

Fine School Story By Maxwell Scott!

The Boys' Realm

of Sport & Adventure.

Healthy,
Interesting, & Instructive
Stories & Articles.

1^D

KING CRICKET! By Charles Hamilton.



WELL CAUGHT!
Tunnicliffe upholds his great reputation.

And fourteen or fifteen thousand Tykes, keen sportsmen all, watched with their eyes as George Hirst went on to bowl against Tunstall's wicket.

Tunstall was on his guard. As a matter of fact, he was feeling a little bit nervous, and he would have been better pleased if Foscutte had been in Lovell first to take the keen edge off the Yorkshire bowling.

Hirst sent the ball down with that peculiar swerve it is for which he is famous, and which was an unknown mystery to a batsman like Tunstall.

Tunstall tried to stop that ball. He only wanted to stop it; without thinking of hitting out; but even that little was denied him.

The ball curved round his wicket in some manner he had never seen, and the next few was that his middle stump was reclining at an intoxicated-looking angle, and that a white-coated umpire was advancing to pick up the balls.

Tunstall stared at his wrecked wicket; while from fifteen thousand hearty Yorkshire throats came a low "How's that?"

"How's that?" "The umpire grinned.

Tunstall gave the stumps a mournful glance, and put his bat under his arm. His face was as white as the wicket he had just lost.

The crowd cheered Hirst vociferously. The first Loamshire batsman sent off first ball of the first over, and was hurrying off to his mortification. It was an exciting opening of the match for Loamshire, and, on the other hand, a cheering omen for the home team.

Somebody hit him in the front of the neck. It was on his lips to say hot words, but he restrained them. He knew he had only himself to blame for the mishap, for Tunstall was not at all the man to open the batting against the Yorkshire bowling. He was far more suitable to be last man in at the tail-end of a match. Foscutte knew that, but he had hoped for better things.

"Next man in," he said, biting his lips. "Artie Lovell, Foscutte!"

Foscutte grinned. "Wait a minute while I buckle my pads. I didn't expect to be upon in such a dicky of a hurry, you know."

Tunstall smiled. "You better, Foscutte," he remarked. "George Hirst is in his best form to-day, and you will have to look out."

"Then duck's eggs will be cheap to-day," said Foscutte, smiling broadly.

Tunstall's scowl grew blacker, but he made no rejoinder.

Foscutte finished fastening his pads. Foscutte was an amateur of the Loamshire team, and his play was not of the highest quality, in his opinion of himself—rather a common weakness among the Loamshire county cricketers—but he could not be called a snob. He was of a light, somewhat careless nature, and there was a gleam of mischief in his eyes. He had often been extremely lucky in his batting, but never for no purpose whatever but to irritate Lagden and Foscutte.

"Oh, don't be all day, Foscutte!" growled Foscutte, who was to find someone to snap at, as a satisfactory-vice for his inward anger and chagrin.

"I'm ready, Foscutte," said Foscutte carelessly; "I'm ready, but—"

"But what?"

"If you'd take a word of advice from me, old man, you'd do well to let Lovell go. He isn't worth worrying about in the list. Lovell could get ready in a tick."

"I don't care for his name in the list," said Foscutte, a go-in list isn't like the laws of the Medes and Persians. It can be changed when occasion arises for a change, you know."

"Certainly; but as no occasion has arisen yet—"

"Fon, old man, I'll tell you the plain truth. Hirst is out for scamps, but as plain as the nose on your face, or the clock on the pavilion, you'll see that Lovell is the man to stand up against him and tire him out."

"That may be your opinion, Foscutte. It is not mine."

"If Lovell went in next, I wouldn't mind standing down, for the good of the team, and then I believe that Loamshire—"

"His name is down for last man in."

"My dear Foscutte, you ought to see this team, Foscutte, or am I?" cried Foscutte savagely.

Foscutte shrugged his shoulders.

"You are, Foscutte," he added, under his breath, "and you're a first-class pro, too."

"Well," said Foscutte grimly, "if I am captain, and you are kind and obliging enough to be the sooner you obey my orders the better."

"Oh, I'm ready! I always speak my mind, you know."

"Yes; I know you do, without being asked! Next time, when you feel inclined to offer your advice, you might as well ask for it. Next time, you might as well tell him to go to hell. They must be getting tired of waiting for you."

"I don't see don't get your rag on, Foscutte," said Foscutte carelessly.

And he picked up his bat and walked out of the pavilion.

Foscutte's words hit him rather hard, because he knew perfectly well that the young amateur was right, and that he ought to have sent in Arthur Lovell to face George Hirst's dangerous bowling.

But Foscutte had marked out a course for himself, and he meant to adhere to it come what might. Lovell was down on the list for last man in, and he would be, so he would now captain of Loamshire sent to himself, with a savage, spiteful determination. That he was risking the loss of the game by this determination, he refused to admit even to himself; but in the back of his mind, as it were, he knew it well.

Foscutte's remonstrance had, therefore, only stirred his rage, without altering his intentions, and it was in a very unpleasant mood that he went to the young man take up his position at the wicket.

Foscutte had done his best, perhaps more than he was entitled to do against the best batsman in the county, but as it had been declined, he set himself to do the best he could for his side.

The wait for the new batsman had been unusually long, and Hirst had been amusing himself by sending down some trials to the wicket-keeper. The delivery of the famous Yorkshire cricketer was splendid, and showed that he was in his finest form, and fully equal to the best of his efforts during the 1906 season, when he had won such laurels both as batsman and bowler.

He ceased bowling to Hunter, the wicket-keeper, and he took the delivery of the famous and prepared for business. Business, indeed, it was; and bad business for Loamshire.

Some encouraging exclamation came from the crowd in an offering order; but as it had been the second ball of that over, of which the first had been so fatal to Tunstall.

"Give us another!"

"Make it the hat-trick, Hirst, old man!"

The ball came down, and he took a little run, and the ball came down from a free swing of the powerful left arm. George Hirst, although he bats right-handed, bowls with his left, as many captains do, and to his sorrow.

The ball broke straight for the middle stump, but Foscutte had better luck than his predecessor at the wicket.

Luck it was, as he afterwards frankly admitted; for he really did not know how he had caught it, and he did not stop it, and it dropped dead to the crease, greatly to his relief, and to that of Foscutte, watching from the pavilion.

How he was able to stop many more like that! He hardly thought so; he knew that Arthur Lovell would have found that bowling hard to stop, and he was not a match on Arthur Lovell. But he was there to do his best, and he waited for the next ball with an assumption of cheery confidence he was in truth far from feeling.

It came down, and Foscutte, somewhat to his own surprise, nicked it away past point for Arthur Lovell, and he did not stop it, and it went straight to the crease, and he was glad of it.

Foscutte was pleased, too, as he sighed across the wicket, and he did not stop it, and he was glad of it. Hirst's bowling after that with more assurance.

The next ball he cut away, but he did not venture to run, for Tunnicliffe at slip had the ball, and he was all there, to-day, and quite ready for the leather when it came his way.

The ball came in, and Hirst sent it down again. For once, he was not a match on Arthur Lovell, but one more ball to that over, and then he would have the rest he felt he needed, for while he waited for his first wicket, he felt that he had to be all eyes and nerves.

The rest was to be a longer one than he anticipated. Hirst sent the ball down again, and he was not a match on Arthur Lovell, but one more ball to that over, and then he would have the rest he felt he needed, for while he waited for his first wicket, he felt that he had to be all eyes and nerves.

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"Good old Tunny!"

Foscutte stared in dismay at the fieldman at slip. The ball went up into the air, and he was not a match on Arthur Lovell, but one more ball to that over, and then he would have the rest he felt he needed, for while he waited for his first wicket, he felt that he had to be all eyes and nerves.

Ponsonby gave him a dark look as he came in. The next ball he cut away, but he did not venture to run, for Tunnicliffe at slip had the ball, and he was all there, to-day, and quite ready for the leather when it came his way.

"Loamshire 2; last man 2," said Foscutte, reading the score aloud for the benefit of Foscutte. "Sort of cheerful look out, Foscutte, isn't it?"

Ponsonby gritted his teeth. Although Foscutte was in his anger, he was not a match on Arthur Lovell, but one more ball to that over, and then he would have the rest he felt he needed, for while he waited for his first wicket, he felt that he had to be all eyes and nerves.

Two, for two wickets," said Foscutte, with his irritability increasing to an angry man. "At any rate, we shall make eleven for the first-class cricket, at the lowest score so far in first-class county cricket is the thirteen made by Nottingham against Yorkshire in 1901. We are the best county in the county, and against the same county. I think—"

"Shut up," said Ponsonby savagely. "I dare say you've your best to give us with that score."

"What do you mean?"

"You have never lost a wicket for only two runs before."

"I have never faced Hirst's bowling before, or Tunnicliffe's fielding. I suppose you don't doubt that I did my best?"

"Well, you soon realised your own predictions, at any rate," said Foscutte, with a sneer. "Foscutte's expression changed."

"You mean," he threw away a wicket, "Ponsonby, just to prove to you that I was in the right?" he said between his teeth.

"I don't know," said Foscutte, "but I think Ponsonby, struggling his shoulders. "Only the less you say about the matter, the better, that's all."

"I don't think so," cried Foscutte hotly. "I think—"

"Don't make a scene here, Foscutte. Remember that I am your captain."

"Captain or not, you have no right to hint that I failed to play up for my side," exclaimed Foscutte; and I tell you to your teeth that it's a lie!"

"Foscutte!"

"Yes, a lie," he said the other coolly, "and you know it, Pon, yourself. Bah, what's the good of talking? I know why you won't send Arthur Lovell on. You're going to keep him back and lose the match for us. You're your captain, worse luck for Loamshire! But don't try to put the blame on me."

"Do you know whom you're talking to?" he hissed.

Foscutte smiled grimly. "I'm highly-respected captain—a captain that Loamshire has excellent reason to be proud of," he replied.

"By Jove, if you don't immediately apologise, I'll be back for Loamshire again!" cried Ponsonby, at a white heat.

"Then Loamshire will have to mourn my loss," said Foscutte. And he turned on his heel and walked away.

He left the Loamshire captain quivering with passion.

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risen so high, were dashed to the ground, his rosy prospects mipped in the bud.

The batting on to steadily and slowly, few runs being scored; and the anxious desire to make the Loamshire score look a little more respectable captained Foscutte was down next.

He had nine runs to his credit when, in an almost reckless attempt to take three instead of a safe two, he was stumped by the wicket-keeper.

"How's that?" grinned Hunter.

"You've sent off the field."

Next man in was Chichester. Chichester was a man after Geoffrey Lagden's own heart, and one of the best batsmen in the county. He was a Loamshire man. He came in with a swagger, but he was far from being up to the form of the first-class batsman.

He scored half a dozen before he was caught out on the slip by Tunnicliffe.

Loamshire were now six down, and the four batsmen remaining to come were Geoffrey Lagden, and Wentworth. Kit Valance was down to follow Chichester, and he knew the reason. Foscutte did not intend to let him partner his chum if he could help it.

Kit came in with his usual quick and calm stroke, and he was not a match on Arthur Lovell, but one more ball to that over, and then he would have the rest he felt he needed, for while he waited for his first wicket, he felt that he had to be all eyes and nerves.

He scored a couple of twos and then a three showed that he could handle it fairly well. Then Harding was out, and the batting was down next. Loamshire were seven down, and the score was still under sixty.

Maynard joined Kit Valance. Maynard was a very good batsman, and given to taking risks, for which his partner had sometimes to pay. So it proved in the present case.

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FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.



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

Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite paper. He will answer you by post if you enclose stamped 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. If your letter is not replied to here, it may be answered in "The Boys' Friend" next Tuesday, or "The Boys' Herald" the following day. THE BOYS' REALM is sent post free to the world on the following terms: 12 months, 6 months, 3 months, 2 months, 1 month—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.

"Training Tells."

THE above is the very fitting title of a fine long, complete tale of sport and adventure by Mr. A. S. Hardy which will appear in our columns next week. It will be told how by training hard to reach the utmost point of fitness, the hero distinguishes himself in the school sports, whilst those who neglected to do this, found that their staying powers were extremely weak, and consequently made a very poor show in the various events for which they entered. The other long, complete tale which will appear next week is a fine sea story by a popular author, entitled "Stowaway Steve."

No lover of a rollicking tale of the rolling main should miss it.

"Only a Girl."

SOME weeks ago I printed on this page a charming letter from one of the many young lady readers of THE BOYS' REALM. This young friend of mine took as her signature, "Only a Girl." As a sequel to the publication of this letter I have received a most interesting communication which I print below. There is a great deal of truth in the statements of this writer—"Swindonia"—and while I think it will be read heartily for his letter, "Only a Girl," is it modestly, or is it because she believes herself to be despised by boys? I think this is nearer the mark. We know that boys are always chaffing girls because they are girls, and I am afraid that this produces a semi-discontent in some girls. "The signature 'Only a Girl,' suggests a

half-apology for being a girl. Although when girls speak of boy friends, they very often say that it is their chaff and teasing makes them so charming. I can fairly say that in some cases at least, it leaves a slight rankling in their breasts, for when they are deliberating on any point, I always hear the expression, 'but I'm only a girl.' This is a pity, for all girls are at least the equals of boys, and in a very great many cases they are their betters.

"There is nothing manly in scorning a girl. It is almost cowardice, for when a girl does scorn a girl, he knows that she dare not give her a chance. Perhaps, therefore, a little less chaff and self-conceit from the boys would bring out a girl's brain; but she is afraid to do so, for she knows that she will swamp them. Thus do boys and men crush most noble and fine instincts—things which would never evolve from their own clear brains. Give girls the credit they deserve, and let me press home on all boys the fact that, while boys will be boys, they need not necessarily be swindonia." Yours truly,

How to Increase the Height. I AM seventeen years of age," writes H. W. of Kirkstall, "and stand 5ft. 3in. high, and I want to grow 1ft. as my great ambition is to become a goal-keeper. Letters in this strain reach me almost every day from the readers of your papers. It is a curious fact that very few people seem to be quite satisfied with their height, and the tall would like to be a bit shorter, and the stout; the short lad taller and thinner.

