

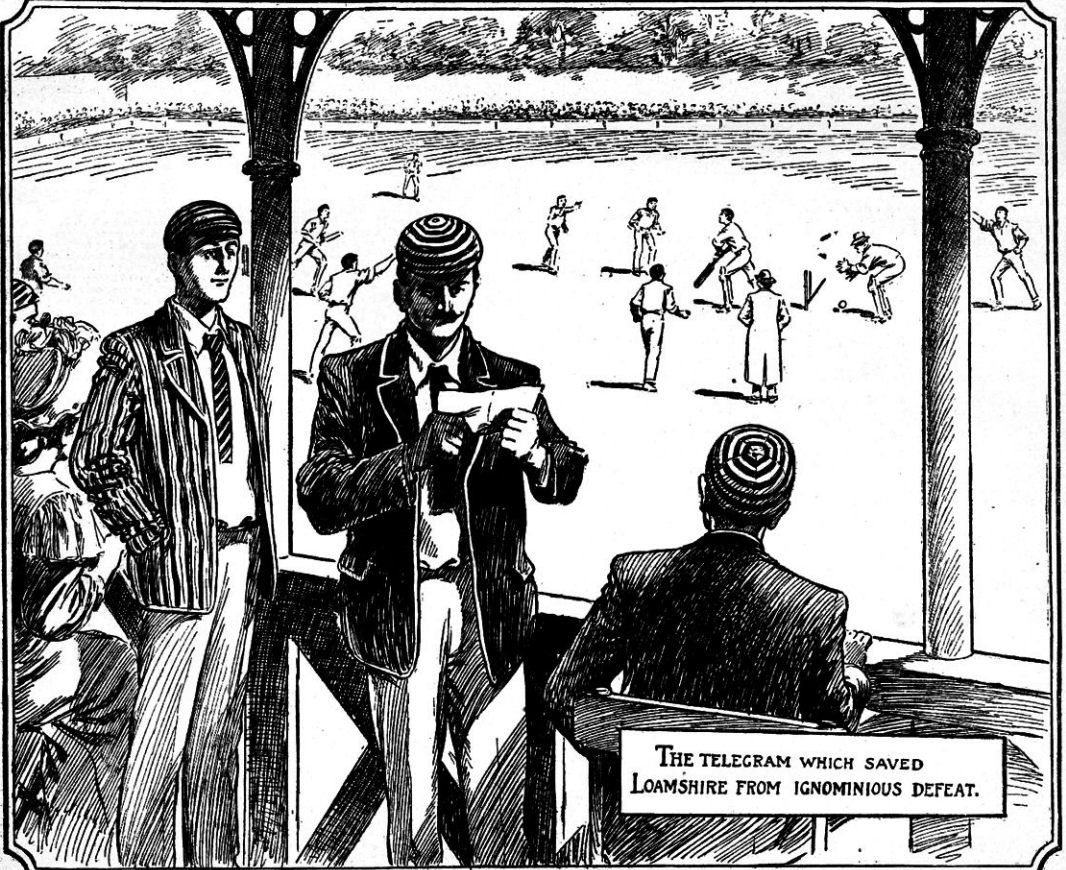
COMPLETE SWIMMING STORY by A. S. HARDY.

The Boys' Realm

of Sport & Adventure.

1^d

KING CRICKET! By Charles Hamilton.



THE TELEGRAM WHICH SAVED
LOAMSHIRE FROM IGNOMINIOUS DEFEAT.



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

FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite paper. He will answer you by post if you enclose a stamped addressed postcard or envelope. Write in to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper. All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. If your letter is not replied to here, it may be answered in "The Boys' Friend" next Tuesday, or "The Boys' Herald" next Thursday. THE BOYS' REALM will be sent post free to any part of the world on the following terms: 12 months, 7s.; 6 months, 3s. 6d.; 3 months, 1s. 6d.—payable in advance by British stamps. Postal Orders or Money Orders to be sent to the Publisher, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

To Junior Footballers.

It is, perhaps, early days yet to talk about football, but as most of my friends are aware, football for boys and young men commences long before the official season opens on the 1st of September, and so, for the benefit of all enthusiastic footballers, I may mention that THE BOYS' REALM has a gigantic football programme in preparation, and it will be announced from time to time in the pages of our paper. Any boy or young man who is connected with a football club—no matter how large or how small the club may be—should make a point of watching the pages of THE BOYS' REALM. It is only by doing so that my readers can hope to learn of the many advantages which will be held out to junior football clubs during the football season.

He Has Cured Himself of a Hasty Temper.

SIDNEY S. is one of my friends living in our great capital, who has written me a letter as to the way he cured himself of a hasty temper, and incidentally acquired skill at boxing. I recommend my chum's remarks to my readers because I recognise the value of boxing as a training for that command of oneself that is an essential to the success in life of every young Britisher. Accept my hearty thanks, Sidney S., for your most interesting letter:

"Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your papers since they were first published, and I may say that I am an enthusiastic over them as I was nine years ago when I first started reading 'Boys' Friend'. Now, about the articles on boxing appearing in your paper, I think this is a branch of the Britisher's education that should be enforced just as much as the various scholastic subjects. When I was a lad at school I am sorry to say that I possessed a very hasty temper, which not only got me into endless scrapes at school, but at home as well.

"On leaving school my master gave me a sound talking on the disadvantages of my hasty temper, which caused me to have unless I learnt to control it. Just about this time the talk of our town was about a certain noted pugilist, who had just won a big contest. This caused me and a number of other lads to form a boxing club. Now, again, my hasty temper caused me to be disliked by my fellow-members until one night I was sparring with another lad, who has since become a famous boxer, and he accidentally struck me a bit hard. I at once gave up hitting him, and may say I got a jolly good hammering. This, I think, cured me of my temper, thanks to boxing.

"I should like to give a little advice to those who intend taking up boxing: 1. Start by boxing four one-minute rounds, with one minute rest between each, gradually working it up to four three-minute rounds. 2. Always

have a good rub down after finishing; this will do you more good than an hour's exercise. 3. Avoid smoking and alcoholic drinks; these weaken the heart, make you box slowly, and spoil your judgment. The best exercises to follow are walking, sprinting, skipping, and ball-punching. Lastly, don't expect to be a champion in five minutes; there is only one way to gain championship honours—that is, box, box, box."

dation consisted of a single room, five yards square. To-day Mr. O'Brien employs hundreds of workpeople, and supplies thousands of bicycles to all parts of the British Isles. Readers of this paper who are seeking a really high-grade Coventry-made bicycle at prices considerably below the average sums charged by agents and makers, should communicate with Mr. Edward O'Brien, of Coventry, before definitely deciding upon making a purchase.

He Wants an L.C.C. Permit.

W. C. G. of Upper Tooting, tells me that he is desirous of obtaining an L.C.C. permit for the coming football season, and he wants to know where he shall apply for this. To obtain the use of grounds on which to play football in London parks, it is necessary to make application to the Chief Officer, Parks Department, London County Council, 11, Regent Street, W. According to the regulations of the L.C.C., such application must be made before June 1st of each year; but it is just possible that there may still remain one or two grounds which have not yet been allotted for the coming season, so that W. C. G. should write to the above address at once.

Perhaps the information I have given my reader may be of interest to others who have been thinking of obtaining L.C.C. permits. They should make a note of the address of the Chief Officer, and see that they send in their applications next year before the stipulated date.

Emigration to Canada.

I HAVE received a letter from H. H. (Riverdale) in which he tells me he wants to know where he can obtain information concerning emigration to Canada. I may tell my friend that his best plan is to write to Mr. W. Weekes, Cleverton Farm, Chippenham, Wilt., enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, when he will obtain all the information he can possibly want. Another address he might write to is The Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, Broadway, Westminster, W.

I must here warn my correspondent—as well as any other of my friends who are thinking of emigrating to Canada—not to have any dealings with emigration firms about which they know little or nothing. There are unfortunately quite a number of swindlers against who are bent on fleecing would-be emigrants—against whom I hereby warn all my readers. By writing to the address I have given, my friends may be sure of obtaining the best possible advice as to how they should proceed.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

Our Summer Double Number.

I AM sure that my friends are eagerly looking forward to next week's mammoth double number of our paper. I have been at great pains and expense to make this summer double number the best ever published, and I think that, when my readers glance at the list of contents at the foot of this page, they will see that they will find splendid value for their money. Where, save in my other boys' papers, could they hope to get such a budget of entertaining and high-class fiction by star authors for the small sum of twopenny?

May I call the special attention of my friends to the fact that, instead of the ordinary-length instalments of our popular serials, I am practically giving them two instalments in one number. There will be 12,000 words of "King Crick" in next week's issue, and 10,000 words of "The Fighting Fifth"; whilst "The School on the Cliff" will have three whole pages devoted to it. This alone should make my friends eager to get hold of next week's issue; but when I tell them that there are five long complete stories in our double number, as well as quite a host of valuable articles, I think that my readers will realise that their best plan is to place an order with my newsgents to-day, so that they may not be disappointed when the rush comes.

