised at being specken to civilly by him the except of the expectation o

Roudy stared at him, wondering what he meant. He wished Morgan would say his say and got it over, for there was a second-hand flavour of beer hanging about the pitrann, which fild not niske his neighbourhood too pleasant, and when Morgan tried to look cen-ning, as at present, it did not suit him. His him look like a dissipated bulldog.

"Profit in the stall? How?" echoed Roddy.

"Profit in the stall? How?" echoed Roddy.
"Why, she will tell you. When you fill you sled with her coal you will not in several shovels of shell and thrill "-tubbish, which is cut out with the coal..." into the middle, soy fill your sled quicker, and you come to mo offener than to Terry Lloyd next door, and many more sleds each day will be tallied to me. I give you one penny for every three sleds above fifteen. So, as you know I get my pay according to the sled-loads, we both do better, whatefler!"

whateffer!"
Roddy looked at the pitman in blank Roddy looked at the pitthan in banks astonishment that soon turned to contempt. He understood Morgan's auggestion well enough, and that it was merely a trick for swindling the colliery manager. Ilittle, twinkling black eyes looked at him expectantly.

"You was understand, ch?" said the hewer impatiently. "It was a bargain!" No." said Roddy abruptly, "it imit." It was now Morgan's turn to look surprised. "What for no?" he said. thonest, and dishonesty—I don't know whether you ha' ever heard—is a blessed poor policy, an' don't pay, even if that were all. I don't want to have the name of a rogue in the Aberword Pit." Morgan ap Morgan glowered at him scort—"In the second rilaco." added Roddy. "it's "In the second rilaco." added Roddy. "it's

tuily, but Roddy took no notice.

"In the second place," added Roddy, "it's about the sillicut notice. I've heard for a year. If yet filling up the sides with shale, d'ye think the viewer worf very soon notice it in the loads when they come out o' the shaft, at race it back to our work? It might do for very or three days, an fetch you ten or two yaillin's extra; after that, the sack!" "She yas beaving the site.

"She wass leaving the pits at the end of the week, or next week, whateffer," said Morgan

simply.

It has on the tip of Roddy's tongue to tell him he was a thick-headed idiot, only Morgan was too big.

"But I'm not leaving the pith," he said drily. "D'y think I'll get myelf sacked for the sake of a shillin 'or two on your account." You mean you was not going to do what she tells you!" said Morgan.

"You mean you was not going to do what she tells you!" said Morgan.

mg, to sake me. If I did want to be a swindler I'd choose a swindle with more sense in it."

The pitman turned away with an oath, and strode into the colliery yard without another word. Tom Hughes, who had drawn near enough to hear some of the conversation, stared after him wonderingly.

THE 2nd CHAPTER. Into the Depthe.

Into the Depths.

"Di you ever hear the like of that,
Tommy?" said Rodwell, with a
short laugh.
"I should think the drink must
have fuddhed his head for good at last," returned Tom; and he suddenly burri into a roar
of laughter. "Why. a kind at echoel would
have more sense! What are you lookin so
sick about?" was if a fuller came and would

"Wouldn't you, if a feller came an coolly saked you to be a dirty swindler, to care him a few shillin's?"

asked you to be a dirty swinder, to care nim a few shillin's it be angry about," said Torn Hughes, chuckling; "he came out with it as if he'd struck the finest seheme on earth for gettin' rich. We must tell the chaps, Roddy. [?]] be the laugh of the whole pits." "Botter not," said Roddell; "though it's

certainly a bit funny now you point it out. I didn't see it at first. He ain't fit to be a Welsh-

didn't see it at first. He nin't fit to be a Welshiman'.

"No, intect she wass not?" grinned Tommy.

"Hallo, young shavers-hallo: "said a great rearing voice behind them; and hig laus They was the said a servent of the said a large laus the said to be said to be said to be said to be said to said the said to said the said the

and got sourchoff elec's backet. It's right what you say about the rifferil, Roddy, I'must be clearing some of them out, I think!" must be clearing some of them out, I think!"

"Mad Matt," as he was called throughout the state of the state

them on. Second whistic goes soon, an your batter in the colliery varied of the Aberford Pit, the largest of the Coed Coch group, where the army of workers was fast assembling. It was a strange blackened and stained throughout with endess sets of truck-rails and points, like the outside of a great was a strange property of the control of the control

the chain that led to the big winding-engine, which haufed the eages up and down the shaft, which haufed the eages up and down the shaft. Engines were putiling and shorting, flywheels were whizing, and here and there stood trains of coal-tracks upon the rails. There were two mountains of coal st one side, and on the other were the various outbuildings and houses, inwhich the standard of the stood of the second white the stood of the second white they blew two at Aberford the second white they blew two at Aberford the second white they blew two at Aberford them had got their picks from the smiths, whose business it was to keep the tools sharp. The boys made their way as quickly as they could to the deconcest shaft—the opening by this was their the shaft of the second to the second to the second to the second to the standard of the stood of the second white the shaft of the sh

X MY DEAR READERS,

Some years ago I wrote a story of the coal-mines based on some facts and experiences gleaned in the Forest of Dean and Newcastle Collieries. This tale, under the title of

"ONLY A PITBOY,"

proved a great success. Many a collier lad wrote to me to say how true and how good that story was. Well, at the urgent request of my friends I am republishing that story in THE BOYS FREND LIBEARY in an even and revised edition, with four full-page plates, price 3d. Those of my supporters who would like to read what was considered a good year and which was written by Your Editor, should get No. 13 of THE BOYS FRIBND LIBEARY note on sale.

HAMILTON EDWARDS.

that has wire gauze round the flame, as meet people know. The gas outside cannot be expected by the flame inside the gauze, unless the latter grows too hot. In some pits electric on the Georetic, which is an improvement on the old-fashioned Davy gauze lamp. Roddy Owen was one of the flow pits of the structure of the work of the

who was one of the constrons of the pile.

In pile is an overseer who instructs the pile is an overseer who instructs the pile is an overseer who instructs the pile is an overseer who in the work they are to do. He draw good pay, and has the underground manager above him. Below him are the deputy-viewers, who look after the care of the doors, the state of the air in the mine, and ee that no rules are broken.

of the air in the mine, and see that no rukes are broken:
are broken:
and Dalling he my No. 62 with Morgan, siz?
and Dalling heaping he might be shifted,
"Don't bother inc, von young fool; go to Mr. Glass!" snapped Mr. Sully, who was a dark, long-haired man, whose face always looked damp, and as if it wanted wiping.
Rod'sy had no affection of any kind or him.
Rod'sy had no affection of any kind or him.
Rod'sy had no affection of any kind or him.
Yes, same shift, Owen, 'he said. "Sorry, but it's the bast I can do for you. Mr. Sully down! wish it altered."
"Yes, same shift, Owen,' he said. "Sorry, but it's the bast I can do for you. Mr. Sully down! wish it altered."
I will be a shift of the shift of the place with a crew of pitmen in the "cage" in the great lift that runs up and down the shafe him great lift that runs up and down the shafe lift of the great lift that runs up and down the shafe lift of the great lift that runs up and down the shafe lift of the great lift that runs up and down the shafe lift of the great lift that runs up and down the shafe lift of the great lift that runs up and down the shafe lift of the great lift that runs up and down the shafe lift of the great lift that runs up and down the shafe lift of the great lift that runs up and down the shafe lift of the great lift that runs up and down the shafe lift of the great lift that runs up and was beginning to fall." "Down we go, life the Taff Vale Collery and the shafe lift of the great lift that the shafe lift of the shafe lift Not so much lip, Short 'Un!" said the over-

"Not so much lip, Short 'Un!" said the overman severely.

The beys had long been too used to the shaft to feel the sudden sensation which the beginner notices, as if his stomach was rising up to the control of the store of the

m."
Old Price is as mean as blazes to work it
all. Here's miles of other stalls here with-

out that. He wants all he can get just now. But that. He wants all he can get just now. But got a big contract on, an that seam's casy worked an good coal. Here we are.

can get just now. Its's got a big contract on, in that seam's casy worked an good coal. Here we are addenly came to a stop, and its doors opened, the rails laid on its floor joining with a set that ran far up the dark tunnel that opened before them, so that the tracks could be wheeled straight into the cage. The men steppes out quickly, lamps in hand, and the cage dropped further, into a sore of well, so the cape of the ca

moving.

Step out, Roddy, if you're goin' my way;
said Tom. And off they started together at a
smart pace, their way lit only by Rodwell's
lamp, for they were aiready chead of the other

lamp, for they were already aboad of the other miners.

It was dirty, sloppy work, journeying along, the road. Many people imagine a coal-mine as dry as a coal-cellar, but between the team rails there was little besides inky water and the state of the

place, the turnel was completely closed by a wooden deore, reaching from read to floor. Tom's job was to pull a chain and once this door overy time a horse and set of transcame along the road, to let them through. The door was weighted, and once they were through, it closed itself. The need of the door was that the air from the shaft, coming up the main time it through all the miles of workings before it turned into the main road once more. Were the door kept ojeen, the current of air would go straight along instead of through the workings, and all the pitmen would sufficacts. So I fone jois, though it was only a key's work, was of doors in the pit, and at each a gateboy to work it.

work it.

He had a pretty dull time of it, sitting in
darkness so black that it could be felt; and the
strange crashings and runbilings that celosed
through the distant workings were uncanny.
But every fiftee: minutes or so a distant star
of light appeared, and three of the large trans
runds, such earrying over a ton of cond-ctano
grades were very favourable in this part of the
Aberford Pit, and one horse could-draw three,
and in some roads four trans.
Tom pulled his chain, exchanged a word with

and in some roads four trains. To multide his chair, exchanged a word with the driver, and the train went through the open door. Then he light door slam to, rose and fels at the site to make sure it had closed he called it. Beyond whistling his stock of tunes over from time to time—Tom was a great whistler—there was little else to do. He envied his cham Roddy the more settice work in Xao.

As for Roddy, he had a long way further to go, for his job lay well beyond the regular workings. The Aberford Pit was nearly all on the post-and-stall system—that is, the coal was cut out in the tunnels ranging out. out out in the tunnels running out from the main roads, each tunnel crossed by other tunnels, thus leaving hundreds of square masses of unmined coal, which the hewers cut out with their picks niecemeal.

coal, which the hewers cut out with their picks piecomeal.

These short tunnels, or "stalls," were the actual working-places. The scan of coal was a thick one, with a sound roof, so that good and a stall coal was a stall coal was a stall coal was a stall coal was a stall coal with the stall coal was a stall coal was a stall coal was a stall coal was a stall was a stall were hauded up bodily in the cages. Aberford Pit was lucky in that arrangement.

But Roddy, was not working here. Far up in 62 there was a small branch scan, introught which roads big enough for train, strong the stall were more burrows, alonging rathes stalls were mere burrows, alonging rathes stalls were mere burrows, alonging rathes sharply upwards. Consequently, lade knowff as "putters"—of which Roddy was one—had to load the coal into sludges in the stalls, and so bring it down to the main road where the trams were.

Roddy found his sledge in its proper place, looked to it, and prepared for work. The hewers who were to work in these stalls had gone down one cage ahead of him, and were ulready at their business.

gone down one carge shead of him, and were already as their business.

The stalls were fresh one, and small. Each him of the stalls were fresh one, and small. Each his Goordie lamp next him, and get stay defilty with his pick at the line of soft shale that lay under the coal seam. When this was holed out, the coal was cut down from above.

Tommy Hughes had wondered why the owner considering the starting this scan worked considering the starting that scan worked considering the starting that scan worked the starting that the starting the scan worked the starting that the starting the starting that the starting that the starting the starting that we have a starting that the starting that we have starting the starting that the starting t

THE SMI CHAPTER

How Morgan ap Morgan Struck a Light and What Came of it.

when the state of the state of

straps, that fasteried them on his heels, for Roddy was good at notions of this kind.

Notice of the strain of the strain of the kind.

Which the small tunnel, or "ford," opened at a higher level. By cutting through the side of the ford before it curved down to the level of the truck lines, it was made to show an opening some way up in the main road wall, so that the strain of the truck lines, it was made to show an opening some way up in the main road wall, so that that stood in readiness on the raits below. This was an idea of the deputy-viewer, Glass, and its being carried out had made his superior, Mr. Sully, unspeakably jealous, by the way.

Roddy brought his sledge carrifully down to this pay, let fall the front boards that held in stream down the ciute into the tram waiting below.

It was all a quick operation, and Roddy was

It was all a quick operation, and Roddy was soon on his way back again. The return journey was the worst port of it, for the seldge had to be hauled up the low tunnel again, while the hauled was bent chulie all the way will be the seldge had to be hauled up the low tunnel again, while the hauled was bent chulie all the way be the seldge had to be a severely at first, but he did not mind it now. He had a rest at the top before Terry Lloyd's loud was ready, and after liak was, "putted" three was a longer wait before Morgan had boled out his seem.

holed out his seam. Morgan did not say a word to the boy, nor give him so much as a look during the first three journeys. Roddy's refusal to mix shale with the loads of coal and so put more of them to the hewer's credit, evidently rankled still. However, at the best of times Morgan was not self the fourth communicative, and it was not till the fourth

FOOTBALL &

had left lying on the coal, and faced his assisiant. Koddy had no intention of using such an ugly weapon, but the space was small, the contraged hever had cornered him. and there if he got hold of the boy. But Morgan, once he found himself faced with a weapon, advanced no farther, and they crouched in the ramped space, glaring at each other.

"Must what it is to everybody clee that meaning the modern of the primary with an outburst of strange cashs." Just what it is to everybody clee that inderground!" cried Roddy hotty. "You might blow your own carease up for all I care, but there are 400 men in the Aberford Pit, and one ided like you can kill the whole lot can't do without a smokel. If you think I'll stand by an see that done—"" Pah!" growled the pittinan. "She will had no preaching from a beat of a putter like you! She was so the only does who make he pipe! "Pah!" growled the pittinan. "She will had no preaching from a beat of a putter like you! She was not the only does who make he pipe! I had not been the only does who make he pipe! But even they don't do it when there's much gas about; an't ho higger pipes an' bacey in! But even they don't do it when there's much gas about; an't ho higger pudden-had df the for wouldn't try if up neve in 62! You know Wales for first damp—"

"Had done, or she will choke the life out on You! Had done, or she will choke the life out on."

jolly well the Aberlord Pit's one of the worst in Wales for fire-damp——"
"Haf done, or she will choke the life out of you! Haf done with the preachin'!" swore the

pitman savagely.

"An' you know just as well that 62's the worst place in it; it's the highest, an' all the gas drifts up here! By gosh, I thought we

CUP TIE FOOTBALL

and she wass tell him not to, an' broke the pipe!" cried Morgan quickly; "and then he wass going to hit her with the pick for saying

so!" Roddy was quite taken aback by this cool falsehood. But Mr. Glass turned upon Morgan so bereof; that the hewer drew bear. It's not the boy's doing!" he said scathingly. "He's neither tilot nor criminal enough to show a naked light, up here in 62! I've suspected you of this before now, Morgan, and—

"She wass nefer smoke in a pit in her life!"
cried the hewer.

"We'll soon prove that:" said Mr. Glass, and suddenly grabbing Morgan by the coat he dived a hand into his side-pocket, and brought out an opened pen-knife, a piece of black twist, newly shredded at one end, and a box of matches.

Morgan stood staring sullenly, his small eyes glowering at the viewer, whose eyes glistened with anger and contempt.

THE 4th OHAPTER.
The Wrath of Mad Matt.
"Yes consudred!" cried Glass. "You're not only a criminal and a liar, but a dog would have more school. The of dead hodies from end to end! You deserve hanging!"

or used hodies from end to end! You deserve hanging!! as the such talk from no one!? "She wass take such talk from no one!? snarled the hewer furiously, and made a grah at his pick, which Roddy had dropped on the ground. But the tall viower jerked him away from it.

ground. But the tail viewer jerseo ann away from it.

"None of that, you lout! I wish I'd had you searched before you came down. It's a thousand pities we've no properly registered rules in this pit like they have in the North, and they are not the contract of the contr

Git!" He gave Morgan a twist that sent him stumbling towards the bord's mouth. The pittum turned, and his small eyes blazed as he shook his first at Roddy.

"You shouted to bring him down to her on purpose! She will pay her debt on you—only wait!"

"Out with you" said Glass, hustling him down the bord, and following. "I shall roper to nyou favourably to the manager, Owen," he added, over his shoulder to Roddy. "I heard what you were saying to this rightness I came up, and I understand. Lloyd," he called through the cut into the next stall, "come and take Morgan's place in this "come and take Morgan's place in this control of the come of the control of the come of the control of the

take yours. Don't fear, Owen; I will see your get he credit for this."

Roddy stood scratching his head when the viewer had departed. Torry Lloyd came in, grinning, from the next stall, and found him looking very disturbed.

"So there's an end o' Morgan," said Lloyd. "Is no great loss to Coed Coch. I'm thinkin', out of it, an' a good job, too."

"Yes; but hang it, I din't mean to get him sacked," said Roddy rucfully. "He ought to be, o' course, an' gaoled as well. But I never thought o' bringen the viewer down on him where near. It makes it look so like smeaking, an' we don't do that to each other."

"Don't worry about that," said Lloyd. "I-ha' smoked in the pit myself when I was younger, but I gave it up three year ago, an' younger, but I gave it up three year ago, an' cither. I ain't much stuck on rules an' reglacions, but I own it gave me the shivers when I heard you two at it an' understood he'd been mackin' up in these stalls! It's fair death, an' we've had as narrow an escape as the Aber-moddy. Fire-damp makes a beatty death o' it."

"That's just it!" said the boy earnestly.

"That's just it." said the boy earnestly.

Before I ever worked in the collieries, there was a great carploson in the Navigation Pit Mobody ever knew what caused it—p' aga a lamp went wrong, or p' aga some foot tried to smoke like we've just seen. I was only a nupper at the time, but I remember the black-ened corpses bein brought up the shaft, and the women crying. It made upo mad to see that lout, who's too thick in the head to care what he was doin', layin' us open to all those horrors."

horrors."

"Well, what ha' ye got to grouse about, then?" said Lloyd.

