

SWIMMING AND LIFE-SAVING. By WILLIAM HENRY, OF THE ROYAL LIFE-SAVING SOCIETY.

HEALTHY INTERESTING INSTRUCTIVE.

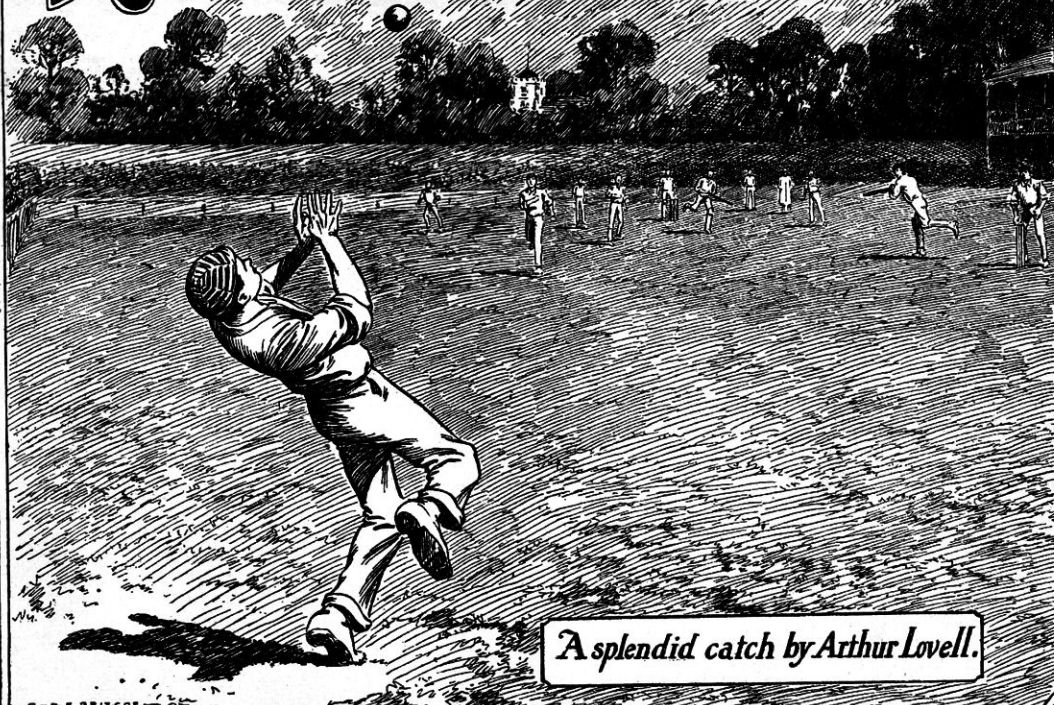


# The Boys' Realm

*of Sport & Adventure.*

1<sup>D</sup>

## KING CRICKET! *By Charles Hamilton.*



*A splendid catch by Arthur Lovell.*



"Who was the man?" asked the colonel to-day.

"A disreputable fellow named Sharp, whom I have seen many times on the racecourse. He is a bookmaker, and to my knowledge bets on every cricket match."

The colonel gnawed his grey moustache.

"And you say Valance was in earnest conversation with this blackguard?"

"Yes. And they were undoubtedly on very friendly terms. They passed us in a lane, and he tried to catch a word or two as they passed—of course, quitted by accident. They were talking cricket."

Colonel Hilton queried his brows darkly.

He knew that Lagden disliked Kit Valance, and he had a vague feeling that Lagden's word was not absolutely to be relied upon when he was speaking about a man he disliked. But he knew Lagden could have hardly invented a story like this; and, beside, there was Tunstall's word for it, too. Tunstall had his faults, but he was not a man to lie.

"I don't understand this at all," said Colonel Hilton slowly. "Valance certainly never caught on to my communication with such a man. A professional cricketer ought to be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. But, as you have just told me, he was guilty of failure to-day, the circumstance looks suspicious."

"I am glad you think I ought to have mentioned it," said Lagden diffidently. "I should be sorry to be understood as speaking against you, without cause. And he walked away, leaving the old soldier to direct his information."

Colonel Hilton was looking very worried when Blane came to speak to him a little later.

The Loamshire skipper noted it at once, and spoke to the skipper who was exercising the colonel's mind and his own.

"Not quite what we expected to-day, sir," he remarked. "I can't understand Valance."

"I have just told about his own failure to-day, the circumstance looks suspicious."

"Yes!" said the Loamshire captain wonderingly. "What is it?"

"Lagden and I saw him last night in close conversation with a betting man named Sharp. They appeared to be on friendly terms, and were talking cricket. What do you think of that?"

Blane started.

"I hardly know what to say, sir," he replied sheepishly. "I can't say he has not been honest, but he has not done so well to-day as he might have done."

"Ah, you have thought that, Blane?"

"Yes. I couldn't help thinking it; but I should hate to do him an injustice. It seems impossible that he could have sold the match."

"Yet it is strange, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is strange," assented the Loamshire captain. "But—but we don't want to judge hastily, as it all depends on what give Valance another chance this afternoon."

"If he is playing as false, that may be throwing away the game."

"True, but unless he picks up one bit, I will not let him bowl more than an over or two. That won't make much difference either way."

"Very good. This is a horribly unpleasant happening. I hope for his own sake that you will do all you can to get him straightened out. I cannot very well keep the matter from the official notice of the committee."

"And there was a shade upon the colonel's face when the Loamshire captain over the Somersetshire innings was resumed, and the Loamshire men went out to field.

**Somerset's Success—An Amazing Discovery.**

LIONEL PALARET looked as fresh as a daisy as he took his place at the wicket. The crowd cheered his reappearance. The keen Somerset folk wanted to see him once again, and with the "pot" which seemed to have set in the Loamshire bowling, that was no quiet within the bounds of possibility.

The ball was given to Geoffrey Phillips for the first over. He bowled a maiden against Palaret, a sufficiently creditable feat, considering the form of the young captain, in for the second time that day. Then Kit Valance was put on against Phillips at the other end.

Kit Valance kept quiet, waited anxiously. Arthur Lovell cast a still more anxious glance at his chum. He fervently hoped that the rest of the day would be as uneventful as his old form. He knew the harm this egregious failure might do to Kit's prospects, to say no more of the now probable result of a county defeat.

He looked eagerly for something of the old bowling, but he was disappointed. The very first ball showed that Valance had not improved in the least. Phillips, stepping out to it, sent it on its journey with a powerful thump, and the crowd cheered the first boundary.

Valance sent down ball after ball, and the Somerset batsmen smiled and winked and smiled on his face, simply made away of them.

The fifth ball gave him three, so that Lionel Palaret received a new lease of life, and the crowd cheered he cut it away over the heads of the spectators.

Blane's teeth came together with a click, and he felt that, once over, the bat was tossed to Arthur Lovell.

"Go on and see what you can do, Lovell, for mercy's sake," said Blane to the wicket-keeper.

"That rotter won't bowl another over to-day," Lovell started and coloured.

"Are you speaking of Valance?"

"Yes," said Blane savagely. "confound him!"

"He's done his best," said Arthur warmly, ever ready to speak up for his friend, though even he had no word of explanation to give as to the cause of Valance's failure.

"Perhaps," said Blane, shrugging his shoulders. "Never mind that now. He won't bowl again this afternoon, and maybe never again for Loamshire."

"He had feared something of this kind. But there was no time for talk. He went on to bowl, determined to do what he could to make up for Valance's deficiency.

Fortune smiled upon him, too, for at the second half of the over Phillips was clean bowled, and now Somerset had five down.

The score stood at 220. Lionel Palaret was still baring strongly, and seemed set at the wicket for the day. In the next few overs he passed Lovell's score in the Loamshire innings of 140. The Loamshire's dream of winning by an innings had long crumbled away. They would have to bat again, and it began to look as if they would have a fight to win at all.

The enthusiasm round the field was growing to fever heat. Men shouted and tossed their bats in the air, caring little whether they ever saw them again, when the Somerset score reached that of the Loamshire innings.

The recovery of Somerset, after the dismal prospects of the county at the commencement of the match, was astounding. That was the figure when Lionel Palaret, within a dozen of his second century, succumbed to the Loamshire attack at last.

The wicket-keeper saw that he was had sent him down a ball that tempted him to hit out, and Arthur Lovell in the field saw his chance.

**CLUBS IN "THE BOYS' REALM" FOOTBALL LEAGUE.**



**ARDINGTON ROVERS F.C.**  
Sec., Mr. J. Seddon, 37, Bolton Road, High Adlington, Lancs.

And his eyes flashed. Up went his hands, and he backed away with his eyes fixed on the round object that seemed to be floating down into them.

Click! And the round red ball was safe in his palms.

"Caught!"

It was a loud shout; and disappointed as most of the spectators were, they gave Lovell's fine feat a ringing cheer.

"Well caught!"

"How's that?" cried Loamshire, with a deep breath of relief.

"Out!"

Palaret already had his bat under his arm. Blane came forward, and the crowd cheered him lustily, with cheers, too, for the fieldsmen who had caught him out.

The score now read 220 for 6, last man, 185. There were still four wickets to fall, and one of these was Brand's, so that Somerset's chance was decidedly a rosy one, that of the Loamshire bowling now came from Tweedie Lagden, and Lovell. Since lunch Valance had bowled only one over, and Blane had clearly no intention of putting him on again.

Brand made his way over from Lagden, but presently the Loamshire amateur succeeded in getting an over.

Seven down for 300!

The afternoon was wearing away in a blaze of golden sunlight. About Somerset's wicket had fallen by the time the figures stood at 320. But Brand was still batting, and hitting the Loamshire bowling all over the field.

Then suddenly a blaze came into Blane's eyes.

From a late cut by Brand the ball sailed over his head, and he saw it sailing into the exact spot where Valance was standing at field.

The fieldsmen's hands went up swiftly. He had seen his chance, and apparently meant to take it, and had he done so, the most dangerous Somerset batsman would have been dismissed.

But Valance's fielding seemed to be on a par with his bowling that day. His hands came clumsily together, and the ball escaped them, and rolled at his feet.

The chance was lost.

Brand drew a deep breath of relief as he saw what a narrow escape he had had, and Blane ground his teeth.

Valance had muffed an easy catch, and the Loamshire skipper, with Lagden's instigation in his mind, believed that he had done it intentionally.

Arthur Lovell looked dismayed. He had made sure in his mind of that catch, and he was amazed and distressed to see Valance so inexplicably throw the chance away. What was the matter with him?

Brand continued to pile up runs. His individual score was getting high now, and the Somersetshire total was being piled up by Blane, who had an excellent eye open for chances.

And now Brand's time had come. He had sent the leather whizzing with a mighty cut, and Arthur Lovell was after it like a shot. The batsmen were running, and running again, and again for a third time they tempted fortune.

The leather came whizzing in from Lovell, straight to the Loamshire skipper, and down went the sabbie. Brand's bat clumped on the grass a second time late.

"How's that?"

"Caught by the umpire sententially."

And the Somersetshire hero carried out his bat, stamped.

The last Somersetshire wicket fell a few minutes before the time fixed for drawing the stumps, and the home county was all down for a total of 560 for the second innings.

At a short distance from the ground, however, he came upon Valance. He was standing in the shadow of a tree by the roadside, talking to a man in a white hat. At sight of Lovell they immediately parted, and Valance came towards the Loamshire bat.

"Hello!" said Arthur cheerily. "I missed you, Kit."

"I wanted to speak to that chap, so I came out quickly," said Valance. "I thought I should meet you here. I made a rotten show to-day."

"I am afraid you did, Kit," said Lovell frankly. "I can't understand it. Your form seemed to me to be all right."

"We have a good number to get to win to-morrow," said Valance abruptly. "What do you think of our chances?"

"Oh, so far as that goes, good!"

"You think we shall win?"

"I've decided," said Arthur with a nod. "We knocked up 200 in our first innings. There's no reason on earth why we shouldn't get 164 in our second."

"Suppose not."

"Somerset's recovery to-day has simply given us another day's work to-morrow," said Arthur. "I've a hunch that we shall win to-day. It'll be right, Kit. I haven't the slightest doubt that our batting will save the game."

"Your batting, you mean, Lovell. Loamshire will be all right, but I don't know if you were not in the ranks."

"Well, I shall bat for all I'm worth, you may be sure. I've got my own figure to-morrow if you like, Kit. It's been rather a cold dole to-day; but I don't believe the winning of the match is out of the question. We shall pull the game out of the fire to-morrow."

Valance smiled curiously.

"That's what I was anxious about, Lovell. You've got to be sure that you'd help me if I were in need of help."

"You can rely upon me, Kit."

"I'm sure," said Valance heartily.

"Certainly. What can I do?"

"I can explain that better when we get there. You can help me materially—if you don't mind," said Valance hesitatingly.

"With all my heart, Kit. You know I'm quite at your service," said Lovell. "Lead away."

Valance nodded, and walked on, and the young Loamshire bat strode along by his side. The two were talking as they went, but they were immersed in disagreeable reflection, and Arthur Lovell did not speak.

Little did Arthur Lovell dream of what was passing in the minds of the two men. They turned from the road into a dusky lane, and after a walk of some distance Valance opened his eyes and deepened his voice. It was all dark, no light showing anywhere within.

"Come in, Lovell. Kit's voice was shaking, and Lovell started and it wondered again.

"Come in, old fellow. I'll have a light in a jiffy!"

"All right, Kit."

Lovell stepped into the cottage. The next instant he uttered an exclamation of astonishment. His companion had suddenly slammed the door, and he was left staring at the dark hands from the darkness grasped Arthur Lovell and dragged him down.

