

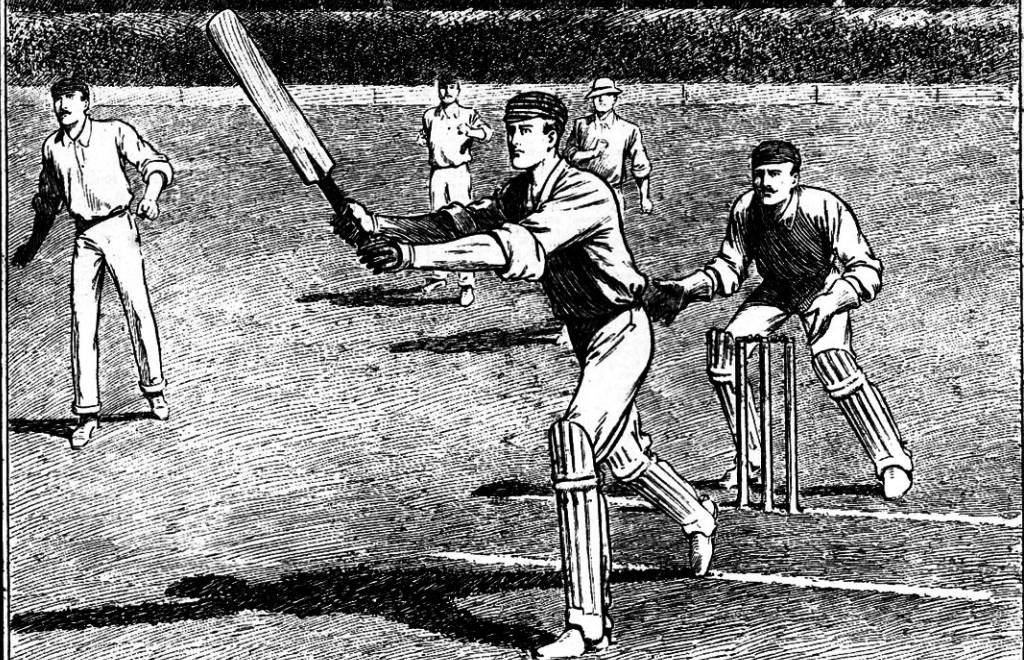
COMPLETE RUNNING STORY! GREAT NEW SERIAL!

THE BOYS' REALM

of SPORT & ADVENTURE.

1^D

KING CRICKET! By Charles Hamilton.



THE WINNING HIT!
Arthur Lovell saves his side.

You Must Read This Grand Athletic Tale!

THE BOYS' REALM

A Fascinating New Story of County Cricket.

Specially Written for THE BOYS' REALM by One of Our Most Popular Authors.



The Chief Characters in this Fine Story. ARTHUR LOVELL, Loamshire's champion batsman...

And at that thought, Blane turned his glance into the pavilion again. He had caught sight of Kit Valance following Arthur Lovell when he first arrived...

Loamshire captain was seen to cross over to Lionel Palairet and enter into a quick talk with him. What could Blane have to say to the Somersetshire captain just then?

The first instalment told how Arthur Lovell distinguishes himself in the Goffs' match. In spite of the efforts which Geoffrey Lagden puts forth to keep him in the shade...

Blane stared at him hard. "I suppose you are Kit Valance?" he said abruptly. "Yes, I should think you know me, sir."

With the exception of Lionel Palairet and the Loamshire men, nobody on the ground knew that the batsman who now came on was the same man in the white hat who had done so ill for his side the previous day.

Loamshire get the best of the first day's play, and Arthur Lovell is in the lead. In desperation Len, with the aid of a confederate, Kit Valance, makes a desperate attempt to turn the result...

"I have cleared out before we could think of stopping him. What does this mean, Valance? Where have you been?" "I've been and have been prisoners; we escaped by a trick of the bowler's, and a motorist was generous enough to bring us to the ground in time."

Mr. Sharp, his mind tossed with doubt and foreboding, settled down to watch. He knew that the next over which Poynts was preparing to deliver for Somerset, would settle the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt.

How Arthur Lovell saved his Side. ARTHUR LOVELL came out of the pavilion with his hat under his arm. But a very few minutes had elapsed since his arrival, and already...

"I know it, sir, and I am sorry. But there is a chance yet. Lovell can do wonders at the end of a run, and what I go in to join him I shall strain every nerve to keep my end up. We may pull the game out of the fire yet."

There could be no doubt upon that point now. For Valance was running no risks. He knew the batsman was getting on, and the innings open so that Arthur Lovell could score. That was what he meant to do.

Arthur's face was flushed, his eyes were bright, as he took up his position. The strain of his long and arduous day, and the countless kidnapers had told upon him. Yet the thought of foiling the plotters, of winning for Loamshire on the stroke of time, nerved him, and he had never felt more fit for doing his best.

"I suppose I have no right to ask you to show him mercy, sir," Kit said, in a halting voice. "I think it deserves the worst you can do, I know that."

But Valance was caution itself. The most conservative batsman in the county was absolutely content to stop them, and stop them only, apparently oblivious of the fact that time was passing, and that the minutes for drawing the stumps were getting nigher and nigher.

Blane, the Loamshire skipper, watching him anxiously from the pavilion, felt that he would be equal to it. Arthur Lovell, doubtless, would be not out at the close of play. But he had two, and the Loamshire batsmen be able to back him up sufficiently?

Blane hurried away. He was right; it was Chichester's wicket that had fallen, and now the Loamshire batsmen stood at the crease, ready to carry out his bid. The crowd looked on excitedly for the last Loamshire batsman to come in. There was a buzz of interest as the

Clack! went the bat. Lovell was hitting out in good style. A two, a four, a two again, then a six. Loamshire stood at 148. Sixteen more wanted!

The Colonel looked at his watch. Sixteen runs wanted in exactly eight minutes, and now Kit was tapping the last ball of the over without attempting a run. He was stonewalling, the best thing possible to be done, under the circumstances, and the batsmen were flying.

After the Taunton victory, and the return of the members to the ground... called before the committee to give an explanation of what had occurred.

Unfortunate as the matter was, it could hardly be said to be Kit's fault in any way, and the success of the county match—a success largely due to Kit's steady backing up of Lovell—had put the committee in a humorous mood.

The young bowler was exonerated from all blame. But the matter of Len Valance required careful consideration.

The young bowler's ardent desire that his scapaceous brother should escape punishment counted for very little with the county committee.

The plot had been baffled, and it was pretty certain that Abel Sharp, the principal in it, had been heavily fined. To avoid a cricket scandal, it was deemed best in the end to allow the matter to rest where it was.

Colonel Hilton, whose influence was great in the committee, had been surprised to receive an unexpected support from Mr. James Lagden.

Geoffrey Lagden's father was on the committee, and his sensitive nature and his own position made him a man of influence there.

He was afraid that if Len were arrested, he would speak too freely of his—Lagden's—share in the kidnapping, and he might not be able to prove his statement.

And Geoffrey Lagden drew a deep breath of relief when he learned from his father that the county committee had decided to let the matter rest.

Kit's troubled face brightened when he was informed that Len Valance had nothing to fear if he kept clear of Loamshire in the future.

"I'm glad for your sake, Kit," said Arthur, when he learned of the news.

"If the affair is hushed up," he said, "I am sure it will not be a bad thing for Mr. Lagden, and he is Len's employer."

"I had not thought of that. I suppose not," said Len.

A dark look came into Lovell's eyes. Kit had been troubled with, and never spoke of except to his chum, and seldom to him.

He felt that if he should come in contact with Len Valance, he would have hard work to keep his hands off the blackguard.

For a moment he started in amazement. He had led Kit bowing to and fro, and in practice at the nets.

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his eyes from the paper to glance across the road.

He was waiting there for someone, that was certain; and whom could he be waiting for, if not Kit Valance.

"What do you want here?" said Lovell. Len made an attempt to recover his usual cynical coolness.

"Excuse my dropping into slang, but really that chicken won't fight," said Len Valance, with a laugh.

"You seem to forget that I was one of the parties kidnapped, and that, if I choose to set upon my own responsibility, I am quite at liberty to do so."

"But you won't," he said quickly. "You are Kit's friend, Mr. Lovell, and you won't. Besides, a man in your position can't afford to go against the opinion of the committee."

"I was wondering whether you had any sense of shame or of decency," said Lovell, in a low voice. "Can't you be satisfied with the harm you have already done Kit?"

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he deserved. Lovell turned upon his heel and strode away.

The blaze in Lovell's eyes had made Len start, the colour wavering in his face. But, as he looked on, he saw him, and he broke into a nervous laugh.

"The—'the bully,'" muttered Len Valance. It was the last word that Arthur Lovell would ever have deserved to have applied to him.

"At that moment, as it happened, Arthur Lovell glanced back. He saw Len Valance quickly cross the road to speak to someone who he was not Kit.

To Lovell's amazement, he saw that the man Len Valance stopped, and spoke to familiarly, was not his brother, the young Loamshire bowler, but Geoffrey Lagden!

That the two were well acquainted was clear from Len's manner, was assured, and, although Lagden looked annoyed at the meeting, he stopped and talked with the background.

Lovell had then gone to play the spy; his glance rested upon the two only for a few moments, and then he strode on his way.

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CLUBS IN "THE BOYS' REALM" FOOTBALL LEAGUE.



GROUP PORTRAIT OF RUABON RANGERS FOOTBALL CLUB.

your confederate, not your victim, and that you still have dealings together.

"I dare say you are right, Mr. Lovell," said the scapaceous, calmly watching the curving smoke.

"Then let him alone," said Len Valance, with a little cloud of smoke.

"That, my excellent friend, is my own business," said Len Valance.

"Do you deny that you are here to deny Kit?" said Len Valance.

"I don't deny it," said Len Valance.

"You coward! You hound! But there, you open you!" cried Lovell scornfully.

And, unable to trust himself any longer in the rascal's presence, led he should forget what he owed Kit, and give Len Valance the hiding

of the sight of the scapaceous, with his half-insolent, half-insinuating smile, was very disagreeable to the Loamshire amateur.

"The sooner I do so, the better I shall be pleased," he replied.

"You have no business with me," said Len Valance.

"You ought to know better than to be seen lazing about the Loamshire ground, after what has happened."