"Nothin', Terry, only even then I don't want any credit for sneakin' to a viewer, for I didn't do it. I'll have to go an' tell Mr. Sully

didt to it. It may be a seed to be a seed to be a seed to be palms and grasping the pick as he sat on his palms and grasping the pick as he sat one and the palms and grasping the pick as he sat gone, an' I've got his stall, which is easier worked than mine, so I rection it's all signey. You'd best watch out he don't get hold o' you later on, though "least him out o' Coed." Katsi They'll clear him out o' Coed. Katsi They'll clear him out o' Coed. Sat least of the said the downline and the said the formation and the said the said

him anyway. I'll load up this last for for Terry."
"Ay, let's make up for lost time," sai hewer; and they both set to work with a



ey that either boy or man opened their

geance.
It was when Roddy was pushing the empty add quietly into the stall for the fourth timo that he saw Morgan was kneeding to a the fourth timo that he saw Morgan was kneeding to a the foot-there was not height enough to do much more decided by a fair fairly stand on end.
The pittman, of all things in the world, was lighting a pipe! It was afready half alight, but drawing badly. Morgan uttered an oath, and struck another match.

match. Roddly gave a gasp as the flame caught, and instinctively threw up a hand as if to guard himself. Then, throwing himself forward, he dashed both pipe and matches out of the man's hand with a sweep of his fist. "You crazy foo!" he cried wildly. "What are you doing:"

are you doing: for the cries withy. What are you doing: furiously, and turned on the boy like a tiger. He aimed a savage blow at lim with his fist, which Roddy dodged.

"She will kill you if she get holt of you!" spluttered Morgan, scrambling after him. "You dared to touch her!" You dared to touch her! The strength of the could, for Morgan was a powerful man, and uncontrollable when roused. But the boy was quite as angry as the hower.

"It'd be better for all of us if you were choked with your own lamp!" he cried, dodg. "It man you sory for yourself!" of lone, or I'll man you sory for yourself!" of lone, or I'll man you sory for yourself!" of lone, or I'll man suddenly seized the pick, which Morgan

were goners for a dead certainty whon you struck that light! It's just half a miracle the pit ain't wrecked from end to end, air most of us lyin' fleat. I wouldn't stand by an see the Roddy spoke rapidly and excitedly, for he knew the terrible risk that all in the mine had been exposed to by this dull-witted hewer's selfash act. It is voice was raised pretty high, and the obstranted Morgan, by no means apaid the obstrained Morgan, by no means apatalen to task by a pithoy, shouted back at him;

taken to task by a pitboy, shouted back at him:

"And she tell you she will take no words about it from you, whateffor! She will—"

"Now then, what's the matter here!" the properties of the bord made them for a braptly, and the bord made them for a braptly, and the saw Mr. Glass, the deputy-viewer, with an angry face, entering the stall.

"Why aren't you at work? What's all this moise about!" he said impatiently. He broke off suddenly, and smifted the sir. Like most makes in the number is the properties. oil suddenly, and shifted the air. Like most viewers, whose duty is to report on the atmosphere in the mine, he had a keen sense of smell, and in that enclosed space he still caught a distinct whiff of Morgan's pungent twist tobacco. His face suddenly grew hard

twist tobacco. His sace successing gires were and grim.

"What's this smell of tobacco?" he exclaimed sterult, "Good beavens, is it possible anybody has dared to smoke up here in 62." His eye lit ou a couple of burnst matches on the floor and the smalled clay pie. Weath the control of the floor and the smalled clay pie. Weath with the control of the pair keeply, "Yes, intect, the young rescal wass amoking.

and vainly beseething eyes. Then he disap-

WITH PICK & LAMP. 8

(Continued from the previous page.)

Roddy had a husy time of it for the next few hours, for the two hewers he "putted" for now were quicker and better workers than Morgan. He kept pace with them both, how ever a high the same him to be the same him to do not have a substitute of coal was handled and some bear of fine lot of coal was handled and sent to the shaft before two o'clock. They worked in "shifts with the Aberford, and when that time arrived, the hawing and justing at the 100 end ceased, and the men made their way lack to the shaft, the finish, made him stay back a minute or two to see if he could put it right himself. He found it would have to be taken to the shaft. This slight delay put him behind the rest. This slight delay put him benind in a rare bast, oursin' any swearin worse'n ever."

"Wha Glass with him" over to Fluellen, the overnan, who was herdin' him out. Ho's secked, is het You're really shut of him at last."

"He's sacked, but I rather wish it wasn't

secked, is he? You're really shut of him at last?"

"He's sacked, but I rather wish it wasn't wy doin," said Roddy. And as they walked if the shaft, he told Tom what had happened it No. 52.

"Gerussiem:" said Tom, and then, as usual, he burst out laughing. "Well, I'd ha' given a day's pay to see his face when Glass turned an."

be burst out laughing. "Well, I'd ha' given 'e'day's pay to soe his face when Glass turned "Pay" you wouldn't have thought it so blessed funny if you'd had that match struck alongside you?" growled Roddy. "I can't make pout even now how it was we didn't have an explosion, for the place recked with fire-damp. I spose there want! the right quantity of air have a look at the daylight, for I want to see Sully before he leaves the office." "Sully 'a a beast," opined Tom; "he'll ong with you."

The Alecford was half empty by the time to be the property of th

ing down its jumper steeves as the empty cago ran down.

While he was thus engaged, a man came out from the back of the engine-house and threaded his way quickly among the miners towards Rodwell.

wards Rodwell.

It was Morgan ap Morgan. He had been en off the premises, but had returned quietly, which hinrelf at the back of the shock ow he came forward, and when he caught shot of Roddy standing beside the scaffolding the onen pit, his face looked like the face a down.

of a devil.

Half a dozen rapid strides brought him within reach of the boy, and Tom Hughes, who caught sight of the man's face and read the threat in it, save a shout of warning, and ran back towards his chum.

who caught signt of the man of warning, and ran back towards his chunn of warning, and ran back towards his chund of warning, and ran back towards his chund his mouth.

"Lock out, Roddy":

Before Rodwell could turn, the hewer had caught him in his powerful grip and forced him backwords to the shafe's mouth.

"Cried Morran thickly. And a crv broke from Roddy's hips as he realised his danger. The pitman had been drinking deeply. There was murder in his bloodshot eyes, and the boy felt that nothing but naked space was behind him to him be second. Morgan had forced him to its brink and was about to hurl him down. Suddenly there was a roar like that of an angre built. A couple of huge bare arms shot to the him to the brink and was about to hurl him down. Suddenly there was a roar like that of an angre built. A couple of huge bare arms should from behind the sevingling pair and grown the opening, and Rodwell, falling on the coal-stream cround as his enemy's grasp was loosened, looked up and saw Morgan in the grip of Mad Matt, haltess and wild-eyed, snoving with rage.

"You dog" roared the huge pitman." You dog" roared the huge pitman. "You dog" roared the huge pitman." You dog" roared the huge pitman in the properties of the sample huge heavy the tawny-bearded giant lifted the hower in his huge arms and swung the man above his head as high as he could fine as he hung poised over the open shaft.

(The second instalment of this enthralling new tale of colliery life will appear on Satur day next. Please let your chums read this tine opening instalment.)





A FINE ADVENTURE TALE

L. J. BEESTON.

OYLE had taken Lepsul's place, but Pettigrew was as fresh as ever. "Where are we supposed to be going?" asked Tom; for the pursuing boat was slowly closing in.

boat was slowly closing in.

"I was told that this river is the only way out of the country, save over the almost unclimbable mountains," answered brigand. "But no one mountains," answered brigand. "But no one are strange periis beyond a certain point lower down. I cannot tell you what they are; but we shall have to chance them. The river is our only hope. Al, they are closing in I".

hope. Ah, they are closing in !"
It was too evident. The fugitives were being rapidly overtaken. Loud shouts called to them to surrender. The distance between the boats was lessening each instant. A tall fellow was seen standing in the bow of the pursuing craft, belding a spear in readiness for a throw.
"Shall we try the shore," gasped Doyle, the perspiration of great exertion streaming down his face.

"We canna do it the noo!" cried the engineer.
"The current's fearfu' strong agen, and we're

"The eurrent's fearfu' strong agen, and we're like straws on it."

He spoke truly, A swirling tide of black water was bearing the canoe along at a terrible speed. Deep and silent it ran-whither?

Whiz! A spear sang within an inch of Tom's ear. The thrower seized a second weapon, but before he could fling it a strange thing happened.

A dearling light from the sky suddenly shone upon the second the reput of a gun weat and the reput of the second the

and Tom.

Their eyes rested on the Sirius, which was moving a couple of hundred feet above them. The white glare of its fore are light, which the professor had turned upon their foes rendered him invisible where he stood behind it, but the long, black hull of the great airship, with its spreading aeroplanes, showed as a huge shadow in the upper gloots.

Crack went the gun again!

Crack went the gun again!

Stood of the great airship at the purpose of the gun again to det hat a man was the shadow of the gun again to the gun again to gloot the gun and the gun and the gun again the gun and the gun again the gun again to sing past their ears, the oarsmen turned the nose of their boat in to shore.

oursmen turned the nose of their roat in to horse the work of the properties of the

the narrow limit afforded by two terribe precipiese, which rose three thousand feet sheer on
either the property of the property of the control of the con

by at the system of the property of the proper

lost. At that moment Doyle [glt and heard # scraping jar run through the cannes. He know what it was. The gunwale had come into contact with the overhead rock, and so feeble was the flow just then that the bost came to a stop. The perspiration of horror and suffocation streamed down Doyle's face. But he still refused to give in. There was been forward. He to have all moving the canne forward. If the to have a possible to have a fine through canal tunnels; it was the only method left to him.

further could be done, Lepaul cried out in au agriated voice:

"Hold trips all! Steady—steady?"

"Hold trips all Steady—steady?"

such as the steady of the

left to him.

He lay on his back in the bottom of the cance, pressing his feet against the roof, and so propelled the boat hy slow and painful degrees forward. It was a terrible position, and he knew that his strength was fast giving

Doyle set his teeth and toiled on. Every inch gained might mean so much. This fright of river must have an outlet. But could be reach it! The dull despair clouding his heain told him that he could not. He was so enervated by the heat that his logs trembled with weakness. The piric pleom and utter with weakness. The piric pleom and utter increasing forbleness. Wave after waved impending unconsciousness kept drowning his thoughts, paralysing his ideas.

It was at this moment that there appeared to come to hie ears the noise of a steady, tremedous reacting. The cance was showing unally the steady of the country of the steady of

assisted. Doyle turned over. Surely that was a light ahead in its knees. Yes! The blessed light of day was streaming into the tunnel; and suddenly the bost, moving faster, emerged sorved to show Doyle a new and unavoidable heror. Ahead, he appeared to see only the blue of the heavens; 'the river, the land, dropped away, while that deep roar developed into a thunderous volume of sound, the meanth of the seed of the land and the seed of the land. The mysterious river terminated its course over the brink of a terrific precipiec! It was all over, then. His struggles had been unavailing. Hore was the end of all.

The canoe shot forward. Doyle closed his cys. gripped the sides of the boat, and the cys. gripped the sides of the boat, and the cys. gripped the sides of the host, and the never reach the bottom of this abyas. A scream broke from him; he struggled to rise. "Capital He's coming round slowly!" said a voice that Doyle knew well.

(To be concluded on Saturday next.)

(To be concluded on Saturday next.)



Sec Cooli Hayter's Enthrailing Whaling Stery, "From Pole to Pole," now appearing in "The Boys' Herald." Id., Every Thursday.

SOMEONIA SOMEONIA SOME

Four Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favour-ite paper. He will answer you by post if you send a stamped addressed post-card or envelope.

to paper in with answer you by post to paper and with answer you post card or envelope.

Write to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, 2, Carmelite of House, Carmellite Street, London, E.C.

zamanamanaz

The 'Varsity Boatrace.

SUPPOSE there must be very few boys and young men in this country who are not interested in the Varsity Bostrose, the createst of the Varsity Bostrose, the varsity Bostrose country for the papers for items of sews concerning the progress of the rival eights which are to take part in the race on the central ways are the varsity and the varsity Bostrose the varsity and the varsity Bostrose the varsity Bostrose, and the varsity Bostrose the varsity Bostrose, and th

ful Saturday.

The time is now drawing very near when the great contest will be fought. To be exact, it occurs on Saturday next, March 16th, and in order that the occasion of this great race may be properly celebrated I am, as has been my custom in other years, issuing a Special Boatrace Number, containing a long, complete boatrace story, and some very interesting a tricled scaling with this, the most important rowing event through the property of the long, complete story will be written by the long, complete story will be written by the long, complete story will be written by Hamilton, and will be entitled

"THE WINNING BOAT."

In it will be eleverly described how Oxford beat Cambridge after a tremendous struggle. I can assure my readers that this story will be well worth the reading, and that the articles I am preparing concerning the great race will be most interesting.

most interesting. My readors may also look forward to some special football articles dealing with International play and players neat week, for on pitted against each other, and on the following Monday Brgland meets Wales in a similar context. The price of this mammoth Boatrace and International Number will be one penny, and International Number will be one penny,

Our New Programme.

FELL that I must once again mention our great new programme for the spring and summer months. As already an an exact bid for popularly and summer to the spring to make a great bid for popularly and the spring to make the spring to the spring thought out for the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in sport of any kind whatsoever. There will be, in addition to cricket stories and articles, other special features dealing with every branch of altheticine, and a new organisation to the spring the sprin THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES,

will be formed. This will, I believe, be one of the greatest triumphs our paper has ever had. I have no space to give further details this week, but I shall have some more news about this scheme in future issues.

Section 1.

I notice that some of the secretaries in this section have been a far or of the secretaries in this section have been a five of the secretaries please send me their reports to date if they have not already done online my friends that the Personal of our Lesgue—your Editor—has been secretaries of the secr

Sidney A.F.C.'
Newhall St. Edward's
Newhall St. Edward's
Nebon Vills F.C.
Deal Bill Juniors
St. Mary's United
Newbury Juniors
Hidabury Albion
Cathedral Juniora
Bayswater Albion
Durant United
Kettering Artyle
Weston Grove
Malmesbury Athletic. ston Grove..... lmesbury Athletic.... le Crusaders ngsgate Athletic.....

12 11 8

SENIOR

ANY of my renders who renders who renders who renders who renders who renders who renders when the renders week by week, ask me why I do not devote some of the space therein to hobbies. May I be allowed to draw their attention—and particularly the attention of W. J. S. who writes to mo-the ANY

and particularly the attention of W. J. S., who writes to mo-to-the control of the control of th

THE BOYS HER

TALL A, Louise of THE BOYS HER

"Magic Lantern Sildo
Making," and many
other authoritative works on photography,
There is possibly no greater authority or writer
of practical experience on the subject of photography. The world than the Rov. F. C.
Lambert, and the fact that he is writing
articles for "The Boys Herald" is surely the
greatest proof 1 can advance of the efforty
the countdex, the most practical, and the best
information by the greatest authorities it is
possible to got on every topic connected with
boys hobbies.

Other articles are: Profitable Pigeon Keep-

bostline to get overly opportunity of the boys hobbies are; Profitable Pigeon Keeping, Black and White Drawing, Fretwork on Up-to-date Lines, by clever H. S. C. is reader), Our Stamp Corner, our Workshop Corner, in which a number of very interesting articles are contributed especially by members of "The Boys" Herald" Hobby Club. Another most useful feature is an Exchange and Mart, in they wish to exchange, are accepted from the nembers of "The Boys" Herald "Hobby Club." The Roys' Herald, with its splendful we spring programme, can at the present time be most strongly recommended to any lad who takes an interest in hobbies.

To Cure a Ricked Hip.

ROM Mile End, London, I have received a letter from H. R., who tells me that he is a new reader. It appears that at goal a Saturday or two back when he felt a pain in his bip, and this pain has been with him



Latest Portrait of YOUR EDITOR (H. E.). Controller of

THE BOYS' REALM - Saturday. THE BOYS' FRIEND -Tuesday. THE BOYS' HERALD-Thursday. ever since. II. R. asks me what he shall do to rid himself of this

the winnelf of this tubble.

The is little doubt that my friend has ricked his hip-joint by taking a too powerful kick. I think the best advice I can give him is to stop football for a week or two, and rub the injured part two or three times a day with the following embrocation:

three times a day with the following embreasing models and the following embreasing and the properties of the following embreasing and the properties of the following embryone and a quarter of an onne of spirits of an onne of spirits of which and a quarter of an onne of spirits of the properties of

Electrical Engineer,

Electrical Engineers.

HAVE much pleasure in giving "Sussex Reader" the information he requires.
There are three courses open to a lad desiring to become an electrical engineer. He may either proceed to a technical school, or the apprendict on leaving his ordinary difficient of the second of the combination of these two courses.
The latter is the one most desired, and, when possible, the course at the technical school should precede the apprenticeding. It is most become a second of the combination of these two courses. The latter is the one most desired, and, when he he had been desired, and the course at the technical instruction should precede the apprenticeding. It is most become a few many control of the control of the course at the technical instruction the latter should be preferred at all hazards. A fair knowledge of mathematics, and a taste for them, is essential.

Modern languages should be the country is the Central Institution. South Kensington, where a three years' course—workshop, work in the dynamo-room, etc.—costs £5 per annum. Another good school is the Polytechnic School of Engineering, 209, Regent Street, W. Here a sound practical annum of the control of the sufficient veientife training to render a young sufficient veientific training to render a young

CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR per if your letter is not replied to here friend, next Twenday, in "The BOYS' REALM will be sent post free to any theraid" next Twenday. THE BOYS' REALM will be sent post free to any terms: 12 months, 7s. 6 months, 7s. 60. 3 months, ts. 9d.—payable in advance whose free to the publisher. 2. Carmeitte House, Carmeitte Street, London, E.C.

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annous more more

man capable of employment by a firm.

Course may be for two or three years. 12 guineas a year.

For apprenticeship the usual premium is £100 a year. The following are the firms who take For apprenticeship the usual premium is zuo-a yoar. The following are the firms who take apprentices:

L. and N.W.R. (engine-fitting and turning). Engine Works, Greece, Kitson & Co., Aircedale Coundry, Leccis Messrs, Pecki & Sons, locomo-foundry, Leccis Messrs, Pecki & Sons, locomo-lesses. Complete the Country of the Country Messrs. Complete the Country of the Country (Local Country), and the Country of the Country of the ford; the Brush Klockrigal Engineering Com-pany, 49, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; and Messrs. Scott & Mountain (electrical engi-neers), Close Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne. REALMS Wanted and for Sale

LEWIS, 22. Anne Street, Cheesham Hill. Manchester, desires to purthe the thing of the thing of the Borri Ranks.

Vincent Lew 32. Oates Street, Masbro Rotherham, Yorks, wants to purchase an old volume of The Reals. "Friend." or "Herald." either bound or unbound; or he would exchange two standard nevels for them. E. Killick, B. Dake Street, Southeyor, Lanc.

