

THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES!

# THE BOYS' REALM

of SPORT & ADVENTURE.

1<sup>D</sup>

## KING CRICKET!

By Charles Hamilton.



Lagden is clean bowled for a duck's egg.

You Must Read This Grand Athletic Tale!

THE GREAT CRICKET!

A Fascinating New Story of County Cricket.

Written by CHARLES HAMILTON, and Illustrated by E. E. BRISCOE.



The Chief Characters in this Fine Story.

ARTHUR LOVELL, Loamshire's champion batsman. He is an amateur. His uncle is ruined by James Lagoon.

KIT VALANCE, Loamshire's best bowler. He first comes to notice in the Colts' match, when he takes Arthur Lovell's wicket. Later he becomes Arthur's first cricketer.

GEORGEY LAGDEN, an amateur and a good bowler. He is bitterly jealous of Arthur Lovell, whom he hates and endeavours to injure. He is Arthur's rival for the hand of Molly Hilton.

JAMES LAGOON, who has ruined Arthur's uncle. He is a miser.

BLANE, Captain of Loamshire, and the steady friend of Arthur and Kit. He is Molly Hilton's cousin.

PONSLOWY, Georgey Lagoon's friend, and a man of similar character—snobbish to a degree.

The first instalment tells how Arthur Lovell distinguishes himself in the Colts' match, in spite of the efforts which Georgey Lagoon puts forth to keep him in the shade. In the second instalment, just as Arthur is about to take his place at the wicket, Lagden tells him that he has a rival in a rival man, who is a professional cricketer. At the earliest possible moment he leaves the field, and speeds towards Loamshire to train exactly the cause of his ruin.

Quickly realising that he can no longer retain his position as amateur cricketer for Loamshire, and sends in his resignation. But his friend Kit Valance suggests that he should be asked for the former play for them as they are a man short. He agrees, and has to face Georgey Lagoon's taunting. Lagden, however, and he sink into the gloom of unconsciousness.

(How follows his fortunes, detailed in the instalment below.)

THE 5TH CHAPTER. After the Accident.

STRUCK down by the treacherous ball, Arthur Lovell lay senseless before his friends. Kit Valance, who was standing at short slip, ran quickly towards him, and reached his side almost as soon as the wicket-keeper.

Quickly realising by the fallen batsman, Kit lifted his head, resting it upon his knee. Arthur was quite unconscious, and the black shadow of death crept over his face. How terrible the blow had been.

Kit gritted his teeth. To all others on the field he had seemed a nervous, timid fellow, but now he thought that he knew better. He believed that Georgey Lagden had deliberately intended to injure the batsman he hated. But it was no longer his business.

"Water—quick!" exclaimed Kit; and with nimble fingers he unfastened the collar of Arthur Lovell's shirt.

Yorke, the Drayhorne skipper, ran quickly from the pavilion with water and a sponge. He handed them to Kit, who bathed the face of the unconscious batsman.

Anxious eyes watched Arthur's face for the sign of returning consciousness, and not the least anxious face was Lagden's. He had run swiftly from the bowler's end, and his face was as pale now as Arthur's; for in a few moments he would be laid out a second time, and he would only too well. But his fear, and the anxiety of the others were relieved at last.

Arthur Lovell's eyes slowly opened. He raised his head, and groaned faintly.

"What is it? What has happened?" Kit pressed his hand. The young cricketer's relief was almost as great as his pain.

"The ball caught you on the forehead," he explained, in a low voice. "Thank goodness it was no worse, old fellow. I am afraid—"

"I don't finish the sentence. Arthur Lovell pressed his hand to his forehead. A great lump had formed there, and his head was racked by a terrible aching. He tried to rise, but Kit and Yorke assisted him to his feet. He was dazed still, and unable to stand alone. The pain in his head was so intense, and even at that moment he could think of others, and of the game. He looked at the Drayhorne captain.

"I'm sorry this has happened, Lovell," he said, with a well-simulated air of regret. "Of course, accidents will happen, but this one is very, very hard on you. I can't say how sorry I am."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Arthur unhesitatingly. "Fast bowling on a hard wicket has been responsible for a good many hard knocks before now."

He moved off to the pavilion, assisted by Yorke on one side and Kit Valance on the other. He was aching horribly, and he felt a keen desire to get out of the blazing sun and the noise. The sympathetic looks of the crowd followed him to the pavilion, where he disappeared from their gaze.

Arthur lay down in a quiet room in the pavilion. The terrible aching and throbbing in his head did not cease for moment, but not a word of complaint passed the young cricketer's lips.

The doctor, hurriedly sent for, was not long in arriving. It was now the lunch interval, and Colonel Hilton came into the room with the doctor. Molly Hilton remained in her seat, and the pavilion enclosure, her sunny face clouded now with anxiety for Arthur. The doctor's face was serious as he examined Lovell's injury.

"The doctor," said Molly, "is a very capable person," he said, at last. "It was a nasty blow—a very nasty blow indeed. Completely sore for a day, and, come home with me, and be my guest until you are fit again."

"Then I shall not be able to play in the Drayhorne next innings."

"I will not answer for the consequences if you do."

"Oh, my sorry for have to fail Yorke like this; but, of course, I shall obey your orders, doctor."

"Thank goodness it's no worse!" said the colonel, with a sigh of relief. "You cannot go back to your hotel, Lovell. You had better lie here for a bit, and come home with me, and be my guest until you are fit again."

Arthur's eyes sparkled for a moment. It was happiness to think of being under the same roof as Molly Hilton, even though, in his altered circumstances, he could never more think of winning her love.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Arthur, smiling. "You are very kind, sir, but—"

"You had better go home. Even if you were no friend of mine, I should owe you what care I can bestow, as it was a Loamshire bowler who knocked you over. It was clumsy of me."

"Oh, that's all right! Accidents will happen."

"Yes; but Lagden was really to blame. It was his fault—and he would have been no-balled. He was greatly to blame. It is settled, then—you will come to Lincoln?"

"Oh, I shall be glad to, sir, since you are so kind."

The colonel nodded, and left the room. He joined Molly, and found Lagden talking to her. Molly looked many thanks to Lagden, and formal. She had never liked the swaggering amateur of the Loamshire team very much, and now she could not forgive him for what he had done to Arthur. She believed that the injury was unintentional, but in the back of her mind was a lurking doubt. She looked up at the colonel, and said:

"How is Mr. Lovell now, papa?"

"Much better than we might have expected, but he has not yet got up. He says 'I will be all right again in a few days.'"

"Oh, I am so glad!"

"And I," said Lagden. "I have been very anxious, but I am glad to have forgiven myself if Lovell had been seriously hurt."

colonel's home, and Lagden looked after it with the blaze of rage and hatred still in his eyes. "So cares for him," he muttered to himself.

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"He was aching and throbbing in his head. He was aching horribly, and he felt a keen desire to get out of the blazing sun and the noise. The sympathetic looks of the crowd followed him to the pavilion, where he disappeared from their gaze."

"My uncle is ruined, sir," said Arthur quickly. "I had heard that my uncle, Mr. Valance, has suggested a way to which I had not previously thought of. He suggested that I should enter the Loamshire team as a professional."

The colonel started. Arthur Lovell looked at him anxiously. Hilton was pulling a grey mousetail in a very thoughtful way.

"I need not say that we should be glad to have you, Lovell," said the colonel, "but you are not to be excited by the availing of us. That's understood. But have you thought about yourself? You were in the club as an amateur—the nature of the club is entirely of an amateur character. You took your proper position. As a professional, everything would be changed."

"Of course, sir, I know that I shouldn't be in the club on the same footing as before," he said, colouring slightly. "That's not to be excited by the availing of us. That's understood. But have you thought about yourself? You were in the club as an amateur—the nature of the club is entirely of an amateur character. You took your proper position. As a professional, everything would be changed."

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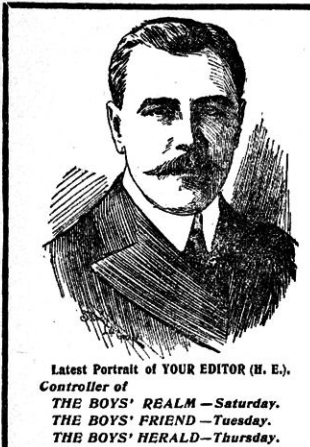
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Tell Your Friends About This Magnificent Tale!







Latest Portrait of YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).
Controller of
THE BOYS' REALM - Saturday.
THE BOYS' FRIEND - Tuesday.
THE BOYS' HERALD - Thursday.

Next Week's Number.

In next week's issue of THE BOYS' REALM will appear a fine long, complete cricket tale entitled...

"A PRIZE WORTH WINNING."
I can assure my friends that this story will hold their interest throughout, and will prove one of the finest athletic yarns I have ever published.

There will also appear in that number another of Mr. Murray Graydon's laughable Army stories...

I should very much like my readers to write to me, telling me what they think of these two characters - Darnie and Gieger. They have been prominent in our paper for quite a long time now...

Our Cricket League.

I AM glad to find that my new League is being taken up so well by the cricket clubs throughout the country. Already quite a large number of clubs have made applications to join the new organization...

If any club or other athletic clubs care to send me group portraits of their teams, I shall be glad to reproduce them as long as they are in the same way as I have done with the photographs of football teams during the past months...

Our columns are still open for cricket notices, athletic announcements, etc. my readers may send along, and it shall be inserted free of charge.

CRICKET LEAGUE CONTINUED.

The following table gives the position of the leading teams in Section L of our Football League...

Table with columns for team names and statistics (W, L, D, F, A, Pts). Includes sections for JUNIOR, SENIOR, and SENIOR DIVISION.

He is Too Stout.

ONE of my friends, an Edinburgh reader, who will recognize his initials as A. H., writes to tell me that he suffers with stoutness about the abdomen...

One way of getting rid of the stoutness is to place the hands on the hips, and to twist the body, keeping the feet as far apart as possible...

Another exercise is to merely bend the body as you sweep your hands round the waist in an interesting epistle above your head in a movement to the floor.

The lad who suffers from stoutness of the abdomen should avoid eating any fat-farming puddings and pastries, and other diet of a particularly sweet or oily nature.

The Duties of an Excise Officer.

ONE of my Rothenham readers, J. W. W., sends me a cheery letter concerning our papers, and in the course of his interesting epistle tells me that he is desirous of getting information regarding the Excise Department of the Civil Service...

Table with columns for team names and statistics (W, L, D, F, A, Pts). Includes sections for WEEKLY LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS, JUNIOR DIVISION, SENIOR DIVISION, and SENIOR DIVISION.

FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite paper. He will answer you by post if you enclose a stamped addressed postcard or envelope. Write to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper.

Out Friday, May 3rd.

First of all, my friend wants to know what are the duties of an Excise officer. Well, these consist mainly in boarding vessels that enter our ports and rivers, and in examining their cargoes, in order to see that these comply with the regulations laid down. J. W. W. doubtless knows that tobacco and saccharine, spirits and gunpowder, to mention but a few articles, have to be carried in certain quantities and of certain qualities.

A post is only to be obtained by passing the examination set by the Civil Service Commissioners, and here are a few further particulars that J. W. W. will find it to his advantage to know.

OUT FRIDAY, MAY 3rd. NOS. 17 AND 18 OF "THE BOYS' FRIEND"

3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY. No. 17. - "THE MISSING HEIR." A Complete Story of NELSON LEE, Detective. BY MAXWELL SCOTT.

No. 18. - "PETE IN CANADA." A New Complete Tale of the Three Famous Comrades, JACK, SAM, and PETE. By S. CLARKE HOOK.

ORDER YOUR TWO COPIES IN ADVANCE. not less than nineteen years of age, nor more than twenty-two, and they must be unmarried. The examination is in the following subjects: handwriting, English composition, including orthography; arithmetic, giving returns in summaries, and general geography.

As further advice to my chum, I may tell him that the "Boys' Friend" Correspondence College makes it a special business to train young men desirous of entering the Excise Department, and if my friend writes to the Principal, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C., he will receive full particulars as to the course of lessons from that gentleman by return of post.

Penketh Albin F.C. Secretary, Mr. F. Davies, North View, Penketh, near Warrington. Lovell United F.C. - Secretary, Mr. C. Lee, 45, Merrion Street, Leeds.

Section II. SOUTHAMPTON DISTRICT AMATEUR LEAGUE. Sec. Mathew's Club F.C. - Sec., Mr. B. E. Messer, 9, Oxford Avenue, Southampton.

OUR SILVER CUPS. MORE LETTERS FROM GRATEFUL SECRETARIES. THREE TOWNS AND DISTRICT LEAGUE. Dear Sir, - I beg to acknowledge receipt of Cup, which arrived safe and sound yesterday.

Dear Sir, - I am very pleased with the Cup and I cannot express my thanks, or that of the committee for presenting to handsome a trophy. That you most heartily on behalf of the committee. - Yours, JOSEPH FLYNN, Hon. Secretary.

Dear Sir, - The Cup arrived quite safe on Wednesday morning. I am very pleased with it. Every one who has seen it has praised the BOYS' REALM for presenting to handsome a trophy. That you most heartily on behalf of the committee. - Yours, JOSEPH FLYNN, Hon. Secretary.

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About Officers in the Army and Navy.

W. J. of Gateshead, sends me an enthusiastic letter about THE BOYS' REALM. He wants to know whether officers in the Navy began their careers as ordinary seamen, or whether they were specially trained for the positions. They were specially trained, W. J., just as officers in the Army are specially trained before taking up their appointments.

The private and the ordinary seaman are admitted after fulfilling the necessary tests as to physique, good behaviour, and elementary education. The government thereafter undertakes to teach them their duties. This they do to a certain measure in the case of officers, but each applicant for a commission as it is termed, has to pass a stiff examination, not only in general education of a high order, but also in respect of special knowledge they have acquired while training for the appointments.

Would-be Drummer-boy.

H. London, wishes me to tell him how he can enter the Army as a drummer-boy. Drummer-boy, in fact, all musicians for the various bands of the regiments of the British Army are recruited chiefly from the sons of soldiers and ex-soldiers. They are trained at the Military School of Music, Krieger Hall, Twickenham, London, S.W.

My reader's best plan will be to write to the superintendent of the school in the above address, and state his desire to become a drummer-boy. If there are any vacancies there he will be instructed where to apply for the examination to pass the necessary tests before he can be admitted. The limits of age are fourteen to sixteen.

YOUR EDITOR (H.E.).

Daily Mail.

for which I beg to thank you. I may say it has quite exceeded our expectations. - Yours faithfully, JOSEPH WYLLIE, Secretary.

Dear Sir, - I beg to acknowledge receipt of Cup, which arrived safe and sound yesterday. It is quite beyond what I thought of, and is a most fine work of workmanship.