The two were struggling to struggle, the young Loamshire batsman was struggling, the young cricketer was secured, and bound hand and foot almost in a twinkling. He was a helpless prisoner before he even recovered his voice. He was amazed, bewildered, he called out to Valance:

"Kit, what does this mean? Is it a joke? or what?"

There was no reply.

"Kit—Kit!"

He heard a faint chuckle in the darkness. There was lifted up and carried bodily away. He tried to struggle, but he was powerless; he could only yelp helplessly in his bonds.

"Kit!"

Down a rickety, creaking flight of stairs he was carried, and dumped heavily on a hard and cold floor, and he was conscious. The grip on him was gone; he was left lying there, and he heard the stairs creak under the footsteps of his captors, who were evidently leaving the house.

Anger and indignation were blinded now with the young cricketer's amazement. He tried to get up, but he found he trusted. But why? For what? For what?

He struggled with the cord that bound his limbs. In vain. He heard a door at the top of the stairs close, and a key turn in a lock.

"Kit—Kit!"

There was a faint groan from the darkness. Lovell started. The black den had another tenant, then? Who was it? What was the meaning of it all?

"Who is there?"

Who called out Arthur, in a firm voice.

"Lovell!"

It was a cry of surprise. Lovell felt as if his head was turning round, for he knew the voice. It was the voice of Kit Valance!

"Kit, is it you? How come you here? For Heaven's sake, speak to me. I think I have taken leave of my senses!"

"I am Kit Valance. And you are here?"

"I'm in a daze," said Lovell, who had played in the Somerset match to-day. "Who has trapped me here and kidnapped me?"

"My friend," said Valance, "I have trapped you as I trapped me," groaned Kit. "It is a plot against Loamshire. We are helpless prisoners here, and the county match is lost!"

(This popular cricket story will be continued in next week's BOYS' HERALD.)





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

Controller of THE BOYS' REALM - Saturday. THE BOYS' FRIEND - Tuesday. THE BOYS' HERALD - Thursday.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR NEXT WEEK.

I AM glad to be able to tell my friends that I have secured two very good stories for next week's issue of THE BOYS' REALM. One of them is entitled "Making a Champion" by Clement Hale. It will be found a grand rowing story, full of stirring incident, and calculated to fascinate every lad, no matter whether he takes an interest in aquatic or not.

THE BOYS' REALM Leagues.

IT is my sincere pleasure to be able to announce with confidence that THE BOYS' REALM Leagues are making to awaken a healthy interest in sports among the growing lads of this country are meeting with enormous success. There is one particular point of gratification about the many applications which have been received for admission to our Leagues and this is, that many of the clubs are connected with Sunday-schools and other religious institutions throughout the kingdom.

If proof were needed that THE BOYS' REALM is a sound and healthy journal, we have it here in the fact that sober, serious-minded men, whose ambitions are not wholly worldly, sanction the application of the junior clubs which they control for admission to THE BOYS' REALM League.

I am glad to be able to record this fact, because it serves once more to nail to the counter that gross lie—the statement that THE BOYS' REALM is not a fit paper for any respectable lad.

THE BOYS' REALM is, without question, the foremost athletic and fiction journal for boys and young men in this country, and its success is due very largely to the loyal support which it receives from the clubs attached to the many religious denominations in the United Kingdom.

RUNNING:

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

SPRINTING—(continued from last week). BEFORE leaving springing, I must add a few words to be observed: In training, the sprinter should run against the wind in practice, because he is likely distance runner makes the most of his wind, in racing, the sprinter should never be looking over to see where his opponents are, as that takes his mind off his running. The sprinter must concentrate his whole attention on his running, and must dash into the tape at the utmost top speed before attempting to ease in and to observe his race has been lost through failure to observe this rule.

400 Yards. Varying methods of training for 400 yards are the result of two different schools of runners—the sprinter, and the middle-distance man—joining them in this contest. The sprinter relies on his fast pace for carrying him well on through the greater part of the distance, the remainder of which he struggles on through. The middle-distance runner makes the most of his ability to maintain a long, telling stride throughout the whole distance. A schedule of training which may, however, be generally adopted is as follows: Forty or fifty yards' bursts to attain speed

IRONMONGER 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, or if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper. All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. If your letter is not replied to here, it may be answered in "The Boys' Friend" next Tuesday, or "The Boys' Herald" next Thursday. THE BOYS' REALM will be sent post free to any part of the world on the following terms: 12 months, 7s.; 6 months, 3s. 6d.; 3 months, 2s. 6d. All orders to be sent to the Publisher, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

A Word to My Football Friends.

IF you, now in the close season for football, although only last Saturday I saw several merry teams still playing this grand winter game. But when the sun makes his warmth felt, the strenuousness of football compels even its most enthusiastic supporters to give it up until the coming of the colder winter days.

I want, therefore, to tell my football friends who have supported me so loyally during the past season that next winter THE BOYS' REALM's football programme will be one of the most stupendous ever offered to the readers of any young men's journal. I want them to keep an eye on our notices during the coming months I shall have several of my important announcements to make to those of your chums who are interested in football.

Great New Serial Starts in a Fortnight's Time.

IF you have thousands of my friends and supporters of THE BOYS' REALM will, I am sure, regard the news I am going to tell them with great satisfaction. I have a new serial which will cost in store for them, and, without beating any further about the bush, I tell you at once that it concerns a new serial story.

It is not going to tell my friends a great deal about this fine, new serial which will commence in our pages very shortly, but I want to impress on them that it will be really stunning yarn. It will be from the pen of the famous author of "Tom Tartar's School-days." It will be one of the best, and is to what the appetites of my readers, so that they may look forward with avidity to the splendid new tale I am preparing for their delectation.

My chums will remember the delight with which they receive a gift that comes quite unexpectedly. This new serial story will call into existence just that feeling of surprise and delight. Therefore, don't miss a single copy of THE BOYS' REALM for the next few days, and you'll be certain not to miss this special treat which is coming.

A Very Nervous Lad.

"A T night, when I am asleep," writes J. G., of London, to me, "I talk and kick about a lot, and it must be this that makes me feel tired in the morning." My chum now asks me what he shall do to stop this. A little later on in his letter he tells me that he is subject to shivering when he goes to bed, but he asks me a doctor about it because he is so nervous.

My chum, J. G., pays me a compliment by asking me for advice, while he refuses to see and take the advice of a doctor. It shows me that he regards me as a personal friend, and

in starting, for the quarter-mile should be smart into his running at the pistol-crack, in order to get a good position at the start. On most tracks the 440 yard race starts below corner, and a quick start will bring the corner first, and so avoid possible jostling, and being out of position at the start.

After this speed work, the athlete should run 250 to 300 yards at quarter-mile racing speed. Twice a week should be run at 220 yards' full top speed, and he should jog 500 yards, or a little over, at fair speed every practice day. Not more than one trial a week at the full distance should be indulged in.

The quarter-mile should endeavour to get into a long easy swing, and not shorten his stride into topmost racing speed until the very last hard sprint for home. If he has kept his legs by the use of his arms, and swinging stride, and has been able to save a strong finishing effort, he will have the advantage in a race of 50 yards, and in difficulties. A conscientious mental effort during the first portion of the race to "keep out" the stride will be found to have been of the utmost use when it comes to the last three-score yards.

The middle-distance runner who is essaying quarters will benefit from a series of short sharp bursts of 50 to 80 yards, with an occasional 200 yards at sprinting pace. This is a method much favoured by those who are at the top of the race. The present half-mile champion would appear to commence his training by constant sprinting work, for

that is what I aim to be to every one of the readers of my papers.

But, all the same, I think that J. G. would be well advised to see a doctor as soon as possible. It is plain to me that he is suffering from some nervous complaint, and a doctor who makes an individual examination into the nature of his nervousness, would be able to help him, whereas I am quite unable to tell him what to do, save to get out into the fresh air as often as possible, to take plenty of healthy exercise and to abstain from all rich foods, tobacco, and intoxicants.

Nervousness is not an infrequent complaint with young men who have to work all day in confined spaces, and often under unhealthy conditions, so you see, J. G., your case is nothing unusual. Take my advice, then, and see a doctor. One bottle of medicine, and his advice, may rid you of your nervousness in a very short time.

OUT FRIDAY, JUNE 7th.

TWO MORE NEW ADDITIONS TO

"The Boys' Friend" 3d. Complete Library.

No. 19—"NELSON LEE'S PUPIL," A Complete Story of the Famous Detective. HOW HE DISCOVERED AND ADOPTED

By MAXWELL SCOTT.

No. 20—"THREE BRITISH BOYS," A Splendid Complete School Tale. BY MAURICE MERRIMAN.

PLEASE ORDER YOUR COPIES TO-DAY.

About Making Model Yachts.

J. T. are the initials of one of my Plumstead friends, and he has written to ask me for a few particulars about the making of model yachts. I am quite willing to comply with his special request, and here-with give him a few particulars which I have taken from a last issue of "The Boys' Herald," our companion paper, which makes a speciality of answering questions of this kind, and, in fact, upon anything that has to do with hobbies.

Well, then, J. T., this little article will give you all the information you desire:

First obtain a piece of soft wood free from knots, about 16 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 2 1/2 inches deep. With a pencil draw a line

very early in the season he was winning prizes in 100 and 120 yards' races.

The young athlete who has in mind that a 440 yard race is the hardest and most punishing of all, and one should be in good condition before venturing to essay it. No one should attempt to run a 440 yard race until they are in something like racing trim, or an attack of the "slows," with its disheartening consequences will intervene.

Middle-Distance Races.

Contests at distances over a quarter-mile, and less than a half-mile, are called middle-distance events. Those most generally included in an athletic sports' programme, are the 1/2-mile, 1,000 yards, and 1-mile races. In order to be successful, the young athlete should possess both speed and stamina. Wind and muscle must be brought to a high state of perfection. A fast stride must be cultivated.

The 1/2-mile is the most popular race of this series. The art of winning races at this distance was my special study, and having natural aptitude for it, I won the Continental Championship, and many handicap prizes over this journey.

As I believe in taking the actual contest itself in its performance as a guide and standard by which to judge, I have written up an analysis of a 1/2-mile race is taken. This race, especially when a handicap, is invariably started at a fast pace, and the 1/2-mile handicap nowadays, there will be found competitors of the sprinting class—i.e., runners who can "get among the prizes" at sprint dis-

down the middle, just for a guide, and sketch out the deck plan. Now, with a saw, cut off the corners so as to roughly shape the body of the boat, then finish shaping it with a plane, and smooth with glass-paper.

We have now a hull shaped something like half a cigar. Next, with a small gouge, hollow it out until you have a shell of about half an inch in thickness. Now for the keel. This should be made of thin, galvanised sheet-iron, obtained from the ironmonger's. Cut to shape and size leaving four suns projecting from the top, horizontally, to fasten it to the hull, and weight with lead at the bottom.

The keel cannot be cut exactly to the shape of the hull, it may be let into the wood a very little way. Care should be taken to see that the weight and position of the keel balances the boat properly when in the water.

The deck can be made of thin boxwood, and fastened to the hull with very small screws or rivets. These four suns which should be very light, but strong, and about 12 inches in length, through the deck about 6 inches from the bow end, and into the bottom of the boat a little way to hold it steady.

The gaff, boom, bowsprit, sails, etc., can be made of six-penny, or any boy. As your mother or sister to machine-stitch the sails for you.

Sexton Blake.

ONE of my many REALM supporters, whose initials are K. J., has written to me, asking that I will revive the series of long, complete tales of Sexton Blake, which appeared in our pages recently. Now, always my best to meet the wishes of my readers, but on this occasion I must confess I do not see my way clear to bring these tales back to life, as I have no room for more. I can only say to my chum, therefore, take "The Union Jack" Library, one penny each, Friday, and you will be found a specially long complete tale of this great detective every week, and also "The Boys' Friend," in which is now appearing a story really attractive items that I have no room for. Surely he will then have sufficient stories to read concerning this very popular character and his clever young assistant, Tinker.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

Daily Mail.

tances. To these competitors it is second nature to jump off quickly at the pistol, and the first to be started.

Therefore, if you are to be successful in training, therefore, it should be borne in mind that the first 250 to 350 yards will be run at a fast pace. There should be a fast pace in the starting at the second wind. The young competitor should learn how to nurse himself during this stage, so that he will not be exhausted at the added powers he will possess once the second wind shall have come along. When 500 yards has been completed, the pace will have developed into a strong, active stride, and it is at this stage that one takes note of the position of one's competitors and that improvement of one's position should be attempted. At 250 yards from home condition tells greatly. The ill-trained and ill-conditioned competitor will find himself in difficulties. Many drop out at this stage.

At this point if it has been possible to keep well up with the field, without taking too much out of oneself in the process, effort should be made to take up a winning position. The final run is yet to take place, and this extends over the last 50 to 60 yards. A youth who stays well throughout the race, and is also a strong finisher, will win many races at half a mile. Thus, for training, it will be of assistance if a strong finishing effort, so the advantage lies with competitor who is well up with the leaders 100 yards from the tape, and who can sprint during the last 50 to 60 yards.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)





The Fighting Fifth.

(Continued from the previous page.)

water descended on him from above and deluged him from head to foot.
Roaming at the mouth, scarcely responsible for his own actions, he slipped down the stairs two at a time in a frenzy of uncontrollable rage.

Quick as thought Nipper darted back into the room. As previously mentioned, his five companions were seated on a form just inside the door. On the wall behind them was the switch which controlled the electric light.

"He had searched for the switch," Nipper hurriedly. "I'll trip him up as he comes in; then we'll switch off the light and do a bunk!"

"He had searched for the switch," Nipper hurriedly. "I'll trip him up as he comes in; then we'll switch off the light and do a bunk!"