E. Killick, B. Dake Street, Southeyor, Lanc.

E. Killick, B. Dake Street, Southeyor, Lanc.

E. Killick, J. Dake Street, Southeyor, Lanc.

E. Killick, J. Dake Street, Southeyor, Lanc.

E. Killick, B. Dake Street, Southeyor, Lanc.

E. Killick, B. Dake Street, Plumbead, wither to sell Nos. 40 to 100 "Marvel"; Nos. 1 to 120 "Pluck"; Nos. 55 to 175 "Union Jack." My Brief Reply Corner.

R. D., Sheffield.—Your William the Fourth shilling, dated 1834, is only worth its face value, if you wish to sell it. To a collector it would be worth more, but only as a specimen of the

be worth more, but only as a specimen of the period.

W. H. E., Cork.—To make brilliantine for the hair, buil an ounce of quinee seed with a pint and a half of water fill reduced to half that and a half of water fill reduced to half that with any perfume that takes your fancy, and keep bottled for use.

"Hall Reader."—A good book on mesmerism is Albert Mol's "Hypnotism." published at So. 6d. 1: would be cheapen, however, for you to obtain the back numbers of "The Boys" Herald" containing a splendid series of studies. Committee Heater. Carmeltee Street, London, E.C., for Nos. 178, 180, 181, 132, 135, and 184, enclosing eightpence in stamps.

VOUR EDITOR (H.E.).

YOUR EDITOR (H.E.).

DAILY MAIL

WEEKLY LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS.

JUNIOR DIVISION. Coleford Juniors — Secretary, Mr. H. Scoble, High Street, Coleford, Gloucestershire. Bayswater Albion.—Secretary, Mr. H. Cox, 23, Bayswater Road, off Roundhay Road, Leeds.

Section II.
ANNFIELD PLAIN AND DISTRICT LEAGUE. Blackhill Baptists F.C.—Sec., Mr. W. Barron, 9, West View. Blackhill. EAST LONDON CHURCH LEAGUE.

Holy Trinity F.C.—Sec., Mr. O. Webb, 33, Peroy Boad, Canning Town, E. St. Luke's F.C.—Mr. H. Kite, 31, Malabar Road, Street, Millwall. GREAT BRIDGE AND DISTRICT LRAGUE.

Tipton United.—Sec., Mr. C. Wagstaff, 26, Union treet, Tipton.

CRONDALE JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Black Boy Juniors.—Sec., Mr. J. Ward, 84, Gurney
Valley, Bishop Auckland.

BOGNOR AND DISTRICT LEAGUE. John's F.C.—Sec., Mr. F. W. Bannock, Water-square, Bognor.

MONTROSE POOTBALL LEAGUE. Cadets Corps F.C.—Sec., Mr. H. Littlejohn, 123, Murray Street, Montrose.

EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE P.A.
Hull Carlton F.C.—Sec., Mr. G. H. Roberts, 32,
Holland Street, Hull.

MORE LETTERS OF THANKS.

MORE LETTERS OF THANAS.

The following are further specimens of the man letters of thanks which I have received from the secretaries of clubs to which ROYS REALM footballs has been awarded. I think that they will prove of greintered to all my readers.

"Tanfold Lea.

"Tanfold, Lea.

"Dear Sir,—Accept our heartiest thanks for the ball you have sent. It is lasting splendidly, and we have had many a nice game with it.—I am, sir, "Yours truly." A. SANDERS, Scoretary.

t Tanfield Lea Bovers."

"Rt. Saviour's F.C.,
"Is Bors' Rains Prack Road, N.W.
"Bors' Rains Prack Road, N.W.
"Day Sir and Prackent,—On behalf of the above citib handome balks, which reached us safely on Thursday morning. We had the pleasure of seeing this ball beat the opposing goalkeeper half a dozen times.

This came as a total surprise to our team and myself, hardly believing our own eyesight when we until the parcel. Words cannot express our gratitude, and wishing the League every success and thanking you again, I remain.

nain.
"Yours truly,
"A. St. Julien, Secretary."

" Summer A.F.C.,
" 1, Crawford Avenue,
" Sefton Park, Liverpool

"The Secretary, Rov's Brain Forball League.
"The Secretary, Rov's Brain Forball League.
Forball League.
"The Sit.—I received your prize forball league.
Staturday, which came as a pleasure surprise. The
Staturday which came as a pleasure surprise.
The Staturday which came as a proper superior surprise.
Forball League.
Forball League.
Forball League.
Forball League.

Yours faithfully.

Yours faithfully.

Yours faithfully.

Tours forball League.

Secretary."

I want it clearly understood that the cups I am awarding to the various Leagues in this section are permanent replies, 2NP WILL BE INTLINED IN THE PROPRIES AND WILL BE INTLINED IN THE Three seems to be some doubt one this matter, and therefore I think this explanation is necessary. The Cups and TO HE WOOD FOR THE THE WAY OF THE WOOD FOR THE

THE 1st CHAPTER.
Poor Ginger—A Rapid Cure—More Hard

ARKINS, my poor fellow, here comes your chum to visit you!"
"Meanin' Dannic, of course?"
"Yes: I can see him crossing the parade-ground," replied Sam Mixon, the hostical tendence of the course of th ARKINS, my poor fellow, here comes

Ginger scowled at him, and he turned his bead with a sound that was suspiciously like smothered laughter.

It may seem rather queer that at this time

Beatl with a souther was was survey.

smothered laser rather queer that at this time of bustle and activity in cantonnent, when the soldiers were preparing for a visit of inspection from the Viceroy, our hero's robust health should have failed him. Should have failed him, which his red head propped up on a white pillow, lying study in the different properties of the pro

a furtive wink with this morning, Sam?" he in Hoos is the patient this morning, Sam?" he in Hoos is the patient this morning, Sam?" he in Hoos in the patient with the dot in the patient with the same and in the same and in

golden arps. But don't be frightened. I am't goin' to peg out yet.

"What does the doctor say?"

"Ah, 'es the right sort, e is. Now, if it all been Old Sawbones, wot as a grudge sgainst me, e might 'aw been mean enough to order me back to duty, weak and sufferin though I am. But this young medical chap wot is actin for 'im durin' its absence, 'e seems to understand my case. Nervous breakdown and 'eat prostration, that's wot 'e called it this morning when 'e--'

and 'ent prostration, that's wot 'c called it this morning when 'c---'
"I hope Dr. Slammers will call it the same,' broke in Dannie. "He's back, Ginger. I heard somebody say that he had returned suddenly from Lacknow."

"I heard somebody say that he had returned suddenly from Lacknow."

"Work that, eh? Old Sawbones want to be back for another week. Do you mean to tell me that 'e' as---'
"Shat up, and lie down!" hade Mixon. "Here he is, now!"

Dr. Slammers had entered the room, and

"Here he is, now!"

Dr. Slammers had entered the room, and after glancing at several other patients, who were asleep, he steepped over to Ginger's bed. He nodded gravely to Dannie and the attendant.

attendant.

"I was sorry to hear of your illness, Larkins." he said. "How are you getting on?"
"Slowly, size-slowly, "Ginge whispered, in a weak voice. "I'm a very sick man, and if in should appen to come to the worst, I one you'll writn to my dear old Unele Bill at Whiteshapel, and tell im ow it died appropriate the doctor. "We'll soon have you on you feet sagin, though I'm a fraid it won't be for another week. You'll miss the Viceroy's impaction."

impection."

"That's hitterly 'ard, sir."

"I am glad you look as it in that way; but this trial must be endured, hard as it is. How is your pulse, and your temperature? All wrong-all wrong: This won't do. I have had a report of your case from young Wilson, and I agree with his diagnosis. You are run and I serve with his diagnosis. You are run and I serve with his diagnosis. You are run and I serve had been a sir."

"That has to quite left use, sir."

"Then we'll try you with beef-broth and champagne."

champagne."
"I might be able to get them down, sir,"
said Ginger, with a smile that he could not

bide.
"You must. I insist upon it, my poor fallow. But first I'll give you a tonio-something to stimulate your jaded appetite."
"Wot's it made of, sir? It won't be nasty, will it?"

woe's it made of, sir? It won's be nasty, will it?"
"Not a bit. It will be three-parts brandy."
"Not a bit. It will be three-parts brandy."
With that Dr. Slammers left the room, and saveral minutes later he returned with a tall, this glass. Ginger sat up, sniffed at the He snacked his lips, and then an anxious look came into his eyes. He suddenly turned three different colours, clapped his hands to his stomach, and hopped nimbly out of bed.
"Wot is it?" he gasped. "I'm all on first! T must be poison! Give me a nannydote, sir, for the love of Earen!" for the love of Earen!" and you good. Don't be frightened, Larkins."



An Enthralling Series of Complete Humorous Military Stories by W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

HOW GINGER GOT EVEN WITH THE DOCTOR.

"I'm dying:" howled Ginger, as he danced about in agony. "Ouch: It burns! I'm poisoned! You've made a mistake. Save me, sir, for the sake of my poor Uncle Bill! Where's the nannygou!?

Where's the nannygoat?"
"You don't want an antidote. Aren't you feeling better now?"
"A—a little bit!" moaned Ginger. "Yes, sir, the fiery pains are sort of passan' off, and if you'll give me a nip of fingry staff.—"
"I'll give you a sound kicking if I have any most off your non-sone!" crede Dr. Slammers. "You've be the standard of the sound have been shamming? "Shamming? Mc. sir, wor's been 'everif' at the point of death?"
"You've swell as I am. There was nothing the matter with you but lastiness. Get out of the proported."
There was a burst of laughter from the doe, in which Dannie and Sam Mixon joined.

be reported." There was a burst of laughter from the doctor, in which Dannie and Sam Mixon joined. Then he fled from the room and down the staircase, with his calico wrapper flapping about his legy; and just outside the hospiral, as ill-luck would have it, he collided wigh Colonel Podgers, and burled him on his back.

Podgers, and hurled him on his back.

"What the dence?" roared the colonel, as he rose up, purple with rage. "Blees my soul, it's that fellow Larkins again." Been discharged, have you? Go to your quarters, you rufflan, take off that rag, and raport yourself under arrest. I order you five days of extra drill and confinement to barracks:"

"Just my luck!" muttered poor Ginger, as be rudged away in the brolling sunshine.

Plotting Mischlef -- Basnan Visits the Doctor-Back to Hospital.

PORTNIGHT had elapsed, the Viceroy had come and goor, and one sullry had come and goor, and one sullry had come and goor, and one sullry which was dark and cool. Out in the bazaar the natives were passing to and for oir bright-coloured garments, and under a peepul-tree, basking in the sunset glow, lay a little red bull that belonged to nobody in particular, for his father beld to be sacred. All, and therefore he was held to be sacred. Beld to be sacred. He was known as Bashan-one of the cantenger was at times vicinity in the same and his horns had been partly sawed off, since his temper was at times vicinity. The same and his horns had been partly sawed off, since his temper was at times vicinity. The same and his horns had been partly sawed off, since his temper was at times vicinity. The heart sate good?" Nothin't astes good." Nothin't astes good. The was been another bottle, "and nothin' ever will until I've got even with Old Sawbenes. It was bad enough of 'in to turn me out of copital, without pourin red-hot stuff down my throat; and it was through 'in that I swell-FORTNIGHT had elapsed, the Viceroy

tered like a nigger for five days, doin' extra drill

you could have seen the country of the a size frog, and holding your hands to you have so that me and the country of the count

At eleven o'clock that night, as Pottle Stubbs was on sentry duty at the edge of the canton-ment, he received the greatest fright of hille. His attention was first attracted by a numlled noise, and then, to his horror, a monstrous tiger turned into the road close by, and advanced towards him at a shambling rot. The save the contract of the same than the contract of the same than the same tha

hailed him.
"It's all right," said Dannie, as he hurried forward. It's only me and Ginger and Toward. It's only me said Ginger and Sakhan dressed up in a tiger's skin. We want you to let us through the

Pottle Stubs was angry at first, until the joke had been explained to him, and then he nearly choked with suppressed laughter.

"It was a burning shame," assented Dannie:
"but it was awfully funny, too, Ginger. If
you could have seen yourself hopping about
like a sick frog, and holding your hands to

Podgers.

inearly choked with suppressed laughter.

"We'll tell you sall about it to morrow," said
Dannie. "Mind you keep munn, Pottle, and
we'll do the same."

The little procession melbed into the gloom,
leaving the sentry still shaking with mirth.
There was little danger of discovery, for at this
bour the soldiers were in bed and the officers
hould also have been in the three
scrapegaces should also have been in the
three was the still be the server post in the correct the server of the server of the mod of to borrow
trouble with such rare sport before them.

"Here we are," said Binks, when the doctor's
"Here we are," said Binks, when the doctor's



What appeared to be a gigantic tiger with bis the bungalow. "Somebooy sheet him!" cried off his chair. "We're lost!"

"And all's well," whispered Ginger. "The door is open, glory be! And there sits Old Sawbones and is pals. We couldn't ave 'oped for a better chance." He waited for a moment, and then cautiously opened the gale of the compound. "Toddy and I will east off the rone," he added, "and when I give the word, hand, you prick old Bashan up and so the compound." It make im go like a shot."

Within the bungalow, in blissful ignorance, Dr. Slammers and three of his friends were seated at a card-table, beside which was a large pail of ice that held several bottles of champagne. The party had recently finished a game, and the conversation had turned. game, and the conversation had tu strangely enough, on the subject of tigers.

strangely enough on the subject of tigers.

"It was a terrible moment," said Colonel Podgers, who was describing an adventure that prohably only existed in his imagination.
"There stood the hugo brute, within alx paces, crouching for a spring and roaring with fury; but I never flinched, gentlemen. I took hasty sim, fired, and shot the mouster through the

beart."
"Just the way I killed my last one," mur-mured Ferguson of the Engineers.
"And I had much the same experience up in Nepsul," put in Mathews of the Civil Ser-

vice.
"I envy you fellows," said Dr. Slammers,
"It is the desire of my life to bag a tiger."
"And the nearest you have come to it was
"And the nearest you have come to it was
chuckled Colonal Podgovs. "Is, in, ha, ha!
Lbey your pardon, Slammers,"
"It's not a bit funny," the doctor answered
siffly. "I admit that I was badly had once
by that rufflan Larkins. But it was a true test
of courses, more the less, and it, showed mo
that, if a tiger were to appear at this
moment—"

moment—

Ho paused abruptly. There was a sound of smacking blows, and a noise like rolling thunder, followed by a heavy clatter on the verandah; and then, in less time than it takes to tell, what appeared to be a gigantic tiger with blasing eyes came bursting into the bun-

"Somebody shoot him!" cried Dr. Slamers, as he bounded off his chair. "We're

lost!"
"Help-murder-help!" screeched Colonel

Podgers.

Over went the table with a crash, and Ferguson dived headlong out of the back window, with the Civil Service man after him. The dector fled into an adjoining room, and the colonel, after falling into the ice-pail and upsetting it, sprang up dripping wet. As the supposed tiger rushed at him, he jumped saide, and crayled under a hig couch, where he shouted for help in muffled tones.

shouted for help in muffled tones.

Bashan had things all his own way, and for a few seconds, bellowing with rage, he stamped around the room, creating havee with the furniture. Then he withdrew as he had entered, the pounded down the path and out of the compound, scattering Ginger and his pais right and left; and just there, as it happened, appeared Major Mumbles, who was coming to join the card-party. He turned and holted, with the snorting bour in host those of him. The part of the part of

dead man! Pedgers, Slammers, save me! Shoot the brute!"

Dannie and Toddy Binks had taken to their heels in the opposite direction, but Ginger took after the major and the bull, and ran for twenty yards closs behind them. Then Major twenty yards closs he bind them. Then Major twenty yards closs he will be a composed to bushes, Dr. Slammers hurried out of the compound gate with a shot-gun in his hand—the first weapon that had been within reach. He peered into the darkness, took hardy aim, and pulled the trigger.

Hang! And down went Ginger with a bardy aim, and pulled the trigger.

Bang! And down went Ginger with could be the stand belleving with pain, shook off the tiger-skin and vanished at a gallop in the direction of the native town.

"Confound it! Ive only poppered the brute!" shouled the doctor. "I thought I had a "Year ye nurdered me, you idjust!" howled Ginger, as he thoused above the level of the stand bellevist.

a rife."

You've murdered me, you idjust? how've finger, as he dropped about, on the ground.

"I'm "it! I'm wounded! I'm bleedin to death! Send for the ambulance, and cable to my Uncle Bill!"

"I'll eable me."

my Uncle. Bill!"
"Fli cable yout" raved Major Mumbles, as he limped forward. "I'll teach you to set a med tiger on to me dressed up in a bull's skin—I mean a bull in a tiger's skin! Ha. I thought so! I'd have sworn to it! I'ls Ha. I a truffian Larkins again! Fetch a lautern, Slammer! Turn out the guard!

They carried Ginger off in the hespital, where no less than sixteen pellets of shat were deg out of his anatomy by Dr. Slammers, who hugely enjoyed the operation; and the next morning Toddy Binks and Dannie were arrested and clapped into the guard-house, where they were to spend the next month. In the course of a week they were joined by In the course of a week they were joined by In the course of a week they were joined by though it was another week before hostald sit down with any comfort. As for Bashan, it may be said that he got safely back to the hazaar that night, little the worse for his adventure.

(Another of these fine tales very shortly.)

Your Brother, Your Father, Your Cousin, Your Uncle Should All Read "With Pick and Lamp,"

For League and Cup.

How the famous Blue Crusaders fared in the First Division of the League and in their Fight for the greatest of all Football Trophies—the English Cup.

A Summary of the Opening Chapters.

DICK GREEN, an international feetballer.

In the Bilbs Crussetche. But on the eve of his departure he meets with an accident men is admill, Newcastly, and leine found double, is taken to the hospital. Boyd then chapter of the processing the

so poor show he puts up, so well as the term's transfer. Green's sweetheart, Lucy Weston, pained at het wer's having left her without saying good-bye, mose to Browton, seeks out Boyd, and discover him be an impostor. Boyd takes flight. Some of the rusaders' team go to Newcastle, and bring Dick Green

to be an impostor. Boyd takes flight. Some of the Crusader's team go to Newsatle, and bring Dick Green to Browton.