"It was my only chance of seeing you, as I told you when you were here."

"You could expect anything else after what has happened," said Lagden coldly.

"I don't deny it," said Len Valance.

"Leave me out of it. Whatever you might say, you could prove nothing."

"I am not so sure of that. But I don't want to use threats. If Mr. Lagden turns me away without a challenge, I will stand by me expect, I am done in. I shan't have a chance of making an honest living again."

"Easier to say than to do. Will you speak to your father and let him know you do, but I will give another chance. It isn't much to ask you, Mr. Lagden, considering everything."

"I really don't see why I should do anything of the kind!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, the man you hate," Len sneered. "The man you are envious of. Well, I don't say I like him any more than you do, but I was at the bottom of that kidnapping business at Taunton."

"Well, what do you say?" demanded Len, when Lagden had been silent for a full minute.

Lagden's eyes were gloaming, as though some new and exciting idea had flashed into his mind.

"You say you dislike Lovell?" said Lagden, in a low voice.

"Listen to me," you have blundered once. The wretched affair at Taunton, and your willingness to try again—no anything of that kind, napping business—that is no good."

"I know the spot," he said.

"We are playing Yorkshire next week," went on Len.

"You've got to go with me," he said.

"You Valance had turned dead-ly pale."

"I will do it," said Len.

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

OUR NEW SERIAL.

At last I am able to present to my friends the opening chapters of our great new serial, "The School on the Cliff." As my readers will have noticed for themselves, I am giving them a specially long opening instalment of this grand yarn, so that they may get right into the story at once. I am looking to this new tale of Mr. Burrage's, whose powerfully written stories of Tom Tarkar must be fresh in the minds of every supporter of our paper, to do THE BOYS' REALM a great deal of good. If you like this yarn, my readers please do not let the kindness of letting your friends read the opening instalment. If they do this I am certain that they will start buying THE BOYS' REALM every week, so that they may get it to the very end. A second long and enthralling instalment will appear on Saturday next.

With regard to our new serial's number, let me tell my friends that I shall publish two grand long, complete stories therein. One will be a magnificent camping-out tale from the pen of Mr. Andrew Gray, our clever new writer, whose story in "The Boys' Herald," under the title of "Despised by the School," has won a host of new friends for this journal. My readers will like this new story exceedingly; of that I am certain. The other complete tale will be from the grand and clever pen of Mr. A. S. Hardy, and will be a story of harding and long-jumping. Its title is

"GETTING HIS OWN BACK."

and I can assure all my friends that it will well repay the time and trouble expended in its perusal.

About 1864 Pennies.

THE value of your 1864 penny, A. S. O. Cardiff, so I am informed by an authority at the Royal Mint, is no more than one penny. To say that it is worth five shillings, because a proportion of gold was accidentally mixed into the pennies made at the Mint in 1864 is, therefore, quite untrue.

OUR LEAGUE CORNER.

SECTION I.

As announced in previous issues of THE BOYS' REALM, Your Editor hereby offers to present a large number of Solid Silver Challenge Cups as permanent trophies to bona-fide Cricket Leagues in the British Isles. Not only Silver Cups, but Solid Silver Medals will be presented to each of the members of the winning teams, and to each of the members of the running-up teams of the Leagues to which the Silver Cups are awarded. Applications should be made now, and already quite a number of Cricket Leagues in various parts of the country have availed themselves of this offer.

In addition to the Leagues mentioned last week, a Spilt Silver Cup and Two Sets of Silver Medals will be presented to—

NORTH LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT AMATEUR CRICKET LEAGUE. Sec. Mr. F. M. Ward, 110, Carlislebrook Road, Walton, Liverpool.

This makes the sixth BOYS' REALM Cup which has been presented to a local and Crickets Leagues in Liverpool and District.

As already stated in THE BOYS' REALM, in the first issue of the new year, the following were presented, the champion club for the week of each League receiving a trophy is also awarded a

FOR YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite paper. He will answer you by post if you enclose a stamped addressed postcard or envelope. Write to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper. All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. For our notices, replies, &c. may be answered in the "Answers to Readers" column 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, 1s. 3d.—payable in advance by British stamps. Postal Orders or Money Orders to be sent to the Publisher, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

A Sale and Exchange Column.

A BRISTOL boxer, whose initials are "H. H." has sent me an interesting letter, in which he makes a suggestion that THE BOYS' REALM should have a Sale and Exchange column. This suggestion has dawned on my mind, no doubt, because he finds that he has a thousand cigarette pictures that he would like to sell before he starts in life as a steward aboard a ship. Now, I would give up the space of a Very every week in THE BOYS' REALM to the sale and exchange of various articles if I felt sure that this feature would be a practical advantage to my friends and readers of this paper; but I do not feel that it would be any such advantage to them. This paper, as every reader knows, is devoted to amusing and interesting and amusing the sporting lad.

Now, the boy who goes in for games and pastimes has not the need for selling or exchanging things to anything like the same extent as the boy who takes up hobbies. If a boy has bought an antique hat, he has no desire to get rid of it by selling it until, perhaps, the end of the season, when no one wants to buy it. It is far from the boy who devotes his time to hobbies.

He must be constantly selling and exchanging, for by so doing he reaps profit from his hobbies. Is he a writer, a printer, a workman, or photographer, or pigeon fancier; but if one wants to make money from these one has to dispose of the products of them. This is to say, the freeworker must sell the articles he has made by means of his skill, the photographer the portraits he has taken, the pigeon fancier the young pigeons that he has reared.

Well, as every reader of this paper knows, our companion paper, THE BOYS' REALM, is the leading boys' story and hobby paper in existence; and, as doubtless very many know as well, it has an Exchange and Sale Column. This is to say, who writes from Bristol, had he known this would not doubt have sent an advertisement to the secretary of "The Boys' Herald" Club, asking him to insert the announcement that he was desirous of finding a purchaser for his cigarette pictures; but apparently he does not know this, and this is to say, that other readers of this paper might not write this important fact has led me to write a paragraph about it here.

Now, if you, my friend, who wish I wish to impress upon the minds of all my friends and readers of this paper. Although I do not think it advisable to give up space in Sale and Exchange column in this paper, I may tell my friends that at any time they have anything they would like to sell to some other reader of my journal, the secretary of "The Boys' Herald" Club will always be pleased to insert their advertisement free of charge in the "Answers to Readers" column, and explain that they are readers of THE BOYS' REALM.

the handsome Cricket Bat. The Secretary of the League nominates the winner of these prizes in his weekly letter to the Secretary. The following clubs have been awarded bats for their performance on Saturday, May 11th.

MERSEY CRICKET AND FOOTBALL LEAGUE. Eastwood C.C. - Sec. H. German, 228, Picton Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.

SOUTH LONDON CHURCH OF ENGLAND LEAGUE. St. Mary's Athletic C.C. - Sec. Mr. W. F. S. Trafalgar Road, Greenwich, S.E.

DUNDEE & DISTRICT LEAGUE. Clydesdale A.I. - Sec. of League, Mr. J. H. Reid, 12, Bellefield Avenue, Magdalen Green, Dundee.

BLACKBURN & DISTRICT LEAGUE. Riphton Church Institute C.C. - Sec. Mr. F. Haworth, 20, Harwood Road, Riphton.

SUNDERLAND & DISTRICT LEAGUE. Newbottle Institute C.C. - Sec. Mr. M. Reilly, Seaside Gardens, Philadelphia, Sunderland.

No more applications for these prizes have come to hand at the time of going to press.

That is the plan that I would now advise my friend at Bristol to pursue with regard to the cigarette pictures he is anxious to sell.

Smoked, Not Strong, and Smokes.

A CHESHIRE reader of THE BOYS' REALM is H. R., who writes me a letter asking for advice. He tells me he is sixteen, is underized for his age, though broad across the shoulders, is not very strong, and has fallen into the bad habit of smoking. Now he writes to ask me how he can stop the smoking habit, and how he can grow healthy and strong. I tell him that I will not devote space to telling you a fact that you already know; but that he should not smoke at all, and do not know this fact—do not know that smoking poisons the blood and stunts the body in its development. You are a sensible lad, and you admit that the habit is an evil one, and are well advised to stop it before it has obtained a hold upon you, and does you irremediable harm.

Ridding oneself of the smoking habit is not at all a difficult task. Next time you feel a desire to smoke, take a cigarette in your mouth, and the desire will disappear like magic. Do this every time the feeling for a cigarette comes over you, H. R., and you will find in time alone make you healthier and stronger; but as you ask me to give you a list of the best possible tobacco to smoke, you physically better, I say go in for swimming and cricket and walking, and all many games and exercises.

There are a few physical exercises you will find of especial benefit: Directly you awake in the morning jump out of bed, and stand on your toes, expand your chest till your lungs seem as full as possible, all the while raising your body to the highest possible extent. You can neither reach higher or expand your chest any further, let it gradually leave your chest as you sink just as slowly to your heels.

Adopt this exercise, that will do you an immense amount of good, for it will help you to become taller at the same time that it will strengthen the legs and the chest, and to strengthen the back, raise the hands above the head, and sweep them down to the toes, while you keep your feet rigidly rigid. Do this two times in succession.

A third exercise is to place the hands on the hips and to hop round the room on the toes of the feet, leaning the body over the chest on the left stiff behind. Then hop round on the other foot. Try to do this exercise gracefully and lightly.

Stop smoking, H. R., and follow my advice with regard to these exercises, and you will soon see yourself growing taller and stouter and stronger.

DAILY MAIL

The following is the Sunderland and District League Table up to and including Saturday, May 6th:

Table with 5 columns: Rank, Club Name, W, L, D, P. Rows include Newbottle Institute, St. Bede's Adult School, Ballast Hill, Westley Hall, Ravensworth, St. George's Mews Own, Trinity Guild, Monkwearmouth P.C.I., Dock Street Institute, M. C. A., and Cleveland Road.

SECTION 2.

Two Solid Silver Cups are being offered for Sale and Last 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. Full particulars appeared last week in THE BOYS' REALM.

List of Clubs which have already joined Section 2 of our Cricket League:

- JUNIOR DIVISION: Rebecca C.G. (Bradford), Trinity Juniors (Widewater), Wingle Juniors (Wingle), Wilton C.C. (Southampton), Winton C.C. (Winton), Kingstape Athletic (St. John's Wood).

