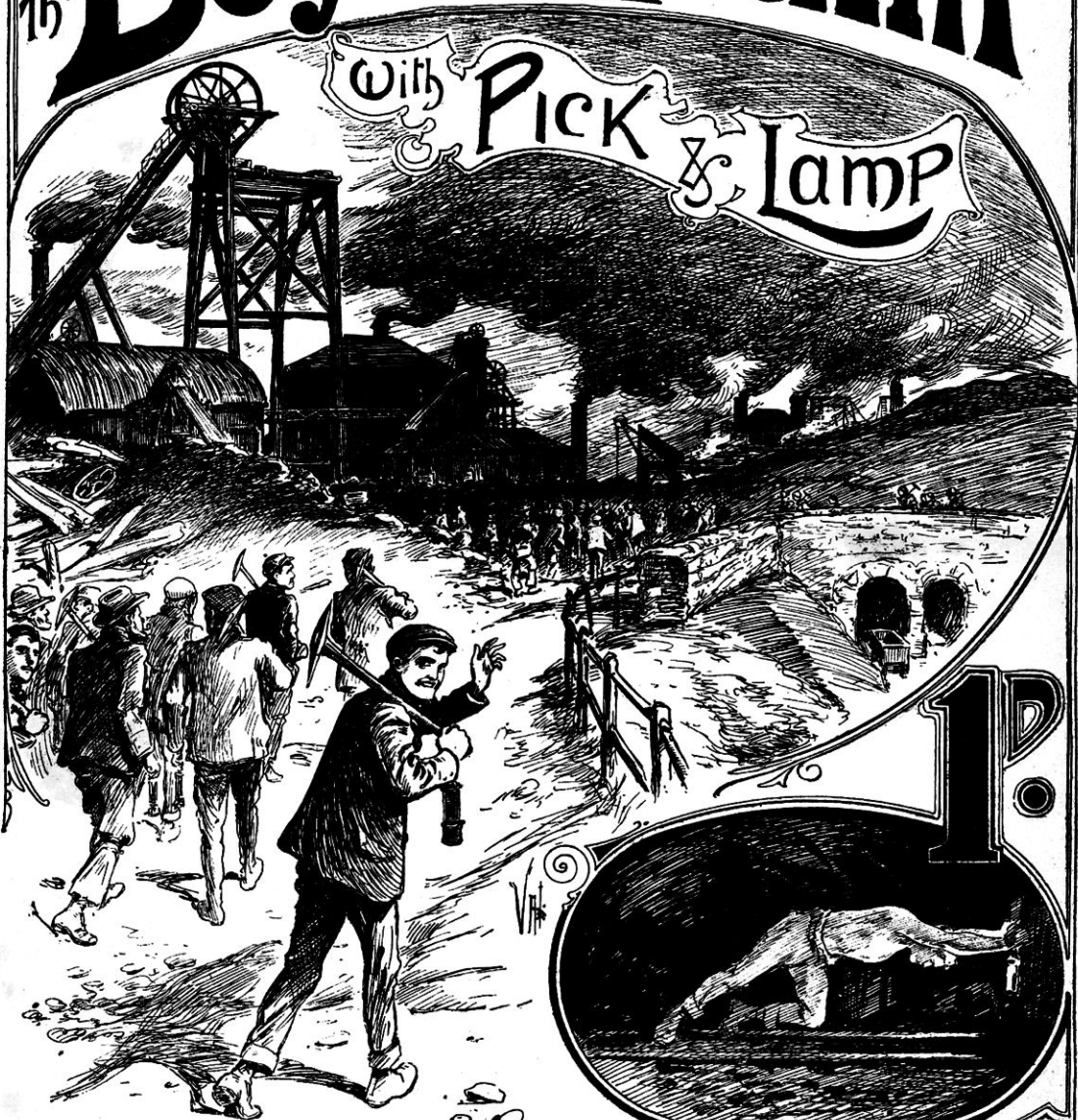


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The Boys' Realm

With PICK & LAMP



First Instalment To-day!

place, the tunnel was completely closed by a wooden door, reaching from roof to floor. Tom's job was to pull a chain and open this door...

He had a pretty dull time of it, sitting in the darkness so black that it could be felt; and the stonings crashings and rumbblings that echoed through the distant workings were unmanageable...

Tom pulled his chair, exchanged a word with the driver, and the train went through the door...

For Roddy, he had a long way farther to go for his job lay well beyond the regular workings...

These short tunnels, or "stalls," were the actual working-places. The seam of coal was a thick one, with a second row, so that good main roads, with trams and rails, could run near to the face of the coal that was being hewed...

But Roddy was not working here. Far up in '62 there was a small branch seam, through which passed six engine shafts...

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 none down on the ground of him, and were already at their business.

The stalls were fresh ones, and small. Each held only one pitman, who lay on his side, with his electric lamp next to his arm and his pick with his pick at the line of soft shale that lay under the coal seam.

Tommy Hughes had wondered why the owner of the colliery was having this seam worked, considering the distance of it, and the extra expense of putting it down to the tram; but Roddy knew the coal was good and easily got, and that Mr. Kenyon Price wanted all the output he could possibly obtain.

THE 3rd CHAPTER. How Morgan Struck a Light, and What Came of it.

THE pitman looked round at him, spat on the ground, and went on with his work without a word.

Roddy smiled amiably, seized the shovel, and swiftly loaded up his sledge. He did not care to quarrel with the man.

The slope, as has been said, was fairly steep, and the custom was to toboggan down it. Roddy had a pair of projecting runners of his sledge, and on this he placed the lamp on a clip on the front of the sledge-box.

It did not get off at any high speed. The slope was not enough to get down at a rate of four or five miles an hour, and Roddy used his heels as brakes and for steering.

straps, that fastened them on his heels, for Roddy was good at notions of this kind. He soon arrived at the main road, on to which the small tunnel, or "ford," opened at a higher level.

It was all a quick operation, and Roddy was soon on his way back again. His return journey was not without incident.

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 shales with the loads of coal and so put more on them to the hewer's credit, evidently rankled still.



A Clever Football Cartoon by "Rip," reproduced by kind permission of the London Evening Standard.

journey that either boy or man opened their mouths. When they did, it came with a vengeance.

It was when Roddy was pushing the empty sledge quietly into the fourth stall that Morgan was kneeling on the floor—there was not height enough to do much more than kneel—engaged in an action that made Roddy's hair fairly stand on end.

The pitman, of all things in the world, was lighting a pipe!

It was a wondrous sight, and drawing badly, Morgan uttered an oath, and struck another match.

Morgan 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 fool!" he cried wildly. "What are you doing?"

It was a wondrous sight, and turned on the boy like a tiger. He aimed a savage blow at him with his fist, which Roddy dodged.

had left lying on the coal, and faced his assailant. Roddy had no intention of using such an ugly weapon, but the space was small, the enraged hewer had cornered him, and there was no saying what the sudden ruffian might do.

"No! There's three or four fools who sometimes risk it when they think the viewer ain't near, an' who smuggle pipes an' tacey in; but even they don't do it when there's much gas about; an' the biggest pudden-head of the fore wouldn't try it up here in '62! You know salt well here, Aberdeen. Pit's one o' 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 goab, I thought we

and she was left him not to an' broke the pipe!" cried Morgan quickly; "an' then he was going to hit her with the pick for saying so."

Roddy was quite taken aback by this cool falsehood. But Mr. Glass turned to Morgan, so fiercely that the hewer drew back.

"It's not the boy's doing; it's he! scathingly. 'He's neither idiot nor criminal enough to do that!' said Morgan. 'I suspected you of this before now, Morgan, an'—'

"She was never smoke in a pit in her life!" cried Roddy.

"We'll soon prove that!" said Mr. Glass, and suddenly grabbing Morgan by the coat he twisted a hand into his side-pocket, and brought forth a small square of paper, which he twisted, nervously 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 CHAPTER. The Wrath of Mad Matt. "WOL" scouldered!" cried Glass. "You're not only a criminal and a liar, but a lamer, an' a snorter, an' a scoundrel."

"The only wonder is that the pit isn't full of dead bodies from end to end! You deserve hanging."

"I was taking such talk from no one!" snarled the hewer furiously, and made a grab at his pick, which Roddy had dropped on the ground. But the tall viewer jerked him away from it.

"None of that, you lout! I wish I'd had you searched before you came down. It's a thousand pities you're properly registered under these rules in this pit like they have in the North, so that you could be taken before a magistrate an' sent to a dose of quinine."

"I heard what you were saying to this ruffian as I came up, and I understand. Ljerd, he called through the cut into the next stall, 'Come an' take Morgan an' place the wickets, will you? I'll send another hewer to take you. Don't fear, Owen; I will see you get credit for the bit!'

Roddy, stood separating his head when the viewer had departed. Terry Lloyd came in, grinning from the next stall, and found him looking at Terry Lloyd.

"There's an end o' Morgan," said Lloyd. "It's no great loss to Coed Coeh, I'm thinkin'. I heard the row in my stall. You ha' got him out o' the pit, an' he's a good one."

"Yes; but hang it, I didn't mean to get him sacked," said Roddy ruefully. "He ought to be, o' course, an' gaeled as well. But I never thought of firing the powder down on him like that, nor supposed that Glass was anywhere near. It makes it look so like sneaking."

"Don't worry 'bout that," said Lloyd. "If ha' smoked in the pit myself when I was younger, but I gave it up three year ago, an' never did it when there was any proper danger, either. I ain't much stuck on rules an' regulations, but I own it gave me the shivers when I was a boy."

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

"Nothin', Terry, only even then I don't do any more than speak to a viewer if I didn't do it. I'll have to go an' tell Mr. Sully so."

"Well," said Lloyd philosophically, spitting on his palms and wiping the pick as he set to work, "as you please, young un. Morgan's gone, an' I've got his stall, which is easier to work than any o' the others in the pit. You'd best watch out, he don't get hold o' your lator, on though."

"I'll clear him out o' Coed Coeh," said Roddy. "An' I don't care for Terry any more. I'll load up this last lot for you, him."

WITH PICK & LAMP. (Continued from the previous page.)

Roddy had a busy time of it for the next few hours, for the two hovers he "putted" for now were quicker and better workers than...



LEPAUL'S FRANTIC LEAP. DOYLE had taken Lepaul'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. "I was told that this river is the only way out of the country, save over the almost unclimbable mountains," answered Lepaul.

Their eyes rested on the Sirius, which was moving a couple of hundred feet above them. The white glare of its fore air light, which the professor had turned upon their face, rendered him invisible where he stood behind it.