"Over went the form and all its occupants, amidst a pandemonium of shrieks and wails. With shouts of alarm the rest of the audience leaped to their feet. Sergeant Quiggin bawled out order, and the doctor yelled for the police.

This had the effect, of course, of plunging the room into darkness. The five boys who had been lurking about the door, and who had seen the effect of the electric light.

"This had the effect, of course, of plunging the room into darkness. The five boys who had been lurking about the door, and who had seen the effect of the electric light.

"Leggo my nose! Ow! Ouch! Fire! Ho! Murder!"

"There was a few of the sounds, accompanied by the crash of overturning forms and the hammering of feet and fists on the inside of the door, which fell on the ears of the boys. In a moment they danced a wild waltz of terror on the landing.

"Joe-rusalem! Did you ever hear such a racket?" Nipper exclaimed, "I chortled Nipper. 'Talk about a bear-garden! This is more than twenty bear-gardens rolled in one!'"

"Shocking!" said Russell. "Come away, dear boys! This is no place for little us."

"I'm not going," said Nipper, "the door began to vibrate. 'Shun! Form four—left—by the right—quick march!'"

"The charge that failed." "Lal had just returned from Greystones street, where he had seen the boys of St. Ninian's, and great was their excitement and astonishment when he told them of the adventures of the gang."

"Then the locket is gone," said Dick, when the young Hindoo had concluded his tale. "Clean gone," said Lal. "Of course, if the convict is recaptured, and the locket is still in his pocket, it will come back."

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In reply to this question, they told him of their escapade at the Mechanics' Institute.
'My hat, why wasn't I there to see the fun?' laughed Lal. 'You were at the Mechanics' Institute. You were at the Mechanics' Institute. You were at the Mechanics' Institute.'

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out of the room just after I left, and he saw him return a moment later, grinning like a jackass!
'Without a doubt,' continued Dr. Stuart-Uwain, 'that boy was the miscreant who flung the bucket of water over me. Without a doubt it was he, or one of his companions, who tripped me up. Without a doubt it was he, or his companions, who switched off the light and bolted the door.'

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'Answer me!' he said fiercely. 'Did you not tell me that you saw six St. Ninian's boys at the meeting; and did you not say that you saw the convict steal out of the room just after I had left?'

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In this story Mr. David Goodwin tells in his inimitable way how two colliery lads climbed the ladder to fame and fortune notwithstanding the many efforts their unscrupulous enemies put forth to prevent their doing so. The scene is laid in South Wales, and by reading the brief introduction the tale may be commenced to-day.

# The Pick and Lamp

## A MAGNIFICENT TALE OF COLLIERY LIFE. By David Goodwin.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER IN BRIEF.

Roddy Owen and Tom Hughes, two Welsh colliery lads, are the heirs of certain Matthew Mathews, who was the rightful owner of the Aberford and Coed Coch pits. Just these collieries are in the hands of a man named Kenyon Price, who, by force, has defrauded the late owner of them, and Roddy and Tom are determined to wrest them from his grasp.

The only other property left them by the late Matthew Mathews is a place known as Starve-Crow Farm. The boys, having been educated at Kenyon Price's employ, go and take up residence at the little wooden shelter on this farm. Here they meet a wonderful little Welsh mountain boy named Dafydd Row, with whom they become firm friends.

While exploring their property they come across an old mine-shaft, and this they descend. They are surprised at the richness of the seam of coal beneath, and realize that with the necessary capital they could easily become rich men. They decide that they will set to work and are sufficient to start mining operations. Roddy applies for a job at the Coed Coch Colliery. He is taken on, and Tom Hughes with him. The boys are at once set to work as hewers, and earn no little sum each day. In the evenings they return to Starve-Crow Farm.

One day Tom is caught on the down-grade between a stationary and an approaching train of trams. In the nick of time he manages to scramble on to the top of the foremost approaching tram. There is a terrific crash, and he is hurled forward through the darkness.

(Now read to-day's instalment.)

### Mr. Sully Sees His Handiwork.

MID the tearing, splintering noises of the collision, the young hewer was only conscious of being flung forward through empty space in a world of darkness. Then came a shock that seemed to start out of its place every bone in his body, and that all was over.

When consciousness returned, Tom was aware of a hum of voices round about him, the dim glow of miners' lamps, fitting little profiles, and a buzzing noise in his head.

When he tried to move the attempt racked him with such pain that he closed his eyes again, and almost fainted anew.

"Poor lad!" said a rough, pitying voice. "Was he dead? Be careful with him, Rhys! Raise his head—no! If you are brave?"

"How did it happen?" said another voice.

"Tor trams was away. See, they are all smashed up behind there. I think he was riding on ter back ones, and was thrown right over here when they run into those two. Nefor mind fact, put go for a stretcher, and get him to ter tector, quick."

The minor who had spoken guessed half the truth. When the crash came Tom had been hurled forward off the top of the load on to which he had scrambled right over the two stationary trams, and had fallen on the metals between.

The collision jammed the whole train into a heap just about of him, and blocked the grade completely.

How long he had been there before the colliers arrived he did not know, though it was doubtless no great while; but he lay in a half-conscious condition, white and limp; nor did he stir when he heard the voices of Terry Lloyd and Roddy.

"One of the best young hewers we ha' had," said the man who had first spoken.

"I fear his hwinin' days is over, poor lad!" said another, on whose knees Tom's head was resting.

"There's barely life in him."

"What is it? Is Tom Hughes hurt?" cried Roddy, in an agony of anxiety, hurrying to the spot from a little road below, by which he had made a long circuit. Terry Lloyd came close behind.

"Let me see him."

Roddy threw himself on his knees beside his chum, and with a sinking heart saw how deadly-white the boy's face was, and a trace of blood at his lips.

"Speak to me, Tom! Are you much hurt, old boy?"

"I dunno," replied Tom, in a voice so faint it could hardly be heard. "Prad so."

An awful fear seized Roddy that his little friend was dying. He rose to his feet, and a quick glance round at the smashed trams told him plainly enough how the disaster had happened, and the trap into which Tom had apparently fallen.

"My heavens!" cried Roddy wildly. "If he dies the fault's mine. Why did I bring him here for these brutes to murder him?"

The other two hewers stared at Roddy in

amazement. Tom opened his eyes, and spoke as though he had just awakened from sleep, while Terry Lloyd bent over him.

"All right, Roddy!" he gasped. "Not done yet. Shall get over it. Sully's had a good try. You said he would. Failed though. Be better soon."

Roddy felt as if his blood was on fire, and he clenched his fists.

"If he dies, Sully shall swing for it!" he said, in a thick, low voice. "I'll see to that! The levat's shan't profit by what he's done!"

Terry Lloyd, who alone caught the words, and Tom as well, looked up at Roddy with a startled face.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "Sully! Be th' holy iron, d'ye mean it's no accident at all?" The big hewer grew excited. "Here, tell me, Roddy Owen, haven't I seen ye escape twice yourself this month from an ugly accident, an' by the skin o' your teeth? Now it's Tom, an' he says Sully's the cause o' it. Begob,!" he cried, rising and clenching an enormous fist. "I begin to see through this! I want's born blind."

The big pitman, whose hot Welsh blood lost none of its fire through his mother being an Irishwoman, and was also of quick perception, fairly shook with indignation at he faced Roddy, who fell for the moment that he had said too much. It was no time for commotious of that sort.

"Stout up, Terry!" he said quietly. "If you've heard anything, forget it for the present. I'll settle this. Here comes the stretcher. And we're but goin' to lose Tom; we'll pull him through."

The stretcher arrived, and with it Mr. Glass, looking very anxious and stern. He put a rapid question or two about Tom's condition, and helped Roddy to lift him on to the stretcher.

The youngster, plucky as he was, could not quite keep back a groan of pain when they moved him.

"He's dangerously injured, I fear!" muttered Mr. Glass. "Take the stretcher, two of you!"

Terry Lloyd had stood stock-still since his suspicions had been aroused, and his thoughts moved swiftly. He did not move when the stretcher was manned.

He regarded for the boys, especially for Tom, and what he had heard came as a shock to him.

"He's dangerous!" cried the stretcher, anxiously watching Tom's face. The break-down gang arrived and passed to deal with the wrecked trams, and just as the melancholy little procession with the stretcher turned the grade corner they came upon Mr. Sully, of all people.

The head-hewer looked startled, and stopped, as though he had taken another road.

The sudden sight of him roused Terry Lloyd like a lion, and the big hewer, striding forward and gripping his pick in his left hand, shook his huge right fist full in Mr. Sully's face.

"Is that your work, ye dirty scoundrel!" he said fiercely, pointing with his pick to the prone form on the stretcher. "Ay, ye know it is!" he cried, as the head-hewer turned white and shrank back against the wall.

The whole party, Mr. Glass included, was stupefied.

"Watch it well," said Terry, with a fierce glare, "for if that boy dies I'll drive his pick through your skinny ribs an' rid the earth o' ye!" "Twill be rightly done!"

Roddy, who was no less aroused than the big hewer himself by the sight of his enemy at such a time, was striding forward, too, when Tom's hand suddenly closed on his wrist from the stretcher, and held fast.

"Steady, old chap!" whispered Tom faintly. "No rows, now, please!"

Roddy, at his chum's touch, obeyed and held back; but things looked very awkward for the head-hewer.

Mr. Sully, after the first surprise, pulled himself together and faced the situation cleverly. Two of the hewers had interposed, and were trying to hold Terry back.

"Have you lost your senses, my man," said Mr. Sully quietly, "or have you been drinking? Stand back! I will inquire into your case later. This is no time for brawling in the pit. Take that poor lad up the shaft, men, and let the surgeon attend him as quickly as possible. Who is he?"

The cool frontony of the question was almost too much for Roddy once more, in spite of Tom's restraining him; but it held Terry Lloyd aback. The big hewer did not know what to make of it, and began to wonder if he had been too hasty. One of the stretcher-bearers answered:

"It's young Tom Hughes, sir, the little hewer from 53."

"Go on, men, get him to the doctor without delay. This is a sad business. I hope he's not much hurt. Clear the road, there!"

Despite his words, a strange look passed over

the viewer's sallow face as he passed on, glancing at the stretcher as he went.

Luckily, Roddy did not see the look, nor did Terry Lloyd. They were bent on getting aid for Tom before anything else was done, and in a little while the bearers and Roddy stepped out of the cage at the shaft top, and took their burden to the back hoist, always kept ready for emergencies, where Roddy waited with painful anxiety for the doctor.

How Jerry Crall Came to Bryn y Garth.

"HOW d'you feel, old chap?" he said. "Are you in much pain?"

"Pretty well," murmured Tom; but in truth he was suffering agonies. "But you needn't be scared, Jim. I'll pull through; and we'll win yet, Roddy!"

The doctor arrived in another minute, and made his examination of the victim, Roddy waiting and straining the words.

"A bad fall, indeed!" said the physician. "Your friend is a plucky little fellow, for he has got the leg very severely. But it's nothing dangerous, and we will soon relieve him."

"Thank Heaven!" muttered Roddy fervently, his cheeks changing colour.

The doctor opened his bag, and busied himself with the patient. Mr. Glass came to the door and was overjoyed to hear there was no danger. He was called away again at once; and the physician beckoned to Roddy.

"I need the help of a strong man here," he said, in a low voice. "Will you get me an intelligent pitman?"

"I'm not weak myself, sir," said Roddy eagerly. "Can't I help Tom?"

The doctor glanced over him, and decided he would do.

"Very well," he said. "The boy's shoulder is put out; that is the chief injury. He is suffering so much that to avoid giving him a worse shock I am putting him under a light anaesthetic, and to help replace the joint, you must follow my directions exactly. I see you have plenty of nerve."

Roddy was ready enough, and Tom was mercifully deprived of consciousness for a time.

The operation of putting the dislocated shoulder back in its place may be done single-handed, but Dr. Scott preferred his own way. Roddy felt acutely thankful that his chum could no longer feel; but he gave what help was needed, and the thing was done swiftly and skilfully by the medical man.

"He will do very well now," said the doctor, "but heed from the mouth! It only comes from a cut on the lip. You need not worry about it. There are some severe bruises. The boy had better go to the infirmary; and the shoulder, now it has been set, will need certain treatment. He is very healthy and fit, and though he will have to remain on his back for a week, the boy will be none the worse after that time. He is already coming to."

Tom presently opened his eyes, and the doctor, having satisfied himself, hurried off in

(Continued on the next page.)

### CHAMPIONS OF THE BOYS' REALM FOOTBALL LEAGUE, 1906-7 (Senior Section).



CHORISTER JUNIORS, F.C., Winners of THE BOYS' REALM Cup. (See Our League Corner.)

Great New Serial Coming Shortly!





# THE ROBBY CHAMPIONS

A STIRRING TALE  
OF WATER POLO  
BY  
A. S. HARDY.



Green and Hollowes, the centres of their respective sides, went straight for the ball at an amazing pace, outstripping their wing men, and the game had begun.

**THE 11th CHAPTER.**  
**The Rival Secretary - The Meeting -**  
**Electing a Captain-Simson Speaks Out -**  
**The Challenge.**

"Well," said William Green. "You've got to read his thoughts."

It was six o'clock at night, and the High Street of Robby, that famous seaport town upon the Yorkshire coast, was thronged with people. Green looked round a little uncomfortably. He did not wish any of his friends, or the members of the Robby Club, to see him talking to the secretary of the Vampires, the most seriously challenged Robby's proud position as champion club of the district.

"You got my letter?" Herbert Druce went on.

