

**NEW SERIAL, FIVE COMPLETE TALES** in Next Tuesday's  
BOYS' FRIEND.

# The Boys' Realm

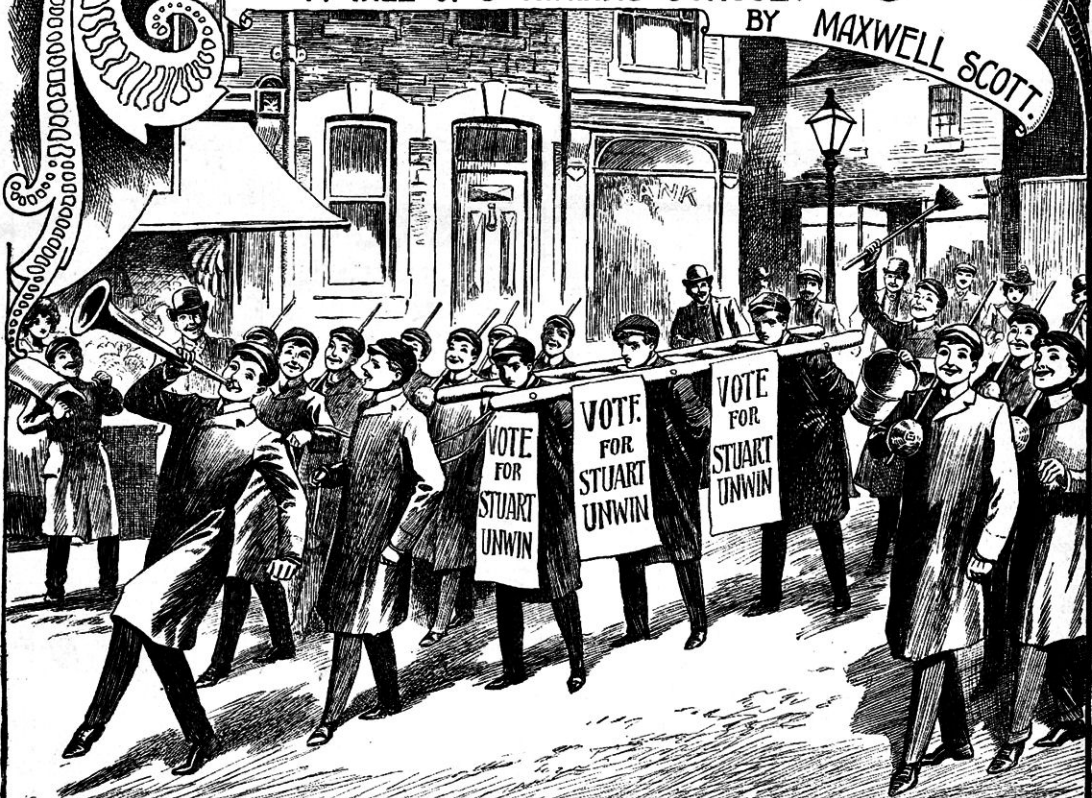
HEALTHY, INTERESTING, & INSTRUCTIVE.

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**THE FIGHTING FIFTH**

A TALE OF ST NINIANS SCHOOL.

BY MAXWELL SCOTT.



**THE GRAMMARIANS SCORE OFF THE NINIANITES!**

(See this week's enthralling long instalment inside.)



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 new boy arrives. He is an Indian prince, and delights in the name of Cloia Lal Nath Chandra Das. Lal comes into possession of a gold locket which is later on 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 to his wife in his shirt, and asks that it may be handed over to him. But he is proved to be an impostor, and has to leave the school miserably.

The escaped convict from Greenstone Prison falls over a cliff and is killed. On his body is found the gold locket which he stole from Lal. To whom it is now returned, Lal and Nipper decide on a hiding place for it, but unaware to them are overheard by Gardner, a pupil of St. Ninian's, who is in the vicinity of the bookshop in the village.

Gardner pays a visit to the bookmaker to try and gain time before setting his traps. He witnesses a laughable encounter between an old sergeant and a bookmaker. The bookmaker, refusing to allow the lad any more time, and threatens to carry his complaint to the headmaster unless the money is paid within the next few days. The mysterious German, who is endeavouring to obtain possession of the locket, overhears the conversation, and offers to pay Gardner's debts on certain conditions.

(See read this week's instalment.)

Gardner Consents.

"MEAN," said Heinrich, "that if I send you this money, and so enable you to flee from the ruin and disgrace which threaten you, I shall expect you to render me a trifling service in return."

"I will do anything in reason," said Gardner eagerly. "What do you wish me to do?"

"You have a young Hindoo at St. Ninian's named Cloia Lal Nath Chandra Das," said Heinrich. "About three weeks ago he discovered an unknown man in a drifting boat; and this unknown man, just before his death, gave Das a small gold locket."

"Now I know who you are!" cried Gardner, interrupting him. "You're the man who broke into Hamilton's study and tried to steal the locket. You're the fellow who hid the locket in Hampden Heath and threatened to shoot him unless he gave you the locket! You're Otto Heinrich, the German, in a plain disguise!"

"I am Heinrich," said Heinrich coolly. "For certain private reasons—possibly honourable reasons, but reasons which I am under a pledge of secrecy not to divulge to you—I am in the locket. Mark my words—to inspect the locket. I do not wish to steal the locket. I do not want the locket itself, merely wish to examine it for a moment or two."

"If I had found the locket in Hamilton's desk on the night I broke into his study I should not have taken it away. I should have examined it and replaced it in the desk. Similarly, if Das had had the locket in his possession when I met him at Hampden Heath, I should not have robbed him of it. He has merely examined it in his presence, and I should then have given it back to him."

"I cannot answer any questions," said Heinrich. "As I've already told you, my first aim was to see the locket in secret. I can only say that, although my motives in the past may seem to you to be open to suspicion, though my methods may appear to you to be unscrupulous, I should not would the first to admit, if you knew all the circumstances of the case, that I have only acted as any other honourable man would have acted in the delicate and difficult position in which I am placed."

"To return to the locket. As you know, it was stolen from Das by an escaped convict, and was revealed by the archway came back to him. It was found concealed in the convict's stocking, and was given back to Das yesterday afternoon. Do you know what Nipper did with it? He sent it to the bank, as he was advised to do, or is it still at the school?"

"Like a lark the words which Gardner had spoken by the archway came back to him. As the reader will remember, he had heard Lal say that he would hide the locket, 'under that lock' which he hid in Nipper's desk."

"You know where it is," said Heinrich

eagerly. "I see by your face that you know where it is. Is that the school?"

"Good!" exclaimed the German, and his voice vibrated with suppressed excitement. "Would it be possible for you to get hold of it, without anybody's knowing, and bring it to me, and let me examine it?"

Gardner pondered for a moment before he replied. He could slip down to Nipper's study, when everybody else was in bed, and pry up the loose board in the floor. Yes, he could easily get hold of the locket without anybody knowing.

"I might," he said. "But—but I'd rather not." Heinrich ignored the latter part of Gardner's reply.

"If you'll get the locket to-night," he said, "and meet me at my place and time you like to name, I'll give you ten pounds, which will pay what you owe to Fisher and leave you nearly five pounds for yourself. Twenty pounds!" he said, as Gardner hesitated.

Gardner's face was now as white as death. Twenty pounds! It was a big temptation. He would have nothing further to fear from Joe Fisher then. There would be no risk of being expelled then. And what harm would he be doing? The German wanted to steal the locket, after Heinrich had examined it, and nobody would ever know that he had meddled with it.

"If you swear that you'll give me the locket back after you've examined it?" he asked.

"I will," said Heinrich eagerly. "I'll examine it in your presence. It shall never leave your sight. You shall hold a revolver to my head whilst I'm examining it, if you like; and I swear to you that I'll return it to you with twenty pounds, in less than five minutes—ay, in less than two!"

"Then I'll do it," said Gardner, in a low, husky voice. "You know that clump of trees just opposite the school gates? Be there at midnight to-night, and as soon as the comet is clear I'll bring the locket to you."

Captured by the Enemy.

GARDNER, it will be remembered, had just returned to his room after his encounter with Sergeant Quiggin and the bill-sticker, but had quitted the scene at the moment when the latter laid sideways along the end of the barn and hurled the wood-legged sergeant to the ground, with the bill-sticker, whose name was Trattles, on the top of him.

Although Gardner did not wait to see any more, it must not be assumed that nothing had happened. On the contrary, a great deal more had happened. "I'll 'ave the lor on yer for this!" howled Trattles, as he twined one hand in the sergeant's hair and held the other against the face with the other. "I'll summon yer for this, yer one-legged wiper! I'll learn yer to interfere with the law in the lawful pursuit of yer occupation!"

"Lawful!" roared the sergeant, fastening his hands on his opponent's throat, and tightening his grip till the sergeant's eyes fastened from their sockets like the eyes of a crab. It is lawful to cover up another man's bill of costs! It is not lawful to kick the scoundrel into an unrecognizable form of an inarticulate 'Gawbugger'!"

"You'll 'ave the law on me, will you?" continued the sergeant. "You'll summon me, will you? The boot is on the other leg. It's me you're goin' to 'ave the law on, you for holdin' me!"

He flung the half-strangled bill-sticker aside

and scrambled to his feet—or, rather, to his solitary foot. Gasping for breath, Trattles also picked himself up; and no sooner had he done so than the sergeant clutched him by the collar of his coat, and said, "Now, just you come along o' me," he said. "Where to?" demanded Trattles. "To police-station, I told you."

"Hang you! 'Aven't I told you?" thundered Sergeant Quiggin. "I'm goin' to give you in charge for rovin' up one of Mr. Boswell's bills, contrary to the statute made and provided—which same is a misjuncture in the laws of the land."

"Look 'ere," said Trattles, in a conciliatory voice. "Suppose we call it quits, and lets bygones be bygones?"

"No fear," said the sergeant. "I caught you in the back, and I'm goin' to 'ave my pound of flesh."

"Do you take me to the stahoun," said Trattles threateningly. "I shall give yer inter custody for assaultin' me and wastin' 'arf a bucket of paste."

The sergeant snorted his disdain. "Right about face—quick march!" he said, turning away and dragging Trattles after him. "An' you 'ave to hold yer hat."

"Leggo my collar! If you're anxious to be took inter custody, I'll oblige yer."

"You're goin' to do just wot I tell you," said the sergeant truculently. "Wot do I care for yer ladder and your bucket and your brook's! Let 'em go Jericho! You come along o' me!"

Realizing that resistance would be futile—for the sergeant was a giant both in stature and strength, the bill-sticker yielded to the inevitable, and suffered his captor to lead him away in the direction of the village.

"Barn, it will be remembered, was on the left-hand side of the road, and the right-hand side was a low stone wall, which formed one of the boundaries of the Grammar School grounds. It was, therefore, only about twenty yards from the barn, in the opposite direction to the village, the road turned sharply to the left and ran past the gates of the school. The sergeant, therefore, on leaving St. Ninian's and going to the village was compelled to pass the end of the barn.

As an escort after Sergeant Quiggin and the bill-sticker had started on their way to the village, four boys came round the corner from the direction of St. Ninian's. They were Nipper, Arnold, Crosby, Fleming, and Tattersall.

"Hallo! Here's a ladder lying in the road!" exclaimed Bob, on catching sight of the sergeant's ladder. "I'll take it!"

"And an empty paste-bucket, too, by Jove!" cried Dick.

"And a whitewash-brush, all sticky with paste and a bundle of posters," added Lal. "What a run idea to leave all these things lying in the road! I wonder whom they belong to!"

"To a bill-sticker, probably," said Bob. "I say, Nip, here's a chance for you to distinguish yourself. You're a dabster at detective work!"

"Bill-sticker? Apprehend 'ere? Why has the giddy bill-sticker run away and left his property behind him?"

As Bob uttered these words, a head rose up from behind the low stone wall on the other side of the road, and looked towards the leader of the Fifth Form at the Grammar School. He had intended to vault over the wall, but, on seeing the four Ninianites, he drew back, with a low whistle of mingled surprise and triumph.

"Hamilton, Starling, Arkie, and the nigger," he chuckled to himself. "With a bit of luck, we ought to be able to bag the lot."

With which remark he turned swiftly on his heel, and disappeared into the distance. In the meantime, Nipper had examined one of the posters in the bundle, had glanced up the side of the barn, had gazed at the puddle of paste, and had taken note of the impressions in the snow.

He had not earned the title of "Nelson Lee's junior" without reserving it. Even the great detective himself had been unable to put the clues together in a more conclusive fashion.

"It's easy to see what's happened, my beloved Nipper," said Nipper. "Look at the bill on the end of the barn—that yellow thing with 'Vote for Stuart-Unwin' on it! Quite different, isn't it? How long should you say it's been there?"

"Not long," said Dick. "In fact, I should say it's only just been stuck up."

"One of old Boswell's election addresses." "Precisely," said Nipper. "Now cast your eyes at the mess in the snow. What's happened there?"

"It looks as if somebody had been rolling in the snow," said Nipper. "Two somebody's, in fact. One of 'em was the bill-sticker, no doubt, and the other was the nigger."

"How do I know?" growled Bob. "Then you must be blind," said Nipper. "Look at those rosette holes in the snow. What do you make of 'em?"

"A walking-stick," suggested Lal.

"Ass!" said Nipper. "It'd be a jolly thick walking-stick, but it'd make those holes, look at 'em again. Well!"

"I give it up," said Lal, shaking his head. "A wooden leg," said Nipper. "By Jove, I believe you're right!" cried Lal. "I don't care for an 'em in the right," retorted Nipper. "I always am. How many wooden-legged men are there in Clevedon?"

"I only know of one," said Lal. "Sergeant Quiggin," he said. "I don't care."

"Of course," said Nipper. "There's an election coming on for the County Council. Stewed Onions, alias Dr. Stuart-Unwin, is one of the candidates. Napoleon, alias Mr. Boswell is the other. Quiggin is working tooth and nail for Boswell, and with this bill-sticker, judging by these posters, was engaged by the County Council. Now can you guess what's happened?"

"I think so," said Bob.

"Think so," said Nipper scornfully. "It's as plain as the nose on a pig's face. Sergeant Quiggin came round that corner, not many minutes since, and caught the bill-sticker in the act covering up one of Boswell's posters. He went for him—as Quiggin would—and probably tried to pull him off the ladder. In the struggle, a bucket of paste was upset, and the ladder tumbled over, and after the two men had rolled about in the snow for a bit, the sergeant dragged the other chap to his feet."

The rest of the sentence was drowned by a shout of alarm from Lal.

"Look out! Grammarburgs!" he yelled.

With startled cries, his three chums spun round, and in a twinkling were surrounded by a dozen or more Grammarians, headed by Arnold, Crosby, Fleming, and Tattersall, sprang over the top of the ladder, and dashed across with a chorus of exultant yells.