The pursuit was abandoned. But the fugitives were anything but safe. The two light paddles which they kept pace with the canoe; but his occupant, who perceived the others' danger, was powerless to help them.



THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN THE WHALER AND THE ARAB DHOW. See Cecil Hayter's Enthralling Whaling Story, "From Pole to Pole," now appearing in "The Boys' Herald," 1d, Every Thursday.

THE AIRSHIP'S QUEST. A FINE ADVENTURE TALE BY L. J. BEESTON.

Further could be done, Lepaul cried out in an excited voice. "Hold tight all! Steady—steady!" The warning was needed. The foaming river suddenly ran between the walls of a ravine.

In an instant the boat was whirled into the howling torrent. The canoe, school and its crew, were hurled into the vortex of the maddened water. The airship went up with a great bound to clear the water.

A hundred times during the terrible journey the boys gave themselves up for lost. A hundred times, by a miracle, the fragile canoe escaped overturning. Tom and Doyle worked heroically to bale out the water that spurted in, for the craft would have sunk within the first minute of its wild ride.

Lepaul crouched in the stern. His face was pallid with fear. Doyle flashed a look at him once, and was startled by its appearance. He seemed paralyzed with terror, utterly unnerved by the uproar, and the cliffs that were flashing by the speed of an express train.

The boys followed the direction of his eyes, and grasped his intention. It was one of madness, and a simultaneous shout of "Don't!" broke from them. It was too late.

The Death of Lepaul—in Dire Straits—A Struggle for Life. He had the ghost of a chance. The maddened river was boiling along at thirty feet deep. By a great and final effort Lepaul lifted his head and shoulders above the water, and the occupants of the canoe caught one last sight of his white face.



vainly beseeching eyes. Then he disappeared. Horrified though they were, they had not time to speak of it, for the canoe was being whirled on at even greater speed. Tom, snatching a moment for a glance abroad, suddenly cried out: "What's come of it?" In the distance, down the long, straight bed of the canon, was what appeared to be a vast black natural curtain, into which the water of the mountains. It was no sooner discerned than they were in it. Straight ahead that night-filled, mysterious tunnel shot the boat. The noise of the river, confined overhead and on either side, broke with a thousand echoes. The tumult was terrific. "Down, down, ye!" bawled Pettigrew, and set the example. The wisdom of the proceeding was obvious. Tom, who had been told that it would narrow down? Or some jagged fragment of rock, pendant from the roof, might split the boat. Pettigrew was in the bow, where he lay face downward, holding the paddle across the gunwales to protect the boat from being dashed against the sides of the shaft. The darkness added to the horror of the situation, but as the fearful seconds passed the fact that the atmosphere was growing steadily hotter appeared to him. This mad river, which had appeared to be a mere hole in the bowels of the earth. The trio felt the perspiration already trickling over their bodies. Breathing became more and more difficult. But by slow degrees the violence of the subterranean river was decreasing, while the atmosphere was becoming more and more tolerable. Though they could not see it, a hot vapour was rising from the water—a scalding steam that made breathing a task. "Slower and slower! Hoister and hoister! Doyle lift his senses swim. He called out in a husky voice. Doyle turned to him. He called to Pettigrew, and the faintest, mumbled response replied to him. Had Tom been so far from the boat, he would have encountered a hard surface, and he was struck down into the canon. Only a realization that all depended on him kept him from giving up. He was within his first minutes, and, feeling upward, discovered that the roof of the tunnel was but a couple of feet above his head. He was crawling on all fours, a mere crawl, and the place had the silence of death. He shouted once more to Pettigrew, but this time he got no sound answer. He crawled forward, and the darkness was apparently stretched limitless in the bottom of the boat. For an instant the sheer terror of the position seized him, and panic surged through Doyle's brain. He fought it off. Crawling over his brother's still form he reached Pettigrew. He was clinging to the edge of the boat, and was either dead or nearly dead. Doyle pulled him in and felt for the remaining padlock. It was there. The engineer had no doubt dropped it. It had slipped overhead and was lost. At that moment Doyle felt and heard a scolding voice. Through the canopy he knew what it was. The gunwale had come into contact with the overhead rock, and so feeble was the boat that it was being crushed. The perspiration of horror and suffocation streamed down Doyle's face. But he still fought to give in. There was but one means left to him of saving the boat. He had heard of the process of "logging" a barge through canal tunnels; it was the only method left. He lay on his back in the bottom of the canoe, pressing his face against the roof, and so propelled the boat by slow and painful stages forward. It was a terrible task, and he knew that his strength was fast giving out. Doyle set his teeth and toiled on. Every inch gained might mean so much. This frightful river must have an outlet. But could he reach it? The dull despair clouding his brain told him that he could not. He was tired and enervated by the heat that his legs trembled with weakness. The pitch gloom and utter silence appalled him. He struggled with will-increasing feebleness. Wave after wave of impending unconsciousness kept drowning his thoughts, paralysing his ideas. It was at this moment that there appeared to come to his ears the noise of a steady, tremendous roaring. The canoe was moving unassisted. Doyle turned over. Surely that was a light ahead! He crawled to his knees. Yes! The blessed light of day was streaming into the tunnel; and suddenly the boat emerged into the full daylight. But the light only served to show Doyle a new and unavoidable horror. Ahead, he appeared to see only the blue of the heaven, the river, the land, and dropped away, while that deep roar developed into a thunderous volume of sound, the meaning of which he knew well. The mysterious river terminated its course over the brink of a terrific precipice! It was all over. The boat struck and was un-availing. Here was the end of all! The canoe shot forward. Doyle closed his eyes, gripped the sides of the boat, and the next moment shot out into a fallowless void. Down! down! he seemed to be falling. Would he never reach the bottom of this abyss? A scream broke from him; he struggled to rise. "Captain! He's coming round slowly!" said a voice that Doyle knew well. (To be concluded on Saturday next.)

THE 1st CHAPTER.

Poor Ginger—A Rapid Cure—More Hard Luck.

LARKINS, my poor fellow, here comes you... "Meanin' Dannie, of course?" "Yes; I can see him crossing the parade-ground," replied Sam Mixon, the hospital attendant.

"Good old Dannie!" murmured Ginger. "Ow nice it is, when one is overtaken by misfortune and laid in hospital, to have some one cooled the atmosphere and shut out the burning glare of the sun."

"I like that!" said Sam. "Overtaken by misfortune! Bed of sickness. Poor old Larkins!"

Ginger scowled at him, and he turned his head as if that was suspiciously like another laughter. "It may seem rather queer that at this time of battle and activity in entrenchment, when the soldiers were preparing for a visit of inspection from the Viceroy, our hero's robust health should have failed him!"

"So it was," he the previous afternoon Ginger had been taken suddenly ill in the ranks, and now we find him, with his red head propped up on a white pillow, lying snugly in a hospital bed. His eyes were damp, his cheeks cooled the atmosphere and shut out the burning glare of the sun."

"How is the patient this morning, Sam?" he inquired. "Don't get the same," the attendant answered. "He don't improve fast."

"Poor fellow!" murmured the lad. "We all missed him at parade, which is just as well. I hope I'll be able to see him." "Ginger, with a faint groan. "It's 'ard to be knocked out like this, in the bloom of 'calth; but I'll be glad to see you."

"Was I smiling, my son?" Ginger asked languidly. "It must 'ave been because I 'ad my eyes closed with the pain of my 'cough 'arps. But don't be frightened, I ain't got no peg out you."

"Ah, 's the right sort, 'e is. Now, if it 'ad been Old Sawbones, 'ot 'as a grudge against me, 'e might 'ave been mean enough to order me back to duty, and suffer in 'though I am. But this young medical chap 'ot is actin' for 'im durin' 'is absence, 'e seems to be a good deal more considerate."

"I hope Dr. Slammers will call it the same," broke in Dannie. "He's back, Ginger. I heard 'em say so." "He has had returned suddenly from Lucknow."

"That 's what I claimed Ginger, raising himself on his elbow. "Wot's that, eh? Old Sawbones wasn't to be back for another week. Do you mean to say that?"

"Shut up, and lie down!" bade Mixon. "Here he is, now."

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

"I was sorry to hear of your illness, Larkins," he said. "How are you getting on?" "Slowly, sir—slowly," Ginger whispered, in a weak voice. "I'm a very sick man, and if it should 'appen to come to the worst, I 'ope you'll write for my dear old Uncle Bill at Whitechapel, and tell 'im 'ow I died 'ar'p."

"You are not going to die, my poor fellow," replied the doctor. "We'll soon have you on your feet again, I 'ope. I'll miss the Viceroy's inspection."

"That's bitterly 'ard, sir." "I am glad you look at it in that way; but this trial must be endured, hard as it is. How is your eye feeling, now?"

"Wot's all wrong? This wot's do. I have had a report of your case from young Wilson, and he says with his eyes, 'I'm all on fire! It must be nothing, but a nandydy, sir, for the love of 'Eaven!'"

"It's all right," declared the doctor. "The staff will do you good. Don't be frightened, Larkins."



OFF DUTY YARN

OR, THE DIVERSIONS OF DANNIE AND GINGER.

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 nandydy?"

"You don't want an antidote. Aren't you feeling better now?" "A—'a little bit!" moaned Ginger. "Yes, sir, the fire pains are sort of passin' off, and if you'll give me a nip of flay stuff, I'll be all right."

"I'll give you a sound kicking if I have any more of your nonsense!" cried Dr. Slammers. "You scoundrel! Do you suppose I don't know 'ow you've been chaffing?" "Shaming? Me, sir, wot's been 'overin' at the point of death?"

"Yes, so it is, I am. There was nothing the matter with you but laziness. Get out of this, and go back to duty, if you don't want to be repayed."

There was a burst of laughter from the doctor, in which Dannie and Sam Mixon joined. Ginger shook his fist, and raved incoherently. Then he fled from the room and down the staircase, with his calico wrapper flapping about his legs; and just outside the hospital, as ill-luck would have it, he collided with Colonel Podgers, and hurled him on his back.

"What the deuce?" roared the colonel, as he rose up, purple with rage. "Bless my soul, it's that fellow Larkins again! Been discharged, have you? Go to your quarters, your rifle, take off that rag, and report yourself under arrest. I order you five days of extra field and confinement to barracks!"

"Just my luck!" muttered poor Ginger, as he trudged away in the broiling sunshine.

THE 2ND CHAPTER.

Plotting Mischief—Bassan Visits the Doctor—Back to Hospital.

A FORTNIGHT had elapsed, the Viceroy had come and gone, and one sultry evening our two heroes were sitting in Uncle Larkins's little shop, which was dark and cool. Out in the bazaar the natives were passing to and fro in 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 had been a Brahma bull, and therefore he was held to be sacred.