To Preserve Footballs.

THE following information was contributed to "The Boys' Herald," our companion journal, and the only boys' hobby and story paper, by one of its readers; but I print it here for the benefit of the thousands of footballers who read THE BOYS' REALM:

Now that the football season has drawn to a close, perhaps the following advice would be useful to those of my readers who wish to keep their footballs in good condition and ready for next season. In the first place, take the bladder out and see that it is perfectly sound. Then rub linseed oil well into the leather case. Now replace the bladder and pump out hard, lace up extra tightly, and blow up in a dry cupboard. It is crucial to blow up the ball, otherwise the case cracks and often cracks, whilst the bladder shrivels up, and would probably burst when blown up again, owing to the rubber's perishing. Frequent applications of oil have a good effect on the leather.

A Mother's Criticism of "With Pick and Lamp."

I HAVE received the following most interesting letter from the mother of one of my readers, and I thank her most sincerely for it. It is always a delight to me to hear from the parents of my chums, and when they ever so slightly appreciate my efforts on behalf of the boys and young men of this country. "An Old Welsh Lady writes in her friendly and encouraging manner to push steadily forward in the work to which I have set my hand. And now here is the letter I am speaking of. It will, I am sure, be read with interest by every admirer of David Goodwin's magnificent colliery story."

"Newburn. "Mr. Editor, dear sir,—My son having taken THE BOYS' REALM from the first number, I always read it, and never fail to appreciate "With Pick and Lamp," interests me very much.

"Another tale I liked was "His First Term," and I think as long as you publish such good tales as you have in the past, so long will you be doing your part in moulding the characters of our future men and women, for our girls wait as eagerly as the boys for their turn at the paper, and after that it is the grandson's turn to read the pictures, and it is very amusing to hear the remarks he passes on them. Wishing you long life, and your papers every success, I am yours very sincerely.

"An Old Welsh Lady."

I thank my Welsh friend very much for her kind criticism. I am very glad to receive such epistles, because it proves to me that I am giving my readers just the right sort of stories, and that in doing so I have their parents' approval.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

- Garfield C.G. (Shepherd's Bush), Kentish Town Old Boys (West Baling), St. Jude's (Sheffo), St. James' C.G. (Barnsbury), Oldley (Sheffo), St. Paul's (Southampton), Hawthorn C.C. (Liverpool), Excelsior C.C. (Holwood Park), St. Michael's C.G. (Buddfield), Kirby Bangs (Leeds), Artam (Leeds), St. Francis's (St. Francis), The Bevan C.G. (Holloway), SENIOR DIVISION: Camden C.C. (Camden Town), St. Michael's C.G. (Buddfield Road), Victoria C.G. (Camberwell), St. Paul's C.G. (Southampton), Holmsdale C.C. (South Norwood), White Star C.G. (Bradford), St. James' C.G. (Widewater), Stoke New C.G. (Gulldford), Wesley's (South Shillington), St. Peter's Vicar's (Waltham), Nelson Villa C.G. (Sheffo), Alton C.G. (Holloway).

Prizes of BOYS' REALM Cricket Bats have been awarded this week to the following clubs, who are having, in Your Editor's opinion, put up the best show on Saturday, May 11th:

- JUNIOR DIVISION—OAKLEY C.C. Sec. Mr. A. H. Mitchell, Paurth, Becontrace Road, Leyton.
- SENIOR DIVISION—HOLMSDALE C.C. Sec. Mr. A. H. Leppard, 61, Bungalow Road, South Norwood.

THE SILVERDALE HANDICAP!

The Story of a Great Run.

BY CLEMENT HALE.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Harry Glen beats the man from London. "BEN JONES, I am not exaggerating. My man Ben is good enough, almost, to beat anything on two legs at any distance up to a hundred to three hundred yards, amateur or professional, pick 'em out where you like. He's travelled with me all over the country from show to show, and many's the five-pound note and more I've picked up with him when the showing was over; for he's a rare lad for opening his mouth, and he loves to boast. That's his only fault. But as a runner—well, I don't think that, outside the champions, there's a man in England to beat him even now."

The speaker was Mr. Percy Crompton, who had just cleared the board at the agricultural show with his harness-horse, a handsome jumper, leaving to good people of Duddington discomfited at their beating by a Londoner.

Mr. Percy Crompton was a man of about fifty, well dressed, well groomed, a man of means, a sportsman to the backbone, and one of the best of fellows. He sat leaning back in his chair in the coffee-room of the King's Head, a London inn, which proudly boasted to be the best hotel in the place, smoking a fine cigar, and glancing with a good-humoured smile of tolerance at the two men who had beaten him in competition an hour or so earlier.

There was no train back to London until the morning, the horses had been stabled and well-cared for, and Mr. Percy Crompton, as was wont when he had nothing else to do, had been entertaining his audience with tales of the prowess of his groom and his sportsman, who was preparing to go to run any man in Duddington for any stake you please.

William Jones—or Bill Jones, as he was popularly known to the frequenters of the King's Head—the landlord, approached the table at which Mr. Percy Crompton sat as the gentleman inquired speaking. "He placed a bet on a him a couple of whiskeys and a syphon of soda. He had heard the whole of Mr. Crompton's sentences, and he looked keenly at him as he whisked the empty glasses on to the bar."

"Would you like to make a match, sir?" the landlord asked quietly.

The gentleman looked at him in surprise. He had known the landlord for a number of years, and he knew that Bill Jones was a shrewd, hard-headed Welshman who left little to chance. "Got a good thing, Bill?" he asked pleasantly.

The landlord nodded his head. "There's a lad I've had grooming for me, sir," he said, "these last twelve months, ever since his father died, and I think could beat any man going at a hundred yards on the road. And without preparation, too. I've seen the best of 'em—Hutchens, Gent, and all the rest of the old pros, and you'll admit I know a bit of what I'm talking about."

"You've seen my groom run, too," said Percy Crompton; "and I think you wouldn't making a shot in the dark—eh, Bill?" "No, sir." "Well, are you prepared to make a match with me?" "With pleasure," returned the landlord. "How much for? A five? Make it enough to cover my hotel bill at the railway."

"Make it a tinner, sir," answered William Jones. "That's something worth running for. Curious thing about this lad, is that he could beat any man going at a hundred yards on the road. And without preparation, too. I've seen the best of 'em—Hutchens, Gent, and all the rest of the old pros, and you'll admit I know a bit of what I'm talking about."

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had tried to poach a stable that had been reserved for the accommodation of a local farmer's back. The alteration had almost ended in a fight, and Ben Jackson, as is usual with people who are hurt in the mind, still nursing his fancied grievance as he finished his duties for the night.

"What's the distance to be, sir?" asked the boy. "Ah," interposed the gentleman from London, "that's the point! What's your best distance, lad?"

Harry Glen knew his man. "Oh, any distance from a hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, sir," he said. "I can go beyond, of course. I'm not bad at four miles; but I prefer the sprints best, sir."

Mr. Percy Crompton regarded him closely. He knew well enough that Ben Jackson could go equally well at all distances up to three hundred, and was not bad at a quarter. He was a fair fighter, but was probably at his finest at a hundred yards. The boy had mentioned a distance above that. Very well, he was not the sort of man to give anything away. He always played to win, and took whatever advantage was offered him without protest.

"Well, then, as my man is a bit tired after a heavy day, Mr. Crompton said carelessly, "let us say a hundred yards." "The landlord's eye twinkled. Harry Glen was at his very best at that distance, and he looked upon the race as already won, for there was not a man within miles of Duddington who could run a race over that distance with Harry.

"Where shall we run it off, sir?" asked the landlord; "what the occupants of the coffee-room, seating fun, gathered eagerly round."

"There you please." "There's a fine level stretch in the meadow behind the inn, sir," said William Jones. "We can light the field with stable lamps. Besides, there's a good moon up, and the dew hasn't begun to rise yet. It's a good enough course, sir, if you're willing. Or we can wait until the morning."

"No," said the Londoner. "We start for town at seven o'clock. My man hasn't dined yet." "Has your lad?"

"No, sir," answered Harry Glen. "I was just going to get my supper."

was carefully measured and marked off, a chalk line being drawn for the start.

Stable lamps glowed brightly in the meadow, and the spectators, who had caught the fever, lined up along the course eagerly discussing the chances of the two competitors. The form of the man Ben Jackson was well known. It was not so many years ago that he had electrified the North by securing a hundred-round professional handicap in fine style, and they said he was nearly as good a man as ever; though, to be sure, he was not so temperate as he used to be.

Harry Glen's form was more open to criticism. Though reckoned to be a good runner, he had never been pitted against a flyer, and his form was more or less an unknown quantity. Still, Bill Jones was not the sort of man to back the lad without being pretty sure that he had a good chance of winning his money.

"It all I try on Bill Jones's part to win the Londoner's money," said one doubting sportsman. "That boy Harry hasn't got a ghost of a chance."

Presently the two backers and the two principals turned out, and the excitement grew apace. Ben Jackson presented a sturdy figure as he stood with arms folded on the chalk line looking down the course, with his well-rounded and bare calves showing plainly in the light of the stable lamps. He was clad in vest and well-running shorts, and wore spikier pumps.

A yard or two away Harry Glen stood talking earnestly with his master. The boy was clad in white running things, and wore ordinary gymnasium shoes, a distinct handicap upon the yielding grass. His spikied shoes were at home, and he had not time to fetch them.

He was a fine, well-built lad, with long limbs, and well-rounded thighs and calves. His miles were as hard as iron, and he had a depth of chest which showed him to be of strong physique.

Mr. Percy Crompton cast an admiring eye over him.

"By George, Ben," he said to his groom, "that lad looks like a sprinter, or I have never clapped eyes on one! You may have to run to beat him, now."

"Bah!" was the contemptuous remark! "I



Bang! They were off! Both figures rose instantly. Ben Jackson was in his stride first and rapidly opened up a two yards' lead.

"Very well, then, Jones; let us run the race off now. I'll go and see my man Jackson, and prepare to start." He always travels with a pair of running-pumps. It won't take him long to turn out. Got any shoes, boy?"

"Yes, sir," Harry Glen replied. "Very well, then, we'll meet in the yard in a quarter of an hour's time."