"Quick as thought Nipper snatched up the empty paste-bucket, and, as Arnold rushed towards him, he jammed the bucket down over the Grammarian's head. Then, after giving Arnold a vigorous push that sent him reeling into the air, he turned to the right and left with his fists and sent two more of the Grammarians to grass.

In the meantime, Dick had armed himself with a stick, and, by jabbing the stick end in Crosby's face, he stopped that doughty warrior's charge, and landed him in the gutter. Then, with a flourish, he raised the same weapon, accounted for Tattersall, and a playful dig in the head-bucket took most of the wind out of Fleming's sails.

Needless to say, neither Bob nor Lal was idle in the meantime.

The former planted himself with his back to the barn, and by a vigorous use of his fists, not only sent him to fall back, but caused them to fall back. Lal, on the other hand, was not so fortunate; a dead end, so to speak, had been put in his way, and he had been felled by two of the Grammarians, a third—a hulking fellow, nearly twice the height and weight of the other two—had taken to his heels, and flung his arm round Nipper's waist.

"Hurroo! I've got one of 'em!" he yelled. "But he had caught a tartar! Lal had not lost his head, however, and he had left the Grammarian's exultant shout behind his lips he went soaring through the air, and landed on his back in the middle of the road!"

"It's a case of cut and run for it now!" said Nipper, in a low voice, as the Grammarian, who had been the first to start a reception, withdrew to the other side of the road, and engaged in a whispered consultation with the other boys.

There must be no foolishness about not deserting his pals, or any rok of that kind. Whoever gets as he can run, and bring as many of the chaps as he can collect to—Look out! Here the boys were shouting.

With a wild war-whoop that would not have disgraced a band of Indians, the Grammarians retraced the way. They were four to one; and Nipper, with a few seconds' start, was struck out to defend himself. Crosby sprang at him on one side and Fleming on the other. Whilst Nipper was engaged in this way, and endeavouring to keep them at bay, Hyde dropped on his hands and knees, seized him by the neck of his coat, and flung his feet.

Then all four throw themselves upon him in a body, and pinned him to the ground by the simple expedient of sitting on him.

The method of attack was as simple as it was effective. Arnold sprang at Nipper as if he were a hare, and he was so fast that he struck out to defend himself. Crosby sprang at him on one side and Fleming on the other. Whilst Nipper was engaged in this way, and endeavouring to keep them at bay, Hyde dropped on his hands and knees, seized him by the neck of his coat, and flung his feet.

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St. Ninian's to the Rescue.

By the time that Tattersall and his companions returned to the scene of conflict, Arnold and the others had secured their three prisoners—Nipper, Dick, and Bob—by tying their arms behind their backs and tying their wrists together with handkerchiefs.

"Oh, I say!" cried Tattersall, "let the nigger escape; have you?" cried Arnold, when Tattersall and his fellow-pursuers appeared.

"We couldn't help it," panted Tattersall, "but we got out of our own skins. I've never even looked like catching him. It was ten yards in a hundred faster than the best of our rotters—rotters, the sooner we set to work the better! What shall we do to 'em?"

"Bury 'em up to their necks in snow!" suggested Hyde.

"Stick 'em in a row against the end of the barn and bury 'em snowballs at 'em!" said Fleming.

"Take 'em round the corner and duck 'em in the pond!" said Tattersall.

Arnold turned up his nose and shook his head.

"I don't think much of any of those ways if he's not neck and neck and mild! Remember, these are the bounders who stole our grub and smashed up our rehearsal. How would you like to see 'em peeling out, we want to give 'em 'em peeling!"

"Peeling 'em with snowballs and ducking 'em in the pond is a good job," cried Crosby.

"Pip, pip! I have," cried Crosby, as a brilliant idea occurred to him. "See that pointed to one of the posters on the end of the barn. It was a picture-poster issued by the Liberal candidates at the time of the General Election, and taken down some few weeks earlier. It was headed 'Chinese Slavery in the Transvaal' and depicted half a dozen Chinese 'slaves' being led to the mines. The Chinamen were being led in single file, and each man was fettered to the man in front of him, and the man behind, by a chain, which was fastened to an iron collar round his neck.

"Let's fix 'em up like that," said Crosby. "Let's make a chain of iron and lead 'em in procession through the village."

"But we haven't any chains," objected Arnold.

"But we've that," chuckled Crosby, pointing to the bill-sticker's ladder—a short and rather broad ladder, with wide spaces between the rungs.

"And what good is that?" demanded the puzzled Arnold.

"I'll show you in half a tick!" said Crosby. "Stand these fellows in a row, one behind the other. Put Hamilton in front, and Arko a yard and a half behind him, and Staring a yard and a half behind Arko. Make 'em all face the same way."

"The three captives were dragged to their feet and ranged in single file, a yard and a half apart.

"Now, Tattersall," said Crosby, "you catch hold of that end of the ladder and take it back this end. Up with it! No; I don't want to bring it on end. Keep it level. Now lift it up to the height of your shoulders. Now bring it over their heads. Now drop it down, so that their heads go through the spaces and the sides rest on their shoulders. That's the style!"

A shout of laughter from the Grammarians greeted the completion of Crosby's manoeuvre.

"That's as good as chains and iron collars, isn't it?" chorused Crosby, rubbing his hands.

"So long as their hands are tied, they can't get up and scold and fetch 'em!" they're bound to march in single file wherever we go!"

"We shall want a rope, though," said Arnold.

"What for?"

"To make 'em follow us," said Arnold. "Tie a drag-rope along, they'll not budge a single step!"

"Well, there's heaps of rope in the gym," said Hyde, as he hurried to the gymnasium.

"Yes," said Arnold; "and you might as well bring some singleticks while you're about."

"And that old coaching-horn that's hanging behind the door," suggested Hyde.

Crosby darted across the road, vaulted over the gate and hid himself at the same moment Fleming's eyes fell on the bundle of posters which the bill-sticker had left behind.

Some of them were election notices—Stuart-Urwin's election address, and others were oblong, yellow posters, bearing the words, "Vote for Stuart-Urwin!" in big, black letters.

"I say, you chaps, I've got another idea!" exclaimed Fleming. "Why shouldn't we turn these bill-stickers into a walking-advertisement for the Head?"

Dr. Stuart-Urwin, as the reader knows, was the best teacher of the school, and was one of the candidates for the vacant seat on the County Council the other day, being at the village chemist, Napoleon Bonaparte Boswell.

Naturally, the Grammar School boys were in the foremost ranks of their headmaster's candidature—whilst Nipper and his chums

were equally ardent supporters of Mr. Boswell.

"Why shouldn't we turn these bounders into a walking-advertisement for the Head?" said Fleming.

"As how?" inquired Arnold.

By way of reply, Fleming picked up one of the yellow posters, smooched the upper edge with paste, which he scraped out of the bucket, and stuck it on the scraped out of the bucket, and stuck it on the side of the ladder in such a way that it hung down between Nipper and Bob, with the printed side outwards.

"We could stick another on the other side," he said, "and one on each side between Arko and Staring; and then, when we marched 'em through the village, we should not only be paying off old scores on our own account, but we should be doing the Head a jolly good turn at the same time. And think of the joy of making those rotters—who're in favour of that idiot, Boswell—act as sandwichmen for the Head!"

The suggestion was received with rapturous enthusiasm; and in little more time than it takes to tell, three more posters were hung on the ladder. Fifth was pinned on Dick's back, and a sixth on Nipper's breast!

A moment later Crosby returned with a coil of rope, a dozen singleticks, two basket handles, and an ancient coaching-horn. The singleticks having been distributed, a loop was made in the middle of the rope, and slipped round Nipper's neck.

Arnold and Fleming took charge of the ends of the rope; Crosby retained possession of the coil, and the three singleticks with the empty bucket and the paste-brush; and then the procession moved off in the following order: Crosby led the way, followed by the horn. Arnold and Fleming came next, each then holding one end of the rope, by means of which they dragged their prisoners after them.

Then came Nipper, Bob, and Dick, escorted by twelve Grammarians—six on each side, in double file—with singleticks over their

out with his heels, smashing the barrel into splinters, and scattering apples in all directions. Then, with a snarl of terror, he took the bit between his teeth and bolted down the street at a speed which defied pursuit.

By the time the market-place was reached the three Ninianites had drained the cup of humiliation to its bitterest dregs. A moment later, however, their drooping spirits were revived by the sight of Sergeant Quiggin. He had taken the bill-sticker to the police-station, where he had been informed, of course, that he must take out a summons if he wished to prosecute the man, and he was now on his way to take counsel of Mr. Boswell.

"Buck up, you chaps! Here's Sergeant Quiggin!" cried Nipper joyously, as the tall sergeant stamped round the corner of the street leading from the police-station.

"Alas! his joy was premature. The moment the sergeant caught sight of the procession, and realised all it meant, he let out a roar of fury that would have done credit to a steamship's siren.

In stepping off a stick from one of the bystanders, he stumbled across the pavement and stepped into the road; then he pulled up with a sudden jerk, and a cry of dismay burst from his lips, followed by a roar of ribald laughter from the spectators and a mocking cheer from the Grammarians.

In stepping off the pavement he had stepped on a street-grate, and the end of his wooden leg had slipped through the grate, and had become firmly wedged between two of the bars. It snapped in two, and he came a cropper.

In the meantime, Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Boswell, whose shop was on the opposite side of the market-place, had heard the braying of Crosby's horn, but had paid little attention to the incident, until he saw the sight which greeted the sergeant's downfall, however, he turned to William, his lanky, red-haired

they're helping us to canvass for our candidature. May we count on your vote and support?"

This was more than Mr. Boswell could stand. In a frenzy of rage, he rushed at Arnold, and endeavoured to grab him by the throat.

With a mocking laugh the Grammarian nimbly eluded his grasp, whilst at the same moment Crosby stuck out his foot and tripped the other.

The ironical cheer which burst from the Grammarians as Mr. Boswell fell sprawling on the pavement, was followed by an excited shout from Tattersall.

"Look out! Here they come!" he yelled. "They were Lal and a dozen members of the Fighting Fifth, who, at the same moment dashed into the market-place with a ringing cry of 'Ninian's to the rescue!'"

They had been standing long in the memories of those who were privileged to witness it. Again and again the Ninianites charged, and then again they were driven back by well-directed volleys of snowballs.

But the Fighting Fifth was not to be denied, and after a desperate hand-to-hand encounter, in which Tattersall wielded the whitewash brush with heroic valour, the Grammarians broke and fled.

They had been at liberty, Nipper, Dick, and Bob had been set at liberty, the yellow posters had been torn to ribbons, and the victors were on their way back to St. Ninian's.

Caught in the Act.

HERE were three "houses" at St. Ninian's, the school buildings, the School House, Mr. Jernman's House, and Mr. Ran's House.

These houses were not separate buildings, but were attached to the school, as at other public schools, but were joined together in such a way as to form three sides of a square. The fourth side, which was the street, was known as "the quad," was formed by the school chapel and a handsome Gothic dining-hall.

When you entered the quad, by passing through the narrow doorway which looked through the chapel from the hall, Mr. Jernman's House was in front of you, on the opposite side of the quad, the Ran's House was on your left, and Mr. Ran's House was on your right.

In the schoolyard slang of St. Ninian's, the boys who lived in the respective houses were known as Coolies; those in Mr. Jernman's House as Germs; and those in Mr. Ran's House as Cooles. The Cooles, for instance, were Coolies; Gardner, Proctor, Russell, Todd, and Lumsden were Germs; Nipper, Dick, and Staring were Cooles.

The keenest rivalry existed between the various houses, and faction fights and dormitory raids were of daily or nightly occurrence.

The Fighting Fifth—in other words, the Lower Fifth Form at St. Ninian's—was composed of boys from all three houses.

The numbers, naturally, varied from term to term, but in the term of which we write there were, in the Fighting Fifth, ten Coolies, ten Germs, and five Cooles.

As already stated, the keenest rivalry existed between the three houses; and although the Coolies, Germs, and Cooles in the Fighting Fifth were all ready and willing to come together to oppose a common enemy—such as the Grammar School boys—this did not prevent their fighting amongst themselves at odd times, and playing practical jokes on each other whenever the chance occurred.

One day, when the Fighting Fifth rushed into the market-place and rescued Nipper and his chums from the clutches of the Grammarians, nobody fought harder, or performed more daring feats of valour, than Proctor and Russell. Yet half an hour earlier these same boys, finding Nipper's study deserted, had added the contents of that study to the contents of the marmalade-jar, and had carefully mixed a teaspoonful of paraffin-oil with the jam.

At the end of prep, which lasted from seven to eight, Nipper and Dick laid out the supper things, and laid out the bread-and-butter, and the marmalade, and the marmalade.

"Bread-and-butter and marmalade! Is that all there, is for supper to-night?" growled the Cooles, as they were sitting at the table.

"Not a bit!" said Nipper, pouring out the tea for himself and his chums.

"What's your game, Nipper?" asked Pye, and laid in a fresh stock of grub, "said Wagstaffe, as he ladled out a large spoonful of marmalade and spread it thickly on a slice of bread."

"Talking of Pye," said Dick, "I've a proposition to make. You all agree, I suppose, that the Germs behave like brics this afternoon?"

"Rather!" said Bob, as he helped himself to another slice of bread.

"Well, what I propose, said Dick, "is that we invite 'em to supper to-night at the school to-morrow afternoon, as a token of—"

Before he could say more, Wagstaffe staggered to his feet, and, being for the moment especially Proctor, he said to the Germs, "We should never have been rescued."

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CLUBS IN "THE BOYS' REALM" FOOTBALL LEAGUE



SPRINGFIELD F.C.: See, A. Mellor, 125, Woodbank Terraces, Turncroft Lane, Stockport.

shoulders. Last of all came Tattersall, who seconded Crosby's efforts on the horn by banging on the empty bucket with the whitewash-brush.

For a couple of hundred yards the procession pursued the even tenor of its way without encountering a solitary soul. It then turned into the main street of the village—and then the fun began.

Attracted by the din which Crosby and Tattersall were making, the villagers followed to the doors of their houses and shops, under the impression that a circus had arrived.

Mr. Watson, the local greengrocer and the chairman of the Street-cleaning committee, was unpacking a barrel of apples outside his shop when the procession hung in sight. He at first had been looking at the crowd, but had passed for a moment to chat to Captain Bruster, another of the doctor's staunch supporters, who was mounted on a pichald pony.

Like many others, Mr. Watson's and the captain's first impression was that the marching procession was the vanguard of a travelling circus.

As soon as they realised their mistake—as soon as they realised that they were not circus-folk, but a procession of rotters—they were so overcome with merriment that Captain Bruster all but fell out of the saddle; whilst Mr. Watson leaped out of the outside of the shop-door and literally belaguered with unseemly laughter.