Now, height is one of those limitations which Nature has fixed for us. We cannot all be handsome; we cannot all be tall. But on the other hand, by giving way to evil habits, by disregarding the laws of hygiene and health, our growth. The boys who smoke and drink intoxicants do this. That brings us to the important fact that if you are born to be short, nothing on earth can possibly make us tall. In the case of growing lads, of course, it is somewhat different. A lad of sixteen cannot tell whether he is destined to be a six-footer or a five-footer, although he may surmise, by comparison of his height with that of his father and mother, what it may probably be when his period of maximum growth is reached. The maximum height, when it is attained, is about 100, when he is about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. Therefore, there is always reason to hope in a short boy that he may eventually grow tall. But if this hope should not be

realized, there is no need at all for disappointment. Lord Roberts is a little man; Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon were short men; but we do not hear of their height as a drawback to their success in life. However, I can offer some further consolation to the short boy who wants to grow. If Nature has her limitations, nevertheless it is within the power of most boys to put on, say, at least, one inch to their other inches. The leading of a regular, healthy life, the eating of good and nourishing food, the taking of outdoor exercise as often as possible, will do a lot in this direction. And here is an exercise that my Kirkstall chum and others interested will find of value. Every day, at the end of the morning, he should fling up his windows—which, by the way, should be open night and day—so that they will allow the air to enter to its fullest extent, and then, standing with his hands on his hips, my chum should slowly draw the air into his lungs, raising his body gradually till he is on tiptoe, and cannot reach any higher. Then he should slowly empty his lungs of air, and sink slowly to his heels. Done a dozen times every day, this exercise will increase the size of his chest, as well as assist Nature in adding further to his inches.

A Steward's Assistant.

A YOUNG friend of mine who lives in Cork, writes to tell me that he has a great desire to go to sea as a steward's assistant. He asks me, at the moment, as to the excellence of our stories, for which I warmly thank him.

The steward's assistant corresponds in his position to the waiter on shore. His work, as a rule, covers a day of from fourteen to sixteen hours. He rises soon after 4 a.m., and if he is appointed to cabin duty, he proceeds to prepare the table for breakfast, and takes it to them at any time from six to seven.

After that he goes into the main saloon to help the waiter for breakfast, and takes it to them at any time from 8.30 to 10 o'clock. When breakfast is over, he turns his attention to cleaning up the tables, and dishes and so forth, or to trimming the lamps, cleaning the lights, emptying the slops, cleaning the knives and forks, and so on.

Then comes lunch, when the same process goes on again, and after that—no big preparations are made and no dining, which is followed by more cleaning up.

The work is not so much of a hard nature, though the hours are long and my young friend will find at first, if he suffers from sea-sickness, or is not used to the movement of the vessel,

that his work will cause him a good deal of trouble. Sometimes an extra lurch of the vessel will send the whole lot of the crew over on to the floor.

If he is an old hand, he may, after dinner, have an hour or so of leisure. If his first voyage, he won't be able to take this, because he will be behindhand with his work. After his work is finished when everything is cleared away, washed up, and made ship-shape—he is at liberty to take his rest when he likes, to secure a position, my chum should personally apply to the chief steward aboard a liner stationed in any port or dock, or, failing this, should write to the shore purser of any of our big shipping companies.

Can He Go in for Cricket as Well as Swimming?

LEAGUE MEMBER 28,489 has written me an interesting letter, in which he asks me several questions in connection with sport. He says he is a member of a cycling club and of a swimming club, and he is desirous of taking up cricket as well this summer. He is already a member of a rowing club, and is in good health. Now, somebody has told him that swimming loosens the muscles all over the body and that cricket hardens them, and my friend has fears that to attempt to excel at cricket, cycling, and swimming would be disastrous to his health.

League Member has written to me for advice on the matter. Of course, I do not know who has given me my friend's opinions, but it seems obvious to me that he knows little about the subject. If League Member had a thorough knowledge of cycling, swimming, and cricket as often as he pleases. Not one of these pastimes will interfere with progress in the other.

In each sport almost a different set of muscles are put into operation, and, provided they are used in moderation, no harm could happen to him.

My friend can put aside altogether the consideration of swimming lessons, the muscles of the body, and that cricket and cycling harden them. The whole idea of exercise, whatever form it takes, is to increase the supply of blood to the muscles of the body, so that, on getting greater nourishment, they, of course, become larger and stronger. Therefore, the chum dangled as I have said, is through overtaxing one's individual strength.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.)

OUR LEAGUE CORNER.

The following clubs in the Leagues mentioned have been awarded BOYS' REALM Cricket Sets for the week ending May 18th:

BLACKBURN AND DISTRICT S.S. LEAGUE. Anvil Street C.C.—Sec. Mr. J. Fecitt, 28, Wellfield Road, Blackburn.

DUNDEE & DISTRICT LEAGUE. Belmont C.C.—Sec. (of League), Mr. J. A. Reid, 12, Bellefield Avenue, Magdalenere Green, Dundee.

EAST LONDON CHURCH LEAGUE. Holy Trinity C.C.—Sec. Mr. W. A. M. Ofield, 115, Mayfair Lane, Ilford.

SUNDERLAND & DISTRICT LEAGUE. St. Bede's Adult School C.C.—Sec. Mr. A. E. Pink, 50, Hastings Street, Sunderland.

SWINTON & DISTRICT LEAGUE. Conisbrough C.C.—Sec. (of League), Mr. F. Phillips, Ebenezer Cottages, Swinton, near Rotherham.

ST. CLARE CUP CRICKET LEAGUE. Stockwell Regina C.C.—Sec. Mr. H. A. Millington, 40, Sidney Road, Stockwell, S.W.

All the clubs who have up to now received bats are heartily pleased with them, and we publish below a letter which has reached this office from the delighted secretary of Taybank XI, a club affiliated to the Dundee and District League:

"Taybank XI, C.C. Brothie Place, Broughty Ferry, May 11th, 1907.

"Dear Sir—I received the bat yesterday, and am more than delighted with it. We will use it to-day for the first time, and I hope it brings us luck. Again thanking you,

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"JOHN G. SMITH, Secretary."

SECTION 2. Prizes of Cricket Sets have this week been awarded to the following Clubs:

JUNIOR DIVISION—WILTON C.C. Sec. H. B. Gringer, 13, Wilton Road, Shirley, Southampton.

SENIOR DIVISION—STOKE STAR C.C. Sec. W. Saville, 4, Wheeler's Row, Mount Street, Guildford, Surrey.

OUR SILVER CUPS.

A GRATEFUL LETTER FROM THE RECIPIENTS OF ONE OF THEM.

The following letter is to hand from the Nelson Villa F.C., champions of the Junior Division of Section I. of our Football League. We publish it here to show what good value the Boys' REALM is getting for presenting silver cups to cricket, football, and other athletic organizations.

THE SHEPHELD NELSON VILLA CRICKET AND FOOTBALL CLUB.

Winners of "The Boys' Realm" Cup and Medals, 1906-7.

133, Fitzwilliam Street, Sheffield, May 17th, 1907. My Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the Cup won by this Club in the Junior Division of THE BOYS' REALM Football League. It is a little beauty, and well worth striving for, and, on behalf of the Committee, I ask you to accept our heartiest thanks for the splendid Cup. With all good wishes for the success of your papers,

I remain, yours truly, WALTER B. KENT, Hon. Sec.

DAILY MAIL.

HISTORY OF CHORISTER JUNIORS F.C. WINNERS OF "THE BOYS' REALM" CUP (SENIOR DIVISION), 1906-7.

By BARDSEMAN E. MORTIMER (Hon. Sec.). The following is a brief account of how Chorister Juniors was formed, and how the club has progressed:

In 1904 we had a few boys join our regiment. They were first of all a rowing club, who had played football and were anxious to form a club. They clubbed together, and then got together to form a football club. The teachers and parents were very anxious to support the club, and they wanted a secretary and managers for them, and to conduct the business of the club, and I was asked to undertake this work, and consented to do so.

The first match I arranged for them they lost by 9 goals to nil; but this big defeat only made us more anxious to get on our feet. We set our minds to beat the same team before the season was over. This they did to the tune of 4 goals to 1.

"They were so delighted with their success that they asked me to let them go into training. I used to take them out for training every morning. They were first of all a rowing club, and finish up with a mile run. After breakfast they had military duties to perform, and in the afternoon they had a good walk, and a ground, and let the forwards play against the half-backs and backs in a practice match.

The first season we played 15 matches—won 8, lost 4, drew 3. In the second season we played 24—won 20, lost 1, drew 3; and this last season we have had nothing but success in our 24 matches. The team are a lot of hard workers and are managed by a good committee. They have had to meet teams bigger than themselves, but they have never given in."

THE 1st CHAPTER.

The Strange Appearance of Ebenezer F.
"SAID boys, that's a real smart, little dug-out you've got there!"



A FIRST CLASS PASSENGER

A Fine Long, Complete Camping-Out Story.
By ANDREW GRAY.

The waterproof-covered packages which packed stem and stern, and the pots, jars, and kettles which peeped out here and there, showed that her crew of three were on a camping expedition.

The three lads glared at him as if they could eat him, but he only smiled amiably down upon them.

"I'm going to take you to the woods," said the stranger, "and you'll see some things that you won't see anywhere else."

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"Yes, you'd better stop in the boat and let me take you to your journey's end," agreed Dick.

"Say, that would be bully!" said the Yankee eagerly.

"I wonder what you've got inside that bag?" asked Dick.

"He thought his chance had come at Bell Weir, but the lock-keeper sent them round by the boat-side, and in the work of running the skill up the rollers all hands had to join, and in the opportunity was gone."

"We'll camp here in the old spot, I think," said Dick, looking over his shoulder at a meadow fringed with drooping willows.

"All the better for you, if it be! Some of these new river-side nobodies don't cotton to campers, you know," explained Jack Boucher.

"They keep balliffs hanging round to turn you off, and the brutes generally wait until you've got your tent pitched and everything unpacked before they show their ugly noses."

"The damned pirates!" said the Yankee sympathetically.

"I guess if anyone comes looting round us to-night we'll give 'em snuff!" Where's the harm, anyway? I ain't as if I was going to saw down trees, or tear up rail-fences. Let's get right along in here. It's good enough, don't you think, gin'ra!" he inquired of Dick.

"It was the very spot Dick had in his eye. The next minute they had run the boat's nose among the willows, and he was out on the bank making it fast stem and stern."

"It did not take long before the tent was pitched and a spirit-stove going."

"What do you want to go musing about with a ten-cent tin of things like that for?" demanded the American, staggering up with an armload of sticks.

"I landsake alive! Who are those tarnation landlords anyway?" cried the Yankee, commencing to build up a fire with the cunning of a backwoodsman.

"The last remark was addressed to a water-bailiff in velvetens, who had suddenly loomed into the circle of leaping firelight, and now stood over them."

"I'm looking for the likes of you, if you want to know!" was the surly response.

"Waal, I guess now, if you was looking for the likes of me, you've come to the correct spot right off," drawled the Yankee.

"Waal, I guess now, if you was looking for the likes of me, you've come to the correct spot right off," drawled the Yankee.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor!" blustered the man.

"And look 'ere yourself, sonny. I ain't a guv'nor, nor a judge, nor a colonel, nor even a major," said the Yankee, chipping in.

"I've got my orders, an' I'm going to carry 'em out. You may be a Hottenot, for all I care, but out you go off this meadow, or I'll 'ave to chuck you in the river. Now, then!"

"Waal, I calculate the best thing to do is to stave 'em out, an' then it won't spilt with water," drawled the Yankee.

"But they ain't done with Ebenezer F. yet—no, by hooky! I've kept a score of 'em since they've been in the meadow, and, gosh, I just feel like some more!"

"Dick, with his mind fixed on Ebenezer's answer, and from other information received, thought that this was quite likely. He was as savage at the bailiff's attack as was Tony, and Tony was boiling mad."

"At the same time, Dick knew that this was one of the occasions when discretion was the better part of valour, and said so."

"What! Out and run, and leave these brutes to chortle at our funk?" demanded Tony.

"I'll see them and you hanged first, Dick! If they was trouble, they can summons us. I'm not going to be checked off by a low-neck and crook, as if I was a common pickpocket. Let 'em all come, and I'll give 'em a few pot shots with this gun."

"Gosh! That's the real talk!" said Ebenezer F. "Why, it reminds me of once when Huok Mulberry and me kept 'em Creasers—"

"Oh, looker, Huok Mulberry and me, too!" snapped Jack Boucher, jumping up and roaring restlessly round the camp on the flank threatened by the enemy.

"See there, we're getting out of sorts just a little. P'raps, if we sit down to a square feed now, and then get things shipshape, in case then galsooks come prancing back—"

"He passed in the midst of the suggestion with such a meek, apologetic look that Dick could not help laughing."

"I ain't your right. Buck up, Tony! Come on, Jack! We'll get our supper first, and then discuss the pros and cons for retreat or defence afterwards."

The meal over, and there being no further signs of the discomfited enemy, the four retreated round the fire. Ebenezer F., for all the twent years he was a night, never took a keen eye of the line where danger threatened.

The bailiff pushed out his jaw in an ugly fashion, and snarled on his hands.

"That's my business; and don't call me Slabides agin, or I'll knock your nose into the day after to-morrow, so I tell yer!"

"Waal, I guess, come to consider it, it's a case of 'are I ain't,'" said the Yankee quite coolly.

"Look here. One minute," interposed Dick, anxious to avoid a row if he could; but the bailiff had already charged at his enemy like a bull at a forehead!

It was dark except for the flames of the freshly-kindled fire, and the man, now seeing the fryer-pan lurking treacherously in the grass, stumbled.

Over went the Yankee, capized by sheer weight into an open hamper containing the articles of the expedition.

"Guss you'd better stay there awhile and cook yourself off, Slabides," he said, scraping him at a forehead!

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Over went the Yankee into an open hamper containing the entire commissariat of the expedition. The basket bulged and burst, and the pair wallowed at death-grips amid the contents.

A First-Class Passenger.

(Continued from the previous page.)

the life of him what to do and when and how to do it. The man was armed; that was suspicious in itself. Then there was the bag. It had a metallic clank about it, suggesting tools and... as Ebenezer F. stowed it away in the scullery...

THE 2ND CHAPTER. Revelations and surprises.

He awoke with a gasp, to find what at first he took to be a small elephant seated on his chest. A more careful investigation showed that it was only their friend the water-buff, who had adopted this position while he issued orders to half a dozen... Dick had allowed himself to wander so far into the borderland between sleep and waking...