I have made arrangements with Mr. G. L. B. Coverdale, secretary of the East Riding of Yorkshire Football Association, to write a new series of articles for THE BOYS' REALM on

"How to Form a Football League."

The first of these will appear in our double number. There will also be a fine new competition on altogether novel lines, which will specially interest footballers. I am not going to reveal the nature of this competition this week, but I think my friends will be surprised when they find out how very simple it is. Altogether, I am certain that my readers will vote next week's issue marvellous value for the money.

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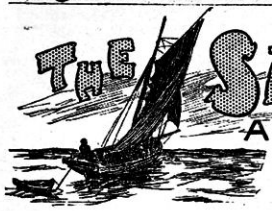
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DAILY MAIL.



THE RAINING OF THE PENGUIN.

A COMPLETE YACHTING STORY.

By ANDREW GRAY, Author of "A First-Class Passenger."

The 1st CHAPTER.

The Drottel Comes to Grief—A Friend in Need.

"HERR she comes! Ready with that storm-jib as quick as you can, Jack!"

"There was an anxious note in Hal Burford's voice which did not tend to increase his crew's confidence. The jib-halliard had fouled aloft, and its serpentine coils had wound themselves round his ankles, until he seemed to be grappling with a boomerang."

"Away on the horizon a dark cloud spread space, while the white line of foam, stretching from side to side as far as the eye could see, indicated that the expected squall was leaping upon them."

"I had swept up with amazing swiftness, and was going to be a 'shorter,' as Hal's experienced eye could tell."

"Forgetful that his crew, Jack Pinner, was only a 'green-hand,' the young skipper had delayed his precautions a little too long. The storm-jib should have been set by this time, and the Drottel reefed down, ready for the battle with the winds."

"As it was, her plight was awkward if not comical. Abandoning his half-set mainsail which he had just hastily reefed, Hal sprang forward."

"I'll look after that!" he shouted, and hurried his assistant, Tackles, to the windward, keep her head not too far into the wind, and keep her sailing, whatever you do! I'll switch the boom over her side!"

"Hal found himself clinging for life with the little yacht lurching beneath him like a buck-jumper, and the loose halliard sawing viciously at his ankle and head."

"Helm hard up! Hard up, for Heaven's sake!" he roared as he tore at the stubborn rope, as he only could get his jib set it would be plain sailing."

"His warning came too late." This was Jack Pinner's first trip in a small sailing-boat, and his notions of steering were of the haziest description."

"The mainsail had already 'taken charge'; the boat was under the furious strain now being the frightened steersman found himself being knouted with coils of manesheet and heavy blocks as the mainsail slatted and thundered in the squall."

"What had happened to produce this pandemonium or how to extricate himself from the crisis, he had not the faintest idea."

"Hal was more alive to the dangers of the situation. The Drottel's mainsail was old; in fact, the boat itself was changing hands as the sister ship to Noah's Ark."

"Her skipper's fear was that the worn canvas would split under the furious strain now being flung upon it; nor were his fears unfounded. A hole the size of his hand was suddenly rent in the clew of the sail."

"He sprang to the halliards to lower it, in the hope of staving off further disaster, but too late. The Drottel had paid off, and the sail had come down. The damage was done."

"The mainsail was in a hundred shreds, and the little seven-tonner was, for the time being, at the mercy of the wind and waves."

"Hal was down in the cockpit, up on deck again, aft, and forward as quick as a cat."

"What happens next?" muttered Jack, clinging to the gunwale of the plunging boat, his face white with anxiety, and his eyes half blinded by the stinging sea spray."

"Oh, we'll drop our book, that's all!" was the serene reply."

"Hal had drawn his sheath-knife across the lashings of the anchor, and was preparing to heave it aboard. All the rush and excitement had flitted out of him in a second, and he was as cool as a cucumber again."

"We're not going to be shipwrecked, are we?" shouted Jack, only half assured by his skipper's calm."

"Shipwrecked, my aunt!" was the laughing reply. "You're as safe here as if you were at home in bed! We'll let this squall blow out a bit, then we'll carry on into the next squall, that's all. If we can't we'll run back to the Thames, sea's life!"

"It will be dark soon. And the barometer has been tumbling down like one of them!"

"Oh, we can't help that, old man. Those that go down to the sea in small boats have to put up with those little freaks of fortune, and make the best of any hash they get into."

"Here's a smart fellow! I'm glad to hear of it. She's going to give us a haul, I expect."

"A smart fellow-tonner, all white paint and brass trimmings, was thrashing down under their lee. Standing by the steersman,

who looked to be a professional yacht-hand, he loathed the idea of accepting assistance from a little man in yellow oilskins, while a grey youth in equally resplendent attire clung somewhat nervously to the shrouds."

"From the fo'c'sle had a red-faced lad had pushed about his head, and was regarding the tumbling sea with no evident satisfaction."

"Yacht ahoy!" howled the little fat man.

"H-o-o-o-y!" bawled Hal in reply.

"D'ye want any help? Shall we give you a tow?"

"Hal looked at Jack. Like all small-voyage sailors, he loathed the idea of accepting assistance from a little man in yellow oilskins, while a grey youth in equally resplendent attire clung somewhat nervously to the shrouds."

"The fat owner of the Penguin—the one just distinguishable by the fifteen-tonner's name in the gathering dusk—regarded the operations with unsatisfying satisfaction and complacency."

"The gawky youth—obviously Widger junior—had relinquished his feverish grip of the shrouds to come aft and grin at them."

"If ever I meet that long-legged lout ashore," growled Hal, glaring fixedly at them, "I'll rope's-end him so that he'll have to stand up for a month!"

"Though the Drottel rolled like a log, it did not take long to bend the try-sail to the boom and make it fast for hoisting, but when all was ready Hal sat down to bide his time."

"Prittlesea was still six miles off, and he had no great opinion of the Drottel's handiness in surging. When he did let go the tow-rope ultimately, it would be at a point where there would be no doubt as to her fetching harbour in comfort."

"As Hal Burford sat there in his grimy oilskins, ancient sun-wester, and sea-boots, he had built him picture of a sailor's life, and circumstance had made him a junior clerk in a City bank."

"Ever since he had accumulated three sovereigns of his own, however, he had thrown himself into his pet hobby—commencing with a yachting open boat, which he had matched into some sort of seaworthiness, and progressing through a series of 'death-traps' and 'coffin-ships,' until kind Fate had thrown the Drottel in his path."

"Before he was out of his teens he was one of the best yachtsmen in the Thames and Essex estuaries, and at a racing 'crew' he was worth his weight in gold to any skipper."

"Hal's last task had been to trim the riding-light, and this storm-proof lantern was put ready to hand in a bucket, to mask its rays from the eyes of the steersman. The binnacle lamp of the lifeboat compass was also lit, and Jack watched the swaying dial with a landman's awe."

"Now that all was taut and ready for action, Hal sat breast against the weather combing, dodging the slapping sprays and glaring with indignant eyes at the Penguin, olav'ing about amid of them."

"The boat! The boat! The unsportsmanlike cad!" he would ejaculate every now and then."

"And Jack Pinner, seeing how strong a tide was running in his skipper's mind, had the sense to hold his peace."

much grunting and puffing, pulling a bundle of stout canvas after him."

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THE 2nd CHAPTER.

A Wild Night—On the Red Spit—Man Overboard.

THE HE entrance to the little Harbour of Prittlesea is not the easiest thing to negotiate in gathering dusk and a humming net-caster in the net-works."

"There are sands to the right and sands to the left and in front, and on all sides bob paricoloured buoys, flat-topped like drums, round

like push-balls, and conical like torpedoes, warning the seafarer of the hidden shoals."

"One alone is storned with a light—the Knell galley. If the boatman who was first on the glimmering spark, now scarcely visible in a fresh squall, which had suddenly descended on the water."

"The wind had piped up with redoubled energy, and the rain stung the face like a whip-lash. Possibly this accounted for the random steering of the boatman who was first on the shaving corners in a fashion which sent Hal's heart into his mouth."

"For his own life-raft ship, he had no fears, for the could sail across shoals, where the bigger boat must strike the sand."

"As he struck the sand on an obbing tide, in a nasty sea, is a thing to shudder at."

"I wonder if that chap knows those waters?" he exclaimed suddenly, as the Penguin threatened to take her keel overboard. "If he's working by the chart, he'll find himself in trouble, for the sand has been sitting steadily for years."

"If he's bearing away a bit now, though, luckily for him, or he would have picked up the Gullet for a dead cert. in another fifteen yards."

"What would have happened, then?" asked Jack nervously."

"The depending night, the glimmering wave-crest, the blowing out of the darkness, and the breathless smother of rain, which every now and again descended upon them, blotting out the Penguin from their view, were beginning to reawaken all sorts of torturing fears in his breast."

"Not were those relieved when Hal turned silently and dived into the little cabin, emerging with a lifebuoy, which he flung down on the floor of the cockpit."