Crusader, Green takes his place amongst the team, and proves to be a valuable acquisition to the Blue Crusaders' F.C. Meariton must be made of another many provents of the state of the Blue Crusaders' F.C. Meariton must be made of another state of the state of the Blue Crusaders' F.C. Meariton must be made of another state of the state of the

can now take up the thread of the story

Woolwich Arsenal Put up a Great Game –A Three Goals' Lead—Silward All Gut for its "Fivers'—The Lead Reduced—Grant Play by Sharp—Silward's Second Goal-rhe Hat Trick—A Sensational End to s lreat Game

The beginning of the season Woolwich Arsenal had proved themselves to be one of the finest force of the finest finest plant made hig fight for the leading position in the Lesque, and now, after a temporary relapse, they had come again in fine Inshion, as a four goal vice from your Examelyand at Roker Fark had

come again in fine fashion, as a four goal vic-tory over Sunderland at Roker Park had abundandly proved. They were playing now with a desperate fie-termination to win that caused the Cranslers should be added to the company of the company of the saved by hurling shimself leadlong down and grasping the ball from the very tee of Kyle, a gasp of relief went up. They were combining magnificently fore and aft, and for once the Crusaders' halves found they had a bit too for the ball from the company of the com-tine ball, darting here and there, always keep-ing goal for Woolwich scarcely came as a sur-prise.

ing goal for Woolwich searcely came as a sur-prise. Solomar's goal, though Kyle was the the stems sever for his side. A next pass to Gar-butt had sent the right-winger away. Ham-mond failed to stay his career, and, close in, Garbutt put to Coloman. Tim found himself hampered by the attentions of Moran and him. Then, leating to shoot, he changed feet cleverly, sent the hall to Kyle, and, ere Sowkes was prepared; it went by him like a flash to the back of the not, knocking the back fet, post There was a roar of delight from the Wool-wich partisans, and a shout of "Brave, the sources."

The goal gave the visitors heart. There was no doubting their intentions as the Crusaders set the ball in motion again. The Reds were all out for a win, and had now got completely

and the ball in motion again. The Reds were all out for a win, and had now got completely on top.

Jacob Sly stared open-mouthed from the bank as he saw his favourites outclassed. He had been the fact of the fa

was standing clear of Moran and Shepherd. That the second goal came.

Kyle aw that he count possibly get.

Lind a guestion as no whether he was considered to the count of the count possibly get.

May a guestion as no whether he was considered to the count of the count

Woolwich came on to the field to a rousing cheer after the interval, and then the crowd called to the Crusaders to wake up. Three goals behind! Such a thing had never been beard of at Moor Field. Been again, and as the Woolwich forwards at once got away a ground the seemed that the second-that was to be but a repetition of the first, and some wark-med followers of the club left the ground in disease. They was the control of the control of the seemed that the cond-that was to be but a repetition of the first, and some wark-med followers of the club left the ground in disease. They was a support to the control of th

ground in disgust. They hain't the courage to stay and see their tawouries lairly and squarely wheeked.

There were consumer of supporters of There were continued to the state of the stat

ing, and his eyes are considering and the meant to secret by more metal effect alone.

Then Arthur Drew got the ball. He tricked the half and back in front of him, sent to Green, and the International, going hot-foot toward asheroft, drew the goalkeeper, and then passed eleverly to Silvard. The Corinthas cort's shoulder charge, walked the hall into the net. Such a shout went up that the flag on Peter Simple's flagstaff outside the ground quivered, and an electric wave of enthusiasm and citacle fell, even by the players.

In the such as shout went up that the flag on Peter Simple's flagstaff outside the ground quivered, and an electric wave of enthusiasm and citacle fell, even by the players.

In the such as the such that the such players are produced out of the visitors. They did not exhibit quite the same dash and finish now, and Moran became more than a match for Kyle in the centre. The hacks had settled down, too, and Anson and Hiddich began to show improving chargerous how. Every time the blue-and-whites got the ball they made grand progress, making for goal by the shortest routes, and the two wings were playing finely together.

Silvard was the scorer of the Crauderre of the field, and, outwitting Hynds, dirblied straight for goal. By this means he drew down upon himself the attention of both backs and the wing halves, though Sharp and his courrade watched the outside wing men, fearful people should be and the wing halves, though Sharp and his courrade watched the outside wing men, fearful people should be a such as the suc

danger there. The Corinthian dribbled on. People shouted to him to "Pass the ball!" He paid no head, and selfishly, as it seemed, went

paid no heed, and solishly, as it seemed, went or the New how least expected, the ball was sent out to Sanson, and he, with Sherp in close attendance, worked down the wing to the corner flag. Here a mighty tursle ensued believen them both for possession of the ball what time shouts of delight wont up from the crowd. Senson could not get up to the sensor that the sensor could not be sensor to the sensor that the sensor could not be sensor to the sensor that the sensor could not be sensor to the sensor that the sensor that

went in the net.

The scores were three goals to two in favour

The scorea were three goals to two in lavour of the Arsenal, and it was seen now that the locals had a fine chance of drawing, if not of unning the match outright.

The Crusaders were decidedly the better team now. There was no stopping them. They were irresistible. Their forwards showed grand form.

Silward, grinning and delighted, waved his hand to the clubhouse balcony on which his father sat, and from which an umbrella waved

"I've already won £10, Green," said the delighted Silward. "If I get another chance of scoring, don't forget to pass the ball to me."

Green modded, and five uninutes before the match ended, having got in a scoring position, and receiving the ball from Drew, he shot straight at Ashroft.

The International goalkeeper dropped full length, and managed to push the ball away, the shot straight and managed to push the ball away, bathing our with amazing apsed. Silvard littled Ashroft's prostrate body, ball and all, into the goal. There could be no question of off-side. Ashroft, a defending player, had last the match for his side. Thrice in the concluding stages of the game did the Crussders force counts aff the Arsenal defence, but these, though well put in, were repelled by Woolwich will put in, were repelled by Woolwich the stage of the full time whistle blaw, and the teams retired, having had quite enough of it, after a very interesting game, with the scores standing at three goals all.

Crane Pays a Visit to Berden — The Bordon Athlotic Enclosure—An Interview With Manager and Director — Grame Unfoids His Pitan—Me Receives a Rolpj he Little Expected—Managing Director Wiley Ruminatos.

RMED with the sinews of war, in other words, with the money which Henry Fillingham had given him, in his set off with a light heart-that has who is in original to the more than the words. All the more than the words with a light heart-that has who is in original than the words of the more than the words of the more than the words of the more than the more than the more than the words of the more than the

promising to cipple the Crusaders' team for the control of the con

along the wall from until no came upon a so-marked. "Private—Club Officials and Secretary of came pushed this door open, and found that it was kept closed by a heavy iron clock weight attached to a piece of cord run ever a small wheel fixed above the door. Apparently any body could get install unto, thinking the know-tedge might be useful in the future. Up some winding and well-worn wooder stairs Crame made his way, until as length a small window set in the wall showed him that the property of the control of the country of the small window set in the wall showed him that the property of the control of the country of the theory of the country of the country of the long of the country of the country of the forms set around it. A fire burned in an Iron forms set around it. A fire burned in an Iron forms set around it. A fire burned in an Iron chimney which reared itself aloft and dis-appeared at a junction of wall and ceiling. One or two youths with their case pulled down about their ears sat round on the forms talk-ing to each other, some of them smoking cigar-trons where the at a glance to be members

ctres, others pipes.
Crane knew them at a glance to be members of the Borden Athletic football team.
"Going to beat the Blue_Crusaders?" he

"Girandon and search commanders?" he grinned.
"Don't expect so," answered a tall, lanky youth, whose pale face showed a consumptive tendency, but who was a fine footballer nevertheless, as many a club land found out to its cost, "We can't go away for special training, the same and the same

great bound as he thought he saw ha task made a very easy one.

"Manager in?" he a-ked.

"Yes. Mr. Stephen Yorke is in his office," said the player who had first spoken, jorking a thumb at an innor door.

Stephen Crane did not knock, but turned the brass knob of the door and passed through.

THE FOOTBALL CUP TIE-PIN!



FOR LEAGUE AND CUP!

(Continued from the previous page.) *****************

The managerial office was a smaller room than that which he had just left. The floor was of bare hoards, with the exception of a cheap rug which protected the manager's feet as he sat at his dest. If his dest, do rough window fell fully upon it. Some letter-files hung from brass nails on the wooden walls. There were several annell wooden chairs, and one armchair beside the desk chair in which the properties of the several properties of the desk. In a corner was a weak-hand basin, a towell-rack upon which rested a dirty towel, and by the opposite wall a heavy iron safe.

towel, and by the opposite wall a heavy iron safe, means, "Supphen Yorke," whose ammed name hid the identity of Edgar Wilson, the late manager for the Blue Crusaders, was seated at his dosk smoking a foul merschaum pipe that had been hadly broken once upon a time and mended by a hand of silver.

Crane jerked a finger at the other

l've come on business, private and confidential," he said.
"You can speak out before me," said the "You can speak out before me," said the man with the red tie, placing his thumbs beneath the armhole of his vest and puffing his cheet out. "My mame is David Wiley, and I'm a maneging director of this 'ere club."

"Glad to hear it!"
grinned Crane. "By
the look of you I
reckon you're a man
of sense. Well, Wil-

the look of you I reckon you're a man of sense. Well, Wilson, old chap, how are a requir" he added, turning his eyes upon the Orusadera late mainage of the bead.

If off ar Wilson Mushed holty.

"My name is Yorke here," he said. "I'l wish to lorget my other name. The said wilson to remember it with anything like as feeling of gratitude. A dishonoured name is best forgotten."

"Cheer up, old man!" said Crane familiarly, Isling a

man!" said Crane familiarly, taking a cheap cigar out of his pocket and lighting it without removing the band. "You're not

pocket and lighting it without reporting the band. "You to not without reporting the band. "You to not without reporting the band. "You to most be a search and the search of the fine search of the s

went on.

Crane got up, opened the door, and glanced into the player's roon. The lads had departed.

Satisfied, he closed the door again, and came back to a place beside the manager.

"After putting up a decent show in the Second Round of the Cup." he said, "you have

been drawn against the Blue Crusaders. Well, then, what chance do you think you have got of getting through—eh?"
"None," said the manager, glancing straight

"None," said the manager, glancing straight into Crane's eyes.
"None," repeted the managing director, the said of two, if we are lucky enough to beside, and a considerable amount of kuther Kudos! What's kuthers." "Kudos! "Ku

beelde." Kudos! Whar's kudos!" said Crane, banging his hand on the top of the dosk, "Gold's
what you want-good, hard gold: cash down on
the nail!, Think what it would mean if you
licked the Crusaders, got into the Fourth
Round, and were drawn against Everton?
You'd make your fortunes. The club would be
placed on a sound financial basis for the rest of
its existence."

But it is not possible," said the manager. Everything is possible," said Crane mean-

ingly.

"Explain yourself."

"Explain yourself."

"Well, then, who is winning the matches for the Blue Crusaders at the present time? Why is it they have accended to the topmost position in the League, and keep their place there—cl?!

It's because of their forwards. The Crusaders! It's because of their forwards. The Grusaders Reserves are being constantly whacked. They haven't got many decent forwards in the second team. Think what it would mean if, we'll say, for sake of argument, Ewing, Silward, and

rivalry is so hot up here. People would suspect your club's followers of the deed; they would never accuse the club. The police might follow up the case red-hot, but I'll sworr they'll never find a clue. I'll namage too cleverly for that."

"That's no bosiness. Pay me the money, that's all you've got to do?

"It could be paid out of a private purse," said Managing director Wite," and could not be traced hist way."

"The way was a half-minute's silence.
"Well," cried the villain, confident of having gained his point, "Wald toy on any, old Wilson!"
Will the club support me in this? I's will make our, you know, "the control of the support me in this? It will make our, you know," the control of the support of the support

what on you say, our wings, our wings, our wings, our wings, our you, you know?

Wilson's reply took Crane entirely by surprise. With a howl of rage he leapt to his feet. His checks were serifet; his eyes fluxing. His shads trenbled with the intensity of inference of the series of

Peter Simple, genial, jovial, and the best of good fellows, laid himself out to give the good fellows, laid himself out to give the best of the good fellows, laid himself out to give the last left plant ever provided. The good-hearted landlord could never forest that he owed his success in life to the football club. Before the Blue Crusders came to play at Moor Field Ground he was on the verge of bankrupter, Now he had annassed thousands of pounds in Browton town, he owned acres of land about Moor Feld, and he had made of the famous Half-Way Inn, at one time threatened by the housebroakers, a very valuable property. It was famed throughout all Lancashire now. He had advertisements of it in own each he owed to football in general, and to the Blue Crusaders in particular, Peter Simple had down a famous chef from Liverpool for the occasion, and he served up such a dinner as twice the Corinthian's fifteen pounds could not have paid to the the contraint of the contr

Comminan a inteen pounds occur not have paid to the diamer came Manager Wentworth, Sir Geoffrey Harbrough. Mr. Langworth Whitwell, and a host of well-known men about the town, Sir Geoffrey himself inviting them as his guests.

The club was decorated for the coresion. Fine branch candelbars, of real Sheffield plate, each carrying a half-dozen candles, lit up the dining-table.

rarying a half-dozen canques, in wy tables.

The Corinthian's health was drank in an enthusiatic bumper at the end of the dimernat of wine, excepting on the part of the older tables were cleared, cigars, pipes, and cigars, pipes, and control of the control of t was run out at the end of the room, and the fun waxed fast and furious.

Fowkes, the giant goalkeeper, astonished his comrades by ner-yously singing "The Kour Jolly Postbors" vously singing "T Four Jolly Postboy Four Jolly Postboys."
He possessed a sympathetic but not very powerful bass voice, loud rang the chorus at the end of each verse. Then Hidditch obliged with a comic song, and Manager obliged with a comic only. and Manager and Manager and Manager and Manager and the second of the sec

visitors in the conter-room below.

It was when Silward had finished his mag-had finished his mag-had finished his mag-le that had been a sea of the Geoffrey, who had ever since Newesatle cotballer, who had ever since Newesatle United Saturday been an immate of the Half-Way Inn, under the special care of Dr. Majoritahas, made-an of the sea of the sea of the sea of the sea of the of the of the sea of the sea of the sea of the of the sea of the sea of the sea of the of the sea of the of the sea of the of the sea of

"You bound! You despicable cur!" cried the manager, speaking for the first time; and with a last hir right between the eyes, and a kink in the seat of Cransé breeches, he seen the like in the seat of Cransé breeches, he seen the like in the seat of Cransé breeches, he seen the like in the seat of Cransé breeches, he seen the like in the seat of Cransé breeches, he seen the like in the seat of Cransé breeches, he seen the like in the seat of Cransé breeches, he seen the law of the like in the seat of Cransé breeches, he seen the law of the like in the seat of the like in the l

cost me a good deal of money, though, Ratbrough." Still, it was a good deed, and good deed,
render up their own happiness. You don't
regret it, I suppose, Wentworth?

Bool lad's story he has auffered a great deal,
and has been all through the victim of misfortune. I shall certainly find him a job as soon
as he is able to work.

To will never play football again?" I

"Yo." That is impossible. His right leg is
twisted. He will be a cripple for the rest of his
life.

"Yo." That is impossible. His right leg is
twisted. He will be a cripple for the rest of his
life.

"You had?" mused Sir Geoffrey, blowing a
cloud of blue sawde from between his parted
lips as he smoked his cigar. "Poor chap! I
feel for him. Why didn't we invite him to the
dinner." He would have appreciated it, I am
surge."

dinner: The source of the managor.

"It never struck me," answered the managor.

"Still, it isn't too late. There will be pleuty of fun before we break up to night.

Next moment Ewing was despatched to the room of the victim of misfortane with a cordial invitation to join the merry party below.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)



Green the International were unable to play in the Cup-tie against you."

"But they are all in perfect health," said Manager Wilson, gazing thoughtfully out of the window to hid the expression of his face from Grane. "There is molhing to prevent their particular to the said of the property of the said Crane, with bideous meaning. "But give me a hundred pounds down in hard cash, with promise of another couple of hundred when the job is done, and I'll undertake to see that Ewing, Green, and Silvard are put hors-devant was a face of the said o

right hand crushed the leather arm of his desk-chair.

The man in the red tie got up and walked slowly to the wall and back again. His curning cross general the walled breathleady in the wall and back again. His curning cross general wall has been also been also with the wall and were put out of "So," as not twenty and the wanter slowly. "If we paid you, you'd see that these lads were put out of the game. How would you do it? You would "You'd have to leave that to me," responded Crane. "I've no cause to love either of 'en. I wouldn't spare them. What you've got to do is to agree to find the money. Pay it over to me, at the control of the control of the cold of the control of the cold of the country of the cold of the

When he had got over the shock he got up and limped away.
"Hang him!" he muttered. "I'll have his life for that!"

Meanwhile, Director Wiley, the man with the red tie, had walked to the window of the office, and was staring out into the street.

and was staring out into the street.

It was an amazing offer that of Crane's, he thought. It was also a pity Manager Wilson, in his righteousness, had been so hasty. Did Crane really mean what he offered? the director wondered.

Silward Gives a Dinner at the Half-Way Inn—Fun and Jollity—The Club's Taient— Evans Invited Down—His Attack upon Green, and the Rosult.

Green, and the Rosuit.

LLWARD was as good as his word, and on the Thurday evening prior to the visit of the Blue Crusaders to Sunder-wise of the Blue Crusaders to Sunder-wise and the Lagrac, he ordered a dinner at Peter Simple's for the members of the club, intending to use the three Evo-pound notes he had won from his father for the purpose.

School

444



THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS SPECIALLY BE-WRITTEN FOR NEW READERS.

THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS SPECIALLY BEWRITTEN FOR ENW BEADERS.

THE opening of the new term at Caleroft brings
(the is a dissy lottian lad named Ramandra
Arput Jal, the other a French boy named
Manippers of Bongel.

And the place of Bongel.

And the place of Bongel.

And the place of Bongel.

And Annors, the Indian is quartered on them. Hitherto
hese four had reminated in undergrade possession of
their study, and to have this foreigner future on them
there is the place of the second of their study, and to have this foreigner future on the of
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situation.

Alphone gets in trouble with the mayor of the neighbouring tons, Mr. Bloomby. Re is chased by that worthy and his massweare.

Before the state of the

speerance of his fival for the mayoral dignity, are whitefler. The seven now hecomes of a highly amuse are the harre in a game of "Hars and Hounds" are the harre in a game of "Hars and Hounds" are instead in the theory of the harre in a game of "Hars and Hounds" are instead in the theory of the harre in a game of "Hars and Hounds" are instead of the control of the

their ribs.