"Stand back there!" ordered Tony, as P.-C. Biffin showed a desire to advance through the quarters. "Stand back, or I'll give you such a stinger as'll make you sorry you ever came within ten miles of this place!" Here, stoop that, Tony said, kneeling up at the air-gun, was flourishing an air-gun threateningly. Only then did he realize that there was no sign of Ebenezer F. The Yankee had disappeared...

"That's just what I don't know, and what I want to talk to the policeman about," he roared. "I believe the chap's a burglar!" "A burglar," gasped Biffin and the three young fellows, who were sitting there. "I asked Tony, as soon as he had got over the first shock. 'He seemed quite a decent sort, I thought...'"

"Do you remember the night when the office was broken into, and \$350 in cash stolen, to say nothing of the other things?" "Jack Boucher's face became more puzzled than ever. Ebenezer called the day before, and asked for Mr. Braithwaite, the managing director. He was out at the time, and so were you. After waiting ten minutes he said he would call again, and left, going no name. He seemed to try out a good deal, too. Now I think of it. On the night of the burglary I passed him again at the corner of the street. This was the first time since the governor sent us off at last, saying we were to wait for him no longer..."

"Revolver!" echoed the constable faintly, "remember—remember! I don't like the look of this. You'll have to come along with me, that's all that. Stand by, Jarvis, and my chap! Knock 'em down! Give 'em no notice if they make a rash in a few words..."

"Well, it looks like it, doesn't it? I never say anything, but I'm sure from the governor's thought of him, curiously enough, and the thought of him, curiously enough, and the thought of him, curiously enough, and the thought of him, curiously enough..."

"Meanwhile, the bobby, catching sight of the constable, hurried to have followed the example, but impelled by a strong sense of duty stood his ground. 'Inskip, I should just think there is!' said P.-C. Biffin. 'There's one over there that's a right good fellow, but moved into; the one this madder belongs to; too. What's the name; Jarvis...'"

"Inskip, I should just think there is!" said P.-C. Biffin. "There's one over there that's a right good fellow, but moved into; the one this madder belongs to; too. What's the name; Jarvis...'"

"And as you seem to be concluding that your friends and I are mixed up with the scoundrel, I'm going straight up there to scout round until I find him. If he's up to any lanky-panky I want to catch him at it..."

"Well, that sounds fair enough," admitted the constable, very much to find that he had not expected to make such a desperate character alone. "We'll all go, and, mind, you if he shows, give him what for..."

"Sort of keeping a sharp eye out in case anything happened like," as he explained. "The constable, who had surrounded the clump of bushes, they halted when the shadowy outline of the house was revealed..."

"Here P.-C. Biffin suggested a strategic move to the constable. 'Once round a match and relegated himself modestly to a post where little glory and less risk were to be obtained...'

"It was Ebenezer F. He halted for a minute, then moved forward to one of the long windows. 'Just as he knelt up there, and say I want Mrs. Bilson to step down when she's ready...'

"They saw a light struck inside the room, then all three hurried across the shadowy lawn where it was struck, and just as the two ladies gained the corner of the wall, the gas was lit. A faint noise at the far end of the house at the end of the night, and a small mob of men was outlined dimly in the darkness, and in the midst of it a helmet bobbed. The others had apparently come to the con-

clusion that the best way to surround the house would be for all to stick together in a bunch. Catching sight of the lighted window, they stopped dead. 'Come on; it's no use waiting for them,' whispered Dick. 'I'm going to make a rush for it!'"

"The window was open, and the Yankee's back was turned. He seemed to be about to open a desk with a bunch of keys. Dick's rubber-soled boots made no sound on the soft carpet. With a swift leap he flung himself on the man, and with his knee forced him backward..."

"But, say—!" exclaimed the American, but he was too late. He had been in the air for some time, and was now falling head downwards. "Oh, you can't fool me with laughing!" said Dick, as he noticed the man's fall. 'Waal, come to think of it, I calculate I have. I thought your yer'n' familiar, but, but it, can't fix your nob!"



A humorous incident from Andrew Gray's great new school tale now appearing in 'The Boys' Herald'—1d. every Thursday.

"Oh, you can't—eh? Perhaps you've heard of the Suskoma Mexican Copper Syndicate?" "I guess. Why, darn my skin, of course! You're the chap that told me the boss was out..."

"So there was. What next?" drawled the Yankee, still with a provoking smile. "Nothing, except that you were seen hanging about in the vicinity of the office, and you were carrying to-day a machintosh, which I know was hanging in Mr. Braithwaite's room..."

"The policeman licked his hands furtively, and blew out his cheeks; but to everyone's amazement the Yankee put his hands on an electric bell-push, and pressed the button. This struck them as a funny thing for a burglar to do..."

"Stay right where you are, officer, and save yourself the trouble. I ain't got no war on you, but I'm holding up them stairs, and say I want Mrs. Bilson to step down when she's ready..."

"Waal, I thought I was; but if you'll fetch the housekeeper, I'll just see if I can't get some more mixed stuff. Won't you sit down..."

"As for Mr. Ebenezer F., he burst into a roar of laughter. 'I guess I'm mighty relieved to find I was myself, after all. Sit right down now, and put your feet on the rug...'"

"'Great rat-comeks, well that do beat every thing! An' to think when we started campin' on this here place, we was on our own patch of prairie all the time. Columbus, but I ain't no laughing matter, but they was wrong...'"

"'Challis,' said Dick. 'This is Jack Boucher, also of the Suskoma, and Antony Tar... I tender our humblest apologies for this mistake, though the fault was mine. I was an ass...'"

"'Great rat-comeks, well that do beat every thing! An' to think when we started campin' on this here place, we was on our own patch of prairie all the time. Columbus, but I ain't no laughing matter, but they was wrong...'"

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

BY POPULAR MAXWELL SCOTT.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

At the commencement of the new term at St. Ninian's a new boy arrives. He is an Indian Prince, and delinquent in the nation of Chota Lal Nath Chandra Das. Lal comes into possession of a gold locket which is later to have a great effect on his life. The owner of the locket is not known, but a German turns up one day and says that it belonged one time to his sister, and asks that it may be handed over to him. But he is proved to be an impostor, and has to leave the school precipitately. Lal is robbed of the gold locket by a convict who has escaped from the prison. Nipper and his chums have some fun at the expense of Dr. Stuart-Dowling, the headmaster of the Grammar School, and are only saved from serious trouble by the intervention of Lal. The escaped convict from Greystone Prison falls over a cliff and is killed. On his body is found the gold locket which has been stolen. Lal and Nipper decide to return, but they are not allowed to do so until they have been overhauled by Gardner, a major in the village, who is in difficulties with a bookmaker in the village.

Forewarned is Forearmed.

ABOUT the same time as Bob and Lal set out to return to the school, Nipper was seized with a virtuous desire to "tidy up" his desk and weed out all the old letters and papers for which he had no further use.

In the course of this proceeding he came across a pen-and-ink portrait of Stephen Copley, who, as Brockton mentioned, was the leader of the "fort" set at St. Ninian's.

The portrait which was really a grotesque and scowling burlesque, was the work of Bob, and had originally been intended for publication in the now defunct "Nipper's Weekly."

"Here's that caricature of Copley which Bob did for the 'Weekly,'" said Nipper, turning round and holding it up for the inspection of Wagstaffe and Dick. "You remember it. It's been kicking about in my desk ever since last term. Jolly good, isn't it?"

"It's ripping," said Wagstaffe. "I always thought it was one of the best things Bob ever did. What are you going to do with it?"

"Burn it, I suppose," said Nipper, "there's no good keeping it any longer, for we shall never publish any more numbers of the 'Weekly'."

"It's too good to burn," said Wagstaffe. "If you don't want to keep the thing, put it in an envelope and send it round to Copley, with our compliments."

"Good idea," said Dick. "Better still, give it to me, and I'll slip round to Copley's study and stick it in one of the photo-frames on his mantelpiece."

"Now," said Nipper. "I'll take Copley's just gone to the library—I saw him crossing the quad, about half a minute ago—so his study will be deserted; and he never locks the door, except when he and his pals are playing cards."

"It's risky," said Nipper. "He'll lay his eyes on you if he nabs you."

"I'll chance it," said Dick. "Give me the paper, and I'll be back before you start!" He snatched the paper from Nipper's hand, and dashed away. As he had surmised, the door of Copley's study was not locked, and the room was deserted.

Leaving the door an inch or two ajar, he glided across to the mantelpiece, and was in the act of removing one of the photographs from its frame, when he heard a murmur of voices in the corridor outside.

"By the horror, he has recognized one of the voices as Copley's, and he had barely time to drop on his hands and knees and crawl behind the bookcase as the door was pushed open and Copley and Trot entered."

"It's about Gardner," said Trot, continuing the conversation which they had begun in the corridor. "You'll be glad to hear that."

"Yes," said Copley, closing the door. "He told me this afternoon that he owes Joe Fisher 25 bob for Hamilton and Stratton, and he says he'll go to the Head if the money isn't paid by Wednesday. He asked me if I could lend him a fiver, but I told him straight I couldn't. Has he been trying to borrow the money from you?"

"Dad, you lend it him?"

"I couldn't. I've only about a sovereign, and I owe Fisher a couple of pounds myself, though, fortunately, he isn't dunning me for it yet. I advised Gardner to go down and see him, and try to persuade him to wait a bit longer, and he went just after tea. He hasn't come back yet, so I don't know what has happened; but supposing Fisher refuses to wait?"

"And he will," said Copley. "I know Joe Fisher. He never shirks unless he means it. If the money isn't paid by Wednesday, he'll split to the Head as sure as we're standing here."

and I owe Fisher a couple of pounds myself, though, fortunately, he isn't dunning me for it yet. I advised Gardner to go down and see him, and try to persuade him to wait a bit longer, and he went just after tea. He hasn't come back yet, so I don't know what has happened; but supposing Fisher refuses to wait?"

"And he will," said Copley. "I know Joe Fisher. He never shirks unless he means it. If the money isn't paid by Wednesday, he'll split to the Head as sure as we're standing here."

"And then?" said Trot.

Copley shrugged his shoulders. "Gardner will be expelled, of course," he said.

"Of course," said Trot. "But that isn't what I mean."

"What did you mean, then?"

"If Fisher goes to the Head," said Trot, "and tells him that Gardner has been betting with him, and won't pay up, what would the Head do? First of all, he'll send for Gardner, and ask him if there are any other fellows in the school who are in the habit of betting with Joe Fisher."

"Well?" said Copley, as Trot paused.

"Gardner is sure to be feeling pretty sick with you and me, because we wouldn't help him out of the mess," said Trot. "Out of spite, or revenge, or whatever you like to call it, he may tell the Head that we have been betting with him, and that if we don't stop we'll be expelled at the same time as Gardner."

"Oh, I don't think Gardner would play us a low-down trick like that," said Copley tentatively.

"Well, between you and me, I'm not so sure that he wouldn't," said Trot. "Anyhow, I'd rather not run the risk if it can be avoided. I've thought a lot about the matter since I spoke to him this afternoon, and I've come to the conclusion that, for our own sakes, we'll ought to help him out of the hole if we possibly can."

"You mean I can't," said Copley. "Honour bright, I haven't got five pounds!"

"How much have you?"

"I have plenty of my own shillings."

"And I've a sovereign," said Trot. "If we could raise another two pounds the trick would be done."

"But how on earth are we to raise two pounds between now and Wednesday?" asked Copley.

"I've got a scheme, if you're willing to back me up," said Trot. "You know Das?"

Dick started, for "Das" was the name by which was often known at St. Ninian's, a boy whose full name being, as the reader may remember, Chota Lal Nath Chandra Das.

"He has plenty of money," said Trot, in a meaning voice.

"So has J. D. Rockefeller, if it comes to that," said Copley flippantly. "But I don't see how—"

"Don't be so funny," said Trot. "Give me time to explain. My up, as you know, is at present travelling in India, and he writes me from him the other day, in which he says he met Das's mother at some function in Simla, and that she had written to him to ask me to cover that for his nephew and her son were at the same school."

"Wait a bit!" interrupted Trot. "My uncle told her I was a monitor, and a big pos at the school, and all that sort of thing, so she begged him when next he wrote to me to ask me to do what I could to help the brat, and make things pleasant for him."

"But what has all this to do with Gardner?" asked Copley.

"Well, what I thought was this," said Trot. "I might look up Das this evening, and tell him about my uncle's letter, and invite him to come round to my study for supper. After supper, you and Gardner might drop in, and he'd be bound to propose a game of nap. The trick would be too flattered to refuse if we asked him to join in, and by playing into each other's hands, we could get him to give us three pounds before bed-time. We could then lend Gardner enough to settle up with Fisher, and everything would be happy."

"Except Das!" said Copley, with a cynical

laugh. "However, he won't be the first junior we've floored, and I don't suppose he'll be the last."

"Then you approve of my scheme?" asked Trot.

"Yes," said Copley. "If you can persuade him to come to your study—and it won't be easy for Hamilton and Stratton to get their level best to keep him out of your clutches—I'm willing to play my part in the game. You'll see Gardner and all that."

"Hallo, there's the bell for call-over! Come along!"

The two young scoundrels left the room, and hurried down to the big dining-hall. As soon as their footsteps had died away Dick crawled from behind the couch, and followed their example.

He had forgotten all about the caricature now. His only thought was to tell his chums of the masterly plot he had overheard, and to warn Lal of the trap that was being prepared for him.

By that time Bob and Lal had returned to the school, and were in the hall, with Nipper and Wagstaffe, when Dick arrived. Needless to say, he had no chance to speak to them until call-over, when he slipped into their five chums reached their study. Dick had to wait until Bob had described how he and Bob had been the chief warder in the village, and how he had tried to give him the locket which had been found in the convict's stocking.

"There was a note from the governor with the locket," said Lal. "Here it is. As you see, he advises me to send the locket to the governor, and to give him the locket which had been found in the convict's stocking."

"There was a note from the governor with the locket," said Lal. "Here it is. As you see, he advises me to send the locket to the governor, and to give him the locket which had been found in the convict's stocking."

"Nipper alone expressed the opinion that the bank would be safer. The others were enthusiastic in their approval of Lal's idea, and after each of them had given his own views, the young Hindoo rolled back the edge of the carpet, prised up the loose end of the table-board, and slipped the locket underneath."

"And now for prep," said Nipper, getting up.

"Half a no!" said Dick. "I've something to tell you before we start prep."