"Yes; you see, I am here to keep the appointment you made. But I don't want anyone to see me. Simson, or some of his toadies, may be hanging about, and they'd make a mouthful of it, and it would go against me at the election to-night."

"Very well, then," said Druce quickly, "there's a quiet coffee-shop in Milton Street. Let us go there. None of your lot ever visit that place. I usually call there when I come in there."

"That will do," assented the big, burly Green, slouching quickly round the corner. "We can talk there without fear of being overheard."

A few minutes later they were seated in a pew in the coffee-shop in Milton Street, where, as Herbert Druce discussed a high-teen, they began to talk over club matters, and the prospects of the Robby Club for the coming season.

"Your captaincy of the Robby expired last week," said the secretary of the Vampires; "but, of course, you will be re-elected at the meeting to-night when the vote is taken."

"I'm not so sure," said William Green, scowling darkly. "Jack Simson seems to have won a lot of influence over the members, and there's just a chance that he will beat me. Sayers, Hall, Maidment, and that lot, will back me, and I really think I ought to get through. But Simson is strong, and fancies himself for the post."

"Supposing he wins—oh?"

"And the Vampires' secretary shot a quick, questioning glance at his companion. Green bit his lip.

"There you are! That's what I wanted to know. That's what made me write to you, Green. You've been the mainstay of the Robby Water-polo Team for the past three years. It was through you they became runners-up for the Northern Championship last year; and they never would have won the District Championship if you hadn't been there to coach and train them. Besides, look how you've done in the racing. We've got a fine lot for the Vampires this year, and I even think we shall run the Robby very close, if we don't beat them, at the water-polo. We'd be

glad of the assistance of a man like you. You haven't played for Robby yet this season, and are, therefore, eligible to play for us. Will you make me a promise that if Simson is elected captain, and you resign your membership of the Robby, that you will give us the first chance of your services?"

The secretary knew his man. He had spoken naturally, unaffectedly, and his praise of Green was well managed. Druce knew the Robby man's conceit, right enough, and he knew how to pander to it.

Green smiled.

"It is good of you to think of me like that," he said. "But, of course, as you know, I have played centre-forward for Robby for the last four years. They couldn't do without me! Besides, I prided myself on my loyalty to my club. It is only Simson I object to, and if I am elected captain again, I shall know how to put him in his proper place."

"But you may not be elected captain," said Druce, buying himself with his food and adopting a careless tone. "Of course, you probably will, but you may not. Then Simson may put on airs."

Green ground his teeth together.

"Besides, they know they can't do without me."

"Well, I don't wish to persuade you against your will," said the Vampires' secretary; "but we shall have a mighty strong polo team this year. Let us have Miltoning, the half-mile swimming champion, joining us. He will be worth something. He's going to play at half-back. We are weak at centre-forward. We could do with you in that position. Think it over, Green. Maybe you will drop me a line if you think of resigning your membership of the Robby."

"Well," said Green, with a half-laugh, "there's no harm in me promising to join the Vampires if I break with my own club; but I don't think there is much chance of that. They can't do without me."

"You've got a coming dyer in young Sidney Hollowes," they tell me," the Vampires' secretary remarked, as he paid the reckoning, and moved, with the Robby man, towards the door. "He's only sixteen. Mit't he?"

"Yes," said Green, frowning; "and he thinks a deuce of a lot of himself, too! He's one of Simson's favourites. The boy can swim, I admit; but to say he is a coming champion, and all that sort of thing, is tommy rot! He's a natural swimmer. 'Cos all the strokes ever invented are smart. He's wonderful for a junior! He plays with our second team at water-polo, but I don't think you need fear him. He will never get a place in the first team."

"What time's your meeting?"

"Half-past seven."

"Will you have a drink?"

"No, thanks; teetotalor!"

"That's the agit! Glad to hear it! Well, Green, you'll think over what I've said, won't you?"

"Yes, all right!"

"Good-bye!"

They shook hands and parted, and William Green, inflating his chest and walking along

the High Street as if the place belonged to him, with the medals that he had won at swimming and water-polo swinging ostentatiously from his gold-watch chain, made his way towards the Athenaeum Hall, where the meeting of the Robby Swimming Club was to be held.

He arrived there to find the place already pretty full. He was greeted warmly, but he noticed that one or two of the fellows were not very cordial in their handshakes, and he loathed them for it. They were some of Simson's gang, he thought.

Green had taken a great deal upon himself, because he reckoned that he was the founder of the club. Simson had been one of the original members, too, but a junior, and it was only during the last two years that he had come right to the front as swimmer and organizer, and had seriously challenged Green's position as leader of the Robby.

Being a member of committee, Simson was able at times to oppose Green—say, and strong enough to carry his point, too; and being by nature a bully, Green had resented this interference. They had been at daggers drawn for the better part of the past year, and the climax had been reached when Simson was proposed as captain to the club in opposition to Green, and for the first time in Robby history the destination of the captaincy had to be decided by ballot.

Green, surrounded by a number of his supporters, stood with his back against the wall. He smiled once or twice in Simson's direction—Jack Simson was seated quietly at the end of the hall, as far out of the way as possible—and he sneered when he saw the boy Sidney Hollowes, the coming swimming and water-polo champion, Simson was whipping up the members on Simson's behalf.

At half-past seven the hall was packed, and a few minutes later the secretary of the club, Alfred Watson, who played in goal for the Robby champions, read the minutes of the last meeting. Then, after what seemed tedious waiting to some of the big business of the meeting, was reached.

"You all know that the candidates for the captaincy are William Green, who has filled the position for the past five years—ever since the club was started, I might say," said Secretary Watson, "and Jack Simson, who is one of the best and keenest workers on behalf of the club. I think there are too many of us present to decide the question on a show of hands, therefore will each member write his preference on the piece of paper which will be handed to him? Hollowes and Hall, you can serve the papers and then the papers were folded, and gathered in again.

At the end of the hall on the raised stage the papers were placed upon a table, and sorted by members of the committee. Five minutes later the secretary, stepping forward amidst dead silence, held up his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there have been forty-seven votes for Simson and nineteen for Green; I, therefore, declare that Jack Simson is appointed captain for the ensuing year."

In a moment the place was in an uproar. The members of the Robby Swimming Club leapt to their feet, cheering like mad; and as William Green marked the enthusiasm of the meeting, he turned pale with anger.

Never since the day of his birth had existence had the members showed such a preference for him. His blood boiled. He was sick of the club—sick of the lot of them. And he darted malignantly at Jack Simson, who had withdrawn himself from his modest position at the end of the hall, and had recounted the stage, where he prepared to address his comrades.

As soon as silence reigned the new captain spoke, his voice sounding clear and well modulated.

"Lads," he said, "I thank you for the honour you have done me, and I am sure that if Green looks at things from the right point of view, he will see that it is good for the captaincy to go round. I haven't much to say, but I should like to point out one thing. It is the dangerous trial of the Vampires. Our polo team must be strengthened if we want to win the District Championship again this year, or to make any show in the Northern Championship of the A.S.A., or in the Robby and District League.

"Green—I say it impartially—is not so fast as he uses to be. But he has a good head on his shoulders. He would be invaluable at centre-half. I propose that we give young Sidney Hollowes a trial at centre-forward, and put Green at centre-half. It will improve our team, I am sure!"

Somebody shouted "Bravo, young Hollowes!" and then Green stepped forward. "I've got nothing to say, boys," he said, "about you appointing Simson captain of the club. I only hope he will turn out as good as you expect"—this with a sneer—"but I must protest at the inclusion of Hollowes in the first team. He has had no experience. He is not class enough. He is too young; and I should like to know what advantage can be gained by shifting me from centre-forward, and putting a sligher and much slower swimmer in my place? It will ruin the whole team."

"Bravo! Green is right!" shouted one of his chums.

"I don't think our new captain is starting well by making a serious initial blunder," Green went on, with a sneer.

Simson got upon his feet.

"I haven't come here to bicker and quarrel, I hope. One of the mistakes of Green's captaincy was that he never took among his juniors for likely men. Now, I have watched the juniors with interest, and I say that we haven't a lad in the club can compare with young Hollowes as a centre-forward. He is a better swimmer than Green. I'm willing to back him to beat Green from any distance from 100 yards upwards; and if that won't qualify him for inclusion in the first team, I should like to know what would?"

The storm of astonishment went up.

"Young Hollowes," Simson went on, "has always been afraid of himself. He was too modest to race with his betters, though though they all revelled at his pace and





THE ROXBY CHAMPIONS.

(Continued from the previous page.)

of the game, though his brow knitted anxiously as he saw Green getting a vital ball.

At length Green, under the referee's very nose, turned and kicked out at Simson, who had run to him at the whistle. Mr. Digby, who was blowing his whistle Mr. Digby pointed an accusing finger at the Vampires' centre.

"Is that that again, Green," he said, "I'll have you out with your own throwing."

"Why don't you learn to referee?"

Green's retort.

Simson threw the ball in the direction of the Vampires' goal, and the referee ignored the thrust. But a moment later Green, who thought he had at last a chance of dribbling through, Simson being out of the way, swam desperately towards the Roxy goal. He was met by young Hallows, and this time the slip of a boy upset Hallows, and this time the ball out of his hand, diving under, and securing it again excitedly amidst a roar of applause.

Enraged, Green darted after him, and getting within range as the ball passed to take up the ball for a pass, he deliberately hit him savagely behind the ear.

Hall stunned, the boy sank. He was instantly seized by Sayers. The referee's whistle rang.

"Come out of the water, Green!" cried Mr. Digby. "You shall take no further part in this game."

Green looked at Sayers, and Maidment helped the half-drowned boy towards the boats. Then he swam away.

"At least," he muttered, "I've put him out of the game. If we can only keep him out we'll win now."

Sidney Hallows was helped into a boat. At the same time a yelling mob in the boats made towards the point where Green would leave the water. They meant going for the bully if they got the chance.

Green, thoroughly frightened now, was glad to get a robe over him and cover in the shawts and trousers from the launch that the club had chartered being too far away for him to think of getting to in safety.

Green was stopped for a minute or two to see whether Sidney was all right, but finding he was too bad to play at present, the referee signalled the game to proceed, and the two sides were taken.

From now on, the game was a possession, and admirable play won a corner from the opposition at close range. The ball was thrown from the right in front of the goal, and here, Sayers getting his hands on it, knocked it through, and the scores were level.

That exciting goal put new life into young Hallows. Springing up, he dived into the water.

"All right," he said.

But instead of at once going to his end amidst cheers, he swam to the referee's boat.

"Sir," he said, addressing Mr. Digby, "we have a foul. I think you had better stop the game. I don't bear him any malice. Let him play again."

"It will only spoil his career, sir. If you don't, he won't do it again. Let him play. As a favour to me."

"Very well," he said; and word was sent to Green that he might play.

Green then, like the Vampires, and hisses and groans from the opposition, Green entered the water. He was a chastened spirit now.

"I don't think I deserved that kindness, sir."

"The feet should never pull on the straps as shown in the above illustration. (See Rowing with the Arms Bent.)"

Hallows," he said, struck by the lad's generous words.

"Well, show your gratitude by playing fair," said the boy.

Green, who was the effect of his legal tactics was soon shown, for Sidney Hallows' tactics were grand goal from a back throw a minute before the goal, and just before the final whistle blew Hallows will be there by beating the ball through in a melee, which the air simply carried with the applause.

Roxy had won the District Championship again by 4 goals to 3.

Curiously enough, they were drawn against the Vampires later on in the Northern Championship, when the former played without Green, who had resigned. This time there was only one team in it. Roxby winning by 7 goals to 3.

However, there was a sweetest mixed with the bitterness of that defeat, for they had worthily won the right to call themselves the Roxby Champions.

THE END.

(Theo fine long, complete tales next week.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

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

The Back-Stroke. (Continued from last week.)

ONCE the body is in a straight line, the feet are drawn the feet towards and under the body; then, with force, sweep them outwards, right and left, and continue the stroke until the legs are close to the body, after which repeat this stroke by drawing the feet towards and under the body. But it must be done slowly, and with jerking at first be done slowly, and without jerking or hitching the body.

Learning to swim on the back without the use of arms assists greatly to utilise the legs to the best advantage, so that when the arms are brought into use power is greatly increased, and speed very rapidly follows. It should be noted that the greatest speed is attained when the arms revolve somewhat

like paddle wheels

by the negative portion of the circuit they effect being described in the air, and the positive, which is from above the head, past the shoulders to the hips, in an oblique direction in the water.

The advantages of back-swimming are: (1) Easy in breathing; (2) greater floating power; (3) the recovery of the body after the minimum resistance, because taken through the air; and (4) its great importance in saving life, and in determining the amount of the further advantage of being a splendid exercise for the development of the chest, and is far in advance of any arm apparatus, for the reason that the actions are natural and free from strain. It is a well-known fact that good back-swimming is almost essential to a well-developed chest as well as an upright body. Such being its advantages, it would seem to be the best form of physical culture in schools; and, for some reason or other, it is a method of swimming which seems to be encouraged least of all.

The Overarm Stroke.

By careful compliance with the instructions I have previously given, and provided the learner has been clearly instructed in the manner to swim fairly well, and therefore may attempt other methods of progression; but before these are attempted, the learner should perfect himself in the breast and back stroke methods. Not only are these most important when someone else is teaching, but also their practice provides the very best opportunity for the development of chest, lungs, and shoulders.

In order to learn the overarm stroke, the body is turned either upon the right or the left side, and whilst the feet perform their usual motions as in breast-swimming.