"Bolay" thundered the foghorn voice of Sir Blake Barbary. "Ton-ter: Tanks:"
"Ay, ay. "Tooter and Tanks it are, sir."
Mr. Tooter and Mr. Tanks came marching aids by side from the direction of the house. The reason' they shad faded from sight so abreptly was that they had been out without

man's hair, and one on the nape of the mayor's neek in record time. Mr. Whiftler and Mr. Bloomhy fled. It was a revelation to see how the gouty admiral could run and how accurately he could throw. Mr. Tooter, out of action himself, cheered the pur-TAME & FANE

By Popular SIDNEY DREW.

To the horror of the pursued, the gates were closed. The admiral took in sail. On a grass mound stood an old cannon. The admiral dragged off the brass weather-cap, and put a lighted match to the touch-hole. Boom! As the thunderous report crashed and roared over the park, Mr. Bloomby and Mr. Whiffler scaled the iron gates like a couple of monkeys, and the boys lay down on the grass and cried with irrepressible merriment.

with irrepressible inertiment.

How Blage Tried
Court Euromous of Alphones and Found
it an Amazingty Sticky Task.

T was a glorious victory, and every man
had nobly done his duty. Sir Blake was
a magistrate himself, but rather than
had nobly done his duty. Sir Blake was
with the sir beautiful to the sir beautiful
had nobly and Mr. Whiffler, the gallast
old man-of-war's man would have pressed his
forchead against the muzel of one of his own
guns and fired himself off the map of the
stiting in the mayoral chair conferred the
office of chairman of the magistrates on the
shimonger, and, as first aldernain, Mr.
Whiffler also became a metuber of the groat
Sir Blake was a gentleman born and bred.
Perhaps his ideas were not up-to-date, but
the thought of Mosers. Whiffler and Bloomby
administering justice filled him with indig"Threaten hee" he reared. "Tag my decks.
"Threaten hee" he reared. "Tag my decks."

nation.

The matter of the control o

their necks. They're a brace of rapscallions, and I'd blow 'em' from my guns. Fire 'en out the admiral's command, Tooter and Tanks would have done anything short of murder. Tooter seized Mr. Hoomby, and Tanks pounced on Mr. Whiffler. Mr. Grubb, who objected to getting hart, made a beoline for the nearest "Stay." Siricked Mr. Hloomby, 'Lay a hand on me, at your peril! I am a magistrate. "Hart Mr. Hloomby, 'Lay a hand on me, at your peril! I am a magistrate. "Tooter is also a magistrate." "To the death, sir. said Mr. Bloomby—"to the death, 'Mr. Bloomby, sir. you will segret this, Sir Blake! "To the death, sir. said Mr. Bloomby—"to the death, 'I'm out.' howled the admiral. "Tooter! I'll flay you! Tanks, I'll riddle you! Magistrates! Peoin. Fire em out." "Fire it are, sir." "growled the mariners. Mr. Tanks tried to run Mr. Whiffler doash an oay one. Mr. Whiffler wriggled like an easy one. Mr. Whiffler wriggled like an easy one. Mr. Whiffler wriggled like an easy one is foot, Mr. Tanks went down with a log. "To the bitterest extremity of the law, sir." you shall suffer for this, sir.!" screamed Mr. Toothe is down on the bottom, and the mariner sat down for a rest.

"To the bitterest extremity of the law, sir." screamed Mr. Bloomby. "We shall take common action, sir." Sir Blake dashed to the cart. If wanted. Ay, ey, sir. Lubber it shall be, and at ar service," responded Mr. Tanks cheer-

"Ay, sy, sir. Lubber it sum or your service," responded Mr. Tanks cheerfully.
"Tell one of the stable-hands to take that horse and cart away. Tear my tops!s, boys," he said to the laughing juniors, "did you ever see the likes of it. Grin, you wicked little weevils, grin. Tanks, you mutinous dog!"

We will, grin. Tanks, you mutinous dog!"

"Ay, ay, sir! A gay mutineer it are.
"Belay."

"Ay," ay, sir! A gay mutineer it are.
Belax!" It those two ruffians ever show their uight figureheads in those waters again—d ye see!—
blow 'em sky high. Riddle my bulwarka!
Keep your gurs loaded and dooble the water.
Tooter, you lop-sided junk, where are you, rooter?"

screamed art. Bloomly. We shall take common action, she'd to the Cart. He wanted something to throw, and he found in:

Tooter, ou lop-sided junk, where are you,

Tooter, ou lop-sided junk, where are you,

Tooter, where the standard more are the standard property of the standard property of the standard property of the carry of t

broke clear, and startin' a plank, I foundered, sink me. Until I was dry-docked and in-planked in the keel, I was out of action, do year, and the start of the fact, it was remained by the shoot of the fact, it was remained by the shoot of the fact, it was remained by the shoot of the magnificent artitlery-practice he had witnessed, tied his handkorchied to his application of the magnificent artitlery-practice he had witnessed, tied his handkorchied to his plantered tump, and tying flat on his back. Admired Barbary smiled indulgently.

"It was a well-fought action, boys, a well-fought action," he said. "Scrape my spars, Tanks, we'll serve out double grog. Aboy!

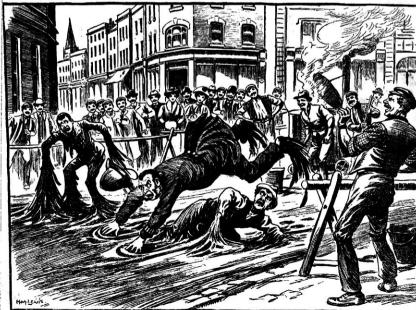
"It was a well-fought action, boys, a well-fought action," he said. "Scrape my spars, and the start of the start of

down on the group with great celerity. Mr. Tooter had taken of his broken spar, but he kept his dag flying end hopped nimbly into the chair.

Tooter had taken of his broken spar, but he kept his dag flying end hopped nimbly into the chair.

"In the chair of the cha

(Continued on the next page.)



Mr. Biagg tripped over the Italian. His helmet shot from his head, and his gloves sank deep into At the same moment Alphonse rese to his teet a black and awful figure,

For Fame and Fane. (Continued from the previous page.)

a job. I'll ring up the railway-station, and ask 'em to tell the bounder to bring our toggry back. An't that easy enough, idiot?"
It was perfectly simple. They were obliging people at the railway-station, and Fane was people at the railway-station, and Fane was conveyed to Mr. Diles, who had promised to entirely up the railway-stations. Mr. Tooter's tuncful whistle notified the welcome fact that to was ready, and the boys took their seats at a table loaded with good things.

"My lads," growled the admiral, "the enemy is before you. Fall on and nake a Tanks, Tooter. It was a good action, you weevilg, Fill up!"
"Ay, ay, sit; a good action it was and filled

Ay, ay, sir; a good action it was, and filled up it are, said the beaming mariners.

"And it was pleasant weather, and light, southerly gales," added Mr. Tanks. "Here are the advice, keep one heye on your upper canvas. Belay!"

Raining this release.

earusa. Belay!

Raising their glusses to their lips like one man, Mr. Zootor, Mr. Tanks, and Sir Blake one man, de grand the man de grand the piles of cake and party swillful diminish, and heard the constant calls on the ligs side of the grand the constant calls on the ligs the grand ten.urn

tea-urn.

"Break my binnacle, I'd sooner keep you a week than a month, you ravenous mutincers!" he said meerily.

"Belay!" said Mr. Tooter.

"It was bad raidin for a craft wi out ballust, swab me; and sake in plenty are the adwise!"

Nover had the weather been more pleasant and peaceful at Portmoor Hall. The boys wero and peaceful at Portmoor Hall. The solve were more in any burry to leave such song quarters. The weather wreathed in smiles.

"Scrane un anars!" memmed Mr. Tarket.

The reasy during so feet two salts were wreathed in suitages of the two salts were wreathed in suitages of the two salts were wreathed in suitages as the continuous suitages. At last the Calcrottians pushed back their chairs. Bindley happened to glance out of the window. All at once Hindley became interested. A youth, some three feet nine inches high, was gently cantering a very tall horse up and down. All at once Hindley became interested. A youth, some three feet inne inches high, was gently cantering a very tall horse up and down. It was not this that caused Bindley to look again. Marching over the gravel with a solonin and dignified step came Constable obed was thrust forward: his piercing gaze read the suitage of the suitage o

and the constable raised beautice for consume, and the constable raised beautice for the his belinet in a patennising way of forefinger to his belinet in a patennising way of preference for think you has a boy—no, a wiper ere, old salt-junk." said Mr. Blagg, "The foreign of the salt-junk and the salt of the curt. Where are the wiper?"

Mr. Tanks had joined Mr. Tooter. Fane, Bindley, and Ramandra sidled into the hall and began to grin.

"Heast winds, messmate!" growled Mr. Tanks. Belay!"

"Heast winds, messmate!" growled Mr. Tanks, Bolay!"

"Ragin' tornadors and bowlin' blimards, shipmate!" growled Mr. Tooter. "Avast! Hold steady! The adwice are stand clear. You says there was a wiper in this port. That was a hinsult. All the men rated on our boats has a clean sheet, sink me, and the passengers was all gents. You was out of your bearings. Bout ship was the dwicer, spike my guns! 'Bout ship was the adwicer, spike my guns! 'Bout ship was the dwicer, spike my guns! 'Bout ship was the dwicer, spike my guns! 'Bout ship was the dwicer, spike my guns! 'Bout ship was the ship was t

chorus.

With the same stately and dignified air, Mr.
Blagg strode off.

"What a dirty shame, chaps," said Bindley.

will Whither. Lots go and scare him. Now a cour chance, and so the admiral first," said Bindley.

"Not much. You do that, Ram, won't you? All serene. I'll wager we'll get that giddy summons withdrawn in no time."

They did not know exactly how they would do it, but even a thick skinned gentleman like Mr. Bloomby would dread ridicule. The two countries we have a series and easy trot, and reached the divine but dismal Alphonse, and above the hedge bobbed a helme. Mr. Blagg had sighted his prey and was stalking it. Of old the constable had learned how feet of foot the Calcroftians were. Fapo saw the helmet creeping along.

along.

"Scoot, you chump!" he cried. "There's a bobby after you with a summons for smashing that giddy jar of whisky. Hop it! to, saw the helmet, and gu-sed its terrible significance. Furple with anger at being robbed of his prey, Mr. Blagg burst through the hedge. He only waited long enough to yow that he would return and arcest Fane and Bindley for aiding return and arcest Fane and Bindley for aiding and then race in ground serminal to escape, and the serminal serminal

stagg. evaire! Nevaire am I take alive!" ed Alphonse.

"Nevaire! Novaire am I take alive!"

arricked Alphonse.

"A charming sight, kid.," said Fane.

"Two bind mice, twig how they run. They will got out of breath, I lear, child Bindley; "and we shall ged corus when we come to the pavements. It's all right while the grass lasts, but spiked shoes aren't the best sort of footwear for dancing over cobblectones.

When at the admiral's they had taken off their running-shoes in order to save Sir Blake's carpets and polished cak floors.

When at the admiral's they had taken off their running-shoes in order to save Sir Blake's carpets and polished cak floors.

"Ho and the same polished the same should be supported by the sam

"Hill Stop man-appears at a state and Bindley spurted. A goutleman from onny Italy was trundling a laked-jectoid and reast-obstrut can up the hill. He caude not have been a good sportsman, whose synthy is generally supposed to be on the side of the hunted. Waving his arms, he leapt have the read.

across the road.

"Stop-a! Whos-hs! Stop-a, quick-a!"
called the dusky one, hopping up and down.
Alphonse turned pale. He darted to the
right, and the Italian darted to the left to
intercept him. Alphones quaseled. He shot to
the left. He beat the Italian, but found the
an in the way. Unable to avoid the collision,
Alphones gave the can a lusty push that sent
it over and attream the road with potatoes,
it over and attream the road with potatoes,
order the ruins like a gay gasello and plunged
onwards for freedom.
Fane and Bindley had not studied the Italian.

privates for freedom.

Fane and Bindley had not studied the Italian anguage, nor had Mr. Blagg. Perhaps it was as well. Pouring out a torrent of mysterious words, Guiseppe, or whatever his name was, abandoned his wares, and joined in the boy-

words, Guiseppe, or whatever ms name was, abandoned his wares, and olined in the boylund another hand another

nearer, spurred on by encouraging grunts from Mr. Blagg.
"We shall have to run in our giddy sucks, kid!" puffed Bindley. "We musen't lose the kid. Oh, my stars! I wish I hadn't caten such a lot!"

Straight along, idiot! Straight along, honse!" roared Fane. "Get into the

"Straight along, idiot! Straight along, Alphonse!" roared Fane. "Get into the crowd."

Alphonse did not hear. He was afraid of the crowd. He whitzad round the corner of a high wall that enclowed a garden. His nose ought to have warred him to go cautiously. Had he even used his ear, it would have believed to the country of the country

nothing except a steam-roller hard at work over made or could make. In his fright, Alphonses used his legs and none of his concess. In streaked round the corner to the assassement and amusement of certain unreashed gentlo-men, who had string tied round their trousers below the knee, and tar-brushes in their hands. They were engaged in repairing the road, and they had just made an expansive kind of closer, black skating-rink. Alphonse was the first performer.

they had just made an expansive stude or good-place skaling-rink. Alphonse was the first performer.

With an easy grace, the French boy sailed into the rink, one leg poised in the air. He did not the rink, one leg poised in the air. He did not the rink of th

inside with the oil from his lamp trickling over his neck. Who cared for a miserable watch-man just then? The Italian may have been a superb skater. At any rate, he sold iecercam during the happy thing about ice. Like many of his race, he was too impulsive. He skidded along gloriously-lefore Alpfones had time to finish the 8 the rude chestnut vendor told him to get out of the way and make room. He did not do this in so way and make room, the did not do this in so of the rink for the time being. Still mancouvring on his right heel, he jabbed he rival skater with some violence with his top the rival skater with some violence with his fill. In the still the still have been also the fill. The best of the still have been also to the fill. The best of the still have been also to the fill. The best of the still have a sort of anympathy from the steam-roller, and lay The Italian also lay down. Finding that he

The Italian also lay down. Finding that he The Italian also lay down. Finding that he had made a mistake, and come skating before the ice was sufficiently hard to be safe, he tried to get up. The callous onlookers screened with ribald mirth. The scream swelled into a cruel yell of delirious delight as Mr. Blagg careered into view like a nimble-footed elephant in helmet and white gloves. Only the words did the great man utter. They were them.

"Bust it"

"Bust it"

Porhaps he said more,/ but, if so, they are Perhaps he said more,/ but, if so, they are lost for ever. Mr. Blagg tripped over the Italian. His helmet shot from his head, and his gloves sank deep into the sticky blackness. Like a drowning man the ohestmat-roaster looked round for a straw to eling to. There were no straws visible, so he clasped Mr. Blagr were no straws visible, so he clasped Mr. Blagr were looked round the neck, and the two rolled over together.

levingly round the neck, and the two rolled cover together.

Alphouse wriggled out of his blouse, a black and awful figure. He could not take the blouse and awful figure. He could not take the blouse he want to. The tax sucked off his proceeding of the want to the tax sucked off his proceeding of the who could see anything for tears, had riveted their attention on Mr. Blagg and the man from Italy. Notither Same nor Bindley had been grambling about had a policy for the had been forced to cross the hard road carefully. They were leaning against each other, hourse and almost helpless with laughter. Everybody was in the same plight head to the control of the whole had been forced in the tax and the other gentlemen in the tax and the

"Lock em both up for pinchin' the corpora-tion's tar," gasped Bindley. "Oh, hold me tight, kid, and cling to me. Ha, ha, ha, ha! You dirty boys! How dare you? You nasty, stick, naught jittle things; Say, Lion, won't auntic be pleased? He, he, he, he, he! Ils's a sed sight, didn't it?"

How Mr. Pycroft and Mr. Bloomby Nearly Came to Blows, and How Alphonso Nearly Found Another Chum.

Part Found Another Chum.

J HE faithful steed on which Mr. Pyeroft was wont to take exercise for the good of his liver was suffering from a mild to the staggers. Both Mr. Peddle he known and Mr. Stokey the veterinary surgeon were of opinion that the best way to treat the horse rould the to convert it into eat's-meat. For as the st

obvious reasons, they kept their opinions to themselves, and, finding that if he wanted to indulge in his usual rich would have to hire another stead, Mr. Pyeroft, M.A., determined Mr. Pyeroft's logs were not forced display stockings to their fullest advantage. His factors are all the stockings to their fullest advantage. His factors seemed to have slipped down and lost themselves in his boots. A pair of leggings, the control of the cont

the car with interest, and it was worth looking at. It travelled very slowly. Perhaps, noticing the interest they took, the driver thought be would satisfy their curiosity, for he brought the car to a standstill. Then he thumped his fur-clad bosom with his fur-gloved fist.

Aba." he satid. The factes are propitious! AM. That is ny name, sir," said Mr. Pyeroft. As both the occupants of the car were so disquised that they resembled hears more than human beings. Mr. Pyeroft failed to recognise them. The fat bear pushed his mask over the peak of his leather cap, revealing the fat and purple features of Mr. Bloomby. The second bear did the same, disclosing to davlight the bear did the same, disclosing to davlight the service of the same of the service of the same of th

Mr. Pyeroft. "A beautiful car, my dear Knnwit."

A charating car, my dear Pyeroft!" agreed A charating car, my dear Pyeroft!" agreed Mr. A charating however a bout cars than he did about curing bloomer.

"Mr. Pyeroft." said the mayor loudly, "your hyporetized inquirice after my health. sir, are as futile as your admiration of my ear, ar! You cannot soft-song me, sir! He cannot hoodwink us, can he, Mr. Whillter!"

To see here two grint faces together, and to the control of the contr

Ha, ha, ha!"
"1-cr-assure you," said Mr. Pycroft, "that
I have no intention of hoodwinking you. I
am at a loss. 1-er-I do not understand you!" (Another enthralling long instalment on Saturday next.)

THE BOYS' REALM'S ATHLETIC PAGE

Bassett's = = e e Cormer. A Chat with the Juniors, by W. T. Bassett.

THE INDOOR GYMNASIUM.

THE INDOOR GYMNASIUM.

THISE who have read my notes regularly will have glosned that I am not great on the subject of rigid training for football. I think that, generally speaking, the idea of training is overdone; what men and lads want, is to lead a sensible idisciplinary effect, for the lad who can connect what men and lads want, is to lead a sensible idisciplinary effect, for the lad who can connect what men and lads want, is to lead a sensible idisplant with the same of the lad who has the grit to make an accordance for the lad who has the grit to make other and more important sacrifices.