He was known as Bassan—one of the cantonment officers had given him the name—and his horns had been partly sawed off, since his temper was at times vicious.

"What's wrong with you this evening?" asked Dannie. "Don't the beer taste good?" "Sohin' tastes good," muttered Ginger, as he opened another bottle, and nothing ever will until I've got even with Old Sawbones. It was bad enough of 'im to turn me out of 'ospital, without pourin' red-hot stuff down my throat; and it was through 'im that I swel-

tered like a burger for five days, doin' extra drill."

"It was a nighting sham," 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 your stomach!"

"Funny, was it?" snapped Ginger. "Take that, my son!"

The lad received a clout on the ear, and narrowly missed a second one. He retreated as far as the door, and for a moment he gazed thoughtfully at the sleeping bull. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he stepped back into the shop and pointed to a huge tiger-skin, old and mussy, that was hanging up on the wall.

"There's your revenge," he said. "Wot do you mean?" growled Ginger. "Just what I said. I've gavo Old Sawbones a shot at a stuffed tiger once, and now we'll give him a chance at a real, living one—leastwise, he'll think it to be that. He's always advanced at night, and on such a hot night as this the door of his bungalow is sure to be open, so what's the matter with rigging Bashan up in this tiger-skin, and sending him in to pay the doctor a visit?"

"Glor'y be! That's a jewel of an idea," exclaimed Ginger. "Wot a fright it would give Old Sawbones!"

At eleven o'clock that night, as Potte Stubbs was on sentry duty at the edge of the cantonment, he received the greatest fright of his life. His attention was first attracted by a muffled noise, and then, to his horror, a monstrous tiger turned into the road close by, and advanced towards him at a shambling trot. The sentry's knees knocked together and his heart seemed to jump into his throat. With trembling hands he lifted his rifle to his shoulder, and as he was about to fire a familiar voice hailed him.

"It's all right," said Dannie, as he hurried forward. "It's only me and Ginger—and Toddy Binks and Bashan dressed up in a tiger's skin. We want you to let us through the lines."

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

"We'll tell you all about it to-morrow," said Dannie. "Mind you keep mum, Potte, and we'll do the same."

The little procession melted into the gloom, leaving the sentry still shaking with mirth. There was little danger of discovery, for at this hour the soldiers were in bed and the officers were at their evening amusements. The three scragraces should also have been in barracks, but they were not in the mood to borrow trouble with such rare sport before them.

"Here we are, my Binks, when the doctor's bungalow was reached.

"And all's well," whispered Ginger. "The door is open, glory be! And there sits Old Sawbones and his wife. We could 'ave done for a better chance." He waited for a moment, and then cautiously opened the gate of the compound, and the doctor, sitting on the rope, he added, "and when I give the word, Wannie, you prick old Bashan up and start to dandle 'im. That'll make 'im go like a horse."

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, strangely enough, on the subject of tigers.

"It was a terrible moment," said Colonel Podgers, who was describing an adventure that probably only existed in his imagination. "There stood the huge brute, within six paces, crouching for a spring and roaring with fury; but I never flinched, gentlemen. I took hasty aim, and shot the monster through the heart."

"Just the way I killed my last one," murmured Ferguson of the Engineers. "I had a fine experience up in Nepal," put in Mathews of the Civil Service.

"I envy you fellows," said Dr. Slammers. "It's the dream of my life to do a tiger."

"And the nearest you have come to it was to fire two barrels into a stuffed animal," cried Colonel Podgers. "I'll, ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Slammers!"

"It's not a bit funny," the doctor answered stiffly. "I admit that I was badly hurt once, but I refused to give up, and I showed me what I was capable of doing. I can assure you that I'm a tiger were to appear at this moment—"

He paused abruptly. There was a sound of smoking blows, and a noise like rolling thunder was heard from the veranda, and then, in less than time it takes to tell, what appeared to be a gigantic tiger with blazing eyes came bursting into the bungalow.

"Somebody shoot him!" cried Dr. Slammers, 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 doctor, after falling into the pool, and setting it, sprang up dripping wet. As the supposed tiger rushed at him, he jumped aside, chattering like a parrot, and then, where he shouted for help in muffled tones.

Bashan had things all his own way, and for a few seconds, following with rage, he stamped and snarled, and then, with a terrific outburst, then he withdrew as he had entered. He pounded down the path and out of the compound, scattering Ginger and his pals right and left; and just then, as it happened, appeared Major Mumbles, who was coming to join the card-party.

"A tiger!" he yelled. "Help, help! I'm a dead man!" Podgers, Slammers, save me! "The brute!"

Dannie and Toddy Binks had taken to their heels in the opposite direction, but Ginger took after the major, and the ball, and ran for twenty yards, so close behind him that Major Mumbles was overtaken and tossed in the air, and as he came down, luckily falling in a clumpy bush, Dr. Slammers hurried out of the compound gate with a shot-gun in his hand—the first weapon that had been within Bashan's aim, and pulled the trigger.

Bang! And down went Ginger with a screech, while Bashan, after lashing out viciously with his hind feet and belching with pain, shook off the tiger-skin and vanished at a gallop in the direction of the native town.

"I've found it! I've only peppered the brute!" shouted the doctor. "I thought I had a rifle!"

"You've murdered me, you 'djit!" howled Ginger, as he lay 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 cable you!" raved Major Mumbles, as he limped forward. "I'll teach you to set a mad tiger on to me dressed up in a bull's skin! It was a bull in a tiger's skin! Ha, I thought so! I'd have sworn to it! It's that ruffian Larkins again! Fetch a lantern, Slammers! Turn out the guard!"

They carried Ginger off to the hospital, where no less than sixteen pellets of shot were dug out of his anatomy by Dr. Slammers, who hugely enjoyed the operation; and the next morning Toddy Binks and Dannie were arrested and clapped up in the guard-house, where they were to spend the next month.

In the course of a week they were joined by Ginger, who was able to be out of hospital, though it was another week before he could sit down with any comfort. As for Bashan, it may be said that he got safely back to the bazaar that night, and felt the worse for his adventure.



What appeared to be a gigantic tiger with blazing eyes came bursting into the bungalow, and bounded off his chair. "We're lost!"

Football 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 footballer, had been recruited to join the Blue Crusaders. On the eve of his departure he meets with an accident...

Soon after Green takes his place amongst the team, and proves to be a valuable acquisition to the Blue Crusaders F.C. Reaction must be made of another of the team, a young fellow named Tom Silward...

At the beginning of the season Woolwich Arsenal had proved themselves to be one of the finest football teams in the country...

It was Coleman's goal, though Kyle was the attacker to hit the right-aver way. Garbutt failed to stay his career, and close in, Silward went to Coleman...

There was a roar of delight from the Woolwich partisans, and a shout of " Bravo, the Duke!"

The goal gave the visitors heart. There was no doubting their intention as the Crusaders were all out for a win, and had now got completely on top.

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

It was Newman's boot that struck it. It cut through himself, and so passed out with a long kick to Neave in such a way that Shepherd was unable to follow it.

There was just a question as to whether he was on the ground or not, but the referee, pointing to his first assistant, gave the goal to Neave's favour, and with a long, hard kick, Neave sent the ball straight into Powkes' arms.

It was a difficult ball to hold, a little greasy through contact with the heavy turf, and a bias had been imparted to it by the way in which Newman's boot had struck it.

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Woolwich came on to the field to a rousing cheer after the interval, and then the crowd called the Crusaders "two goals behind!"

The ball was set in motion again, and as the Woolwich forwards went on with a great went up. It seemed that the second-half was to be a repetition of the first, and some following the lead of the Crusaders.

There were a large number of supporters of the Brown Rangers present, and these turned their backs to the supporters of the Crusaders for the nonce, cheering themselves hence each time the red-shirted players made their way down the field towards Fox's goal.

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Green nodded, and five minutes before the match ended, having got in a scoring position, he kicked the ball from Drax, by which he shot straight at Ashcroft.

The International goalkeeper dropped full length, but he could not recover quickly enough, and, snatching up with amazing speed, Silward lifted Ashcroft's prostrate body, and, with a quick lift, threw it over his shoulder, and off-side.

Ashcroft, a defending player, had lost touched the ball, and the Corinthian had saved the match for the Crusaders.

At the end of the game the Crusaders force corners off the Arsenal defence, but these were well met by the Arsenal goalkeeper, and amid a hot assault upon the visitors' goal, the full time whistle blew, and the teams retired, having had quite enough of the excitement.

The scores standing at three goals all.

Crane Pays a Visit to Borden - The Borden Athletic Enthusiast in Woodstock Writs, and is named as Director - Grand Unrifle His Plan - He Receives a Reply He Little Expected - Managing Director Will Remain.

ARMED with the sinews of war, in other words, with a gun, a rifle, and a revolver, Mr. W. H. Fillingham had given him, in his pocket, Stephen Crane, alias Brent, set off with a light heart—that is to say, in perpetual danger of being arrested by the police—for Borden, his purpose being to obtain an interview with the manager of the team to play against the Blue Crusaders in the next round of the Football Association Cup, and, if possible, to extort money from the club to enable the Crusaders' team for the said Cup.

It was not a lengthy journey, and Stephen Crane, having fortified himself with a sandwich, entered the dull grey streets of the manufacturing town, which is all mills and factories, coal-mines and iron-works, a soot-stained and gloomy place in which to live, and walked briskly onward towards the Borden Athletic Football Club.

He had ascertained from a native of the place, was a mile and a half away from the town, and through closing mists of rain, he had made his way to a small inn at length he came to an enclosed space of ground protected by tarred fencing and barbed wire upon the one side, by a stout brick wall on the other, in which doors with turnstiles were set on the fourth, and where a board displayed the words "Borden Athletic Football Club" in big letters.

Crane surveyed the ground with interest. It was just such an enclosure as he had imagined. He had seen something of the sort in the park of the wall front until he came upon a door marked "Private-Club Officials and Secretary only."

Crane pushed this door open, and found that it was kept closed by a heavy iron clock weight attached to a piece of cord run over a small pulley, and he had to give a stout heave, and his body could get in here any time he wanted. Crane made a mental note, thinking the knowledge of something of the sort on the form that was to be used in each other, some of them smoking cigarettes, others pipes.

He found himself at a glance to be members of the Borden Athletic football team. "Going to beat the Blue Crusaders?" 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. "We can't go away for special training. We've been stuck in this hole of a town for the past two years without a change. No funds. We've got to make do with our own money, and only half that number when the team does badly. Pickle lot, our supporters, and they're all right, but they're only half values when times are bad. We could all do with a little more ease, and a good deal more foot milder. Besides, our training quarters are 'n't of the best. What do you say, Jimmy?"