Dear Sir, - I shall have your letter of the 24th of May. I am very pleased with the Cup and I cannot express my thanks, or that of the committee for presenting to handsome a trophy. That you most heartily on behalf of the committee. - Yours, JOSEPH FLYNN, Hon. Secretary.

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Alma and Her Father.

"I will give you ashore and look for him, sir," he said. "What would be the use of that?" asked Hal. "I am going ashore myself, and I will have him ashore for you."

Hal had formed plans which had met with the approval of his friends. All could see the wisdom of the complete work by securing or killing the pirate leaders.

It would not be sufficient to banish the nest of pirates. They must be utterly destroyed, and this was what Valdivia in its rains was down—a mere heap of stones—and many of the streets were impassable. But the inhabitants were ready to return to their homes, and Hal had heard, they were sick of their pirate associates, and desirous of being free from their rule for ever.

Hal left the town to the mercy of Broody and Caroli de Livana. The town was his own interests to serve.

Again Hal had his own interests to serve. He had fallen for Inez, and he was specially to learn, for he was going to the convent that night to make it his headquarters.

Marvalda assured him that half a dozen men would be ready to accompany him, and he could not do better than make it his base of operations. Will was to remain in the city, and he would be specially to look after the remainder secured the country.

Don Tarva de Rialdo would also be there, and he would be specially to look after the remainder secured for her; so Inez said.

None, of course, had the faintest suspicion that Alma and her father were within the convent walls, and chance was to bring the rivals together. What then would follow? How would the splendid work upon the future of Hal and Alma?

That convent, once the abode of peaceful nuns, was fated to become the scene of chaos and strife. Not a day passed without a man. Before it was quite dark all was ready.

One boat laden with necessaries was on its way to the shore. As the boat approached, Hal, his friends, and two-thirds of the crew, followed.

Alma, as before, was guide. On the shore they formed, Inez being under the care of her father and Will Warringham. Each man of the crew was given a pistol, and they proceeded on their way.

Marvalda in due time signified that their destination was reached. They were to be met by a band of men, and they were to proceed forward to the convent, leaving Inez with the rest for an escort.

It was now half-past ten, and the light, as before, was burning. As the boat approached, Hal, his friends, and two-thirds of the crew, followed.

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Alma, as before, was guide. On the shore they formed, Inez being under the care of her father and Will Warringham. Each man of the crew was given a pistol, and they proceeded on their way.

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shook, and even when he had recovered itself he was still sorely troubled. His conscience was not altogether free, for he knew that at times he had not been inexact to the charms of Inez. If he could be momentarily faithless, why might not Alma have been the same? Or, worse still, had he come to her, and had Caroli de Livana, by his cunning, overcome her prejudices and won her for a wife? The thought almost maddened him, and, acting upon impulse, he struck the door of the room with his clenched fist.

"Open, here!" he said. "Let me speak to you." "The answer came from Mr. Warringham. 'You had better go away. Alma has no desire to see you.' 'But we have come to rescue you,' urged Hal. 'Will is with me.' 'Will-my-my son!' cried the old man. 'The same.' 'Send him to me, and I will bless you for that.'"

Inez turned moodily away, and bade one of her men bring up the rest of the party. Then he entered the room occupied by Velascoe and his wife. "A dark cloud has come between us," he asked himself. "It must be Livana. If it is only slender, all may yet be well; but if— Oh, I dare not think of her as the wife of that villain!"

He sat brooding until Will, followed by Don Tarva and Inez, appeared. To them he briefly explained what had happened. "Go to them," he said to Will, "and bid what it is that has come between us. Will left them and hastened to the room occupied by his father and sister. He knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked Mr. Warringham within. "Will—your son." "A bolt on the inner part of the door was hastily drawn back, and father and son stood face to face. Behind the former was Alma, white and trembling. Words failed him all for the moment. Loving arms were entwined round her neck, and Alma kissed her brother again and again.

"Come in!" said Mr. Warringham, as soon as he had seen how well he could be with that Spanish creature." "And who may the Spanish creature be?" asked Will de Rialdo. "Impossible!" "Oh, Will, you answer me like a man. I can see by your eyes why you think it is impossible. You have given your heart to her."

"Never mind my heart, for the moment," said Will, "but tell me what grounds you have to suppose Hal has been unfaithful to you?" "I saw him making love to Inez, who was but a too willing listener."

"I have reason to think that she admired Hal from the first," said Will, "because she loved me so. But she mistook admiration for love."

"So she said," said Will, "at least—"

He stopped, and lifted his troubled eyes to Alma. Her eyes were cold and proud; her lips curled in a scornful smile. "What has passed between you and Inez?" she asked.

"Never seem them together as lovers, there's an end to everything. Was it long ago?" "No; within two days."

"I saw him making love to Inez, who was but a too willing listener."

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We must bear it as becomes our race. One thing we must do, and that is not to be too harsh. 'Have I not erred?' demanded Alma. 'Go, ask him if he has not flirted with Inez. He will not, he dare not, deny it.' 'But what will be the done?' 'You forget that with his aid alone you can get away from here.' 'Tell him,' said Alma. 'that I will accompany you.' 'No; I will accept nothing from him, not even life.' 'Father,' said Will, 'what do you say?'

"I cannot help you to be the answer. 'You must decide between you.' 'Will rose up, and, after a few more words, returned to Hal, with mingled emotions surged through his brain.

"To-night," he said briefly, "Alma would rather be alone."

"Is that all she has to say to me?" asked Hal. "All." "Then I will ask you now," said Hal. "But it is this," said Inez de Rialdo. "A lovers' quarrel! Can it not be made up? You and I will—"

"Will be present," said Will coldly. "It would be better for you not to offer assistance." Then he turned from her, and asked Hal what manner he had for him. Inez looked angrily at him, but not for long; her face soon softened.

"Some little complication," she said; "it will be just as well to be prepared." "Will you look round the convent," said Hal to Will, "and select rooms, if there be such, suitable for Don Tarva and Inez; close the outer door, and put a sentry on duty within! Then come to me here."

Will executed the first commission given him, and Inez retired to an apartment chosen for her. It was furnished with many comforts, and she was contented, so far; but her heart ached; for Will had simply bowed when they met, and she did not care for when she fell asleep that night her eyes were wet with tears.

"When Will rejoined Hal the latter was lighting a cigar. On the table was a bottle of wine, and a glass of hock. 'Sit down, and tell me what is the matter.' 'I will tell you truly, as a friend, have you ever made love to Inez?'

"If I have," said Hal, laughing, "my wooing has not been a pronounced success." "That is not exactly an answer."

"No, Will, I have never made love to Inez, although I have felt a wee bit inclined to do so when we have been together."

"Have you ever made love to her near here?" "No."

"Not within the last day or two?" "My dear Will," said Hal, "how can you put such questions to me when you know that I know how things have gone?" "You deny it, then?" "In toto."

"How, Alma says you have," said Will, with a sigh, "and I can only leave matters as they are."

"Fill up your glass," said Hal. "It is a light, good wine. Have a cigar, and let the dear girls go till the morning. When we have all slept, something may happen to put us right again."

Notwithstanding his light manner, Will could see that he was not himself. He did not care for the night, and he would have been glad to have had some one to talk with. Nor was Will exactly happy. He had such faith in his friend that he did not suppose for a moment that he would deceive him, and Alma must have made a mistake. On the morrow he would have a little more talk with her on the subject.

He thought of the next day, and felt not uncontented. He had a great deal to do, and he was not uncontented. He had a great deal to do, and he was not uncontented. He had a great deal to do, and he was not uncontented.

concerning the place which he had to report, and those, he said, would keep until the morning.

Having finished his bottle of wine and cigar, Hal lay down to sleep. His last words before he closed his eyes were: "All right between me and you, Will—ch?" "Oh, yes!" replied Will.

"It is the woman who are wrong," he supposed so. "Good-night, old fellow!" "Good-night!"

The Arrival of the Enemy—A Short and Sharp Encounter—A Cruel Deed.

"It was Hal who spoke. He was awake, and sitting up listening to the noise from some apartments adjoining that in which they were."

"This Hal knew to be an empty one, for he had looked into it long before entering the convent, and seen that it was quite bare, with two narrow windows, barred heavily, like the rest in the iron bar."

Hal had taken off his upper garments and kicked off his shoes. The former he now resumed, and, looking into the room, he saw, as he had expected, that it was quite bare, with two narrow windows, barred heavily, like the rest in the iron bar."

Hal, too, was listening, with a puzzled face, and he had not noticed his head, and he was kept quiet, and put out the lamp. This was done, and then Hal entered the room.

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Hal's Doubts and Fears—He Goes Away in Charge of the Convent—A Dastardly Attack.

Now, what may this mean? muttered Hal. "I have come so far, and risked so much, to be repulsed in the end?" His mind was momentarily unshinged by the

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"Well, he accused me of trying to deceive you, which comes to the same thing."

"He'll apologise to you for that if you wake him up," said Nipper. "You've shown him now that you weren't deceiving us."

Lal waved him aside with an imperious gesture, and once more turned to Wagstaffe.

"Sit up and beg!" he commanded.

The fat boy "sat up and begged" and Dick and Bob went in to feed fresh convulsions of mirth. But Nipper's face grew dark and stern.

"I won't have it. D'you hear? I won't have it! If you wish to remain a chum of mine, walk out at once."

Lal faced him with flashing eyes. For a moment there was a silent contest between the two boys; the one so typically British, and the other typically Eastern.

There is a kind of hypocrisy such as Lal had practised on Wagstaffe, and there is another kind—far healthier and cleaner—which is justified by those who are "born to rule," as we say.

The British people may not be adepts at the former kind of hypocrisy, but they have a special aptitude for the latter kind.

By sheer force of character and strength of will they have imposed their rule on the temperaments of the same name.

Nipper now enforced his will on the young Hindon.

"How do you want to teach him a lesson," growled Lal, dropping his eyes.

"You've taught him one," said Nipper curtly. "Wake him up."

With a snarl and a pass, and Wagstaffe sheepishly rose to his feet.

"You're-you young demon! What have you been doing to me?" he demanded, glaring at Lal.

"Come, come," said Nipper. "Don't let's have any ill-feeling over this business."

"You've humiliated me," said Wagstaffe furiously.

"He did," said Nipper. "And he made you meek. You accused him of lying, but you discovered it. You accused him of lying, to all intents and purposes, and for that you owe him an apology."

The fat boy hesitated for a moment, then he frankly bowed at his hand.

"I'm sorry I said what I did," he said to Lal. "But all right, Nipper."

"Now, listen to me," he said. "A joke's a joke, but there must be no more of this sort of thing if we are to be chums. Promise me that you'll never try to humiliate any of us again."

"I don't want to," said Lal. "I only did it to show Wagstaffe that I wasn't lying."

"You promised me," said Nipper.

"But, look here," interposed Bob; "if Lal can't be trusted, how can we be sure of him? He's a liar, and he'll do what he likes. I can see no end of fun to be got out of the other fellows in the school. I only agree that he shouldn't practise on any of us, and you don't see him practising on anybody else, do you?"

"Before Nipper could reply, somebody knocked at the study door.

"Come in!" cried Nipper.

The door opened, and Mr. Rant, the housemaster, entered, followed by a tall, thin, lantern-jawed stranger.

"Good-evening, boys!" said Mr. Rant. "I have a letter for you."

"Not at all, sir," said Nipper politely. The housemaster turned to Lal.

"This gentleman wishes to see that pocket which you gave to me under such mysterious circumstances the week before last," he said. "He thinks he may be able to solve the mystery of the identity of the man who gave it to you."

fashioned gold locket containing a photograph of himself and a lock of her hair. This locket, which had formerly belonged to my mother, was oval in shape, and was engraved, both back and front, with a conventional wreath of flowers.

"After a short engagement my sister and Conway were married, but three months after their marriage my sister was knocked down by a motor-car in the streets of Manchester, and died from her injuries. Poor Conway was broken-hearted, and, in order to work distraction from his grief, he sold his business, broke up his home, and spent the next two years in travelling.

"Three years ago he wrote to tell me that he had decided to settle in Florence, but in less than a year he wrote to say that he had left Florence and had removed to Vienna. Eighteen months ago he wrote that he had grown tired of Vienna, and had bought a house on the outskirts of Dieppe, in the north of France. And just before I sailed for New York, six weeks ago, I received a letter from him in which he informed me that he had decided to return to England, and would probably arrive about the middle or end of this month.

"As I have already told you, I returned to Liverpool two days ago. On looking through the letters and papers which had accumulated during my absence, I came across an article in the 'Daily Mail' describing how one of the boys in the lost expedition, a dying man in a drifting boat, how he had swum out to the boat; how the man had given him a small gold locket, containing the photograph of a young girl, and a lock of her hair. The man had eventually been swamped, and all trace of the man had been lost.

"As soon as I started reading this article, and before I read anything about the locket, I was struck by the fact that your description of the man in the lost expedition described Conway. I didn't attach any importance to this fact at first. I thought it was just a curious coincidence. But when I came to the description of the locket, with the photograph, and the lock of hair inside, the dreadful truth burst on me like a thunderclap."

He paused, and looked Lal full in the face. "Can you guess the rest?" he said.

Lal nodded.

"I think so," he said. "You suspect that the man in the boat was your brother-in-law, Mr. Conway, and that the locket which he gave to him was the locket which your sister gave to him when they became engaged."

"Exactly," said Mr. Dixon. "I immediately wired to the address in Dieppe from which Conway had last written to me, and I asked him to send me the locket which he intended to have a week in Paris and then cross over to England. I haven't turned his movements further than this at present, but I have not the slightest doubt that he sailed for England on the 15th, and the vessel in which he sailed was one of those which foundered in the terrible gale which swept the English Channel on that night."

"How he came to be alone, in a dying condition, in a drifting boat, of course, I cannot tell. But you remember it was when you saw me, and I have little doubt that when he gave you the locket, and said 'Take that to—' he meant to say 'Take that to your brother-in-law, Mr. Conway, Dixon, of 19, Hastings Road, Liverpool.'"

"I supposed all this as soon as I read the article in the 'Daily Mail.' The reply which I received from Dieppe in answer to my telegram inquiry, more than confirmed my suspicions. It told me that your sister had traced poor Conway's movements. I decided to have a look at the locket, in order to ascertain if it really was the locket which my sister had given to Conway five years ago."

"With this object in view I wired to the authorities at Scotland Yard yesterday, and told them where the locket was. They referred me to the chief constable of this district.

I wired to the chief constable, but he did not get my wire until late last night, and I did not receive his reply until this morning. In his reply he told me he had sent the locket back to you, and it was now in your possession."

"On receipt of this information, I left Liverpool by the first available train, and arrived here about half an hour ago. The porter told me you were in Mr. Rant's house, so I immediately viewed Mr. Rant, and after he had heard my story he very kindly brought me up here to see you."