To begin, the under arm is stretched out quickly to the right, with the palm of the hand facing downward. This movement takes place at the moment the feet strike wide apart. The upper arm is moved forward slightly beyond the head, so that the hands are brought together in time with the body. At first it is not advisable to lift the upper arm above the surface of the water, because the learner should first accustom himself to the side position, but once this position becomes familiar no trouble will be experienced in learning the correct stroke by swinging the upper arm through the air. As the upper arm is pulled downwards the lower arm should be pulled downwards towards the hips, perpendicular to the surface of the water.

Keep the Fingers Closed.

It should always be remembered that when these strokes are taken the hands must be kept flat and the fingers closed, because if the stroke is to be effective the hand must be pressed against the water as large a surface as possible.

When the stroke with the under hand is finished, which should be the case, the hand should be turned sideways, the palm facing to the front, so that when the elbow is bent the hand is held in a position in which shall cut the water with its edge, and thus offer the least resistance to progress. As the arm is bent to be effective the hand is gradually turned palm downwards, and in this way the tip of the fingers form the cutwater.

The position of the body and action of the arm will be readily understood by referring to the diagram on Column 4 of this page.

The stroke of the upper arm is started when that of the lower arm has finished. Therefore, the upper arm is raised and the lower arm is pulled through the water towards the hips. The upper arm begins the stroke by being bent about the elbow, the hand slightly bent, and the hand is brought down with the upper part of the arm above the surface of the water. As the hand is bent, the arm is gradually straightened until the hand is in line with the hip, at which point the hand is lifted out of the water, to be carried in the air beyond the head, and the stroke renewed.

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

Forward Play. (Continued from last week.)

THE next time you have an opportunity, go to the Oval and watch the forward drive of Tom Hayward, who is a very good model to copy for those who live near Leyton, is Percy Ferris, the Essex batsman.

The batter you are at forward play, the more runs you will be able to make, and the more are good, the bat will meet the ball, and not the ball the bat. Not one in ten players gets runs by forward play, and so when you have mastered forward-play, follow it up with backward-play, but do not trouble too much about the latter until you have learned the full, and the batsman must depend upon quickness of

eye and wrist

to meet the extraordinary turns or twists of the ball. You may play forward, low balls, or back to fast ones. In back-play there is little time whatever to make a stroke, so you must be able to time the ball correctly. Your eyesight must be very keen, and you will do well to practise your eyesight.

Do not impair your sight by this obnoxious habit. Loosen up some of your young players, and encourage them at practice, when they are batting or bowling; and some of the best I have seen smoke right up to the moment of going to the wicket, or on their way to begin their innings.

September, Robert Abel, speaking from his own experience, said that he "found it necessary to abstain entirely from smoking during or before the test of the century, and to abstain from tobacco till you are twenty-one. It is a glad day when I find in one of our cricketers of the London League, Strength, in connection with

"The Boys' Herald," and I am glad to find that a difference in your timing the ball. Young cricketers should be encouraged to abstain altogether if they hope to do the best they can for their side.

Overhand bowling. (See article on cricketers last week.)

their side. Victor J. Cotter, J. Darling, the Hon. A. Lyttleton, Albert Ward, Dr. W. G. Grao, and several of the present cricketers like W. C. Sturges and Harris, Lord Hawke, never would allow smoking when they captained a side.

Finally, do not be too eager to make runs until you know something about the bowling opposed to you. "Patience may be a virtue when the bats is well hit," but it is a virtue when the bowling is fast. If you are indeed if you can prevent your eyes from your eye in. You will find great batsmen who make runs with unerring regularity are those who test the bowling before they start to hit it. Watch even C. B. Fry or George Hirst. Do not be in a hurry to see how many runs you can score until you know how to deal with the bowling.

Captaincy.

The success of an eleven will depend largely upon the captain, or, in his absence, upon the vice captain. What sort of a man is needed for the position of a captain is a question of the day. One who has ability as a man in every way, and sound principles. The successful captain will have no favourites in the eleven, but he will be a strict disciplinarian, the enemy of none. He must seek to imbue others with the same qualities, and must certainly lead by example.

The position is not an easy one, and sometimes goes begging even in county cricket. The great credit is due to the fingers of one hand. Lord Hawke is a famous captain in England; Noble and Darling in Australia; and P. W. Sherwell in Africa. The wonderful success which has attended the fingers of one hand in no small degree to the firmness and kindness of Lord Hawke, who is just completing a quarter of a century in the position of a captain. Rose side. Instinctively his men have followed him, and as each has got to know his loyalty to the only rivalry among the side is anxiety to try and do all and be all their great leader wishes.

Contrast, on the other hand, the two Australian, the eagle eye of Noble proclaims a silent leader, who has dauntless energy, and is a fine player. His men are going badly for his side, and who know of his side appears to be a disastrous defeat into a creditable struggle.

I do not know if he will lead the Australian team who will next come to these shores, but I am certain of this, that he is the greatest of all Australian captains.

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

Rowing: IT is a common fault for an oarsman to bring his blade towards the water in a slanting direction, instead of perceiving it to be covered up to its full depth when he is at his full reach forward.

The oarsman who is boric in mind that a long swing is of no use unless it can be used effectively, and the blade must be covered the whole of the time that the body is swinging back, and if the oar is not at the beginning or the finish, the blade is rowed through the air, so much of the swing is wasted.

It is by using his weight in the stroke that the oarsman adds considerably to his power. The oarsman who is boric in mind that the whole weight of the body from the hips upon the oar handle, with the feet pressing strongly upon the starting block, as his weight is firmly established the slide must move, but not before.

the slide is moved

before the weight is properly applied, it will be impossible for the oarsman to make proper use of his weight, and a proportion of his effective power will be lost.

Yet one frequently sees even good oarsmen slide on to their work instead of swinging on to it. This fault they rectify by throwing the hand forward and by using their feet; but the oarsman who is boric in mind that the blade must be covered the whole of the time that the body is swinging back, and if the oar is not at the beginning or the finish, the blade is rowed through the air, so much of the swing is wasted.

A great many men believe that in rowing the longer the blade is kept in the water during the swing back—or shall we say the longer the stroke arm, arms, and feet are in the water, the better the result will be achieved.

The blade is carried through the water as in the swing back, the lessening resistance caused it to travel faster the further it goes towards the stern. The judge of rowing have laid it down that a considerable power should be applied after the "beginning" has been gripped. The oarsman, however, will pay most of his attention to securing good beginning, but he will not go far wrong, for it is this crisis beginning that does most to carry the boat past the spot where the oar-blade was first bent.

With the beginning properly gripped, and the slide bent, the right moment, the swing back and the pulling of the blade, the oarsman must necessarily be properly carried out. They follow quite naturally, and the oarsman will then only have to be a little difficult that will confront him—viz., the bending of the arm at the finish.

Rowing is a difficult art, and the oarsman is a difficult indeed, and many oarsmen, even of the first class, have one of two faults—they use either too much or too little blade through, either too much or too little.

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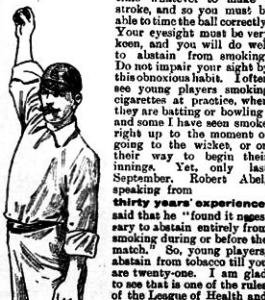


Diagram showing the various positions of the arms bent, illustrating the overarm stroke. (See Swimming Article.)

At the finish of the stroke the arms are bent, the elbows acting as a pivot, in order to allow the oar to come home to the chest. Whilst this is being done, the oarsman must keep his arms must still hold on his pressure on the water by the steady and continued swing back of his body until the oar is at the finish. He will feel inclined to use his arms in order to keep the oar-blade through to the finish. But it is wrong. If he uses these muscles too much the result will be that his body will be moving up to meet the oar, his swing will be shortened, and consequently the stroke also.

Instead, the over use of the arms will disturb the lie of the oar, and the finish will either be light or deep—that is to say, the blade will either be too deep or too shallow in the water, and the balance of the stroke will be less disturbed.

Rowing is a difficult art, and the oarsman is a difficult indeed, and many oarsmen, even of the first class, have one of two faults—they use either too much or too little blade through, either too much or too little.

BOYS' REALM FOOTBALL CORNER.

THE BOYS' REALM IN THE TROPICS.

FINAL RESULTS OF OUR GREAT FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

Your Editor has much pleasure in announcing that the winners of The Boys' Realm Cups and Medals offered in connection with Section 2 of our League are as follows:

CUP WINNERS (Junior Section). NELSON VILLA F.C. Sec. Mr. Walter S. Kent, 133, Fitzwilliam Street, Sheffield.

RUNNERS-UP (Junior Section). NEWBURY JUNIORS. Sec. Mr. A. N. Waldie, 23, Craven Street, Newbury.

CUP WINNERS (Senior Section). CHORISTER JUNIORS. Sec. Bandsman E. Mortimer, 1st North Staffordshire Regiment, Tournay Barracks, Aldershot.

RUNNERS-UP (Senior Section). LINCOLN FIELDS WESLEYANS. Sec. Mr. E. G. Queening, 79, Sutherland Terrace, Harehill Lane, Leeds.

As announced in previous issues of THE BOYS' REALM, each of the members of the winning teams and the runners-up will receive a Solid Silver Medal in token of their prowess on the field of play. When it is taken into account that the winning teams have during the season successfully competed against over sixty clubs, their records are all the more creditable.

The following are the final League Tables, and each of the clubs mentioned after the Cup Winners and Runners-up will receive a prize of a Boys' Realm Football. We heartily congratulate the League Competition will be even more successful than the past. On another page is published a group photograph of Chorister Juniors F.C., the Champions of the Senior Division.

LEAGUE TABLE UP TO AND INCLUDING SATURDAY, APRIL 27th. SENIOR. P. W. L. D. F. A. Pts. Chorister Juniors 22 22 0 0 117 8 44...

THE BOYS' REALM IN THE TROPICS. CRICKET LEAGUE.

FIRST CRICKET-BAT AWARD.

The first of our Prize Cricket-Bats has been awarded to the Ragged School C.C., a club affiliated to the Blackburn and District Sunday School League.

The following is the table for this league up to and including Saturday, April 27th.

A DIVISION. P. W. L. D. Pts. Ragged School 3 2 0 1 5 James' Road 3 2 0 1 5...

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 the various 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 League to which the Silver Cups are awarded. Application should be made now.

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-BAT WILL BE PRESENTED TO EVERY CLUB ENTERING SOME TIME DURING THE SEASON.

LIST OF CLUBS WHICH HAVE ALREADY JOINED SECTION 2 OF OUR CRICKET LEAGUE.

JUNIOR DIVISION. Rebecca C.C. (Bradford) 3 2 0 1 5 Primitive Juniors (Bridgeton) 3 2 0 1 5...

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HOW GINGER WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

The 1st CHAPTER. The Mysterious Assassin - Met The Third Victim - UBEREST thing I ever heard of," declared Dannie, in a whisper.

"And it makes my air sort of lift," said Ginger, his chum. "If I had any faith in such things, I should believe it was a ghost who killed these poor chaps."

"Bar how is it they were killed?" asked Toddy Binks. "One of them might have been chopping off my nose, but it ain't likely that both were. They were in the open, and the night wasn't so dark but what they could have seen somebody sneaking through the bushes. And what's more, why should a murderous nigger take the risk of crawling up so close, when he could have let fly from a safe distance with a spear or a musket?"

"It must have been done like that, so it would seem more queer," suggested Dannie. "I bet it's a dodge of these bilious to frighten us. They're hoping we'll take warning by it, and turn back."

"It bow me," said Ginger, as he stroked the dog Baff, which was snuggled beside him. "I can't make it out. But I know one thing. The man who does sentry-duty in this part of the camp is a regular hero. The Victoria Cross I wish I had it," he added, in a wistful tone. "I'd rather have that little bit of iron than a few crores on the ground."

"I think I see you getting it," laughed Dannie. "You're just as likely to be made commander-in-chief as I am."

It was nearly midnight, and the three soldiers were lying on the ground in a wild and wooded place, across the Victoria Cross. They should have been asleep long ago, but a feeling of uneasiness had kept them awake, talking about the strange things that had happened at the hospital, and the fact of Nagas having broken out and raided several of the tea-plantations of Assam, and then scuttled back to their fortresses.

The companies of the Sloggers had been sent up-country to punish them. They had been joined by a company of the Cachar Rifles, and the levy of Imperial Service troops furnished by the Rajah of Cachar, and the punitive column had then penetrated the rugged Assamese hills to search for the Nagas stronghold. It was known to be somewhere in a certain large district of Colaba. The officers had been unable to get any positive information.

The force had now been marching through the hills for five days, and it was clear that the men were wearying their movements. The trouble had begun at the close of the second day, when a party of Nagas had attacked the rear-guard, killed a couple of men, and carried off the kit-boxes of several officers. On the third night, a native sentry had been found dead, his throat cut by a crushing blow on the skull, by the young subaltern who had gone round the pickets at midnight.

The cruel deed must have been done only a minute or so before the discovery, from the appearance of the medical officer.

At the same hour on the fourth and previous nights, his fellow sentry had met his death in a similar way, and he had been found still warm and quivering. Both of the unfortunate men had been permitted to come to the hospital, and it was impossible to understand how they could have been killed without firing a shot or raising an alarm.

In each case the murderer must have been face to face with his victim, and standing erect, when he dealt the fatal blow. But why had he been permitted to come to the hospital? The subaltern who found the bodies had seen no sign of any foe. Silently and mysteriously the assassin had come and gone. It was a case of kind of a mystery, and it had worried everybody, from Colonel Podgers down.

"I'll say you're right, old Dannie, after a pause. "The man that did it was one of the native Tommies, and that's how he got up the trees to the post-hole. He must have had a grudge against them."

"Think again, and don't talk nonsense," muttered Dannie. "Nothing's to come of it. It's a damn to-night, anyway. I 'ard the colonel instruct the sentries, and they're to fire at anything we see they see, it's only a bird 'oppin' about in the air."