"This to a diminutive, waxen little chap, whose eyes were expressive of his mood. "No, replied Jimmy, with a shake of the head. "Still, we mean to beat the Crusaders this time. We'll get the best of them. We'll round, look at the money the club would make! We might see better times than."

However, depression was the keynote of that club, and Stephen Crane, who had been to a great bound as he thought he saw his task made a very easy one.

"Yes, Mr. Stephen Crane is in his office," said the player who had first spoken, jerking a thumb at an inner door.

The player who did not knock, but turned the brass knob of the door and passed through.

THE FOOTBALL CUP TIE-PIN!

A NOVELTY EVERY FOOTBALLER OUGHT TO POSSESS!

If you would like a pretty little fac-simile of the English Cup in the form of a tie-pin and made of German silver you should send two of the coupons opposite and a penny stamp to

The reproduction shows the actual size of this little novelty, which will delight yourself and all your friends.



FOOTBALL CUP TIE-PIN COUPON.

Two of these coupons and a penny stamp must be sent.

No. 1.

THE BOYS' REALM, 2, Carmelite Street, Carmelite House, London, E.C., and you will receive one by return of post.

N.B. - Where clubs make joint application for these tie-pin only one stamp need be enclosed to defray postage.

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 boards, with the exception of a cheap rug which attracted the manager's feet as he sat at his desk. This desk, of rough fumed oak, was set so that the light of the window fell full and true on the manager's face. Behind him hung from brass nails on the wooden walls. There were several small wooden chairs, and a large armchair behind the manager's feet as he sat at his desk. Piles of papers crowded the top of the desk. In a corner was a wash-hand basin, a towel-rack upon which rested a dirty towel, and by the opposite wall a heavy iron safe.

The manager, "Stephen Yorke," whose faded name hid the identity of Edgar Wilson, the late manager for the Blue Crusaders, was seated at his desk smoking a foul meerschaum pipe that had been badly broken down a time and mended by a band of silver.

In a small chair set facing the manager lolled an over-dressed individual whose fawning smile and light brow had creaked upon the side of his head bespoke intense vulgarity.

The manager stared hard at his visitor, and stared back.

"I looked anything but pleased to see him," said the manager, "but you bear sir," he said, with an effort, "and what can I do for you?"

Crane jerked a finger at the other man. "To come on business, private and confidential," he said, "I can speak to you about the matter," said the man with the red tie, placing his thumbs back on the armrests of his vest and puffing his chest out. "My name is David Wilcox, and I'm a managing director of this ere club."

"Glad to hear it!" grinned Crane. "By the look of you, you're a first class sort of a fellow," said Wilcox, "and what I want to do is to get you to take over the management of the Blue Crusaders' lot."

"I've been in the game for some time, and I've got a good deal of experience," said Wilcox, "and I'm sure you'll find me a most reliable fellow."

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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 into Crane's eyes.

"None," repeated the managing director, dolefully shaking his evil-looking head.

"Very well, then, what are you going to get out of it?"

"The half of a big gate," said the manager. "Perhaps of two, if we are lucky enough to draw, and a considerable amount of kudos besides."

"Kudos! What's kudos?" said Crane, banging his hand on the top of the desk. "Hold is 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 meaningly.

"Explain yourself."

"Well, then, who is winning the matches for the Blue Crusaders at the present time? Why is it that they are ascended to the topmost position in the League, and keep their place there—eh? It's because of their forwards. The Crusaders' 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 sever against the club. The police might follow up a case red-hot, but I'll swear they'll never find a clue. I'll manage too cleverly for that."

"What is your plan?"

"That's my business. Pay me the money, that's all you've got to do."

"It could be said out of a private purse," said Managing-director Wilcox, "and could not be traced that way."

"Just so," said Crane.

"There was a half-minute's silence."

"Well," cried the villain, confident of having gained his point, "what do you say, old Wilson? Will the club support me in this? It will make you, you know."

Wilson's reply took Crane entirely by surprise. With a howl of rage he leapt to his feet. His cheeks were scarlet; his eyes flaming. His hands trembled with the intensity of his feelings. He was beside himself. The effort he had made to keep himself calm throughout the interview only accentuated his rage when at length he let himself go. He hurled himself at the astounded Crane with a rush that bore him, strong as he was, to the wall. Wilson's fingers closed about his windpipe, almost throttling him. The manager's right fist, pointing upon Crane's face in fury, and the gasping, terrified wretch was dragged to the door. Out through the players' room he was dragged, whilst Jimmy and the consumptive-looking youth, who had both come back, looked on in wonderment, and out upon the staircase.

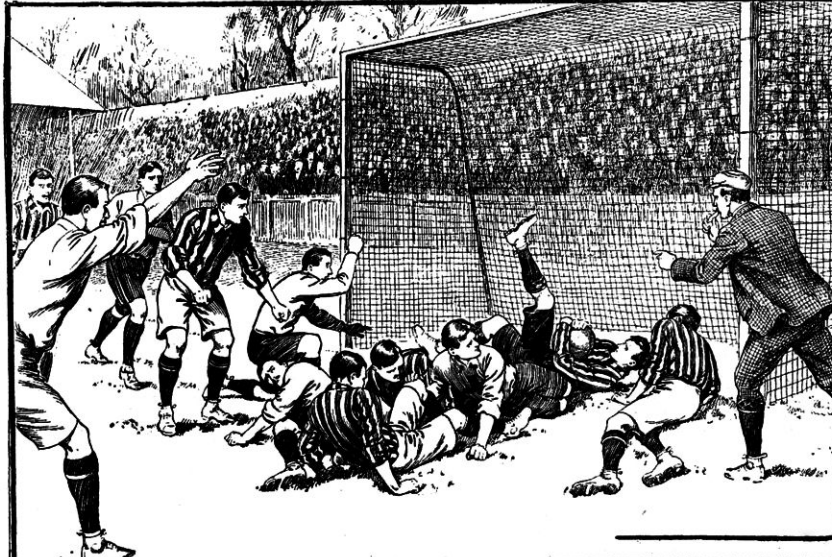
Peter Simple, genial, jovial, and the best of good fellows, had himself endeavored to give the Corinthian the best dinner the famous old hotel could ever provide. The good-hearted landlord could never forget that he had his success in life to the football club. Before the Blue Crusaders came to play at Moor Field Ground he was on the verge of bankruptcy. Now he had amassed thousands of pounds in hard cash, he had bought lots of property in Brown town, he owned acres of land about Moor Field, and he had built up the famous Half-Way Inn, at one time threatened by the housebreakers, a very valuable property. It was famed throughout all London for the best advertisements of its every railway guide.

Realizing, therefore, how much he owed to football in general, and to the Blue Crusaders in particular, Peter Simple, as a famous chief from Liverpool for the occasion, and he served up such a dinner as twice the Corinthian's fifteen pounds could not have paid for.

To this dinner came Manager Wentworth, Sir Geoffrey Harborough, Mr. Langworth, and a number of other well-known men of the town. Sir Geoffrey himself inviting them as his guests.

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

The Corinthian's health was drunk in an enthusiastic bumper at the end of the dinner—not of wine, excepting on the part of the other



Silward put forth all his strength and lifted Ashcroft's prostrate body, ball and all, into the net. The Crusaders had equalised!

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 hide the expression of his face from Crane. "There is nothing to prevent their playing."

"As yet," said Crane, with hideous meaning, "but give me 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 Silward are put through combat. Give me the money, and I'll give you my word those three men don't play."

Manager Wilson uttered a sharp cry, and his 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 cunning eyes grew vicious. He waited breathlessly for Crane's next words."

"So," said the manager slowly, "if I paid you, you'd see that these lads were put out of the game. How would you do it? You would not injure them?"

"You'd have to leave that to me," responded Crane. "I've no cause to love either of 'em. I wouldn't spare them. What you've got to do is to agree to find the money. Pay it over to me, and these three shall not play against Borden Athletic in the Cup-tie, I give you my word."

"And why," said the manager slowly, "do you think we could get the money to pay you? It could not come out of the club funds. Suspicion would be naturally directed towards anything happened to the Blue Crusaders' forwards."

"Not necessarily," grinned Crane. "Club

"You bound! You despicable crew!" cried the manager, speaking from the eyes, and a kick in the seat of Crane's breeches, he cut the villain heading down the stairs.

His body flashed round the corner, and fell over and over until the swing-door was reached. Against this his body bumped, and the next moment Crane lay in the street, gasping, half blind and bleeding, his brain whirling round in a confused dream.

When he had got over the shock he got up and stamped with rage.

"He ain't," he muttered, "I'll have his life for that!"

Meanwhile, Director Wilcox, the man with the red tie, had walked to the window of the office, 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 hoary. 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 Talent—Ewing Invited Down—His Attack upon Green, and the Result.

SILWARD was as good as his word, and on the Thursday evening prior to the visit of the Blue Crusaders to Sunderland to play the return match with the Westsiders in the League, he ordered a dinner for the members of the club, intending to use the three five-pound notes he had won from his father for the purpose.

Tables were cleared, cigars, pipes, and a good deal of other things were lit up by those who fancied them, a piano was run out at the end of the room, and the fun waxed fast and furious.

Next, the giant goalkeeper, astonished his comrades by personally conducting the Four Jolly Postboys. He possessed a sympathetic but not very powerful voice, and he sang, loud rang the chorus at the end of each verse.

Mr. Whitwell gave them to sing some funny football songs. Mr. Whitwell gave them to sing some funny football songs.

When they had finished his magnificent song, Sir Geoffrey, who had heard all about the despatching of the professional footballer, who had ever since Newcastle Way Inn, under the special care of Dr. Marjoribanks, made an inquiry about it.

"Oh," responded the Crusaders' manager, "you mean that poor fellow Evans, who used to play with Bordesley for the first time, and about him by writing to the club. Poor fellow, he is a sad story. Marjoribanks had a hard job to pull him round. For three or four days he kept on saying he was better like dying, but I am glad to say he is better now. He has been out of bed all this week, and is rapidly regaining strength. He has cost me a good deal of money, though, Harborough."

"Still, it was a good deed, and good deeds render up their own happiness. You don't regret it, I suppose, Wentworth?"

"Oh, no! From what I have heard of the poor lad's story he has suffered 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."

"He will never play football again?" I suppose?"

"No. That is impossible. His right leg is twisted. He will be a cripple for the rest of his life."

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

"I never struck me," answered the manager. "Still, it ain't too late. There will be plenty of fun before we break up to-night."

"Next moment Ewing was despatched to the hospital, and the Corinthian's cordial invitation to join the merry party below.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

FOR FAME & FAME!