"So now you know what has brought me here at this late hour of the day," he concluded. "I want you to let me see the locket, and if my fears prove only too well founded—if the locket is the one which was given to Conway by my sister—I should very much like to have it, not only as a souvenir of my only sister and her unfortunate husband, but also because it formerly belonged to my poor, dear, dead mother. Of course, I admit that I cannot claim the locket as a matter of right, but I shall be very willing to pay any—"

"Please don't speak of such a thing!" said Lal quickly. "If the locket was your sister's, I shall be only too glad, of course, to hand it over to you."

"Thank you," said Mr. Dixon; and Nipper, who was closely watching him, saw a momentary gleam of triumph flicker in his deep-set eyes.

"Key, please!" said Lal, turning to Nipper. Nipper handed him the key, and Lal crossed over to the desk. He had been so interested in Mr. Dixon's story that he had forgotten all about the conjurer's wife at Hillfoot Fair. So had his chums. Not one of them remembered at that moment that Lal had just ordered a photograph of Signor Rogano's wife in the locket, on the top of the other photograph.

Lal unlocked the desk and took out the photograph of the girl in the garden, and—

"That's it—that's it!" cried Mr. Dixon, the moment he caught sight of it. "I recognise it at a glance! That's the locket which was given to Conway by my sister!"



A Striking Group Portrait of Kettering Argyle F.C.

He took the locket from Lal's hand and opened it.

"And this is my sister," he said, gazing at the photograph with tear-dimmed eyes. "Poor dear Lucy! What a host of memories her pretty face brings back to me! How well I remember the day she sat for this photograph! It was the day that she and I were engaged, and was looking forward to her marriage! And now she is dead, and Conway is dead, and—"

His voice broke off in something suspiciously like a sob, and two large tears trickled down his cheeks. Mr. Rant rose visibly affected. With firm delicacy, the five boys averted their eyes from the grief-stricken stranger's face.

"And then Lal suddenly remembered the conjurer's wife!"

"Great Scott!" he began excitedly; then he checked himself.

"By Jove—yes!" cried Nipper, who had also suddenly remembered the scene at Hillfoot Fair.

Mr. Rant regarded them with a reproving glance.

"What is it?" he said severely.

"Not the slightest! How come that, when I said 'Take that to your brother-in-law, Mr. Conway, Dixon, of 19, Hastings Road, Liverpool,' he said 'Take that to your sister'?" he asked.

"Of course!" said Mr. Dixon. "Absolutely certain!"

"You have no doubt about it, I suppose?"

"No! Not she's committed bigamy!" said Lal. "For if this is your sister, your sister is now the wife of a strolling conjurer, who goes by the name of Signor Rogano, and I saw her and spoke to her at the Hillfoot Fair some time ago."

Mr. Dixon recoiled as if he had received a blow in the face. Mr. Rant stroke up to Lal and growled at him in a hoarse, angry tone.

"What unspeakable crime!" he demanded sternly.

"It's no joke at all, sir," said Lal. "Hamilton, from Wagstaffe, Arklo and I went up to Hillfoot Fair this afternoon. There was a poor woman there, the wife of a conjurer, who used to come to the Hillfoot Fair every day—gave her some money, and, out of gratitude, she insisted on presenting me with her photograph."

"When we got back to the school, I thought I'd see if the photo would fit in this locket. I tried, and it would fit fitted exactly. I was going to take it out and take it home, but just then the bell rang for call-over; so I left it in, and I'd forgotten all about it till this minute."

"Is this true?" asked Mr. Rant, turning to the other four.

"Yes, sir," they chorused.

Mr. Dixon added: "As to the photo which Mr. Rant showed me, it is not the same as the photo which was in the locket when it was given to Lal, but a photograph of Signor Rogano's wife."

"Let me look at it," said Mr. Rant, holding out his hand.

"Lal handed him the locket. Mr. Rant glanced at the photograph, then turned to Mr. Dixon.

"Now, sir, we are waiting for your explanation," he said coldly. "You say this locket formerly belonged to your sister, but just then the bell rang for Mr. Arnold five years ago, and died a few months later. You say this is a photograph of your sister, but you say it is a photograph of a conjurer's wife, whom these boys saw at Hillfoot Fair this afternoon."

"I thought it was my sister," stammered Mr. Dixon. "I thought it was my sister's locket at it very carefully, and—well, you see, it's five years since my sister died, and—er—I suppose I don't remember very clearly what she was like."

Mr. Rant shook his head.

"You are only making matters worse," he said. "I have seen the other photograph, and there is absolutely no slightest resemblance between the two women. In fact, no two women could be more unlike in every possible way. It is not possible to call anybody, even for a single instant, mistake one for the other. Unless you have a better explanation than that which you are now offering, I shall be obliged to you are an impostor!"

"Hear, hear!" cried Nipper impulsively.

Mr. Rant frowned.

"If you are a conjurer, sir," said Nipper humbly. "But—er—well, I may as well say it—I'm sure this man is an impostor, sir. Haven't you noticed his peculiar accent? I did, as soon as he began to speak. It says his name is Dixon, and he comes from Liverpool. But I don't believe he's an Englishman at all; I believe he's a German."

"Mr. Dixon" started, and shot a murderous glance at Nipper. Mr. Rant strode to the study door and flung it open.

"Your guilty start has convinced me that Hamilton is right," he said, addressing the now thoroughly discomfited stranger. "But, your object was in coming here and trying to obtain possession of the locket I do not pretend to know, but I have no doubt whatever that you are an impostor."

"Be careful, sir!" said Mr. Dixon, with a feeble attempt at bluster.

"An impostor!" repeated Mr. Rant calmly. "I am just now, I do not know who you wish to obtain possession of this locket, but I am quite sure it is not for the reasons you have given. Be to quite frank with you, I do not believe a single word of the story you have told us. I shall communicate with the Liverpool police to-morrow, and ask them if they know anything of you. In the meantime—there is the door!"

Mr. Dixon did not stir. His eyes were fixed in a staring way on the locket in Lal's hand. He seemed unable to tear himself away.

"Hamilton, run down to the lodge, and ask Mr. Rant to send for the constable," said Mr. Rant.

THE 12th CHAPTER. The Corruption of Constable Wragge.

NEXT day Mr. Rant not only wrote to the Liverpool police, as he had done the day before, but he also wrote to Scotland Yard, to a friend in Manchester, and to the local chief constable.

The next day, on Saturday morning, from Liverpool he received the information that no such person as James Hamilton, the King's Road, or was known there. His Majesty's accented British accent had never been a cotton-spinner in that city of the name of Conway, whose wife he had been, but just then the bell rang for call-over, so he had afterwards sold his business and gone



THE FIGHTING FIFTH.

(Continued from the previous page.)

abroad. Both Scotland Yard and the local chief constable were positive in their declarations that nobody named Dixon had wired to them, or had received any information from them, which would bring the lock to Lal's possession.

After dinner on Saturday afternoon Mr. Rant sat for Lal and informed him of the result of his inquiries.

"So it is as I thought," he said, in conclusion. "The fellow was a rank impostor. He wished to secure the lock, and except for the fact that he wished to impress on you the 'Daily Mail' his story was a pure invention from beginning to end."

"But why should he take all that trouble, and run the risk of getting hold of the lock?" asked Lal. "It isn't very valuable. I shouldn't think it would fetch more than fifteen shillings or a sovereign at the outside."

"I don't know," he said, which has also puzzled me," said Mr. Rant. "As you say, the lock is of no great value, and yet there is no doubt that the man was desperately anxious to get hold of it. At present I cannot even suggest an explanation. Possibly we may discover the fellow's motives later, and in the meantime I wish to impress on you the necessity of taking the very greatest care of the lock."

"Would you like me to give it to you, sir?" asked Lal.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Rant. "It will be as safe in Hamilton's desk as it would be in mine. But if anybody ever claims it, I want you to promise me that you won't part with it until you have consulted me."

Lal readily gave the required promise, and then went up to his study to re-read the report of the chief of Mr. Rant's news to his father. But the latter was not interested. They had long known that Dixon was an impostor, and Mr. Rant's investigations did not tell them anything he had not already guessed. As a matter of fact, they were far more interested at that moment in discussing the question of how they should spend their Saturday half-holiday.

Nipper suggested another visit to Hill-foot Park; whilst Wagstaffe argued strenuously in favour of a "blow-out" at Pyle's, the village tuck-shop, and whilst they were discussing those rival proposals, Dick, who was standing by the window, suddenly exclaimed:

"Jee-rusalem! Come here, you chaps! Quick, or you'll miss the treat of a lifetime! Here's Piggy Grand Duke!"

His four chums crowded to the window to see what Trigg, the mathematical maker, magnificently arrayed in a seaming cap, astrakhan gloves, and a fur-lined overcoat, with his hands in his pockets, and his legs extended half-way up to his elbows. He was marching proudly across the quad, and a moment later he passed through the side gate and disappeared from view.

"Talk about Solomon in all his glory," laughed Nipper, as they turned away from the window, "but I don't think you'll find anything he must have something special on this afternoon, or he wouldn't have got himself up like that."

"Perhaps he's going to mash Fraulin Hoffmann," suggested Bob.

Mr. Trigg, as the reader will doubtless remember, was deeply enamoured of the assistant German mistress at Canaridge House Collegiate School for Young Gentlewomen; and as the reader will also remember, he had a rival in the person of Mr. Wimpie, the science master at the Grammar School.

"By Jove, I shouldn't wonder if Bob is right!" said Wagstaffe. "There's a bazaar and a 'blow-out' at Pyle's, and then to one the Pimple with her there, too! What do you say, you chaps—shall we go to the giddy bazaar and see the fun?"

His proposal met with the ready acquiescence

of the others, and five minutes later the five chums were on their way to the village.

It was a clear, bright, frosty afternoon. There had been a slight fall of snow during the night, and the subsequent frost had made the roads as slippery as glass.

Outside the gates of St. Ninian's the road was fairly level, and continued level for about a mile. It then ran rather steeply downhill for a quarter of a mile, and at the bottom of the hill it turned sharply to the right in the direction of the village.

Half-way down this hill the five chums came to a long and beautifully-polished slide. It had been made by some of the village boys earlier in the day, and extended from the middle of the hill to the corner at the bottom.

A well-made slide is a temptation which few schoolboys can resist, even though they be members of the Lower Fifth in a big public school.

"Crikey! That's a ripping slide!" said Nipper, pulling up.

"Ripping!" said Dick. "As hard as steel and as smooth as glass."

"It's two hundred yards long, if it's a yard," said Bob.

"And as straight as an arrow," added Wagstaffe.

Nipper glanced up the hill. Except for themselves, not a soul was in sight.

"It's a long time since I had a real old-fashioned slide," he sighed.

"Same here," said Dick. "And there's nobody about."

"To be, or not to be," said Nipper, turning to the others.

"To be," said Bob.

"I'm game," said Lal.

struggling heap. "Ow! Take your foot out of my heel! Get hold of my nose! Oh, I'll ave the lor on yer for this, yer young varmint!"

One by one the five boys sorted themselves out and scrambled to their feet. The constable followed their example, replaced his helmet, and fished out his official notebook.

"Sliding on the public highway, contrary to the by-laws," he growled, as he opened his book. "Haulassing a hollicer of the lor in the hecution of his dooty. Forty bob or fourteen days at the very least! Your names, please, young gentlemen."

"Oh, I say, Peter, you're not going to report us!" said Nipper.

"Forty bob, or fourteen days," repeated Wragg. "Amilton I know, and Starling I know, and Des I know." He wrote the three names in his notebook. "Next, please!"

"But it was a pure accident, you know," said Nipper. "Don't be hard on us, Peter. There'll be a holy row at the school if you summon us. Let us off this time. There's a nice, kind dear!"

"Next, please!" said the constable, glancing at Bob.

"My name's Arke," said Bob grumpily—"Sir Robert Arke, Bar. Don't forget the bar!"

"And mine's Wagstaffe," said the fat boy. "Don't forget the Wag!"

The constable wrote the two names down, then he closed his book and replaced it in his pocket.

"You'll get yer summonses to-morrow morning," he said curtly.

Nipper heaved a doleful sigh. "I suppose you're quite right, Peter," he said. "I'll be in the 'lav, and we deserve to be punished. Yes, you're quite right, Peter, quite right! We don't bear you

with a grin. "It's too expensive! Good-bye, Peter! Our love to the museum, the kids! By the way, have you seen anything of Mr. Trigg in the village? You know Mr. Trigg, of course?"

"Yes," replied the constable. "I saw him go into the church bazaar about ten minutes since."

"Then you were right," said Nipper, turning to Bob. "Piggy's on the mash this afternoon. Come along, you chaps; let's lie to the merry church bazaar!"

THE TWelfth CHAPTER. Mr. Wimpie Has a 'Hot Time.'

THE church bazaar, or sale of work, was held in the parish school-room, and consisted for the most part of a number of stalls, laden with articles of clothing which had been sewn or knitted by the ladies of the congregation.

In addition to these stalls there was the customary "bran-tub," in which, for the payment of a penny, one could plunge one's head and extract a toy worth at least a farthing! There was also a band, which discouraged sweet music at short intervals, a cinematograph in one of the class rooms, and a gramophone in another. And at the upper end of the room, in close proximity to the bran-tub, was the refreshment stall, where cakes and iced refreshments were dispensed by Fraulin Hoffmann.

We'll be bankrupt before the end of the term if we go on squandering money and the reckless way," said Nipper, when he and his chums had paid their sixpence each at the door.

"We'll have more than one's worth of fun, if the Pimple is here!" said Dick.

"And he is," chuckled Bob. "Look! There he is, at the top of the room. And there's Piggy glaring at him as if he'd like to strangle him."

The five boys threaded their way up the crowded room, and halted in the immediate vicinity of the refreshment stall—a long, narrow table, on which were displayed a varied assortment of cakes and sandwiches, two vases of fruit, and a miscellaneous collection of cups and saucers and plates.

Fraulin Hoffmann, looking very 'feeling' in her dainty white apron and cap, stood behind the table. In front of her, at one end of the table, stood Mr. Trigg, with a cup of tea in one hand and a bathroom of the table. As at the opposite end of the table stood the rival, Mr. Wimpie, who was wolfing a ham-sandwich.

"A lovely day, isn't it?" murmured Mr. Trigg, with a languishing glance at the fair German.

"I think it is very cold," said Fraulin Hoffmann, who was not in the best of humours. "Was your tea all right?"

"Delicious—most delicious!" said Mr. Trigg, rapturously.

"But how could it be otherwise when yours

was the hand which—

"May I trouble you for another ham-sandwich, please," growled Mr. Wimpie, from the other end of the table.

Mr. Trigg glared at the interrupter, who replied with a vindictive scowl. Fraulin handed him the sandwich, and Mr. Wimpie paid for it.