"The glow of the lantern in the pail showed, too, that he was stowing a brace of lifebuoys into an open locker at his feet."

"We shan't need 'em, of course," he explained, with exaggerated shortness; "but it's just as well to have them handy."

"Supposing we ran aground and went to pieces," asked Jack, again, determined to know the worst."

"Well, we've got these and the dinghy," answered Hal, nodding to a tiny cockleshell of a row-boat, which sheered and bucked at its tether astern of them."

"Jack thought he might just as well be asked to trust his life to a walnut-shell in such a tumbling sea."

"If he had had a little more pluck, he would have reached for a lifebelt and tucked it on; but Hal fell to whistling a sea ditty at that moment, and he sprang from showing the white feather."

"The gas-buoy staggered and winked at them like a drunken man as they passed, and the Penguin eased her sheets and bore away, with the Drottel jinking in tow."

"The battle of wind against tide had knocked up a villainous sea here, and the seven-tonner plucked like a maddened steed."

"With the agility of a slack-wire equilibrist, Hal clambered along the diminutive deck—now balancing himself as the hull sagged from under him, now clutching at stay or shroud as it reared up to meet the next precipitous wave."

"Jack shuddered to watch him. A single false step, and then what could save him? In oilskins, pan-jacket and sea-boots, Hal could not battle for five minutes in that raging cauldron, strong swimmer that he was."

"As for lending a helping hand in such an emergency, Jack felt he would be as useless as a week-old babe."

"For many minutes Hal stood clinging to the wire shrouds, his eyes straining out ahead into the dusk. And eglazy now and then Jack caught the pale glimmer of his face as he turned to note the bearings of the Knell buoy, now far astern."



The dinghy ailed away beneath Hal's feet, and he made a frantic clutch at the bowsprit as a wave swept him along the yacht's side.

THE FIGHTING FIFTH.

(Continued from the previous page.)

unkind about 'im—is a knock-kneed, flat-footed, spindly-shanked, cock-eyed, pasty-faced kid...

It was not often that Sergeant Quiggin made an untrue statement, but he certainly made one when he said he would pause for a reply.

"You young varmint!" he roared, snaking his fist at Nipper and his chums.

"What was?" demanded Nipper. "You fired at me with a catapult!" shouted the sergeant.

"I swear we didn't!" said Nipper indignantly.

"Somebody did!" retorted the sergeant, tenderly rubbing his ear. "Something hit me on the ear, and stung like a red-hot needle."

"It happens it was a wasp that stung you!" suggested Mr. Boswell. "Let me—Ouch! Ow-w-w-ww!"

The worthy chemist leaped into the air, upsetting his chair and emphatically rubbed the back of his hand.

"Somebody's firing at us with a catapult!" bellowed Mr. Boswell. "Where are the police?"

"The shout came from Nipper, who, at that moment, capied a boyish figure on the roof of one of the houses on the opposite side of the street."

"There he is!" he cried, pointing to the roof. "Now he's gone! It was his house, the house of the Grammar School!"

Led by Nipper, the Ninianites dashed across the square, and pelled down the passage which led into the yard at the back of the house.

But they were too late. A long ladder, raised against the side of the house, and a fleeing gang of vishings of a Grammar School cap, vanishing over the wall to the rear of the house.

"Well, did you capture the miscreant?" inquired Mr. Boswell, while Nipper and his companions returned to the market-place.

Nipper shook his head. "No such luck," he said. "But we saw the bouncer's car. It was one of the Stewed Onions' lambs."

"Stewed Onions?" it will be remembered, was the Ninianites' nickname for Dr. Stuart-Uwinn, the headmaster of the Grammar School, and Mr. Boswell's rival for the vacant seat on the County Council.

"You hear that?" cried Mr. Boswell, turning to the crowd. "The author of this dastardly outrage was one of our patients!"

"See the Conquering Hero!" said Mr. Boswell, pointing to the crowd. "The strains proceed, and louder grew the sounds, and presently there marched into the square a dozen members of the Grammar School band."

"The band—four heads followed Tribly, the Grammar School donkey, carrying on her back a limp-looking 'guy,' whose face—a painted mask—was a lifelike representation of the classic features of Napoleon Bonaparte Boswell!"

"But we broke up old Boswell's meeting!" said Arnold, when he and his chums gained the shelter of their own grounds. "So the laugh is on our side, after all!"

"Comedy and Tragedy." "It was a great idea, a noble idea, a Napoleonic idea! One knows not well to admit to this mode of similitude."

The landlord of the Station Hotel, the principal licensed house in Clevedon, was also the proprietor of a small livery stable, which was under the general supervision of a some what elderly order named Bartlett.

Mr. Wimple, having heard that Fraulein Hoffmann was an accomplished horseman, determined to take riding-lessons; and on the Friday after the meeting in the market-place, he sought an interview with Bartlett. The

latter readily agreed to give him a course of lessons, but explained that he could not begin...

Colonel Trevor was a retired Army officer who lived at the Grange, about six miles from Clevedon. His youngest daughter was a pupil at Cambridge House Collegiate School...

Mr. Wimple, of course, was aware of these facts, and also knew that Colonel and Mrs. Trevor had on several occasions invited Fraulein Hoffmann to visit them at the Grange.

"Is it—er—Fraulein Hoffmann whom you're going to drive to the Grange?" he asked.

"Yes!" answered Bartlett. "She's going to spend the week-end there, and I'm going to drive for out to-morrow afternoon, an' bring 'er back on Monday mornin'."

And then it was that the great idea leaped into Mr. Wimple's brain like a flash of inspiration!

Drawing the ostler aside, he slipped half-a-sovereign into his hand and whispered something into his ear. Bartlett vigorously shook his head; but presently, under the influence of Mr. Wimple's persuasive tongue, he began to yield.

"But he need never know," said Mr. Wimple eagerly. "I could meet you and change places with you at the bottom of the road below Fraulein Hoffmann's cottage; and after I'd driven her to the Grange, you could meet me at some lonely spot on the way back, and change places with me again."

"You're sure you don't mean the young lady no 'arm?" cried Bartlett.

"Harm?" asked Mr. Wimple. "Why, I wouldn't be the very ground on which she treads, and I would willingly shed the last drop of

burning words, I shall throw off my disguise and declare my all-consuming passion...

Fraulein Hoffmann lived in a pretty little cottage on the Hillfoot Road, about half-a-mile out of the town. She had rented the cottage—furniture and all complete—shortly after her arrival in Clevedon, and had taken up her residence there with a devoted maid, whom she had brought with her from the town...

A few minutes after half-past four on Saturday afternoon a rather ancient-looking victor drove up outside the garden-gate of this cottage. The vehicle was drawn by a young and rather mettlesome horse, and on the box-seat sat the redoubtable Theophilus Wimple—his scabbard locks concealed beneath an ill-fitting, coal-black wig...

"I hope you was a good driver," said the German mistress, as she took the bag from Gretchen and placed it in the victor's hands.

"Yes, mum!" said Mr. Wimple again. "I've drax half the crowned 'ends of Heurope, at one time, my hanotter, and I've never had a accident yet."

Fraulein Hoffmann regarded him somewhat dubiously. "I could meet you and change places with you at the bottom of the road below Fraulein Hoffmann's cottage; and after I'd driven her to the Grange, you could meet me at some lonely spot on the way back, and change places with me again."

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"I'm left—anded!" he said, as a brilliant inspiration came to him. "At an hour amly after the hour of the hour. We always drive like this!"

The explanation appeared to satisfy Fraulein Hoffmann, and she stepped into the victor and took her seat.

"You know yare you to drive me are?" she said. "Suttin'ly—to you to the Grange!" said Mr. Wimple, who had by no means forgotten the victor's box.

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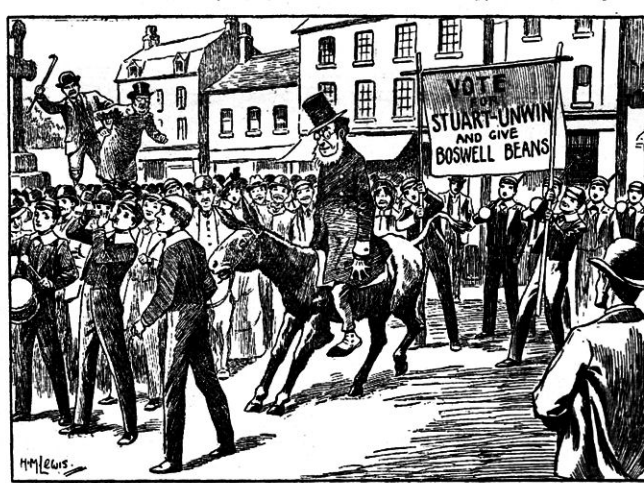
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Close on the boys' heels followed Tribly, the Grammar School donkey, carrying on her back a limp-looking 'guy,' whose face—a painted mask—was a lifelike representation of the classic features of Napoleon Bonaparte Boswell!

"But we broke up old Boswell's meeting!" said Arnold, when he and his chums gained the shelter of their own grounds. "So the laugh is on our side, after all!"