A Laughable New Tale of Calcroft School.
By Popular **SIDNEY DREW.**

444

THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS SPECIALLY REWRITTEN FOR NEW READERS.

The opening of the new term at Calcroft brings with it two new scholars to that famous school. One is a dusky Indian lad named Ramandra Jal, the other a French boy named Alphonse de Bompel.

Manch, the signor of Fane, Bindley, Pye, and Manners, the Indian is quartered on them. Hitherto these four had remained in undisturbed possession of their property, and to have this foreigner thrust on them is an indignity they resent very highly. Especially do they resent the fact that he is a French boy, an Indian, and not knowing the ways of the country, they cannot rag him. But soon they are in the spite of his dignified, Arpat, Jal is not at all a bad sort.

The other new boy, Alphonse de Bompel, is quartered with Hank, Tootor, Sarcent, and Beely, a fact which brings joy to the hearts of the favorites. Some time after an attempt is made to kidnap Ramandra Jal by a dusky woman who says she is his mother. Bindley comes on the scene and saves the situation.

Alphonse gets in trouble with the mayor of the neighboring town, Mr. Bloomby. He is chased by that worthy and his majestair, and seeks refuge in the crown's best sir Blake Barbary, a retired British admiral, who demands an explanation. Bloomby does his best to explain, but is interrupted by the appearance of his rival, the mayoral dignitary, Mr. Whiffler. The scene now becomes of a highly amusing character, and Bindley and Ramandra Jal who are present in a moment are hark and found as just in time to witness it.

The Hounds Arrive on the Scene—The Rivals Bury the Hatchet.

"THARBARA, TARA!" blared the crowd and close notes of a bugle. Fane, Pye, Haik, and Manners vaulted an iron hurdle together. They were not the least of the fourteen hounds who had started. They stopped, and, scenting fun, saluted the admiral. Mr. Whiffler snapped his fingers.

"I like you," he hissed to Bloomby. "But, sir, you are only a gambolling giraffe. Why, sir, do you resemble the disgusting oysters you fust on a helpless community? I will put you to the test. Do be sure you cannot shut up, sir! The oysters you sell, sir, cannot shut up, because they are dead, sir. Even your decaying oysters, sir, will shut up, but he can't shut up."

"You are a needle!" Perhaps even a shriveled and dwarfed brain like yours, sir, may catch some glimmer of wit, sir. I repeat, Mr. Bloomby, that your poisonous oysters set you an example that you might well follow. I repeat, sir, they are dead, and Bloomby's brain would have been in urgent need of repairs had he failed to grasp this gentle hint to go home and die placidly, surrounded by the corpse of his oysters. Fane doubled up with mirth. It was a hard knock for the mayor.

"Go in, ye crimples!" laughed the King of the third. "I'll hold your bonnets and shawls. Bloomby for ever, and cheap winkles for the million!"

"Your honor smote his bosom."

"Base, chesomite," he said, "avaunt! Withering wower, I scorn you! Crawling insect, I despise you! Pooh! Bah! Growler amid cheese, slaughterer of creatures more noble than yourself—chesomite, I mean, sir—I repudiate you, sir, by the name of Bloomby. The name of Bloomby, sir, is revered in Calcroft. The name of Bloomby, sir, is a household word. Avant, gorgonzola, avant!"

"You go to an octopus, oysters!" roared Mr. Whiffler, who was losing his temper.

"And you are a mouldy mongoose, sir," retorted Mr. Bloomby, who was also losing his temper. Mr. Whiffler turned as pale as a bladder of lard. His knowledge of natural history was small. He got out of the cart very slowly.

"What did you say, sir?" he demanded—"what, sir?"

"You are a mouldy mongoose, sir," repeated the mayor severely.

A mongoose is in reality a most charming little animal, and very rough on rats. Had Mr. Whiffler made the acquaintance of one of them he might have been less angry. As he did not understand in the least what a mongoose was, he was forced to take his own word.

His mouth worked from side to side with rage. Mr. Bloomby tried to wither him with a contemptuous gaze. The gaze did him no good, but it would not wither the little bit. Mr. Whiffler thrust out his lean arm and grasped Mr. Bloomby's snub nose with his bony thumb and forefinger.

Mr. Bloomby did not seem to like such familiarity. He hit the mayor on the watch pocket. Then they pranced round in a circle with clenched fists, inviting each other to come on. The juniors wiped their eyes and held their ribs.

"Belay!" thundered the fighborn voice of Sir Blake Barbary. "Tootor! Tanks!"

"Ay, ay," Tootor and Tanks it are, sir."

Mr. Tootor and Mr. Tanks came storming side by side from the direction of the house. The reason they had faded from sight so abruptly was that they had been out without

leave. At the admiral's bellow, the mayor and alderman, who had quite forgotten his presence, lowered their arms and stood motionless.

"You see those two weevils?" said the admiral, pointing at Mr. Bloomby and at Mr. Whiffler.

"Ay, ay, sir! Weevils they was, and see 'em we do," said the two seadogs in chorus.

"Then sling 'em overboard," Pith 'em off decks! Clear 'em off my land!" bellowed Sir Blake. "I'd—I'd like to keelhaul the pair of 'em. Use violence if necessary. Break their necks. They're a brace of rapscallions, and I'd blow 'em from my guns. Fire 'em out!"

At the admiral's command, Tootor and Tanks would have done anything short of murder. Tootor seized Mr. Bloomby, and Tanks pointed to Mr. Whiffler. Mr. Grubb, who objected to getting hurt, made a bee-line for the nearest exit.

"Stay!" shrieked Mr. Bloomby. "Lay a hand on me, at your peril! I am a magistrate. Mr. Whiffler is also a magistrate."

"We are both magistrates," cried Mr. Whiffler. "You will regret this, Sir Blake! Mr. Bloomby, sir, you will stand by me."

"To the death, sir," said Mr. Bloomby—"to the death!"

"Fire 'em out!" howled the admiral. "Tootor! I'll Bay you! Tanks, I'll riddle you! Magistrate's Pooh! Fire 'em out!"

"Fire 'em out!" growled the mariners. Mr. Tanks tried to run Mr. Whiffler down the carriage-drive, but he did not find the task an easy one. Mr. Whiffler wriggled like an eel.

With a sudden twist he freed himself, and tripping over his foot, Mr. Tanks went down with a flop.

Almost at the same moment Mr. Tootor's wooden leg, which badly needed splicing, broke off about four inches from the bottom, and the mariner sat down for a rest.

"You shall suffer for this, sir!" screamed Mr. Whiffler, shaking his fists.

"To the bitter extremity of the law, sir!" screamed Mr. Bloomby. "We shall take common action, sir!"

Sir Blake dashed to the cart. He wanted something to throw, and he found it. He seized a basket of warranted nonnets. He fired a broadside with deadly effect. Tanks, following his master's lead, secured a basket of cheaper quality. He placed two on the alder-

man's hair, and one on the nape of the mayor's neck in record time.

Mr. Whiffler and Mr. Bloomby fled. It was a revelation to see how the gouty admiral could run and how accurately he could throw. Mr. Tootor, out of action himself, cheered the pursuers on.

To the horror of the pursued, the gates were closed. The admiral took to 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.

It was a glorious victory, and every man who lay down on the grass and cried with irrepressible inerriment.

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 inerriment.

How Blagg Tried to Serve a Police-Court Summons on Alphonse and Found it an Amazingly Sticky Task.

It was a glorious victory, and every man who had nobly done his duty. Sir Blake was a magistrate himself, but rather than sit on the bench with such specimens as Mr. Bloomby and Mr. Whiffler, the gallant old man-of-war's man would have pressed his forehead against the muzzle of one of his own guns and fired himself off the map of the earth with a red-hot poker.

The fact of sitting in the mayoral chair conferred the office of chairman of the magistrates on the fishmonger, and, as first alderman, Mr. Whiffler also became a member of the great council. Rough old seadog though he was, Sir Blake was a gentleman born and bred. Perhaps his ideas were not up-to-date, but the thought of Messrs. Whiffler and Bloomby administering justice filled him with indignation.

"Threaten me!" he roared. "By my tanks, I'll swing the rubbish from my yard-arms. Let 'em send me a writ—let 'em send me a million writs. Let 'em summon me for assault and battery. Fighting on my land like a couple of drunken horse-marines. Tanks, you lubber!"

"Ay, ay, sir, Lubber it shall be, and at your service," responded Mr. Tanks cheerfully.

"Toll one of the stable-hands to take that horse and cart away. Tear my topgals, boys, he said to the laughing juniors, "did I ever see the likes of it, Grin, you wicked little weevils, grin. Tanks, you mutinous dog!"

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

"If those two ruffians ever show their ugly fighreheads in these waters again—'ye see—scuttle 'em, Tanks. Open 'er 'em, and blow 'em sky high. Kiddle my bulwark! Keep your runs loaded and double the watch, Tootor, you lopsided junk, where are you, Tootor?"

"I was almost a sheer 'ulk, your honour, swab me," growled the crippled marine. "I sheered 'alongside o' the enemy, douse my arms, and looked on the grappling-iron. Belay! a tough wessel and well-anded, she

broke clear, and startin' a plank, I foundered, sink me. Until I was dry-docked and re-planked in the keel, I was out of action, do ye see? And the shootin' of the fleet, it was grand, Belay!"

Mr. Tootor was filled with delight at the recollection of the magnificent artillery-practice he had witnessed, tied his handkerchief to his splintered stump, and, being out on the bank, waved his grizzly-man's flag in the air. Admiral Barbary smiled indulgently.

It was a well-fought action, boys, a well-fought action, boys, a well-fought action, boys. Tanks, we'll serve out double grog, Aho! We'll have the pinnace for that weevil Tootor. Finace, boys!"

"Pinnace, aho-o-y!" stammered Mr. Tanks. "One would have to travel a very long way to find a pinnace like this. It was carried out with more promptitude than those of Admiral Barbary. The hail met with a prompt response, and the pinnace, which turned out to be Sir Blake's bath-chair, bore down on the group with great celerity. Mr. Tootor had taken off his broken spar, but he kept his flag flying and hepped nimbly into the chair.

Having an outstanding invitation, the jovial juniors did not hesitate to follow. They blew a few ringing notes of victory on their bugles.

"You heard 'em, Bindley?" laughed the admiral. "What do you think of 'em, tar my decks, Bindley?"

"I never did think much of them, Sir Blake," said Bindley truthfully. "But I should miss them. They've given us many a giddy old laugh. And I don't think you'll hear any more about it. They've pretended to make friends, but they'll be fighting each other tooth and nail before they've got half a mile. They hate each other too much to chum in for minutes at a stretch."