All was excitement in the inn now. The news that Bill Jones had backed his stable-lad, Harry Glen, to run Mr. Percy Crompton's groom a hundred yards in the meadow, for ten pounds a side, had gone round like wildfire.

The public bars of the King's Head were thronged, it being a show night, and soon a couple of hundred people were streaming out to the meadow where the race was to be run. A couple of sticks were provided, and a tape stretched across them; whilst the distance

and there was a flush on his cheek when at length he returned to the starting-place, and, after positions were drawn for, set himself to make a place for the start.

"Nervous," thought Mr. Crompton. "The race is as good as over."

There was no regulation starter's pistol visible, but William Jones possessed a regulation starter's pistol placed in this service for the purpose. Soon the men were crouching for the start.

"Get ready," said a farmer who had been commandered to act as starter.

The lads strained at their posts, every muscle at tight tension.

"Bang!" They were off! Both figures rose instantaneously. Ben Jackson was in his stride first, and rapidly opened up a two yards' lead.

"Jackson wins! Jackson wins!" came in one spontaneous cry.

Fifty yards had been covered, and then the white-robed figure closed in on the other like a flash, worried by, and opened up a lead, and a good three yards to the good Harry Glen breathed the taps to the unwelcome announcement of his defeated antagonist.

Mr. Percy Crompton was standing at the finish, and good sportsman as he was, he made no remark. He merely looked at the split seconds' watch which he held in his hand, and with which he had taken the time. He could see the partial plain of the runner's stable lamps which some kindly-disposed persons held up near by.

"O-8th seconds, on grass, at night, and in rubber," muttered the sportsman, astonished. "No wonder Ben was beaten! Egad, the lad is a champion."

Ben had fallen into a brown study in which he began to figure out all sorts of possibilities with regard to the Whitinside 2150 Handicap that was to be held at East Cheatham, in the Midlands.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

Mr. Percy Crompton's Proposal.

IN the morning Ben Jackson proceeded to London with his master's horse, but Mr. Percy Crompton remained behind. After parting with the horse, he strolled into the office where William Jones was directing the affairs of the hotel, and bade his host a genial "good morning."

"Not gone to London, then, sir?" said the landlord, with a broad smile at the thought of the fellow's whereabouts.

"No, sir. Had to stay behind on business. By the way, where's your lad Ben? Didn't see him about the yard this morning."

"No, sir," said the landlord gravely. "The poor boy is in trouble. He lost his father only a little while ago, sir, and his mourning is not over."

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THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

At the commencement of the new term at St. Ninian's... Lal is robbed of the gold locket by a convict who has escaped from Greyvalley Prison.

A TALE OF NIPPER AT ST. NINIANS'S SCHOOL.

BY POPULAR MAXWELL SCOTT.

experience considerable difficulty in persuading the science master to accompany him to Coulter's Coppice. But his expectations and hopes were not to be disappointed.

The Duel.

THE Fighting Fifth held many records at St. Ninian's, but the record for early rising was not one of them. It was a record, indeed, which they had never aspired to hold. So long as they managed to squeeze into chapel, as the door was being opened, or the last stroke of the second bell, their loftiest ambition was achieved.

"But—but you tell me where you're going," said the bewildered Eye.

"You have the lethal weapons in that case, I presume," he said. It is well. Now lead me way to the field of combat. My martial armour chafes at this delay.

The appearance of the coppice was hardly calculated to revive his drooping spirits. The sun had not risen, but the moon was breaking in the east, and the moon was still high in the sky.

"You're not a bit of a coward, are you?" said Nipper. "I've come to call for him. Is he up yet?"

"Ha! Here you are!" he exclaimed, on catching sight of Nipper. "Methought I recognised your voice! What news do you bring me of the convict's case? Nipper would display some sign of consternation on hearing this news; and he had feared that he would

"Get the weapons ready, sir," said Nipper, as he took out one of the pistols. "Be careful!" cried Mr. Wimple, holding up his hands.

"Put it back in the case!" he cried. "I command you to put it back at once. It will not be needed. I feel sure it will not be needed. My opponent is not coming. It is half-past six. I will wait no longer. I will return to my room."

"The sentence ended in a wail of despair. At that moment Mr. Trigg was seen approaching, supported on each side by Bob and Lal, and closely followed by Wagstaffe and Dick. Mr. Trigg was in a rage, and Mr. Wimple, Mr. Trigg's teeth were chattering like castanets; and ever and anon he glanced behind him as if he were meditating bolting back to St. Ninian's.

"Why the dickens are you so late?" he growled, in the same low voice. "You nearly got me turned out of my room. I can tell you, to keep the Pimple here."

"I'll bet you haven't had half as much hard work as I have," said Mr. Trigg, with a hammer at Piggy's bed-room door for fifteen minutes before he answered me. Then I had to help him dress, and we've literally had to clean his boots, and to apologise to the Pimple, and he'll do it if you aren't quick."

"Of course, it is!" said Bob. "People don't fight duels with unloaded weapons."

"But you don't want to fight a duel!" groaned Mr. Trigg. "Nothing farther from my desire. It is a barbarous practice which I have always condemned. Why should I seek to do anything so foolish as to expose myself to happen to have had a trifling difference of opinion? It is monstrous! It is uncivilised! It is unbecoming! It is unbecoming!"

"But you won't funk it!" he concluded, patting Mr. Trigg on the back. "You are too brave to funk it, aren't you? You will show the world that you are not afraid of a cur like Theophilus Wimple!"

"Yes, we're ready!" he called out, in reply to Bob's question. "Stand aside, you chaps!"

"What are you going to do?" gasped Mr. Wimple, in a terrified voice.

violently; if he will say—say—anything—I will spare him!"

"I am going to count three," said Nipper. "The word 'One' you will raise your weapons and take aim. At the word 'Two' you will fire. Are you ready?"

"Here, I say, look out, sir!" cried Dick. "You're aiming at me!"

"Choking with laughter, Bob caught hold of Mr. Trigg's arm, and pulled it round till it was behind his back, and then he shot. In the meantime, Nipper had dragged down Mr. Wimple's arm, and Dick and Lal had raised his arms, and he was firing. Bang! Bang!

"Water—water!" moaned Mr. Wimple. "My strength is ebbing fast! I am sinking! Tell—tell Fraulein Hoffman that my last thoughts were for her!"

"Suddenly he passed, for at that moment a roar of laughter burst from the spectators. He raised his head and cautiously opened one eye. Then a gasp of stupefaction rose to his lips.

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THE FIGHTING FIFTH. (Continued from the previous page.)

The convict had swarmed up the railway embankment... and was running along the line in the direction of Saltwick.

For a moment, but only for a moment, he hesitated how to act; then, with a ringing cry of defiance, he sprang to the edge of the cliff, and began to climb down towards the beach.

Only a madman, or a man who was crazy with despair, would have dared to attempt such a reckless feat; for the face of the cliff was almost as sheer as the side of a house, and there was hardly foothold for a goat.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, one of the warders raised his rifle to his shoulder; but he lowered it again and shook his head.

"I suppose I ought to fire, but I can't do it," he said. "It seems too much like murder!"

"This ain't murder—it's suicide!" He'll break his neck as sure as we're standing here! There ho roars: No! By Jove, that was a shaver! I thought he was done for then!"

The convict had slipped, but he saved himself from falling by clutching the edge of a crevice of the rock. He's plenty of pluck, even if he is a convict," said Nipper to Lal. "I wouldn't be so sure of that."

The sentence ended in a cry of horror, and at that moment the tuft of grass came down with the convict. He began to slide down the face of the cliff with ever-increasing speed. In a moment later, with a wild, despairing cry, he rebounded off a projecting ledge and crashed down on to the rocks below!

Four hours later the chief warden of Greystones entered the governor's office.

"The body has arrived, sir," he said. "We've taken it to the mortuary. By the way, we found this inside one of his stockings."

He handed the governor a small gold locket—the locket which had been stolen from Lal on the evening of the escape.

"Ah, I'm glad this has been recovered!" said the governor. "I was afraid that he would have parted with it before we got to the school; that young Hindoo at St. Ninian's."

"You yes, sir," said the chief warden. "You said it back to him, I suppose; I'm going into the scribbling-ut to see if he enclosed it and the locket in an envelope, and handed the latter to the chief warden."

What Gardner Overheard.

LIKE most public schools, St. Ninian's had its tie-up set—boys, who aspired to be looked upon as "men of the world," and who strove to gain this reputation by smoking supercilious cigarettes, by holding exclusive bridge parties in their studies, and by "backing their fancy" with the landlord of the Black Lion, a retired bookmaker named Joe Fisher.

The leader of this fast set was Stephen Copley, and one of its most prominent members was Sydney Gardner. In the term before the one which we write, both these boys had been candidates for the vacant post of captain of St. Ninian's. During the course of the election Copley had learned that Gardner was deeply in debt to Joe Fisher, and that the latter was threatening to denounce him to

the Head, unless the money was paid at once. Taking advantage of this fact, Copley had offered to find the money on condition that Gardner retired from the contest.

After such an experience as this, it might have been thought that Gardner would have eschewed betting for the rest of his school career, at any rate, if not for the rest of his life. But alas! when a boy has once contracted evil habits it requires more strength of mind than Gardner possessed to shake them off.

In other words, he owed Joe Fisher five-pound-ten. His worldly possessions, in the master of coin of the realm, amounted to exactly half-a-sovereign; and on the same morning as Mr. Trig and Mr. Wimpole fought their memorable duel, he received a curt note from the bookmaker, informing him that if the money were not paid by the following Wednesday afternoon, he should lay the matter before the Head.

In the interval between second school and dinner he sought an interview with Copley.

save my life! Ask Copley—he's the chap with the money!"

"I've asked him," said Gardner; "but he says he's laid up himself just now. What am I to do? It means expulsion for me if Fisher goes to the Head."

Gardner had not much faith in this prediction, but, as there seemed nothing better to do, he decided to take Troit's advice. Accordingly, as soon as tea was over, he donned his cap and trudge off to the village.

There were two entrances to the Black Lion—a front door, which opened on the main street, and a side door, which opened out of a broad, arched passage at the side of the house. For obvious reasons, Gardner did not choose to enter by the front door.

"Is Mr. Fisher at home?" he asked, making his way into the kitchen and addressing the bookmaker's wife.

a telegram for Mr. Rant. On their way back to St. Ninian's, and as they were passing the front door of the Black Lion, they met the chief warden from Greystones.