Comedy and Tragedy.

It was a great idea, a noble idea, a Napoleonic idea! One knows not well to admit to this mode of similitude. It was a great idea, a noble idea, a Napoleonic idea! One knows not well to admit to this mode of similitude.

The landlord of the Station Hotel, the principal licensed house in Clevedon, was also the proprietor of a small livery stable, which was under the general supervision of a some what elderly order named Bartlett.

Mr. Wimple, having heard that Fraulein Hoffmann was an accomplished horseman, determined to take riding-lessons; and on the Friday after the meeting in the market-place, he sought an interview with Bartlett. The

latter readily agreed to give him a course of lessons, but explained that he could not begin...

Colonel Trevor was a retired Army officer who lived at the Grange, about six miles from Clevedon. His youngest daughter was a pupil at Cambridge House Collegiate School...

Mr. Wimple, of course, was aware of these facts, and also knew that Colonel and Mrs. Trevor had on several occasions invited Fraulein Hoffmann to visit them at the Grange.

"Is it—er—Fraulein Hoffmann whom you're going to drive to the Grange?" he asked.

"Yes!" answered Bartlett. "She's going to spend the week-end there, and I'm going to drive for out to-morrow afternoon, an' bring 'er back on Monday mornin'."

And then it was that the great idea leaped into Mr. Wimple's brain like a flash of inspiration!

Drawing the ostler aside, he slipped half-a-sovereign into his hand and whispered something into his ear. Bartlett vigorously shook his head; but presently, under the influence of Mr. Wimple's persuasive tongue, he began to yield.

"But he need never know," said Mr. Wimple eagerly. "I could meet you and change places with you at the bottom of the road below Fraulein Hoffmann's cottage; and after I'd driven her to the Grange, you could meet me at some lonely spot on the way back, and change places with me again."

"You're sure you don't mean the young lady no 'arm?" cried Bartlett.

"Harm?" asked Mr. Wimple. "Why, I wouldn't be the very ground on which she treads, and I would willingly shed the last drop of

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machine to help you; if you stopped, you'd drown. Stick to it. Swim on, and take slower strokes; you'll never do any good whilst you do those short, scrappy pulls which won't buoy you up. All Boat all right."

"Give the end of the 'turnabout' a shove, then," pleaded Higson from the water, and, with an exclamation, Sandy obeyed. A half-minute later Higson had been drawn from the water; the belt was undone, and the floating machine, with a splash, landed itself, beside Bevan, whose feet still dangled in the water.

"That's prime!" he gasped. "I feel as if I shall be able to swim in about a week. You're a genius, Sandy; that's what you are! Only you would have thought of that swimming machine who saved your dignity. I like you!"

At that moment up came Carman Robins, the man who had witnessed the saving of young Doughty. His eyes were lit up with such a rational expression as he recognized Sandy. "Morning!" he said. "You be the school-boy who saved young Doughty. I like you!"

"That's all right," said Sandy quietly, blushing nevertheless, for none of the schoolboys had heard of his feat. "We don't want to talk about it."

"The man laid his right forefinger on the side of his nose and winked mysteriously.

"It is in the machine, you see," said the idea of a swimming machine that Farmer Dingley put up there, been it?"

"That's all right," said Sandy, surprised that Robins should have the intelligence to even know that much.

"There's a row going on about it down in the town," Robins went on. "Some of the folk have been complaining that boys should be allowed to bathe in the pond. Some of the boys have been convincing the town, but Doughty says the machine has got to be removed."

"What rot!" said Bevan angrily. "All the boys were swimming in the pond, and I should like to bathe in our walking times, can they? I never heard of such a thing."

Sandy looked at Robins searchingly. The man dabbled with a pen and ink, and it was remarkable he could have even recollected what he had just said. Probably it was true. "Who told you that, Robins?" he asked.

together, was Farmer Dingley. The two men were engaged in a fierce altercation. "I tell you, Farmer Dingley," Sandy heard the Mayor of Middleton declare as he came up, "that this public nuisance must be stopped.

"These boys have no right to come bathing here, desecrating the pond. People have complained about it. There is a favourite walk past here, and no one likes to hear a lot of boys, dressed only in their swimming costumes, shouting and yelling all the hours of the day."

"I tell you what it is, mayor," said Farmer Dingley, with a grim setting of his lips, "you and your grandiose counsel have been in office long enough. If you would interfere with the good work this schoolboy Sandy MacLure has been doing, you are no longer fit to be Mayor of Middleton. If it hadn't been for this clever, brave-hearted lad, you would have seen now, how I save your boy at the risk of his life, brought him to my farmhouse, restored the life that was fast fading away, and never said a word about it, begging no to keep it secret. And this is how you treat him? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Save the life of my son!" said the mayor, flushing angrily. "It's a lie."

"It is no lie!" said Farmer Dingley, raising his voice. "Robins here saw it done."

"It is true, Robins," asked John Doughty, turning a pair of inquiring eyes upon the carman. "It is, sir."

Then there was a movement in the crowd, and a little figure clad in velvet, with the well-known ivory buttons, came running forward. Little Doughty's face was pale, and his eyes bright. He could never look at that fatal pond without a shudder.

"Jack," said the mayor, "is it true that Sandy MacLure saved your life?"

"Yes, father," answered the little boy; "I have done you a great deal of good because I thought you would beat me for falling into the pond."

The mayor's face hardened. "He was one of the best boys in the school," he said.

had broken up, and Sandy was enjoying himself at Brighton with his mother, and having the time of his life, expecting that there were not quite enough boys about to please him.

"Do you know, mother," Sandy went on, gazing reflectively at the sea, "there's nothing I should like better than to give Mr. Doughty a lesson. Don't think he is really a bad sort of man; only that type, when he is successful, gets such a warped idea of things, doesn't he?"

"Kos. He was not born to greatness, and so cannot bear with it properly when it comes," answered Sandy's mother, smiling.

"I could only save his life, as I saved his son's, now, for instance," said Sandy, "think how small he'd feel. It would do him a lot of good, wouldn't it?"

"You have very strange and romantic ideas, Sandy," said the fond mother, taking his hand and squeezing it, "and you are a very clever boy. But I don't think you can hope to save Mr. Doughty's life. He'll be much too heavy a man for you to manage in the water, for one thing."

"He'll do it, madam. He'll do it, lady. The boy was cut out for deeds of heroism such as these. He's a clever boy. He'll save all about it if you'll crowd my hand with silver."

The words startled them both, and as a shadow darkened the approach to the shelter, looking up they saw a bronzed, ill-kempt, hideous old hag who, bending forward, was peering intently into Sandy's face.

"Ah!" she cried. "He has saved one life. He will save another. He will have his wish. It is curious how things turn out. He has inventive genius. He will make a great name for himself. He'll make a fortune. He'll be noble and proud in the end."

Mrs. MacLure shuddered. She opened her purse and gave the old woman a sixpence.

when seen from the land, they found that there was a perceptible swell for so small a boat, both at sea, and presently Higson, turning the colour of an unripe pear, cut his hair, and over the side of the boat, and emitted a groan that startled every other passenger; and made moan the colour of an unripe pear, cut his hair, and over the side of the boat, and emitted a groan that startled every other passenger; and made moan

"Each was wondering when his turn would come. Bevan looked a bit uncomfortable, too, and it was some time before he was able to get the skipper of the Fairy Belle. He turned his face bravely to the wind and watched the tiny boats as they covered the water, and at taking amateur sea-bathmen to their moorings."

Presently the captain of the yacht gave orders for the sail to be partly lowered; and the colour of an unripe pear, cut his hair, and over the side of the boat, and emitted a groan that startled every other passenger; and made moan

"There'll be a squall in a minute," he said. "These fools and asses will find themselves in trouble if they don't look out." Bear down upon them, Stevens!"

"Stevens was the man who had charge of the crew of the Fairy Belle, and he altered the course of the yacht, which he now bravely dipping her nose to the swell, so that the tiny boats were blown into the sea."

"The bigger yacht gained swiftly. Suddenly a puff of wind came, causing her mast to tremble, and the crew to be tossed about, and she plunged forward as if possessed."

"At the same moment the skipper uttered a loud cry, and some of the passengers screamed and ran to the cabin. The Fairy Belle was blown with horror that the sailing-boat the captain had referred to, and whose occupants he had been trying to save, was just as he was about to see the men it had contained were struggling in the water."

Some of them had the good sense to cling to the upturned keel of the boat; but the other, struggling desperately and throwing up his arms, was blown into the sea. The boat was on the side of the capsized boat, and was drowning fast."

The Fairy Belle gained rapidly, and presently, as the sails were furled and she was brought round beside the upturned craft, Sandy, springing on to the guzawl, dived into the sea, and, using a rope, he reached towards the drowning man. In a moment he had seized hold of him.

"Don't let go!" he shouted. "Don't struggle, and don't cling on to me, or you'll drown us both!"