"Bub-bub-bravo, Grammarians!" cried Mr. Watson, as the procession filed past the shop.

"Your headmaster ought to be pup-pup-pup!"

He was going to say "proud of you," but the sentence ended in a shout of alarm, for at that moment, startled by a deafening blast from Crosby's horn, the pony suddenly reared up on its hind legs and deposited Captain Bruster in the gutter.

Luckily the captain was not hurt, but ere he could scramble to his feet the pony lashed

assistant, and testily requested him to "see what all that row is about."

William shuffled to the door, and started back with a gasp of consternation.

"It is—it's them Grammarians!" he stammered. "They've got Master Hamilton and two of 'is friends, and— Good gracious! It's the impudent young rascals! They're scally comin' 'ere!"

"Coming here!" growled Mr. Boswell, striding round the end of the counter. "Who's coming here?"

The question was never completed, for at that moment Mr. Boswell reached the door and perceived the procession, which, by Arnold's orders, had crossed the market-place, and had halted outside the chemist's shop.

"Good-evening, Mr. Boswell," said Arnold, with a jaunty smile. "We've solicited your vote on behalf of Dr. Stuart-Urwin."

Mr. Boswell nearly had a fit. He glared at the Grammarians, at Nipper and his chums, at the yellow posters which hung from the sides of their backs, and, with a snarl, he strode to the edge of the pavement.

"You—you insolent young ruffian!" he spluttered, shaking his fist in Arnold's face.

"Did you speak?"

"Release those boys at once!" thundered Mr. Boswell. "At once, do you hear?"

"A little louder if you please," murmured Arnold. "I'm rather hard of hearing."

"If you don't set them at liberty at once, I'll send for the police," howled Mr. Boswell, foaming at the mouth with rage.

"Set them at liberty!" repeated Arnold. "My dear but misguided sir, you appear to be labouring under a delusion. These young gentlemen have no desire to be set at liberty. They are engaged in a labour of love. They are converted now. They used to be Boswellites, but they're Unwinites now, and

(To be continued on Saturday next.)



# SPECIAL NEWS FOR THIS WEEK

IN A FORTNIGHT'S TIME THE MAMMOTH SUMMER DOUBLE NUMBER OF "THE BOYS' REALM" WILL APPEAR. IT WILL BE THE FINEST ISSUE EVER PUBLISHED.



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

## Our Summer Double Number.

It is a long time since I issued a Summer Double Number of **THE BOYS' REALM**—several years, in fact; but I think that all my friends will welcome the announcement that I purpose doing so this year. I have made arrangements for No. 266 of our paper, which appears in a fortnight's time, to be a magnificent Summer Double Number, crammed with fine stories and clever articles. I shall give a full list of the contents of this bumper issue of our paper next week; but I may tell my friends that, amongst the other attractions of what I intend to be an exceedingly fine number, will be double-length instalments of our popular serials "The King Cricketer," "The Fighting Fish," and "The School on the Cliff." This in itself is, I am sure, welcome news for all my friends. Please ask your newsagent to save you a copy of our mammoth Summer Double Number, in order that you may not be disappointed. It will be extensively advertised, so that there is sure to be a rush on it.

Whilst on the subject of double numbers, I feel I must mention that the Summer Double Number of "The Boys' Friend" will be published on Tuesday next. On another page will be found a list of some of the thrilling contents of that number. I strongly recommend every lover of really good stories of adventure to buy a copy of next "Tuesday's" mammoth Double Number of the "Green" "In."

## A Remedy for Stiff Muscles.

**WELLWISHER** has sent me a cheery letter, in which he tells me that whenever he does the ground exercise—that is, lying upon the back and bringing up first one leg and then the other alternately—the muscles above the knees become stiff, and he wishes to give it up. I thank my chum for his letter, and in answer to his inquiry as to how he may remove the stiffness of which he complains, I

## OUR LEAGUE CORNER.

- SECTION 1.**
- The following clubs in the Leagues mentioned have been awarded prize bats for the week ending Saturday, May 25th:
- ST. CLARE CUP CRICKET LEAGUE.**  
 St. Clare C.C.—Sec. (of League), Mr. George Such, c/o Mrs. Hayward, 21, Kempstead Road, Camberwell.
  - DUNDEE & DISTRICT LEAGUE.**  
 Clifton Bank C.C.—Sec. Mr. C. Ayling, 14, Rosefield Street, Dundee.
  - SOUTH LONDON CHURCH OF ENGLAND LEAGUE.**  
 Christ Church (Greenwich) Lacis Club.—Sec. Mr. N. Smith, 43, Colomb Street, Greenwich, S.E.
  - SUNDERLAND & DISTRICT LEAGUE.**  
 Dock Street Institute C.C.—Sec. Mr. B. Taylor, 48, Forster Street, Sunderland.
  - EAST LONDON CHURCH LEAGUE.**  
 Christ Church (Stepney) C.C.—Sec. Mr. H. Dudley, 69, Clifton Road, Bow, E.
  - NORTH LIVERPOOL AMATEUR LEAGUE.**  
 Walton St. Mary's C.C.—Sec. Mr. S. C. Bennett, 18, Smithy Lane, Walton.

advise him to well rub the muscles above his knees every time he feels the stiffness with some good sweat-oil. This will get the muscles supple, and will soon rid him of the discomfort. If I were a "Wellwisher," I would not give up practicing the exercise he mentions, because the stiffness will permanently leave him if he perseveres with the oil-rubbing.

With regard to my chum's other inquiry as to the publication of another story of **Loanang** and **Sir Richard** in "The Union Jack," I can only tell him that the author responsible for the previous stories of these favourite characters is hard at work upon it now, and it shall appear as the first available opportunity.

## Rearing Silk-worms.

It has written to ask me certain particulars as to the rearing of **W** silk-worms. This is a matter upon which I have written a paper, "The Boys' Herald," which is devoted to hobby pursuits, is always ready to answer inquiries about it. However, I think a good plan would be for **W. C. P.** to obtain a small book that I can recommend on this interesting subject of silk-worm-rearing.

This book can be obtained from Mr. H. Glaisher, bookseller, 22, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. price 1s.

My reader should send Mr. Glaisher a post-order for a shilling, and ask him to send him a copy of "The Silkworms," by E. A. Butler, B.A., B.Sc., in the "Young Collector" series of handbooks.

If there is anything in this little book that is not quite clear to my friend, advise him to write to the Secretary of "The Boys' Herald" Hobby Club, who, I know, will be very pleased to help him all he can.

## A Short-winded Footballer.

**W.** is one of my Birmingham chums, who has already commenced to train in preparation for the football season. One of his principal drawbacks, however, he finds is his short-windedness. Can I suggest a remedy? he asks. Well, condition. There is only one remedy for it, and that is to get oneself into a stronger physical state. Careful, steady training is the one thing needed.

## ANSWERS

### MERSEY CRICKET AND FOOTBALL

Allan's C.C.—Sec. D. Theodoros, 67, Mozart Street, Liverpool. (By their own special desire, the club have been sent a prize pair of leg-guards instead of a bat.)

The following letters, which have come to me from some of the clubs winning our weekly prizes, prove that **THE BOYS' REALM** cricket bats are well worth the having:

**OAKLEY.**  
 "Fourth."  
 "Beconthro Road."  
 "May 25th, 1907."  
 "Dear Editor,—The Oakley C.C. don't me to send you their grateful thanks for the splendid bat which I received this morning."  
 "It came to me a pleasant surprise, and the boys are pleased with it."  
 "Again thanking you, I am, yours faithfully,  
 "A. H. MITCHELL, Hon. Sec."

"8, Trafalgar Road."  
 "Greenwich, S.E."  
 "May 25th, 1907."  
 "Dear Sir,—I received your splendid prize bat this morning, and am highly pleased with it. It is far above anything we expected."  
 "Wishing your paper every success, I remain, yours faithfully,  
 W. FRODO."

**EASTWOOD C.C.**  
 "225, Prietn Road,  
 "Wavertree."  
 "May 25th, 1907."  
 "Dear Sir,—I wish to thank you on behalf of the Eastwood team for the splendid bat which you sent us. It is far above anything we expected."  
 "Wishing your paper every success, I am, yours truly,  
 J. H. GRISMAN, Sec."

My reader should also pay great attention to improving his lung capacity, and this can be done by practicing breathing exercises night and morning.

Let my young friend, when he gets up, stand at an open window, and, shutting his mouth, take in a good deep breath—so deep that he

## NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED!

## LOOK OUT FOR

# NEW VOLUMES OF "THE BOYS' FRIEND" LIBRARY, PRICE 3<sup>d</sup>.

No. 21—**"PETE'S HOLIDAY."**  
 No. 22—**"SPORTING LIFE."**

A splendid NEW and original long complete tale, dealing with the adventures of **JACK, SAM, and PETE** in Brighton and other holiday resorts, at home and abroad, by **S. CLARKE NOOK** and **A. S. HARDY.**

ON SALE JULY 5th.

finds his stomach pushed out by the force of the air which is being taken into his lungs. Then let him expire that breath very slowly after holding it for a second or two, so he does so, drawing in his stomach, and tightening the muscles of the abdomen.

Repeat this, and after a while he will find that he can do it twenty or thirty times without any trouble. He will also find that his lung capacity is beginning to increase, that his chest is expanding, and that the short-windedness—if at all it remains—takes careful and sensible exercise—is disappearing.

## He Writes More Athletic Stories.

**T**HE following letter has been sent me by one of my readers, who signs himself "Sport-Lover." As my friends will see upon reading it, my correspondent is desirous of seeing more athletic stories and articles in **THE BOYS' REALM** than are published now.

This is a matter which, I think, is best left to the decision of the readers of our paper. As they know quite well, I am always most anxious to please them in every way possible, and if they agree with "Sport-Lover," I will see what can be done in the way of increasing the number of athletic stories and articles.

I may say that while I have published "Sport-Lover's" letter, I have also received a letter from a reader this week who complains about the amount of space taken up by sport stories and articles, and asking that more adventure tales shall be published; so that my friends will see that the question is quite an open one. This is the letter "Sport-Lover" has sent me:

"Dear Sir,—I have been a reader of **THE BOYS' REALM** now ever since the first number, but let me tell you this: I would have left off reading it several years ago had it not been for the grand football and cricket stories and articles which have appeared in it.

I do not read any of the other stories in the paper. It is all right through the football and cricket that I buy the paper. So I would like to ask you if you would not devote more space to athletic stories and articles than you do at present. The readers who do not take any interest in sports could find plenty of devoted articles in "The Boys' Friend" and "The Boys' Herald," and I am sure that the readers who love plenty of outdoor sports would be delighted if "The Boys' Realm" was made into a real athletic paper. Please excuse me for troubling you, and consider what I have asked you, and publish the answer in **THE BOYS' REALM**.—I remain, yours faithfully,  
 "SPORT-LOVER."

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

## DAILY MAIL

desirous of entering should make application at once, or it will be too late. An early date the League tables will appear, and also an announcement concerning the number of matches each club will be expected to play during the season.

The following clubs have been awarded **BOYS' REALM** bats theseing night, in your own crickery put the best bats in the matches played on Saturday, May 25th:

- JUNIOR DIVISION—REBECCA C.C.**  
 Sec. F. Bentham, 10, Wynne Street, Westgate, Bradford, Yorks.
- SENIOR DIVISION—LOVELY LANE C.C.**  
 Sec. E. Kendrick, 58, Lovely Lane, Warrington.

## THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to those who have founded this great organization (Your Editor and his staff) that it is already an assured success. Thousands of readers all over the country have sent in applications to join the League of Young Athletes, and it has taxed the labours of a very large staff to despatch each one. Even now there are still some medals to be despatched, and Your Editor asks that those who have not yet received theirs should apply for them. Owing to the very large number which have to be sent out, some delay has necessarily been caused. Everything is being done, however, to despatch them with as much expedition as possible.



# TRAINING TELLS!

A STIRRING  
ATHLETIC  
STORY  
By A. S. HARDY.



"I'm done," said Willoughby minor, and the next moment he faltered in his stride, reeling badly. It was only by a marvelous effort of self-control that his elder brother held him up.

**THE LET CHAPTER.  
Something Wrong With the School.**

HERE was no doubt about it, Claverhouse School were in a tight place—their reputed superiority in both batting and bowling over Drayton Town, against whom was usually played the big cricket match of the year, was not apparent in the play.

The Town had done fairly well with a first innings of 123 in a one-day match. "Steady" batting, with nothing brilliant about it, had characterized their efforts in their innings, and their captain, who had the good fortune to put up top score, was bowled ninth man for thirty-four. Extras made eleven more, so that the rest of the batsmen had compiled seventy-eight between them.

The School had looked upon the knocking off of 124 runs—the number required to win—as quite a simple matter for them, and their captain—Monson—for once allowing his conceit to get the better of him—though to his credit he said he rarely allowed himself to underestimate the powers of an opposing side—went in with a bright smile as if victory were already assured.

With a ball with any amount of break on it, bowled a little wide to leg, flicked in and took his wicket—fourth ball of the over—for a duck; and, with their best man out, the School set themselves to work to win the game.

Captain Monson's face was a study as he walked back to the tent and harled his bat to the ground.

"It serves me jolly well right!" he muttered. "I'd got my middle-headed brain full of calculations as to what I was going to do with the Town bowling, and how many runs I was going to make, instead of looking upon the opposition as something to be met with resolution and respect, and here I am—out. Serves me right—serves me right—serves me right!"

Willoughby major had just gone to the wicket. He was a fine, crisp bat, inclined to take risks, but if he collared the bowling, the very man to take the sting out of it, and rear from the schoolboys who had assembled round the pitch told Monson that a boundary had been hit.

He croaked towards the wicket. No, it was not a boundary; the men were running it out. A fieldman was chasing the flying ball, and Willoughby major and Judson major, who had gone with his captain to the wickets to open the innings, were flying between the stumps as hard as they could go.

They ran five, and at the end of it Monson noticed that Willoughby leant over his bat in distress, signing to Judson junior to wait a bit ere he played, in order that he might regain his breath.

"Willoughby unfit, as usual," muttered the captain. "The fool! If I could only get him and his so-called 'smart set' to give up their smoking, it would be a jolly sight better for them and the school athletics. The beggar won't stay long at the wickets. His condition isn't good enough."

The captain's thought was justified two overs later, when Willoughby major, who, with his younger brother Willoughby minor, was among

the biggest boys in the school, was clean bowled off his pads, being late with his stroke owing to that want of breath of his.

He came back to the tent looking pale of face, his chest heaving in distress, and his brow covered with beads of perspiration.