"May I have another cup of tea, please?" snapped Mr. Trigg.

Mr. Wimpie ground his teeth, and if looks could kill, Mr. Trigg would have perished on the spot.

This went on for another quarter of an hour, first one and then the other trying to monopolise the attention of the German mistress. It was very annoying in its way; but it was not quite so annoying as it had appeared.

"Oh, I say, this is too slow for anything!" said Nipper at last. "I'm going to liven things up a bit!"

"How?" asked Dick.

"I'm going to buy a sandwich," said Nipper. "When I've got it, I'm going to ask for the mustard. When I've got the mustard, I'll want one of you to go to the other end of the table and ask for a bottle of ginger-pop, and I'll want another of you to bump into the Pimple from behind, so as to distract his attention for a second or two."

"What's the idea?" asked Bob, in a mystified voice.

"See?" said Nipper, with a wink. (To be continued on Saturday next.)



The next instant, with an ear-splitting shriek that sent a thrill of terror through the crowded room, Mr. Pimple dived head foremost into the bran-tub.

"Ditto," said Wagstaffe. "Lead on, MacNip!"

Nipper took a short run, and launched himself on the long, straight, glassy slide. Dick followed next; then came Bob and Lal and Wagstaffe in the order named; and a moment later the five boys were whizzing down the hill, in single file, with the speed of an express.

"Put on steam, old Stick-in-the-mud!" cried Dick to Nipper, as they neared the foot of the hill, in single file, with the speed of an express.

"How the dickens—?" began Nipper; then he suddenly broke off with a gasp of alarm.

Destroyed by this catastrophe, the others made a frantic effort to pull up. But the momentum they had acquired proved too much for them, and after a series of wildly exciting acrobatic feats, Dick crashed down on the top of Nipper and the constable; Bob fell floundering on the top of Dick; Lal rolled over on the top of Bob; and Wagstaffe sat down heavily on the top of all of them.

"Murder!" "Eh!" Fire gurgled the constable, who was at the bottom of the writhing,

any ill-will. We're sorry we knocked you down—aren't we, chaps?—and we'd like to compensate you for your injuries."

He pulled out half-a-crown. Dick produced a two-shilling-piece, and the others a shilling each.

"Here's seven-and-sixpence for you, Peter," said Nipper, as he pressed the coins into the constable's not unwilling palm. "That's for knocking you down, you know. You mustn't think we're trying to bribe you to let us off."

"We wouldn't dream of such a thing," said Dick piously.

"No fear for worlds!" said Bob.

"We know it would be no use," said Wagstaffe; "in fact, it would make you quite angry if we tried to do such a thing."

"I'm not so fit of chap to be bribed," said Dick piously.

"We know it," said Nipper. "And we admire you for it. You always do your duty, whatever happens."

"I try to," said Peter modestly. "At the same time, I don't know but we may have been a bit too asty in our last job. Now, if this little affair was really a accident—"

"I hurt a bliss my soul, we wouldn't willingly nurse a hair of your dear old head! We love you too much to let you go off like that."

"Then we'll say no more about it," said the constable graciously. "But if ever such a thing happens again!" said Nipper, "Oh, it won't happen again!" said Nipper,

THIS IS DAVID GOODWIN'S GREAT NEW COLLIERY STORY.



By DAVID GOODWIN, Author of Many Other Popular Stories.



THE FIRST CHAPTER IN BRIEF.

A half-witted miser, known by his comrades as 'Mad Matt,' owned a section of clay in the Coed Coch Colliery yard by stating that he is the owner of this mine, as he only works there as a hewer because the role suits him better. In the midst of his harangue the real owner of the colliery, Mr. Kenyon Price, comes on the scene, and Matt repeats his statement in his hearing. When Mr. Price hears his tale his face turns very white, though he pretends the affair of Mr. Price is of no account to him. He is quite as well as his own, an accident robbing Matt of his section and preventing his making his claim. Soon after the scene in the colliery yard Matt meets with an accident in the pit, which results fatally. Roddy Owen and Tom Henson, two pit-buys, who have always been friendly with Matt, knowing the details of the poor fellow was no accident, but was deliberately planned by Kenyon Price and his underlings. Those two lads are Matt's heirs, a will having been made by the dead man to that effect. The boys know they will not be believed if they tell the truth, as they have not a jot of evidence to support their statement. At the same time, Roddy cannot hide anything at the inquest, and when he tells what he knows he is severely reprimanded by the coroner for trying to cast a shadow on the name of an honorable gentleman like Kenyon Price. When Roddy and Owen return to Matt's cottage after the inquest, they find a man with a bill of sale in each hand, and a note for some hundred pounds. Property Matt has left there is a plain knock, the boys decide to go there. Here they find an old man, Daffyd, Roddy falls into the shaft of an ornate, and a pulley over Tom. He is climbing up the shaft, and is entering up to the mouth of the shaft the rope is cut by someone above, and he hurries back into the shaft. Fortunately, he is unharmed, and finding there is no other way of getting out, he commences to climb the almost inaccessible sides of the shaft. Luckily the boys below see Daffyd lurch and swing by one hand. [Your read-to-day's installment.]

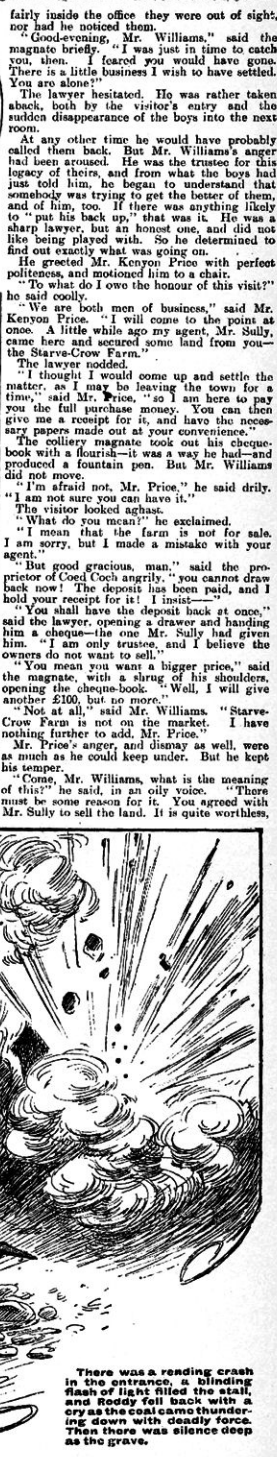
it, whereupon they hauled him up bodily. He danced a frantic war dance among the Bramble-bushes as soon as he touched the ground. 'Daffyd, my buck, we owe you more than we'll ever be able to repay in ten lifetimes!' he said: 'an' if by any chance we're ever millionaires, you shall jolly well be one, too, whether you like it or not.' 'Eatin' said Roddy: 'but we sha'n't unless we hustle, so let's put on all speed. No one in sight, is there?' he added, taking a rapid look round the distances as he started. 'Don't see anybody,' said Tom. 'Sully's hooked it long ago, of course. What's the first money? Get him arrested for tryin' to manslaughter us?' 'Rats!' said Roddy. 'What good'll that do, an' how could we nail him? Rip off to Myrion Williams as fast as we can travel, that's what we've got to do. Bryn y Garth colliery before overruling! Come on! Are you with us, Daffyd?' 'There is no use for me to go to Aberford. I will stay here and keep guard on our farm. You will come back.' 'We'll be here to sleep again to-night, I reckon, with any luck. But it depends on how things go, there's no counting do anything. So-long, old chap, an' expect us when you see us. We sha'n't forget what you've done for the boys.' 'And I say, just turn Gripe loose when you get to the cottage,' put in Tom. 'He'll follow after, an' we might want him; there's no use.' Daffyd waved a cheery adieu, and made for the house, while the two others set off at a sharp run into the little village. Gripe came bounding after them in response to Tom's whistle, and the boys and the dog kept up a steady double all the way to Aberford. They were not far from the cottage when their going till they reached Mr. Wynne Williams's door. 'I expect it's all right after all, and we needn't have hurried,' panted Tom. 'It ain't likely anything could have happened to the place already. However, we can see him now as make sure nothing has happened.' Mr. Williams received them in his office, with a smiling face, and before they could ask any questions he said: 'I've good news for you, my lads,' he said. 'You are rid of your white elephant for good and all. Bryn y Garth is sold!' The boys, uttering thank-awabs, stared at him, speechless. 'Sold!' gasped Tom at last. 'Sold!' repeated the doctor, rubbing his hands together. 'It's off your hands, and will never trouble you again. Starve-Crow Farm has a new owner, and I've got a good price for it, too. How's that?' 'Great Scott!' exclaimed Roddy. 'But it can't be bought and paid for yet.' 'The price amounts to £2000, the contract, or what the buyer has given me a written contract to purchase, and laid a deposit in cash. I expect him back to-day, and you'll be able to complete the purchase.' 'Thank goodness!' cried Roddy. 'Then we're in time to clear up the contract, or what it is. Mr. Williams, and send him back his money.' The lawyer stared. 'My dear Owen, what do you mean?' he exclaimed. 'I mean that Bryn y Garth doesn't pass out of our hands for any price, and Tom and I hold it; no one else need apply!' 'But, really, this is extraordinary!' said the lawyer, looking rather offended. 'You put the farm in worthless, and I never dreamed of getting an offer at all. As trustee, I am empowered to sell it, and you also asked me to do so. But this mysterious man has turned up to-day, and finding he seemed keen, I held out for a price, and actually got him to give £2 an acre.' Tom burst into a roar of laughter. 'You don't mean it?' he said sarcastically. 'That price amounts to £2000, the contract, or what I said Mr. Williams, frowning at him. 'I would not myself take the farm if you paid me £5. But it seems to me you—' 'Half a minute, Mr. Williams,' said Roddy. 'We don't want to offend you at all, an' we're sure you did our best for us. But we aren't talking through our hats. The whole thing's a plant—on us and on you. I'll tell you the name of the man who made you that offer, and when he made it, and to say so, my name is Sully, Kenyon Price's viewer an' agent. An' he came—let's see—at about two o'clock.'

'Quite right,' said the astonished lawyer. 'About four years ago that same Mr. Sully had us, as he thought, so securely trapped that we'd never give you any more trouble. Thanks to an angel with a red head, we're out in time to knock his little scheme sideways,' said Tom. 'An' it ain't £200 that'll buy Bryn y Garth,' added Roddy. 'nor £24,000. Nor £14,000. There's just time to stop the deal, you say, sir?' 'Yes, I think so. But has a value been discovered in Starve-Crow Farm?' said the amazed Mr. Williams. 'That's it, sir. An' this buyer of yours tried to chouse us out of it. You know how Matt died in the Aberford Pit? It was because he stood in the way of a great man. You'll know who I mean, sir. We came rather near dyin' in a different way to-day, for the same reason. We were to ha' been the victims, sir, and you the catspaw!' The lawyer flushed, and his keen face hardened. 'If any man is trying to play with my head,' he said grimly, 'he will find himself badly mistaken; nor do I care who he is. When this—' 'Hallo!' said Tom, glancing through the window as the horn of a motor was heard. 'Here's Kenyon Price in his car. He's come to finish the deal!' 'By gum!' An' we're sixty feet down the Bryn y Garth shaft!' murmured Roddy, between his teeth. 'The biggest snells can make mistakes, you see. Now for it!' The door opened, and a clerk showed Mr. Kenyon Price into the room. The great colliery magnate entered with a heavy stride.

THE 21ST CHAPTER.

Mr. Kenyon Price Receives a Shock.

AS the colliery-owner entered the office, Roddy touched Tom on the arm, and the two boys melted so quietly and quickly back into the shadow at the far end and through the door into the room beyond, that by the time Kenyon Price was fairly inside the office they were out of sight, nor had he noticed them. 'Good-evening,' Mr. Williams,' said the magnate haughtily. 'I was just in time to catch you, shon. I feared you would have gone. There is a little business I wish to have settled. You are alone?' The lawyer hesitated. He was rather taken aback, both by the visitor's entry and the sudden disappearance of the boys into the next room. At any other time he would have probably called them back. But Mr. Williams's anger had been aroused. He was the trustee for this legacy of theirs, and from what the boys had just told him, he began to understand that somebody was trying to get the better of them, and of him, too. If there was anything likely to 'put his back up,' that was it. He was a sharp lawyer, but an honest one, and did not like to be played with, nor did he determine to find out exactly what was going on. He greeted Mr. Kenyon Price with perfect politeness, and motioned him to a chair. 'To what do I owe the honor of this visit?' he said coolly. 'I've a little business of my agent's,' said Mr. Kenyon Price. 'I will come and see you at once. A little while ago my agent, Mr. Sully, came here and secured some land from you—the Starve-Crow Farm.' The lawyer nodded. 'I thought I would come up and settle the matter, as I may be leaving the town for a time,' said Mr. Price. 'So I am here to pay you the full purchase money. You can then give me a receipt for it, and have the necessary papers made out at your convenience.' The colliery magnate took out his cheque-book with a flourish—it was a way he had—and produced a fountain pen. But Mr. Williams did not move. 'I'm afraid not, Mr. Price,' he said dryly. 'I am not sure you can have it.' The visitor looked aghast. 'What do you mean?' he exclaimed. 'I mean that the farm is not for sale. I am sorry, but I made a mistake with your agent.' 'But good gracious, man,' said the proprietor of Coed Coch angrily. 'You cannot draw back now! The deposit has been paid, and I hold your receipt for it. I insist—' 'You shall have the deposit back at once,' said the lawyer, opening a drawer and handing him a cheque—the one Mr. Sully had given him. 'I am only trustee, and I believe the owners do not want to sell.' 'You mean you want a bigger price,' said the magnate, with a shrug of his shoulders, opening the cheque-book. 'So well, I will give another £100, but no more.' 'Not at all,' said Mr. Williams. 'Starve-Crow Farm is not on the market. I have nothing further to add, Mr. Price.' Mr. Price's anger, and dismay as well, were as much as he could keep under. But he kept his temper. 'Come, Mr. Williams, what is the meaning of this?' he said, in an oily voice. 'There must be some reason for it. You agreed with Mr. Sully to sell the land. It is quite worthless



There was a reading crash in the entrance, a blinding flash of lighted the scene, and Roddy fell back with a cry as the coal came thundering down with deadly force. Then there was silence deep as the grave.

The 20th CHAPTER.

Kenyon Price Arrives.