But I have doalt with the subject of ordinary training fere this; what I am concerned about training the colling the subject of ordinary training the colling the subject of ordinary training the colling the subject of ordinary training the this; what I am concerned about the colling the colling the subject of ordinary training the colling the subject of ordinary training the colling the subject of the subj

plays football can do when he has the privilega of unceling two or three times a week in a symmetainn; and most lads have that privilege a convasidey, if they will only use it. I am no movaders if they will only use it. I am no considerable that they will only use it. I am no considerable that they will be the privilegal that they will be they will be the privilegal that they will be they will be the privilegal that they will

professional football.

They have worked at their ordinary calling, and their football has been their recreation. They have been paid for it, but it has never absorbed their whole energies. Incidentally, I may say that those are the men who lat longest and play the most consistently. I am prepared to delend that position against all coners, and more particularly in regard to consistency of play.

consistency of play.

I will merely cite two cases now-Howard Sponeer and Charlie Ferry-two of the most contensal part of the conten



a few nights' exercise a week in the gym.
The first Scottish Counties eleven that came to play the Birmingham Football Association—this was before I was old enough to take interest in the best type of football, but I have type of football type of football

deligitaful players. The mount was the severige, now a most popular ministended at the amongsthem. They gave head at the amongsthem. They gave head at the amongsthem. They gave head to the severige, and head at the mount of the Birming to the severy night, and on the match mone of the ream smoked; while they had long walks severy night, and on the might before the great event, and also on the morning of the context, they went to a large room at the hotel in Birmingham at which they stopped and forwards explained to his fellow what he might expect him to do under certain well-defined circumstances, and that undoubtelly contributed to the success which the side met with.

And that was in romote 1880, let me say, and J dare say we think we have learned a great deal since then. Probably we have, but we have not improved upon

the fine sporting spirit

which those amateur footballers possessed. It was the same with the famous Newport football fifteen in the days when they were led by Tim C. Graham and Arthur Gould. The led by Tim C. Graham and Arthur Gould. The nen met twices week in the gym., and prac-ticed the formation of the pack, and heeling insigned would help them against their various rivals. And, believe me, the side which will do that, and do it scientifiedly, will heat any undisciplined team; the pos-sion of reasonable ability being assumed, of

to be a consistent of the consistency of the consis

(Another fine article on Saturday next.)





LEADS AND FEINTING.

T is sometimes advisable, instead of lead ing straight off at your opponents at "mark" or head, to make a "leint," to induce him to guard the spot "feint, to at," in order to enable you, before he can re-Naturally, then, a "feint" is not to be regarded as a blow; in fact, it is not a hit at all, it is a pretence at one. So very useful is this method of breaking open an opponent's guard, that it is right and proper some attentioned hit or feint can be made so rapidly that even

that even
your adversary's eye
can be deceived, and
lefore he knows what
is going to happes you
have the control of the first things a lad
should learn to do after
he has mastered the left
the has mastered the left
he has mastered the left
has been the left
he has mastered the
has don't let your arm
out too far rather suggest your intention by
an almost involuntary
which, as soon as your
opponent gives way,
can be swiftly drawn
heach, the hit coucously. It is not always
wise to hit at the same
place as you "feint"
as On the other hand
head blow, you should
feint" at the body,
and vice-versa.

But "feint" should not be limited to the
lead blow, you should
feint" at the body,
and vice-versa.

But "feint" should not be limited to the
lead blow, you should
feint" at the body,
and vice-versa.

But "feint" should not be limited to the
Ducking.

Although the practice lays one open to the

for a lead with the left.

Ducking.

Although the practice lays one open to the possibility of now and again being the recipient of an unpleasant upper-ent, as was explained last week; yet it is a dodge which should be well learnet, because not infrequently the property of the property

a head blow.

From this it will be understood that you have several methods of defending yourself or of avoiding a blow, and all these are as

NEW ADVENTURE

STORY - PAPER

PEINTING.
important as the methods of delivering blows.
Briefly, they may be summed up as follows:
1. By guarding.
2. By the side-step.
3. By elipsing.
4. By retreating.
All these methods of defence should be practised and brought into play whenever opportunities occur. Don't favour one more than another. Give each one its proper attention, so that you can vary your modes of definition, so that you can vary your modes of which must claim our attention is

countering.

In brief, this means landing home a blow on your adversary while he is hitting at you. The property of the proper

STORY - PAPER
FOR BOYS.
THE
GEM.*
Out Thursday,
MARCH 14th.
Order NOW, and see
what you can get for
COPEN NOW.

HALPPERNY.

If you have been a see that the see t

The Right Lead and the "Counter"-Using the Shoulders.

Using the Shoulders.
For the right-handel lead several hits may be brought into play, but only one of them warrants artention at this stage of our work. The right-handed lead, unlike a counter, in which you relain your postion and give a return hit, necessitates a decided forward somewhat, and then, when the opportunity occurs, hit straight forward with the right arm, turning the right shoulder forward to the property of the p

Shouldor work is always important. A judicious use of the shoulders will sometimes add as much as five inches on to the length of your reach—a valuable factor when boxing with a man much taller than yourself.

(Another fine article of this series will appear on Saturday next.)

CILIES IN "THE BOYS' REALM" LEAGUE.



DEAF HILL JUNIORS' FOOTBALL CLUB. orth, 16, Railway Row, Trimdon Colliery, co. Durham. Secretary-R. H. Hacku

Six=a=Side = Tournaments.

An Interesting Phase of Football Dealt With. Bu G. L. B. COVERDALE.

By G. L. B. COVERDALE.

OME readers will be familiar with strain side." contests, but others with a strain side of the strain side of the strain side of the strain side of the American national game of baseball. For an afternoon of onigoment, fan, and excitoment, give me a Soccer "six-a-side" contest.

The best time of the year for holding these tournaments is as near the end of the season as possible; this for two reasons—t is sufficiently proceedings of the strain side of the year of the year. cup finals

only important matches in the district are one or two Cup finals.

Therefore, these contests give a desired fillip to football, and what is more, they bring together in one enclosure representatives and players from all your local clube, thus comenting good feeling and comradeship. A good feeling and comradeship. The second feeling and comradeship. A good feeling and comradeship. A good feeling and comradeship. A good feeling and compared feeling fee

circulated to the teams entering, giving the draw and times of the various kick-offs. On the official program me about also be printed special material and the special materials and a slip allowing of a "" "I. The law of the game shell be

after this style;
"1. The laws of the game shall be strictly adhered to, except that '2' shall be substituted for '3' in the offside rule.
"2. Scoring shall be by points, a goal to count four points, and a corner kick one point.
"3. The duration of each game shall be twenty minutes, ten minutes each way. In the case of a tie, five minutes extra each way shall be played.

twenty minutes, ten minutes cach way. In the case of a tie, fire minutes extra each way shall be played.

"4. The times given on the programme must be strictly adhered to, and a team not ready to kick off at the time stated shall forfeit the match." Now for

the actual game

the actual game.

The ground, to begin with should be only about half the size, and, of course, the different areas, etc., smaller, excepting the goalposts It in necessary to have a couple of grounds, and are considered to have a couple of grounds, and coupled to the couple of playing across an ordinary football ground, playing across an ordinary football ground probabil field, only smaller. There will be little difficulty in managing this.

smanaging there will be little difficulty in which says players on each side, play is naturally very fast and activing, and the styles of play adopted, and activing, and the styles of play adopted, and a players in the matches I have position of the players in the matches I have position of the players in the matches I have position of the players in the matches I have position of the very definition of the constant of the players in the matches I have played and a "Rover," who should be the fastest man in a "Rover," who should be the fastest man in the team, and should take up his place just be found to be constant of the constan

Every team has an equal chance, and some very surprising results are always seen. All the contests should be finished on one afternoon. Any league taking up a tournament of this character can rost assured that it will be an immense success both socially and financially.

THE END.

GALLANTLY

A Tale of the Rugger Field. By CHARLES HAMILTON. **

THE 1st CHAPTER

"With that exclamation of dis-gust, Owen Meredith threw the letter he had been reading upon and so did Jack Valance, the handsome young London clerk who was staying on a visit at the

"What's the matter, Owen?" asked Molly. Then, with a sudden look of apprehension: "It isn't anything about the match to-morrow, is it?"

Owen Mcredith nodded gloomily.

"Yes. Danvers can't come."
Molly uttered an exclamation of dismay. "Danvers! Our fastest three-quarter! Oh,

Owen!"

"Rotten, isn't it? He's been ass enough to tumble off his motor-bike and twist his suikle, and of course he had to pick the day before a match to do it," growled Meredith.

"That's unfortunate for you." remarked Jack Valance.

"But, of course, you've got a reserve to play in his place!"

to play in his place?"
"Oh, yes, there won't be any difficulty about getting a substitute, I suppose; but, you zee, we alward anything a patch on Danvers. He was a flier, and a surer kick you never saw on the Rugger field. He was our best man. And it's not only the match to-morrow—we may pull that of without him—but next week we meet Hilton Wanderers. And it Danvers isn't in that team they will walk all over us."

"But won't he be well by then, Owen?" asked Molly anxiously.
"No. From what he says he won't get on a footer field again for weeks. We shall have to count him out."

footer field age

And the young captain of the Molesford Rugby Football Club looked decidedly glum. The situation was indeed a disagreeable one. The situation was indeed a disagreeable one. The morrow's match was not of great importance, and might be pulled off, as Meredith said, and the match with Hilton Wand the was always a bard-lought struggle. Meredith had been looking forward to it this time with had been looking forward to it this time with had been looking forward to it this time with had been looking forward to it this time with had been looking forward to it this time with had been looking forward to it this time with had been looking forward to it this time with had been looking forward to it first interest when the condense was hattened.

"It's hard lines," said Jack Valance thoughtfully.

ruiy,
"I should say so," grunted Meredith.
"Stephen Blane, the Hilton skipper, is dead set on pulling of the match, and he has been keeping his men up to the mark. If I play some third-rate fellow in the place of Danvers, Hilton Wanderest will wips up the ground with us. Plane of the mark of the market was the set of the market will wips up the ground with us. Plane of the market was the market with the market was the market with the market was the

Mandarcess will who up the grouns with an Molly Mercetih looked as concerned as her brother. She took a deep and keen interest in the furtures of the Rugger team of which the young yeonan was captain. She nover missed a match by the Moles. She was as eager as anybody to see the Moles triumph over their anybody to see the Moles triumph over their Blane came a-wooing to the Mercetifit farm. It was possible that she might marry Stephon Blane some day, but now her thoughts and hopes were all with the Moles. To fould help you," temarked Jack Valance, speaking very diffidently. Mercetith looked at his position year of the Moles. To work the Moles. "You Jack! How?"

"You, Jack! How?"
"I play three-quarter in my team at home,

you know."

"By Jove," said Meredith, "I hadn't thought of that! I've never seen you play, but from your looks— What kind of a game do you put up!"

"The other fellows think me passable," said

pat up!"
"The other fellows think me passable," said Jack. laughing. "If you thought anything of the idea, you could give me a trial before playing me against Hillon Wanderers. Of course, I abouldn't mind if you decided that I wouldn't do. But perhaps you've got a more reliable player in Molestord."

payer in Molestord."
"No. That's just what we haven't got. Look here, Valance, I'll tell you what, You shall pile, Jor us to-morrow. If you don't turn we're only playing a weak team from Wyrford, If you prove an acquisition, I shall sak you to stay on and play against the Wanderers. But could you manage it."

could you manage it?"
"I could come down on the Saturday," replied Jack. "I shall have to leave here on Thursday, as arranged; but if I came down from London early Saturday morning, that would do, wouldn't it?"
(Certainly. Then it's settled. You play to-shane." 2 saturday will see how you shane."

shape."
And, with a more cheerful expression upon his countenance, Owen Mercelith began to write a letter of condolence to the unlacky Dances. Molly Mercelith went into the garden, and Jack Valance followed bor there. Had Owen been less engrossed in these days by the fortunes of the Moles on the Ranger field he might have observed that an understanding was growing up

between his sister Molly and his friend from London; though Molly, who was just a little bit of a flirt, kept Jack on the tenterhooks of suspense, and never let him know for certain whether sho cared for him or not.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

THE 2nd OHAPTER.

On the Rugger Field.

OME hundreds of pairs of eyes were turned upon Jack Valance the following afternoon, when he turned out in the colours of the Molesford team. Molesford was a football-loving town, and they took the great game seriously there. Molesford had a good record in Rugger annals, and the whole town, followed the fortunes of the local team with deep interest.

The new player naturally came in for a goodly

team with deep interest.

The new player naturally came in for a goodly share of attention. His handsome face and well-setup figure won approval at once. Many of the Moleslord folk knew him personally, and knew that he would probably become a townshew that he would probably become a townshew that he would probably be compared to the construction of the control of

it to face the Wanderers.

Molly Meredith, of course, was there. She was more interested in Jack's debut on the Molesford ground than she would have admitted. In spite of her coupter, she knew very man she had mot—much better than abe liked stephen Blane, for instance. No one would have been more delighted than Molly to see Jack come out strong in the match.

Molly turned her head to glance at the speaker, and nodded to Stephen Blane.

The Hilton captain lifted his hat. He was a tall, dark man, with keet black eyes. at all, dark man, with keet black eyes. A standard of the standard o

quarter is on the sick-list."

Age this stranger is playing in his place?"

Yee. But he is no stranger; he is my brother's friend," said Molly, "and min."
Stephen Blane laughed.

Yee. I remember meeting him when I called at the farmhouse the other day. Is he any good at the farmhouse the other day. Is he any good "We shall soon see."

"I am really sorry about Danvers," went on Stephen Blane. "I wanted the match to be a fair test of strength between us, but now."

He shrugged his shoulders expressively by way of finishing the sentence.

She know that the Hilton captain regarded the result of the coming match as a foregone conclusion, and it exasperated her.

commit inter as a toregone concusion, and it cassperated her.

"Perhaps you will not win as easily as you think," she suggested. "If Mr. Valance turns out well to-day he will play for us against Hilton."

Then I hope he will turn out well," said

Blane placidly.

Further talk was interrupted by the shout that greeted the entrance of the players into the field. Blane pla Furthe

neid. Stephen Blane's eyes turned curiously upon Jack. He noted the young fellow's lithe, well-made form, his well-set head, his clear and steady glance. He looked very fit, that was certain. The Molesford white jersey and dark knickers became him well.

Knickers became him well. Wyford won the toss. A keen wind was blowing, and the Moles kicked off against it. In spite of the wind, they were soon working their way up the field. A scrum was formed in the visitors' half, and the forwards showed and strained. The ball came out, and a half-back gave it to Jack Valance.

gave it to Jack Valance.

Every eye was on the young footballer. Now
was his chance—what would he make of it?

He made the most of it. A cheer went up,
swelling to a roar. Three Wyrford men had
hurled themselves upon the young threequarter, and in some mysterious, clusive way
he had escaped their clutch, and they were left
clawing at the empty air. And Jack was away
with the ball.

with ties ball.

He ran right round a couple of heavy forwards, dodged a three-quarter, and hapded off another, and left him sitting down. Right on for goal he went at a tearing pace.

"Hurrah!"

"Well run!"

The shouts rang round the field.
Only the full-back was between the three-quarter and the Wyrlord goal now, though

four or five foes were streaming on his track with hands outstretched to grip.

He was keeping ahead with wonderful fleet was keeping ahead with wonderful fleet been fail to be for a second would have been fail to be for a second would have been fail to be for a second would have been fails to be for a second would have been fails to be for a second would have watching like a tiger ready to spring.

Right at him went Josch, as if intending to charge him through his own goal, and then with sacrtifus suddenness he swerved to the swung swilty to meet it—but it was only a feith. As the back awang aside, Jack swerved he swung swilty to meet it—but it was only a feith. As the back swung aside, Jack swerved back was lightly from hundreds of throats.

"Try! Try! Try!"

It was a row from hundreds of throats. passing him, the these realised that Jack was passing him, the three realised was over the line, and the bell was grounded was over the tone goal, so that when the ball was carried on the goal, so that when the ball was carried on the goal, so that when the ball was carried on the goal, so that when the ball was carried on the goal, so that when the ball was carried on the goal, so that when the ball was carried to the goal, so that when the ball was corried on the goal, so that when the ball was corried on the goal, so that when the ball was corried on the goal of the

Molly turned to Stephen Blane at her side

Molly surned to Stephen Blane at ner sue wildly such that do you think of our new recruit, Mr. Blane?

The Hilton captain's face had lengthened considerably. When he had heard of Dawror's accident, he had considered that the next accident, he was desided to the considered that the next place of the next p

If this was not a fluke, if the new recruit to the ranks of the Moles kept on like this, he was far and away superior to Danvers at his hest. That would be a bad lock-out for the Moles of the Moles of

eers. "Splendid, wasn't it, Mr. Blane?" she asked,

"Quite sure."

And Stephen Blane snapped his teeth.

THE 3rd OHAPTER.
The Prize to be Wen.

"""

The Prize to be Wen.

"""

There was an unusual earnestness in Jack Valance's voice. The
ness in Jack Valance's voice. The
girl was standing by the open
window, looking out over the fields. Jack had
scripped to her side; they were alone together.

was to return to town of or calling you Molly—
"Molly—florgive me for calling you Molly—
I want your answer. I am going to-morrow."

You are coming down again on Saturday,"

You are coming down again on Saturday,
"We chaps," said Jack.

Molly gave a start.

"Perhaps," said Jack.

Molly gave a start.

"Perhaps," said Jack
was to play yor
us against the Wanderers on Saturday. You
must come!"

"Perhaps," opeated Jack coolly. "You
won't give me an answer, Molly. You know I
to choose."

"So I will—some time. But about the

So I will—some time. But about the

"Nover mind the match. Blane is here learly overy day: I believe he would lose the match on Saturday to win a smile from you."
"Oh!" cried the girl. "If he did that I

should despise him. I could not respect a man who did not play up for his side."
"He knows that, Molly, so he's sure to beat us if he can," said Jack, laughing. "But your brother has been good enough to say that I am of some use in the team—" If a say you are the finest player in the

team."
"Well, then. Suppose I don't play on

"Well, tnon.
Staturday."

"But you will?"

"But yon will?"

"I may make a condition that you give me your answer first."

"That would be mean," said Molly, with an cheeks.

You won't make up your "miled" "This would," Tou won't make up your mind; why should I make up mine?" smiled

red cheeks.