He described the scene in Copley's study, and repeated the conversation which he had overheard. His voice vibrated with indignation and contempt, and his scorn was fully shared by Nipper and Wagstaffe. Lal merely chuckled softly to himself, and smiled a sarcastic smile.

"Beautiful!" he murmured. "The spiders are eating the web, and the larks are eating the hawk and the pigeon. Lovely, isn't it? Absolutely skerp-ump-shit!"

"They're no better than common card-shoppers! It makes one feel ashamed to be a student, to think that such ruffians are at the school! Just think what might have happened if Dick hadn't heard their dirty plot!"

"I don't think that such ruffians are at the school! Just think what might have happened if Dick hadn't heard their dirty plot!"

"Now, said Lal, with a hearty laugh, 'You won't go, of course?'"

"Forewarned is forearmed," said Bob. "I've already told you that. Forewarned is forearmed, and therefore, my beloved pals, I shall go like a lamb to the slaughter!"

"His four chums stared at him in mystified bewilderment."

"You don't mean that you'll accept Trot's invitation?" gasped Nipper.

"No," said Lal. "I wouldn't miss that card-party-to-night for twenty pounds! They're going to fleece me, are they? They're going to rook me of at least two pounds! Well, you'll see me no more!"

He rocked himself to and fro in a perfect transport of unholty joy.

"What's the idea?" demanded Nipper. "You've got something up your sleeve, I can see!"

"I shall have something up my sleeve to-night!" grinned Lal. "In fact, I shall have several things up my sleeve to-night, including one or two, and two or three kings!"

"Have you ever seen me juggle with cards?" he continued. "No! Of course you haven't! Neither has Trot! Neither has Copley! I shall be glad to give you a lesson, if at all, but they won't see me do it, but it will be done! And so will they! Oh, yes! They'll be in my card-playing to-night that they will astonish them!"

His chums burst into a chorus of gleeful shouts. At last they understood what he was driving at. He had already given them a few hair-raising examples of his ability as a conjurer, and he now proposed to employ this ability in the most cunning and subtle on his would-be "rookers."

"It's great—absolutely great!" chuckled Nipper. "I've never seen anything like that before. The loveliest spot I ever heard of!" said Dick.

"Of course, you won't keep any money you win!" said Bob.

Lal looked at him reproachfully. "What do you take me for?" he said, in an aggressive voice. "Copley and I have got our own money; but the cards deserve to be taught a lesson, and I mean to teach 'em one they will never forget!"

Whilst he had been speaking, Dick had opened a drawer and had fished out a printed card. It was a list of football fixtures, about the same size as the card which he had just shown to his chums.

"Show us how you make a card disappear up your sleeve," he said, "and how you bring it down again without being detected."

Lal held out his hand for the card, and the moment his fingers closed it, it disappeared.

"By Jove!" That was smartly done!" said Dick admiringly. "The card is up your sleeve now it is!"

Lal laughed, and shook his head. "No," he said, "it's in Wag's pocket!"

"What do you mean?" asked the cat boy. "He thrust his hand into his pocket, and the card was there!"

"I don't know," he better be getting on with prep," said Lal quietly.

The Card-Party.

IN accordance with the plan he had unfolded to Copley, Trot interviewed Lal at the end of prep, showed him his notes, and then invited him to come and have supper with him.

Lal, preoccupied by was greatly flattered, accepted the invitation, and followed Trot to his study. At the conclusion of the meal, Trot's face cleared away the supper things, and a moment or two later Copley and Gardner strove to enter the room.

Trot introduced Lal to the seniors; then he locked the door, and turned to the young boys.

"Copley and Gardner and I usually have a hand or two at cards before we go to bed," he said, with a look of approval at the card boy, the rules, of course; but then, as somebody once said, rules are only made to be broken. Will you play or won't you rather look on?"

"What do you play?" asked Lal.

"Nap, as a rule," said Trot.

"I'm afraid I don't know much about the game," said Lal.

"Oh, you'll soon pick it up!" said Trot. "It's very simple. You deal out five cards each, and then all the players have looked at their cards, the player on the left of the dealer calls out how many tricks he thinks he can win. For instance, he says 'Three,' and the second fellow calls out how many he thinks he can win. He can win all the tricks, he calls 'Nap.' If he thinks he can't win, he says 'Pass.'"

"That's all right," said Lal. "If he doesn't think he can win more tricks than the first chap called, he says 'Pass.' If he does, he says 'I'll take 'em.' The number he thinks he can win. For example, if the first chap called 'Three,' and the second fellow called 'Four,' the first says 'I'll take 'em.' It is then the next player's turn to call, and then the next, and so on round the table, till every player has either called or passed. Then the dealer deals out the cards, and the game is played one of his cards, and the others try to beat him. If he wins as many tricks as he called, the others have to pay whatever stake he has agreed on. If he fails to win as many tricks as he called, he has to pay the others. The cards are then shuffled and dealt out afresh hand, and the same process is repeated."

"It sounds a bit complicated," said Lal, but I dare say I shall soon get into it."

"Then you'll play?" said Trot eagerly.

Lal nodded, and, without any further parley, the five boys seated themselves at the table, Lal having Copley on his left, and Trot on his right, and Gardner on the opposite side.

"Where shall the stakes be?" asked Trot, as he shuffled the cards—"threepence a trick, with half-a-crown for nap if you get it, and eightpence for a fresh hand, and the same process is repeated."

"I'm willing," said Copley and Gardner, in the same breath.

"I'll take 'em," said Lal. "I'll take 'em," said Trot. "Lowest deal."

He spread out the pack on the table, and each boy drew his cards. Lal happened to draw the lowest—it was an ace, and he was quietly "palmed," and afterwards slipped up his sleeve—and the cards were accordingly handed to him to shuffle and deal.

The three seniors winked at each other, as they noted the clumsy and apparently inexperienced way in which he shuffled the cards. Little did they guess that whilst he was fumbling with the cards, and occasionally dropping one on the floor, he was skillfully arranging in his hand the cards which he was to deal.

"You've shuffled 'em enough now," said Copley presently. "Give 'em to Trot to cut."

Lal pushed the pack in front of Trot, who divided it into two heaps, and then laid a duty to join the heaps together by placing the lower half of the pack on the top of what had previously been the upper half. He did this, of course, would have disturbed the order in which he had arranged the cards; so when he joined the two heaps together, he took the end of his thumb between them; and then, by "making the pass"—a trick well known to conjurers and sleight-of-hand men—he was enabled to restore the cards to their former order.

"Now deal out five apiece, beginning with me," said Copley.

Lal dealt the cards, and the four boys picked up their hands and examined them.

"I've a pair of aces," said Copley, whose hand was composed of four twos and a three!

"Pass!" grunted Gardner, who had three threes and two fours.

"I've a pair of aces," said Copley, who had two aces and three fives.

"Dear me!" roared Lal, in a voice of childlike astonishment. "How awfully rotten! How do you fellows must have! I've got rather a good hand. At least, I think it's rather good; but perhaps I don't understand the game. However,

THE FIGHTING FIFTH.

(Continued from the previous page.)

I think I'll risk—let me see—yes, nothing venture, nothing gain! I'll go nap. Do I play my cards one at a time, or all together?

One at a time," said Troit. "Of course, if you have five cards in your hand, you can lay all your cards down at once.

"Like that, do you mean?" said Lal, laying down his cards, and showing the ace, king, queen, and knave, and ten of diamonds. "Are those what you call five certain tricks?"

The three confederates exchanged disgusted glances. "Yes, that's good enough for nap," growled Troit. "That's half-a-crown apiece we owe you."

He pushed his stake across to Lal, and Gardner and Copley followed suit. Lal then continued to place his cards on the table, but instead of doing so, he palmed them, and added them to the cards already in his sleeve.

"Your call now, Gardner," said Troit, when the cards had been shuffled and dealt afresh. "How many are you going?"

"Pass," said Troit. "Pass," said Copley.

"It's Das to call before you. Are you passing, too, Das?"

"I don't think I ought to," said Lal. "It seems to me that it would be better to pass at once, good like this, of course, don't know much about the game, but—well—really, don't you know, I think I'll go nap again."

"Nap again?" said Lal. "Yes," said Lal. And he laid down on the table the ace, king, queen, and knave of clubs, and the ten of diamonds.

As he uttered something under his breath which evoked a warning "Sh!" from Troit, Gardner glared at Lal as though he meditated striking him.

"Yes, that's nap again!" said Troit. "What luck you have! That's another half-crown apiece we owe you."

"I like this game!" murmured Lal, as he picked up the money and added it to his former winnings, which he had palmed in the game.

"I do," said Troit. "That makes fifteen shillings I've won in less than five minutes! Who deals now?"

"I do," said Gardner, gathering up the cards, and not perceiving that Lal had palmed his cards again.

He shuffled the cards and dealt them. As soon as Copley picked up his hand, he shot a triumphant glance at Troit, and favoured Gardner with a complacent wink. At last he had a really good hand.

"A certain nap, if Troit and Gardner only back me up!" he muttered to himself.

"How then, if you call now?" he said aloud. "How many are you going?"

"Two, at a venture!" said Troit. "And you, Das?" said Copley. "Do you pass?"

Lal glanced up from his cards and surveyed his fellow-players with a bland and engaging smile.

"This is most remarkable!" he said. "I'm quite ashamed of my extraordinary luck; but—being so really, I can't deal them. No!"

Copley nearly had a fit. Gardner gazed at Lal in blank dismay. Troit groaned aloud.

"Nap again!" he gasped. "Well, I think I'll go nap," said Lal sweetly. "I shall lay my cards down on the table."

"No!" roared Copley. "I'll go Blucher!" "Blucher?" said Lal innocently. "Whatever is that?"

"He means," said Troit, "that he'll go nap himself and double the stakes. That is to say, himself and double the stakes. That is to say, himself and double the stakes we'll have to pay him five shillings each, instead of half-a-crown; and if he loses, he'll have to pay us three bob apiece."

"Well, can't I double the stakes again, and go nap myself?" asked Lal.

"Yes," said Troit, somewhat reluctantly. "That's what we call going Wellington."

"But you won't go Wellington, of course," said Gardner anxiously. "I have eight shillings to fork out between the three of us."

"And if I win?" said Lal. "You'll have to pay you ten shillings each," said Gardner.

"Then I'll go Wellington," said Lal calmly. "Can anybody go anything higher, than that? Then here are my cards—ace, king, queen, knave, and ten of spades! I don't know much about the game," he added, with a knowing smile, "but I've a sort of notion that nobody will be able to beat that little lot. How much did you say you had to pay me—ten shillings each?"

shillings to pay his debt to Lal, the cards were shuffled and dealt again. "Now, Das, it's your first call this time," said Troit. "How many are you going? Not nap again, I hope!"

"Yes," said Lal; "nap again. And if anybody goes Blucher, I'll go Wellington!"

Copley flung down his cards in a frenzy of rage, and once more leaped to his feet. "He's cheating!" he cried.

"Cheating? Nobody could have such luck as that unless he were cheating!"

"Quite true," said Lal calmly. "I've been cheating all the time."

If a bombshell had exploded in the room it could hardly have created a greater sensation. "You—you're lewis cheating!" gasped Troit.

"All the time!" said Lal. "See!"

He shook his arm over the table, and a shower of cards fluttered out of his sleeves.

Ere his three companions had time to recover from their stupefaction he rose to his feet and confronted them, with flashing eyes and quivering nostrils.

"I'll give you a tip," he said, in accents of biting scorn. "The next time you're laid up for money, try pocket-picking, for a change."

He picked up the cards with one hand, and half-way down the corridor before they realized that he had gone.

As the scheme for "rooking" Lal had ignominiously failed, and as no other method of raising the money presented itself, Gardner had no alternative but to resort to his original plan of interviewing

Joe Fisher and trying to persuade him to wait a little longer for his five-pounds-ten. At the reader may remember, he had told the bookmaker's wife that he would call again about six o'clock on Tuesday evening. About half-past five, therefore, after swallowing a hasty tea, he donned his cap and overcoat and set out for the Black Lion.

Shortly after leaving the school he espied a lady strolling, stumping along the moonlight road, about twenty yards ahead. Gardner recognised him at a glance. It was Sergeant Quiggin, the retired Army veteran who had labored such a prominent part at the meeting in the Mechanics' Institute.

"Good-evening, sir," said the sergeant, when Gardner overtook him. "Rather better weather, isn't it?"

"Yes," granted Gardner, who was not in a conversational mood.

He made as if he would pass the sergeant, but the latter was not to be shaken off in that summary fashion.

"I hope it'll be as fine as this to-morrow," he said, quickening his pace. "We're 'oldin' an open-air meetin' in the market-place to-morrow, you know."

"Who?" asked Gardner. "Me and Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Boswell," said the sergeant, swelling with importance.

"You know of course, as Mr. Boswell is standing" for the County Council, and Dr. Stuart-Uwinn, that warm at the Grammar School, is opposin' 'im."

"Now you mention it," said Gardner, "I did hear something about it. But I don't take any interest in politics."

"Aven't you seen Mr. Boswell's election address?" asked the sergeant.

"No," said Gardner. "And I don't want to be added, under his breath."

"It's gorgeous!" said the sergeant enthusiastically.

Suddenly he let out a roar of fury which well-nigh startled Gardner out of his senses.

Whilst the sergeant had been speaking, they had turned the corner into the road which ran down to the village. On the left-hand side of this road, just round the corner, were two or three farm-buildings, including a barn.

The end of this barn, which abutted on the road, was plastered with advertisements.

Amongst them, about ten or twelve feet from the ground, was a large copy of Mr. Boswell's election address, which Sergeant Quiggin himself had posted up there very afternoon. And

the first thing the sergeant saw when he turned the corner, was a bill-sticker in the act of covering up the poster with a large yellow sheet which was written in big black letters, "Vote for Stuart-Uwinn!"

The bill-sticker, who was mounted on a ladder, turned his head when he heard the sergeant's roar, and grinned from ear to ear.

The sergeant stamped across the road, quivering with rage. "Pull that bill off!" he roared, shaking his fist at the grinning bill-sticker.

The bill-sticker dipped his brush into the bucket, and raised it in an arrogant way, as if from one of the upper rungs of the ladder.

"Go away!" he murmured, shaking the brush and sprinkling the sergeant with a shower of paste. "Go away, little boy! I'm lousy!"

"Come down!" yelled the sergeant, dancing with rage. "Come down, an' let me wipe the floor with you!"