ARY burst from Tom's lips, for they thought it was all up with the climber, and a great piece of coal crashed down to the bottom, Roddy, by sheer luck, barely being able to dodge it. How Daffyd recovered himself they did not know, for the gloom and the drifting coal-dust hid him from them for the moment, but he did. The next glimpse they had of him was a bare two feet from their tops. Then one after the other, struggle, and he drew himself clear out of the shaft and rolled over on the ground beyond. A ringing yell of triumph broke from both the boys' throats at once, answered by a feeble whoop from Daffyd. He lay out of sight, reeling on his breast, and it was some time before they looked down the gaping pit and grinned delightedly. 'What do you think of that? Daffyd can climb better than a goat—eh?' 'By glory, it was immense!' shouted Roddy. 'I wish I may break my neck if ever I go back to you ever this time.' 'You don't want wings, old cock?' cried Tom, dancing with delight. 'You can go any day, but you'll have to get hard without 'em. Come down an' do it again.' 'Hah!' said Daffyd, with a huge grin. 'You mean what I do now—eh? I go to your man—Sully, whatever you call him, and to say to him how much he giff me to leave you down there. What?' He disappeared, and Tom looked rather taken aback, for the boy was gone some time. Roddy only laughed, however, and a little later their red heads showed like a meteor come more at the mouth of the shaft. 'Ter rope is last,' he said: 'come along. You was poster pe quick, or you lose ter old pit!' Roddy grabbed the rope and started. The first thirty yards were easy enough, but before he reached the top he had been thoroughly blown and exhausted, and but for Daffyd's help at the last, would hardly have done it. However, he had almost reached the top, and to save time they called down to Tom—whom they could not see—to make a bowline in the rope and sit in

WITH PICK & LAMP.

(Continued from the previous page.)

as you know, and I want it merely for the use of the trout stream and the shooting. My dog will do the rest of the work.

"You'll get exercise in a minute, without going to Bryn y Garth for it!" muttered Roddy in a snide way. "The door was ajar, and they could hear all that passed. Tom snatched a grin in his handkerchief, for fear it should become audible.

"Exercise is a good thing," said Mr. Williams cheerily. "But, my dear sir, you can hire 4,000 acres of moor for the shooting at a price, if you want it, instead of a mere 400. I've got a moor on the books I can let you have," he added, searching for his agency list.

"Kenyon Price nearly exploded. "Look here, lawyer, when I want a thing, I'm not happy till I get it. The first year's worth, it'll be worth you £2,000, and pay you on the nail. Come!"

"The collector shook his head, and repeated that he was not for sale. Mr. Price was rapidly getting hot.

"Are you speaking for yourself or for the owners?" he said sharply. "I believe the 'They happen to be two of your old pit-boys, lately discharged,' put in Mr. Williams, who was not to be outdone.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the magnate, with a start, as if he were immensely surprised. "Old humbug! Where does he expect to go?" growled Roddy, under his breath.

"Yes," said the lawyer, "I described this farm as being owned very well—from Matthew Matthews, the man who was killed in your colliery not long ago.

threatening look back at the three. But Grine gave him the unmissable growl that he was fain to turn and hurry out again as fast as he could. The lawyer followed to see him off the premises.

"Glorious! Wasn't that a treat?" chuckled Tom, wriggling with delight. "Did you see the face of him? Had we better tell Williams about it?"

"No; I think we ought to keep it to ourselves," said Roddy thoughtfully. "I don't want to get the wrong people there. They know there's coal on our land the better. Kenyon Price won't talk after this. He'll get a good deal of Williams is straight enough," objected Tom.

"Of course, he is; but I know what he'll do about it. He'll get the wrong people there. He'll want that. I want to handle it myself."

"The lawyer entered the room again, and looked at the boys wonderingly. "This is an extraordinary business," he said, with a perplexed look. "Kenyon Price seems to be behaving like a sharper.

"What does it mean? What is this sudden rise in the unmissable growl that he was fain to turn and hurry out again as fast as he could. The lawyer followed to see him off the premises.

"We have, sir," said Roddy, "though there's no saying exactly what it may be worth to you. We've worked it out, and you've done, and I think some day there'll be a lot of business coming your way over Bryn y Garth. Anyhow, it won't be long before you'll get a good deal of Williams is straight enough."

"It's certainly yours," said the lawyer, "and you've worked it out, and you've done, and I think some day there'll be a lot of business coming your way over Bryn y Garth. Anyhow, it won't be long before you'll get a good deal of Williams is straight enough."

"Well, you see, sir," answered Roddy hesitatingly, "Kenyon Price got what he wanted, and I don't know that we ought to show him up just now.

"No," said the lawyer, "He's a powerful enemy of mine, and if you want to avoid stirring him up too much, I should say you're right; though it didn't strike me you were exactly averse to it. You seem to prefer keeping your own counsel, and saying nothing to anybody. Well, that's a rare good principle to follow, as we lawyers know. So if you want to stick to it, I won't question you. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"We'd rather like to know if there's any chance of getting some money on Bryn y Garth, sir," said Roddy, "something to work with; but without selling any part of it, of course?"

"Nobody would lend you anything on such a place unless they knew all about it, and what was the value of the mine, and how much you pay very heavy interest, and give the title deeds as security, so that they could claim the place if you didn't pay. See?"

"I don't think it's likely you'll get it. I couldn't lend you any myself, unless I knew exactly what you were doing."

"I'm not disappointed, sir," said Roddy; "I'm rather glad. We'll manage without that, as it'll be better for us. Well, goodbye, sir, and our best thanks! We'll never forget what you've done for us, and you shall never lose by it."

we're grey-headed before we make any money. But, it seems to me you're stupider, and I'm waitin' to hear what you mean to do."

"There are three ways we might start the colliery," said Roddy. "The first is borrowin' the money, the second is to get the land before we'd made it pay. The second is what we call floatin' a company—make a lot of shares an' makin' it a public concern."

"The Royal Starve-Crow Colliery, Limited," said Roddy. "An' that's worse than the first—a whole Roddy, 'because you have to raise' added Roddy, "because you have to raise a whole Roddy of shares an' agents an' directors an' what we call floatin' a company—make a lot of shares an' makin' it a public concern."

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"I read the papers, old chap, an' a good many things besides. I've put in a good two or three months' work, an' I've got a lot of shares from the town library, an' mostly on colliery work an' engineering."

"I didn't want to stay a putter all my life, but I had to do it for a while, an' I got a chap had to find time for footer as well. It was chiefly night work, an' I can do with less sleep than most. I'm glad I did it now, an' I can't give before you do."

"How much money do you want?" "I want to get a rich man to chip in an' help us, givin' him a share. An' that ain't much more than he'd get for his money."

"I don't know that, old chap. The owner ain't so good to terms with Price, an' he might give us a job to split him, or tell us where we could get one."

"I can't give you one. I'd like to," he added, jerking his thumb towards the Coed Coch; "but they're too strong for us over the hill."

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"I can't give you one. I'd like to," he added, jerking his thumb towards the Coed Coch; "but they're too strong for us over the hill."

go an' dig in somebody else's old coalhole. We start to-morrow for Dowlighat."

"I like moving about myself," said Dafydd calmly. "I will come too."

"I was never had any chums I cared about more than you, old chap. We shan't be any good to you up there, an' some day I hope we'll all meet here again—for good. Much better stay. You can keep this as your own sign."

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**RUNNING:**

Mr. A. E. ALSON, winner of over 200 prizes, gives readers the benefit of valuable experience gained during his long career on the cinder-path.

(Continued from last week.)  
**S**HORT-LEGS! Here we come to an important item, and one that is frequently a source of worry and trouble.

Recently-made running shoes are often the reverse of a blessing. Shoes made to measure are not always satisfactory, unless one knows the best makers—and experts in this line are astonishingly few.

Running shoes may be obtained from almost any athletic outfitter.

**Rubber-soled shoes.**  
 I may here mention, are not the least bit of good for track work. Care should be taken to see that the spikes are firmly fixed, and that the shoe is as light as possible, the leather tops being soft and pliable. A trouble that frequently occurs in a cheap shoe is the liability of the base plates of the spikes to



The side stroke. (See next column.)

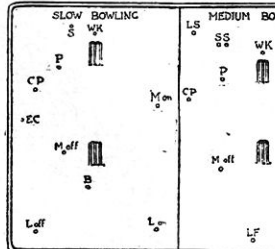
work loose, or become bent, thus throwing the spike out of gear, which is not only a loss of power in striding, but also possible damage to the foot itself. When this happens, there is nothing to be done but to stop, and either to have the old ones resoled, or to have a new pair made. Many a race has been lost, and many a runner crippled, through a fault of, or ill-fitting shoes, and hence my insistence on due care being exercised in this direction. The laces in running shoes should be of green whipcord, which, if rubbed about the ankle, will cause a chafe, and be found to be sufficient safeguard against those lamentable instances of lace-breaking, and the attendant consequences, in an important contest. Shoes must fit snugly, yet not so as to cramp the toes. No sock must be worn.

**A chamois-leather toecap**  
 reaching to the instep affords due protection for the toes.

The next consideration is at what time of the day practice on the track should take place. In this, I will ignore the methods of the professional athlete, who has the full day at his command, and will take it that the leisure time for practice is early morning and evening. Let me say at once that I am strongly against any track work, or, indeed, any heavy work, being done in the early morning, in an empty stomach. Deep-breathing exercise, light Indian club swinging, and a gentle walk are amply sufficient to commence the day's work. The heaviest meal should be eaten at midday. After business is over, and a light tea partaken of, a spin on the track in the cool of the evening will be found to be highly exhilarating.

Three or four evenings during the week will be found to be quite sufficient on which to practise on the track, if one wishes to last soundly throughout the season, and a "rest evening" or two will be appreciated if gentle walking exercise and light Indian club exercise be indulged in.

**Commencement of Practice Spins.**  
 Having arrived at the practice ground, the young athlete should at once peel off his ordinary attire under warmer shelter, being careful to keep out of draughts. He should get a attendant, or a companion, if he has one with him, to rub him down well with a rough towel, and afterwards with fresh gloves. This puts



How to place the men on the cricket field. (See column 3.)

the body in a glow, and braces it up for action. Running attire is then donned, a sweater, or elastic jacket, being put on over the rest to keep the runner warm on his way to the track. Cauterizing down to the mark from where the preciseness and care, possibly of a come-sooter or jacket, these being placed handy for the return journey to the track, when another good spin down with towel and gloves is indulged in.

The practice spin now commences.  
 (To be continued on Saturday next.)

**SWIMMING:**

Mr. WILLIAM HENRY, Secretary of the Royal Life-Saving Society, coaches readers in the important arts of Swimming and Life-Saving.

(The Second Article.)

**S**INCE writing my first article on this interesting subject, I have been to France, Belgium, and Germany, where I have seen large numbers of boys being taught to sustain and propel the body on the surface of the water. I find that the method of instruction adopted at home is the same on the Continent, the first lessons being on the land. First, the arm movements, three in number, are taken separately; then the leg movements; and after the two are combined. It must be understood that in order to attain perfection in the art, all the movements must be done in accordance with the system, with precision, and strict attention to the object in hand, because swimming must be acquired in the same way as our A. B. C.

As the learner stands in an upright position with the hands together below the level of the chin, the palms of the hands facing to the floor, thumbs touching, fingers pointing straight in front, and at the same time the feet of the body. The stroke has

**three movements,** which must be carefully observed and practised so that they may be performed without thinking, in other words, they should become part of oneself.

From the position described above, the pupil will next stretch the hands and arms at full length in front of the body in an upward direction; secondly, he will turn the palms of the hands inwards, and at the same time part the hands and carry them round with the arms at full stretch, until the arms and shoulders are in a straight line across from the hand; thirdly, bend the elbows, allowing them to get the back and carry the hands in a straight line to the front of the body in the position. These are the whole of the arm movements in breast swimming, and should be practised slowly, gracefully, and in regular time, so that the arm movements are blended into one, without excessive muscular exertion, and without jerking, taking care to make a circular movement with each hand.

After having done the leg movements as above, the pupil will next learn the leg movements, which may be practised when standing, or lying down. When large numbers are dealt with, the standard position being in the water, and under tuition, the latter position may be adopted with advantage, as both legs can be used at one time. As the correct movement of the legs is most important in good swimming, great care should be taken with them, particularly as this is the first step, which will block the learner most, chiefly because of the outward stretching of both legs at the same time. To practise

**the leg stroke,** the learner may lay himself across a stool or table, or the top of a bed, with the legs bent, knees outward to the right and left, and the heels together, with the toes also pointing outward.

From this position the pupil will, firstly, spread the legs, from the knees downwards, wide apart, and the body to rise like the feet slightly. When this has been done the legs will be straight and wide apart; secondly, pull the legs smartly together like the closing of the blades of a pair of scissors; and, thirdly, bend the knees outward, keeping the heels together, and the feet in a straight line towards the trunk. When this has been done, the legs will be in the same position as when they started.

The pupil must remember that the drawing up of the legs and pressure of the feet are negative or retarding movements, therefore the more gently all such strokes are taken, the better, because the less they will retard the progress of the swimmer; also, by bending the knees laterally or outwardly, the draught of the water, the draught of the latter is decreased, because the whole of the body is kept nearer the surface of the water, and the resistance to its progress also is much less than would be the case if the legs were drawn under the body. The points of importance that should be remembered when practising the combined movement of the arms and legs in the swimming strokes, also when practising the movements separately, according to the instructions given above.

(To be continued next Saturday.)

**CRICKET:**

Mr. ALBERT TROTT, the famous County Cricketer and Coach, gives some very valuable instruction to Ambitious Cricketers.

(Continued from last week.)

**I**F you Londoners are going to rely upon a County Council pitch, remember that applications for the following season must be sent to the Clerk, Spring Gardens, S.W., not later than the 1st of each year. As there are many more times the number of applicants than available spaces, you can only succeed by securing an obtaining a permit, and even if this is granted you may only be allowed to play once in three weeks. Therefore, a private enclosure is preferable in every way.

On coming into possession of a ground for the first time, commence as early as possible to clear it of weeds, and at once mark out your match spaces—those on which you intend to play, with a reserve one, in case of accidents; and for practice. Let the whole space occupied by the play be closely cropped and cut. In a great many towns to which I go for the M.C.C. the wicket is beautifully well kept, even while the out-field is rough, uneven, and positively dangerous for those whose duty it is to run after the ball thereon. Let it be remembered that there cannot be a better grass if the grass is long, while men frequently drop catches on uneven and lumpy ground. You may call it well kept, but it is not, by the way in which its ground is prepared. It may seem to be a lot of work, but accidents have often taken place by reason of the out-field's being so rough.

Johnnie Briggs, the great Lancashire batsman and bowler, once remarked, in speaking of a hole in the ground. The same thing happened to me in Australia, and I could not run for it.

The out-field should certainly be well kept, and about the end of the season, when the weather is fine, a light roller may be used, and as April comes on, the turf may be increased. An idea of the amount of work to be done may be gauged by the fact that at the end of the winter there are ten men, besides a number of boys, who are employed on the pitch. Mr. Tom Hearne does not allow a weed to live a day, and the boys who fail to discover them are fined.