No, it wouldn't. You won't make up your mind; why should I make up mind?" smiled James and the state of the s

London. You "admit that?"

Molly could not help laughing

"Well, it is not carried off yet," she re"Well, it is not carried off yet," she re"The well, it is not carried off yet," she re"The well, it is not carried off yet," she resportsman, Miss Mcredith. You have always
assort she was the state of the carried off yet,
"I don't quite understand you."
"I don't quite understand you."
"I don't she me, do you?"
"Not het—"
"You don't hat me, do you?"
"Not het—"
"You don't hat me, do you?"
"You don't hat me, do you?"
"You don't hat me, do you?"
"You will, then. You will marry Jack
Valance if the Moles beat us. Will you marry
me if we beat the Moles?"
"He well, then well will marry Jack
Valance if the Moles heat us. Will you marry
me if we beat the Moles?"
"He well, then well will marry Jack
Valance had not the well of the well of the well
me will be well the well of the well of the well
me will not have made a more judicious
appeal. Molly believed in "playing the
game," and there was cortainly something in
what Blane said. She liked him, and she
well and the well well well well and
not known how to make up her mind between
the two. Yet at this moment there came to
her a sudden flash of revulation, and she her
valance had nover code that she only liked
stephen well well well well well well well
"Play the game, Molly."
"I suppose I must he saisfied with that,"
said Blane, secretly delighted to have won so
much. "I shall hold you to your word,
And he went away from Mercdith Farm in
him youth-himson. But his face clouded over

"" suppose I must be satisfied with that," said Blains, secretly delighted to have won so much. "I shall hold you to your word, Molly."

And he went away from Meredith Farm in high good-humour. But his lace clouded over when, later, he saw the Moles at practice, and the hole has been been as a patch on an in the Hillon fifteen the was a patch on Jack Valance, and he knew it, though some of his players were botter men than the Moles. The result of the match would be extremely doubtful; and the longer would be extremely doubtful; and the longer was he walked home across the fields a dark thought came into his mind.

"If only Valance didn't come back from thought came into his mind.
"If only Valance didn't come back from the town, and marry Molly." Hang him! I wish he'd break his neck going home!"

From that thought to another, a darker one, was but a step. What if Jack Valance were prevented from turning up on Saturday! The stephen Blane would hold Molly to her implied pledge, and he would be assisted by, her natural anger at Jack having failed his side,

If it could be done without exciting suspi-cion, so that it would appear that Valence had funked the match. That would be splendid!

Could it be contrived? Could it be contrived?

Stephen Blane's brain was busy as he walked home to Hilton in the spring twilight. He had always been an honourable man, and a good aportsman. The latent capacity for evil in his heart had nover been called forth. New the temptation came, and he succumbed to it. that the course of true love would have run smoothly for him but for the coming of this stranger from the distant city. He could not quite satisfy his conscience. Yet he did not equite satisfy his conscience. Yet he did not equite satisfy line consciences. Yet he did not equite satisfy line consciences. Yet he did not equite satisfy his conscience. Yet he did not equite satisfy his conscience. Yet he did not equite satisfy his conscience. Yet he did not equite satisfy his conscience.

THE 4th CHAPTER.
Kidnapped-And a Stroke of Luck.

ATURDAY morning!

Jack Valance stepped out of the train at Westlohne, the mearest training the strong of the training at Westlohne, the mearest training training the strong training train

"Yes," sain Jack.
"Mr. Merodith sent me to meet you hore.
sir," said the man, with a nod towards a warsir," said the man, with a nod towards a warsir, "said the man, with a nod towards a warlack looked puzzled for a moment. It was
only a mile to Merodith Farm by the footpath
over the fields, and the morning was a fine one.
By road is was three miles. It had been understeed that he was to walk from the station.
"Sure there is no
mistaken" he asked.
be met here; and, as
a matter of fact, I'd
just as soon walk. It
would be quicker."
"Don't know anything about that, sir,"
said the man stoldidy.
"Mr. Merodith, he
give me the order to
the train for you."
"Oh, very well: I
"Oh, very well: I

"Oh, very well! I suppose it's all right!"

and price in the same of the control of the trap, and the man took his seat and drove off. The young and feeling very fit. The trap as boking and feeling very fit. The trap and both to the same of the control of the

"Where are you going, my man? This is not the road to Molesford."

going, my nan't This is not the road to Molesford."

"Short cut, sir," said the man. The trap had The trap had The trap had trap

The attack had been so sudden, so unexpected, that he had no chance of resistance. He caught a brief glimpso of two dirty, benrded faces, and then a cloth saturated with chloroform was pressed upon his face. His senses swam. One terrible effort he made to break

"THE BOYS' HERALD."

loose, but it was in vain. He sank back help-lessly. His strength was gune, though a glimmering of consciousness lingered yet.

The cloth was gone from his face. Two men glared down at him, and the beard of one of them, torn away in the brief but terrible struggle, was hanging by a single wire. It was a false beard, but it no longer diongelousness are the struggle was the struggle was false beard, but is no longer diongelousness fields dark Valance knew that one of his assailants was Stephen Blane. Then he knew no more.

more. Some property of the state of the did not know. Consciousness began to return fittilly; he straggled from the influence of the drag action arranged from the influence of the drag ache in the head, a curious sensation of tightness out pain in his limbs, and his hands somed frozen. With a start at last he came to himself.

seened frozen. With a start at tast no came to himself.

The was lyine on his back on have ground.

The was lyine on his back on have ground.

The was lyine on his back on have ground.

The was lyine on his back on have look of the some rained shed, in some solitary spot. His mouth was numbed; is gag was fastened become in the same was control for by the fact that his fembe was accounted for by the fact that his feet were bound together, and his wrist were to lay, and his hards were immersed in a puddle of water. He had been thrown care-lessly into the shed by his captors, and they had evidently not cared for his health or com-fort.

What did it all mean? The glimpse he had had of Stephen Blane's

crack. Pluck and endurance won their reward. With every effort looser came the fastening. "A fierce delight thrilled Jack's broad. Scon he would be free. Fortune had strangely control of the first straightforward of the first straightforward for the first straightforward for

The rest was the work of minutes. His hands free, he soon removed the gag, and tore the cord from his logs. For a few minutes he exercised to restore the circulation in his cramped limbs. Then he quitted the shed.

cramped limbs. Then he quitted the shed. Where he was he did not know. A stretch of moorland was round him, but in the distance rose the spire of the church. He made that his goal, and set off at a steady tramp: then sat he effects of his ill-usage wors off, his pace increased to a trot. He was running well when he came out into a lane, and kept on to a village street. As he had begun to suspect, it was not Molesford Church. Motestaged, the same of the street was no vehicle available for the journey, and there was no vehicle available for the journey.

ford was two miles away, as he lektroid on inquiry, and there was no vehicle available for the journey.

See what the teeth are the seed of the seed of the lektroid of the le

could have told her where Jack Valance was— or he thought he could.

There was a buzz in the crowd—it swelled to

a roar.
"Here he is!"

"Here he is:"

"Harrah:"
Molly gave a cry of joy.
Stephen Blane tarned white.
A minble figure was bounding madly towards the pavilion. It paused for a second to wave a hand to Molly, and disappeared inside. It burst into the home dressing-room.

"What does this mean?" said Owen Meredith stortily.

dith storally.

Jack Valance recled against the wall.

Am I in time?"

Yes, but —"

"Yes been kidnapped!" gasped Jack hurricidly. "No time for talk. Explain afterwards. Give use a rub down, somebody, and help me into my things.

There was a general exclamation of amasement, but an Jack said, there was no time for talk. He had a rub down, and rapidly donned the Melessford white and blue. There to Moles.

I was time. The teams out into the field with the Moles.

to his comrades. They listened with dark brows.
"You are sure it was Blane?" asked Owen Meredith.



face explained the mystery. The Hilton captain had kidnapped him to keep him out of the match that afternoon. It had been no the match that afternoon in the match would lie till one of his kidnapper chose to come and release him. Ho shuddered. What would One Meredith match? What would Molty think?

He was safe till they chose to let him go. Then he would not be able to prove who had kidnapped him. Even if he could, that would hold hot unde the Wanderers victory. He gazed through the nearest gap in the shattpert one ould not be two hours to the kick-off. In a couple of hours at the farthest Moles and wanderers would meet in strife, while he lay there helpless as a log.

His eyes blazed, and he struggled furiously with his bends. A thrill went through him.

with his bonds. A thrill went through him. He fel's relaxation of the fastenings on his wrists. He understood at once what caused it. The puddle beneath him, in which his hands and wrists were chilled to the bone, had soaked through the rope and softened it. He had been bound too tightly to hope to release himself but for this fortunate chance. His beart bard. He straiged at the bonds. Joy, they were giving:

Strong was the young footballer, and un-nfraid of pain. He strained at the bonds till the bones of his wrists seemed as if they must

-Qallantly Won! The Rugger Match

The Ruger Match - Gallarety Worlt

The Ruger Match - Gallarety Worlt

The Ruger Match - Gallarety Worlt

The Ruger State - Gallarety Worlt

The Ruger State - Gallarety State

Owen Meredith and Molly were anxious and alarned. Where could he be? He had failed had viried to his diggings in London, and had received a reply to the effect that Mr. Valance had left by the earliest train as arranged. Yet he had not arrived at Molesford. When he capitale train as arranged. Yet he had not arrived at Molesford. When come to dow the state of the control of the capital train as arranged more so was Molly. Surely Jack could not have failed in his faith? He must have been for the could be victim of an accident. Yet if there had of it?

As the hand of the clock crept towards the half-hour, Meredith looked gloomily at his

half-hour, Meredith looked gloomily at his comrades.

"I don't understand it," he said, "but if Valance isn't here in five minutes more, I shall decide to play a substitute."
Wondering conjectures were buzzing round the ground. There was a huge crowd in attendance. All Molesford and half Hilton were there. The Hilton men were now in the football field, punting about with a practice ball. Five minutes more.

Molly still leoked. Five minutes more.

Owen gave up hope. Molly still looked eagerly, anxiously, for a sign of the missing footballer. Stephen Blane, the Wanderers' captain, glanced towards her and smiled. He

"The Winning Boat," by Charles Hamilton, Will Appear Next Saturday.

**** GALLANTLY WON.

(Continued from the previous page.)

~ "Onic sure," said Jack. "But it might be hard to prove: and we don't want to make a football scandal, so I think we'll say nothing about it. We'll punish Blane by licking him on the Rugger field. The fellow wants punishing, and he can't have a severer punishment that that."

And the others agreed.

And the others agreed.

The Wanderers kicked off for the second hall. They followed it up with a rushing attack. The witte shirts of particular that the second hall back before the discovery and the second particular three wanderers, right on the home twenty-five. In the serum, Blane houged to repeat his early success, and send the Moles staggering over their own line. But it was not to be. Out came the ball, skilfully back-heeled to a home half, and Owen received it. A grip was on him in a flush, but he sent the ball to Jack, and a roar went up round the ropes.

"Valance is off."

Off he was, on a gallant run. But he was a

"Valance is off."

National State of the was on a gallant run. But he was a marked man. Right at him went Stephen Blane, and downer was the state of the state of

Wanderer is ready for the hall, and, with a powerful kick that lifts it high into the air, he sends it sailing over the home half, the sends it sailing over the home half. For it And Jack Valances over the standy to take the Coron to the C "Caught!"

A roar, deepening like the roar of the sea.

A roar, deepening like the roar of the sea.

"Caught! Oh, well caught, sir!"
Yes, it is a fair catch. The leaping figure comes down with its right hoci jammed in the sward. Pheep! goes the shrill whistle; Stephen Blane grinds his teeth.

"Caught! Oh, well caught! Bravo! Good old Moles!"

old Moles!"

Jack Valance places the ball, and Owen Meredith takes the kick. There is silence may silence save for deep breathing. Molly's eyes are bright with excitement. It is the last throw of the direct breath. The Wanderers charge madly—but it is useless. Away goes the ball—away—away—to sail in a graceful curve right over the centre of the cross-bar, and Molesford have taken the goal—sad they are two points ahead. The Moles Lew won the

be rose without a word, brought the red into Stephen's Blane's cheeks.

Sorim after even who the best of it, and a street of the street even who the best of it, and a street even who the best of it, and a street even who the best of it, and a street even who is a street even who is a street even to them, then another, which was successfully converted. They were elevers points to five now. But again fields of the street elevers points to five now. But again fields of the street elevers points to five now. But again fields of the street elevers points to five now. But again fields of the street elevers points to five now. But again fields of the street in the street is now and pride in the street elevers and pride in the street would tell him. And his own heats effort, at least, for victory. He know that Molly's eyes were upon him the street elevers the street elevers and the street elevers the street elevers and the street elevers the street elevers and pride in and Jack reads all the street elevers and pride in the street elevers and prid

WARRINGTON ST. JOHN'S A.F.C. (average age. 18) would like to arrange matches for Good Friday and Easter Monday thome and away), 18 miles radius of Warrington. Only teams with good grounds need apply to 6. S. Parkes, Hon. Secretary, 92, Forster Street, Warrington, Lancashire.

was mere anomay more and away), is mide redules whereing to flay leans will need ground-rester street was reinged in the least result of the rester street. Warrington, Lancabitic.

170 JUNIO FOOTBAIL, TEAMS, Princett any team around Sefton Park or Penyste, Liverpool, any team around Sefton Park or Penyste, Liverpool, and Jacob Street, of Park Lane, Liverpool, Jacob Street, of Park Lane, Liverpool, matched, house or away. Also a few players required—Apply, Knight, 10, Hillington Street, Pinilton, N. N. NIMENS A. F.

S.W. SANDHEYS A.F.C. (average age, 14; colours, red) want matches at home or away within three miles radius of Waterloo. Can play at Liverpool.—For dates apply to E. P. Eden, Secretary, 10, Sandheys Grove, Waterloo.

dates apply to R. P. Edon, Secretary, 10, Sandhoys (trove, Waterloo.

CENTRAL ATHLETIG F.C. (16, medium) require a match for Easter Monday, home of many.—S. Bellin-are and the first state of the match of the Bellin of the Mid-Type Junior League, would like to play any innover team in Newcastle and district for a July any innover team in Newcastle and district for a July any innover team in Newcastle and district for a July and the Mid-Type Junior League, would like to play any innover team in Newcastle and district for a July and the Mid-Type July and Jul

A TYPEN, 44, INVICE ROOG, FIGH DESIM.
AVONDALE F.C. (15) require matches, home and
away, with respectable teams; also, two other matches,
—for Good Friday morning and Raster Monday
morning.—Apply, W. Higgs, 5, Ferndale Road, Leyton-

stone.

PARTICK YOUTHS' OWN F.C. desire dates from now onward in filas, ow and district.—Replies to Secretary, James Crom, 17, Resovale Street, Partick. EURNABY ATHEBETIC F.C. (14, weak) have all aixes open to the end of the season, within a radius of two miles of Hillsboro'.—Apply, 61, Mawhoog, 64, Burnaby Street, Hillsboro', Sheffeld. eurnaby Street, Hillsboro', Sheffield.
2nd ALLERTON F.C. (average age, 15) want dates,
ome or away, with clubs in or around Glasgow.—
Vrite to J. Hornsby, 189, Langside Road, Glasgow.—

A GOOD GOALKEEPEll wanted to join a medium team (17-18), living in Hackney or district preferred—write, or apply personally, to W. Ellett, 9, Durant Street, Bethnal Green.
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NOTICE A grand football match will be played at Laton, Good Friday, on the East Ward Public at Laton, Good Friday, on the East Ward Public at Laton, Good Friday, on the East Ward Public Ward Laton, Good Friday, on the East Ward Public March Albion. Nick-off, 2 o'clock. Referee, Mr. G. Millard. The return natch will be Jayed on Easter Monday, on Hometon Marches (Taptom Ferk). In the March Laton, East Laton, Beds. Doal scorers for the Albion worn-bast march and the Children Day at Luton, Beds. Doal scorers for the Albion worn-bast will be a state of the Children Chi

GRESLEY CROSS L.C.R. C.C. want dates away, ound Burton.—Apply, F. Milton, Secretary, 46,

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seription.—Full particulars on receipt of stampe addressed envelope to R. Stanford, 157, Balbai Hill. S.W. TWO good batemen wanted forstrong Leagu team.—Apply, W. Reynolds, Secretary, Balmozi Cricket Club, 9, Vincent Terrace, Colebrooke Rov Isbington, N. Cricket Club, 9, Vincent Terrace, Colebrooke Row, Ishindton, N. WANTED to form a Wednesday C.C. a few lads (15-16) in Small Heath and district.—Apply to G. Hewiett, 50, Whitchall Road, Small Heath, Birming-ham.

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A Magnificent Tale of Peril and Adventure. By the Author of "Handsome Harry," "Tom Tartar's Schooldays," &c.

THE materious disappearance of a certain ressel, abourd which were a number of his friends, causes Gallant Hal to collect a number of doughty followers around him, and in his ship the Silver Star go out to learn the fate of the missing vessel. He arrives at Valdinia, which he finds to be a hol-bed of privacy, and from a conversation with the governor's daughter, Ince at Raido, he learns that his friends, amongst whom is his succetheart, are prinoners in the town. He falls into the hands of a pirate named Caroli de Livana, who keeps him prisoner. Two of the men of the Silver Star, named Mittens and Trim, come ashore in disguise to learn what has become of their chief.

THE 18th CHAPTER (continued).

Mittons and Trim Find Their Diaguise Fails in Hiding Their Identity.

A NUMBER of people were abroad in Valdivia sa usual, but in the ill-lighted streets, it was not easy to make out faces, get about without exciting much attention so long as they kept moving on the property of the prop

quest.

Many a fragment of conversation was overheard, but nothing bearing on Hal. At last they came to a small, quiet square, with a huge stone seat in the centre, and here they

"Well," we haven't done
"woll," we haven't done
much good as yet,"
"No," replied Trim dolefully; "and I can't
make it out."
"We have beard a lot about the Spitfire."
"We have the sid of now a Do you think
I might give up a cigarette? Spanish women
moke."

I might light up a cigarette? Spanish women smoke."
"Do what you like." replied Mittens, "if you think it right. I'll have one, too."
So they lit up cigarettes and sat smoking awhile, and listening to the various sounds in the streets around. There was some lout talk-presently a young fellow, with a long cigar between his tooth, came swaggering by. He stopped and looked at the seated pair, whom he could only imperfectly make out in a low momenta he began to chaff Mittens. "Senor." he said, "you appear to be enjoying yourself."
Mittens said nothing, but his hand tightened on the handle of his umbrelia.

on the nanue of his university.