He was suddenly interrupted by a loud shout, and the next instant, as Ruff barked and the three Sloggers started up, a bright light shone in a state of wild alarm. There was a rush to the outskirts, in the direction of the shouts, and there, lying on the ground, lay a man, crushed in hand, and a young officer standing over him, was another native son. Again the medical officer came, and he was examining a third victim, and just as mysteriously as a third ground was open in front, the nearest thicket

being twenty yards off. The sentries to right and left had heard nothing until the alarm was raised, nor, from where they were posted, could they have seen any one approach the dead man, as the night was fairly dark.

"By heavens, another one!" cried Colonel Podgers, as he hurried to the spot. "Is there no end to this devilry? Struck down in the same way, too! He must have felt the murderer come straight up to him, Scott!"

"Same way and same time, sir," replied the subaltern, who had been going the midnight round with "He hasn't been dead more than a minute."

"Hardly that," declared Dr. Blammers, who had been the arrival on the scene. "By Jove, I don't understand it!"

"Is it witchcraft, or what?" exclaimed the colonel. "I'll get to the bottom of the mystery! I'll put a stop to it! I'll see that British soldiers can be deceived by this mysterious assassin! If one of them is killed I'll be ready to believe in all the black arts of India!"

"Now you've hit it on the nail, sir," put in Ginger, who was sitting on the ground. "The mysterious assassin won't make 'im visible."

"Indeed!" snapped Colonel Podgers. "Then I'll set you to follow, Larkins! I hope you'll enjoy yourself!"

The entire guard were changed then and there, and the two Sloggers being substituted, and to his disgust and weariness, Ginger found himself posted on the very spot where the native had just been murdered. The camp was presently settled down to quiet, and there was no further alarm, though the officer of the night would round the pickets at frequent intervals, and the sentries were early on the next morning, after the third victim of the assassin was buried, and when the column halted, the evening among the hills, it was a few miles within the district in which the Nagas stronghold was believed to be hidden.

The sentries were on the alert, and a space had to be cleared for the camp.

The guards were set at once, and again, since they were still in the cologne had graces, it fell to Ginger to be posted on the picket line. He did not like it, for he had a strong feeling that the assassin would make his appearance in the neighbourhood, but the enemy should not be caught napping, however, and the hope of penetrating the mystery cheered him up a little.

"It wouldn't be so lone some if I 'ad Ruff 'ere," he told himself, "but I dare say 'e's 'ere with Dannie."

"Darkness soon fell, and the sentries melted into the gloom, no longer visible to one another. Gradually the camp became quiet, and the fire lights were extinguished, but the sentries should be with a volley at long range, if any of them were in the neighbourhood. Nothing broke the silence except the cry of a panther far off in the hills.

The evening wore on, and at intervals the sentries were passing among the hills, but after half hour, with his rifle on his shoulder, Ginger paced his narrow beat, peering alertly through the trees, and scanning the ground the slightest sound. The camp was close to one side of him, and on the other he could see the hills, and the creek all of the jungle. He had begun to feel confident that nothing could happen to him, for how could he have seen his foe draw near without his knowledge? He was sure that he would be safe, but he was not to be deceived. He was not to be deceived. He was not to be deceived. He was not to be deceived.

"It's time for the subaltern to come round again," he thought. "I shall feel more chippy when he gets here."

He was coming now. There he was, the young officer of the guard. A slim, erect figure, dressed in the uniform of the day, he was parallel with the edge of the camp. On he came, slowly and deliberately, his hands swinging at his sides, his pale features dimly visible in the starlight. Ginger gave a gasp of relief, and then, he knew not why, he grew vaguely apprehensive. A weird, shivery sensation chilled him as he beheld the figure, and he suddenly remembered the stolen kit, a terrible suspicion flashed upon him. He levelled his rifle at the subaltern, who was now within two or three yards of him.

"He's 'ere," he bade, in a husky voice. "I beg your pardon, you've got me wrong, sir. I'm a native. I ain't quite sure that you're 'e boy you ought to be. Do you--mind givin' me the name for the night?"

He got no reply, and his heart began to thump loudly. The subaltern had stopped, and he appeared to be crouching as if for a spring. Something in his hand and he was ready to leap forward like a tiger, a jet of flame spurted at him, and the crack of a rifle echoed in his ears. Ginger had fired, and he had brought down his man.

The 2nd CHAPTER.

Ram Das—The Ambuscade—Ginger Has an Idea.

THE camp had been instantly aroused by the shout. Ruff's excited barking mingled with a clamor of frightened voices. Lights flashed here and there, and Colonel Podgers was heard ordering the men to stand under arms and prepare for an attack. A gleam of light caught the eye of the spot where Ginger was shouting, and with them was Captain Lansing, the officer of the guard. "I've been here," cried the sergeant-major, "I've been here!" "I was all afraid it was you at first, sir, but I took the risk and let me see!"

"You thought it was me?" gasped the captain. "What do you mean?" "The sergeant-major and I had been on the scene, the latter carrying a lantern, and all gathered around the motionless form that lay on the grass.

"How's this?" cried Colonel Podgers. "One of my officers ah! No, by heavens, the man is a native—a Naga in a khaki uniform!" "I've seen a Naga in a khaki uniform," said a whitish powder has been rubbed into his face."

"And here is his weapon," said Captain Lansing, as he picked up a short club tipped with steel. "This is what killed the three sentries."

"You lie! I knew he was a wrong 'un!" shouted Ginger, who was shaking Dannie's hand and fondling Ruff. "It struck me just in the back, I'll remember the officers' kit won't 'ad been stolen."

He told his story in a few words, and it was all everything perfectly clear. The mystery was out at last. Night after night, disguised in one of the stolen uniforms, the cunning assassin had crept through the cordon of sentries, and approached six times to the camp from the camp. Thus he had slain the three unsuspecting soldiers, and Ginger had very nearly shot the murderer.

"You have done well, Larkins," said the colonel—very well indeed! I shall not forget this, my brave fellow!" "Hallo! The man is not dead!" exclaimed the doctor, as he knelt by the supposed corpse. "He is pulling round. The bullet has only grazed his side."

"I thought I 'ad killed 'im, sir," put in Ginger. "My 'and must 'ave shook when I fired."

Just then a voice hailed the party, and a dusky form was observed coming from the direction of the jungle.

Half a dozen rifles were promptly pointed at the man, who advanced, however, holding up his arms, until he was in the radius of the lantern light. He was a ragged-looking native, with emaciated features and matted hair.

"Another of the rascals!" muttered Dr. Slammers. "He is not a Naga," said Captain Lansing. "Who are you?" demanded the colonel. "What do you want here?"

"I am a friend, sahib," replied the man, as he came forward. "I am Ram Das, of the village of Gopur, many days ago, and I was hunting in the hills. I was captured by the Nagas and taken to their stronghold. When darkness fell tonight, I escaped with them, having heard them say that a force of British soldiers were coming, and I will gladly lead you to their fortress, if you do not know where it is."

"This was welcome news, and to prove that he was not lying the native showed where his feet had cut their way through the jungle. He was closely questioned, and from his answers it appeared that the stronghold lay within six miles, and that it could be easily taken by assault. Of the prisoner knew nothing, except that he had seen him among the Nagas.

"We are in luck!" exclaimed Colonel Podgers. "To-morrow we will advance against the enemy, leaving Cachar troops in charge of the camp, and when we return we will deal with the rascals."

"Are you sure it is all right, sir?" Captain Lansing asked, in a low voice. "You don't suppose it is a trap, do you, sir?" "No, sir, it is playing some deep game?" "I do so," answered the colonel. "I believe the fellow's story. It is evident that he has suffered ill-treatment."

"It looks that way, sir," admitted Captain Lansing; and the others were of the same mind. The prisoner had now recovered consciousness, the bullet had merely grazed him—but he could not be induced to point the way to the soldiers, and spat viciously at Ram Das, whom he recognised.

He went on his feet, and put under guard, and a few minutes later, the sentries having been changed, all was quiet again. The morning dawned in a calm, and the events of the next few hours, thrilling though they were, will be but briefly described. In the morning the sentries were all dead of fever, and by the doctor's orders he remained at the camp with the Cachar Rifles, leaving the day's work to the two companies of Commanded by Captain Lansing, and led by the native guide, the attacking-force set off to the north, and the day's work was marked by treachery. For three miles they marched through the wooded hills, and then, as a peculiar whistle was heard, Ram Das suddenly turned and fled.

appears and bullets was poured into the soldiers, who answered with a volley. To stand and fight under such circumstances would have been madness, so they at once retreated in good order, leaving four men dead. Back they went for a couple of miles, ignorant of the true motive for the treacherous ambuscade, and then they were alarmed by hearing the faint rattle of firearms ahead of them.

And twenty minutes later, when they had dashed on to the camp, a harrowing scene met their gaze. A dozen of the Cachar troops lay dead, half as many had been wounded, and the rest were in a state of panic. Lieutenant Scott, who had remained with the colonel, had been shot in the arm. In a few words he told what had happened. A horde of the enemy had suddenly rushed upon the camp, rescued the prisoner, and carried Colonel Podgers off alive; and the prisoner, it had transpired, was no other than Ferukh Pandey, the chief of the Nagas.

"I see it all!" cried Captain Lansing. "We were deceived away so that the prisoner might be rescued. The Nagas were afraid that their chief might be caught last night, and that is why Ram Das was at hand, ready to play his cunning part. But the colonel must be saved. By heavens, they may kill him!"

They probably mean to hold him as a hostage, in order to make terms with us," said Dr. Slammers. "I fear we can't do anything," he added gloomily. "The Nagas won't leave any trail to guide us to their fortress."

"Don't you worry about that, sir," Ginger put in eagerly. "Ruff will show us the way. Wolf's the matter with girvin 'im a chance!"



Over and down Ginger went, without an instant's hesitation, tumbling headlong into a horde of screeching Nagas, who were at first too astonished to molest him.

This suggestion met with warm approval, for the dog's powers were well-known in the regiment. Ruff quickly found the scent, with the aid of a scold that for Ginger, who at once joined Podgers, and without delay the two companies of Sloggers set off again, leaving Lieutenant Scott in charge of the camp.

The 3rd CHAPTER. Following the Scent—The Naga Fortress—

THE AM DAS had led the force waddling at dawn, and the direction now taken by the dog was to the north. There was every reason to believe that Colonel Podgers, and without delay the two companies of Sloggers set off again, leaving Lieutenant Scott in charge of the camp.

That hope dwindled, however, as the day wore on, for Ruff's track was by no means easy. He had no trouble with the trail as long as it kept to the damp earth; but at times, on stretches of stony soil, he had great difficulty in finding the scent.

Hour after hour passed, and now rapidly, now slowly, the rescue-party pressed on amid the lonely hills, through dense jungles that shut out the sunlight. By the middle of the afternoon they were still on the march, fatigued and in low spirits.

The strong-wind may be miles ahead of you, Slammers," said Captain Lansing. "I'm afraid we shan't reach it before night."

"There's no telling," replied the doctor. "Let us get as far as we can."

"Poor old colonel!" murmured Ginger. "I've heard you call him wrong names," said Dannie. "Don't you conscience trouble you now?"

"I never called 'im wot you did!" snorted Ginger, with a scowl. "E ain't a bad sort, the colonel ain't, and I'll show you wot I'll do for 'im if I get a chance."

Ruff led the way, half in leash by Ginger, and for another half-hour the column went noiselessly on.

Then they began to mount a steep hill, and as they reached the top of it the dog uttered a low growl.

"That means danger, sir," whispered Ginger, as he stopped. "Forward!" urged Captain Lansing. "Forward, men!"

The word passed from lip to lip. For half a dozen yards the advance continued, swiftly and stealthily, and as the head of the column emerged from the jungle on the flat and open summit of the hill, they saw the Naga stronghold close in front of them.

There it was, grim and defiant—a palisade of sharpened stakes, in which was set a massive gate, stretching to right and left.

For a few seconds, while the soldiers pushed on from the rear, the silence remained unbroken. Then Ruff barked, and the next instant, as a fendish yell rent the air, appears came whizzing over the wall, and a volley of musketry was fired from loopholes on both sides of the gateway.

It was a startling surprise. Down went Cap-

himself over the palisade, followed by Dr. Slammers and a dozen men.

"Give it to them, ho!" cried Ginger. "Swipe the beggars! Save the colonel!" The splutter of firearms mingled with the clamor of the men, and the Naga force was a sharp and desperate fight, and things were going badly for the Sloggers, two of whom had been killed, and many more were being hurled against them. The foe lost heart some feeble resistance to the invaders.

"Press on, men!" cried Dr. Slammers. "The victory is ours!" "Meanwhile, who had disappeared, and his comrades feared that he had been slain. It was not so, however.

Dont on finding and rescuing his colonel, who he believed to be in great peril, the heroic Slogger had broken through the mass of savages in the thick of the fight. He was not alone, but he had a few more with him, cutting round him and under cover of their friendly cloud he vanished among the huts that were scattered about the fortified enclosure.

He was alone, and running a fearful risk, but he did not wait for help to come up. "I've got to save the colonel," he told himself.

A short distance in front of him were a group of huts, and he ran straight towards them, meaning when he saw them dart into a hut that was much larger than the rest.

He sprang on with great strides as fast as he could, and as he gained the open doorway and found nobody in, he came face to face with six Nagas, among whom were Ram Das and the sergeant-major. The latter and Colonel Podgers, whose arms were bound, and they were on the point of dragging him out, evidently in the hope of carrying him off to the jungle.