Now, there is a very great deal to do from October to March in the preparation of the ground, and when the cricket season is ended, the first thing should be to carefully repair the ground. This must also be done during the summer. The ground should be on a clay surface, or a sandy or gravel one. In the former case, if you are going to repair the turf, the material must be carefully selected, and of the thickness of one inch; and in the case of sandy or gravelly ground, double the thickness. The holes should be carefully filled, as if the material used for patching is full of these, there will be a great deal of trouble in getting rid of them, and if they are not once attended to, they will prove a simply all over the ground. Only two summers ago

**a county ground** was relaid during the autumn, the turf was dirty, and no matches could be played upon it the next year. What material, you may ask, was used for the new ground? At Lord's, Leyton, and the Oval, very fine dry loam is used, with the best grass seed that can be got.

If you have to let a ground you must have some competent authority from a county ground. The Wellington College cricket ground, which has been used for many years, was done by Tom Hearne, who first took off the surface eight inches of sandy soil, and filled in with clay and chalk to five inches deep, with two or three inches of good loam, and then the very best turf obtainable. But you must catch your turf very carefully, as it may be found to contain a lot of weeds and worms, and this will give a great worry to those who have charge of the ground.

Now, as not everyone who can lay a ground. At most is much headwork, is required in the getting of it in, and in the construction of it, and to achieve the best results, it must be carried out by one who has

**a knowledge of surveying,** and the desiring of chemistry, and also how to use a level. Many have wondered how it is that the grass at Lord's is so green. The ground is of clay, and when it gets dry, it cracks in London, England. A great deal of brown chalk is put upon it in October, and spread by hand, not too thick, and this helps matters a good deal. The turf men, however, get good wickets I must leave to another article.

(To be continued next Saturday.)

**ROWING.**

A FAMOUS OARSMAN, and member of a well-known London Rowing Club, tells our readers how to excel at this Grand Pastime.

(Continued from last week.)

**T**HE beginner aims at acquiring perfect evenness with his hands and cleanness of feather. To scull in perfect style the sculls should be kept feathered until the end of the swing forward is almost reached; then they should be swiftly turned, and the water taken at one cut at the same moment. The most fatal error a sculler can acquire is that of feathering under water. It is a common error of many, and some never lose it. It is fatal to the even progress of the boat.

A long swing both forward and back is much to be desired to the half-way stroke of sculling. In a race the swing will tell. Two men of equal strength and ability may row a hard race for three parts of the course, but should they be level near the finish and both equally



The breast stroke. (See column 2.)

tired, he with the longer and more rhythmic swing would be bound to win.

**Sculling for Pleasure.**  
 Of all interests to the half-way racing and other kind of sculling, that of sculling in heavy craft is perhaps the most fascinating. It combines pleasure with good exercise. There are double, triple, and four-oared scullers, but the most pleasant is perhaps the treble sculler. A low tandem with three to scull, two on the back seat, and one in the front ready to take his share of the work when the others are tired, provides the scene of pleasure. This gives the heavy boat more than is estimated at perfect time. The stroke should be of a length to suit all parties. The water not caught with the same strength and rush that would be used in a light racing boat, but the pressure is firmly applied, increasing in strength until the end of the stroke is reached, when, to render the stroke more effective, the sculls should be literally "loosed" out, and the swing forward taken with perfect feather. This gives the heavy boat enough to carry her and passengers and luggage, if any, well on to

**the next stroke.** The elbows should be kept as close to the sides as ease and comfort will permit, and the hands allowed to come away easily and quickly.

The sculler should see that his cut of scull with the same hand upmost, as this makes a great difference to the trim of the boat and the ease of the work.

In choosing a boat in which to make a pleasure journey, see that there are straps for the feet on the stretchers, and also obtain the longest boat. A long boat keeps her way better, travels better, and steers better with short oars. See that the sculls match, and do not overlap too much, and that there is plenty of grease in the boat in case it may be wanted to save an ungressed bottom.

The length of the dimensions of a racing sculling boat which would carry a man of about 11st:  
 Length over all—31ft.  
 Greatest breadth—11in.  
 Depth forward—34in.  
 Depth aft—24in.  
 Draft amidships—5in.  
 Weight—20lbs.

The scull should be as light as possible so long as they are stiff. The common measure



Running Shoe. Toe-cap.

**Two Running Corks.** (See column 1.)  
 Lengths are—total length, 9ft. 5in. to 9ft. 9in.; length inboard, 2ft. 5in. to 2ft. 9in.; breadth of blade, 5in. to 6in. They ought to overlap so much that the hands are well clear of one another.

Beyond all else sculling requires a great deal of practice, and the beginner who has set his heart upon this sport should be discouraged and disheartened at comparative failure at the outset. He should never be afraid of making experiments, even if he loses a few oars, especially as to rig and build of boat, as it is only by so doing that he will find out that because of the way in which he has chosen, because he has been well beaten once or twice that he is therefore no good, and give it up. If he has been beaten, he will do far better than he ever imagined.

(To be continued next Saturday.)

THE 1st CHAPTER.

Out of Bounds—The Mysterious Fusilier—Colonel Pongos.

A nervous, uneasy feeling brooded over the entourage of Jehanbrad, and the military regulations were no longer broken with impunity. Liberty the scapegoats of the Sloggers had indulged in for some time past, and the risk of discovery, but during the past fortnight, from time to time, nearly a score of soldiers had been quietly arrested on their marches from town to barracks, charged with offences that they could not possibly deny—no witnesses appeared against them—and punished by imprisonment or extra duty, according to the opinion that somebody was playing the sneak, probably in the guise of a native; but many of the Tommy boys professed to see no example of their comrades, and among the number, you may be sure, were Dannie and Ginger.

In spite of the risk, the two chums had slipped through the net, and were now, accompanied by Pongo this monkey, and gone to the native quarter of Jehanbrad to see a cook-fight. Each had won a raffle on the result of a match, and after it was over, with the intention of making a night of it, they had set off to visit Uncle Luckey, passing on their way across the market square.

Here, bathed in the fading glow of the sunset, and surrounded by temples and mosques, the stalls of the market were piled with carpets, cakes and meats. And here, also, strolling amid the throng, with a cane under his arm, was a short, stoutly built soldier, who bore the name and rank of a sergeant, and who once attracted the attention of Ginger.

"Do you see that chap?" he exclaimed, as he drew Dannie and one of the stalls. "That's a good Slogger."

"Who is he?" asked the lad.

"That's your puzzle me, was the answer. "E's a fine old man, Zeddy Bink's told me yesterday, when 'e was let out of clink for tryin' to do a skirt-dance in the bazaar, that the only person from the native quarter was a private of the 2nd Fusiliers. And that's the same man, from Toddy's description of 'im."

"Do you think that fellow has been making things hot for the last two weeks?"

"I shouldn't wonder if 'e was."

"Do you think he could be of that? Anyway, 'e's gone now!"

"Did he see us?"

"He must have looked 'em up."

"The Fusilier had vanished, and a few minutes later, having tossed a coin to decide whether they should return to the barracks or lounge on the carved balcony that projected from the first floor of Uncle Luckey's house."

For a time they sat there in peaceful contentment, each with a bottle of beer in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth. The Hindoo boys below them, and laughing at the monkey, who was swinging in the boughs of a tree.

"Look!" Dannie suddenly whispered—"look there!"

The mysterious Fusilier had appeared again, gaiter right and left as he stroled along the narrow street. He came on until he was directly under the tree, when Pongo swooped down upon him, and fastened his monkey on a gleeful chatter, the snatch of a hairy paw, and off came both the soldier's cap and a fine wig, revealing a skull that was as bald and white as a billiard ball.

Dannie dodged back, with a stifled shriek of laughter, but Ginger so far lost his presence of mind that he leaped over the balustrade, recklessly tilting the bottle of beer that was in his hand.

"Deen that, you see!" he shouted fiercely—"drop it!"

The startled monkey let go of the wig, and as the beer bottle fell, he snatched it up and clapped it on his head again, a torrent of beer caught him squarely in the face.

"You scoundrel!" he cried, looking up. "I know who you are, and I'll be avin' my right!"

For a few moments he raved incoherently, spluttering threats, and then he strode off, muttering a few words to the Hindoos. Pongo skipped back to the balcony and leapt on Ginger, who repulsed him with a scowl.

"Well, 'e's unshooked," he growled angrily. "Wot did you do it for? 'Treat's a nice scrape," he added to the lad.

"That fellow with 'im, and 'is monkey, 'e's avin' my right, and I'll be avin' 'em out of my own orders."

"His voice sounded sort of familiar," said Dannie; "but I can't place 'im, 'e's 'ere in a nice scrape, you say."

"And wot about 'er, my son?"

"'E's all right, 'e didn't see me."

"Well, I'll have to face the music," grumbled Ginger. "'E's always me, somehow or other. Come along, 'e's avin' my right, 'e's avin' my right, 'e's avin' my right."

"Cheer up, old pal! You ought to be glad it ain't me."

"I'll be back of us, mark my word."

The prediction was wrong, however. The two chums returned to barracks without detection, but the next morning Ginger was arrested, and charged with the offence of attempting to deny the charge, to that the mysterious witness should have to come forward, but a

OFF DUTY KAR'S OR, THE DIVERSIONS OF DANNIE AND GINGER.

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

DOUBLE CUNNING.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

Setting the Trap—How Colonel Pongos was Hooked—in Azimullah's Garden.

A couple of shrewd questions drew an unwitting admission of his guilt from him, and he was marched off to do seven days in the guard-house.

A similar fate befell half a dozen others during the next week, though Dannie had calculated a warning against the Fusilier, who was not believed to belong to that regiment. When Ginger was set free, one evening he found Dannie waiting for him, but he shook the lad off, saying that he had a private matter to attend to, and met him by appointment an hour later at the Begum's Tower, after night had fallen.

"What have you been doing?" asked Dannie, when his chum turned up. "You seem jolly happy for a fellow what has been spending a week in clink."

"Appy ain't the word for 'it," said Ginger, with a chuckle. "My son, I've got a tale to spin to you, and I'll open your eyes. Did you ever hear of 'Arold the Rasool'?"

"Not me. Who was he?"

"'E's in a book called the 'Arabian Nights,' wot 'as a fair about 'im." "Arold the Rasool was a big pet of some sort, a judge or a magistrate, and 'e used to disguise 'imself and go about 'is town of Bagdad at night to see wot the people were doing. 'E would reward the good ones, and 'e'd all the bad ones up before 'im the next morning, and give 'em beans. And who do you think 'as been readin' that book, and playin' the part of old 'Arold the Rasool right 'ere in Jehanbrad? My son, it was Colonel Pongos."

"The colonel?" gasped Dannie.

"That's 'im, that's the Fusilier with the false hair," Pongo chuckled. "I know it for a fact, for I eard 'Major Mumbles and old Seabones talkin' about it and laughin' to themselves when they paid their morning visit to clink yesterday. They was talkin' low, but my ears are sharp, and I eard most of wot they said."

"No wonder it ain't safe to have a bit of sport any more," the lad said indignantly. "That game ought to be stopped."

"'E's gone to 'it!" declared Ginger, with another chuckle. "That's why I wouldn't come with you this evening. I've been avin' an interview on the quiet with old 'Al, the school's native body-servant, and I got the truth out of 'im by promisin' to give 'im a couple of rupees."

"'E told me 'ow 'is master 'as been sneakin' off three times a week, wot 'e does in disguise and now in another, though mostly 'e's a Fusilier. And wot's more, 'Al 'as agreed to come know, beforehand, the next time Colonel Pongos means to go into the town as 'Arold the Rasool. And it will be the last time! I'll be 'e don't do it again! I'll be ready for 'im, and I'll be in disguise myself."

THREE days passed without any further arrests, and without any word from the colonel's servant, much to the disappointment of the two Sloggers; but at sunset on the third evening, as they were strolling along the parade-ground, they met a native boy, who passed them without a word, but slipped a pebble into Ginger's hand.

"What's that for?" Dannie asked, in surprise.

"'E's the signal wot I fixed on," Ginger explained eagerly. "I eard 'e, the fun is for to-night! That was old 'Al's kid, and the pebble means that Colonel Pongos is now riggerin' 'imself up to play 'Arold the Rasool again. Wot a lark! Come along, my son, there ain't no two much time! You know wot you're to do while 'im 'as Uncle Luckey's shop."

"Yes; I know," assented the lad, with a grin. "I'm to go to Azimullah, and tell 'im how I heard that a scout of a soldier was coming to rob 'is fruit-garden, and that he and 'is servants should be ready to give the thief wot 'e deserves."

"Right you are! That's the tale, my son!"

"But suppose you can't find the colonel?"

"Don't you worry about that," replied Ginger. "I'm sure to run across 'im, and I know 'im by the cut of 'is 'ib, no matter 'ow 'e's disguised."

"It is now growing dark when the two scapegraves slipped out of the line, and a few minutes later, attired in a faded uniform that had once belonged to a fast private of the Artillery, Colonel Pongos left his bungalow by the compound at the rear, and walked away in the gloom. He wore a wig, his features were stained as if sunburnt, and his grey moustache was dyed with a mixture of water and lamp-lime. He had hugely enjoyed his past adventures, and he was looking forward to more sport to-night.

He soon reached the town, but as first he met with no success. He strolled about for half an hour, looking for disobedient Tommies, and then a soldier in the uniform of the 2nd Fusiliers, with a big moustache that would have been obviously false by daylight, came hurriedly up to him, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Avon't you Ben, of the Artillery?" he asked, in a husky voice.

"Yes, I am," admitted Colonel Pongos, who was disappointed to see that the man did not belong to his own regiment.

"I thought I knew your face. 'Im Ricketts, of the 1st Sloggers, and I've been lookin' for somebody to help me."

"Do for wot?" inquired the colonel.

"I want you to 'elp trip old Ginger up," was the reply. "'E's always been too cocky, mate,

'ain't 'e? But now we've a chance to pay 'im back, and a jolly good chance, too. It's like this. I run across 'im all an 'our ago, and as 'e was actin' sort of suspicious, I followed 'im on the quiet. And where do you suppose 'e led me to?"

"'E's hid 'is hole, that's 'e doin'?"

"You couldn't guess, mate. 'E's a caution, Ginger. 'e. You do know old Azimullah, the rich 'ere merchant, 'ow lives close by 'ere? Bless if Ginger 'asn't got 'is eyes on 'is private minute, makin' love to 'is beautiful daughter, like 'e's been doin' for a long time."

"Makin' love?"

"Yes, like a pair of turtle-doves. You ought to 'ear them at 'it. Azimullah and 'is servants are all at one, and Ginger, 'e's been watchin' the girl to elope with 'im, and bring all 'er jewel along, and they're to be married by the English parish down at 'ere."

"What—what? Is it possible?"

"'Twas as gospel, mate," declared Private Ricketts. "I didn't like the idea of takin' 'er away by myself, but if you were to lend a 'and, 'e's two of us might."