"Good-evening, young gentlemen!" said the chief warden, pulling up and fumbling in his pocket. "This'll save me a side up to the school. I've got a surprise-packet for one of you."

"What is it?" asked Lal, in a puzzled voice.

"It's that locket that No. 1246 stole from you on Saturday," replied the chief warden.

"You've heard, I suppose, that I was killed this morning whilst trying to escape capture?"

"We saw him killed," said Lal, shuddering at the recollection.

"Well, when we came to search him, we found the locket inside his stocking," said the warden.

"My! This is pretty hot, isn't it?" said Bob, putting up his hands to protect his ears.

"It's too hot for me," said the warden, with a laudable wish to get on his way.

As he uttered these words he dived into the Black Lion, through the front door; whilst at the same time Bob and Lal dashed into the adjoining archway, where Lal tore open the envelope and drew out the locket.

"I haven't damaged it in the least," said Lal, after carefully examining it.

"I dare say you never thought to see again, and Lal dashed into the adjoining archway, where Lal tore open the envelope and drew out the locket.

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At that moment Mr. Trig was seen approaching, supported on either side by Bob and Lal. His teeth were chattering like castanets, and it was evident he was in quite as big a funk as Mr. Wimpole.

"I say, old man, I'm in a deuce of a fix. He's dunning me for five-pound-ten, and he swears he'll appeal to the Head if the money isn't paid by the day after to-morrow."

"Well, pay him," said Copley shortly. "I wish I could," said Gardner, with a forced laugh. "But the fact is I'm stony-broke just now."

"You generally are," said Copley, in a sly tone. "You shouldn't bet if you haven't the money to pay."

"It was a bit foolish, I admit," said Gardner. "However, I thought—er—perhaps"

"You thought I'd lend you the money," said Copley. "Well, you thought wrong! I've quite enough to do to pay my own debts, without paying other people's. Besides, I'm hard up myself at present."

"But I shall be utterly ruined if I can't raise the money by Wednesday," pleaded Gardner.

"Well, you'll have to raise it somewhere else, sonny," said Copley. "I can't oblige you. Sorry, T-a-t-a."

"Selfish beast!" muttered Gardner, as Copley strode away. He was willing enough to lend me twice as much last term, when he wanted me to retire in his favour; but now, when he doesn't want anything out of me, he won't lift a finger to help me. I wonder if Troit will lend me the money?"

He interviewed Troit—another member of the fast set. But Troit was hardly more responsive than Copley had been.

"Lend you a fiver?" he exclaimed. "Great Scott, I couldn't lay my hands on a fiver to

save my life! Ask Copley—he's the chap with the money!"

"I've asked him," said Gardner; "but he says he's laid up himself just now. What am I to do? It means expulsion for me if Fisher goes to the Head."

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ANSWERS ONE PENNY

Bob and Lal had been to the post-office with

THE SCHOOL ON THE CLIFF.

A Magnificent New Story of Stirring Adventure.
By E. HARCOURT BURRAE.

fully among these relics of a great disaster, hoping to find some sign of life or clue to the name of the wreck. But the men were all dead, and there was no word or letter on any portion of the wreck to guide them to its identity.

"It was wrecked off the Bowl," said Bob, after a moment's reflection on the main part of the Serpent. "I reckon she struck on the Serpent."

The Serpent was a line of rocks on the eastern side of the isle, jutting out of the sea, with round surfaces, which gave them a resemblance to the uplandations of a serpent's back. Bob's authority was not disputed. Anyone venturing to do that very speedily found himself heavily grazed, for Bob, as a rule, knew what he was doing.

Confirmation of his opinion was soon received. The wind died quite away with the outgoing tide, and subsided, in a manner which was really wonderful. Early in the evening it was a comparative calm. Then the yacht of the Stranger, as the lone inhabitant of the Bowl was always called, was seen to emerge from its hiding-place, a snug, little harbour cut out by the sea in the cliffs. As the mast-flags were set in red flag, a prearranged signal that he wished to communicate with the shore. Bob at once put off in a small boat, and after a few minutes brought it a safe distance from the shore, he pulled up to it.

The fishermen watched him hold a short conversation with the Stranger, who gave him a small bundle, which Bob handled in a tender, not to say gingerly, manner.

"Back he came, just like a man in a hurry, and when as his boat touched the sands out he leapt with the bundle, and called to his friends to come and see what he had brought."

"What do you there, Bob?" cried half a dozen voices.

Bob did not answer them, but raced as well as a heavy boot would permit up the zig-zag path towards his home. An hour later everybody in Sternerag heard that the sole yacht had been brought to a safe distance out to Bob by the Stranger of the Bowl.

"It was a baby boy, about ten months old," said Bob, later on at the Marmad, the solitary inn of the place, "not even hearing my own, who's a picture in his way. He's to be took good care of, have anything he wants, and more if he likes to have it, and the Stranger will pay; also anything we likes to change for our trouble."

"But how did the little creature get ashore, Bob?" asked one of his mates.

"He was found in a lifebuoy, and thrown up on the shore. A minute or two after the ship went to pieces, which she did about ten seconds after she struck on the Serpent, as I told you. The Stranger was out a-lookin' at the storm, and grabbed the little one as he was thrown in, and saved him from being dashed back by the underlay. He was just a poor little chap, but the Stranger, he took him home and got him round, and has been nursing and cuddling him ever since, until he got me to take him to my misshus."

"Lor! It was something to hear him say, with that name, 'Perhap' he's a better lot, better let him drown, and so save him from no end of trouble," continued Bob; "but all the time I could see he was glad he'd done it."

"And was that all he said?" asked Peter Pinnick, generally known as Old Crabs, although he was still young, owing to his somewhat extraordinary opinion.

"Nuthin' more," replied Bob.

"Wasn't there no jewels, or nuthin' of that sort, hang round his neck, or on his neck?"

"Like them 'ere kids I've heard tell of in story-books?"

"I didn't see none," replied Bob.

"But there might 'a' been," said Peter; "and if there was, it ought to be looked into. That 'ere Stranger, ain't got any right to 'em any more than I."

While Peter was speaking, Bob was about to take a drink; but, abandoning his intention, he put down the mug and began to pull off his outer jacket.

"What are you doing on?" asked Peter, alarmed.

"I'm going to answer that 'ere insinuation of yours as the Stranger would do, I'll be bound," returned Bob, "I'll jowel you."

"I didn't mean nuthin'," said Peter hurriedly.

"Then don't say nuthin'," replied Bob.

"Do you draw it back again?"

"In course I do."

"All right," said Bob, "I've done." And then he drank his beer.

THE NEXT CHAPTER.

FOURTEEN YEARS.

FOURTEEN years change so many places and conditions, that it is not so much to be wondered at that a former inhabitant who returns after a lengthened absence, hardly knows his native place any more. The did not make much difference to Sternerag. The only notable change in it was the establishment of a school, about seven years after the notable wreck, by Mr. Bonington,

who built a house just behind the little village sufficient to accommodate himself, family, and about thirty boarders.

He showed his artistic sense by selecting a most picturesque spot. It was the highest part of land, with a wood on its summit, and on one side of it a chine, which was quite fairy-like in its beauty.

A chine, as everybody knows, is an opening in a cliff—a mere crack in the earth, in magnitude; but this craignid chine was, like many others, a place of great beauty, with steep zigzag paths up its side, two little waterfalls, and ferns and wild flowers in profusion. If there were such things as fairies, Sternerag Chime would be chosen by some of them for a home.

Attached to the school were two tutors and other persons of whom we shall have to say something by-and-by; but, as nothing better is young reeler so much as a lot of preliminary description, we will get at once into the heart of our story.

It was noon, and as beautiful a summer day as it could long for—warm, with sunshine everywhere, and just sufficient breeze to keep the heat from being oppressive. From a door on the chine side of the schoolhouse the boys, released from educational labours, swarmed out like a hive of bees going forth in search of honey.

There was a garden at the back of the house, but that was for Mr. Bonington's delectation; playground there was none.

And what playground did the boys need when the broad expanse of cliff, the beach, with its rocks and caves, and the chine were as open as the air to them? Right and left, for fully two miles, they were free to go in their hours of leisure, the only restriction put upon them being the rule that they must get back to meals at the time appointed. The mingled voices of the boys made very pretty music, but for all that every note was not harmonious.

"I tell you that you dare not do it!" cried a thick-set lad with beetling brows and a sneer on his lips.

"I dare!" replied a fair-haired youth, with a sense of pride. "I am not afraid of anything."

"Then do it!" returned the other.

"That is like you, Callis," said a tall lad with a handsome spry face. "Egging on the youngsters to do what you dare not attempt yourself."

"Oh, you shut up, Jack Jaunty!" growled Dan Callis. "Ingis isn't a babby. He needn't do it unless he likes."

"It wants a sure eye and a strong nerve to descend the Seagull's Cliff," said Jack Jaunty; "and when it is done, what then? Only a few risks his life without an object?"

"Oh, hang your objects!" growled Callis. "What say you, Aaron?"

"Ingis said he would do it," he evasively replied the boy addressed, whose surname was Downey.

The main body of the boys had moved away in twos and threes, and were scampering off in various directions, leaving the four named to walk together. Not that they were exactly congenial companions, for they were not so by any means. Jack Jaunty liked neither Dan nor Aaron Downey, and they returned the compliment by disliking him.

They were simply sticking to him out of sheer opposition, seeing that he disliked the idea of Gerard's attempting to descend the Seagull's Cliff. It was one of the most dangerous parts of the coast, although there were cliffs that were about as scaleable as a high wall, and to attempt to climb or descend them would result in the first case in failure, and the second in destruction. The danger of the Seagull's Cliff lay in the fact that it looked comparatively easy to scale or descend; but the task was in reality only fit, as Jack Jaunty said, for one possessed of a sure foot and eye, and a strong nerve.

"I hate to hear bragging," said Dan Callis; "but, of course, I don't want Ingis to break his neck. It wouldn't do me any good."

"It might amuse you," replied Jack Jaunty; "Gerard, don't you be chaffed into it. I'm just going to see dear old Bob, and will join you by the rocks for a bath."