But he might have spoken into deaf ears, for the man instantly seized hold of him, and the two were at once locked in a death embrace, Sandy finding himself unable to free his arms from the tenacious grasp of the drowning man. They went under. He fought and kicked, and came up half dazed. Still the man clung on.

The boy didn't think much about the incident. He had no belief in the uncanny or the supernatural. In the afternoon he walked across the promenade on the sea side of the Kings Road, on the look-out for Higson and Bevan, both of whom were in Brighton, and presently, to his joy, he saw them coming along in an armful of sundrums, schoolboy's, rips and ready for any mischief.

"Got any money?" asked Higson of Bevan. "Yes," answered the boy, "mother gave me five shillings this morning."

"That's ripping," said Bevan. "Now, I tell you who we're here to do. We're to go and get for a shilling sail. Out to the horizon and back again. It's jolly fine! Ever been?"

"Higson's a rotten sailor," said Bevan contemptuously. "We went out yesterday, and he was frightfully sick. Still, he had been smoking, and dare say that had something to do with it. I'm breaking him in. What do you say, Sandy?"

"He's not," answered the Scobaby. "The sea's too choppy, and the water's too shallow. And the crew trooped down to the beach where the shilling yachts were beached ready for sailing."

"The boat was one of the larger of the craft, and presently, to the merry music of accordion and violin, they scudded onward with a fair breeze behind them, and gradually the shore began to recede."

Though the water had looked quite still when seen from the land, they found that there was a perceptible swell for so small a boat, both at sea, and presently Higson, turning the colour of an unripe pear, cut his hair, and over the side of the boat, and emitted a groan that startled every other passenger; and made moan



GROUP PORTRAIT OF KINSLEY UNITED RESERVES.

those men who never like to find themselves in a strong. "The fact that he owes Sandy MacLure such a debt, coupled with the thought of how he had wronged him, hardened his heart towards the lad, towards the boy who had taken, towards all concerned."

"I don't believe a word of the story!" he said. Besides, the orders had been issued, and he was a couple of sundrums, schoolboy's, rips and ready for any mischief."

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THE END.

JUMPING:

DIVING:

THE A.A.A.:

CRICKET:

Mr. E. A. Bulker, the Famous Jumping Expert, tells how REALITIES may excel at this sport.

High Jumping. THERE are many boys who have the natural spring and agility required for high jumping, but they do not make the most of their abilities. The style of jumping usually adopted by the youth is that in which the bar is that is commonly known as the "Scissors" style—that is, running at the bar from the side, thrusting one arm over the bar and jumping with the other. Little art is used in the action, and moderate performances only are attained, or can be expected.

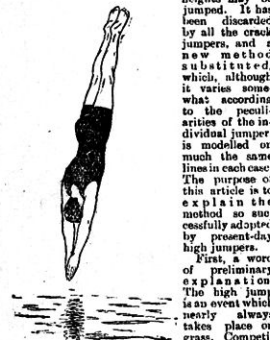


Fig. 2: The position of the body as it enters the water.

The bar is approached almost directly from the front. There is a slight ascent just prior to taking the leap from the ground, then the right leg and arm over the bar are swung upwards, and the whole upward motion is aided by a swing of the right arm and chest. These movements are taken over the body, and to get the right leg over the bar. In addition, however, a half-turn of the body is effected so that when the jumper reaches the topmost height of his jump he has his right side parallel to the bar. Having raised the body and swung the right leg into the air, the right leg is thrown smartly down on the farther side of the bar, and the left leg is simultaneously swung up, and then over the bar. The swinging up of the left leg is aided by bringing up the left arm smartly and.

Swimming.

Mr. WILLIAM HENRY, Secretary of the Royal Life-Saving Society, condenses remarks on the various methods of Swimming, Diving, and Life-Saving.

Swedish Diving.

THE learner should remember that the chief points to be observed in making a good dive are, first, to keep the arms and legs quite rigid, and in the same straight line. The hands placed over the head, palms together, with the fingers pointing out into the water, and open a way for the rest of the body to enter. The head must be so placed between the arms that it strikes the water first, and not the top of the head. Should there be an inclination to open the legs when in the air, the learner should place a small slip of paper between the knees and try to hold it in that position throughout the dive. This method will have the effect of clamping the legs together, and help greatly in keeping them straight. As the learner increases in skill and confidence, he will desire to take his body from a greater height than three feet above the surface of the water, but high diving needs much practice, and must be progressive as well as carefully done. The first step is to start in a crouching position from the ground, with the arms and legs straightened and closed, with the toes pointing well backwards, and the arms are flung out from the body to a horizontal line, the hands just above the head. This position is maintained until shortly before entering the water, when the arms are brought to the front, above the head, and the feet are thrown up. The entrance into the water is made in the position as shown in Fig. 2.

The Plunge-Dive.

There are a large number of fancy ornamental methods of diving and swimming, in addition to those already described in this series. The first of these is the "plunge-dive," in which the ordinary methods and who wishes to be able "to do anything" in the water, should learn. The plunge-dive, as it is termed, is a very favourite method of entering the water. It is accomplished as follows:

Stand as close to the side of the bath or bank as possible, with the toes projecting over the edge of the bath, and balance the body on the balls of the feet. Next fill the lungs and exhaust them several times, so as to leave the chest quite empty. Then lean the arms backwards and forwards in order to assist in this operation. Then bend the body forward, and bring the head and arms up so that they are stretched horizontally above the surface of the water, and the head buried between the shoulders. Then spring vigorously from the feet, keeping the legs rigid, and try to keep the body perfectly rigid. Do not dive too deeply, as this tends to retard the progress, but dive just as deep as you can manage. Practice will show the proper depth.

When the body enters the water the back of the hands should be facing the surface, the feet should be up, the legs rigid, and the head to the rear, and the thumbs locked.

On rising to the top at the completion of the dive, the arms and legs should be stretched out, the hands being bent round, something like the bow of a boat, the head being under water, and the feet above the surface. The impetus of the dive is exhausted, or until it is found necessary to raise the head or breathe.

Of course, only those boys who are accomplished divers should practise this fancy heave.

(Next week an article on life-saving will appear in our Super Summer Double Number. There is sure to be a big demand for this magnificent issue, so order it in advance to save disappointment. Tell all your chums about it! Price 2d.)

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Mr. A. A. ELSON, winner of over 200 prizes, gives readers full details concerning the work of the Amateur Athletic Association, and tells them how to join.

Rules Concerning Boys' Races.

THE Association, while allowing a free hand to its affiliated clubs in the conduct of their sports, and subject to the usual restrictions—namely conditions, which must be observed. A specially-printed entry-form, sanctioned by the Association, must be used for each entry, the entrant signing this, and thereby laying himself open to prosecution for fraud in the event of false statements being made with intent to mislead. This was found necessary to prevent the depredations of a certain portion of the professional element, who at one time went about the country picking up prizes—the outcome of liberal hand-outs obtained by means of false statements on their entry-forms.

Open Races for Boys.

There are one and a half and very useful restrictions, notably the one against betting, which will be dealt with in the next article. It will also be shown how the young athlete may enter and compete in sports under the A.A.A. banner this season, both through a club and also directly, without club membership having been taken up.

Open races for boys are no longer permitted at athletic meetings. An extract from the Amateur Athletic Association's laws bearing on this subject is given below. "Races for youths in the country, other than club races, shall be confined to boys under 16 years of age, and shall be limited to sports within a radius of three miles from the ground of the promoting club, and entries from boys under this age shall not be accepted for open events. Open races for boys shall not be permitted in the Metropolitan district (which district is defined by a radius of twenty miles from the centre of London) and shall prevent bona-fide scholars, confined to boys attending schools to be named in the proposals, from entering such races. A junior section of the various athletic clubs. It is imperative that separate dressing accommodations be always provided when boys are competing together. A few years ago an open race for boys was an event at every big meeting. Tiny toddlers and school boys of every age and sex were often in heats and finals week after week. An extraordinary interest was evinced in these races, and many a schoolboy of the day has no doubt stood in a line to understand the nature of the Association's regulations. A series of abuses which the Association made had to be discovered, and among other things, the racing club body was no doubt puzzled as to understand the nature of the Association's regulations. A series of abuses which the Association made had to be discovered, and among other things, the racing club body was no doubt puzzled as to understand the nature of the Association's regulations.

A Running Race.

he must join a club which has a junior section, and which promotes races for its juniors. In order to compete in such races, the entrant must enter in open events as an "unattached" competitor; or by joining a club affiliated to the Association, and competing both in open races and also in races for the members of his club only, of which there are generally at least five or six. The membership fees average about 3s. 6d. per season. To enter either an open or a members' event, every intending competitor must fill up an official form, setting out his last four performances, and if not included in these the last performance at the distance then entered for, and also the date of the last heat or prize won. He must state what start he was allowed, and in what position he finished. These particulars are to be sent to the handicapper, who prints a note, then a card, setting out his race and also in races for the members of his club only, of which there are generally at least five or six. The membership fees average about 3s. 6d. per season. To enter either an open or a members' event, every intending competitor must fill up an official form, setting out his last four performances, and if not included in these the last performance at the distance then entered for, and also the date of the last heat or prize won. He must state what start he was allowed, and in what position he finished. These particulars are to be sent to the handicapper, who prints a note, then a card, setting out his race and also in races for the members of his club only, of which there are generally at least five or six. The membership fees average about 3s. 6d. per season.