"You'd better go in, Willoughby," said the captain sarcastically. "He's sure to be as much in want of good exercise as you are." Two of the mainstays of the side ruined through indulgence in tobacco! Nice sort of thing, isn't it? By George, I shall have to rely on young Judson out there and his brother to pull the game out of the fire, after all! They set an example to you chaps, which you might all follow with advantage."

And Captain Monson looked round the group of players gathered in the tent, a sneer of contempt on his lips to think that all of them, pals of the Willoughbys, who wielded immense influence over the rest of the school, should be victims of the smoking craze that had lost Claverhouse much of its prestige in athletics during the past two years.

The two Judsons, juniors both, but big lads for their age, were bright, intelligent boys. They were well liked at Claverhouse, but looked upon as being too proud for their position.

They never joined the rest of the lads in, when they turned their "smoking contests" in which each lad tried to outvie the other in burning the pernicious weed, and most regular in their habits—virtues which do not lend themselves to popularity in one's earlier days at school.

Still the two Judsons were smart boys. They stuck to their studies, and they stuck to their athletics. Though neither of them was a fier at cricket, football, swimming, running, or fives, they were fair average athletes at these games, and they were both as steady as a rock.

Their reliability had endeared them to Monson, and the captain of the School now crossed to Judson minor, a dark-haired, good-looking boy, who was carefully examining his bat in a corner of the tent.

"Judson minor," he said, "you go in next, and see if you can't make a stand with your brother. I look upon you to save the game now that I have been as enough to chuck away my wicket. Do you understand?"

"Yes," answered young Judson, nodding at his captain with a bright smile. "My brother Edgar is very steady out there, and if I can get in with him he'll inspire me with that old low down."

Judson minor had not long to wait, for the younger Willoughby, wishing to vindicate the honor of the famous club, stepped to the leg, and not getting fairly hold of it, was beautifully caught by Moore, of the Town, who got the ball low down.

Only sixteen runs were recorded upon the board, and three men were out. Judson minor, seeing his bat, went in to join his brother Edgar, who was waiting at each other.

"Stick to it, young 'un!" said Judson major, who was a fine, upstanding, fair-haired boy, though a junior. "The rest of 'em are all suffering from the smoking fever. If we can't get a few, it's all over with the School!"

Judson minor nodded, and very carefully took his centre and marked the batting crease. The first ball he received was a fast full pitch; but his eye was true, his wrists were flexible, and, getting wrists, arms, and shoulders into the stroke, he sent it away with a crack to the boundary, and the School cheered again.

It was indeed a fine hit, and Captain Monson seemed pleased. It was an earnest of more to follow. Judson minor stopped the next two, both being too dangerous to muddle with, and then, with change of over, his brother got the ball.

Edgar was set, but careful. Though not brilliant, the Town bowling was too good to take liberties with; and besides, the team knew they were winning, and that means a lot. However, he got a couple of twos, and the score began to rise.

But just when the School's hopes were highest a sad calamity happened.

Judson minor, in playing a ball that pitched a bit short, got too far under it, and, to his dismay, up it went into the air, giving the fieldmen plenty of time to judge the catch.

Two of them ran for it, and there was just a possibility that they might collide and lose the catch, but, shouting to his comrade to stop, the Town captain—Hughes—got beneath the dropping ball. He made no mistake. His keen fingers closed round it, and with a swing of his hand behind his back, he sent it soaring into the air with a cheer!

"How's that?"

Judson minor knew, and, tucking his bat beneath his arm, he left the wicket, having only hit up ten. He felt a little sore with himself. He was in fine batting humor. He felt sure that if he could have stayed at the wickets a little longer he would have played himself in, and, with his brother set, the pair might have saved the game.

"I'm awfully sorry, Monson!" he said to his captain. "I ought to have restrained myself, and let the ball alone. I wasn't quite set. Yet it looked simple enough. I'm afraid I've let the side down. I wish I'd done better. I'm sorry."

"Never mind, my lad," said the captain; "it can't be helped. Oh, I tell you frankly, I wouldn't have had you out at this juncture for something. All those smoking young cads—the Willoughby lot—are shaking with nervousness. All they dabble about is showing off. They want to get the runs without having the hardship of practice to undergo, forgetting that a man doesn't become a cricketer except by hard work and patient study. He's born first, we know; but he has to practice before he's made. Now, then, Pepper, get the dust out of your eyes, and get to the wicket. You don't want to keep the Town waiting all day long, do you? I'll see whether you can't do something for the School. You're big enough, goodness knows."

Pepper was a huge lad; in fact, the biggest boy in the school. He had a good-tempered, intelligent face, and wasn't half a bad sort. But he had got into the smoking habit with the Willoughbys, and did not seem so keen on games as he used to be.

He walked to the wickets full of confidence,

and he took as much trouble about the preliminaries as Dr. W. G. Grace himself. He need not have taken the trouble, for the first ball he received took his middle stump, and another good man was out. The score stood as it did when Judson minor left the wicket, but the men out now numbered five.

Thirty-four for five, with three extras! It was a miserable total.

Armstrong, the next man in, made seven; whilst Judson added twelve more to the total. Then, with the score at fifty-three, Armstrong was stumped in reaching forward to a ball; and hardly had the next man in got to the wicket than all the School hopes vanished, for Judson, in endeavouring to drive a half-volley to the boundary, did not get properly hold of it, and had the mortification of seeing a little Town man get cleverly to the ball, and he, too, was out. Fifty-three for seven!

The last three men in all Willoughbys, made but a feeble attempt to live up affairs, and the side was all out for sixty-five, leaving the Town with a glorious victory for the first time for twelve years.

There being plenty of time left for play, the Town went in again, and, elated at their victory, the batsmen simply hit the Claverhouse bowling all over the field. The captain's face was a study. He looked at the School eleven, as each man came in, with the exception of the two Judsons, and a feeling of rage took possession of him.

He knew that the Willoughbys were not half so chaps. He knew that most of the boys composing the School eleven that day were jolly good sorts, and it struck him as being an infernal shame that because of Willoughby's conceit of himself as a tobacco-smoker the school should have gone to pot.

"Oh, don't try to coax me round!" he said to Willoughby major, who had been trying to excuse himself when the match was at length over. "If you were to tell me until doomsday that you do no learn by sliding up as late as you can in your foul den, with all the windows shut, and the door stuffed up so that not a smoke shall get out into the corridor, and all of you smoking like factory chimneys, I wouldn't believe it. Look what an exhibition you made of yourself at the wickets today! Even the Town captain made a remark about it. Something has got to be done. As captain of this school I am responsible for its welfare in the games, and I won't have it made the laughing-stock of the country-side even for you, Willoughby. There's got to be a change. Either you stop your smoking club, or I'll stop it for you."

And with that he turned and walked away, leaving the elder Willoughby, looking a little shame-faced certainly, but very stubborn at heart, to chew over his words as he pleased.

**THE 2ND CHAPTER.  
Captain's Mis Fort Down.**

WILLOUGHBY MAJOR is holding another smoking session tonight."

It was Judson minor who spoke. Captain Monson laughed.



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 Sternerag. 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. 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 Sternerag. PETER PINNICK, a morose, unscrupulous fisherman, who nurses an imaginary grievance against the Stranger and against Jack Jaunty. DAN CALLIS, ARROW DOWNEY, GERARD INGLIS, and NICKY HOPKINS, pupils at the School on the Cliff.

Our story opens on a warm sunny day. Dan Callis, a pupil at the School on the Cliff, and a bully, is daring another lad, Gerard Inglis by name, to descend the Scapall's Cliff. Jack warns him not to do so, but a little later the lad is discovered on a ledge half-way down the face of the cliff insolent. From this position he is rescued by Jack Jaunty. A stranger arrives at Sternerag 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. At the invitation of the Stranger the boys from the School on the Cliff spend a day's holiday on the Bowl Island. Here Jack Jaunty is attacked in a cove by Peter Pinnick and Bob Baxter's son. He is rescued by Gerard Inglis, and Jack sets a trap to keep the matter a secret for the time being. A heavy storm comes on which prevents the boys from returning to the mainland that night, so they camp out in a tent which the Stranger supplies. Maud, Mr. Ferrula, an assistant-master at the school, has been indulging in a series of gyrations in a boat, being eventually swept to sea. He is rescued by a band of fishermen just before the storm breaks.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

THE 9th CHAPTER. After the Storm—Back Again—A Big Fish in a Net.

It was late when the rain ceased, and Mr. Bonington, accompanied by his two tutors, wended their way back to the school. Mr. Ferrula was dignified but depressed, and Mr. Redditch subdued but indifferently jubilant. Jack saw, Mr. Bonington had given the adventurous voyager a bit of what is sometimes called "a jacking," not only for interfering with what did not concern him, but for giving his rescuers an amount of trouble he was not by any means able to pay for. Nor did the fact of the fishermen's ignoring

all payment retrieve him in the eyes of Mr. Bonington. "You have done wrong," he said; "and let me be a lesson to you through life. In future attempt to do nothing beyond your physical or mental strength." Then came Mr. Bonington's turn. As had been expected, Mrs. Bonington, by implication, put the storm upon him. She wanted to know why he did not know it was coming, and she asked him how he could face the parents of the boys after they had boomed wet to the skin all night, cashing their death with cold. "You will have to bury two-thirds of your school, Mr. Bonington," she said; "for I won't have it of you not to put the blame on me, for I won't have it."

But fair broke the morning, and at an early hour the boys were brought across the water safe and sound and in the highest spirits, only sorry that they had not been left on the island to live there for ever. They were in time for school, and did not want any breakfast, having faces all they needed on the island, and in some cases a little more.

"It's like coming back to everyday life, after dreaming of being a fairy," said Will Raddie, as he opened his books. "Oh, what would I give to be wrecked on some island!" "About half as much as you would give to be taken off again, I fancy," replied Jack Jaunty. "Silence!" cried Mr. Bonington, who had just taken his seat, and then the familiar routine went on.

But playing high jinks on an island and schooling don't go well together. It was a morning of blunderings and reproof, a trying time for teachers and the taught, and they were glad when it was over. As all had done so badly, and with a fair excuse, no special punishments were awarded, and the day being fine the boys were permitted to take their usual outdoor exercise before dinner. Some went roaming about the cliff, others hurried down to the sea, among them Jack, Nicky, Gerard, and Will Raddie. These four were together, and if not on mischief bent, they were in the humour for any fun that might offer itself. It was the noontide hour, and the greater part of the simple inhabitants, being early feeders, were at dinner. But there was one who was not going to dine, or bed, and that was Peter Pinnick. How or when he had returned Jack did not know, but there he was lying on an outspread net, upon his back, in the shadow of one of the boats, snoring most awfully.

Jack Jaunty saw an opportunity of paying back part of what he owed the ruffian, and of course, was not going to throw it away. "Let us get the net about him, and run him along the beach," he said. Peter's hand was against every boy, and every boy's hand was against him. Jack's suggestion was accepted as one worthy of all support.

The net was drawn over Pinnick, and the ends gathered together in a trice. Jack, with a deft hand, proceeded to tie up the net something after the fashion of a cloth with a pushing inside it.

Peter Pinnick woke up. "Hallo, what now? Here, you Jaunty chap, you let me out!" "Now, boys," cried Jack, "run him along! The tide is coming in. We can take him out and leave him for a good washing!"

THE 10th CHAPTER. A New Pupil and Other Fresh Arrivals.

PETER shouted and used very bad language, but the boys had him safe enough. He was safe as the lion of the fable in the net, and there was no little mouse to help him out. He had not even his jack-knife to cut a hole in the fable in the net, and his pockets without finding it, and laughing with glee. Ignoring his vows of vengeance, they dragged him along, his shouts and oaths breaking rudely on the silliness of the noon. But nobody came to his aid. It is true some peeped from the doors of their huts, but when they saw who it was in trouble, they went back again, or watched the scene with laughing faces from the shadow of their homes.

So Peter was tumbled and dragged along until he had entered his coward heart that the affair might end seriously. "Stop!" he yelled. "Don't go no further! The tide'll be on me in a few minutes. Oh, you Jaunty, you to a sea-a-daw boy! Come stop, will you?" "Further out!" cried Jack. "He is to be drowned to-day. There's nobody looking. Pull away!"

The boys worked hard, the perspiration poured down their faces, for it was not an easy thing to get Peter along. He kicked in the net, and bit at it like a madman, until there was in his appearance a great deal more of the wild beast than the man.

It was a strong net, and a new one, not easy to break through, or his might have speedily gained his freedom. As it was, he was as helpless as a big fish within its folds. The boys dragged him out about fifty yards upon the sands, and then they stopped. "Good-bye, Peter!" said Jack. "Don't waste your breath howling, as nobody can hear you. The tide will soon be in." "You won't leave me to leave him to drown, Peter hoarsely. "You dursn't!"

"Oh, don't talk about dare not," replied Jack coolly, "because we mean to do it. Come along, boys; the dinner-bell will be ringing directly."

"Hi! Stop!" roared Peter. "I've something to tell you that you would like to know—something I found out on the island yonder." "Don't want to know it," sang out Jack cheerily. "Tell it to the little fishes!" Jack did not mean to leave him to drown, and knew that would not be the end of it; but he just wanted to give the ruffian a scare, and the attempt to do so had been crowned with success.

Half-way towards the cliff he turned, and saw that he had no fear of becoming a murderer, for Peter Pinnick was doing what most people would have done under the circumstances.

He was rolling over and over towards the shore. Enveloped in a heavy net, and with a

considerable length of it to drag along, he presented a very funny appearance, and the little pleasure there might have been in the position was not enhanced by the arrival of several of the fishermen, some of them swallowing their last bit of dinner, on the scene. They were not assist. Peter, but encouraged him with cries. "Roll, Peter—roll! Go it, and you'll win yet."

After travelling a few yards, Peter stopped to regain his breath, and, as luck would have it, an extra-steeled wave broke on the shore, and sent a broad sheet of water covered with the sands. It came right up to Peter, who yelled "Murder!" and resumed his rolling performance towards the beach. By this time half the population had arrived on the scene, and there was just such a little knot accompanying Peter as one sees when a man is performing some feat of walking on the high road. Nobody offered to help him. His piteous cries were only answered with laughter. All they said was "Roll, Peter—roll! The tide's a-coming!"

And he did roll, until heated to the colour of a boiled lobster, and, thoroughly pumped out, he touched the shingle, and stopped.

For a while he eyed the group gathered about him with the stolen glass of a caged rat. But presently he said, quietly enough: "Somebody untie the net and let me out! It's Bob Baxter's net, and I don't want to kick a hole in it."

"You'd better not," said Bob himself, as he pushed his way to the front. "What are you here for, coming in like a waddling yourself up in a thing meant for fishes?"