Alphonse had been quite overlooked. He stood at the foot of the ladder, quite at a loss what to do. The admiral certainly saved him from Bloomby and Grubb, but Alphonse was far from sure whether the fiery old gentleman would add his friendship to his kind protection. With quite an unusual degree of wisdom, Alphonse made up his mind not to risk it, but to make his own score.

"Tanks, you far-bawled, tea and cakes," said Sir Blake. "Swab my decks, I'll try a nip of rum myself!"

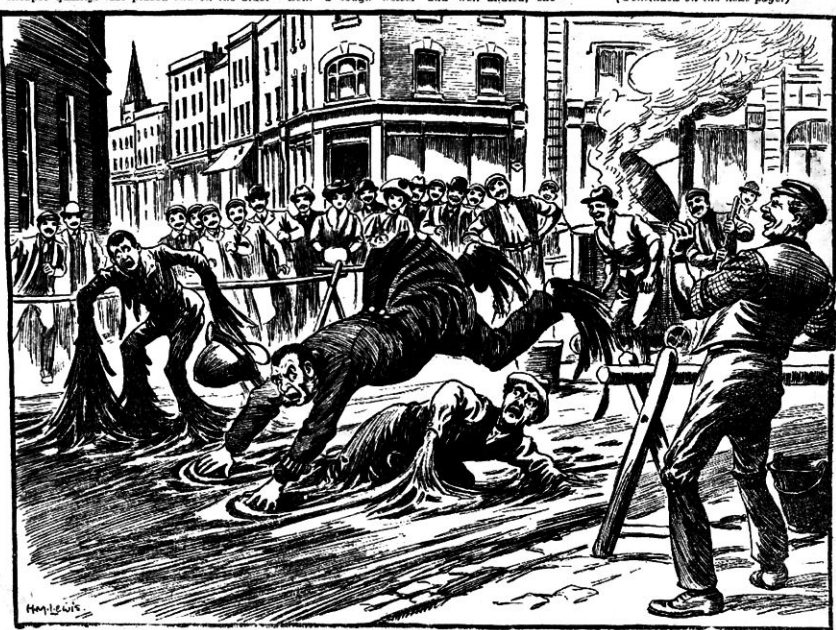
Mr. Tootor very soon had another wooden leg strapped to his stump. He kept several of these necessary articles on hand, for the waters he sailed in were so subject to gales that he was ready for such emergencies. As the admiral was providing them with tea, there was no need to go to Calcroft. The boys' overcoats and wraps were there, however, and those would be wanted.

"I know what we'll do," said the King of the Third. "They've got a telephone."

"What's the use of that when Jerry Diles hasn't you, innit?"

"Rats!" said Fane slyly. "Jerry always meets the express to see if he can get

(Continued on the next page.)



Mr. Blagg tripped over the Italian. His helmet shot from his head, and his gloves sank deep into the sticky blackness. At the same moment Alphonse rose to his feet a black and awful figure.

THE BOYS' REALM'S ATHLETIC GAZETTE

Bassett's "Corner."

A Chat with the Juniors, by W. T. Bassett.

THE INDOOR GYMNASIUM.

THOSE who have read my notes regularly will have guessed that I am not great on the subject of rigid training for football. I think that, generally speaking, the idea of training for those men and lads want, is to lead a sensible life. But sensible training has a most valuable disciplinary effect, for the lad who obeys his natural desires in one direction can conquer them in another. The lad who has the grit to make sacrifices for his Saturday game of football, has sufficient grit to make other and more important sacrifices.

But I have dealt with the subject of ordinary training here this; what I am concerned about now is the question of what the youth who plays football can do when he has the privilege of exercising two or three times a week in a gymnasium; and most lads have that privilege nowadays, if they will only use it. I am no theorist, but a great deal can be done in a gymnasium to fit you for Saturday's game. Some of the best players I have ever met have not been men who have devoted their whole time to...

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 play the longest and play the most consistently. I am prepared to defend that position against all comers, and more particularly in regard to consistency of play.

I will merely cite two cases now—Howard Spencer and George... and again being the most gentlemanly and most consistent performers I have ever known. But then, other men who are well-versed in the art of the game, have lasted abnormally well at the game. These men are contented themselves with a few nights' exercise a week in the gym.

The first Scottish Counties... at which I stopped and they released their game. Each of the forwards explained to his fellow what he might expect him to do under certain well-defined circumstances, and each of them contributed to the success which the side met with.

And that was in remote 1880, let me say, and I 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 Tom C. Graham and Arthur Gould, and they won more than a week in the gym, and practiced the formation of the pack, and heeling out, and every other device which they imagined would help them against their various rivals. And, believe me, the side which did those things, was a side which will beat any undisciplined team; the possession of reasonable ability being assumed, of course.

It is possible for a club to devise many little schemes for outwitting the opposition, and these little schemes can be favourably prepared in the gym. There is often a great waste of effort among the members of a football team, owing to there being a state of uncertainty as to where the best man is on a certain man on the opposite side. Now such a point as that can be advantageously settled in the indoor enclosure. The New Zealanders taught us conclusively that we British should think out our pastimes sufficiently carefully. The American athletes taught our runners the same lessons. Let us learn them.

(Another fine article on Saturday next)

HOW TO BOX.

FINE NEW SERIES OF INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES.

LEADS AND FEINTING. It is sometimes advisable, instead of leading straight off at your opponent's mark... 1. By guarding. 2. By the sidestep. 3. By slipping. 4. By ducking. 5. 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 defence as much as possible. The next point which must claim our attention is...

your adversary's eye can be deceived, and before he knows what is going to happen you have landed your hit. "Feint" is one of the first things a lad should learn to do after he has mastered the left lead thoroughly. When making a pretence of a hit don't let your arm out too far; rather suggest your intention by an almost involuntary movement of the hand which, as soon as your opponent gives way, can be readily drawn back the hit out following instantaneously. It is not always wise to hit at the same place as you "feint" at. On the other hand, to land a left-handed head blow, you should feint at the body, and vice-versa.



NEW ADVENTURE STORY PAPER FOR BOYS. "THE GEM." Out Thursday, MARCH 14th. Order Now, and see what you can get for ONE HALFPENNY.

But "feint" should not be limited to the left alone. One with the right, quickly and neatly executed, will often provide an opening for a lead with the left. Although the practice lays one open to the possibility of an unpleasant uppercut, being explained last week; yet it is a dodge which should be well learnt, because not infrequently it happens that you can dodge a blow by ducking, and, simultaneously with the forward movement of the head, get in a telling hit. You must bear in mind, however, the fact that when you are "ducking" you are not guarding—that you are naturally open, as it were, to receive punishment. You should regard "ducking" and...

"slipping" always in the light of speculations; they may give you the very good return in the way of enabling you to land home on some part of your opponent's anatomy. On the other hand, they may not be smartly enough done, and punishment to yourself will be the result. "Slipping," in a way, has even more use than "ducking," in that it often enables a man to get out of a very tight corner; but immediately after "slipping" to one side or the other, you must make a rapid regain of your position, and be prepared immediately to attack with either a body or 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

important as the methods of delivering blows. Briefly, they may be summed up as follows: 1. By guarding. 2. By the sidestep. 3. By slipping. 4. By ducking. 5. 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 defence as much as possible. The next point which must claim our attention is... counter. In brief, this means landing home a blow on your adversary while he is hitting at you. Each important lead has its equivalent "counter"; but as we have not yet dealt with the right-handed lead, we shall have at present to content ourselves with studying the "counter" for a left-handed lead. Pressing you are both in position, and your opponent commences with a left lead at your head, to avoid his blow you must either make a swift and decided head movement to the right, or a short sidestep to the right, in which event his left arm will pass over your left shoulder, giving you an opportunity of counter-ing, or landing out with your right on the left side of his head or the point of his jaw. It is hardly likely you will achieve the latter without considerable practice; as a matter of fact, the tendency will be to hit his left shoulder, and to miss the head altogether. Should you, in "slipping," slip too far to the right, you must attempt to retrieve your error by aiming a hit at your opponent's left side a little to the left of the spine and just below the short ribs. This is known as a "kidney" hit.

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

For the right-handed lead several hits may be brought into play, but only one of them warrants attention at this stage of our work. The right-handed lead, unlike a counter, in which you retain your position and give a return hit, necessitates a decided forward movement. Advance the right foot forward somewhat, and then, when the opportunity occurs, hit straight forward with the right arm, at the same time adding force to the blow by turning the right shoulder forward.

Shoulder 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.)

CLUBS IN "THE BOYS' REALM" LEAGUE.



DEAF HILL JUNIORS' FOOTBALL CLUB. Secretary—R. H. Hackworth, 16, Railway Row, Trimdon Colliery, co. Durham.

Six-a-Side Tournaments.

An Interesting Phase of Football Dealt With.

By G. L. B. COVERDALE.

SOME readers will be familiar with "six-a-side" contests, but others probably will only have some vague ideas as to what a "six-a-side" is, or perhaps as much about it as they do of the American national game of baseball. For an afternoon of enjoyment, fun, and excitement, give me a "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—it is sufficiently mild to continue play until eight o'clock, if necessary, and the other and more important reason is that interest in football after March is on the wane, because the winners of our local leagues will be known, and probably the 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 a large number of players from all your local clubs, thus commencing good feeling and comradeship. A good start for the tournament, when Easter falls in the month of Easter Saturday, or, better still, Easter Monday, as the latter day will give your midweek half-holiday teams an opportunity of meeting.

Now, suppose that your district league have never had such a contest, bring the idea before the notice of the officials, and if they decide to have a tournament, they should bear in mind the following hints: Allow each club to enter as many teams as it likes. As there will be a diversity of our best teams, it is desirable that there should be junior and senior divisions. The entrance fee should be 2s. each team, and a set of medals will be required, but this will not be an expensive item, as six constitutes a set.

The draw for the tournament should take place a few days before the actual commencement, and the ties should be drawn right through the programme should be printed and distributed to the teams entering. Giving the draw time and place, and the various kick-offs. On the official programme should be printed special instructions and a slip allowing of a "kidney" hit.

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. 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.

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

Now for 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 is necessary to have a couple of grounds, which can easily be obtained by playing across fields, or on a football ground, having goalposts fixed on the touch-lines, and the grounds marked out like an ordinary football field, only smaller. The field will be "little difficulty in managing this."