"If yer want me, come up an' fetch me!" retorted the sticker, turning round on the ladder and brandishing his brush.

Sergeant Quiggin, having only one leg, was unable, of course, to accept this invitation.

Young and old, with both hands and gave it a violent shake. His intention, no doubt, was to compel the bill-sticker to accept any suggestion of delay.

As the bucket was being shaken, with a shaking was to dislodge the bucket, which gracefully canted over and deluged him from head to foot with slimy paste.

Following like a bull, the infuriated sergeant made a desperate attempt to mount the ladder. His wooden legs, however, were of no use, and he was struggling to regain his foothold the ladder slid sideways along the wall, and the next instant he was lying on his back, with the bucket on his head.

What happened after that Gardner did not want to say. Laughing heartily, in spite of his repeated attempts to get up the village, and presently reached the Black Lion.

Joe Fisher was at home, and interviewed Gardner in the little room at the back of the public-house, which was long and narrow and very gery. There is no need to describe the interview. It is enough to say that the bookmaker repeated the same story as he had told the sergeant.

"I've waited for my money long enough; was his ultimatum. "I can't live on promises, and Gardner had to get up the ladder to-morrow night 10s to Dr. Shuttleworth."

It was in vain that Gardner pleaded for more time, and offered to pay an exorbitant rate of interest.

At half-past six, half crazy with despair, Gardner left the Black Lion and set out to return to St. Andrew's, and in the street he was overtaken and accosted by a tall, thin man, in a fur-lined coat, with sandy hair and a foxen moustache.

It was Otto Reinrich. He had been in the Black Lion when Gardner had arrived, and through the half-open door of the snugery he had overheard the whole of the conversation between Gardner and Fisher.

"Pardon me, may I have a word or two to speak to you?" he said, when he caught up to Gardner.

Gardner eyed him somewhat coldly. "You have the advantage of me, sir," he said stiffly. "I do not remember to have met you before."

"We have never met before, so far as I know," said Reinrich. "But was in the Black Lion just now, and I—well, I couldn't help hearing something of what took place between yourself and the landlord."

Gardner started, but his legs were so weak that he thought perhaps I might be of some assistance to you," added Reinrich, before Gardner could speak.

If I understand the situation aright," continued the German, "you have been betting with Mr. Fisher, and owe him five-pounds-ten. You have asked him to give you the odd 10s, as you haven't the money at present, but he declares that he will appeal to your headmaster if the money is not paid by to-morrow night. Is that so?"

"Yes," said Gardner, in a low voice. "It will be a very serious matter for you, I suppose, if your headmaster learns that you have been betting?"

"I shall be ruined," said Gardner bitterly. "It is not a matter of 10s, but of 100s, to which there is no exception—that is, my wife, who found guilty of betting is instantly expelled."

And is there no hope of your being able to find the money before to-morrow night?" asked Reinrich.

"Not the slightest," said Gardner. "Then I will find it for you," said Reinrich. "I will lend you the 10s, and you can pay me back whenever it is convenient."

Gardner could hardly believe his ears. For a moment he gazed at the German in speechless amazement.

"You, a perfect stranger, will lend me five pounds ten?" he said, in an incredulous voice. "I will," said Reinrich.

"Oh, how can I ever thank you!" cried Gardner, seizing the German's hand, and struggling hard to keep back the tears of relief and gratitude that welled up into his eyes.

"Don't thank me yet," said Reinrich, in a meaning voice. "Wait until you have heard my conditions to-morrow night."

At the word "conditions" Gardner's face fell. "Your conditions?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

(To be continued on Saturday next.)



Foaming at the mouth, Sergeant Quiggin seized the ladder and gave it a violent shake. Immediately the bucket was dislodged, and he was deluged from head to foot with slimy paste.

"GETTING HIS OWN BUCK!"



A COMPLETE
ATHLETIC STORY
BY A.S. HARDY

As they reached the ninth hurdle Gridley uttered a curse that was heard and lay still. He had run himself right out.

The Sports Ground at Kendleton—Hurdle and Jumping Practice—Gridley Receives a Shock—The Letter—A Mean Trick—The Snake in the Grass.

BY George! Can't young Randle shift!

Philip Askew, captain of the school, opened his eyes wide with surprise as he stood in the playing-fields attached to Kendleton College and watched a youngster practising over the hurdles which had been set up upon the grass plot that was controlled by the quarter-mile cinder-track, upon which to-morrow's races were to be run.

Jack Randle, a finely-built young athlete who had only done fair work in the field events as a junior in previous years, now promised to make it very warm for the best of the seniors; and the way in which he cleared the hurdles, with his knees and legs drawn up in orthodox style, and his body just topping the timber by a few inches only, to say nothing of his expert three strides in between each obstacle, as he ran the full course of 120 yards without a fault, springing in to the finish like lightning, showed he would be hard to beat, and as he watched the youth Philip Askew's face grew radiant with delight.

"Gridley," he said, addressing a tall, well-built, swarthy, and rather surly-looking senior who stood at his side. "I don't think you will have it all your own way to-morrow. Young Randle has been lying low, and doing all his practice on the quiet, exactly as his brother Archie would have thought he could hurdle like that? You know how much practice it requires before you can top all your timber clean as a whistle, with never a falter in your stride?"

"I reckoned you were going to win the prize given to the crack athlete of the school in the field events in the long jump. These were events in which you seemed certain of both. Then, if Manning beats you in the mile, and I take the quarter, as I think I may, and Ambrose collars the half, in which either you or I ought to finish second, it will be a mighty close call."

"Manning will win the four miles, the hammer, and perhaps the weight, too; whilst Ambrose will win the high jump. It's a mean proposition, if you could have won the hurdles and the long jump, the seconds in the other events would have done the trick for you. You were runner-up in the mile when Randle senior went down. It seems you'll fail in your ambition again, after all, Gridley, as this is your last term. I'm deuced sorry, son."

Gridley smiled. It was a rare, artificial, treacherous smile, and it but ill-disguised the graveness, crafty, selfish, mean nature of the man.

His feelings as he watched young Randle, who seemed that all the boys might put him second-best athlete of the school for that year instead of first, were of a complex character. Envy, rage, hatred, jealousy all had their part.

form before? He—Gridley—then could have taken more care over his preparation. He had looked upon the long jump and the hurdles as his, however.

How was he to guess that since last year Randle, who had then done badly in the junior events, would improve out of all recognition? "It's his brother, Harry Randle, has put him up to all this," muttered Gridley angrily. "He's been coaching him during the holidays, and taught him all his own cunning at hurdling and jumping."

"Well, I don't see any reason why he should," said the captain quickly. "Hang it all, Jack's his own brother, and it's a pity if a man can't show fraternal affection sometimes. I know you haven't much of it to spare, Gridley."

This was a home-thrust at Gridley, whose younger brother had come to the college that term, and had been promptly seized upon by the surly Gridley, and converted into his foe.

The two scarcely ever spoke to each other, and there were strange rumours about that Gridley bullied his younger brother as no other fag in the school had ever been bullied since the foundation-stone was laid.

"To-morrow's sports are not over yet!" he said, with a bitter smile. "Much may happen, and that young as Randle will tire himself out and be as stiff as blazes if he goes on showing off like that much longer."

Jack Randle was at long-jump practice now, and his first attempt was a very fine one, looking, as far as Philip Askew could judge from that distance, to be something in the nature of a school record. Anyway, Askew, who was no mean long-jumper himself, reckoned that he could not have got the distance, no matter how he tried.

He hurried down to see the jump measured, and Gridley, with an added sense of fear in his heart, muttered an oath as he strode off in the direction of the schoolhouse.

Why should these Randles always be crossing his path, he wondered, and upsetting his plans?

If only he could put it out of Jack Randle's power to take part in the sports to-morrow, the hurdles and the long jump would be a certainty for him. But there was nothing likely to happen.

To be beaten by young Randle in the events that he had looked upon as absolute certainties for him was a thought that caused him unquiet agony. He hated the Randles as he had never hated anyone else in his life. He had tried to force young Randle to fag for him in his school days, and he had hated the fagging, and the hiding that Harry Randle had administered to him in the desperate fight in the Fives Court, in consequence still lingering in his memory as the bitterest experience of his college days.

The prestige that he had lost over that defeat had never quite been restored, though he had had an easier time since Randle senior went down. Gridley always wanted to be better than his brother.

Whether he achieved the position by fair means or foul was immaterial to him. His

father had brought him up to look upon success, no matter how achieved, or how unprincipled the methods were that brought it about, to be the one great object of existence. He must be crack athlete of the school before he left, or he would have nothing to get or brag about when he left, for he was not clever enough or industrious enough to make any mark in his studies. Philip Askew would come out top of the school there.

"Hang the brute!" muttered the bully, for bully Gridley was like all other unscrupulous men. "I've got to beat Randle somehow."

He entered the schoolhouse, and at once almost ran into the arms of Jenkins, the odd man, who was sorting a whole budget of letters just arrived by the post prior to placing them in the letter rack.

"I've got to beat Randle somehow," asked Gridley.

"No, sir," answered the odd man sourly, for he did not like the big, blustering, conceited schoolboy.

Jenkins had a blue envelope of unusual shape in his hand now.

"That's for young Randle, isn't it?" asked Gridley, his eyes lighting up with a cunning expression.

"Yes, Mr. Gridley."

"All right; give it me. I'm going out to the playgrounds at once. He told me he was expecting an important letter from home. I'll give it him now."

The odd man looked at the Upper Third Form boy for a moment in doubt, then gave him the letter. Gridley walked away whistling, but he had no sooner got outside the schoolhouse, and also out of Jenkins's sight than he walked rapidly round the building, through the smaller door that led to his own set of rooms, and was soon inside them.

"It's from Randle, senior," he muttered, looking at the letter. "I expect he's got something to say to the youngster about to-morrow's sports. I'd like to know what it is."

Gridley was not the kind of youth to resist any sort of temptation, and after casting his conscience by degrees he presently lit the little gas-stove over which his meals were prepared, and placed upon it a kettle full of water.

In a few minutes the steam issued from the spout, and by this time the cover of the envelope open. Then he carried his prize to the window, and began to devour the contents. The news of the nature to surprise him.

"My dear old Jack," the late captain of Kendleton said—"To-morrow you will be doing your best to win the hurdles and the long jump, and uphold the prestige of our name at the old school. I know, old man, from what you have told me, and what I saw of your improvement in hurdling and jumping when you were home last term, that you won't go far short of winning; but I should like to see you upon the value of never under-rating your opponents, which Gridley is sure to do. (Gridley's face paled with anger as he realized the absolute truth of this.) You are going to win, dear old Jack, for my sake, and the pater's, for you know how keen he is on you doing well, for your name's sake."

Here followed three pages of news about home and domestic matters, and much talk on Harry's part about himself.

"And now, my dear old man," Randle senior went on, as the letter approached its finish, "I should like you to run over in the morning, before the sports are held, there being no school that day, and give the little note I enclose to Mary Boyle. She is expecting it, and she wants it to go through the post, because her mother has a dislike for me, thanks to Gridley, and might get a shoultin' marry her if we are still of the same mind. I know she loves me."

"It's not quite a schoolboy topic I am on now, because you are too young to think about girls yet, but I know you will sympathize with me, old man. Go by the short cut through the wood, where we used to trespass in the days when I was at Kendleton. When you get to the old gamekeeper's shed, go into it, and in the right-hand corner, from the door, you will find a loose piece of board in the flooring. Raise it up, and put the letter beneath. That is how I used to get my notes to Mary in the old days."

"You can cover the board over with litter when you have put the letter there. She'll get it right enough. I know I can trust you to do this, Jack. Take care that young cub of a brother of hers doesn't see you. Here's a sneak, and a toady of Gridley's! He'd find the letter and tear it up. God bless you, old man, and send you do your best to-morrow. We're all in the best of health and spirits at home."

Then came Harry Randle's loving signature. Gridley folded the letter up, put the note intended for Mary Boyle inside, and refastened the envelope. Then he remained with his arms folded, for a time in gloomy thought.

Gridley had always been very fond of Mary Boyle herself, and he hated Randle the more because he had been and was preferred by her. He was wondering now how he could injure both Harry and Jack. He would like to prevent her getting the letter, but Jack Randle and the sports to-morrow for the moment worried him most. Of a sudden, however, a brilliant idea occurred to him. He went to his desk, took out a paper and envelope, pen and ink, and for some minutes wrote feverishly.

His letter finished, he addressed it to Archie Boyle, the First, Kendleton, and fixed a stamp on it. This envelope he carried to the school post-box, and dropped it in.

"Now," he muttered, "if Archie only gets that, and writes me all him—and I should think he'd have the pluck to, seeing how he hates Jack—the youngster won't have the chance of having it, from your old pater. I think that will punish him more than anything else could do. And Archie will see that Mary doesn't get her letter."

And he decided he thought of the trick that would be played on Jack Randle, he then made his way towards the sports ground, and met the young pater and his old pater.

"It's just come," he said. "I got it from Jenkins, and brought it to you, thinking you'd like to have it, from your old pater, and he doubtless has a lot to say about your running to-morrow."

Jack Randle looked at Gridley in surprise.



THE SCHOOL ON THE CLIFF.

A Magnificent New Story of Stirring Adventure.

By E. HARCOURT BURRAGE.

THESE ARE THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THIS FINE NEW STORY

- JACK JAUNTY**, a lad of unknown parentage, who, as a baby, was cast up on the shores of an island off the village of Sternacra.
- THE STRANGER**, a curious character who resides alone on an island called the Bowl. He it was that rescued Jack Jaunty from a watery grave. Fourteen years have since passed away.
- BOB BAXTER**, an old fisherman, in whose charge the Stranger put Jack Jaunty until he was old enough to be sent to the School on the Cliff at Sternacra. That is where we find him now.
- PETER PINNICK**, a morose, unattractive fisherman, who nurses an insistent grievance against the Stranger and against Jack Jaunty.
- DAN CALLIS, AARON DOWNEY, GERARD INGLIS, NICKY and HOPKINS**, pupils at the School on the Cliff.