Rising to the Top.

Rising to the top at the completion of the dive, the arms and legs should be stretched out, the hands being bent round, something like the bow of a boat, the head being under water, and the feet above the surface. The impetus of the dive is exhausted, or until it is found necessary to raise the head or breathe.

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

Fielding. (Continued from last week.)

THE bowler knows about the flight of the ball from the bat, and judges accordingly. Why, then, say this exactness? Because nearly half the batsmen that get out during the season, owe their dismissal to a catch in the slips, and many with one hand. You must be able to hold a catch with one hand, and should practice it. For the left hand, begin slowly, and toss the ball up with the other, and

catching as it descends.

Then get a friend to lob the ball from a dozen yards, and cover him in. If you find it easy to catch; increase distance and speed; use both hands; whenever possible.

Shorts slip made back up the wicket-keeper when the ball is thrown in him from mid-on, mid-off, or cover-point.

The greatest slip in my time was George Lonsdale, who was an immense amount of ground. A. O. Jones, the Nottingham captain, is another; so, too, is Len Braund, of Somerset. One of the best slips I ever saw was the Players against the Australians at Birmingham, and a delivery of his got up rather awkwardly, but it was a good slip. I saw John Tunncliffe in this position do so.

Point.

Point is an important position, but not easy to fill in ordinary games. Many stand too deep.

There is no exact place, for the distance must vary with the batsman. I think you must change as each batsman comes in, because you will be watching, but if you can slip and another. When I fielded there it was easy to find out how certain men played. No bad catch was ever made, but it was a good one used to catch the ball within a few feet of the bat, as did Sir T. C. O'Brien, who now captains All Ireland.

The slower the bowling.

and the wicket, the nearer you can come. If you have a batsman who is nervous, a chance will be hand. Sid Gregory is a great cover-point, and the position is a buy one. See him continuing to do so at present. Dr. M. Grace used to catch the ball within a few feet of the bat, as did Sir T. C. O'Brien, who now captains All Ireland.

A few stolen runs.

need not upset him. He must throw in the ball from just below the level of the shoulder. Victor Trumper and C. O. H. Sewell, of the Association, are the best performers in such a position. If the batsmen attempt a short run, return to the bowler's end—any hesitation and the men will steal runs, as for

Back up the wicket.

back up the wicket, the nearer you can come. If you have a batsman who is nervous, a chance will be hand. Sid Gregory is a great cover-point, and the position is a buy one. See him continuing to do so at present. Dr. M. Grace used to catch the ball within a few feet of the bat, as did Sir T. C. O'Brien, who now captains All Ireland.

Mid-on.

Mid-on is a position that is often used, and it is a very important one. It is a position that is often used, and it is a very important one. It is a position that is often used, and it is a very important one.

Rising to the top.

Rising to the top at the completion of the dive, the arms and legs should be stretched out, the hands being bent round, something like the bow of a boat, the head being under water, and the feet above the surface. The impetus of the dive is exhausted, or until it is found necessary to raise the head or breathe.

Point.

Point is an important position, but not easy to fill in ordinary games. Many stand too deep.

Back up the wicket.

back up the wicket, the nearer you can come. If you have a batsman who is nervous, a chance will be hand. Sid Gregory is a great cover-point, and the position is a buy one. See him continuing to do so at present. Dr. M. Grace used to catch the ball within a few feet of the bat, as did Sir T. C. O'Brien, who now captains All Ireland.

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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... THE STRANGER, a curious character who roams about on an island called the Howl... BOB BAXTER, an old fisherman, in whose charge the Stranger put Jack Jaunty... PETER PINNICK, a morose, unsocial fisherman... DAN CALLIS, ARON DOWNEY, GERARD INGLIS, and MICKY 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 famous cliff. Jack Jaunty is not to do so, but a little later the lad is discovered on a ledge half-way down the face of the cliff... A stranger arrives at Sterneralg that afternoon, and picking up an acquaintance with Peter Pinnick, a curly-haired stranger, questions him about Jack Jaunty. Peter is obliged against his will to tell the man all he knows.

THE 11th CHAPTER (continued).

It was called the Clift, and was a huge crack in the earth, and wide in the direction of the sea, and narrowing like a wedge for a length of fifty yards inland, where it ended. The peculiarity of this cleft, or rent, was that its sides went sheer down to a level below the sea, and sometimes a very high tide would fill the bottom with water. It was a dangerous place for...

a man to come upon on a dark night. In the case of his falling into the narrow part, and getting wedged in, his fate would be horrible.

"What an awful place!" said Ironvo, with a shudder, as she peeped over.

"Don't go too near, my dear," said Mr. Belton. "I really think it ought to be railled round."

"There has been some talk of it for a long time," said Jack. "but nothing has been done."

"I think it must cost a good deal," said Mr. Belton. "He had previously introduced the governess to Jack as Miss Harrison, and as they marched back, she fell behind with Jack, asking him many questions about his history on the way."

"I have to be back by eight o'clock," he said, with a smile. "Mr. Bonnington gives us a deal of liberty, but he likes his rules to be strictly observed."

"At this moment the two ushers here in sight. They had been for a walk inland, making a detour, and had come home with the same object as Jack, with the hope of seeing the inhabitants of the bungalow. Great was their amazement on finding Jack in familiar converse with them, and with the assumption of tutors, who consider they have a right to address their pupils anywhere, they stopped, and spoke to him."

"We hardly expected to find you here, Jaunty," Mr. Redditch said. "Old friends of your acquaintance?"

An introduction all round followed, as was a matter of course, and the tutors were very offensive with their bows and verbal acknowledgments. Miss Harrison especially reproached them, and she, in her turn, appeared to find in them objects of interest, although, of course, not exactly the sort of things they thought it was, and each appropriated it to himself.

After a short conversation, adieux were uttered, and Jack and the tutors started off for home.

"A charming family—a widower and two daughters," said Mr. Redditch enthusiastically. "Delighted," said Mr. Ferrula. "Mr. and Mrs. Bonnington will, of course, call upon them?"

"You suggest it naturally."

"Really? Identified there is no occasion for you to be so sarcastic."

"Am I so?"

"You are, sir."

"You need not be so touchy, Ferrula."

"Am I touchy?"

"You are, indeed. More touchy than you exhibited yourself to Miss Harrison."

"I was merely polite to an amiable lady."

"You fairly thrust yourself upon her, Ferrula."

"I'm sorry if I shut you out from making yourself generally acquainted."

"Ho, ho!" he thought. "Both spoons on the charming governess. There ought to be some fun come out of this."

"He said nothing, and silence suited him just then. His thoughts went back to Ironvo, who had shown such an interest in his story, and he felt how nice it would be if he had a sister like her. Then he thought he would not like Ironvo as a sister, but as—well, he hardly knew what. She seemed to be so high above him, he could hardly think of her on a level with himself. So Jack went back to school, and Gerard Inglis asked him where he had been. He said he had been "round about the bungalow," and seen the people there."

"And are they all Nicky said?" asked Gerard.

"All and more," replied Jack briefly. "I should say they are very nice people."

It was strange that Jack should say no more to a friend as Gerard, but, truth to tell, he was not in the humour to talk about his new friends. But he thought of them until he went to bed, and then he passed the night in dreaming of golden hair and bright blue eyes.

THE 12th CHAPTER. Jim Baxter in a Strange Way—A Nocturnal Row and Casualty.

GRUCTION, the house-painter, busler, and general servant of the school, was for one of those men who seem to be born for service. His wife, tall, thin, and not absolutely looking like anybody could deny he was a very plain man. He was, at the same time, very quiet and genteel. Nobody had ever known him to quarrel, and he was in his manner as a domestic male-servant well perfect.

Jack, on coming down the following morning, found Gruction in the act of coming upstairs.

By the way, we may as well mention that there were two staircases leading to the upper part of the house. One at the back, and the other at the front, and the boys used to go former.

"A person wishes to see you, sir," said Gruction. "One of the fishermen—Robert Baxter."

Robert never took liberties with the most humble. Bobs, Diels, and Jim were not in his vocabulary.

"Thank you," replied Jack. "Where is he?"

"By the side door, sir."

Jack went out, and found Bob pacing up and down in a state of suppressed excitement. He jumped to the conclusion that something had gone wrong with Jim.

"Now, Bob," he said, "don't give way. I hope he isn't dead."

"No, Master," replied Bob: "but he's come home, and we can't understand him. He's like a daff boy. I want to know if you will come with me and see him?"

"I'll go with you, Bob," replied Jack. "but I fear it isn't in my power to do much."