"Slay the sahib!" shouted Ferukh Pandey. "Death to him!" "Kill the officer shab first!" yelled Ram Das. "Kill him, or he may be rescued!"

Ram Das never spoke again, for a pistol ball cut his hair, and he disappeared as he was in the act of driving a knife into the breast of the captive.

Crack! and down went another ruffian. As that the others let Colonel Podgers fall to the floor, and then they backed towards the rear end of the hut, so savagely did Ginger fire.

"Courage, sir!" he cried, as he planted himself before the colonel. "The beggars shan't do you any 'arm! Our boys will soon be 'ere!"

The odds were four to one, but the Slogger's blood was up, and he went into the scrimmage with all his heart. His foes rushed upon him, and very many of them were cut down, for one had perished by the cold steel, and another had dropped as the revolver barked at him.

Dodging a vicious blow from Ferukh Pandey's tulwar, Ginger sprang at him, and struck with his fist.

Down went the Naga chief with a crash as the sword split his skull in twain, and now, as the pistol cracked again, the surviving savage tumbled across the courtyard of Ferukh Pandey.

"That's the last of the beggars, sir," the brave Slogger said breathlessly. "Of work, wasn't it?" "What the colonel said was done by the ropes. The ropes that bound him were quickly severed, and by the time he had been helped to his feet, Dr. Slammers hurried into the hut, followed by Dannie and several others.

"Glad to find you safe, sir!" exclaimed the doctor. "The village is in our hands, and the Nagas are in flight. The credit belongs to Larkins, sir. Captain Lansing was wounded to the feet, and the men were about to fall back, when Larkins snatched the captain's sword, and led the way over the stockade.

The Slogger's victory was a complete one. Colonel Podgers in a voice that shook with emotion. "I am proud to grasp it. You are a hero, Larkins, and I shall recommend you for the Victoria Cross."

"Wot, me, sir?" gasped Ginger. "Me get the Cross?" "Several months had passed, and the raid on the Naga stronghold was only a memory. The Colonel Podgers was standing at the gate to the Naga village, and he was smoking a cigar, he saw a little group of men go by at a distance, and heard a mauldin voice trying to get the best of the other.

"Who is that, Markler?" he inquired of a young subaltern who happened to come along with him. "It is Private Larkins, sir," was the reply. "They are taking him off to the guard-house. The Victoria Cross has been too much for him."

"How is that?" "Well, sir, it seems that he has been celebrating his victory in his evening. He was found dancing in the Surra Bazaar, with a crowd of natives around him."

"A brave fellow," but incoercible," he muttered. "Hopelessly incorrigible. He will be the same old Larkins to the end."

THE END.

(Author of these magnificent, complete tales shortly.)

Join the League of Young Athletes To-Day.







# GALLANT HAL

OF  
The Cruise of the Silver Star

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

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—Gallant Hal has set out on his last the Silver Star to search for his sweetheart and her parents, whom his letters are in the hands of pirates. His theory is correct, and he eventually finds his fiancée and her father in a ruined convent near the town of Valdivia; but the mother is dead. Unfortunately, the evil has been informed by Hal's enemies that he has been making love to Inez de Bialdo, the daughter of the late governor of Valdivia, and when Hal finds her she will have nothing to do with him. Hal is now hot on the track of the pirates.

**A Fresh Danger Threatens the Silver Star.**  
**S**URELY in the history of man no struggle for life ever took place in a stranger place or under stranger circumstances. Hal's own object was to get at Caroli de Livana, from whom he was separated by the rush of his own men.

The clash of steel, with the occasional report of a revolver, filled the cave. On the side of the British there were no cries. With set lips the men of the Silver Star fought on. It was a battle for life on both sides. Retreat was impossible. The vanquished would be at the complete mercy of the victors.

Deadly wounds were given and received. The pirates yelled as they fell, one by one, writhing on the ground, save when the wound they received ended them for good and for all. Four of Hal's followers were down, and one was dead. Hal himself, with two minor wounds on one arm and the other on his thigh—pressed forward to get at the pirate chief.

Caroli de Livana did not seem anxious for the meeting, but fought so as to have a barrier of struggling men between them. At last Hal's opportunity came.

As the Silver Star in a body suddenly swept forward, carrying all before them, and the pirate chief was dashed against the side of the cavern. As he recovered himself he found that he was face to face with Hal.

"Now, villain, defend yourself!" cried our hero. "The hour of final defeat for you or me has come!"

"Curse on the day that brought you here!" hissed De Livana.

Like some initiated wild boar he sprang at Hal, cutting and thrusting with a recklessness that laid him open to a dozen mortal wounds in many places.

But Hal did not intend to kill him. Coolly he parried the blows and thrusts, stepping closely back as if too closely pressed. He fought as though he was proving the better man, and pushed on. Cut and thrust—cut and thrust. How steel clashed against steel, twisting, winding, rising and falling with dazzling effect. Hal backed until he was under the opening in the roof. Down streamed the sunlight upon the floor. To the left was the struggling mass of seamen and pirates, too busy to heed what their leaders were doing.

Caroli de Livana ejaculated, hissed, and cursed as he fought. But Hal's lips never moved. After the first words he uttered when they met, he did not speak until he had the death in a fatal knockdown blow.

Then he suddenly assumed the offensive. An upward raise De Livana's weapon, and in the same moment, as it were, the point of Hal's sword pierced the muscles of his arm.

"The old trick!" yelled the pirate, as he dropped his sword.

His left hand went towards his bolt, but ere he could draw a weapon hidden there, Hal dealt him a fatal knockdown blow.

It caught him between the eyes, and he fell heavily to the ground. For a few moments his senses were scattered, and when he recovered himself sufficiently to know what was going on, he found himself secured as a prisoner.

Caroli de Livana lay his head on dying, save that he still troubles and cares in this world, if they had any, had ended. It was a world, but taking into account the utter desolation of the pirate band, as little as could be hoped for.

One of the men was climbing the rope to fetch Manly from the convent to bear a hand upon their bearing. This was being done in a rough and ready fashion—the patient exhibiting his easy-going qualities in all cases by his groans or bearing. They made a joke of their own sufferings.

For the wounded pirates little could be done. Hal would cast their thoughts to the last, and only yield when completely disabled. No surgical aid available there would be of service to them.

Caroli de Livana found that his wound had been bound up, and his arm secured to his side. He strove to tear the bandages off with his teeth, but failed to reach them.

"Why did you not kill me?" he asked Hal. "You shall die, as you deserve to do, indignantly."

"The eyes of the pirate flashed like flint struck by steel, and a bitter curse escaped him. 'I would have died, and cared little in my last moments,' he cried, 'had I not fallen by a plebeian hand!'"

Hal quietly smiled.

"The pride of race is the only true pride you Spaniards have," Hal said. "But do not fear. If there is anything in blood, which I

do not for a moment assert, you have fallen worthily."

"I am descended from the true Castilian line," said the Pirate.

"Descended!" said Hal. "Yes, it is a good word—you have descended. But I will not insult a fellow countryman with such heavy words with you. As far as safe keeping will permit you shall be well treated, until the time when I can hand you over to the homo authorities."

"They have no power to try me," said De Livana.

"You mistake," said Hal. "You plundered British ships, murdered British seamen, and for these crimes you will be tried, and, I have no doubt, you will be hanged."

Hal turned away, and beckoned to two men, whom he bade watch over the pirate.

"He shall not be let sight or day," Hal thought—"either he or Broody."

The greater part of the day was now gone, and expedition was necessary to get the prisoners and wounded out of the cave.

The nearer way, of course, was out by the roof, but that entailed a lot of heavy work; so the longer route was decided on.

Manly removed the barricade in the convent, and by that way captors and captured left the cave, and the recent encounter.

At the time this was done the day was at an end, night coming on, so that Hal decided to stop at the convent, and to be ready for Marvalda was sent for, and came ashore for an hour. He gave some needed attention to the wounded and returned on board.

Hal returned on shore to see the security of his chief prisoner—Caroli de Livana.

He remembered his daring escape when first captured, and would not give him another loophole. All the precautions were taken to keep the convent secure from attack, though it was scarcely within the bounds of possibility that any one could mean to attempt the coming to the aid of the pirate.

Notwithstanding the day having been one of great fatigue, Hal was not going to rest. He would be chief sentry over Caroli de Livana throughout the night. Manly and three others took on themselves the care of the wounded.

Darkness came; hours passed until midnight was near at hand. Then a knocking was heard at the door, and Manly opened the door.

Mittens, with a pale face and an emphatically nervous air, he said, "I have very bad news for you. The Spitzire, with the mutineers on board, has come back, and anchored within a hundred yards of the Silver Star."

Mr. Warrington has shifted his anchorage a quarter of a mile higher up. He sends me to tell you that it is imperative that all here should get up before morning comes."

"It is impossible," said Hal; "the wounded will require great care."

"I give my message," said Mittens, "and know no more. It is very hard for me just now, especially to be constantly getting deeper and deeper into the mire of danger, when all I want is to get back to the old country, and live in peace and plenty."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What a world it is!" he said.

"Come, Mittens," said Gallant Hal; "the news you bring is ill indeed. But it may be that the men of the Spitzire are not hostile."

"They are making a row on board, sir," replied Mittens, and it sounded just as if they were all raving drunk. They sent aboard, ordering the Silver Star to clear out, or they would sink her.

Hal was much disturbed at these tidings. They upset his plans, but he saw the necessity of getting on board without delay. The boat by which Mittens came was awaiting him, and the longboat was to follow.

The decks of the Silver Star had been cleared for action in case she should be forced to fight before Hal returned.

"If I could only recapture the Spitzire,"

thought Hal, "and take her home; then indeed would my triumphs be enhanced."

It was a bold thought, and he knew the peril that would attend the attempt. As regards the weight of guns and number of men, he was at a great disadvantage. If the Spitzire multiplied her crew at all well, the little Silver Star would have but a poor chance of victory.

What would they do so? Hal had rights on his side. The mutineers, in any light, were in the wrong, and the wrong side is always subject to a feeling of weakness. It was not without its attempt.

Hal called to Manly, and bade him make preparations to carry the wounded down to the sea; and while he was giving these instructions the firing of a big gun was heard.

"That's the bow gun of the Spitzire," said Manly, "and they are firing shells. I haven't helped to work in practice off and on for years without knowing it when it speaks."

"I must leave you in charge here," said Hal hurriedly. "Mittens had better remain also. Do not open the doors to anyone until I return. My first object to-night is on board the Silver Star."

### The Mutineers—Madness on Board—The Riot—A Fire and the Catastrophe.

**G**ALLANT HAL hastened with all speed to the light of a lantern, made his way to a boat grounded between sea and beach. Dan Derry was in charge of it, with four men at the oars, and he hailed his captain with a joy he did not attempt to conceal.

"You are wanted aboard, sir," he said, "for Mr. Warrington doesn't like to take all the responsibility on himself."

As he spoke another gun boomed across the sea, and a shot came screeching inland twenty yards of where they were.

"Was that meant for us?" asked Gallant Hal, who sprang into the boat.

"Goodness knows what it means, sir!" replied Dan Derry. "I think they are guns firing, anyhow and now. Mad drunk, as I take it."

"All mad things are dangerous," said Gallant Hal. "Push her off, my men, and give way."

Two of the men had leapt out, and with a little manual exertion they ran the boat out and floated it. Then they sprang into it again, and took to their oars. Dan, at the tiller, headed the boat for the sea.

"That's the Silver Star, sir," he said, pointing to a speck of light on the right; "but the devils on board the Spitzire don't seem to have any lanterns going."

"I don't know what shell that was fired this time, as they could see by the burning fun, which, like a shooting star, skinned through the air towards the town."

"They are all mad, or drunk," said Hal—"perhaps both."

"It's just devilry, sir," said Dan—"no more, no more."

He sat with his eyes on the speck of light ahead, which seemed to be gliding away for a time, but presently stood still, and the rattling of chains was heard.

Mr. Warrington has taken up new anchor-ground," said Dan. "He wanted to get out of range, if possible, for the sake of the ladies aboard."

"Is the Spitzire anchored?" asked Hal.

"The Spitzire is anchored, and the canvas goes, so that it is flapping like a lot of clothes and clinking about the mast."

"That's all right," said Gallant Hal. The speck of light was further off than it seemed. Naturally, it was deceptive in the darkness, but before long it began to increase in size, and about twenty minutes brought them within hail of the Silver Star.

(Continued on the next page.)

## THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

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<b>APPLICANTS MUST SWIM—</b>	<b>APPLICANTS MUST SWIM—</b>
100 yards in - 35 secs.	40 yards in - 30 secs.
100 " " - 1 m. 55 secs.	100 " " - 1 m. 30 secs.
220 " " - 4 m. 0 secs.	220 " " - 3 m. 40 secs.
440 " " - 8 m. 30 secs.	440 " " - 5 m. 0 secs.

### SECTION 2.—RUNNING.

Age 12-15.	Age 16-18.
<b>APPLICANTS MUST RUN—</b>	<b>APPLICANTS MUST RUN—</b>
100 yards in - 14 secs.	100 yards in - 12 secs.
300 " " - 45 secs.	300 " " - 38 secs.
440 " " - 60 secs.	440 " " - 57 secs.
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Dan stood up, and, putting his hands to his mouth, he roared out:

"Silver Star ahoy!"

"Boat ahoy!" came the answer back.

Then, out on a starboard, and in a minute they were by the side of the smart little craft. A couple of lanterns flashed over the side, and the ladder was lowered. Hal went up nimbly, and gave a shout to the crew of the Silver Star. Little Trim was there, and he gave a hand to each.

"I had my doubts about leaving the convent," he said, "as we have Livana there captive."