Our story opens on a warm sunny day. Dan Callis, a pupil of the School on the Cliff, and a bully, is daring another lad, Gerard Inglis by name, to descend the Squall's Cliff. Jack warns him not to do so, but a little later he is discovered on a ledge half-way down the face of the cliff invisible. From this perilous position he is rescued by Jack Jaunty. A stranger arrives at Sternacra that afternoon, and picking up an acquaintance with Peter Pinnick, a surly fisherman, questions him about Jack Jaunty. Peter is obliged against his will to tell the man all he knows. Meanwhile, Jack is left for by the Stranger who informs him that he has decided to ask all the boys within school limits to give up their desks in the Bowl Island. On his return to the school Jack has an audience with the Stranger concerning Gerard Inglis's narrow escape. Dan walks away, muttering threats of vengeance.

(Now read this week's installment.)

THE 5th CHAPTER. Prospect of a Happy Day—Mr. Ferrula Distinguishes Himself as an Oarsman.

"THE request of your friend and benefactor," said the Stranger to Bonnington as an enigma, "has quite taken me by surprise. The only fear I have in the matter is that the boys will not behave themselves as they cross the sea."

"Oh, I should allow them to go!" said Mrs. Bonnington.

"The schoolmaster was a heavily-built man of his age, eyes countenance," such as Carson loved. His acknowledged weight was fourteen stone.

Mrs. Bonnington was both stout and spare, and scaled something like half the weight of her husband.

One of the chief characteristics of the schoolmaster was affected stoniness. He liked to play the part of a man of adamant nature, whom nothing could move, and who was deaf to such people. But those that lived in the houses knew that Mrs. Bonnington could, with the aid of a domestic servant, do just what she liked with Jack.

Jack had sought the headmaster in his study, and was glad to find Mrs. Bonnington there. He was more than glad to find the view she took of the invitation.

"No," said Mr. Bonnington sternly; "I don't think I can let these Bonnington to Jack Jaunty," he said quite a party go. "It would be too risky. Suppose, now, both boys should get upset, then I lose my whole school in one swoop."

"Oh, what nonsense!" said his wife. "If the day is calm, what risks can there be?"

"You think not, my dear."

"Well, ask yourself, as a man, if there can be any danger?"

"Jaunty," said Mr. Bonnington, turning to Jack, "on matters of reflection, I think that the invitation so liberally sent by the amiable gentleman who loves solitude is a discreet one, and may be accepted by me. Convey to him my thanks, and say that next Thursday, if all things are well, the boys shall visit the Bowl."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack. "I am sure they will all be delighted."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Bonnington drily; "just as they would if we gave them leave to let off some fireworks in a powder factory."

Jack, seeing a possible change of front on the part of the lady, hurriedly took his leave, and climbed the rocks in a panic, informing the boys that they had leave to go.

Mr. Redditch had heard of the invitation and proposed it. Mr. Ferrula was of opinion that it ought to be accepted. The ideas of the tutors on most subjects diverged.

"And, what is more," said Mr. Ferrula, "we ought to go with them!"

But here disappointment stepped in. Jack, being advised, informed Mr. Ferrula that the tutors were not included, which excited that gentleman's ire, and he announced his intention of going, whether invited or not.

"The school will be in a perfect riot," he said to Redditch, "unless the eye of authority is on them."

"And do you think you have that eye?" drily asked the other.

"I hope and believe so."

A short laugh was the only rejoinder. There was not much in it, save in its tone, which meant a good deal.

"Matters will come to a head one day between that man and me!" muttered Ferrula, as he walked away. "The world is not big enough for two men so bitterly opposed to each other. I hope it will not lead to anything serious."

Ferrula was as harmless as a bluebottle; he buzzed much, but he stung very little. An encounter between the rival tutors was as yet far below the horizon.

Mr. Terrapin did not stop long at Sternacra. The following day he disappeared, and Jack saw no more of him just then. He left no clue as to the place he went to. Jack made a few notes for the subject for the benefit of the Stranger, but could learn nothing.

Bob Baxter was very bitter when speaking of him and with good reason, too.

"He got hot when he had beer of mine," he said, "and sent him home drunk. Jim's going fast enough to ruin without any help. When we met and he had done so Mr. Ferrula held of strange names correctly—'meet again as one of us will want a little medicated assistance'—"

"It was, no doubt, a shameful thing to do. In any case, it would have been an outrage, in a mainly serene Jim Baxter was an utter young blackguard, vice— and out of his father's hearing it was often said by the simple folk that he was a rascal."

Mr. Terrapin must have had some object in giving the boy drink, but what it was, Bob Baxter could not tell. Possibly we shall hear all about it by-and-by.

Thursday came round quickly, and the weather was very promising. Early in the morning a light mist rested on the sea; by eight o'clock the sun had dispersed it.

The ordinary way, a fine day is, under these circumstances, assured, and Jack, who went to see Bob directly after breakfast, to help him to get his boat ready, said how jolly it was.

"It won't rain this morning, said Bob, "nor in the afternoon; and I won't wager against summer moist in the evening. The sun came up a bit too late this morning, said Bob.

"We mustn't be too particular, Bob," said Jack.

"You needn't be!" retorted Bob, "but we fishing chaps have to calculate everything to a nicety. That 'ere boy o' mine's gone!"

"Not for good," said Bob; "but off with Peter Pinnick to the Blue Rocks for whiting. They ain't coming back till the evening; I'm a bit nervous about him."

"Oh, he won't be drowned!" said Jack hopefully.

"He was," said Bob, lowering his voice. "I'd never forgive myself for all the hard things he's drawn out of me. What would I give to see him a good son!"

"Perhaps he will be some day."

"Heaven only knows!" sighed Bob.

If the time finally settled for going to the Bowl, as per message, then Bob was ten o'clock, and quite an hour before that time all the boys were on the beach. Mr. and Mrs. Bonnington were sitting on the beach, and the inhabitants who had nothing else to do. Mr. Ferrula had modified his original declaration of going with the boys, and now announced that he intended to run over to the Seaween when she came over, and point out to its owner the probability of his having someone "in authority" to control the boys.

For this purpose, which nobody objected to, knowing how it would end, Bob had kindly lent the tutor a class of boat which is about as broad as it is long, and in inexperienced hands is peculiarly adapted to produce ridicule and possible disaster.

As soon as the boys began to embark, Mr. Ferrula started in his coble, intending to row straight to the Seaween. He got a few yards from the shore, and then the outgoing tide got him in its clutches and bore him away in a westerly direction. He pulled hard with the left, and a mere farze of brought the head, which is very like the tail—of his bark towards the shore.

He had now entered upon a series of gyrations which defied all observers on shore, and

continued them until the boys were on board and were sailing towards the Bowl.

Mr. Redditch, who had observed the performance of his brother tutor with an edified smile, was now addressed by Mr. Bonnington.

"What is Ferrula doing?" he asked.

"He thinks it is his duty to go with the boys, so that there may be somebody in authority with them on the island," was the answer.

"What nonsense!" said the schoolmaster. "I have every confidence in the boys, and their boat also. Mr. Ferrula!"

"Sir," cried the tutor.

"Come back this instant. You know nothing about managing a boat!"

"A very well sir."

Mr. Ferrula tried to pull ashore, and in doing so turned the coble round again. The tide had now fairly caught it, and he began to glide seaward with tolerable rapidity.

"He must have assistance," said Mr. Bonnington. And he appealed to some of the fishermen near to go to the tutor's assistance. Some of the men pleaded that they had to mend their nets, others said "their boats were leaking," but on being offered a reward half a dozen proceeded to launch a craft. Their faces were all on the grin, which may, in a degree, account for the time it took to get their boat into the sea. By the time they had done so Mr. Ferrula was a quarter of a mile from the shore, pulling frantically, catching cabs, and making a regular toe-totum of his boat.

Then, when the craft was afloat, the men did not start at once. They wrangled among themselves as to where they should sit. They all wanted to be stroke oar, and nobody was inclined to steer. At length, however, they got under way, and, to all appearance pulling with might and main, went in pursuit of the happy tutor in the coble. The rescuing boat, however, made very little headway, while the fishermen on shore accounted for as the result of the contrariety of the tide.

To all appearances there was a prospect of Mr. Ferrula's drifting right away to sea, and being lost for ever.

"Of all the absurdities ever perpetrated by man," said Mr. Bonnington, "this trick of Ferrula is the most ridiculous."

"It will teach the goose a lesson," said Mrs. Bonnington, "if he drifts right away to the

Continent, or gets picked up by some ship bound for India. I hope, for his sake, that it is so."

"Oh, nothing less than being tossed by a whale will upset the coble!" said Mr. Bonnington.

Shambles, the constabularian, now appeared on the scene with his telescope, which he lent to the schoolmaster, who focused it on the coble and reported the condition of its occupants.

"He has pumped himself clean out," he said, "and has lost both oars in the sea. The coble is carrying him away, and unless our friends row with more speed he is a lost man."

THE 6th CHAPTER. Mr. Ferrula's Bath—A Morning Bath—An Enemy in the Cave.

MEANWHILE, the boys, who had paid little or no heed to the movements of their tutor, being occupied in jocosely chatter about what they would do on the island, had been carried across the neck of sea, and the anchor dropped.

In two boats they were borne in parties to the shore, and landed without a mishap. The majority of them had previously seen little or nothing of the voluntary exile, and hitherto he had been to them a man of mystery. Now they began to wonder what there was mysterious about him. A more genial, frank, hearty man none of them could desire to meet.

Even Callis, as insensible to kindness as a boy can well be, was drawn towards him by the magnet which has for its secret power love and goodwill; and he was for the time more like the general run of boys that he usually was. On assembling ashore, the Stranger addressed them in a few simple words that went home to the hearts of all.

"Boys," he said, "you are here to-day to enjoy yourselves, and I hope that one and all will have a jolly time of it. I shall leave you now to run about for an hour or so, and if any of you fancy a swim, I recommend the point yonder, where the two rocks stand out so prominently. It is sheltered, and the beach slopes down, so you will not be running any great risks. I shall summon you all back with the blast of a horn."

It was a warm day, and the desire to have a dip in the sea was pretty general. All could swim a little, as natation was part of their school training, and there was just chance of them getting into trouble. The two rocks were about half a mile off, and just there the rugged cliffs were high and honeycombed with caves, which, the Stranger longingly explained, might be haunted by grotesque gnomes.

"I don't know," he said, "for I never look into them now. I explored them when I lived here, and found very little to interest me."

Away went the boys, scampering along the sands and over the rocks. Jack Jaunty was accompanied by Gerard Inglis and Nicky Hopkins—the latter as lively as a bluebottle.

(Continued on the next page.)



With a strength that was but the temporary outcome of his excitement, Gerard lifted Jack out and laid him on the floor of the cave.

The School on the Cliff.

(Continued from the previous page.)

and much given to falling over any impediment, big or little, that came in his way.

Nickey was one of these boys who took things as they came, such as his share of the world. He lived to be a man he would become one of those cheerful philosophers who find in every turn of the wheel something to smile at, and in every misfortune something to bear with resignation.

After his fifth tumble, Jack took occasion to remark to his friends, "Why don't you go along more steadily," he said. "Or is it your intention to notch the passing minutes on your shins and elbows as the grass grows recorded the successive days on a post?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Nickey. "A fellow must get to know the value of his time, and is it jolly? The Devil is a regular parasite; and isn't the Stranger a brick?"

"He has a heart of gold," said Jack, with a slight grin. "God bless him! I shall never be able to repay him for all his kindness to me."

"I am sure he can't expect it," said Gerard.

"No," returned Jack; "but that doesn't excuse me from the obligation."

The place pointed out by the Stranger as suitable for bathing was just such a spot-as boys could not fail to revel in. The beach was very level, and the rocks were a sort of ornamentalized rocks sticking out of the water to climp up and take headers from. A general opinion was that it was the best place for a half their number were tumbling about like young porpoises in the briny.

Jack did not immediately address, for he was busy with his cave, attracted by his attention. Drawing back from his fellows, he peeped into several of the latter. For the most part they were not so great as the others, with a few small stones and the seaweed left there when the tides ran in exceptionally high.

In a few minutes he came to one which promised to remove the water, it penetrated the cliff to a considerable distance, for the interior looked as black as night; and what astonished Jack especially was the fact that there were footmarks, apparently of recent date, at the mouth of it.

Now the Stranger had said that he had not of late visited the caves, so the footmarks could not be his. Nor could they be Bob Baxter's, for that worthy fisherman did not pay long visits to the island, and never by his clamor roamed about it. Who, then, was accountable for these indications of the presence of man?

Jack stood for a few moments at the mouth of the cave, endeavouring to solve the problem, and finding no solution to it. Then, suddenly raising his eyes and piercing them in the dark interior of the gloom, Jack's heart fairly skipped within him, just as your might have done, Gerard, but in a different alarm.

"Who is there?" he cried.

No answer was vouchsafed him, so he boldly stepped into the cave, and in a few minutes he was grasped by the collar of his jacket.

"Silence!" was hissed in his ears; and then he was led to the cave.

"Peter Pinnick!" he exclaimed.

"Will you keep quiet, or do you want me to shout?" was the answer. "Come in here, will you?"

He was jerked forward, and before he could do anything to defend himself he was seized, and a heavy hand placed over his mouth.

"You've got to keep quiet," said Peter, in a low, thrilling tone, "or, as I'm living, I'll put you to the island, and never by my clamor will I ever tell anyone you've seen me here. I'll take the shutting of both eyes for an answer." Keep your mouth shut, or you'll be sorry for it."

Jack was determined that no promise of the nature demanded should be extracted from him.

"Will you do it?" asked Peter.

Jack made no answer.

"Here, you Jim Baxter," said Peter softly, "what are you standing behind there for? Come forward and assist us some tow to make a gap for him."

In response to this request, distrustful Jim

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came stumbling out of the gloom, bearing a length of rope in his hand. Obeying the directions of Peter Pinnick, he cut off a short end and unravelled it so as to make a small bundle of tow; then he knelt down, and with his legs and arms. This operation was not unaccompanied by a struggle on the part of the victim; but Peter Pinnick, who was much stronger than the other, would weight upon the boy, and held him tight.

The bundle of tow was finally unravelled into a long end, and tied to a spar of the ship. It was told to remain for Jack's use. Then he lay as helpless as a log of wood, but defiant still.

"You've brought this on yourself, mind you," said Peter Pinnick. "I offered to take your promise, because I knew you'd keep it; but now you've broken it, and you'll suffer for it, then, for the last time, will you do as I say to you?"

THE 7th CHAPTER.

Left to a Terrible Fate.

Jack made no sign. "Ketch hold of his legs, Jim," said the other, "but we must bear him into the den. Now then, boy, are you going to wait until they come swarming in to see what's come to him?"