With only six players on each side, play is naturally very fast and exciting, and the styles of play adopted in the matches I have seen have been: Goalkeeper, two full-backs (who do the work of halves as well), and three forwards; or, goalkeeper, one full-back, three forwards, and a "Rover," who should be the fastest man in the team, and should take up his place just behind the forwards, and when an opportunity offers itself, "make a dash for his opponents' posts." Players should remember that only ten minutes can be played, and that a corner-kick counts a point, and ties are very often decided on corner kicks alone.

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 rest assured that it will be an immense success both socially and financially.

THE EDIT.

If it could be done without exciting suspicion, so that it would appear that Valance had found the matter, "I would be splendid!"

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 sportsman. The latent capacity for evil in his heart had never been called forth. Now the temptation came, and he succumbed to it. He himself had the prior right, that the course of true love would have run smoothly for him but for the coming of this girl. He himself had the prior right, that could satisfy his conscience. Yet he did not hesitate long. He loved Molly, and her love was as strong as his. He had the prior right, that evening Stephen Blane had made up his mind.

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

SATURDAY morning. Jack Valance stepped out of the train at Westholme, the nearest station to Moleford. He passed the barrier and came out of the little station. A horse-looking man touched his cap to him. "Mr. Valance?" "Yes, said Jack. "Mr. Meredith sent me to meet you here, sir," said the man, with a nod towards a waiting trap. Jack looked puzzled for a moment. It was only a mile to Meredith Farm by the footpath over the fields, and the morning was a fine one. He was to be at the station. It had been understood that he was to walk from the station.

"I'm sure there is no mistake," said the man. "I did not expect to be met here; and, as a matter of fact, I'd just as soon walk as to be met here." "I would be quicker."

"Don't know anything about that, sir," said the man, then he turned and said, "Mr. Meredith, he gave me the order to come here and meet the train for you."

"Oh, very well! I suppose it's all right," said Jack, and he jumped into the trap, and the man took his seat and drove off. The young footballer was looking and feeling very fit. He was to be at the station, and Jack's thoughts dwelt upon the match of the afternoon, and the reward that was to follow a victory.

"Recently he has been looking out of a pleasant reverie with a start."

"There are you going to the station, sir?" said the man. "The trap had entered a narrow lane, and the man turned his horse. There was a lurking grin on his face as he drove away. Jack observed it, and felt an unnecessary uneasiness. For a moment he suspected that he had been the victim of a practical joke. But the idea was absurd. The man certainly did not look like a humorist. Jack should have made his time in leaving a stranger? Jack turned to pass through a gap in the hedge, to reach the footpath across the fields to the church. He climbed, with some difficulty the rugged bank of the lane, and passed the hedge, and the next moment he was sitting on the ground with two men on top of him.

The attack had been so sudden, so unexpected, that he had no chance of resistance. He was a victim of two dirty, bearded fellows, and then a cloth saturated with chloroform was pressed upon his face. His senses went. One terrible effort he made to break

loose, but it was in vain. He sank back helplessly. His strength was gone, though a glimmering 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 disguised the face, and as the last vestige of consciousness faded Jack Valance knew that one of his assailants was Stephen Blane. Then he knew no more.

How long that insensibility lasted he did not know. Consciousness began to return fitfully; he struggled from the influence of the drug as he wrestles in a nightmare. He had a dull ache in the head, a curious sensation of tightness and pain in his limbs, and his hands seemed frozen. With a start at last he came to himself.

He was lying on his back on bare ground. There was a roof above him, but through gaps the sun shone in patches of blue sky. Round him were rotting walls. He knew that he was in some ruined shed, in some solitary spot. His mouth was numb; a gag was fastened between his teeth by means of a cord passing round the back of his head. The tightness in his limbs was accounted for by the fact that his feet were bound together, and his wrists were secured behind him. They were under him as he lay, and his hands were immersed in a puddle of water. He had been thrown carelessly into the shed by his captors, and they had evidently not cared for his health or comfort.

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

crack. Pluck and endurance won their reward. With every effort lower came the fastening.

"A fierce delight thrilled Jack's breast. Soon he would be free. Fortune had strangely favoured him. Then, if he could only get to Moleford in time for the match—if he could only be there in time to play and baffle Stephen Blane's cunning plot!

The thought strengthened and nerved him. He strained harder and harder, exerting every ounce of strength he possessed to the task. At last one hand slipped out, aching, numb, but free.

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

Where he he did not know. A stretch of woodland 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, as the effects of his ill-usage were 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 Moleford Church. Moleford was two miles away, as he learned on inquiry, and there was no vehicle available for the journey.

Jack set his teeth. There was nothing but to walk for it, and he started off. It was ten minutes past two. The kick off at Moleford was at half-past two. He went along the road with a swinging trot. His pace increased from moment to moment; passers-by stared in amazement at the sprinter who passed them like a flash of lightning.

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!"

"Hurray!"

Molly gave a cry of joy. Stephen Blane turned white.

His little figure was shaking madly towards the pavilion. It passed for a second to wave a hand to Molly, and disappeared inside. It burst into the house dressing.

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

Jack Valance reeled against the wall.

And it is time to go home now, somebody, and help me out my things."

"I've been kidnapped!" gasped Jack hurriedly. "No time for talk. Explain afterwards. Give me a rub down, somebody, and help me out my things."

There was a general exclamation of amazement, but Owen Meredith said, "No time for talk. He had a rub down, and rapidly donned the Moleford white and blue. There was a cheer as he came out into the field with the Moles."

It was time. The toss was made, and Stephen Blane won it. Owen noticed his white, drawn face, and wondered. Then he caught Jack Valance's look of fierce contempt cast at the Wanderers' captain, and understood.

His brow grew stern. Stephen Blane pulled himself together. His plot had failed. But though he had not been able to deprive the Moles of their fierce quarter-back, he might have done so by hard play. And with a grim determination to win, he commenced the game.

But Jack kicked off, and the game was a trifle from the start.

The Wanderers were heavier men upon the whole, and they weighed them in the scrum. Early in the game they drove the home pack right over their own goal-line and scored a try, and it was Molly's turn to kick.

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The oval ball sails down gracefully, and Jack leaps to receive it. Two foes are rushing on him, but he gets there first, and a roar of delight goes up from the crowd. Gaiety! Oh, well! Good old Mole!

to a mere track. The driver pulled up his horse, and Jack began to look annoyed.

"You've missed the match, annoyed."

"Yes," the man admitted. "I'm a stranger in these parts myself. I must have taken the wrong turning."

"I think I'd better," said Jack ungraciously. He stepped out of the trap, and turned his horse. There was a lurking grin on his face as he drove away. Jack observed it, and felt an unnecessary uneasiness.

For a moment he suspected that he had been the victim of a practical joke. But the idea was absurd. The man certainly did not look like a humorist. Jack should have made his time in leaving a stranger? Jack turned to pass through a gap in the hedge, to reach the footpath across the fields to the church.

He climbed, with some difficulty the rugged bank of the lane, and passed the hedge, and the next moment he was sitting on the ground with two men on top of him.

The attack had been so sudden, so unexpected, that he had no chance of resistance. He was a victim of two dirty, bearded fellows, and then a cloth saturated with chloroform was pressed upon his face. His senses went. One terrible effort he made to break

loose, but it was in vain. He sank back helplessly. His strength was gone, though a glimmering 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 disguised the face, and as the last vestige of consciousness faded Jack Valance knew that one of his assailants was Stephen Blane. Then he knew no more.

How long that insensibility lasted he did not know. Consciousness began to return fitfully; he struggled from the influence of the drug as he wrestles in a nightmare. He had a dull ache in the head, a curious sensation of tightness and pain in his limbs, and his hands seemed frozen. With a start at last he came to himself.

He was lying on his back on bare ground. There was a roof above him, but through gaps the sun shone in patches of blue sky. Round him were rotting walls. He knew that he was in some ruined shed, in some solitary spot. His mouth was numb; a gag was fastened between his teeth by means of a cord passing round the back of his head. The tightness in his limbs was accounted for by the fact that his feet were bound together, and his wrists were secured behind him. They were under him as he lay, and his hands were immersed in a puddle of water. He had been thrown carelessly into the shed by his captors, and they had evidently not cared for his health or comfort.

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

THE 5th CHAPTER. The Rugged Match—Gaiety Won!

"**W**HERE is Jack Valance?"

That was the question asked right and left on the Moleford ground.

Owen Meredith and Molly were anxious and alarmed. Where could he be? He had failed to arrive at the farm in the morning. Owen had wired 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 Moleford. When the hour of the match drew nigh, Meredith went down to the ground with many misgivings. His men were equally dismayed, more so was Molly. Surely Jack could not have failed in his faith? He must have been the victim of an accident. Yet there had been an accident, surely news would have come of it?

At the hand of the clock crept towards the 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 Moleford and half Hilton were there. The Hilton men were now in the football field, muttering about with a practice ball. Five minutes more.

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

"THE BOYS' HERALD." EVERY SATURDAY.

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



COMMENCE TO-DAY.

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

THE mysterious disappearance of a certain vessel, aboard which were a number of his friends, crosses Gallant Hal to collect a number of dauntless followers around him, and in his ship the Silver Star go out to learn the fate of the missing vessel.

He arrives at Valdivia, which he finds to be a hot-bed of piracy, and from a conversation with the governor's daughter, Inez de Biado, he learns that his friends, amongst whom is his sweetheart, are prisoners 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). Mittens and Trim Find Their Disguise Falls in Hiding Their Identity.

A NUMBER of people were abroad in Valdivia as usual, but in the ill-lighted streets, it was not easy to make out faces. Mittens and Trim were therefore able to go about without exciting much attention so long as they kept moving.

The best-lighted places were, of course, the drinking-saloons, which were well patronized, and, as on Hal's first visit, music and dancing were going on. The two adventurers walked up and down half a score streets, and neither saw nor heard anything to help them in their 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 sat.

"Well," said Mittens, "we haven't done much good as yet."

"No," replied Trim dolefully, "and I can't make it out."

"We have heard a lot about the Spifire."

"Yes, and that is old news. Do you think 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 loud talking here and there, but nothing like hawling.

Presently a young fellow, with long curls between his teeth, came swaggering by.

He stopped and looked at the seated pair, whom he could not identify for the gloom. For one of Spanish blood, he appeared to be very peculiar, for in a few moments he began to chaff Mittens.

"You appear to be enjoying yourself."

Mittens said nothing, but his hand tightened on the handle of the pipe.

"Is the senorita at home aware of the way you go on when you are out?" continued the swaggerer.

"By the saints, but you have good taste—better than the lovely senorita has. Surely she would like one younger for a companion?"

As he spoke he drew up to Trim with the intention of chucking him under the chin with the usual sailor's familiarity. But Mittens was on the alert. First he dealt him a blow across the face that knocked his eyes out, and then like a pug he snatched up and half choked him, in addition to scattering sparks all over his face. Then he hit him, first on the right side of the head, and then on the left.