It was then about half-past six, and his time was his own until the next morning, when he was expected to study half an hour before breakfast. He and Bob set out for the cottage, poor Bob saying little, but every now and then giving vent to suppressed emotion. Jack felt nothing that he could say would help matters, and wisely was silent. He found Jim seated on the kitchen chair, and the room usually occupied by Bob when indoors.

Mrs. Baxter stood behind it, with her arm round her boy's neck, looking the picture of misery. Jim's head protruded towards the newcomer, but there was a blank look in the eyes that rested on him. He had the appearance of one who had just seen a ghost.

"There he is, Master Jack," said Bob, with a moan. "Isn't it awful?"

"Jim," said Jack kindly, "don't you know me?"

"Dark—dark!" muttered Jim. "But look—there's a light, and glittering faces! Ugh! In the kitchen, and the new furniture, and by put his hands before his eyes, rocking to and fro."

"That's the way he's been going on every time we speak to him. He's been going on every Mrs. Baxter's tears fell fast, but she wept silently."

"When I opened the door this morning," said Bob, "I found him standing on the step. He didn't seem to know a bit where he was; but, after staring at me, was going away, when I took him by the arm and brought him in."

"But he must have known what was doing to find his way here," urged Jack. "I appeared to me," said Bob. "That somebody must have told him."

"I think Bob," said Jack, "that you ought to fetch a doctor to see him. I believe he's had a terrible scare of some kind, and brought him in. Come, pull yourself together!"

"But Jim took no notice of him whatever, nor of his father and mother, who implored him to look up and answer them."

"Shall I go for the doctor?" asked Jack. "It's only three miles to Dandy Bridge, and I think I can get there and back in an hour. Really—I really feel he ought not to be left, Bob."

"But won't you get into trouble, Master Jack?" asked Bob.

"I'll risk that. You stay here until I come back."

He was off like an arrow from a bow, and, bounding up the steps, he ran for Dandy Bridge. As he trotted along he took off the silken handkerchief he wore loosely about his neck, and tied it round his waist as an assisting power to his running.

The church clock of the straggling village pointed to twenty minutes to eight as he rushed down the hill, and lived near it, he was soon panting by his door.

Dr. Bird was up and dressed, and, on hearing the terrible scare of some kind, and brought him in. He was of opinion also that Jim had had a scare.

(Continued on the next page.)

OUR LEAGUE CORNER.

SECTION 1.

The following clubs in the Leagues mentioned have been awarded Bobs' LEAGUE Cricket Bats for the best performance of the season. The list:

MERSEY CRICKET LEAGUE. Parkfield C.C.—Sec. Mr. F. Fryer, 28, Ullet Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

Parkfield C.C.—Sec. Mr. C. O. Stretley, 87, Brooklands Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

NORTH LIVERPOOL DISTRICT AMATEUR LEAGUE. St. Albans C.C.—Sec. (of League), Mr. F. W. Ward, 115, Corbinbrooke Road, Walton, 4, Glyn Road, Glyn.

EAST LONDON CHURCH LEAGUE. St. Paul's C.C.—Sec. Mr. H. W. Shepherd, 44, Glyn Road, Glyn.

SOUTH LONDON CHURCH OF ENGLAND LEAGUE. Handerly C.C.—Sec. Mr. A. East, 56, Moleworth Street, Lewisham, E.

SOUTHWEST MANCHESTER RECREATE LEAGUE. Hope of Manley C.C.—Supt. Mr. R. E. Livingston, 30, York Avenue, Manley Park, Whiteley, W. 2.

BEARWOOD AND DISTRICT LEAGUE. Sandon Road C.C.—Sec. Mr. F. O. Williams, 4, Glyn Road, Glyn.

St. Mark's C.C.—Sec. G. Owen, Police Station, Dudley Road, Birmingham.

MORE CUPS AND MEDALS AWARDED.

In addition to the Leagues mentioned in former issues of our paper, we selected to be the recipients of Bobs' LEAGUE Cups and Medals, the following presentations will be made:

Two Sets of Medals to—SOUTH WEST MANCHESTER RECREATE LEAGUE.

Sec. Mr. A. E. Stator, Novis House, Trafford Park.

Two Sets of Medals to—HANLEY AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

Sec. Mr. F. Parkes, 32, Copeland Street, Stock.

Selfast Silver Cup to—BELFAST MINOR CRICKET LEAGUE.

Sec. Mr. G. K. Bamford, 5, Kirk Street, Belfast.

Two Sets of Medals to—BELFAST CRICKET ALLIANCE.

Sec. Mr. G. K. Bamford, 5, Kirk Street, Belfast.

Selfast Silver Cup and One Set of Medals to—SOUTH LONDON S. S. UNION CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

Sec. Mr. W. H. Coombs, 5, Portland Place (South), Clapham Road, S.W.

OUR PRIZE BATS.

"113, Mayfair Avenue." Hford.

"Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your bat, for which accept my best thanks. I hope to test it next week, also to make a few runs before the season is out."

"Again thanking you, yours faithfully, H. A. M. O'NEIL."

STOCKWELL REGINA C.A.

40, Sidney Road, Stockwell, S.W.

"Dear Sir,—I have received the cricket bat awarded to my club by your most excellent paper, and beg to say it has given me great pleasure to all who have seen it."

"Dear Sir,—I have accepted the best thanks of my club for the gift, with every success to THE BOYS' Realm.—Yours faithfully, H. A. MILLINGTON."

SUNDERLAND AND DISTRICT WOODVILLE OMA. LEAGUE TABLE UP TO AND INCLUDING SATURDAY, JUNE 1st.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, W, L, D, Pts. Includes St. Bede's Adult School, Montwarren P.D.L., Trinity Institute, etc.

MEDALS FOR GOAL-SCORERS.

It will be remembered that some time ago gold medals were awarded to the players who scored twenty-five or more goals for their clubs during the season. The following are a selection from a host of letters from the winners:—

G. Gappers Terrace, "May 31st, 1907.

"Dear Sir,—Many thanks for the exceedingly pretty silver medal which you have sent me to send me for THE BOYS' REALM goal-scoring competition. I am very glad to receive it today."

"I trust you will accept my sincerest thanks for same, which I appreciate very much. Wishing you every success. I am, yours truly, a Regular Reader." W. SWAYNE.

SYDENHAM A.F.C.

Rewville, "Dundonald."

"Dear Sir,—Many thanks for the gift of a football which you sent me for the John M. Knight. It is a lovely little medal.—Yours truly, W. T. THOMPSON, Hon. Sec."

"W. C. LOVELLY ROAD, Anfield, "May 31st, 1907.

"Dear Sir,—Thanks very much for the silver medal which you sent me for my services to the club. It is my fullest expectation. Thanking you again, and wishing your papers every success.—I remain, yours truly, "ARTHUR WARRINGTON."

"60, Park Road, Brightlinges, "May 31st, 1907.

"Dear Sir,—Many thanks for the nice medal I received May 31st. As I have come to the end of my term of office, I think about it and value it more than if I had been one of winning ones.—I beg to remain, yours truly, "ARTHUR FRANKS."

"It's either that, or he's been dragged or drunk himself into a state of idiocy," he said. It was eight o'clock when he dropped Jack at the school-room door and strove on to the village, where he could take his poor, or get somebody to hold it, while he went down to the cottage.

He hurried to the school-room, where he was received by Mr. Redditch, with a stern question as to the cause of his late appearance. The explanation Jack gave was sufficient, and he was discharged into his room, but not without a head-first, and in the few minutes at his command acquired some idea of what he ought to have learnt in the few hours.

He noticed that Mr. Ferrula was also deeply engaged in writing, and by his abstracted air and frequent muttering in his throat, and the composing something, Jack thought no more of it at the time, but it was recalled to him afterwards by a slightly sensational incident which he shall relate here.

It was not until noon that Jack heard any more about Jim. Taking advantage of the privacy of his room, he opened his door and there found Mrs. Baxter busy with her housework. Whatever mental suffering she endured, that had to be done.

"He had a big fright of some sort," replied Mrs. Baxter; "and like enough he may get well all right, but Dr. Bird isn't sure when it will be."

Jack saw at once that it was almost a hopeless case. When doctors talk in that way the worst is to be feared.

"I'll warrant that Peter Pinnick has something to do with it," thought Jack, as he heard the doctor say.

"Pinnick was there, lounging about with a watchful look on his face; and Bob was sending a note to Aaron Downey, and Mr. Ricketts, Nickley, Hopkins, Will Raddle, and Gerard Inglis were in a boat together.

"Hallo! Where are you going?" cried Jack, annoyed to see them in company.

"For a row," replied Nickley. "Ricketts stands the boat."

"Does he stand Jack opening his eyes."

"Won't you come?" asked Mark, with an effort to appear jolly and hospitable.

But it was a mischievous trick, and Jack was about to refuse when he caught a flash upon him. No one in the boat knew much about managing it.

"It'll come, thanks," he said, as he jumped in. "But you fellows ought not to go without leave."

"I shall get into trouble if we get drowned, of course," sneered Callis.