Bob, who had seen all and knew all, stooped down to loosen the knot, which he pretended was so mighty tight that his fingers would not untie it.

"A man like you," he said, "is old enough to give up this fool's tricks, and don't you let me see you coming in with any net again. There you are. Get up and go home. If you want to amuse yourself like a child, get a hoop and some marbles and a popgun."

To all this Peter Pinnick answered not a word.

Having shaken off the net, he got upon his feet, and saw his arms and knees a rub. Then slowly he passed through the crowd and walked towards the path up the cliff. There was a frown lock in his eyes, such some, who saw it, afterwards said was the ugliest thing their eyes had seen for many a day.

"He'll take it out of the boys somehow," they said.

And they were, to an extent, right in their opinion. Peter Pinnick meant to have his revenge one day.

Jack had made a bitter enemy in Peter Pinnick; but, quite indifferent to what the feeling of that personage might be towards him, and satisfied for the present with having humiliated him, he sauntered off with Gerard Inglis.

The boys wended their way up the cliff, towards the village, and in so doing had to pass Bob Baxter's house. By the door Mrs. Baxter was standing. Her eyes were red-evidently she had been weeping.

"Good-morning, mother," said Jack.

"I've addressed her so, because he know it pleased her, and she had to all intents and purposes been a mother to him."

"Can I speak to you alone, Master Jack?" she said.

Although she had reared him, she always, as Bob did, put the prefix to his name, for they argued between them that Jack was not an ordinary boy, "but just something above us," they would say.

Jack went into the house with her, and she closed the door. "Oh, my poor boy, Jim—" she began, wringing her hands.

(Continued on the next page.)

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The School on the Cliff.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"What has happened to him?" asked Jack, alarmed on her account on the cliff.

"Oh, that is what I want to know" the wretched mother sobbed. "He's gone—run away."

"When, and to where?" asked Jack.

"We don't know," said Mrs. Baxter. "I don't see Peter. I don't see any of the boys together on the day they were fishing, same when you went to the Bowl. When was it? I'm in that state I don't know."

"Well, if he came home, why isn't he here?" queried Jack.

"Because he's run away, and Heaven only knows what will become of him! My only son—my boy!"

It was pitifully painful to see her in such a state, but Jack could do nothing but give her a few words of comfort. His mind, of course, went back to the Bowl, and it flashed upon him that Jim might have met with foul play there, for he was not in a boat to prove anything, and he had given his word to Jim that he would say anything about the attack made upon him, and his consolation as words could give.

"It is only one of Jim's tricks," he said; "and it will be all right in a moment."

Rejoining Gerard, he told him what was wrong, and Gerard also was of opinion that Jim was playing a trick on Peter.

"But if he doesn't come home in a day or two," he said, "something ought to be done."

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"But if he doesn't come home in a day or two," he said, "something ought to be done."

The next day there was another addition to the neighbourhood, although not to the school.

About a quarter of a mile from the village, there stood a low, rambling house, called Norton's Folly. It was built partly of wood and partly of brick and stone, and its original owner died there about seven years before. Since then it had remained empty.

The people of Stronach thought it never would be let again, and the usual ghost had been associated with it for a year or so; but now, behold, it was taken, and the new residents came and took possession of it suddenly.

It came upon everybody by surprise, but the fact was the agent lived far away, and what he did in business was not likely to be heard of by the simple people by the sea. Of course, the boys were the first to ascertain who had come thither to live. Nicky Hoskins was the first scout, and he found a handsome, portly man surveying the front of the bungalow, with two girls, and a lady about twenty-seven. He was sure the latter was a governess, for she addressed the gentleman as "Mr. Delton."

"What sort of girls are they?" asked Jack anxiously, as he pulled off his coat and folded it up neatly.

It was the hour to retire, and some half-dozen youngsters were preparing for bed.

"Ezra!" replied Nicky earnestly. "I don't think much of girls generally, but I must say those took my fancy."

"Well, what are they like?" asked Jack. "Fair or dark, tall or short?"

"They've got fluffy yellow hair and blue eyes," said Nicky, "as he got into bed; and they were dressed in blue serge, and one of them looked at me and laughed. If you want to know anything more about them, you can go up tomorrow and see for yourself."

As all further questions concerning the newcomers all elicited from Nicky a series of guesses, and that, however, he had several hard names, which were endorsed by others equally curious, and then they all went to sleep.

was going to ask you to have a morning's pint with me, but now—"

"Here, I'm ready, if there's beer in it," said Baylis.

Pinnick picked up a short mast lying near, and he and Baylis walked towards the boat.

"Let us do it quietly, so the boys don't see it done," whispered Pinnick. "They're a mischief-making lot, and will be sure to tell Bob if they know of it."

Gerard and three or four others were seeking moving objects by the seashore, and amusing themselves in other ways, but none were looking in the direction of the boat. Everything was favourable to Pinnick's dastardly plot to kill her. He reckoned that after it was discovered it would be put down to accident, for Baylis would, for his own sake, keep silent.

Boats left like this one, on an even keel without any supports, often get thrown over on their sides by the wind.

Placing the short stump of the mast against the side, he whispered, "Lay hold, Baylis!" And then added, "Leave her, my lad!"

They were two powerful men, and the boat yielded at once to the pressure they put upon it, toppling over in a moment upon its side, in a strange, needless way that was more impressive than a crash would have been.

"There," said Baylis, "we've done it!" "Hush!" said Pinnick, holding up his finger.

"Can you hear anything?" "I hear them boys laughing and a splashing sound in the water," replied Baylis.

"I don't mean that," said Pinnick, whose face was now white under the brown of his sun-burnt skin. "Under the boat I thought I heard a moan. Surely there couldn't have been anything but a splash."

"The Lord forbid!" ejaculated Baylis. "I am a most sure I heard something," said Pinnick. "Let's go round the other side and see."

They walked round, Peter Pinnick going first, and as he got a view of the other side of the boat he received a shock that made him reel. There

than other fishermen, but he could hit hard, and down went Pinnick with a blow that would knock a man's brains out, and back it came, half-terrified with the sight of that knockdown blow.

Pinnick, enraged to a point of madness, got up as quickly as he could, and the pair were in a struggle between two untutored gladiators, and in its way a fearful fight. They dealt each other blows that would have stretched a man senseless on the ground; they closed and fell together, pounding away, and rolling about so that the dry sand rose in clouds, and hid the mystery to the boys.

It was such a sight as none of the boys had looked upon before, and did not appear to look as if they were in a serious struggle, yet, being fighting for supremacy. What blows they dealt each other on the body, face, and head! The sound was like that of carpet-beating, and how they bore them to the mystery to the boys.

At last Baylis dealt Pinnick a blow on the side of the head that stretched him out still, and apparently dead. Then there was a moment's calm.

Baylis rose up slowly, wiping the blood from his face, and staring at his foe with an expression of horror.

"I—I hope he isn't killed!" he stammered. Jack stooped down and looked at the senseless man. He was breathing, but he was motionless, that show how heavily the blow had told upon him. It was, in a sense, satisfactory to find that he was not dead.

"I don't mean that," said Jack, "I mean that Peter Pinnick did. After a while his breathing improved, and, opening his eyes, he looked at the boys with a ghastly, white-glowing awakening from a drunken sleep. Slowly his eyes wandered round the silent, white-faced group near, and by degrees consciousness of the surroundings came back to him. So did the pugnaciousness of Baylis.

"Have you had enough?" he asked fiercely. "I don't care for such consolation as words could give."

"Come away," said Jack to the other boys; "it isn't a nice sight."

They drew away, and Baylis, satisfied with his victory, lounged off to the beach. The boys hurried back to the school to breakfast, and to tell the story of that dreadful struggle between two strong men.

It haunted some of them for many hours afterwards, and to Jack it was a thing to remember all his life.

We have spared our young readers many details of this fray, for such things do not make good reading, and are not good to read. They like the records of old prize-fights, when men really fought, and did not play at fighting, have a brutalising tendency. Both combatants bore the marks of the struggle in their faces for a week afterwards.

Although Jack was deeply impressed with the story of his own life—the wreck, his rescue by the Stranger, and his subsequent career at school, Ivonne and Laura, as the girls were called by their father, and the other boys, and the questions they kept their eyes on Jack throughout, and Ivonne sighed more than once, like one absorbed in the reading of a book, Jack doffed his cap as he passed, and Mr. Belton, returning the salute, asked him to stop.

"Can you give me the name of the islands lying out there?" he asked.

Of course Jack could, and it was a congenial theme to him. Under the influence of golden hair and blue eyes he wasted quite eloquent upon them, and the Bowl was his chief object.

By degrees he unfolded to the wondering listeners the story of his own life—the wreck, his rescue by the Stranger, and his subsequent career at school, Ivonne and Laura, as the girls were called by their father, and the other boys, and the questions they kept their eyes on Jack throughout, and Ivonne sighed more than once, like one absorbed in the reading of a book, Jack doffed his cap as he passed, and Mr. Belton, returning the salute, asked him to stop.

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Peter was tumbled and dragged along until the fair entered his coward heart that the affair might and seriously. "Stop!" he yelled. "Don't go no further! The devil'll be on me in a few minutes."

Gerard quietly proposed in the morning to Jack to have a run over to the Folly before breakfast, but Jack dissented.

"I've got an idea they are jolly girls," he said, "and I should not like to see them for the first time in cup papers."

"Oh, no!" said Gerard, with a shudder. "We're not going off to the Folly, they went down to the beach. Jack, as was often the case with him, was a little behind with some his lessons, so he took his books with him and lay down beside a boat drawn up high and dry."

It was an old boat, the property of Bob Baxter, and hard by Peter Pinnick was prowling about with one of his companions of the Mermaid, a careless fellow of the name of Baylis, and a second vice in him, but easily led into mischief.

Peter saw Jack go behind the boat and sit down. Baylis was looking on when Peter Pinnick, hating Jack for his whole heart, and longing to repay him for that net business, was ready to do him up. "Provided it could be carried through safely."

"How easy to push the boat over and smash him!" he thought.

"It would have done it alone, but he thought it advisable to bring Baylis into it, so as to make it appear like an accident."

"Baylis," he said, "suppose we shove over that old boat—Bob Baxter's?"

"What for?" asked Baylis sleepily. "Oh, just for something to do—the fun of it, if you like. I've got talks of breaking it up."

"Oh, what's the good of breaking when there's no pay to it?" grunted Baylis. "Well, let it alone, then," said Pinnick. "I

was Jack, not under the boat, but sitting quietly on the side of it, in the act of closing the book he had been studying.

THE 11th CHAPTER. A Terrible Struggle—Jack Makes New Discoveries.

YOU were out of your reckoning," said Jack coolly. "I happened to be getting up just as you were pushing the boat down."

"I—I didn't know you were there," stammered Pinnick.

"Oh, you told the boat a moment ago, and saw you two creeping up, and suspected your little game. Baylis, I never thought you were such a scoundrel!"

"I'll swear I didn't do so much as dream of your being there!" cried Baylis excitedly.

"Do you believe me?" said Jack. "But he did. See his face! Doesn't he look like a disappointed cur?"

The other boys, attracted by the voice of the speakers, came running up to see what was the matter. They were just in time to see Baylis rise in his wrath against Pinnick.

"Do you want to make a murderer of me, did you?" he said.

"Don't mind that young fool," replied Pinnick. "Come on the Mermaid, and have your morning pint."

"Hang your morning pint!" roared Baylis. "Off with your jersey, and let us see which is best."

"I won't," said Pinnick.

"Then we'll keep 'em on," said Baylis. Baylis was not a scientific pugilist, any more

(To be continued next week.)

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# KING CRICKET!

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**ARTHUR LOVELL**, Loamshire's champion batsman. He becomes a professional. His uncle is ruined by James Lagden.

**KIT VALANCE**, Loamshire's best bowler. He first comes to notice in the Cotts' match, where he takes Arthur Lovell's wicket. Later he becomes Arthur's firm chum.

**GEORGE HIRST**, an amateur and a good batsman. He is bitterly jealous of Arthur Lovell, whom he hates and endeavours to injure. He is Arthur's rival for the hand of Molly Ellison. A snobbish character.

**JAMES LAGDEN**, who has ruined Arthur's uncle, Captain of Loamshire, and the steady friend of Arthur and Kit. He is Molly Ellison's cousin.

**PONSONBY**, Geoffrey Lovell's friend, and a man of similar character—snobbish to a degree.

The first instalment tells how Arthur Lovell distinguishes himself in the Cotts' match, in spite of the efforts which Geoffrey Lagden puts forth to keep him in the shade. Soon after a change in his fortunes necessitates his forfeiting his status as an amateur and taking professional engagements.

Kit Valance, Arthur's bosom chum, has a twin brother named Len who is not a credit to his family. Len Valance backs Somerset to beat Loamshire, and asks his brother to let down his side. Kit refuses indignantly and in the first innings takes no less than three wickets.

Loamshire get the best of the first day's play, Arthur owing his life to the aid of a confederate, Len's depression, and the fact that the winning ball is struck by Arthur. Len is also kidnapped and kept prisoner by his friends.

Arthur seems doomed to defeat, but in the nick of time Arthur and Kit manage to escape, and Arthur pulls the game out of the fire, and wins the match on the stroke of time. Lagden bribes Len Valance to lure Arthur to make a mistake to make it possible for him to play in the next match against Yorkshire.

Kit makes a bad blunder, and Arthur down-blows the captain of Loamshire, with a follow-up in the second innings. Arthur and Kit are in the firing line in the coming match with Yorkshire, and Ponsonby is appointed in his place as captain. Being under the impression that he is to play for Loamshire in the background, Arthur is put in last, and Loamshire are defeated by a score of seveny-eight. How is the match to end?

(How read this week's instalment.)

### The Yorkshire innings.

UNCHE was over on the pavilion on the Bradford ground, and the cricketers were busy preparing to take the field again. Loamshire were not in high spirits. A total of seventy-eight, for an innings finished up before lunch on the opening day of the match, was hardly encouraging to the visiting team.

Ponsonby, the new captain of Loamshire, eyed his way, and he had not a word to say for it. He had kept Arthur Lovell in the back-ground, and given his own personal friends every chance of making a hit.

Unfortunately, they had all failed to do so, and the young professional had gone in too late to do anything for his side.

Ponsonby's obstinacy had led a result that he might have foreseen. The Yorkshire bowling had played havoc with the visitors' innings, and Loamshire were all out for a miserable total.

But Ponsonby was far from thinking of changing his tactics, and he depended only on his own men to get the match back.

Kit Valance, Loamshire's champion professional bowler, was the only one who was likely to make much impression upon batsmen like Lord Hawke, Hirst, Rhodes, and Tussell; but the new captain of Loamshire deliberately blinded himself to facts.