He ran off with a light, springy step, indicative of his being endowed with speed when he had need of it, to the village, which was a

(Continued on the next page.)

PROLOGUE.

The Night of the Wreck.

THERE are some very rugged places around our seagirt isle, but few more so than the coast on either side of Sternerag. The cliffs there are high, and seaward many an ugly rock thrusts its head above the ocean, defying the ever-restless waves. In the offing there are a few scattered islands, very picturesque from an artist's point of view, and interesting to the tourist, but of very little service to anybody else.

The most important in point of size of these isles was called the Bowl, owing to its having high, rugged cliffs all around it, and the island's being depressed. It was, by rough measurement, three and a half miles long and two broad; but, although it had trees and bushes dotted about its interior in groups, there was no depth of soil anywhere to make it worth the while of man to cultivate. For all that, it was a lovely place.

Here and there around it were chasms rent in the cliffs, which made the interior accessible without toiling over the tremendous rocks that reared their fantastic heads hundreds of feet in the air. And there were caves and crannies in the rocks where fresh water lay all the year round. Lonely and beautiful it had been for centuries, visited only by fishermen in the calmer days, or by the eager tourist, longing for something new and rare, and for his island's until the year eighteen hundred and sixty, when a stranger arrived and proposed to settle on the isle.

He was young—no more than thirty—a well-built, handsome man, who spoke as educated persons speak, in a pleasant and clear tone. He proposed to build a house and live there by himself, and all the people of Sternerag said he was mad. But there was a method in his madness.

He designed his own place, brought down the workmen to build it, arranged for supplies of provisions, bought a small yacht—light of draught and strong—suitable for that rugged seacoast. He engaged Bob Baxter, the most expert among the fishermen, to point out to him all the dangerous rocks and shoals, made a chart of the same, and showed himself, whether man or god, to be a thoroughly practical man. When his house—a comfortable one of half a dozen rooms—was finished, he had it furnished with comfort, but without any attempt at elegance, even to a plentiful supply of books and pictures.

Fishing-rods, nets, guns, and other paraphernalia were likewise delivered to him, with a plentiful supply of rabbits and hares where-with to stock the island.

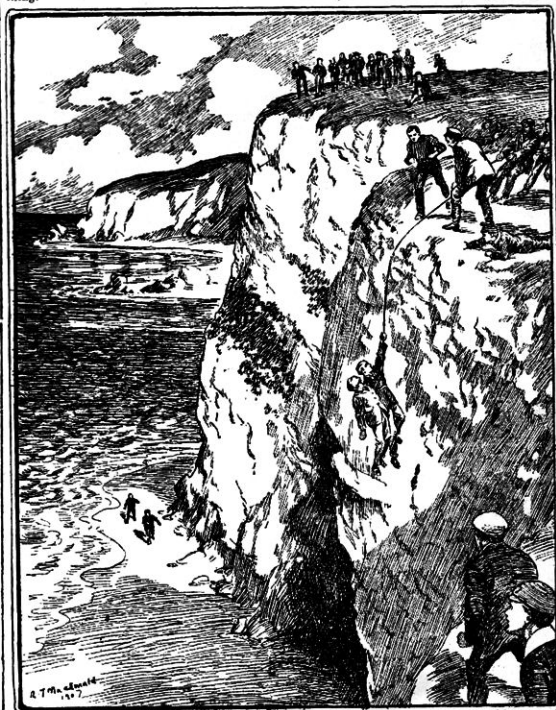
The companion, he entered on his solitary life. By arrangement, cases of necessaries, which were periodically brought by Sternerag, were sent to him by Bob Baxter, who was so liberally paid for his services that he became a comparative millionaire among his fellows, who envied, in their simple, honest way, though they did not begrudge, Bob his good fortune.

A year passed, and the stranger was still there, unknown to any name. All the packages that came to him were simply addressed "A. H. P., Bowl Isle, Sternerag," and no word was said about his name was made, without any fruitful result.

One night—it has never been forgotten to this day—a terrible storm arose, and the full force of it fell upon the coast around Sternerag. The wind, thunder, lightning, and rain were all of a phenomenal nature, and the sea shrouded with foam and brim with darkness. It was all foam, seemingly churned to its very depths between the island and the shore. So awful was the night, that neither the fishermen nor the other inhabitants of the villages scattered around, slept a wink. The whole seemed to rock with the storm's force. When the morning came, the lightning, thunder, and rain had ceased, and the wind was going down. But the sea still churned and roared and beat upon the rocks, busy with the sound of rebounding to atoms the fragments of a wreck.

There was indubitable evidence of some ship's mass having come down in the night. Broken spars, fragments of boats, portions of ruined cargo, and saddest of all, bearded, manly seamen lay strewn along the shore.

Bob Baxter and his mate walked sorrow-



Slowly Jack Jaunty, with his inanimate friend in his arms, was hoisted to the top of the cliff. Then strong hands were laid upon the two boys, and they were lifted to terra firma. A mass of light fell from all present now that the danger was passed.

RUNNING: SWIMMING:

CRICKET: ROWING:

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

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

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

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

A FURTHER word or two respecting starting in anything over half a mile, it is not infrequently the starter is obliged to stand in sight of the competitors when firing his pistol. This is a disadvantage, as the flash of the pistol is seen, as this will mean the gain of a yard or two before the runner comes to the edge of the track.

All watches are struck by the flash in timing a race, so this wrinkle is not a sharp practice. Also remember in distances involving the start, to get your feet on the track as the course is measured one foot from the inner edge of the track, and, therefore, the competitor should stretch his legs as far as possible and opportunity will permit, to avoid unnecessarily covering more than the distance.

Long-Distance Events. Long-distance races are those of a mile and upwards. To be successful in these events, the runner must possess a native make. Like the sprinter, the long-distance runner is usually a specialist—that is to say, he rarely competes at distances less than those he is fit for.

Much practice is required for distance running, for both wind and muscular power need to be brought to the point of perfection. A month or six weeks is none too little for a preparation. The training practice should be of a nature calculated to strengthen the muscles most needed in lengthy journeys, and to develop staying power.

Another, and an important requisite, is correct style. The ungainly runner will wear himself out much sooner in this class of race than he whose stride is easy and natural, and whose combined speed and leg action is a picture of rhythmic grace. It is a pleasure to watch a good long-distance runner. A map of class invariably strengthens the muscles.

The method of training for a one-mile race. In a standing oval in school sports, and a favourite item in a sports programme—is as follows: The first day's track practice, taking a typical week, should extend over 1,000 yards. This should be covered at a steady pace. On the second day run half a mile at fair pace. Cover the same style at half distance on the third day; and on succeeding days run half a mile, as fast.

Forcing Ball to Leg. Gentle walking exercise should be indulged in on the seventh day. Training should be continued throughout the preparation on the lines of alternating distances with slight exception, at a steady pace. The longer distances with the shorter ones, the former count runs with slight exception, at a steady pace. The latter at fast pace, care, however, being taken to observe correct style, no matter what the speed travelled at.

When running the full mile, it is a good plan for the young runner to make the first two-thirds of the distance has been covered. At this period, effort must be made to retain run both of full stride, and not to chop it, as is so often done when tiring.

This is an important period in a mile, and the driver's retention of style and form will do much towards ultimate success. It is the "bad time" with many competitors, but if at this part of the race the runner feels strong, it is a sign of good form. It is time to make the most of his powers, for hereabouts a race may frequently be put beyond doubt. Judgment, however, must be exercised, for the young runner should not rush to the head of affairs without reasonable belief in his ability to stay there.

Outdoor Bathing. As I have not the least doubt that a great deal of pleasure will be derived from the open—in ponds, lakes, rivers, and the sea—bathing, it is worth on the subject will be appreciated and may be helpful to many when taking their dips.

In the first place, the danger of catching cold is very popular, and prevalent objection. There is nothing more common in conversation than to hear persons, who only know a little of the subject, express apprehensions as to dangers likely to follow the rapid transition of the body from heat to cold. To those unacquainted with the action of cold water upon the system, such an objection may seem reasonable at first sight, but, in my opinion, if proper precautions are taken, there is absolutely nothing to be feared.

The established popular maxim is: "Never venture into cold water when in a heat; cool first, and then bathe." This cannot be too severely deprecated as most detrimental to health.

In a paper on baths, Dr. Leard observes: "It was generally supposed that the best method of getting rid of profuse perspiration, into water the temperature of the air in winter, must be injurious or even fatal to the system. It is now known that cold water to the heated skins was sometimes carried to a ludicrous extent. The custom of bathing schoolboys having been taken to bathe with the other boys, and, if heated by some exercise, is now a state of semi-indolence until the point of regulation coolness was attained before the water was used. From refrigeration was, of course, the best possible foundation for bad results from bathing."

The habitual bather is never annoyed by fears of cold. He should take special precautions, because his skin has been strengthened and hardened. By being exposed to air, it has, so to speak, been made all face; but to nurse the skin of the body at face" takes time, and must be done with caution.

The swimmer, at the commencement of the season, should not remain more than five minutes in the water; and if the bath be not followed by a healthy glow, he will recognize that even that time has been too long. The time of his swim may be gradually extended, but it should always be remembered that the undressing should be done quickly, and that there should be no hanging about before the plunge is taken.

After the swim, the drying process may be slowly performed, but the friction with the towel should be vigorous, and, if the sun is shining brightly, the swimmer may gradually indulge in the practice of making the skin of his body to the sun is largely practised on the Continent, as well as in Australia. In Sweden, the example of the elderly, and devote the whole of their spare time to swimming, diving, and sun-baths, with the result that they are the strongest swimmers and divers, benefiting in health by the exercise and by exposing the skin to the air, but also get as brown as the proverbial berry during the summer.

The mere mention of open-air bathing sends a thrill of delight through all true swimmers; and it is not surprising that they are indulged in with caution. In the first place, avoid bathing in quiet spots, for, should an accident occur, a very few minutes will be lost.

In most rivers and lakes there are recognized spots for bathing. Some care has also to be exercised on account of weeds and currents. If the swimmer is to be removed from a boat, the rudder should be removed, so that the swimmer may leave and enter the boat at the stern.