"Is the senerita at home aware of the way you go on when you are out?" continued the awageror. "By the saints, but you have good tasto—better than the lovely senerita has:
Surely she would like one younger for a com-

panion?"

As he spoke he drew up to Trim with the intention of chucking him under the chin with the usual logier's familiarity. But Mittens was on the alert. First he dealt him a blow across the face that knecked his cigar into his mouth like a peg into a hole, and half cheked him, in addition to esattering sparks all over his face. Then he hit him, first on the right side of the bead and then on the left.

Finally, he desterously tripped him up, and laid the Spaniard, bewildered and knocked out of time, upon his back.

"We will now retire," said Mittens, offering Little Trim his arm; and at an easy pace they strolled away.

Whether the would-be Lothario was really knocked out of time, or whether he deemed it prudent to abstain from pursuit, is uncertain. He did not follow them, and so far all was

weil.

Turning into a broad street, Mittens, with
the air of a very heavy dancing-master, conducted his companion down to a saloon, outside of which a girl was singing and playing
on a guitar. She had a sweet voice and a
pretty touch, so that it was no marvel a
knot of admirers had assembled.

knot of admirers had assembled. On the outskirts of the little crowd Mittens halted, keeping well within the shadow, so as to hide his face. Little Trim, who was not so indifferent to a pretty face as he sometimes pretended to be, was rather taken by the singer, and listened intently to her song.

A minute or more might have elapsed when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and a low-pitched voice whispered in his ear: "You are a stranger, and not a woman! What are you doing here?"

THE 19th CHAPTER.
Beneath the Oltadel—Hal in Porli—A Bid
for Liborty.

HE citadel of Valdivia was constructed at
a time when there was need for the confinement of many prisoners. The collalevel with the ground, others below. Of the
latter the garrison as a body knew little. The
innumerable passages were not tempting to
explore, and for a long time had not been used,
therefore neither the governor nor the citadel
guard knew much of them.
Welsace was the exception. He had always
to be a supplied to the control of the citadel
guard knew much of them.
He had always
to be a supplied to the citadel
guard knew much of them.
There was no snok or cerner of
the citadel, above or below, that he was not
familiar with. After the death of his son he
became stranger than ever, passing nearly all
his time in the unfrequented parts of the large
building.

amiliae with. After the death of his aon he became stranger than ever, passing nearly all his time in the unfrequented parts of the large building.

Now, when Gallant Hal was led from the room, the way of his sale keeping became a room, the way of his sale keeping became a year in the large heart of the large his heart, stepped forth.

Safe bhod, asfe find, 'he said. 'I will put him into one of the lower dungeons.'

He was allowed to have his way; and Hal was taken below, through intricate ways, to a did not come through direct, but by a slanting shaft from above. Je was a damp, haysen, dees did not come through direct, but by a slanting shaft from above. Je was a damp, haysen, dees did not come through direct, but by a slanting shaft from above. Je was a damp, haysen, dees guard retured. Velascoe, lingered for a moment. The way was the same that the same through the same throu

"Go way," he said gently. "You waste only son.
"Go way," he said gently. "You waste your breath in threatening me. Whatever my fato may bo, I do not fear it. eturned. Velascor. But would not be the said gently. "The said gently was the broken. Strong men can be made as childrent son. But would not see to made by A spirit can be broken. Strong men can be made as childrent son. Hat turned you may sing a different song. You shall sing it?

Hat turners was and the old man, clawing the said was the said of the said was turned. The door cleanged, the look was turned, bolts drawn, and Hal was alone. He sat down upon a stone bench that formed the only seat in the place, and reflected on his position. Brave the place and reflected on his position. Brave the place and reflected on his position. Brave plainly before them, and Hal was porfectly conscious of the danger he was in. For aught he knew he might be hanged or shot within an bour.

Caroli de Livana would, if left to himself, assuredly show him no mercy. Nor was any to be expected from the governor; and Volascow provides the property of the provides of t

The current of his thoughts may be imagined. They brought him little hope, and yet he was not one to despair. He had been some time by himself without food, when Velascoe returned, bringing some bread and

iome time by himself without food, when velasoon returned, bringing some bread and water.

We do not fatten the animal we kill tomove. The sead modelingly.

Hall made a regular to the sead to the sead of the se

to the rope. "is this. It is a dog's death I design for you're came behind him, he pointed to the roof of the cell. Hall involuntarily looked up, and asw, for the first time, a large iron ring fixed in the stonework above. The use for which it was designed was too apparent. The left the prospect of being cut off in the very appringtime of his life, he was not going to show the white feather to his foe. The ruffian with the rope leaped upon the bonch and delty passed the rope leaped upon the bonch and delty passed and the rope leaped upon the bonch and delty passed. A contract of the ruffian with the rope leaped upon the bonch and delty passed and the rope leaped upon the bonch and delty passed. A contract of the ruffiant was an another than the rope leaped upon the lone, and the ruffiant was an in ohurry. He wanted to get all the neighbours he could out of his hour of triumph. Half as rune had been bound by the practically helpless. But, for all that, he was determined upon not yielding without a struggle.

decrinates struggle.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" demanded the pirate chief.
"Nothing," was the answer.
"Will you not beg for your life?"

Caroli signalled to his subordinate to get ready. The man grasped at the end of the cord, and prepared to hau! Hal up to the ceiling, and prepared to hau! Hal up to the ceiling, and prepared to hau! Hal up to the ceiling.

"I may tell you," said Caroli de Livan, against the wishes of your darling Ines, but I have sworn to have your life."

"Cease your prating, man," said Hal; "or, if you are a man, loose me, and let us ettle everything with the sword, like man 1" to regard drew his dagger and flourished the before the constitution of the co

"Can you fight with this weapon?" he de-

manded.
"I would try." replied Hal, "with that or any other weapon. But you are mocking me."
"I am," the pirate answer.
"Har me one moment."
Hal was quietly straining at his bonds, hoping to loosen or break them. The pirate looked at him curiously.
"You are yielding." he said.
Hal, with an assumption of fear, turned his

vengeful hiss.

"A curse upon you British!" he said. "Are you never conquered!" he crit from the cell, a dancerous foe. Hal, eveing him closely, swiftly knotted the rope. There they stood facing ach other, as strangely matched as ever were foes in this world. The pirate, of course, had an immense advantage, for one blow of his weapon might be fatal, while that of Hal would only deal a blow possibly of no great moment to the receiver.

deal a blow possibly of no great moment to the receiver.

But, notwithstanding the disparity of waspons, Caroli de Livana was in no hurry to attack. Hall's fearless demeanour awed himor, at least, made him war. He designed to back out of the cell, and by closing the door and the standard of the cell, and by closing the door His intention was promptly discovered by Hal, who suddenly rushed at him, with his novel weapon raised in the air. The pirate quickly stepped back, but not in time to avoid a blow across the face that blinded him for at the control of the control of

Hal's pulse was throbbing with joy. The tables had been turned in a way he had hardly dared to hope for. A carelessly-tied knot and

his indomitable courage had temporarily saved

his indomitable courage had temporarily saved him from a terrible death. The passage was very dark and he knew that it was but one of many he would have to travesse or to reached the light of day.

"Safe bunk, aste find," Velascoe said; and he had placed his prisquer in quantity of the best of the same passage, and the head placed his prisquer in Quiet of the best passage, only for a moment, to settle which was passing, only for a moment, to settle which was to go, he heard the voices of ment, the clang of arms, and trampling of feet the course of the passage of the same passage of the same passage with the quart.

was the prizes who had fed returning with the was the prizes who had fed returning with the In a moment or two they appeared at the far end of the passage, two or three carrying lanterns, and all with drawn swords. Hat could do nothing against such odds, and he looked around for some means of excipe. The door of which stood open, in a cell cloop by, the door of which stood open, in a cell cloop by, the door of which stood open, in a cell cloop by, the farther than the stood open, and the stood open of the recently occupied, where Caroli de Livann was besting the deer and calling for help. Hal peoped out and saw the graaf clustered round the cloor, while one of their number of the state of the state

THE 20th CHAPTER

"W O' are a stranger, and not a woman. What are you doing here?" These were the words poured into the ears of Little Trim with a startling effect upon that young gentleman's nerves. The voice of the speaker was musical, but that did little towards relieving him. (Continued on the next page.)

FIVE MINUTES WITH SANDOW.

VI.-FOOTBALL

In order to be a good football player, a youth must passes a sound constitution to be a sound to all the passes are sound to be a sound to a sound to a by excreting regularly all the year round, and to those who are not fortunate enough to live ga active On rising in the moratule, have less of the manufacture dumb-dell exercise, followed by a bath or stong-down to the sound to be a sound to be a sound to be to be a sound to be a sound to be a sound to be to be a sound to be a sound to be a sound to be known to be a sound to the day's work. Pay particular attention to breathing excrises, as these solid examine the close and strengthen the staying

Walk as much and as often as possible. If you cannot walk all the way from your home to the office, walk part of the way and practise deep regular breathing whilst walking.

Partake of a mixed diet—plenty of vegetables (not too many potatoes), drink covoa in preference to tea and ordee, and to not est within two hours of going

to bed.

Before you "turn in" for the night, have five or minutes' work with the dumb-beds, and keep your

ten minutes' work with the dumb-ells, and keep your window open aumner or winter.

with the work with the state of the work with the state of the work with the state of the work with t



Exercise 17.-Ready Po Arms by sides, heels together, toes pointing outward, rise on tip-toe.

MOVEMENT.

Slik slowly down, knees apart, body upright. Heels must not touch floor. When the last limit has been reached return to first possible. The heels must not all the reached return to first possible. The heels must not all the reached return to first possible and reached return to first possible and reached the reached return to the reached reached and reached rea MOVEMENT.

本等分类的管理等等等等等等等的等的等等等等 GALLANT HAL.

(Continued from the previous page.) Āreurus andreseratā

Little Trim had a revolver beneath the light shawl he was wearing, and instinctively his hand moved towards it. "Don't be silly!" continued the speaker behind him. "Turn and look at me. I am a

woman.

Little Trim did as he was told, and saw before him a decidedly pretty party with a laughing face. She put her hand upon her lips

laughing face. She put her hand upon her lips as a sign of caution. It is a sign of come with me and a sign of come with me and a sign of come with me and a sign of the sign of the sign of the sign of the guitar, rolling his head and eyes about, and accompanying her with a very soft 'Tra-la-la-la-la'.

Never mind him, 'said the girl, atill speak.'

Never mind him, 'said the girl, atill speak.'

The sign of the wase any time, for your captain's sake.'

rolling his head and eyes about, and accompanying her with a very post "Tral-ha-la-la-la."

"Never mind him," said the girl, still speak, ing low. Don't waste any time, for your capital the post of the post of

My name is Trim, and this is Mr. Achilles

"My name is Trim, and this is Mr. Achilles Mittens."

"Both of the Silver Start."

"Yes."

"And you are ashore in search of your captain."

"Be is a prisoner," said Mena, now speaking rapidly, "and his life is in porill."

"Where?" saked Little Trim.

"In the citadel. Caroli de Livan holds him fast. Tonight, at the midnight hour, he is to him he will be torn piecemeal. There is no mercy in Caroli."

"Why do you tell me this?" said Little Trim.

"Why do you tell me this?" said Little Trim.

Frim. The do you tell me this?" said Little Trim.

"I have been sent by my mistress to your ship. I have found you." replied Mena. "She is a prisoner, too. Her father has shut her within her room and placed a guard by her door. They do not suspect me. There is no time to be lost. You must come to the said of your captain at once—at once!" "We can do nothing—or little more than "We can do nothing—or little more than the "We." said Mena. "But you have men. Get them; bring them—bring them all abore. I will admit you through the postern-gate." Mena was now getting oxcited. As she spoke she seized his arm, and drew him from the archyay.

Mens was now getting conted. At the spoke has sericed his arm, and drew him from the archway.

"You and I can go through the streets unnoticed," she said. Your friend can follow it has been seried in the streets unnoticed," she said. Your friend can follow it has been seried in the said. Your friend shore?"

"There are sure to be some hovering about the harbour. Sin the said of the said. The said is the harbour. Sin the said is the said of th

"You are not enough," said Mena; "you will want more men."
"More men be hanged," said Manly; "we'll gam the whole town and another on top of it."

"More men be hanged," said Manly; "we'll gam the whole town and another on the many be he cannot always stand up gagainst a hest. Little Trim felt it was so, and another half a dozen men from the Silver Star would have been of immense service.

"The property of the present of time. There was none to sprach equection of time.

Then there was the question of time. Aurus was none to spare.

"I will send one man back with the boat, Derry," he said, "and he can tell Mr. Warringham where we have gone. He will take steps to help us if we should get into trooble."

"You are not enough!" said Mena, wringing her hands. "There are five or six times your number in the citadel."
"Enough or not!" said Little Trim, "we

"Enough or not," said Little Trim, "we will risk it. Lead the way."
Do not talk or make more noise than you can help," replied Mena; "you must do as you will not you are no noise. They will say the said of the

citadel.

To reach it they would have to pass through the southern part of the town, which, happily, was the loast populated. Many of the streets right, being without cafes, or any house that by any possible stretch of unagination could be called a place of cutertainment.

As before, Mena led through ways where

to fumble about the bolts. But they seemed to be of peculiar construction, and he could not pull them back.

"I'm hanged if I can work them," he said.
"There's some trick in the job."
"Perhaps the whole thing is a trick," muttered Mittens.
"We won't think that just yet, at least, not awhile," said Little Trim. "Let me come.

It was groping his way to the door when he was suddenly pulled up to the ery of a woman. It was loud and clear, and seemingly about a sorre of yards ways. It was supplemented by a fierce Spanish oath, uttered by a deep-voiced man.

a fierce Spanish eath, uttered by a deep-voiced man, gril in trouble, vaid Dan Derre, "Come, lad, let us ge to her assistance," a said Little Triu. "Follow me as well as you can in the dark. Lay hold of each other by he jacket or arm, "Itals." and beware of print, "Italian and the said Little Triu. "Follow must well all the result of the property o

THE 21st CHAPTER. Caroll de Livana's Hour of Trium

N one respect, at least, Mena had not deceived the men of the Silver Star. (fallant Bal's attempt to regain his deceived the men of the Silver Star. Gallant Bal's attempt to regain his liberty had failed. The precaution the guard had taken in locking the door vented his getting into the upper part of citadel, and he was speedily discovered.

strong room, with two small skylights in the roof, each about large enough to admit the body of a nam. They were in the centre of the centre o

ments of the Dark Ages. some of them for a use that was not to be discovered. A small catalogue alone could describe the fiendish and the second of the room was a large oaken table with a raised seat behind it, wide enough for four or five men to sit upon. No doubt this had been the seat of those who used to come the seat of these who used to come and the seat of these who used to come and the seat of the seat

"Once more," said Tarva de Rialdo, "pause. II you rouse Inoz.—."
"Hark, ye old man," interposed Caroli, "I will not handy words with her or you. Here I am the master, and ho or she who goes against my commands shall die the death of a traitor, this chamber, you shall suffer, if you seek to thwart me."

this chamber, you shall suffer, if you seek to thwart me."
"Would you dare?" demanded the governor, with flashing eyes.
"Ay—why not." was the answer. "Oh, do not bluster with me! I have prepared for this not be the seek of the seek of

The old man clasped his hands and uttered a groan of despair.

"If I were alone," he said, "I would dely you, but for Inex's sake I must submit."

With a sea, slow step he turned and left the hands are realized in the past, and now have realized in the past, and now have realized in the past, and now have realized to the realized for the class of the laugh of derision, went on with his work, and was busy with Velascoe until night set in.

Then Caroli de Livana began operations. First, he had the fire lighted in the furnace and the cruciole fixed, and lead put in to neit. On the table before mentioned he laid the included the set of the case of the control of the case of

table. Meanwhile. Velascoe had attended to an appointed duty by seeing that the great gates of the citatel were locked and the governor and his daughter in safe keeping within the

daughter in safe keeping within the walls.

Next he looked into a room where the two British officers had passed the day drinking and smoking. Both had partaken of as much the training and smoking and called out a dozon men assembled there. The men were all foliation and sa treacherous as himself almost as cruel and as treacherous as himself almost as cruel and as treacherous as himself almost as the gate, followed Velascot to the torture-room. There Caroli de Livana was awaiting them. There Caroli de Livana was awaiting them all systed. Then he took his scat, and awaited his consing.

In a few moments the alow tramp of feet has deep the stable and the safe and a sustendard the stable and the stable and and foot of the fashe. Although deprived of all sustenance during the day, the fire of his eyes were not dimmed. Caroli de Livana could not meet that storn, dauntless gaze. His eyes fell.

Then be raised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be raised them and looked at Hal in Then be raised them and looked at Hal in Then be raised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in Then be traised them and looked at Hal in The between them and looked at Hal in The between the traised them and looked at Hal in The betwee

were not dimmed. Caroti de Livana coulta nor meet that stern, daunties gaze. His eyes fell for a moment.

Then he raised them and looked at Hal in a control of the displeasure of the povernor of this citadel, and have justly earned the punishment about to be meted out to you. By the law of Valdivia you are condenned to the torture.

"Ruffian and cowardly dog," said Hal, why do you take refoge behind the rown to your design but do your whis out work of your design, but do your whis out work or cry shall come from me. I can, at least, shew you how a man should die.

"No groan or cry?" said the pirate ferredy. "Ah, we shall see! Throw him on the table here. We will see what this braggart is made

here. We will see what this praggate to of the here. He could offer no resist-

ance now.
(To be continued in our Special Boatrace Number on Saturday next.)



Hal took no notice of the old man's revilings, and, bitterly disappointed, velascoe left the cell. The door clanged, the look was turned, boits drawn, and Hal was alone.

the chances of being seen were reduced to a minimum, and without interruption they reached the back of the citadel. Two or three intervening mounds of ruins were clambered over, and the postern-dow was before them.

"it is old and decayed. At any time it may fall."

"Open that door there," said Little Trim.
"Let us have the light the stars will give."
Dan Derry was near the door, and he began

After a struggle—it could not be called a fight, because he had no effective weapon—he was a struggle—it could not be called a fight, because he had no effective weapon—he was called a struggle and the struggle

Rialdo. It was the latter he felt the more keersly. He had taken Hal to a cell, and luid him bound keersly. He had taken Hal to a cell, and luid him bound as he was upon the stone floor. There, with his lown hands, he barred and locked him in, putawin hands, he barred and locked him in, putawin hands, he had been been to be a straight of the hands of the