It would, indeed, have been a poor ending to his plans if, after keeping Lovell in the background, he had been compelled to rely upon Lovell's chum, and to give him every chance of distinguishing himself.

When the Loamshire captain led his men from the pavilion, Lovell and Valance were both placed to field, and the ball was given to Geoffrey Lagden.

Lagden was a pretty good bowling form, and he meant to do his level best to back up Ponsonby, and make the scheme a success.

But how his bowling would shape up against Hawke and Hirst was a question. Kit and Lovell exchanged a glance, but said no word. It was not their business to speak. They had

only to obey, and to quietly look on while the match was sacrificed to an unportsmanlike man's jealousy and obduracy.

Lagden sent down a few trials to the wicket-keeper, Maynard. The Yorkshiremen opened their innings with Lord Hawke and Hirst. George Hirst, the splendid cricketer, whose bowling had done so much damage to Loamshire, received the first over from Lagden. The crowd who had watched the luckless Loamshire innings in the morning were looking on eagerly now, freely predicting that Yorkshire would win the match with an innings to spare, and gleeful at the prospect.

And Hirst's first over was encouraging to the spectators. The first two balls he contented himself with stopping, and then he ran a four, and then a couple of boundaries followed, and the last ball gave him two; and the crowd cheered his fine start heartily.

"Bravo, Hirst!" "Good old George!" George Hirst smiled. He had already taken the measure of the Loamshire bowling, and he was cool and confident. Tweedie, the professional, howled the second over against Lord Hawke's wicket.

The Yorkshire skipper played every ball with calm success. The over gave him only six, but it showed that Tweedie could not touch his wicket, and next to Kit Valance, the Scottish professional was the best bowler the Loamshire side could boast.

If the Loamshire fielding was equally weak, the Yorkshire innings was booked for a long life. Now, Hirst had the bowling again, and he was batting strongly. The man at the score-board was kept pretty busy. Hirst was hitting out in fine style, and it was nothing to him to lift the leather over the boundary.

With thirteen more runs to his credit, he still had the bowling when the field cringed over. Ponsonby tossed the ball to Fortescue, a young amateur caught it, and looked at it anxiously.

"What do you want me to do with this, Ponsonby?" he asked innocently.

Ponsonby scowled. In his present humour, Fortescue's mocking fun was very hard to bear.

"Go on and bowl the next over!" he snapped.

"You want me to bowl against Hirst?" "Haven't I told you so?"

"You're joking. You mean me to toss the ball to Kit Valance, of course, and—"

Ponsonby gritted his teeth.

"Don't do anything of the kind, Fortescue, or there'll be a row. I'm captain of this team. I've told you that once before. Do as I tell you."

Fortescue's expression changed. In spite of his light, mocking nature, he was a keen

cricketer, and he was keenly desirous of seeing the game pulled out of the fire.

"I say, Pon, old man," he said in a low voice, "give Valance a chance. You know I can't do anything like Valance. Give the chap a chance."

"Mind your own business!" "You've made up your mind—"

"I've made up my mind to be obeyed on the cricket-field, so long as I'm captain of Loamshire!" growled Ponsonby. "If you say another word I'll order you off the field, and play Yorkshire a man short."

Fortescue bit his lip.

"Very well," he said quietly. "I shall obey orders, of course."

And the sooner the better. They were keeping the field waiting.

Fortescue said no more. The fieldsmen had taken up their new positions, and the young amateur went on to bowl against George Hirst's wicket. He was sinning with anger within.

Ponsonby's obstinate folly was risking the game, or, rather, dooming Loamshire to certain defeat; but it was impossible to argue with or oppose a cricket captain on the field.

Fortescue, like Lovell, could only do as he was told. An incompetent captain was had enough, but insubordination in the team would be worse.

George Hirst was waiting for the ball in his quiet way. Fortescue took a little run, and the ball went down, and Hirst stepped out to it and hit. Away went the ball, and the batsmen ran.

But the next moment there was a roar round the field. While the batsmen were running, cover-point was running, too, his eyes upturned, and crossing the level green like a flash of white.

And it was Arthur Lovell who had been assigned to that post by the Loamshire skipper. He was running hard, his eyes on the sky—as the round, dark object there. Would it fall into his hands, or plunge into the turf?

Every eye was fixed on the fieldsmen; every breath came quick and sharp. Was it to be a catch, and Hirst dismissed for twenty-seven?

Raven Ponsonby forgot his jealous spite for a moment as he watched Arthur Lovell, and he was just then as fervently anxious for the catch to materialise as any of the Loamshires.

Down came the ball. With a faint sound, something between a click and a kiss, it sailed into the outstretched palm, and the fieldsmen's fingers closed upon it like a vice.

"Caught!" "Ponsonby shouted out the word in his relief. It was taken up by the crowd of Yorkshire folk, keen sportsmen all, though they were keenly disappointed to see their favourite dismissed so early in the innings.

"Caught!" "Oh, well caught!" He was flushed, his eyes sparkling. He had caught out George Hirst, the splendid Yorkshire batsman, for a small total, and his heart beat with a pleasurable trill.

"Well caught!" The shout was music to his ears. He came in from the field with a smile upon his face, and the ball in his hand.

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

Hirst took his defeat good-humouredly. The man of many centuries could afford a reverse every now and then, and, like a good cricketer as he was, he admired that splendid catch.

And he gave Lovell a friendly nod as he carried out his bat. Hirst disappeared into the pavilion, and Haigh came out to join Lord Hawke at the wicket. Fortescue finished the over against Haigh. But his good luck was at an end.

He would have the satisfaction of seeing in the score-sheet that Hirst, caught Lovell, bowled Fortescue," but that was about all the satisfaction that was in store for him. For Haigh cut his bowling at once on the field, and when a three gave Lord Hawke the bowling, the Yorkshire skipper sent Fortescue's last ball over the boundary for four.

Fortescue made a mistake as he left the crease. He had done his level best, and as a matter of fact, Loamshire had benefited by putting him on as a change bowler, as he had succeeded in giving Lovell the catch that dismissed Hirst.

He could not touch the Yorkshire batting, and he knew it, and he was glad to be relieved of a task that was beyond his powers.

Kit Valance looked at the Loamshire captain involuntarily. Was the ball counted as four? The young bowler had watched and seen how Arthur Lovell had been left out in the cold during the Loamshire innings, with indignation. He had not anticipated a stroke like this would come, for the new Loamshire captain disliked him as much as he disliked Lovell. Now he knew that he was a change bowler, as he had succeeded in giving Lovell the catch that dismissed Hirst.

It was evident that, whatever came of it, Kit Valance was not to be trusted with the ball, and Yorkshire had a chance to lose their Loamshire's champion bowler.

"Ponsonby has made up his mind, Kit," muttered Lovell, as he came to the wicket, when the field crossed over. "He means to play the game out—and it's all up with Loamshire."

And Kit Valance nodded a gloomy assent.

Luck was going strongly in favour of the White Boss.

Haigh and Lord Hawke watched them were knocking up the runs in fine style, and the home score was already at ninety, with only one wicket down. The Loamshire men were on the alert for chances, especially the two cricketers chums, Lovell and Valance, but the batsmen were not the kind to give many chances, even to alert fieldsmen. But Kit Valance's chance came last.

Haigh had hit out in the long field, and the ball seemed good enough for a four. The batsman had crossed the line, and the ball hit after the ball like a shot. The fourth run tempted them, to their sorrow. For Kit was on the ball, and he straightened up and sent it to the wicket-keeper with a single movement—a smart take and return which elicited a cheer from those of the spectators who were near enough to see it.

Maynard, at the wicket, was on the alert. The ball came in true as a die, and he grabbed it greedily, and with the same swing of the hand, cradled it on to the stumps.

Haigh had seen his peril, and he was straining every nerve to get home in time, and a couple of seconds later his bat clumped on the crease. Only a couple of seconds; but it was quite enough. The clump of the bat followed the crash of the falling wicket, and Maynard grinned up at the batsman.

"Out!" "Out!" Haigh departed from the wicket. Ponsonby breathed a sigh of relief to see his own wicketmen were now two down for the even hundred, and that was thirty. Yet there was a bitterness in the Loamshire captain's breast.

Only two Loamshire fieldsmen had distinguished themselves, and those two were the players he had sought to keep out of the game—Lovell and Valance.

Rhodes came in to join Lord Hawke.



He has done it! A foot from the green turf Kit's hand has interposed, and the ball has dropped into it with a gentle plink. Caught!



KING CRICKET.

(Continued from the previous page.)

Lagden bowled against his wicket, and more by luck than by skill, he bowled the Yorkshire...

Lagden, Tunstall, and Tweedie tried their skill upon Tunncliffe in vain, and then Fortescue...

Tunncliffe and Lord Hawke were making a game of it, and not at all in the least minding his century, and had evidently become...

And, indeed, it began to look as if Lord Hawke and Tunstall would score a century...

His expression showed how gloomy were his feelings.

"I say, 'Pon, old man, this looks bad!"

"You are bowlers don't seem able to touch the Tykes," said Lagden.

"Ponsonby stared at him in blank amazement. 'Kit Valance' was the name he agreed that this was to be an amateur's game, Lagden."

Lagden made a sign of impatient assent. "Yes, yes, I know, but the money is paid in full, and the prospect is looking black enough to us. We don't want to lose the game."

"You think we ought to call upon a professional for help, after snubbing him and leaving him out in the cold like this? He would laugh at his sleekness and his money."

"That's better than losing the game and getting ragged by the committee."

"It's the last thing I should have expected you to say," Lagden.

Lagden muttered an anathema. He had been able to twist Ponsonby round his finger to a great extent."

"I have some sense, Ponsonby. I don't want to put Valance forward, but I don't want to see the game at stake—and people will suspect—"

"Try one more here, I will unwillingly."

"But, Pon, look over."

"You're keeping the field waiting."

"Ponsonby snapped out so severely that the temper had been sorely tried, and he was not inclined to be over-civil, even to Lagden."

Lagden flushed, and, biting his lip, went on unwillingly to bow for him to over."

Lord Hawke, who seemed to be improving every minute, and getting more and more dangerous in his attack, was now striking times for that over all over the field. Lagden did his best, but his best was of no use when he simply was not up to the force of the bowling."

The county committee would want an explanation, and that would be a great deal of difficulty in finding one to give."

"As there was a chance of winning the match, Lagden had been with Ponsonby heart and soul."

"Now that defeat lowered darkly over the visitors, the orders, he tossed and the latter went on to bowl against Tunncliffe. The Yorkshire batsman hit off heavily at first, but his bow was run out with a total of ten for the over."

Then Lagden cast an appealing look at Ponsonby. "The committee are reflecting. He did not want to quarrel with Lagden, and yet to depart from the plan he had marked out for himself was a bitter pill for him to swallow."

He caught Lagden's look, and gave a short, sullen nod. Kit Valance, greatly to his amazement, was given the ball."

"I am going to give you a chance. Let me see what you can do."

"You're really, sir, being cheerfully. He realised that the Loamshire captain had

been compelled by circumstances to abandon his scheme, and though the young bowler naturally resented the way in which he had been treated, he fully intended to do his best for Loamshire, but luck was not with him. Valance just then."

Lord Hawke was so firmly set at the wicket, that time was required even for the bowler to get into his stride, and the Yorkshire captain cut away the first ball for two, and the second for six, and then a couple of boundaries by Tunncliffe followed.

Ponsonby scowled at Lagden. He had put Valance on to bat, and this was the result. The over ended, with Lord Hawke and Tunncliffe still at the wickets, and Yorkshire six runs to the good. It was another chance. The next over was bowled by Tweedie, with more runs to Yorkshire, and when the next over was made, another chance ignored the young professional.

Kit Valance bit his lip hard. He had only been given one chance in a single over, and because he had achieved in six balls what the other Loamshire bowlers could not achieve in sixty, he was to be passed over in favour of the bowling."

"His want of luck in that over was an excuse for Ponsonby to act as he had decided to do; as much excuse as the Loamshire captain required."

Kit Valance went back to fielding, calm outwardly, but inwardly burning with indignant anger and contempt."

His anger was of a large extent, depended upon his being given a chance, and that, of course, was important to a cricketer who depended upon the summer game for a livelihood."

Ponsonby, of course, cared not one rap for professional bowling averages, and Kit, to do his utmost, was not thinking far less of himself that of the game."

It was not his place to raise any objection to the orders of his captain, and he had learned that lesson the hard way."

What work fell to him he did quietly and well, and that was all he could do."

Lagden muttered a curse as he saw that Ponsonby was ultimately determined to go on to the end of the match, and he made no attempt to make the Loamshire captain see reason, but with a want of success that kept him off the subject altogether."

"Give Valance another chance, Pon," he muttered, as he came nearer the Loamshire captain."

"He can do better than that if you let him."

"Stuff!" said Ponsonby.

"Don't be an ass," urged Lagden. "I know what you are going to say if you do. But the game is at stake, and it's time to think of that. It isn't as if I were asking you to put Lovell forward."

"That's our big bowler. Unless we give him every chance we are done."

"And let the match be a triumph for Kit Valance, and his training end solely in his advantage!" sneered Ponsonby.

"I know that will be rotten, but it's better than defeat."

"You see that defeat is certain. At least, we can play for a draw."

"No!" Yorkshire we declare, and our next innings will be a success."

Ponsonby shrugged his shoulders.

"Give Valance a chance," urged Lagden.

"You may as well say I think it, when I, who hate him, urge you to put him forward."

"I don't see it."

"Are you as blind as a bat? I—"

Ponsonby gritted his teeth.

"That's not the way to speak to your captain, Lagden."

"Geoffrey Lagden had hot words upon his tongue, but he controlled himself; it was not the time to utter them now. He had to be patient."

"Pon, old man, listen to reason."

"You're wasting time, Lagden. You are to bow for him to over."

"Confound it!" hissed Lagden. "I say—"

"That's enough!"

"Then you won't give Valance another chance?"

"No, I won't!"

And Ponsonby turned upon his heel to avoid further discussion."

Geoffrey Lagden ground his teeth with rage. "The fool!" he muttered. "The absolute fool! How long does he think he can be captain of Loamshire, when he knows his hand so plainly for all the world to see. The utter fool!"

That was the difference between the two men; both were snobbish, but Ponsonby was to a great extent, what Lagden called him, a fool, while Lagden himself was a rascal. Lagden was in sympathy with the public and the county committee upon them. But Ponsonby was too much the slave of a dull obstinacy to see that."

Lagden bowed the next over in a bad temper. Lord Hawke slashed it all over the ground, to an accompaniment of cheers from the crowd of enthusiastic Tykes round the railing."

The Yorkshire score was going up by leaps and bounds. It was getting near time for drawing the stumps, and Lord Hawke and Tunncliffe were

still partners at the wickets, and backing each other up like giants."