Finally, he dexterously 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 decided to abstain from pursuit, is uncertain. He did not follow them, and so far all was well.

Turning into a broad street, Mittens, with the air of a very heavy dancing-master, conducted his companion down to a saloon, out 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.

On the outskirts of the little crowd Mittens began peeping over 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 loudly fawned 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 loud, hoarse voice spoke in his ear.

"You are a stranger, and not a woman! What are you doing here?"

The 19th CHAPTER. Beneath the Citadel—Hal in Peril—A Big Fight.

THE citadel of Valdivia was constructed at a time when there was need for the confinement of many prisoners. The cells were taken in great numbers, some on a level with the ground, others below. Of the latter the garrison as a body knew little. The inmates were permitted not to tempt to explore, and for a long time had not been used, therefore neither the governor nor the citadel guard knew much of their whereabouts.

Velasco was the exception. He had always been a strange old man, much given to prowling about alone. There was no nook or corner 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.

Now, when Gallant Hal was led from the room of his safe keeping, because of his question with the guard. Then Velasco, with joy in his heart, stepped forth.

"Safe blind, safe find," he said. "I will put you in the cell of the evergreen room."

He was allowed to have his arms; and Hal was taken below, through intricate ways, to a cell lighted by one solitary window. The guard did not come through direct, but by a slanting shaft from above. It was a damp, hazen, desolate dungeon, not fit to be made into a kennel for a dog, into this Hal was thrust, and the guard retired. Velasco lingered for a moment.

"You killed my son," he hissed, "and now my arm here will tell you back, senor—pay you back! Do you hear?"

"Your son, old man," said Hal coldly, "brought his end upon himself. You urged him on to kill me, and he fell a victim to his own imprudence and yours. Begone! You are not master here."

"We shall see," said Velasco. "Don Tarva may give you to me. Then I will kill you by inches—by inches—inches!"

Death was not possible, he went on, and threats. Hal felt sorry for the old man. It was hard to lose his only son.

"Go away," he said gently. "You waste your breath in threatening me. Whatever my fate may be, I do not fear it."

"Oh, you are brave," returned Velasco, "but we shall see by-and-by. A spirit can be broken. Strong men can be made as children. By-and-by you may sing a different song. You shall see."

Hal turned away, and the old man, clanking the air in the bitterness of his anger, left the door clanged, the lock was turned, bolts were drawn, and the door was shut down upon a stone bench that formed the only seat in the place, and reflected on his position. Brave man, he thought, he will do with him, as plainly before them, and Hal was perfectly conscious of the danger he was in. For aught he cared he might be hanged or shot within an hour.

Caroli de Livana would, if left to himself, assuredly show him no mercy. Nor was any to be expected from the governor; and Velasco would only be too glad of an opportunity to gratify his private hatred.

Evening had now come, and he took for help—his friends of the Silver Star and Inez.

The former, being ignorant of his exact whereabouts, would not be able to give him any assistance, but the admiral had his own preparation and had to attack the citadel, it was not a place to be easily carried by storm. That conquest was his main hope. During their interview that morning she had given him proofs of her love, but she had not been forthcoming. She refused nothing to show that Alma had been faithful to her lover. He could see that the promise had been made, but she would not give up.

Inez loved him, and was ready to sacrifice all things if he would only return her love. That was the only thing she could do, and she was entirely insensible to her influence as a beautiful girl, but there it ended with him.

The current of his thoughts may be imagined. They brought a little hope, and he was not without a faint desire to see some time by himself without help. When Velasco returned, bringing some bread and water.

"We do not fatten the animal we kill tomorrow," he said mockingly.

Why would he bandy words with this half-demented old man? He was left to himself for about two hours more, and then again footsteps were heard.

This time it was Caroli de Livana, accompanied by a forbidding-looking ruffian, evidently one of his pirate crew.

The ruffian came to see a noose at one end, dangling in his hand. Hal had no good reason to believe that his last hour had come, but he was not at all disposed to die bravely. The pirate chief's face was lighted up with triumph as he sneeringly asked Hal if he had any complaints to make against his well-earned fate.

"Why do you play the fool with me?" demanded Hal. "Do your worst, ruffian!"

"My worst," said Caroli de Livana, pointing to the rope. "is this. It is a dog's death I design for you."

Turning to the man behind him, he pointed to the roof of the cell. Hal involuntarily looked up, and saw, for the first time, a large ruffian crouched at the stone ledge above. He saw for which it was designed was too apparent.

Hal's face underwent no change. Bitterly as he felt the prospect before him, he was not of very springtime of his life, he was not going to show the white feather to his foe. The ruffian with the rope leaped upon the bench and defied, and the small end passed the ring. Then he drew it up until the noose was at a convenient height, and stood back, awaiting his leader's orders.

"I have no objection to your doing so, but get all the enjoyment he could out of his hour of triumph. Hal's arms had been bound by the ruffian, and he was practically helpless. But, for all that, he was determined upon not yielding without a struggle.

"Have you nothing to say to me?" demanded the pirate chief.

"Nothing," was the answer. "Do you not beg for your life?"

"No," Caroli signalled to his subordinate to get ready to make the end of the cord, and prepared to haul Hal up to the ceiling.

"I may tell you," said Caroli de Livana, "that I run a risk in what I am doing. It is against the law to do this, but I have sworn to have your life."

"Cease your prating, man," said Hal; "or, if you are not satisfied, I will settle everything with the sword, like men!"

Caroli drew his dagger and flourished it before Hal's eyes.

"Do you fight with this weapon?" he demanded.

"I would try," replied Hal, "with that or any other weapon. But you are mocking me."

"I am," the pirate answered. "I hear me one moment."

Caroli then stepped at his bond, hoping to loosen or break them. The pirate looked at him curiously.

"You are yielding," he said. "Hal was a head away. He was a head away."

"Will you not show me a little more?" he asked. "I will show you a little more."

"Ha, ha! It is good!" laughed Caroli de Livana. "That's music, senor. Sing it again."

With a sudden movement he freed his right arm from his bonds, and dealt the ruffian a blow in the face that sent him staggering towards the door of his cell. Then he rushed at the other ruffian, who dropped the rope and fled. Hal freed his other arm, dragged down the rope, and coiled it quickly, made for himself an effective weapon. The pirate had nothing but his dagger, and that he raised with a fierce, ventral hiss.

"A curse upon you British!" he said. "Are you never conquered?"

He stood, barring the exit from the cell, a knot of feet. Hal was not slow to avail himself of the rope. There they stood facing each other, as strangely matched as ever were foe and foe. The ruffian, who was a man of 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 ruffian.

But, notwithstanding the disparity of weapons, Caroli de Livana was in no hurry to attack. He would drink out in preference to sea, or at least, made him wary. He designed to back out of the cell, and by closing the door again secure the prisoner.

His intention was promptly discovered by Hal, who suddenly rushed at him, with his novel weapon raised in the air. The pirate could only save himself by drawing back to avoid a blow across the face that blinded him for a moment. Then his arm was seized, and his head was jerked forward from him. He uttered a cry for help.

"Spare your howling!" said Hal contemptuously to an assassin. Caroli de Livana, we shall meet again!"

He twisted the half-blinded pirate round, seized him round the waist, and tossed him into the air. The ruffian, who was a man of immense advantage, made him a prisoner. So far, so well.

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 him from what would have been a most unpleasant end. The passage was very dark, and he knew that it was but one of many he would have to traverse ere he reached the light of day.

"Safe blind, safe find," Velasco said; and he had placed his prisoner in one of the furthermost cells, and had been well seen by those who knew the route. And while he was passing, only for a moment, to settle which way to go, he saw that the men, and the clanking arms, and trampling of feet. It was the pirate who had fled returning with the guard.

At a moment or two they appeared at the far end of the passage, two or three carrying lanterns, and all with drawn swords. Hal could do nothing against such odds, and he looked around for some means of escape. The only means of hiding was in a cell close by, the door of which was open.

Into this he darted, and the guard rushed by to the cell he recently occupied, where Caroli de Livana was beating the door with a club.

Hal had no time to lose, and he had seen the guard round the door, while one of their number was drawing back the bolts.

He drew off his shoes, glided out of the empty cell, and, silent as a spectre, walked along the passage to the stairs, by which he had seen the guard descend. Then he halted a moment, and looked back.

Caroli de Livana was released, and violently gesticulating to the men around him. He was talking fiercely in Spanish, and all Hal could make out were the fragments of what sounded like a prayer of excommunication. Repeating his steps, Hal swiftly ascended a score of stairs, and then came to the door. It was fast.

THE 20th CHAPTER. Little Trim and Menz.—The Spanish Girls Find Hal—Is He True? Within the Citadel.

YOU 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. The voice of the speaker was musical, but that did little towards relieving him.

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FIVE MINUTES WITH SANDOW.

VI.—FOOTBALL.

In order to be a good football player, a youth must possess a sound constitution, and keep himself in proper trim. The only way to keep in condition is by exercising regularly, and your round, and to those who are not fortunate enough to live an active open-air life the following hints will be valuable.

Begin by a morning run, five or six miles, dumb-bell exercise, followed by a bath or sponge-down. This will give you a good start for the day's work. Pay particular attention to keeping the muscles of the legs and feet in good condition, and the strength the staying power.

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

Partake of a mixed diet—plenty of vegetables but very little sugar, and drink out in preference to sea, and coffee, and do not eat within two hours of going to bed.

Before you "turn in" for the night, have five or ten minutes' work with the dumb-bells, and keep your body in good trim.

These simple directions will enable anyone to remain in proper trim who wishes to do so, and go a long way towards ensuring success on the football field.

The dumb-bell exercise will keep all the muscles supple and strong without any fear of making them slow—the one thing a footballer dreads when practising physical culture.

The following exercise is especially recommended, and development of the legs.



Exercise 17.—Ready Position. Arms by sides, heels together, toes pointing outward, the sink on tip-toe.

MOVEMENT. Sink slowly down, knees apart, body upright. Heels must not touch floor. When they do, the heels must not at any time touch the floor in this exercise. Muscles: Quadriceps of the Thighs, Gastrocnemius and Soleus.

We urge upon our readers to apply for a free copy of the book, entitled, "Sandow's Way to Health and Strength," and apply to No. 4, Sandow Hall, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C., if they will receive a copy free.

If they will apply to No. 4, Sandow Hall, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C., if they will receive a copy free.

This booklet shows how Sandow obtained his great strength, and what apparatus was used, the reader to derive the greatest benefit from these exercises.