"We will!" cried Colonel Pongos. "Come along! Let us be quick!"

The two men slipped out of the native quarter of the town, and they did not have far to go, as it happened. They soon reached a street where the houses were built on the grounds of private residences, and at short distance down this lane Private Ricketts stopped and opened a door, and got into a high wall, disclosing a stretch of wooded garden, steeped in the silvery glow of the moon.

"The gate wain't locked," he said, in a low voice. "The gate wain't locked, mate. Mind you don't make any noise."

"Where is the ruffian? Where is he?"

"He's over the bridge yonder, in among the vines and bushes, wot the fruit-garden 'as on." "Lead on!" bade the colonel, in a whisper—"let us go!"

But a moment later, when the two had emerged from the trees and crossed a strip of ornamental water by a light footbridge, it was as if they had stepped on a trap, and so impatient was he to trap the wicked Slogger, he stepped forward, vanishing in the shrubbery; and in a moment he was seen, having dashed back, the disguised Ginger, who had been waiting away after him, thus cutting off the colonel's retreat.

The next instant Dannie popped out of a clump of bushes, and he was seen to listen eagerly the silence of the night was broken by a sudden clamour, by shouts and cries, and the sound of blows falling hard and fast.

"Help! Murder! Help!" yelled the astonished colonel.

"'Tis of a Ferinchee thief, take that, and that!" cried an angry voice. "Beat him well, feller!"

The tumult rang louder and nearer, as if the colonel was in flight.

"Hark! 'Isn't he getting it, though?"

"That's the best of it," cried Dannie. "Avon't they sockin' it to 'im?" exclaimed Ginger. "Wot price 'Arold the Rasool now? But 'is time we woid off, my son. Come along!"

"I can't!" gurgled Dannie. "I'm splittin' my sides! Hold me, Ginger, or I'll burst!"

"You're all right, mate. Look at 'im!"

Colonel Pongos had dashed to the edge of the stream, closely followed by old Azimullah, who was raising blows upon him with stout bamboos. The colonel, seeing the danger of the bridge gone, he jumped into the water, and at that the two Sloggers took to their heels.

The two men, who were so far from each other, they collided with each other, and no fell, and as they were colliding helplessly on the ground, they were both laughing and shouting, and the colonel rushed through the gate, dripping wet.

"You know you 're raved, as he seized Ginger by the throat and dragged him to his feet. "You infernal ruffian. Villain, scoundrel! Won't you suffer for this? I'll have you flogged, Ladd!"

"Let me go!" cried Ginger. "Don't 'it me again!"

"Better let 'em go, sir," put in Dannie, "if you want us to keep mum. Why not call it quits, sir?"

"The willing, if 'e is," panted Ginger.

The words of the colonel Pongos, and the fear of exposure enabled him to stifle his wrath, though it was the hardest thing he had ever done. But Dannie had helped for it, as he realised. Should his adventure in Azimullah's garden leak out he would become the laughing-stock of the whole entourage, and of all the Tommy boys in the town, and that was not to be thought of.

"Can I trust you?" he asked, with fury in his eyes. Can 'e rely on you?"

"You can, sir," declared Ginger and the lad, in one breath.

"Then come to my quarters at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, my villain, escorted by the colonel," and each of you shall have twenty rupees, though twenty lashes is what it ought to be."

And with that he strode away.

Colonel Pongos paid over the money the next day, and never again, it may be said, did he attempt to invade the seraglio again. "The Arabian Nights," Haroun al Raschid, but he missed his wrath, you may be sure, and there came a time when he met Dannie and Ginger. That, however, is another story.

(Another of these laughable stories next to be.)



"Look, Dannie! Glory be! Look at 'im!" Colonel Pongos had dashed to the edge of the stream, closely followed by old Azimullah and two of his native servants, who were raising blows upon him with stout bamboos.

# THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

A Great New Organisation affiliated to "The Boys' Realm," banding together Junior Athletes who have shown Marked Ability in given Sports by performing certain Feats set by the President.

Every true British boy and young man indulges in athletics in some form or another, and nothing delights an athlete more than to win some trophy in connection with his pastime—something in the form of a prize or certificate which he can treasure, and which in later years, when he can no longer compete with other vigorous young men, he can show with pride as a proof of his skill in the particular form of athletics he indulged in.

By the scheme now announced for the first time, every boy and young man in the country can, when he has attained a certain proficiency, WIN FOR HIMSELF A PERMANENT TROPHY IN THE SHAPE OF A HANDSOME MEDAL OR CERTIFICATE. He will also be elected a member of the League of Young Athletes. The following particulars show the lines on which the League of Young Athletes will be run:

**STANDARD TIMES** will be fixed by Your Editor for certain athletic feats, and any young or young man who can accomplish any of them, under the conditions mentioned, will be made a member of the League of Young Athletes, and will be awarded one of the League of Athletes Standard Medals, on which his feat will be recorded.

To every youth, up to the age of 16, who can swim 100 yards, will be awarded a handsome Certificate stating this fact and making him a member of the League of Young Athletes.

To any reader, between the ages of 16 and 18, who swims 40 yards in 35 secs., a BOYS' REALM Standard Medal and a handsome Certificate will be awarded.

To any reader, between the ages of 12 and 15, who swims 40 yards in 40 secs., a BOYS' REALM Standard Medal and a handsome Certificate will be awarded.

To any reader, between the ages of 16 and 18, who can swim 100 yards in two minutes, a BOYS' REALM Standard Medal and a handsome Certificate will be awarded.

These feats must be accomplished in a swimming-bath, and the form of application for membership must be accompanied by a letter from an instructor or headmaster or some responsible adult, stating that the applicant has accomplished the feat in his presence. One of the following forms and a penny stamp must be sent with the application:

### THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES (Swimming Section).

I (Name) .....

(Address) .....

desire to become a member of this Institution. Enclosed I send particulars of my swim.

Announcements concerning Cricket and Running Sections will appear shortly.

# THE BOYS' REALM CRICKET LEAGUE.

### SECTION 1.

As announced in previous issues of *The Boys' Realm*, Your Editor hereby offers to present a large number of Solid Silver Challenge Cups as permanent trophies to bona-fide Cricket Leagues in the British Isles. Not only Silver Cups, but Solid Silver Medals will be presented to each of the members of the winning teams, and to each of the members of the running-up teams of the Leagues to which the Silver Cups are awarded. Leagues desiring to possess one of these Cups must make application on the following form, and must also submit to the following conditions:

I. The Leagues must play the game according to the Official Rules of Cricket.

II. Each League must be a properly constituted League in which the clubs engage in a genuine season.

III. Each form of entry must be accompanied by full particulars of the competition, which must be of one season's standing, or, if formed this season, must be accompanied by proof that it is a genuine competition. A League Handbook should also be enclosed.

### THE BOYS' REALM CRICKET LEAGUE.

Name of League .....

Year of Formation .....

Number of Clubs in League .....

Secretary's Name and address .....

This form, together with full particulars of the League, to be addressed to The Secretary, THE BOYS' REALM LEAGUE, 2, CAROLITE HOUSE, CAROLITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

### SECTION 2.

**Two Solid Silver Cups for Senior and Junior Clubs.**  
**SOLID SILVER MEDALS** for Each Member of the Winning Club and Runners-up.

A **HANDSOME CRICKET SET** will also be awarded to the Third and Fourth Clubs on the List at the End of the Season.

This offer is made to clubs not belonging to any League, under the following conditions:

The First Division Cup will be presented to the Team (the average age of members of which must not exceed 18) which put up the best series of performances in their Saturday matches played between April and September.

The Second Division of Junior Cup will be presented to the Team (the average age of members of which must not exceed 15) which put up the best series of performances in their Saturday matches played between April and September.

In addition to the above a handsome cricket bat will be awarded each week in both divisions to the club which in the opinion of the Editor has put up the best show on the preceding Saturday. In all cases the Editor's decision is final.

### Rules and Conditions.

(1) Only clubs which have been established at least one season (exclusive of 1907) are eligible for entry, and the respectability and standing of the club must be vouched for by some responsible person.

(2) Where clubs have two or more teams, only the premier team matches will count.

(3) Clubs desirous of entering this contest may make application now. In doing so a list of their engagements between the dates mentioned above, with the average age of the opposing clubs, and a letter from the president of the club, should be sent to the Secretary, BOYS' REALM CRICKET LEAGUE (Section 2), 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C., no later than May 1st.

(4) The Cup and Medals will be presented at the end of the cricket season to the clubs in each section which Your Editor, the Secretary, and another umpire consider to hold the best records in the matches played between the dates stated above.

(5) Strict investigation will be made by the controllers of the League into the bona-fides of the entering clubs and their fixtures.

(6) All matches to be played under the Official Rules of Cricket.

(7) The Cups to be won outright.

(8) Opposing teams must, in every case, be of the same average age.

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.

By A. S. HARDY.

**Cup Final Day—The Blue Crusaders v. Woolwich Arsenal.**—(Continued from page 784.)  
**Silward Turns Out—No Goals at Half.**—The game began in a very quiet way. The Equaliser: How the Crusaders Won the Cup.

**A**IRY ran to the edge of the roof, laid himself down and peered over. Yes! The fireman, who had unclashed the belt, was burying with his burden as swiftly as he could down the ladder. Harry saw Silward placed in the canvas shock, and then saw the fireman returning to assist him. "Save me, Ewing!" cried Crane, going down on his knees, and clasping his hands together. "Save me! Let me go over next!"

"It's too late!" cried Harry, whose face was now as pale as death, though if he had to die he was quite resigned to his fate. "There is no time."

He looked around for the roof. "Where is the roof?" he asked Crane, though the risk he had to face for his moment appalled him.

"What is there?" asked Crane, his bloodshot eyes starting from his head.

"Into the stream below," answered the Blue Crusader.

"That can't be done," said Crane, in a hoarse whisper, wringing his hands.

"It is our only chance!"

Harry had formed Crane's enemy now. He ran along the roof, and looking below from the angle of the building he saw that here the stream was about to meet one of the main drains of the mill. He walked back along the roof, judging his distance carefully.

He closed his eyes, and uttered a prayer. Opening them again, he saw that flaring rays now looked the edge of the trapdoor. The whole of the floor below was now alight.

"It has come. With a fierce rush he placed his trust in God, and springing outward from the roof down he went through space, with eyes closed, trying to get over the distance as he fell. The black surface of the stream seemed to lie flat before him for a moment; he tried to guide himself by the light of the stars as he dropped, then the black surface struck him, and the world was blotted out.

"Is he dead?"

"It was Manager Wentworth who spoke, and he was bending down over Harry Ewing's prostrate and inanimate form. A doctor and a nurse were next to him.

"No," said the doctor, "it is concussion. I can't say how soon he will recover. The shock would have been fatal had he not seen such magnificent pluck in all my life."

"He's a hero of heroes!" cried Foxkes, down whose cheeks the tears were streaming, whilst he made no attempt to stifle his sobs. "He's given his life to save his club."

"And the other?" asked Inspector Minnion, who had followed Frost to the scene of the fire, with bated breath.

"He leapt when the building collapsed," answered the superintendent of the fire brigade. "It was a wild, ill-judged leap, and his death was instantaneous." He broke his neck when he landed the ground.

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sundry ailments by their magnificent camaraderie, the splendid pluck and the better greater experience alone they were supposed to have the better chance of winning. The games between the two clubs in the League have resulted in a victory for the Crusaders at Manor Field by 3 goals to 2; whilst at Moorfield the Crusaders had only been able to draw the game at 3 goals all.

A goal between them in two matches. Verily there was little to choose, and in his knees they were about equally matched. True, if Thomas Ewing had been a little more turned out fit enough to play, he might by his dash and skill turn the tide of battle in the Crusaders' favour; but since his terrible experience in the mine and in the disused mill, in which he had been imprisoned and half-starved, he had suffered from severe nervous prostration, and, though he was a fine player, he was not fit to play with Ewing to recoup, there was grave doubt as to whether he would be able to turn out in the great game. There was no fault to be found with Dick Green as centre-forward, but his inside-left, with the line so constituted, was weak, and Silward's presence at centre, with Green as inside-left, undoubtedly steady the attack.

Green was recognised as one of the most powerful players in the League, and he had been granted the proud distinction of an International cap in the match against Scotland at Newcastle, and had justified his selection by the fine play he showed in the match, in which he had caught McBride, the Preston North End goalkeeper, napping, and for the Final he was reported to be a little than ever.

The Crusaders' inside-left, Harry Ewing, had all the best of it. Whereas Woolwich had been badly beaten by Sheffield Wednesday away, at Sunderland, and had lost all but one and drawn the rest of their matches; the Crusaders had either drawn or won their games, playing with a consistency that was delightful.

Their most stirring triumph was, perhaps, a 5 to 11 victory over Bristol City at Moorfield. The team's defence seemed stronger than ever.

Foxkes was absolutely unbeatable in goal, and it was only amongst the forwards that some indecision was shown.

The guiding personality of Thomas Silward.

It was Cup Final day, and by ten o'clock the rain-clouds, which had gathered round the stadium, drifted away before a gentle breeze, and the sun began to shine as it should shine on London's great football holiday.

The Crusaders' players, in their past engagements at the Palace gates as early as half-past nine in the morning. Never had so many spectators gathered at the Palace gates as came down to Sydenham this glorious April morning, and it was seen that every one of them wore the Baring red, the colour of the Arsenal.

The spectators, the blue-and-white were almost all from Lanchester, and they didn't like to turn out either. Jacob Sly had organised an army of part-timed accountants, and they were in the street in great numbers of London ever since dawn. The brakes which he had chartered to drive them found to see the sights of the City were simply thrown in blue-and-white favours, and streamers bearing the words, "Play up, Crusaders!" told all who might care to read that Briston did not intend to be beaten that day without a struggle.

Knobs of men and lads, all speaking broad Lanchester dialect, strolled along the Strand, the best being the only ones who had time to go to the Palace, and to relieve the tedium of the journey they sang snatches of popular songs all the way down, making up a jolly at the expense of the "special" Cup Final trains, which, according to them, proceeded at something slower than a walk, and stopped at every station en route to let out nobody!

But then all the football world knows that the Cup Final is a game of nerves, and the enthusiasts are philosophical to a degree. It is the game they go to see, and they don't mind what distress they suffer, making up as they witness the great match of the season.

The heavy frost of a somewhat late winter had been followed by the general warmth of a late spring, and the ground was in a very good state. The Arsenal presented a forward appearance rarely seen ever there. It was a delightful day, and no one could have been more than satisfied with the centre stand, gazed around, and declared that all records that day would be easily beaten.