Loug and hard play had had no effect upon the two splendid cricketers, and they were wonderful in their ability to keep the bowler of the certain knowledge that the Loamshire bowling was not up to their form."

"Fish tired," said they cut the bowling about, giving the unhappy Loamshire fieldsmen enough leather-hunting to last them a lifetime, or so it seemed to them as they toiled to and fro."

Loug cheerers had greeted Lord Hawke's feat in passing his century, and the Yorkshire captain was still batting with undiminished energy."

The crowd of canny Tykes were already as confident that the two splendid batsmen would not get out in the close of play for the first day of the match."

But the Yorkshire captain's time was coming."

It was only five minutes before the time appointed for the drawing of stumps that Kit Valance saw his chance."

Kit had been put into the long field, and he was watchful for chances, which, with such past masters of the art of batting as Lord Hawke and Tunstall, were few and far between."

But at moments, after long weary waiting and watching, and Kit Valance was ready for it."

The ball was swooping down from a mighty swipe by his lordship, and the batsmen were running, and running again."

Kit Valance was in a fine running too. Running as few fieldsmen could run, with lightning speed and his eye on the ball. But among the spectators who were watching him in the grandstand, he seemed to be impossible that he could reach the ball in time."

Would he? Fieldsmen and spectators and umpires were straining towards him in breathless anticipation."

No; the ball was down—down, and he was still panting after it in vain. But no; he finished himself at once, and the ball had dropped into the outstretched hand under the ball as it drops."

By heaven, he has done it! A nod from the green turf his hand has interposed, the fieldman lying at full length, the palm turned up, and the ball has dropped into it, with a gentle click."

Caught! For a moment there is a silence of astonishment. Then from every throat breaks a roar of admiration for that splendid catch!

"Bravo!"

"Well caught!"

"Well caught, indeed!"

Kit Valance springs to his feet, the leather tied to his feet, and he is running."

The fall to the ground has not been a soft one, and his bones are aching, but he cares nothing for that."

He has caught out Lord Hawke; he has dismissed the century compiler, he has possibly saved Loamshire!"

He is laughing to himself now. The cheering is deafening. The Yorkshire crowd know how to appreciate fine cricket, and a better catch than that has seldom been seen in a county ground."

"Well caught!"

"Oh, well caught!"

"The umpire is hardly necessary, but it is made. Lord Hawke does not wait for it; his bat is already under his arm, and he walks away with a shake of the head."

As last week's score to his credit that any batsman might have been proud of."

"The day's play score reads 250 for four wickets, last man 112, and play for the day does with the dismissal of Lord Hawke."

And as the Loamshire fieldsmen, weary and ready for a well-earned rest, go off the field, Arthur Lovell taps Kit on the shoulder."

"Kit turns his head with a smile. "I have caught you out, old man!"

"They will talk about that in Loamshire," said Lovell, with a smile of satisfaction and pride in his cricketering chest."

"I thought I had missed it. A fraction of a second more, and I should have lost it."

"I don't know how you started again to-morrow morning with Tunncliffe. It was luck!"

"Luck, and splendid fielding," said Lovell. "No good trying to run down your captain. Kit Valance is in it. It was splendid. But what do you think of to-day's play?"

"Kit gave a slight shrug of the shoulders. "I don't know how you did it. You were splendid. 'Botten!'"

Arthur Lovell laughed. "Well, it must be a disgrace with you. Our first day's total 78; Yorkshire are four down for 220."

"I forgot to tell you Ponsonby became captain. I saw with a shake of the head. "It meant bad luck for Loamshire. It was a blow to the colony. If he had been on the ground I should have thought you would have dared to go so far. As it is, he has spoiled the game for Loamshire; it's as good as lost."

"The Jove, do you really think so, Valance?"

The two clams turned quickly as Fortescue's voice broke in."

"The amateur was standing smiling at them. Lovell and Kit, as usual, kept to themselves when the game was over. In an explanatory club like the Loamshire, the amateurs did not mix with the field with the professionals."

Kit flushed slightly. "I was not aware that anyone was listening to what I said, sir," he observed quietly. Fortescue laughed.

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"pass," he said as 'low' was a-join' to the steamer. Susan Leezler, who was such a scamp as you to a-makin' lo, as like not 'e was 'y'.

"Oh, no," said Deener quickly: "is ain't the time to tell 'em. They're suspicious that he had inadvertently said a good word for Stevie, he added hastily: "Not when tellin' the truth would do as well, an' perhaps be safer."

He shuffled off, leaving the watchman more mope than ever. Leezler, in a respectful and dealing yet another coward's stab at the brave and generous lad who had never done him any harm, but whom, however, he had grown to be quite sure of because of the very qualities which he possessed and Deener lacked.

That night, the crew of the Susan Lobjott returned, Messrs. Shadbolt, Hubbuck, and Leezler, walking none too steadily, arm-in-arm, and decanting to earth, sea, stars, and sky that "they wouldn't go home till morning." As they entered the harbour gates the watchman addressed Mr. Hubbuck impressively:

"Belay there, ye rolling barrel of swipes! Pull yourself together: maybe there's a red light ahead of you."

Mr. Hubbuck, slowly divesting himself of his refer, inquired if the watchman wanted to have a round, in which event he expressed his willingness to accommodate him at that time till daylight.

"Put on your coat, Ben, you old fool!" said the watchman. "You're a talker, but you know if there's 'appos to be aboard your craft a nipper of a cabin-boy or 'eck-and-ack."

"Well, what about it?" asked the roystering three, demanding in a breath, and suddenly pulling themselves together.

"Only this," said the watchman grumpily: "ye'd better ketch 'em sooner 's they're a-coming, or 'e'll 'ear 'em a reg'lar right-down bad lot, an' 'e'd be the perlice after 'im more'n once, an' 'e'd be the perlice after 'em more'n once, an' 'e'd be the perlice after 'em more'n once."

"This time Esau Shadbolt it was who offered to accommodate the watchman with not merely one or any limited number of rounds, but with an entire round to the fire, as well as moral persuasion of his comrades prevailed on Esau, and prevented his carrying his offer into execution, whether the watchman desired to accept it or not.

Reaching the ship, they made for their respective bunks, and were harnessed and ready sought his own. By the glimmer of a cabin-lamp, Shadbolt and Hubbuck peered into the ward-room, where they lay sleeping.

"Him a bad lot! Hubbuck, by the perlice!" exclaimed Mr. Hubbuck. "The very idea! D'y' ever 'ear such ridiculous nonsense as that idiot of a watchman's?"

"Never in my nat'ral," said Mr. Shadbolt. "Dear 'eart alive! That there little chap only sets 'em a-creeping 'bout the pictures."

"That curly 'eck, an' pair o' wings a-sproutin' out of 's shoulders, be to one o' them there 'eck-and-ack pictures." "Ark, 'e's a whirpin' 'in 's sleep."

"Yes; the curly 'eck rolled on the coarse pillow, and Stevie murmured."

"But 'e's a-b'out 'e's 'eck-and-ack! 'e'd drag me through the street—'y' nat'ral 'e'd send me to the cell!"

The two sailors, with a start, looked at each other. The sleeping lad was shuddering violently, and he murmured:

"Mercy, mercy, mercy! I've killed him, and I shall hear his dying cry all my days!"

"'E's dreamin'," said Hubbuck—"only dreamin'!"

His dreamant answered:

"In course 'e is, Ben; and, in course, what people talks in dreams, ain't to be taken no manner of notice of whatsoever, 's how as the sayin' is, dreams goes by contraries. Come away!"

Nevertheless, they stumbled into their respective bunks that night with a troubled mind, each, however, insisting to himself that howsoever black things might appear, they were only a stinky little cabin-boy, if that were the whole truth, and nothing but the truth were told, it would be found that he was not to blame.

When several days had passed, it was arranged that night to snatch was haunted throughout with dreams so terrible that it was a relief when they awoke to find the air was cold through the hatchway of his cabin. Tumbling up, he donned his slops, and soon was busy restoring order to the water, and was jolt, and in his honest work, which is the best antidote to nerves or morbidity, he was forgetting the terrors that had oppressed him and whistling blithely:

"I've a desp'rate willin', 'e do, don't 'e do?"

"Sounds like a 'arceded criminal, what do you think?"

"D'y' ever 'ear a prison-bird pipe like that?"

Of a sudden the little whistling stopped, the steam starting across the bulwark with the gaze of one who sees ghosts. Following that appalling gaze, they beheld, approaching along the quay, a policeman, coming forth with the face of an old man—wrinkled, wizened, with crazy eyes.

And of a sudden, Stevie, leaving his bucket and bucket, and dropping his arms, scrambling like a cat down the ladder of the new empty main hold, disappeared. The three exchanged

interrogative glances. What did it mean? The constable and his companion halted at their gangway, were crossing it, were coming aboard. Without a word Esau Shadbolt, going down upon his knees, began industriously applying Stevie's holystone upon the deck, his companions meanwhile turning to face the uninvited visitors as they stepped aboard.

"I want your cabin-boy!" blustered the police-constable.

"Want a cabin-boy? Lor bless yer, no, we don't want no cabin-boy," said the second mate, scratching his grizzled head as if in perplexity.

"Esau, younger, does the boy's work aboard this ship," he added, with a grin.

"P.-o. Jubb knit his brows with angry surprise. "I never asked whether you wanted a cabin-boy. I said you wanted your cabin-boy." He shouted angrily.

And Ben replied stolidly: "Oh, you did, did you? In course, that makes all the difference."

"Of course it does, you fat-headed idiot!" roared Jubb, out, but 'n't waste my time argu'ing, but fetch the young varmint out."

"Fetch 'im out, eh?" Ben repeated, with a still more exasperating declaration. "That's easier said than done."

"How's that?" shouted Deener and Jubb in a breath; and Ben and Dan grinned in chorus:

"'Cause 'ow we ain't got no cabin-boy to fetch out. You're the cabin-boy aboard this craft, ain't you?"

And Esau Shadbolt, industriously bestrengthening, checked back certain indignant remarks just on the tip of his tongue, and answered jerkily:

"I'm course—I is, Benjamin."

Jubb and Deener exchanged glances.

"It seems we're on a wrong track," said the former to his companion. "There's Ben. 'It's like this—ere—we're arter a well-known and desperate young criminal of the name of Stevie

interviewed the cabin-boy's pursuers. Indeed, as if by mutual instinct, they had refrained from even mentioning the subject to each other, and had replied to Captain Lobjott's inquiries as to who was the matter with that there Stevie, with strangely ugly and evasive answers that they were blessed if they knew, or if they 'ad time to worry their 'eads with findin' out."

But that night, when the Susan Lobjott under full steam was plugging her way up Channel through the night, and Stevie, resting his chin upon his folded arms, was gazing moodily across the moonlit sea, an ordinarily rough and heavy hand was laid lightly and gently on his shoulder. Turning, he met the troubled face of Esau Shadbolt. He turned away his eyes, and would have waved away, but that big, bluff sailor muttered:

"Stevie, what's the matter? What are yer 'errin', yourself away for from us all, cold-shoulderin' us as 'y' friends, Stevie. I don't believe half of it's true what that swelled 'eaded copper and that little gutter-snipe along with 'im told us about you, and I'd take my dyin' oath that you 'ad protection, or was very 'ard tempted, to do as much of it as happened to be true. But Stevie, my lad, if it was all true, and if there was more to be scored up against you, it wouldn't make no difference, Stevie, 's me an' Ben an' Dan, an' we shouldn't turn our backs on the little shipmate as risked 'is life to save one of ours. No, not for all the copper and the giber-snipe on the water, I'd turn our backs on the bronzed and wrinkled face through a wash of tears he could not keep back. With outstretched palm he gripped the hairy, horny, honest hand, and said:

"Esau, you've put heart in me just when everything was seeming dark and gloomy. You don't believe half of it against me, Esau—don't believe any of it! They've got evidence against me—evidence that would put me away without

it. All the same, I'm glad them three over-rows 'abjilted 'em made it up with Stevie. Wonder what they fell out about?"

**THE 36 CHAPTER**  
**How Stevie Saved the Susan Lobjott:**  
**"FIRE!"**

"Always terrible that cry falls on grown-up sailors by the light of day, still more terrible in the stillness of the night. Terrible on land, most terrible of all on a vessel at sea. Now that there was a Stevie, springing upright in his berth, in a moment had slipped into his duds, and scrambled up on deck.

"Then the fight began between the Fire King and the crew of the pumps! Stand by with the ship's boat!"

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"Stevie, you have remained to your doom!" said the skipper. "What matter?" said Stevie simply. "I wait with my captain, and I stand by him even to the end!" And the two gripped hands on the bulwarks of the blazing ship.

Rayne, who told the watchman last night he belonged at the undrained interior of the remark.

"What desperate young criminal! What might 'e ave been doin'?" Ben asked, in awe-stricken tones.

And P.-o. Jubb replied:

"It would be easier to say 'e's 'at 'ain't been guilty of than what 'e 'as. 'E's a fair terror at seven-sin up to twelve. 'E's as near a fount of unguerd of the uncle of this 'ere very part."

"What, our Stevie?" was the exclamation, almost on Ben's lips, but he suppressed it, and, with a swift, warning glance at Dan, replied:

"What a holy little terror; but, in course, 'e's a rascal, and 'e's a scoundrel, and 'e's a particular as to follin' of the truth, an' I should think the very fact of 's-a-ayin' as 'e belonged to this 'ere ship, would be enough to satisfy you."

P.-o. Jubb, turning to Deener, remarked sardonily:

"That young gentleman meditatively replied: "You're right; this old joser ain't such a fool as 'e looks."

Which remark caused Mr. Leezler to breathe heavily with suppressed emotion, what time he gazed at the undrained interior of the remark. But before he had quite made up his mind over which bulwark to Ring him, Mr. Deener—re-ascending: "Come along, 'e's all slip us altogether," had recovered the gangway on the quay, followed by P.-o. Jubb.

Not until the Susan Lobjott had taken in her cargo, weighed anchor, and again put sea, did Stevie emerge from his hiding-place, and then it was scarcely the same Stevie they had known, for, do what he's look, so red were his eyes. Not a word had been spoken to the captain, nor indeed to any other member of the crew by the three rough sailors who had

a doubt—that's why I've been lying low, and the squall that blew up was this, I struck a blow in self-defence. Yes, with my life in peril, and that he laid out a ruffian who would have been my murderer.

"I believe you—I will believe you!" the weather-beaten old mariner replied, gripping the youngster's hand till he felt more water than his own eyes, and out the shadows lurked a burly, tarpaun-clad form, and Ben Hubbuck huskily chimed in:

"I believe you, Stevie, through thick an' thin."