It is not to be supposed that the swimmer may be, should be accompanied by a boat when taking a swim in the sea or river some distance from shore. If taken with cramp, keep calm; turn on the back; rub and stretch the affected limb. If the cramp be in the neck, stretch the muscles of the neck, and stretch the muscles of the arm. This may be very painful at the time, but it will help to get rid of the trouble. In any case, never swim with cramp as possible for fear some one is taken with cramp. It is a sign that either the circulation is not acting, or the swimmer is getting tired. Therefore, he should leave the water at once.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Albert Trott, at his bonnet at Lord's recently, took seven wickets for 20 runs, thereby surpassing even his own magnificent record. This performance proves how fitted he is to instruct our readers in the art of playing cricket.

Remember that, if you have won the toss, the wicket should not be rolled until ten minutes before the innings are to start. As you have the choice between the light and the heavy roller, you will choose which you require. In fine weather in dry season it does not matter which is used. If the ground is wet, then the heavy roller may be used.

Sometimes you will get a wicket that is not likely to last, and has already begun to give away; in that case, you must put on a light roller, for a heavy one may cause any cracks to be widened.

The Order of Batting. Do not forget that the captain should be the first of going in of his side, and even when he has done this will keep an eye on the batsmen. The order of going in should be retained, I think, when once you have found out the ability of the side. Your first pair must consist of a slow and fast hitter; Hayward and Hobbs, at the Oval, are examples of this. The next pair must be another pair; while C. B. Fry and J. Vine, of Sussex, are a third example.

Always keep good men to go in third wicket down; but if you have only one or two men on the side who are fast, you must make runs quickly. I should say let them go in fourth or fifth wicket. There are not many batsmen who are good of going in should be altered, as when you have to make a certain number of runs to win the match, it is better to let them go in to win the match, and to do it, you must send in the man who can take plenty of risks, and is a fearless batsman.

Bowling. The bowling must be ordered at the option of the captain, and his most responsible duty is to select the bowler who does not get wickets is not a sufficient reason; he may be bowling so well that he will get wickets. The bowler may beat the bat, but not hit the wicket. Unless you have another to take his place, keep him on, at any rate, avoid the common mistake of taking him off and never putting him on again.

It is possible that the best bowlers on the side cannot bowl in the first innings. The bowler does not get wickets is not a sufficient reason; he may be bowling so well that he will get wickets. The bowler may beat the bat, but not hit the wicket. Unless you have another to take his place, keep him on, at any rate, avoid the common mistake of taking him off and never putting him on again.

The placing of the field is important, and depends on the batsman and the way he hits; while the state of the wicket also must be taken into account. If the bowler is a right-hand batsman, he should have a right-hand fast bowler at one end, and a left-hand medium pace at the other to start. When I deal with this subject fully, I shall have more to say about it; but if you go in for a change, let it be a real difference to what has already been given.

As early as possible in May have the team out in fielding order. Put each member in a certain place, and observe their performance—the way they pick up the ball and return it before finally allotting any position to a particular person. The first fortnight will soon show the men who will do the best close in, and those who will do better farther out. Having chosen the position for the members of the eleven, however much practice they may have, take care that you do not let them get into the field, for their fielding may reach a high standard, although they are almost sure to take their cue from the captain.

It is not to be supposed that the practice very carefully indeed, pointing out defects of style, errors of judgment, and the way to remedy them. The captain should be in the middle of the side, and to allot each man a certain period of time. The same thing applies to bowling; only let the batsman in the middle of the side, and to allot each man a certain period of time. The same thing applies to bowling; only let the batsman in the middle of the side, and to allot each man a certain period of time. The same thing applies to bowling; only let the batsman in the middle of the side, and to allot each man a certain period of time.



Playing-Bat (as a defensive stroke).

THE beginner will discover the proper depth at which the car blade should be in the water when the stroke is made by squaring the blade. The letting it sink to its natural depth, and a balance will be made. Having convinced himself of this point, he should next produce the same effect without letting go the handle of his oar.

Set him next to row and swing forward with the arms held out straight in front of him; and when he has accustomed himself to this let him try the same swing while grasping the handle of the oar.

The next step is to learn to disengage the oar from the water at the top of the fore-arm from the elbow. Then he must try the motions of the recovery which follow, and practice them until he has mastered the various motions in their proper sequence and without jerk or unevenness.

In the preliminary practice it will not be necessary for the boat to be moved from the landing-stage or the bank by which the practice is being made. As soon, however, as the novice has mastered the points of the stroke, the boat can be moved, and it will be then that he will find difficulty in connecting the putting of the blade in the water with its disengagement therefrom.

It will be best for the beginner at first to use a little exertion as practice, but let him devote his attention to the putting of his blade into the water properly, allowing it to float through water quietly, and as to the motions of the recovery.

As he finds himself mastering the various technicalities, he can begin to swing more freely, and to exert greater pressure on the water at the same time, watching his blade to see that it is pulled through evenly, and not jerkily, with fluctuating depths by which it is retarded.

It will take some days before he has mastered these details, but he must not on account begin to use his strength until he can perform them with some approach towards correctness.

New sets of muscles will have been brought into play, and it is not until the stiffness wears off and they begin to perform their functions naturally, without incessant commands from the brain, that he ought to begin to let himself go.

Then will come the time when he will have to devote more attention to body swing and to the use of the stretcher. He must not learn to do the work with his arms, and it will be well for him if he does not apply this extra pressure to the stretcher for more than a dozen strokes at a time. During this time of extra pressure he will, of course, have also to devote his attention to the keeping of an even blade through the stroke in its progress.

Nor must he exert his full power until he has got a fair idea of how to use his hands and wrists without making frothy water. Having finally mastered the pulling of his back well on the stretcher, the recovery, and the pressure on the stretcher—the all-important points—the use of the body of the beginner must now swing his body forward, right down between the thighs. Having swung the body forward thus, it must be brought back well on the stretcher, the hips being the pivot on which the swing is made.

When he has mastered the swing properly, the novice must turn his attention to the stretcher; he must keep his feet firmly planted on the stretcher during the swing forward, and bring the stretcher sharply into play with the swing of the body in order to catch the beginning.

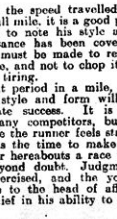
Then, when he is sure of himself, he can begin to row in the ordinary way, but careful all the time to watch the depth of the blade in the water. As he becomes more and more proficient, he can begin to row in the ordinary way, but careful all the time to watch the depth of the blade in the water. As he becomes more and more proficient, he can begin to row in the ordinary way, but careful all the time to watch the depth of the blade in the water.

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Cutting.

Forcing Ball to Leg.



(To be continued on Saturday next.)

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

THE 1st CHAPTER.

Blinker's Hospitality—Having a Lark with the Dog and the Monkey... URKER sort of a mug, this 'ere is it..."

"It's a mug that we keep special-like for our honoured guests," replied Blinker Smith of theillery, who was sitting on an ammunition-box with Ruff at his feet, and Pongo, squatted near-by, was industriously pulling the stem of a cigarette to pieces.

"Where has he shifted to?" asked one of the party. He's gone into that furnished bungalow which the Civil Service avell used to have."

"I heard this afternoon," said Blinker Smith, that he wouldn't be able to use his legs for a week or two days."

"What is it, Ginner?" asked one of the men. "What do you see?"

"Great snakes," he yelled. "It's a scorpion, that's wot it is! And to think that I nearly swallowed it!"

"He's got 'em bad!" sighed another. "I was afraid it would come to this some day!"

"There came an explosive burst of laughter from all in which Dannie joined, and the truth soon dawned on Ginner."

"I'm gin' to stand you on your sally 'ead,"



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THE BEGUM'S TREASURE.

you rubberin' up!" raved Ginner. "Call this capitivity, do you? I'll make you see purple stars by the time I'm through with you!"

"I've got 'em, I've got 'em!" he cried. "Wot a lark! 'Wot 'e we got even with them two Pig Stickers, wot 'ave played more than one nasty and hot bit of old wail—the fact of the colonel 'avin' shifted 'is quarters because of the fire at 'is bungalow!"

"I haven't," vowed Blinker. "I'll tell you what I know, and I'll be glad if you can see your way to play a game with them two chaps. For I haven't no particular liking for them myself. It was like this, Ginner. A couple of hours ago, as I was being in the deep grass over in the Forest Reserve, by the bridge of boats, Spud Murphy and Pat Hagan come along quiet like, and stopped within three or four yards, not knowing I was there."

"I kept my ears open, and heard what they said. It seems they had been having a talk yesterday with old Glolab, the water carrier, and he told them how the Begum, what used to live in the famous palace fifty-five years ago, had buried a lot of gold and jewels before she died, and it hadn't been found to this day."

"That made the Pig Stickers keen on finding the treasure, so Glolab advised them to go to Kohassin Singh, the magician and fortune-teller, what came to Jehandrabad last month. And that's what the two chaps did. They went to Kohassin Singh's diggings last night, and paid him six rupees, and he said that if they would come back this evening, after sunset, he would tell them where the treasure was buried. So there you are. That's the yarn."

"That's all I heard. It's enough, sin' it is!"

"I'll be a lark, Blinker, that's wot it is! It'll be Glolab is chummy with Kohassin

Singh, and 'e gets paid for soundin' suckers to 'em."

"With that he made a bee-line for the canteen, and Ginner, for a wonder, ignored the parting shot. He walked off with the lad, followed by Pongo and Ruff, and he was silent and thoughtful until he had nearly reached the canteen, where he suddenly chuckled, slapped his thigh, and drew Dannie into the shade of a peepul-tree."

"'What are you talking about?"

"'I'll tell you, my son. Listen to this!"

"'I've got three, which makes five," said Ginner. "I'll be enough. We'll get it all stark, anyway, and perhaps some more with it. And now come along, my son, for there ain't no time to waste. We'll take the dog and the monkey to the stable, and then we'll be off to the town."

"The 2nd CHAPTER. They Wait to the Magician—Dannie's Little Joke—The Pig Stickers Start Work."

A

COUPLE of hours later, as the sunset glow was fading from the roofs and minarets of Jehandrabad, Spud Murphy and Pat Hagan climbed the stairs of a rickety Warren of a house in the Mokka Bazaar, and rapped on a door the top. A voice bade them enter, and they stepped into a small room that was dimly lighted by a lamp of burnt clay, over which was a close-fitting shade pierced with holes. At the rear of the room, venerable and grey-bearded, and clad in a long robe that fell to his heels, sat Kohassin Singh. Immediately behind him was a thick curtain, and in front of him was a table on which were a bowl of water, a muggy volume, a stick of smouldering incense, and a brass platelet.