"Yes," said Peter Pinnick called it, was a small hollow about twenty yards into the cave. It was big enough to give sleeping-rooms for two or three men, and was fitted for that purpose. Close by it were a number of loose stones of various sizes, some no bigger than a cricket ball, others as much as a man could roll along.

"Shove him in!" growled Peter Pinnick. Jack was thrust in, and with all speed the other rushed to pick up the opening with stones, snarling at Jim because he was slow at assisting in the work. Jim did not, to all appearance, mind the matter, but was merely governed by the master spirit of the man, and did some of the labour. In a few minutes Jack was fairly snug, what may be called his living room. The stones did not fit quite close, and there was plenty of air to breathe. So far Jack was safe.

"I'm sure of it now," said Peter Pinnick, speaking through one of the small crevices; "and, mind this, you've only yourself to blame for this, for the man who has been here has been water where you are lying, but it won't be back for some hours. You were always a cooky little beggar, and now I hope you feel to get down a bit."

Jack, with all his senses fully alert, heard them picking their way from the spot, and he began to get the promise demanded, it was now too late to change his mind. There he was, a prisoner in the most awful of prisons, and he must endeavour to bear his fate bravely. First it was necessary to keep calm. On that point he spent some time, and he felt his heart beat away his doom was sealed.

The round of his enemies retreating soon left him alone, and he was left in his head or cry of the boys floated in and filled the place with sounds that were very musical, although very sad. The sound of the sea was heard, and he could even hear the splashing of the sea as the boys plunged into it and rolled about, for, as often happens, the wind was going down, and the tide was out, and there was a comparative calm.

Presently he heard somebody calling him by name, and he turned the cheerful tones of Nickey Hopkins. "Jack, Jack! Where are you?" he called, and he heard the other's feet not ten yards from his dismal hiding-place.

"He must be in one of the caves," Nickey said, and he went to the most likely of the lot. Jack, Jack!"

"Oh, what would I not give to be able to see you!" he cried, and he came to the door. They called to him again and again. Then others came in, and there was quite a babel of voices in the cave. The general opinion was that the boy was not to be there. At last he heard Dan Callis speaking.

"Of course he isn't here, you fools!" he said, and he went to the door. "What a stupid idea! Most likely he's gone on to the house to have a quiet talk with the Stranger."

"But why didn't he say he was going? It isn't at all like Jack, Listen! Isn't that a horn?"

"Yes," said Nickey, "he's gone on to the house to have a quiet talk with the Stranger."

"It's all right," said Nickey, "he's gone on to the house to have a quiet talk with the Stranger."

"I have only now to wait for the tide to come

in," he groaned. "They will never think of looking for me here."

Leaving Jack for a brief space of time, we must follow the boys, who raced off in the direction of the sound of the horn.

Nickey, who had been so sure of his having been blown by his friend, was disappointed to find the Stranger alone, half-way up the cliff, and he was looking for him. He looked over the boys, and quickly detected that the one he cared for most was missing. From the fact that he was not there, he was sure that he and Nickey, who had come up breathless, pulled up by his side, padding, was the Stranger.

"Where's Jack?" asked the Stranger. "The boys," he said, "he went down to bathe with us, and he did not go into the water, but went off some where else."

"What direction did he take?" "Nickey did not know, and all the others were in like state of ignorance. A shade of anxiety spread itself over the countenance of the Stranger.

"What a singular thing to do," he said. "He is not given to whims, is he?" "Oh, no!" replied Nickey. "He is the best fellow out."

"It is a most mysterious thing!" muttered the Stranger; and for a moment his brows were knitted with a sternness that showed he could, if he thought it worth his while, do anything.

"Boys," he said, "I'm unbothered, I'm ready. But we must find Jack before we sit down to it, if it takes us all day. I'll summon him again."

"We must go back to the bathing-place," he said. "If one of the boys felt it very hard that they should be called upon to postpone their luncheon because of one of their number straying, it is more than fair that the man who is seeking the lost one with cheerfulness, and generosity, and courage had won more than two-thirds of their hearts. The Stranger kept pace with the boys, exhibiting an activity in his movements, and a man of his height and weight. In a few minutes the bathing-place was reached, and there he found the boys waiting for him.

"You have tried the caves, I suppose?" said the Stranger. "All over this place," replied Gerard indignantly, "and we have combed them all, and the Stranger, and in some places they run into each other; but I do not think there can be any chance of his missing himself. Now, here is one of the class I speak of."

It was the very cave in which Jack was lying, and he was lying on his back, and he could hear nearly all the boys were saying. Stepping just within it, the Stranger sounded the mill; and again and again he held up his hand for silence. The answering cry he longed for did not come back.

"I don't know what you are looking for," he said, and he held up his hand for silence. "There is the chance of his having fallen in and hurt himself. For all we know, he may be lying near the water, but within hearing, and he will let us know when he is here clearly. As he heard the footsteps of his friends retreating a feeling of frenzy took possession of him. His straits to get free of his bonds were almost superhuman, but the knots tied by an experienced hand would not budge the fifteenth of an inch. But he did one thing more, and that was to get up, and he held up his hand for silence. Some of it fell back into his throat and brought him to his knees, and he held up his hand to burst a blood-vessel, as he had no free vent for it, owing to the scarf about his mouth.

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Gerard, as soon as he could see a little, moved in their direction, and came to the heap of stones which blocked up Jack's prison. Gerard did not pause to remark that he was going to find his friend behind those stones, nor was he troubled with the fears that some might have had of its being some uncanny creature in its lair.

He thought of Jack, and Jack alone, and he went to the door. "What a stupid idea! Most likely he's gone on to the house to have a quiet talk with the Stranger."

"Jack-Jack," he groaned, "who has done this brutal thing?"

"But you can't answer him yet, for his mouth was stiff from recent sufferings; so Gerard drew out his pocket-knife and cut the cords which bound him."

Then Jack was able to sit up; and after a little more coughing, was able to speak. "You have squandered your account, and made me your debtor to-day."

"What does it all mean?" asked Gerard. "I was asked to see Peter, when both were startled by a form coming out of the gloom of the inner part of the cave."

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him! Spare my life this time, and I will never do it any more!"

And then Will, in his feigned terror, heedless of obstacles in his path, tripped over a big stone which came down upon him, and he fell. A knock took all the humorous spirit out of him. A roar of laughter hailed the downfall of the joker. He got up trying to look as if he had at least half the fun. He exchanged a gleam of defiance with Nicky, who smiled a comically scornful smile, and trotted on to join Jack and the Stranger.

THE 8th CHAPTER. A DAY ON THE ISLAND.

THE HR house of the Stranger was built in a valley of cuplike form—the bottom of which was a bowl of summer fruit and cream, and sundry palatable temperance drinks. A residence as any man inclined to solitude could desire. It was not at all adapted to many guests, with a fence that had been erected on the lawn in front, part of a well-kept garden of fair dimensions, and there the luncheon was spread.

The school-point of view it was a banquet fit for royalty. The viands were all good, but there were ham, beef, chicken, salad, and a little bowl of summer fruit and cream, and sundry palatable temperance drinks. The Stranger took his seat at the head of the long table, with the right hand and Gerald Inglis on his left. Bob, a fighter and an old woman, who was now the Stranger's housekeeper, acted as waiter.

Jack, as he looked at his beaming, honest face, was glad he had given that promise to him, as he had not forgotten the onslaught upon him, and meant one day to square accounts with the authors of it. Meanwhile anything that looked like a sign, in a manner that he speedily forgot his recent trouble. The Stranger was a first-class host, and knew exactly how to treat boys, so that Jack felt quite at home.

After luncheon they had a short rest, and then went in for various games. A short dispute over the honours of the cricket and the necessary bats and other things were ready for use. A few youngsters, and a croquet, and on one side of the lawn a tennis-net was put up. Nothing which could be reasonably hoped for to amuse them had been forgotten.

Bob, who generally kept his weather eye open all the time, noticed the attention he paid in the boys at play. A pipe of good tobacco, and a jug of excellent beer also had something to do with his serene contemplation.

The afternoon was a quiet and a tea-time came. After it was partaken of the boys were to go home. A blast of the horn stopped the play. The stumps were hoisted, and everything was put together and stowed in the house. "For use another day," the Stranger cheerfully said. Then they went into the tent to partake of the tea, which was as good as the luncheon.

It was half-way through, when a sudden flash of light lit up the tent. The boys were hurrying to the opening of the tent, but looked westward. Rising over the high cliff was a dark, ominous cloud, across which, in thin bars, the electric fluid flashed its signal courses. "Good heavens," exclaimed Bob, "here's a job. We shall never get the boys home to-night!"

The Stranger had marked the change also, and leaving his seat, he joined Bob. The pair held a short, portentous consultation. "We are going to have a storm, Bob. It will be anything serious!" "A whacker, sir! On and off all night, I should say!"

"What to do is done? Can we get the boys across before it comes?" "No, sir; it will be here in a quarter of an hour, and in the open sea it's already blowing in. The tent is blown away, and the boys won't be able to get back until the morning."

"Then here they must stop," said the Stranger. "The water is up, and the tent will not get the brunt of the wind here. If we tighten the stays, it will weigh at the weather. See to it, Bob. The boys are here, and get all the bedding, rugs, and things you can possibly lay your hands on. Perhaps some of the boys had better help you."

his bungalow-like home, to be sure! There was bedding of one sort or another for a dozen people, and the floors being covered with rugs in the place of carpets, there was enough to cover over the tent when the time came to lie down to sleep.

"Bring everything," said the Stranger; "be quick!" "I don't want any chairs." "Certainly not!" said Nicky, as he bounded across the lawn. "Isn't this jolly!"

The dark cloud was now well up above the cliff, and the distance might have been the boom of the advancing storm was plainly heard. The storm promised to be all that lovers of atmospheric electricity could desire. Running to and fro, like ants collecting provisions for the advancing winter, the boys soon cleared the house of everything that was not wanted. The bedding was piled up at one end of the tent, to remain there until it was time to go to bed, and the whole job was finished just as the first heavy drapings, heralds of the storm, came straight and heavily down upon the lawn.

"Now finish your tea, boys," said the Stranger. "I wonder what Bonnington is thinking of just now," said Nicky, as he resumed his seat. "I'll bet he's thinking of the rain."

"And Mrs. Bonnington is telling him that it is all his fault," added Will Baddle. "She says it's a mistake, and she ought to have done something to stop the storm."

The truth of this suggestion excited the risible faculties of his listeners; he thought it was a mistake, and she ought to have done something to stop the storm. There they were on the island for the night, and no earthly power could take them safely home as yet.

Before tea was finished the rain came down straight and strong, soaking the earth so that a mist arose and helped to increase the gloom. It rained so hard that the thunder roared, so that those who wished to make others hear had to bawl their lungs out.

The first stage of the storm lasted for an hour or so, but it did not stop, not over for the night. Around on every side the lightning was seen flashing at one place or the other, and the rain was so heavy that the rain was like a murmur of restless spirits in the air. The wind was rough, but the full force of it was not felt in the tent, as the tent was so close.

Outside it was as dry as if surrounded by strong walls and perfectly arched in. And there we must leave them to pass the night, with no anxiety about the boys, as from a boy's point of view, jolly camping-out.

On the other Mr. Bonnington had been in a state of great anxiety, which was, to a degree, shared by his wife. Mr. Redditch also pretended to be likewise affected with the same emotion.

Hour after hour had passed, and nothing could be seen of the receding storm, and Mr. Ferrula and his cobble all disappeared behind one of the islands ere the morning passed. There was no anxiety about the boys, as they were known to be safe; but as the afternoon wore away, the fears entertained about the fate of Mr. Bonnington was on the cliffs with his remaining tutor, old Shambles, and Jake. Each in turn had used the coast-guardman's glass without making any discovery of the missing boats. And now the dark clouds were seen in the horizon, portending the coming storm.

"As it is with them, so it is with the Shambles. 'If caught in it with them cockshells, good-bye to the fool—' the madman," said Mr. Bonnington, "I risk his own life and put the lives of those that follow in peril!"

"I think I see 'em!" cried Jake. "There's 'ere!" cried Shambles, getting his glass ready. "Off the little island!"

"Don't tell me you can see 'em with a naked eye, Jake!" "I can! There's the specks—two boats. You ain't looking the right way, Mister Shambles!"

"When I wants your assistance to look the right way," said Shambles, with overpowering confidence for one of his kind, "there's your good dumb. There's nuthin' so offensive to a man as a forrard boy."

"Og bogdan, Mister Shambles," said Jake, as he dropped the telescope. "Jake was right. It was the receding fishermen's boat and the cobbler; but they had a long way to come, and they were in a bad way, and now the new peril threatened them. The storm did indeed overtake them, but, happily, they were within easy reach of the shore, and the fishermen were pulling as if they meant business and were not out for a lark."

Mr. Bonnington and the tutor had to retreat inland, so that the storm did not presently come Mr. Ferrula in the condition of a half-drowned rat and in a general state of collapse. The storm, grinding its way, was still dim into the house, where he dropped into a chair.

"Oh, the perils of the deep!" he gasped. "Never more will I bray from!" "Mr. Ferrula," said Mr. Bonnington impressively, "my position as headmaster of the school is such that I must do my duty as I desire, all to feel; but it may be of some service to you to know that if I could in decency speak out, I should not for a moment hesitate to call you an adventurer."

And then the boom of thunder broke in upon them, and easy conversation for the time came to an end.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

CLUB NOTICES.

NOTICES AND CHALLENGES FOR NEAREST OPENING CLUBS. THESE ARE INSERTED FREE OF CHARGE

NORTHCOTE C.C. (average, 18; weak) require away matches for this season in the South Islands district. For further particulars, apply to the Secretary, Forest South, 23, Northcote Street, South Shields.

BURLEIGH BAPTIST C.C. (average, 18) are open for the season for home and away matches within four-miles radius of Burleigh. Apply to Mr. G. Moxon, 127, Waterloo Road, Burnham; or, Mr. H. Bridgley, 19, Stanley Street, Burnham.

HEELEY ST. PETER'S C.C. (average, 15) want home and away matches with good, respectable clubs. Apply J. Saley, 40, Derbyshire Lane, Rectory Brook, Sheffield.

LIMBHOUSE INVICTA F.C. (average, A team, 16, and B, 15; medium) want matches for next season, home and away; ground, Rectory Marsh, dressing given and required.—Apply at once to Sid Smith, 55, Copenhagen Place, Limbhouse, London, N.