At an early hour the swaying masses of people took up their positions behind the barriers and ropes, and the uncovered stands began to fill. Soon the last seats were sold, the rest being taken up by the Arsenal and their bureau and departed, and the disappointed had nothing left for them to do but to try and get a seat in the gallery, or to stand amongst the crowd. There were many disappointed onlookers that day—men with golden sweaters in their pockets—who could not get a seat.



FOR LEAGUE AND CUP!

(Continued from the previous page.)

The time drew near. Forty minutes before the kick-off...

Everyone wished to know whether Thomas Seward Harborough was amongst them...

Five minutes later the Woolwich Arsenal players and their directors arrived...

In the dressing-room Fowkes, looking the picture of health...

"Cheer up, Will!" said Arthur Drew, with a laugh.

"I'm not afraid of that, laddie," he said.

"You needn't be," said Moran, who had prepared to speak in Silward and Harry Ewing.

"But they hadn't," and Trainer was smilingly reflecting upon the strange ways and fancies of footballers...

"Are you going to play, Tom?" asked Dick Green eagerly.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Moran.

"You are going to play, Tom?" asked Dick Green eagerly.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Moran.

"Are you going to play, Tom?" asked Dick Green eagerly.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Moran.

"Are you going to play, Tom?" asked Dick Green eagerly.

been for my stepbrother... his face clouded for a moment...

Fowkes burst into a roar of laughter, and Tom Silward regarded him with a cold stare.

"I'm not going to play on Saturday," said Fowkes.

"I'm not going to play on Saturday," said Fowkes.

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"I'm not going to play on Saturday," said Fowkes.

A CRICKET BAT FREE

to every boy reader of this paper. In order to obtain this FREE GIFT...

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ROYAL CYCLES advertisement with image of a bicycle and text: FROM 5/- PER MONTH, 25/10s.

BLUSHING advertisement with text: FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment.

Save You Pounds advertisement with image of a bicycle and text: 21/-, 27/6d., 32s. 6d.

WED SUPPLY THE LATEST advertisement with text: FASHION AND FABRICS at prices unapproachable by any other tailor.

SEND 1/- DEPOSIT advertisement with image of a bicycle and text: The Standard Five Wheel Bicycle.

BE SURE IT'S THE RIGHT SORT advertisement with image of a man and text: Ask your local tobacconist for the HONNER VAMPER.

SEND 1/- DEPOSIT advertisement with image of a bicycle and text: The Standard Five Wheel Bicycle.

BEAUTIFUL MOUSHAIR advertisement with text: This beautiful Moushair grows in a few days when using Zeno's Hair Growth.

VENTRILLOQUISM advertisement with text: How to acquire this Wonderful Art. Success certain.

VALUE! advertisement with text: We will send you on receipt of your name and address, Free on Approval.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO TAKE GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS advertisement with text: The Editor offers this special bargain, comprising Camera and Developing Outfit.

PRICE ONLY advertisement with text: EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO TAKE GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS.

CAMERA advertisement with text: A positively beautiful Instrument Constructed on the Latest Ideas.

OUTFIT advertisement with text: Six Dry Plates, Packet of Printing Paper, Six Mounts, Ruby Dark Room Lamp.

WORTH MORE THAN DOUBLE advertisement with text: HOW TO GET THEM—Send a Postal Order for 5/-.

76 advertisement with text: Postage 6d. extra.



starting-gun. The weather had changed considerably since the morning, and it looked as though Solomon Pothick's prognostication of a clear day was a very good one.

Thick clouds had piled up from the northwest, though, as there was a breeze from the west, they sea was comparatively calm. Very angry squalls blew across the surface of the sea. Both Dick and Nicholas agreed that it would be wise to sail under mizzen and foresail. Jib and topsail might be brought into use later on.

"The signal had been given, first of all," said Nicholas, as he gripped the tiller, while Dick busied himself with attending to the sheets.

It was a pretty sight to see the little boats going to sea and the signal-guns waiting for the signal-gun to give them the word to start.

The water was rippling merrily against the combings, and the Pride chived like a restless rascachosa as Dick hauled in the sheets, while Nicholas put the boat up as close as he dared to the wind, ready to wing round when the crucial moment should come.

Boom! The signal had been given. Nicholas put the helm down without a moment's hesitation, and the Pride, bending down until the water was about her ears, heeled over on her combings, skinned off on the starboard tack like a greyhound released from the leash.

And the boys, who were lined in the same, what prosaic name of the Susan and Mary—the names of the wives of the brothers Matta—had drawn the second station—the one next to our heroes and so on, darted off at the same moment as the Pride.

"Luff a bit, Mast'r Nicholas!" said Dick eagerly. "I must try and blanket these fellows a bit." And Nicholas steered nearer to the wind, with the result that the Pride edged towards the windward, keeping off a considerable amount of breeze, a manoeuvre that had the result of sending the Pride ahead of the other boats. The boys looked down upon what they speedily took to be the boys, who were in the mere rudiments of sailing.

And in spite of the base attempt made by Jarvis, the dismissed footman, to cut the boys' throats, there was some good evidence that she was a vessel possessed of a remarkable turn of speed, for she quickly took the lead, drawing further and further away every minute from her rivals.

The first two miles were passed, by which time the Pride was half a mile ahead of the next boat, while the Susan and Mary—a pair of boats having the same hulls of the Goran lugger, the other competitors in a bunch behind.

And then suddenly a remarkable change came over the scene. Quite suddenly, the wind veered round a point to cut across the bows of the usually bore squall sped across the face of the sea.

Luckily Nicholas, at the helm, had time to skidward, and his voice rang out: "See go fore and jib halliards! Cast off the main-lead! And Dick obeyed without a moment's hesitation.

The Pride staggered uneasily for a second or two, there was an angry flapping of canvas as young Pothick followed out his comrade's directions, and then the boat flew off before the wind, heading straight out to the open sea.

The Mattas did not escape easily. They had too intent on hauling their youthful rivals to pay full attention to the unexpected squall. There was a crack at the bows, and the boat was in an instant more the gaff itself broke at the throat.

Not Stephen Matta, the younger brother, who was leaning forward and brought the sail down with a run, the Susan and Mary would have run a good chance of being capsized, stiff sea-bent though she was. Nicholas Matta, however, was in his mouth and roared out something to the boys, which neither of them could hear, but which both of them had too intent on hauling the cat-trophe. They waved back in answer.

Yet Stephen Matta had merely shouted to them that they were incurring danger by running on, and they knew that the wind would shift round still further before long, with the result that the sea would rise considerably, and place the boys in a position of extreme danger.

And, indeed, after a little while, the lads were quick to perceive the fact that they would soon be face to face with peril.

"Look here, Dick," said Nicholas gravely, though he was to raise his voice considerably, so as to be heard by his comrade. "I don't altogether like the look of things. It's going to blow a gale, and we must get about and make for Ferran."

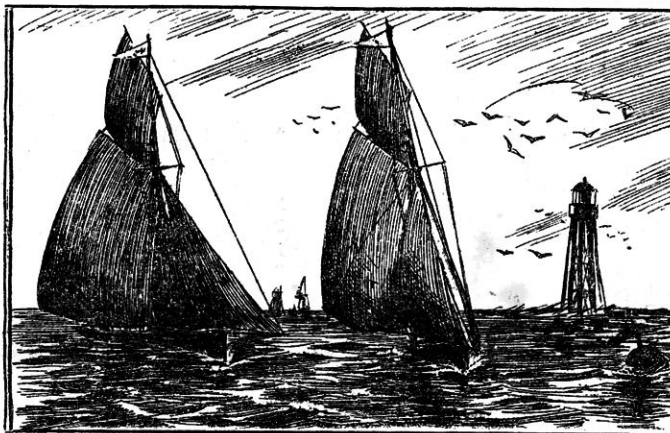
But Dick shook his head. "We can't do that now," he said gravely: "we should never fetch the harbour. There'll be a big sea running, and you know what it's like trying to get in in the teeth of a still

south-easter, and that's where the wind'll be afore long. We'll better hold on, or under as little canvas as we can, and try and fetch Gurnard's Point. We shall be all right there. It'll be a good test of the Pride's do'm, and as long as the wind keeps where it is, we can't come to much harm. I'll make everything snug. We've got a nice little bit o' grub in the cabin—it was a tiny enough cabin, in all conscience—it so we may as well make the best o' things."

He spoke cheerily, and Nicholas answered him with a smile. They were both plucky British youngsters, and it was the height of probability that either of them would let another see that he had the faintest vestige of uneasiness. Yet neither of them could know that they were about to run into one of the worst storms that ever ravaged the coasts of Britain at such a time of the year. The great storm of the early summer of 1888 will not readily be forgotten by those who went through it.

Every moment the wind seemed to increase in force, and the waves with it. The remainder of the competing vessels, outdistanced so completely by the speedy Pride, were lying for My Hourbour—or, rather, were beating up under the shelter of the land.

In the meanwhile, the Pride, under double-reefed mainmast and jib, flew along over the angry sea. Were the wind to hold for another hour the lads had confidence that they would be able to fetch Gurnard with but little difficulty. Alas for their dreams! Hardly had they begun to congratulate themselves on the prospect of sea-going qualities of their craft when the wind shifted round to the northward again, to blow with redoubled intensity.



Boom! The signal had been given. Nicholas put the helm down without a moment's hesitation, and the Pride, bending down until the water was almost flush with the hatchway-combings, skinned off on the starboard tack like a greyhound released from the leash. The Goran boat darted off at the same moment as the Pride.

And by this time they had got well away from the protection that the shore might have afforded them owing to the change of wind. There was nothing for it but to put down the helm and bear away still further a-lee.

By the year 1888, Mr. Docking found himself in the Spanish port of Barcelona, a town that he speedily convinced himself he had little use for, as he expressed it in his own words: "Antiquities and Spanish dilatoriness were not at all in Mr. Docking's line—he had made his mind up long ago, and hence it may cause you little surprise to hear that he determined to shake the dust of Spain off his feet with all possible expedition.

Hence it came about that he booked his passage aboard a Spanish steamer bound for Plymouth.

"I'm turned well sick of Spanish railways," he said. "Let's see if they can run a boat better"—though this was not the real reason for his preferring to go by sea to England.

There were, however, few passengers on the ship. The captain and crew were all foreigners; the skipper and his officers Spaniards; the deck hands were all drawn from every nationality imaginable, so it seemed to York.

In due course the steamer started, and had an uneventful voyage until the coast of France was left on the starboard quarter, and it looked as though nothing could happen to break the monotony of the voyage.

But the sea knows no laws; and when almost within sight of the coast of England, the Roy Alfonso ran into the teeth of a tremendous gale.

The storm in itself the ship would assuredly have weathered. But there must have been a flaw in the steel of her propeller-shaft; for, just when the gale was at its worst, the shaft broke, and the vessel, from a distressed, yet sailing, ball of complicated machinery, was transformed into a helpless mass of iron and steel, a storm-tossed boat containing two or three hundred human souls, and a congregation of useless machinery.

As soon as the crew realised the true state of affairs they threw aside all discipline and restraint. It became a case of every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost! A mad rush was made for the vessel's bows, which were lowered pell-mell into the water, crowded down with a wild mob of raving madmen. The result was as lamentable, as terrible as it was inevitable.

Each boat as it took the water was capsized by the awful sea that was now running. Such scenes are, thank Heaven, rare in the annals of the sea, yet so long as there are cowards in the world they are inevitable. The yells of the doomed wretches rose up above the clamour of the gale.

But there was one man who kept his brain

station on the summit of the cliff over Ferran had become visible.

"Bar accidents," said Nicholas, "we'll make the harbour in an hour and a half!"

THE 2d CHAPTER.

The House of Tretlowey.

SQUIRE TRETLOWEY had been a widower for nearly fourteen years, was only thirty years of age, and had a son of only two years old. Always somewhat of a recluse, the squire had retired completely into his shell at the death of his wife, to whom he had been devotedly attached.

Not a rich man—as riches are esteemed in those days of Rand magnates and kings of finance—he was a man of moderate means, and Nicholas, so he had always hoped, would never have to carve out a career for himself. Yet that Nicholas was a waster. He was, in fact, educated at home for that purpose. He was to become a midshipman the following year.

Three months before the opening of his year, the squire, who like many another would have been better advised to leave matters alone than to meddle with what was induced to invest nearly all his money in the enterprise that had promised a very lucrative rate of interest, turned out absolutely valueless. In fact, the unhappy man was face to face with ruin. It was a matter of time. Nicholas had not yet returned home, but he had heard that his son had gone off to Mor to take part in the militia. He had been too much occupied with his own further affairs to bother his head with the matter.

Hence, although the gale had passed away and all Ferran was a peaceful scene of the squire, the West and her crew of two, Squire Tretlowey sat alone about his study, a lamp at his elbow, and while the wind whistled in the chimney, turned out absolutely valueless. In fact, the unhappy man was face to face with ruin. It was a matter of time. Nicholas had not yet returned home, but he had heard that his son had gone off to Mor to take part in the militia. He had been too much occupied with his own further affairs to bother his head with the matter.

"The music will be, he muttered; about which he had the words left his lips before the door of the study opened unceremoniously enough, to admit of the squire's friend, a tall, lean, grizzle-haired man, who was dressed in dishevelled, yet in those days, a very smart, and whose traces of the ordeal through which he had passed.

"Docking, for he was, of course, who had been the companion, came forward and held out his hands.

"My poor son has saved my life," he said, without any preliminary beating about the bush. "I owe him more than I can say."

"I'm Silas P. Docking, of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., and I want you to let me know how I can thank you for what he has done. He saved my life. I'll make a rich man of him if you'll let me."

For a few moments the squire could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses. It was the darkest hour; and yet how could he tell the story of his ruin to the Yankee millionaire?

Impossible story, a melodrama, or in some accept Docking's aid, either for his son or for himself. But Tretlowey was a man of flesh and blood. He would not thank him for his father's foolish speculations and rash career. There is but one answer to the question.

So I may as well cut a long story short by admitting that Silas P. Docking had restored the fallen fortunes of the house of Tretlowey, but also took Nicholas into his business, with the result that he had soon-small reason to feel sorry for the part he had played in the rescue of the millionaire. Neither was he forgotten.

The Pride of the West was now many a race since that day, and she still won many a little craft. The rascally Jarvis, whose attempt at revenge for dismissal was thwarted by Dick and Nicholas, was now a man of fortune. He became of him I never know nor care. He certainly never troubled either Nicholas or the squire again.

And here, I think, we may bid good-bye to Nicholas Tretlowey, to Dick Pothick, and to the squire. Silas P. Docking died a few years ago, and left the whole of his fortune to Nicholas, for the millionaire was without kith or kin in the world.

And if you would see Nicholas Tretlowey in the flesh, you must go to Tretlowey in Cornwall.

THE END.

(Next week a fine, complete cricket story, entitled "A Price Worth Winning" will appear.)

THE BOYS' REALM. ONE PENNY EVERY TUESDAY.