And yet a third head was brought down on Stevie's shoulder-blade, and Dan Leezler, in an expression of confidence with just these words:

"Me, too; and I don't believe it was a ghost you see at all, but that that's struck a blow in self-defence. Yes, with my life in peril, and that he laid out a ruffian who would have been my murderer."

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Like limpets the skipper and the stowaway both clung to her bulwarks, even though they had been half smothered and half drowned by the sweeping sea.

But 'is an ill-wind blows no good, and the squall that blew up was this, I struck a blow in self-defence. Yes, with my life in peril, and that he laid out a ruffian who would have been my murderer."

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CLUB NOTICES.

With Pick and Lamp.

NOTICES AND CHALLENGES FROM READERS' OWN CLUBS. THESE ARE INSERTED FREE OF CHARGE.

MERLEWOOD C.C. (average age, 16; weak) require home and away matches...
DARTMOUTH VICTORIA C.C. (average age, 17; dilettus) want matches with respectable teams at home and away within five miles' radius of the town.

WILFRED STAR C.C. require away matches, several dates open...
W.L.P. BOSE C.C. (average age, 15; weak) require matches for the rest of the season.

ST. MARY'S C.C. Kilburn (average age, 15; weak), want home and away matches...
ASTONTON CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE C.C. has several dates vacant...
EASTBOHRNE C.C. (average age, 14-18; weak) have the following dates open...

WHITE STAR C.C. require away matches, several dates open...
W.L.P. BOSE C.C. (average age, 15; weak) require matches for the rest of the season.

ST. JAMES'S JUNIORS C.C. (average age, 14; weak) want a few good players...
A FEW LADS wishing to join a respectable club; two bowlers and two wicket-keepers and batsmen.

ST. WILFRED'S CHOIR v. SHEFFIELD NELSON VILLA...
BOYS between the ages of 12 and 16 wishing to form a swimming squad...
YOUTHS wishing to form a club for wrestling, boxing, etc., should apply to J. Parry, Coventry Road, near Sandy Lane, Birmingham.

THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

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

To any reader up to the age of 16 who can swim 100 yards will be awarded a handsome Diploma...
Age 12-15. APPLICANTS MUST SWIM - 40 yards in - 35 secs. 100 " " - 1 m. 55 secs. 220 " " - 4 m. 0 secs. 440 " " - 8 m. 30 secs.

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

SECTION 2.—RUNNING. Age 12-15. APPLICANTS MUST RUN - 100 yards in - 14 secs. 300 " " - 45 secs. 440 " " - 60 secs. 880 " " - 2 m. 35 secs. One mile " - 5 m. 30 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.

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.

Your Editor Asks a Favour! Please Give This Copy to a Friend Who Does Not Read THE REALM.

A Magnificent Tale of Colliery Life. By DAVID GOLLWYN.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS IN BRIEF. Roddy Owen and Tom Hughes, two Welsh colliers...

Wicket exploring their property they come across an old mine-shaft, and thus they descend. They are astonished at the richness of the seam of coal beneath...

Roddy applies for a job at the Coed Coch Colliery. He is taken on, and Tom Hughes with him. The boys are all set to work, and save themselves a little surprise at the large amount of coal tallied to them each day.

How the Belgian Movers Sought Trouble. WITHOUT another word the two boys walked out of the great house, through the lane and proposed to the capital to start work on it on the condition that he has a half million to work with...

"The fat's in, the fire now," said Tom—"fairly fat," said Roddy. "You wouldn't have it any other way, would you?" "No; but we fairly declared, and we've burned our boats. I never thought he'd show his hand like that."

"What'd you think about it?" queried Tom, as he stamped his foot on the ground. "I suppose, strictly, it would have been a big thing for us if he'd gone into partnership with us. As the difficulties would have been wiped away, then, we should have made our fortunes."

"Why, you don't suppose we're going into partnership with a murderer, for he's no better," said Roddy sharply. "Would you have any truck with a scoundrel like that for the sake of some dirty money?"

"Not he. Nothin's more unlikely. But whether he'll try to interfere with us there again is another matter. I don't think so myself."

"I do. Sully's got standin' orders to make things hot for us; that's my opinion. An', more than that, he hates us so much I believe he'd be glad to do it on his own account, without any askin'."

The youthful mountaineer was not there, however, when they were looking for the full of savoury stew was keeping warm by the

INDIGESTION

Indigestion attacks old and young, rich and poor, and terrible are the consequences of neglect. The disease that robs you of the power to digest your food, robs you of the very source of life itself.

To cure Bilioussness you must strengthen your liver, so that the flow of bile may be regular and even. Too much bile is as bad as too little, and both cause untold suffering.

Mother Seigel's Syrup regulates your bowels, cleanses your blood, ensures good digestion, and thus absolutely cures constipation.

ARE ALL CURED BY MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

CONSTIPATION

Constipation should never be neglected; it fills your blood with impurities, and sows the seeds of dangerous diseases.

Mother Seigel's Syrup regulates your bowels, cleanses your blood, ensures good digestion, and thus absolutely cures constipation.

ARE ALL CURED BY MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 20 Bottle contains Three Times as much as the 1/11 size.



WITH PICK & LAMP.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"No! but I mean, if a chap had to run, he couldn't run that way."
"Who wants to run? This ain't the Grade. Besides, if one did run it'd be the other way, forward, the main shaft."

"That's plain 'ain't it?" said Tom discontentedly to his man as they reached the road.
"Confound the fellow! I wish we'd got anybody else for neighbours."

"They've been shifted since yesterday," said Roddy.
"Is it so certain?"
"Of course it is. We don't want to interfere with our work by squabbling with a lot of toughs like that. Let 'em do what they please."

Roddy's resolution was soon put to the test for the Belgians showed they had not forgotten the enmity they bore towards the boys.

"Well, I consider it's only outside we've anything to fear, when they're half full of bad liquor."

"He looks fishy to me, their lein' shifted here," he said; "and if ever I saw mischief in any fellow's face, it's in that awful Leroy's."

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How Roddy Leaped For His Life.

HE Belgians were all at work kirking the coal when he entered their bord, and he strode through as briskly as he could.

But before he was half-way through he stumbled heavily over something, and nearly fell.

It was Leroy's can and basket, containing his dinner, and seen to have been placed in the handiest spot for anybody to fall over. It was a sore accident on Roddy's part, but his foot sent the things flying.

Instantly Leroy was on his feet, and clenching his fist, abused Roddy savagely. A torrent of foreign epithets escaped him, none of which the boy understood, though he felt he was more or less in the wrong.

"I'm sorry I've upset your dinner," he said. "It was an accident, an' you'll own the high's had. If I've spoilt it you can have mine."

Whether Leroy comprehended or not, there is no saying; but his rage only redoubled as Roddy spoke, and, screaming out an oath, he spat full in the boy's face.

It was more than Roddy could stand. His Welsh blood was ablaze in a moment, and he hit out with all his force, straight from his shoulder. It was a clean, driving, upper-cut,

straight for the barrier that guarded the open shaft.

A thrill of horror shot through him as he saw what it meant. There was no turning back for the Belgians were in full pursuit, ten yards behind him, and in front the road was impassable.

Nor was there an atom of doubt that the enraged crew behind would kill him if they caught him. Leroy had aimed a murderous blow with his pick, which only just missed its mark, when Roddy first ran from the bord.

"We've got him!" shouted the savage Flemish voices. "Down with him!"

To leap the barrier, and the yawning shaft beyond, seemed the attempt of a madman. Yet it was either that, or death from the picks of the Belgians close at his back.

Roddy steered his nerves to try it, and putting all his speed into the last few yards, he launched himself through the air, grazing his head against the coal roof as he cleared the wicket-fence, and shot out over the black gulf of the shaft.

The graze against the roof cut Roddy's temple, and laid it open; but he did not even feel it. For that brief fraction of a second, during which he passed over the shaft, only one thought filled his brain—would he land safely, or would he go hurtling down to his death?

"We've stood you long enough, ye dirty dogs!" cried Terry fiercely. "An' now ye've tried to cost the best little horse in the pit, we'll do the same for you! Ah, how'd ye?"

Three of the Belgians, maddened by the blows that had sent them sprawling, struggled to their feet, and started for the shaft from some recess in his clothes. They followed the instigat of their kind, which is always to use a knife in a fight.

The move did them no good. The Welshmen and English hewers had no knives, but their fists were quicker than any steel, and not one of them received as much as a scratch. Two of the Belgians had the blades knocked out of their hands instantly, and were felled to the ground by whirling Leroy, who swung his arms round Leroy, hugging him in a grip like a bear's, and forced him backwards to the shaft.

"Ye'd ha' sent Roddy Owen down there," grunted a big Irishman. "Bodad, ye shall go yourself!"

Leroy shrieked out as he felt himself forced backward, and the other pitmen cried out in fierce approval.

"Ay, down the shaft with 'em! They deserve it wotter!"

"Great Scott! Don't do that, Terry! cried Roddy in alarm. "Hew—stop!"

Seeing there was no use in shouting, and greatly fearing a tragedy would happen, Roddy ran down the road, and started to go round by the wicket-fence, and reach the far side, which he had just left, springing at his best pace. In the meantime the road was filling up swiftly with pitmen, all crying angrily for the banishment of the Belgians.

So thoroughly roused was the blood of the fiery Welshmen that they were on the point of actually carrying out their threats, and Terry was hearing Leroy so violently against the wicket-fence that the frail structure buckled and sprang under the weight. Leroy shrieked with a screech as he fell, and the madman. The others were doing the same, but a moment later Terry picked up the big Belgian and appeared to be about to fling him over. At that moment Mr. Glass burst his way through the crowd and seized Terry by the arm.

"Hold back there, I say!" he cried. "Are you mad? Are you bent on manslaughter? Let go of the man!"

"Terry, for goodness' sake stop!" shouted Roddy in alarm. "Hew—stop!"

"Ay! he's right, mates," said Terry, plucking himself together, and said "Leroy, stop it down the shaft. 'Bring on 'em together here. I'll find ye a botter thing to do with 'em. I've aye a stick worth two of that! I'll get a tram along the shaft here, an' bring young Roddy Owen forward!"

(A splendid grand, long instalment of this wonderful tale of colliery life will appear in next week's Boys' Realm. Look out for our Mammoth Summer Double Number, which will be on sale in a fortnight's time. Price 2d. Ordered from end to end with good things. Cream your copy now, or you will be disappointed. Further details will appear in next week's issue.)



Roddy steered his nerves to try it, and putting all his speed into the last few yards, he launched himself through the air, over the wicket-gate, and out over the yawning black gulf of the shaft.

with all the weight of the muscular young hewer's body behind it. Landing under the angle of the man's jaw, and big as the Belgian was, it threw him off his balance, and fairly laid him on his back.

A shout of rage arose from all the others, and they rushed forward to the attack. Leroy scrambled up in a moment, grasped his pick, speechless with fury, and sprang at Roddy.

A yell of rage arose from all the others, and they rushed forward to the attack. Leroy scrambled up in a moment, grasped his pick, speechless with fury, and sprang at Roddy.

"Kill the British pig! Down with him!" they yelled, darting in pursuit.

One man was in the way as Roddy dashed out of the bord, and barred the boy's path in the main road. He grabbed at Roddy, who wrenched himself free, and, spinning round, ran at full speed down the road between the transients, like the whole pack behind him.

Roddy did not understand at the moment, for he was outdistancing his pursuers. But he realized what it meant a few seconds later, when he saw two lamps gleaming on the wall, one on either side, not far ahead.

He was running in the wrong direction.

He had jumped short. The toes of his boots barely grazed the opposite edge. He felt himself dropping, and flinging out his arms desperately, managed to catch them over the shaft's rim. The jerk that followed nearly tore him from his hold, but he clung on, and hung there for a moment, the savage shouts of the Belgians ringing in his ears. It seemed to him, too, that he heard Tom's voice calling his name wildly.

"He's done!" cried one of the pursuers in Flemish. "Heave something at his hands, and he'll drop!"

The Belgians were raging on the other side of the pit, and they could not reach the young hewer. Pulling himself together, Roddy began to scramble out, digging his toes into the side. A pick was hurled at him, striking the shaft's edge close to his head, and their plunging down into the dark depths amid a chorus of execrations from the assailants.

Before another could be thrown, Roddy hoisted himself over the edge with a great effort, rolled away from it on to the road, and scrambled to his feet. He had to dodge a hewer's pick immediately, but he turned and faced his baffled foes with a whoop of triumph.

"You fools," shrieked Leroy to his companions, who had been before him in the line, "you've laid the best 'zrel away! Jump for it, one of you, and get round by the side-road before he escapes!"

"This way—this way!" Tom's voice echoed down the road, together with every sound of the sound of running feet—they're after Roddy!"

"There was no need of any urging on Terry, and several hewers, roused out by Tom, had seen the danger. He saw them turn in alarm as they turned the corner, and on every side the news spread like lightning. From all the shafts men were rushing out, and came rushing along in the track of the Belgians with a fierce, swelling roar of rage.

Once on the far-side Roddy had no more fear of the Belgians. He saw them turn in alarm as the Welsh pitmen approached.

"The Belgians were hemmed in. Unless they were allowed to pass, they would turn in alarm—which some of them had the stomach to attempt—they could not get away. One rushed towards the oncoming Welshmen, and tried to escape up the shaft before they reached it; but he was too late, and, turning, fled back to his companions.

"They tried to kill young Roddy!" roared Terry. "Leroy had the rest echoed him: "Down with 'em!"

"Keep off!" shouted Leroy, with a Flemish oath. "I'll split the skull of any English pig who comes near me! Give it them with the iron, all of you!"

The Belgians gripped their picks in great repetition, and prepared to strike, but they were thoroughly scared by the turning of the tables, and no more did the pitmen rush at them that all resistance was overcome. Their picks were caught and serried from some recess in his clothes. They followed the instigat of their kind, which is always to use a knife in a fight.

The move did them no good. The Welshmen and English hewers had no knives, but their fists were quicker than any steel, and not one of them received as much as a scratch. Two of the Belgians had the blades knocked out of their hands instantly, and were felled to the ground by whirling Leroy, who swung his arms round Leroy, hugging him in a grip like a bear's, and forced him backwards to the shaft.

"Ye'd ha' sent Roddy Owen down there," grunted a big Irishman. "Bodad, ye shall go yourself!"

Leroy shrieked out as he felt himself forced backward, and the other pitmen cried out in fierce approval.

"Ay, down the shaft with 'em! They deserve it wotter!"

"Great Scott! Don't do that, Terry! cried Roddy in alarm. "Hew—stop!"

Seeing there was no use in shouting, and greatly fearing a tragedy would happen, Roddy ran down the road, and started to go round by the wicket-fence, and reach the far side, which he had just left, springing at his best pace. In the meantime the road was filling up swiftly with pitmen, all crying angrily for the banishment of the Belgians.

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