MOORPARK CRUSAIDERS F.C. (average, 16) want matches, home and away, for next season.—Apply to W. Campbell, Ballinacroy, Restree, N.B.

CLAREMONT UNITED F.C. (average, 15; weak) require matches, home and away, for season 1907-8; all dates open. Could also make room for two or three good players; small subscription.—Apply, W. Bowley, 6, Pearson Street, Kingsland Road, N.

HIRONX ATHLETIC F.C. (average, 16-17) require matches, home and away, for the coming season, 1907-8; all dates open.—Write to A. Lovgrove, 47, Chaldon Road, Fulham, S.W.

TOKENTH A.N.T. DISTRICT JUNIOR FOOTBALL LEAGUE (founded, 1902), awarded a "Boys' Realm" cup last season, have vacancies for next season; small subscription.—Apply, W. Bowley, 6, Pearson Street, Kingsland Road, N.

ACANTHUS UNITED (average age, 17; medium) have all dates open, home and away, for 1907-8. Would like to join some league or cup in the district of Willingdon, N. Apply, W. Robbins, Hon. Secretary, 1, Elm Tree Villa, Stonebridge Park, Willingdon, London, N.W.

CHOMER STAR F.C. (average age, 16) want matches, home and away, for next season, with clubs the same average age. (Ground, Parliament Hill.) Apply, W. J. Bellard, 101, Lynton Avenue, Joel Park, N.

PLAISTOW IRIS F.C., members of Barking and District Football League, 1907-8, require players for next season; nearly all positions.—W. J. Cook, 56, Stock Street, Barking, E.

WANTED, players for all positions. Must be prepared to keep to the club right through the season. Subscription, 2s. the season. Age, 16-18. Apply Secretary, G. R. 13, Stanley Street, Buildings, Mile End, E.

FRED TAYLOR, 74, Upton Road, Kingland Road, Dalston, N. (age, 16) wishes to join a football club for coming season, on the outside-right in Hackney end district. Height about 5ft.

YOUTH (age, 17) wishes to join a respectable football team within three miles of Liverpool for the coming season.—Write to H. Edwards, 21, Krenlin Drive, Stonycroft, Liverpool.

RESPECTABLE LADS (average age, 16-18) in the neighbourhood of Stepping, desirous of joining a football and athletic club for next season. About 100 members. Small subscription and entrance fee. Also matches, home and away.—Apply, J. Jacobs, 9, Copsey Street, Stepping Green, E.

SANFORD ATHLETIC F.C. want a few good players for the coming season. Average age, 16-18. Also a few late opens.—E. T. Read, 1, George Street, King's Cross, N.



PIMLICO RANGERS F.C. require players for next season. Colours, red shirts and black knicker.—Apply, S. Knight, 10, Lillingdon Street, Finsbury, E.

WANTED, for next football season, left back, centre-half, and outside left for small league team. Average age, 16-17. (Ground, Wormwood Scrabble.) Apply, T. Spittle, 9, Ircever Street, King's Road, Chelsea.

MILLVALE A.F.C.—Any youth wishing to join the above club for next season (average age, 16-18) may do so, by applying after six o'clock on Monday, 15th, to Joseph Abep, 23, Boundary Lane, Everton, Liverpool.

THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

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

SECTION 1.—SWIMMING.
 To any reader up to the age of 16 who can swim 100 yards will be awarded a Handsome Diploma stating this fact and making him a member of the League of Young Athletes. In addition, a BOYS' REALM Third Class Standard Medal will be awarded to any reader who can perform one of the following tests up to and including 200 yards, and a First Class Medal for 440 yards, in accordance with the conditions stated at foot.

Age 12-15.		Age 16-18.	
APPLICANTS MUST SWIM—		APPLICANTS MUST SWIM—	
40	yards in - - 35 secs.	40	yards in - - 30 secs.
100	" " - 1 m. 35 secs.	100	" " - 1 m. 30 secs.
220	" " - 4 m. 0 secs.	220	" " - 3 m. 40 secs.
440	" " - 8 m. 30 secs.	440	" " - 8 m. 0 secs.

SECTION 2.—RUNNING.

Age 12-15.		Age 16-18.	
APPLICANTS MUST RUN—		APPLICANTS MUST RUN—	
100	yards in - - 14 secs.	100	yards in - - 12 secs.
300	" " - 45 secs.	300	" " - 38 secs.
440	" " - 60 secs.	440	" " - 57 secs.
880	" " - 2 m. 35 secs.	880	" " - 2 m. 15 secs.
One mile	" " - 5 m. 30 secs.	One mile	" " - 5 m. 10 secs.

Application must be made on the Form below, and must be accompanied by details of the performance, vouched for by a headmaster, clergyman, trainer, or some responsible adult person approved by the President. A penny stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

I (Name).....
 (Address).....
 desire to become a member of this Institution. Enclosed I send particulars of my performance.

To obtain a BOYS' REALM Standard Medal, in addition to the handsome Diploma awarded gratis, applicants should send Six of the above Forms cut from one issue of this paper. The necessary copies may be bought or obtained from friends.

Tell Your Friends About Our Fine Papers.

SWIMMING:

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

NOTICELESS FLOATING. NEXT to being able to swim well on the breast and back, a knowledge of floating is very useful, particularly to those who may be taken unawares, or attempting to save life; besides which, the ability to float vastly increases the confidence of a swimmer when in the water.

There are some people who are so formed that they could never float in a horizontal position, nor could they float on their back, or attempting to save life; besides which, the ability to float vastly increases the confidence of a swimmer when in the water.

In order to learn to float, select some shallow water—about one to one and a half feet deep is best for the purpose—but before beginning practice in floating, the pupil should first learn deep breathing.

The method to be adopted is as follows: From the position of attention, bring the head and shoulders well forward and slowly exhale through the mouth as far as possible from the lungs. Follow this up by slowly making a deep inspiratory effort, and at the same time gradually throwing back the head and shoulders to the first position. This exercise should be repeated six or more times in each lesson, which should be taken in the open air about twice daily.

By taking this breathing exercise regularly for, say, one month, not only will the pupil benefit in health by the exchange of air so introduced into the lungs, but also will learn how to fill the lungs properly and to float.

The buoyancy of the body. In beginning to take practice in floating, remember that it is not a matter of long breath and completely fill the lungs with air; then, holding the breath, turn on the back, stretch the arms outwards and downwards round the side of the head, with the palms turned upwards; the legs should be opened wide apart, bent at the knee, with the feet well under the body.

This is the easiest position in which to float, as the centre of gravity is thus brought nearer to the chest, which contains the lungs filled with air.

At the first few attempts the water will wash over the face, but as one lies still and holds the breath, the body will gradually rise and the face will come above the surface sufficiently high in order to allow respiration to be carried out. While lying in this position it is necessary to remember that the lungs are not to be completely emptied, for if they are, the buoyancy of the air being quickly exchanged by the water.

Remember that frequent practice is required, and that the head and shoulders must be kept inflated, and there found easy to sink, and the head in order to balance the feet, one may lie on the surface, face upward, without any muscular effort.

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HURDLING:

A Famous Athlete tells how REALMITES may excel at this sport.

ONE of the prettiest events to watch in an athletic programme is the hurdle race. The first hurdle race is over a slight, level grass course 120 yards in length. The hurdles, which are 34 feet high and about 5 feet long, are placed in flights of ten, each flight being ten flights in all for the full course.

To be a successful hurdler one must have speed, and a good head. The art of hurdling is the most difficult of the athletic arts to acquire. An accomplished hurdler must be a fast sprinter, and his leaping powers must be equally to the point.

Modern hurdling differs much from the olden style of getting over the "sticks," and perhaps is not so graceful in execution. It is, however, very effective and scientific. The hurdler should take his hurdles with his body or breast directed straight towards them—that is, facing the winning-post. He will thus align on the other side in correct position to be able at once to get into his running between the flights.

When "topping" the hurdle.

the forward leg must be thrown over it, the body as the same time being thrown forward. The object of this is to get the forward leg over to get the foremost foot to the ground as quickly as possible. There must be no momentary hanging in the air, and the body should be taken a bigger landing distance by gliding—this is the ideal style.

The near leg is brought up smartly, with a view to clearing the hurdle. The object of this is to get the forward leg over to get the foremost foot to the ground as quickly as possible. There must be no momentary hanging in the air, and the body should be taken a bigger landing distance by gliding—this is the ideal style.

The distance between the flights must be covered in three strides. I say "must," but have not forgotten that length of leg may not permit all my readers to accomplish this. Constant practice, however, to attain the correct and easy style, may bring it to them. If, however, after all, it is not possible to cover in three strides the distance between the flights, five or six should be taken, to avoid frequently changing the leg.

In training for hurdling, one hurdle should be set up, and cleared a dozen or twenty of practice at this will promote correct style of approach, and it should be the object of the young hurdler to clear it always at the same distance in front of the hurdle. By doing this he will get into the habit of approaching each succeeding hurdle in like manner, and will thus gain that

evenness of style so essential to fast work.

Having practised efficiently over the one hurdle, the young athlete should add two or three more hurdles—taking care that they are set up at their correct distance one from the other. These he should clear in correct style, as set forth, to which he will find that he will have to "by" each hurdle barely an inch from the hurdle, his other leg was in contact over the hurdle the body is doubled up somewhat, the right arm is thrown forward (presuming the right leg is the first one over) and the left arm (or right, as the case may be) materially assists the motion by being brought smartly up while the other leg is being thrown over the top.

Kranzlein, the first exponent over here of the modern fast method of "topping the hurdle," would have the position of the first leg was thrown over the hurdle, no apparent effort being made to get distance on the other side of the hurdle. He followed afterwards, and was not dragged; but, on the contrary, was brought up smartly, so that when the first leg struck the ground on the farther side of the hurdle, his other leg was in capital position for the next stride. In this leg motion it is necessary to

be as light as a feather, the arms being made use of as described, and being the means of balancing the body whilst in the air.

Gradually increasing the number of hurdles which he can clear whilst still retaining correct style, the young athlete will find that he can accomplish the full ten flights, and can make a strong run in.

In the 220 yards hurdle race, the hurdles are placed 20 yards apart. This is not a frequent event in sports programmes in this country, nor does one often see a 440 yards hurdle race. These races are not so common, and require expert hurdling in their accomplishment.

The young athlete who shows form over hurdles and who is fast is assured of a goodly crop of prizes. There are not many hurdlers competing, as compared with the large fields which turn out for the flat events. Plenty of prizes are to be had, and it is easy to succeed.

(Next week—Jumping, High Jumping, and Long Jumping.)

CRICKET:

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

FIELDING.

FIELDING is one of the things that can be improved by constant practice, and beginners will be well advised to pay attention to the greatest attention to this department of the game. There are two things to be remembered, at least, the young player should practice catching, and backing up, and returning the ball. It is not so much the score, or for the bowler to get a lot of wickets, and then for the match to be lost by the dropping of an easy catch, which I can speak from bitter experience; and for again and again I have seen this happen; and J. T. Hearne, my colleague in the fieldless career, has often been the victim of what looked like certain catches which were bungled. When that happens two or three times it is enough to depress the finest bowler in the world.

The fielding will be very much the captain or wicket-keeper in the side makes it a club. If the captain or wicket-keeper are in command of the field, the rest of the eleven will be rebuked when inclined to be lazy. When Captain Edward ... headmaster at Eton, was in command of the Cambridge cricket team, he was once told that he had a chance of making his eleven famous for its fielding, and so the captain was urged up to be a hero none but

First-class fielders. that two men who were more than worthy of their skill and service in the batting, were left out for the simple reason that they were not good enough to be in the eleven.

The records of this eleven show clearly that nothing was lost by the captain's selection. On the contrary, much was gained, and the side has always been known as the finest ever turned out by either of the Universities. It was much the same a few years later under J. E. K. Studer, who was a very good batsman, and a band of brothers who became captains in rotation. This winter I met a well-known amateur cricketer who was a member of the Cambridge eleven, and he said they thought Mr. Trotter was a very strict indeed; but he owed all his success in life to the thoroughness with which he had followed the advice of Mr. Trotter.

What then, are the qualifications of a good field? They are very simple. A man must be able to pick up the ball quickly, to throw in well, and to catch. It is of no use, however, any particular directions about returning the ball, except not to throw in with a Yorker, and not to catch. It is of no use, however, any particular directions about returning the ball, except not to throw in with a Yorker, and not to catch.

Notice the flight and the position of the fieldsmen. I have already tried to point out how our fielding can be improved, and I think every captain might have his eleven out fielding just as if a match were on; every man in the position for which he is put, and to be ready only in practice games that the leader of the side can find out the principal position which suits a man best.

It is always an object lesson to watch S. E. Gregory, the Australian player. His place was near the wicket—usually cover-point. He was not ready to be put in the field, but he had had a stroke. A good fieldman is always on his toes, or, in other words, ready to be put in the field, but he has to be on the look-out, and ready to rush after the ball. Be prepared for a catch, no matter how long it is before the ball is caught, but

watch the ball carefully.

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RUNNING:

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

(Continued from last week.)

ONCE, at Dulwich, took advantage in a remarkable manner of the slowing-down which takes place during the running of the third lap, and so made a tremendous start. He had been covered, the forty odd competitors were so bunched together that a "sheet would have covered the lot," so to speak. He felt that, with sudden inspiration, I sprinted round the whole bunch and took the lead far from the usual starting place, using tactics of lying handy for a fast run. I felt, however, I could stay right home at fast speed, and caused me to "jump." The field was spread-again, and no one was able to get on terms again with me. The result justified the tactics.

I do not advocate rushing into premier position if unable to maintain it. At the same time, judgment must be used in improving place and position as opportunity affords, and you possess the power to enable you to do so.

When the ball goes for the last lap, make use of a quickening of pace. Do not get flurried at this. Strive to keep pace with eager competitors without

At 200 yards to go, if it is possible to change into a quarter-mile's gait, do so, and make the best of your way to the winning-post. Do not get flurried at this. Strive to keep pace with eager competitors without

To successfully run a mile race, be it a half or a mile, you must be able to use the quickening of pace. Do not get flurried at this. Strive to keep pace with eager competitors without

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Fig. 2.—Topping the Hurdle. Note the position of the hand and the swing of the arm.



Fig. 1.—Topping the Hurdle.



Fig. 3.—Running Forward.