Suddenly the entire wall fell in with a crash, and on top of it, sprawling headfirst, came Pat Hagan and Spud Murphy. 'Joseph, save me!' screamed Mrs. Mumtaz.

OFF DUTY VARNIS OR, THE DIVERSIONS OF DANNIE AND GINGER.

"Feringhees, ye are welcome," said the magician, who was no other than our friend Dannie. "I have good news for your ears."

"That's the ticket, sorr—I mean, your novelty!" exclaimed Spud Murphy. "Glohab's treasure lies buried, and you couldn't find it."

"And when were we to dig up the treasure?" asked Pat Hagan, who was trembling with excitement.

"I may touch none of it, by the vows of my religion," answered Kohassin Singh. "I desire to see a great chest of ruyees, and my labours. You will pay me ten more rupees, and the secret will be yours."

"I'll tell you, my son. Listen to this!"

"'Wait! Be not impatient!" bade Kohassin Singh, as a sudden temptation occurred to him. "Arise joyfully to enjoy the Begum's treasure. Only those of strong good and virtuous lives may touch it. Have ye no sins to confess?"

"'I've got three, which makes five," said Ginner. "I'll be enough. We'll get it all stark, anyway, and perhaps some more with it. And now come along, my son, for there ain't no time to waste. We'll take the dog and the monkey to the stable, and then we'll be off to the town."

"'I'll tell you, my son. Listen to this!"

"'I'll be glad if you can see your way to play a game with them two chaps. For I haven't no particular liking for them myself. It was like this, Ginner. A couple of hours ago, as I was being in the deep grass over in the Forest Reserve, by the bridge of boats, Spud Murphy and Pat Hagan come along quiet like, and stopped within three or four yards, not knowing I was there."

"'What is it, Ginner?" asked one of the men. "What do you see?"

"'I'll be glad if you can see your way to play a game with them two chaps. For I haven't no particular liking for them myself. It was like this, Ginner. A couple of hours ago, as I was being in the deep grass over in the Forest Reserve, by the bridge of boats, Spud Murphy and Pat Hagan come along quiet like, and stopped within three or four yards, not knowing I was there."

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to which Colonel Podgers had moved after his quarters were raided.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock, and a dark night, when Dannie arrived at the banyan-tree, wearing his beard and boots. Spud Murphy and Pat Hagan were waiting for him, armed with picks and spades, and when he had bandaged their eyes—he gave a plausible excuse for so doing—he marched them round in a wide circle before leading them into the thickets at the base of the wall.

"The boys, Mr. Ferringles," he said, when he had removed the bandages. "We are in a court of the Begun's ruined palace, and the gold and jewels that side thirteen years ago are not to be seen. Dig straight before you, making as little noise as possible, until you have penetrated for a dozen feet. You will then come to a gold mine, and in a chamber behind it you will find the chest of treasure. You will hear the voices of evil spirits who will shriek at you, but fear not. As soon as you have broken through the wall and entered the chamber, the spirits will flee. And now farewell."

"The saints bless you, sorr!" exclaimed Pat Hagan.

"You've done the right thing by us," said Spud Murphy. "May your shadow never grow less!"

The magician had vanished. He glided through the thickets for some yards, and climbed noiselessly to the top of the wall, where he was joined by Ginger. The two Sloggers crept forward, sat down side by side, and listened with dilated ears to the muffled sounds of digging.

"They're at it," whispered Dannie. "They'll be through in a couple of hours."

"And then for the fireworks!" said Ginger. "Glory be! Wot a lark!"

THE 3rd CHAPTER.
In the Colonel's Bungalow—Uninvited Guests.

"HALF-PAST twelve," said Colonel Podgers, glancing at his watch.

"Didn't you promise your wife to be home and wine and ambrosia?"

"What of it?" Major Mumblebs asked irritably. "I am not one of your bespectacled husbands! I shall have another rubber before I go!"

"Beg pardon," murmured the colonel. "I don't need to hurry you off. What's that queer noise?" he added, "I've heard it for some time."

"Rats, that's all," said Dr. Slammers. "The house must be swarming with them, considering how old it is."

"I'm glad I don't have to live in such a hole," remarked the colonel.

Colonel Podgers sniffed. He was reclining on a couch, with his injured foot encased in wet bandages, and by his side was an ice-pail, with a glass and a necked bottle. Opposite to him, with a table between, Dr. Slammers and Major Mumblebs sat in basket-chairs, and before them were a number of tapers, candles, glasses, cards, and little heaps of coin. The game went on for some time, and no heed was paid to the queer noises, though they were getting nearer and louder.

"Beastly luck!" growled the major, throwing down his hands. "That's the last round. I'm off now when I've had another drink."

"We'll give you your revenge to-morrow night," laughed Dr. Slammers, "if your wife will let you come."

"What the deuce?" broke in the colonel, as dusk and rapid blows were heard very close.

"Upon my word, it sounds as if somebody was digging!"

"That's what it is!" declared the doctor.

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed Major Mumblebs.

"The noise increased, and Major Mumblebs looked uneasy.

"The boys are here you," he said. "Come to think of it, I—I did promise my wife that I would be home by ten."

The boys, Podgers appeared on the scene robed in a dressing-gown.

"Thieves, robbers!" she gasped. "They are breaking in! Don't you hear them? They are digging their way through the wall, and there are two more ruffians on top of it! I saw them crouching there from my window!"

"Impossible!" vowed her husband.

"Preposterous, madam!" exclaimed Major Mumblebs.

"I tell you I saw them!" Mrs. Podgers cried hysterically. Why don't you do something, you cowards! Help, help! Colonel Podgers, you are a brute! Will you let me be murdered before your eyes without lifting a finger to help me?"

"Thump, thump, thump!" the house began to shake, and a picture fell to the floor, while Slammers and the major skipped to the farther side of the room, and the colonel jumped up and hobbled after them, with his wife clinging to his neck.

"Bless my soul, they must be thieves!" he shouted in a passion. "The infernal scoundrels! Where are the servants? Where are my pistols?"

"Thump, thump, thumpety-thump!" the noise ceased, and as another picture dropped, Mrs. Mumblebs rushed through the doorway, with a red face and wretched eyes.

"I thought so!" she cried. "You gracious villain! to keep your wife out of bed when you promised to be home at twelve o'clock! So this is how you spend your evenings, Joseph! Cards and wine, gambling and grazing! Never again shall you deceive me! Lucinda! Podgers, I am surprised that you should allow your husband to do this!"

"Do—do be quiet, Maria!" stammered the colonel. "This is no place for you. Don't you hear the noise, smash, smash!" The furniture was dancing, and the pictures were rattling. With a wild yell, Mrs. Mumblebs threw her arms around Dr. Slammers, and the colonel, who embraced the major, uttering shriek after shriek. Smash, smash, smash!" Spud Murphy was saying the words right. The evil spirits are in there, but they won't frighten us! Here goes for the treasure!"

Now a glittering point of steel broke through the rear wall of the bungalow, half-way to the ceiling, and as the pick was withdrawn, disclosing a big chunk of masonry, a man's face was seen framed in the opening.

"Begorra, we've been had!" cried a startled voice. "This ain't no treasure-chamber, mate!"

"Ruffians, miscreants?" roared Colonel Podgers. "How dare you command such an outrage? I'd blow your brains out if I had a chance!"

plish here! I arrest you! I command you to come in."

And with that the two Pig Steeders did come in, much against their will. Nearly the entire wall suddenly dropped with a crash, and on top of it, sprawling head foremost over the debris, came Pat Hagan and Spud Murphy.

"Joseph, save me!" howled Mrs. Mumblebs, as she clung to the doctor.

"Let me go, woman, let me go!" raved Major Mumblebs, as he struggled with the colonel's wife.

A cloud of dust rose, and above the clamour were heard peals of laughter, which quickly ceased, for the next instant, as the crumbling edge of the fortification gave way, Dannie and Ginger fell through the gap into the bungalow, bringing with them half a ton of loose earth.

"It's Larkin!" Colonel Podgers cried in a fury. "It's that desperate villain Larkin again!"

"Let me get at him," yelled the major, "and I'll have his life!"

"Seize them, kill them!" shouted Dr. Slammers. "Murder the infernal ruffians!"

Wails and shrieks drowned his voice, and the rest was chaos. No words can describe it. From that little bungalow, in a lonely corner of the parade-ground, came the most frightful sounds, as if savage beasts were having a battle royal. At the beginning, her hold on Major Mumblebs having been broken, Mrs. Podgers reeled against the door and drove it shut, so that no light penetrated the hall. Then she went off in a swoon, and lost interest in what followed.

In the darkness pandemonium raged; yell, and shriek and mingling with it all, was a crash of falling furniture. As for Ginger, luck had brought him in contact with Mrs.

Mumblebs, who got him in a corner and maulled him with the fury of a wild cat.

"I'll teach you, Joseph!" she cried, thinking that she was attacking her husband. "You'll bring me into a den of human reptiles, will you? Take that, and that!"

"Help, murder, help!" screamed the luckless Slogger. "Take her away! Pull her off, somebody! She's scratching my eyes out!"

As length he wrenched free of the angry woman, under the horrible impression that he had pulled her head off, he by then escaped was impossible.

The door was now thrown open by two native servants, one of whom carried a lamp, and the next instant the officer of the guard rushed into the room, followed by seven of his men. The culprits were caught, and a few seconds later, when some semblance of order had been restored, Dannie went off into howls of laughter; for Mrs. Mumblebs's head was as smooth and white as a billiard-ball, and Ginger was holding in his hand a mop of false hair!

"To the guard-house with these four scoundrels!" raved Colonel Podgers, as he hurried about on one leg. "Take them away! Take them out of my sight, or I'll have their lives!"

The whole story came out the next morning, when Dannie and Ginger were sentenced to six weeks in the cells, Spud Murphy and Pat Hagan, who were tried at the same time in the orderly-room of their own regiment, got off with seven days, owing to extenuating circumstances. It was more than they deserved, however, and you may be sure that they got even with the two Sloggers at the first opportunity. But that is another story.

(Another of these laughable tales very shortly.)

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