"I thought you had better come," replied Will. "For our position here is anything but a rosy one. The very spirit of wretched mischief has broken out on board the Spifire," replied Alma. "You see, you and Mr. Warringham and I. We have but one duty before us, and that is to put a stop to this mad firing."

"I agree with you," said Will.

"How are we, and the rest?"

"All well."

"I'll go up with the anchor, and we will put out to sea, and get the Spifire between us and the land."

The word was passed to do everything quickly, and the people, when they had secured to be put out of sight. The light of the stars was sufficient to guide their first movements.

Then, in the middle of the night, a commotion which floated towards them on the boom of the breeze blowing off the land. The guns of the Silver Star were firing, and it was probable that the shell had fallen into the town.

The firing now had, however, ceased, but they could still hear the Spifire was by the noisy following of men.

When a fair spread of canvas had been put out, and the helmsmen were directed, the sea, and Hal, standing by the helmsmen, directed him, so that they brought her round with a good sea on her beam.

Then she slowly bore to a position near the vessel held by the mutineers. At first the proximity had been between the Silver Star and the Spifire, but now, as it was clear that a fire was burning in the northern quarter.

The shell wantedly fired had not only landed in the town, but had started another conflagration.

Hal's heart burned within him. He was sorry for Little Trim, and he would have been already to apply alone, in a worldly sense, for their sins; and, in addition, he was the last man to encourage needless destruction, no matter who might be the cause of it.

Last of all, his instincts were good, and he could not tolerate mutiny under any circumstances. He was to be sure that the Spifire and fire had been subjected to rough, tyrannous treatment, but that was no excuse for their present conduct.

If they had simply deserted as one man, he would have said little against them; but even that was not justifiable where the property of his country and the lives of his fellow-men were at stake.

No more shots were fired from the Spifire until he was within half a mile. Steering so as to bring his little craft within a couple of lengths of her, he brought her up to the eye of the wind, and, speaking trumpet in hand, went forward.

The sound he heard gave him a clue to the sort of fun that was going forward. The crew were holding a mad revelry on board. A fiddle was going, and the strains of a waltz, dancing, we suppose, it must be called—like the pattering of a mob of people crossing a wooden bridge.

"I heard the Spifire, there!"

The fiddle stopped, and somebody was heard calling upon the stars to stop their movements. The response was far from ready, which showed that there was little or no discipline on board; but on Hal's calling again the noise subsided.

"Who goes there?" roared somebody back.

"I am Silver Star," said Hal. "What do you deuce are you doing?"

"Just what we please, and be hanged to you," was the answer.

"You want to stop it," cried Hal, "or I will fire into a few moments there was no reply. Then the dancing movement on board was heard, and a gun was fired. The aim, as might be expected, was not very good, but it was sufficient near to show that the position of the Silver Star was perilous.

"With a portentous scream the shot went away to sea, leaving the little craft about a few feet astern. Hal gave orders for a return shot to be fired, aimed low and to the left.

"Don't hit her, Dan," he said, "but let us see if we can scare these fellows into behaving themselves."

The shot was fired, and was first responded to by a volley of reply.

All the guns of the Spifire were set going, and a shot or two were fired from the side. There was no aim or order attempt in his thing, but simply a mad blazing away, like of which has seldom, if ever, been seen in any form of war.

With such charges as he had on board, it would have been madness for Hal to remain on board. He was in a position to do irreparable mischief. So he brought the Silver Star by her head before the wind again, and started her.

"We must leave them until they get sober," he said. "Perhaps the morning may bring a little relief, with it."

Hal, said Little Trim, who had drawn

up to his side, "that we had no women on board." We would bring those fellows to their senses."

But then, you see, we have women on board," replied Hal quietly; "but, anyway, I do not mean to let the Spifire slip off again."

In a quarter of an hour or so the firing on the mutineers' ship ceased. Then, after a short silence, the fiddle was heard again. And, in a decision of their fate, a lantern was hung out on the bowsprit.

"All right, my lads," said Hal. "We will shoot that away for you."

After going a short way to sea, he put his craft about, and once more bore down upon the Spifire. Getting within easy distance, he ordered one of the guns amidships to be loaded with shot, and having taken aim himself, fired.

He did not hit the lantern—had would indeed have been a feat in gunnery—but he shot away a few bowsprit, and with a mass of loose cordage and canvas, it fell into the sea. Of course, the lantern went also, and so far his object was attained. This piece of work excited a lively commotion on board.

In the middle of a wild hurrican tune the fiddle stopped and the dancing ceased. A roar of voices was heard, and, above all, somebody who had command, or was in command, yelled out several orders, which apparently nobody heeded.

Hal expected a return shot, but no more guns were fired. In a moment another lantern flashed and then disappeared. After that came silence.

"What's in the wind now?" thought Hal.

He sent for a night-glass, and tried to make out what they were doing, but all he could see was a few dim figures moving to and fro. He knew that seventy or eighty men at least were on board, probably more, and the spar of the Spifire, he observed, was gradually diminishing in numbers. Passing the word for absolute silence, he made two short tacks, until he once more brought his craft within a couple of cable lengths of the Spifire.

write, without his coming to any conclusion about what ought to be done. He was, however, awakened to immediate action by the appearance of a light on board the cruiser. It suddenly shot up, a thin pencil of light with a crown of smoke, and then all was clear. The mutineers had deserted their vessel in a body, after having set the ship on fire. The first consideration for Hal was to see if he could save it from destruction.

He ordered the long-boat to be lowered, and a full crew to man her.

While it was getting ready, and it did not take long, he gave directions to Will Warringham to take the Silver Star on a mile ahead, and await his return.

"I shall know in five minutes if I can save her," he said; "but it is dangerous for the Silver Star to be near her."

He sprang into the long-boat, now ready, and gave the word to pull with might and main! The thin fork of flame on board the Spifire had now become a formidable torch.

It cast a light upon the sea; and Will, as the Silver Star glided away, saw the long-boat shoot like some living thing straight towards the burning vessel, and Hal, alone, climb over the side.

"It seems to me," said Little Trim, "that they have fired it over the magazine."

"What is the matter, scout?" asked a voice behind him.

It was Marvalda, who, with Don Tarva de Riado and Mr. Warringham had come up from below. They had been aroused from sleep by the firing, and, dressing themselves, came on deck. Will, who was in his left arm in a sling, explained what had taken place. Strange to say, none of them had heard the guns of the Spifire.

"But the Lady Warringham has," said Marvalda. "She is awake, and with the Lady, who sleeps."

"Is there any danger, and that craft blowing up?" asked Don Tarva de Riado.

"Not yet," said Will, "but, of course, we cannot tell, with Hal would have her."

Higher rose the flames, and by their light

"Why does he not leave her?" said Alma. "I know to him."

"I will see to it," said Will. "We could not make him hear."

"Put back, then, until we are near enough. Oh, no!" he said. "But I see it is the Spifire. Care. He would as soon die as live; and I have been so unjust to him!"

She bowed her head, covering her face with her hands. Then, with a quick, impetuous motion, she looked up again.

"Will you not push back?" she cried.

"I will see to it," said Will. "We could do nothing but anchor. Those were my orders. Alma, you must be reasonable."

"I am reasonable, and will swim with you," she cried. "Will you let me swim with him too, knowing what you do. Look at that fire! I see him now, in the midst of it!"

"They rowed away a shining speck, and only one on deck, moving to and fro in front of the flames, which every moment gathered strength. Higher and higher they rose in the air. The light wind beat the crown of fire a little to seaward, and an enormous black cloud of smoke, spangled with sparks, spread overhead like a canopy, hiding the stars. It was clear now that the Spifire was doomed. No efforts on the part of Hal could save her. Why, then, did he not leave her? And why did he not see that she had disappeared from sight, but there were no signs of the boat returning to the Silver Star. The two vessels was a golden sea, reeling about in the light of the furious flames. Any floating object the tenth of the size of a boat could easily have been seen. But neither by Alma, nor by Will, nor by Little Trim, was anything seen. What had happened to Hal? It was a question which all asked themselves, but which no one could answer. Alma, who walked to and fro, bewailing the fate of her lover.

"I would a boat," she said. "I will go alone. Will, you do you go away and leave him to his fate."

"We can anchor now," replied Will. "Daring the night, you must remember that the first duty of a sailor is to save the lives of his fellow-men. He has imperilled his life I cannot help but think, but remember this, he is his own master."

Trim was looking steadily at the burning ship with a glass. To him Alma turned.

"Can you see him?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "I can see nothing but the burning ship, and something like a log lying alongside."

Alma's Grief.—The notes in Town—Grief may be with us at night, and in the morning.

LITTLE Trim did not say that the Spifire was doomed, but he said that he had good reason to believe it was. Nor could he lay bare his thoughts to the agonized grief of his friends.

He feared, as Will feared, that Hal and his men had been suddenly overpowered by smoke or flame. A gust of wind might have turned the little vessel overboard, and the sea for One thing breath would be sufficient to throw them down upon the deck within in mortal agonies.

It was a horrible thought, but he could find no other solution of Hal's continued absence.

"But what," he said huskily, "and all may be well."

As he spoke, there was a sudden rending of the burning ship. Great avours of flame shot out, and the destruction, now in burning wood were tossed into the air, and a mighty, deafening noise fell upon their ears. Then, in a moment, the Spifire was gone, and a shower of fiery sparks that rained down into the sea.

The fire had reached the magazine, and the Spifire, shattered to atoms, was a thing of the past.

In dumb terror and grief, Alma stood watching the falling sparks until the last shot was given up its brief life in the boom of the sea. All that was left as a record of the explosion, was the light of the fire, now slowly spreading across the heaven. In the town, a fire started by the shell of the Spifire had been got under, and profound darkness had set in.

But not silence.

In the town, the cries of men and women alarmed by the destruction, rose in the air, and floated towards the Silver Star in dolorous melody, and the men on board the gallant craft involuntarily pictured the terrified women and children running to and fro.

Will touched Alma on the arm.

"Dear sister," he said, "do not linger here. Come to the Spifire, and see what has happened."

"For what reason?" she asked absently. Then, suddenly arousing herself, she cried: "I do not know! But it is not possible! My brave one dead!"

"We don't know that he was on board that ship, Miss Warringham," said Little Trim. "We only know that there was a fire there."

"You say that to give me one gleam of hope," said Alma.

"I am reasonable, I have hope," replied Little Trim. "I don't think our captain, brave as he is, ever runs needless risk. He is not such a fool as you think him."

Alma made him no answer. After a long and steady look towards the spot where the Spifire had recently been, she turned away, and walked on, her head bowed down.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)



The Indiana leapt to bar Billy's path, his great shield of cowhide on his arm, his light throwing spear already poised in his right hand. "Jump up behind me on the pony, Trickey," cried Billy to the Basuto, "and we'll ride round 'em!" (See John Finlay's article, complete, lion-hunting story in this week's 'Boys' Realm.' Now on sale—1d.)

Then he could see a little more clearly, and, to his amazement, the deck seemed to be quite clear. Will and Little Trim were standing near him, both silent, in accordance with his instructions. The crew, all of whom were on deck, stood at staves at the guns, ready for prompt action when called upon.

"What are they doing?" softly asked Hal.

"Playing the fox and the hen for the woods and the sky," replied Will.

"I don't know," replied Will. "Perhaps they think we shall try to board them."

"Or hope that by keeping still we shall not be able to get a shot at them."

"It may be that."

"Listen!" said Little Trim. "What's that?"

A dumb kind of click, click reached their ears. As sailors, they all knew what it was.

"Muffled orders," said Hal. "They have taken to their boats, or are firing for the woods and the sky."

"Skaddled," said Little Trim.

It flashed upon Gallant Hal that here was a real peril, and that he might not in sheer defiance, in the town, the mutineers might play havoc with the inhabitants. That would be bad enough. But suppose, instead of going to their boats, they made for the woods and discovered the convent!

Of course, they had no interest in the fate of Convent de Livana, but might they not in sheer devilry, give him the opportunity of getting away. There was Milton, Mandy, and the few more left in charge to be thought of. Of course, they had their orders not to admit anyone; but, hearing British voices, they might be induced to do so. Again, it was possible that only a few mutineers had deserted the vessel, while the rest remained on board ready to repel any attack.

If we all surmised and it passed through his mind in a tenth of the time it has taken to

they could see that Hal and the greater part of his men were now on deck, moving to and fro, doubtless making efforts to subdue the flames.

"He will never master that fire," said Will; "it has been prepared for. I reckon that they were having a final mad orgy on board, prior to destroying her, and we have only hastened events. Why does he not leave her?"

"I am sure," said the Senior Hal, "that if from danger," said Marvalda.

As he spoke the figure of a woman, with a light about her head and shoulders, appeared on deck. She cast a hurried glance at the flames, and came running towards them.

"What dreadful sight is this?" she said. "Who is aboard that burning vessel?"

It was Alma, and all at first hesitated to tell her that it was Hal. But in a moment or two Mr. Warringham said gently to her: "The Spifire is some of our friends, who are endeavouring to quench the flames."

"I know who it is!" she cried. "Was there not one in the boat who told me that it was Hal? He is captain here," said Will, "and does as he pleases."

"Yes," said Alma bitterly; "but whose vessel is it? Why should he be called upon to do that?"

Then in a few words he told her it was the Spifire, deserted, and fired by its mutinous crew.

"Let it burn," said Alma bitterly. "We cannot do it, and all that is left of the Spifire is done his duty half our sufferings might have been spared."

The flames were rising higher and higher, and Hal was still on board. The Silver Star was slowly gliding away, and the gallant men on board the burning craft were soon simply specks, but they could still be seen running to and fro.

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