Aaron Downey and Mark laughed at this, and Jack smiled good-naturedly.

"I will be obliged to you to live, and get into trouble. You must head her west, or we shall have the tide against us coming back."

"What matters there about it? I'll give it against us," growled Callis. "If you are not going to be agreeable, you had better so ashore again."

For his own personal ends, Mr. Callis would have done that at the moment, but he feared the rowers would make a mess of it. Dan and Aaron had the oars, and Mark steered, or professed to do so. Jack and Gerard sat in the bow, and Nickley was curled up in the stern.

"I say," whispered Jack, "what induced you to do this?"

"Oh, Ricketts asked us, and we thought it better to be agreeable," replied Gerard.

"Quite right, so far," said Jack; "but I don't understand the business chumminess between Ricketts and Callis."

"They've been sitting up to each other these two days," returned Callis.

The two rowers pulled hard, and, having the tide with them, they rapidly went eastward, bearing seaward towards a low bank called the Sugar Loaf, which rose out of the sea, and at high tide showed about twelve feet of its crown. The leak was going straight for it, and Jack knew the boat was in a dangerous position. There were other rocks just under the water, sung out to Mark to give it a wide berth.

"It'll be all right if you do as I bid," said Dan Callis; "he's an old hand with a boat."

"I should not have thought it," muttered Jack. "You must go wider, I say."

"I'll be there in five minutes if you don't stand like fish posts in the sea. You ought to give the Sugar Loaf a hundred feet berth."

"More than enough," said Aaron Downey.

"Crash!" They were nearly a hundred feet from the Sugar Loaf, and the boat was rocking on the beach, but the oarsmen, in a trice, turned and rowed away, fairly emptying the boys into the sea. They could all swim, save Mr. Ricketts, who rose out of the water, and Jack's ears as he struck out for the Sugar Loaf.

The boy was near him, floundering about, and in a minute or two he was under the water, but for Jack, who seized him by the back of his jacket, and pushed him ahead as he swam across the beach, and then he was on his feet, and in a few minutes of refuge, and luckily for them it was not far away. The rearmost was Dan Callis, who was getting blown when half the boat had been covered more than four feet from a lack of swimming power.

"Give me a hand, Jaunty!" he cried. "Go steady—don't flurry yourself."

Nickley was the first to reach the rock, and climbed at once right up to the summit. Peter Pinnick was next, and he was not far behind him, and was already swarming up out of the crowd of the others.

Next came Gerard Inglis and Aaron Downey. Then Jack with his charge, whom he thrust on the rock and bade him hold tightly to it. Dan Callis came last, and he was fairly pumped.

"Jaunty, he shrieked, "save me!" Jack had got a foothold on the rocks, and holding on by a jutting fragment above him, held out his hand to Dan Callis, who, apparently, was not aware that he had reached a place of refuge. As a matter of fact, he would have gone down but for Jack, who seized his outstretched hand and hauled him up out of danger.

THE 13th CHAPTER. Poetry and Starting Pose.

"WELL, here we are," said Nickley. "and I'm glad it's no worse. I say, Callis, you funk'd terribly, you did."

Dan Callis lay upon the rock exhausted and sullen—angry with himself, Mark Ricketts, and everybody, and not so grateful as he might have been with what Jack had done.

"Doesn't an upset give you an appetite for dinner?" exclaimed Will Riddle. "We may whine for dinner if nobody sees us," said Nickley; "and the beach is quite clear. Everybody's gone to dinner."

On the lower part of the rock Jack Jaunty was sitting, heedless of the sea-spray which occasionally dashed into his face. He was thinking of—of the recent accident, but of Ivonne, and wondering what she would have said or thought if he had been drowned.

"Perhaps she wouldn't think of me at all," he said, with a sigh. A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, looking up, he saw Mark Ricketts, who was seated just above him.

"I love you my life," the boy said.



The two tutors rushed headlong into a rough-and-tumbling fight. The boys roared with laughter as they witnessed the amusing combat.

"Oh, don't name it!" said Jack lightly. "Any of our fellows will do the same for you, and you may do the same for somebody else one day."

"I am afraid not," said Mark, shaking his head. "My way would be to get along for myself, and leave others to do the same. I did not know so, but Mark was watching his face and making his own deductions from his expressions. There was a frown on his own as he lay back again."

"Hurrah!" cried Nickley soon. "A boat—a boat! Saved! Lot us sing 'The Roast Beef of Old England.'"

And then, without any apparent cause, he tumbled off his perch, fell upon Will Riddle, and, clinging to each other, the pair rolled into the sea. They came up, all right, and scrambled out without assistance, to the music of the laughers of their friends.

"It will be a fearful mess, and, but for his mouth being filled with salt water, he would have said all sorts of fearful things to Nickley. By the time the salt was out his wrath had evaporated for an extra writing under the circumstances, was of no great consequence.

It was Bob Baxter who was coming to the rescue. From his house he had, after a short time at dinner, seen the boys on the rocks, and guessed what had happened. The overturned boat was already far out at sea, and he rightly put it down as lost for good and all.

"It's Peter, Pinnick's boat," said Nickley; "and he won't charge for it—certainly not."

"It was my fault it was upset," said Mark, "and I'll pay."

"Again it was apparent that he was generous by an effort, and nobody felt appreciation. He had done the right thing, but not in the right way, and so his offer fell rather flat."

Bob soon rowed to them, and, having skillfully brought his boat through the treacherous shoals, took them on board. As usual, he did not show any curiosity about the way the accident came about, but waited for somebody to tell him.

Nickley was the historian, and he was very much down on Dan Callis for being "Mister Knowall," and Dan bore his sarcastic remarks in sullen silence. When they were all safe on the beach, he said to Jack:

"You've got something else to crow about now. I'm no rooster, if you are!" replied Jack severely.

They were all glad to be safe on shore again, but they were late for dinner, as Bob got them the boat and then an outside egg. Off they got at a trot, and it so happened that Nickley was a bit short of breath and fell behind the rest. About midway along the cliff he saw a sheet of folded nospaper lying on the turf, and, acting on impulse, picked it up and put it in his pocket.

The result of his being late for dinner was that they were all desired to stay in the house for the rest of the day. This was something in

"What have you there, Nick?" cried Jack. "Nothing much," Nickley answered, as he slipped it back into his pocket. "I will show it to you for me."

"Is there any reason why we should not see it?" inquired Dan Callis.

"Why, Aaron, Mark, and myself," replied Dan.

This answer plainly indicated that some sort of bond, common enough in schools, had been established between the trio. A broad smile crossed Nickley's face.

"There's many a reason why you should not see it," he said; "and one is—you would not understand it."

"What a cheeky little beast!" growled Dan, as he hurled his "Latin Grammar" at Nickley's head. The book missed its mark, and smashed the glass of a frame containing a specimen of Mr. Ferrula's penmanship; which, as far as flourishing went, left nothing to be desired.

"You've done it now," said Nickley. "Clear the frame of the rest of the glass, and pick up the bits," suggested Aaron Downey; "it won't be noticed."

Nickley slipped down from his seat so that Dan and his friend might carry out this suggestion, and as the frame hung in the shade of the glass might possibly not be missed for the time.

There was no chance of Dan's confessing what he had done, and the others, naturally, would not notice it. The only thing to be added to the minor tricks performed by that "Mr. Nobody," who does so much that you never hear of.

Nickley went and sat down by Jack. "It's poetry I've got here," he said, "and it's by Mrs. Miss Harrison."

That's the governess at the Folly, isn't it?" "Yes," said Jack. "What sort of stuff has he been making?"

"Wash—more wash," replied Nickley. "Shall I read it to you?"

"No, thanks," replied Jack. "It's not much for me. You had better give it back to him."

Nickley promised to do so. Now, Nickley really meant to do so, but he was careless little scamp, and as the evening wore away he forgot all about it.

Mr. Ferrula presided at supper, and Nickley did not recall it, but just as he was going up to bed he encountered Mr. Redditch on the stairs, and then, in his light-headed, careless way, he remembered the poetry, and associated it with the wrong tutor.

"I think you dropped this outside, sir," he said.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Redditch, as he took the paper tendered him. "Possibly I did."

He could not read it then, as the staircase was rather dark, but took it away with him, and Nickley bounded upstairs to the dormitory, where he usually was last in bed.

He now hurriedly undressed to get into bed before the light was put out, when he suddenly caught to mind what he had done.

"Oh, here's a job!" he groaned.

"What now?" asked Jack, who was already between the sheets.

"I've given Ferrula's poetry to Redditch," said Nickley.

"What on earth induced you to do that?" "I mixed them up."

"I shouldn't be surprised if bloodshed came out of that mistake," said Jack severely. "I noticed the other day they were both very strict with our governess. She is rather pretty and very nice."

"Well, I don't care," said Nickley. "It serves Ferrula right for scribbling such stuff as poetry, he says. I was never since I got spanked when a youngster, been so glad to get hold of 'Mary had a little lamb.' I used to say 'Mary had a little lamb, and I'm blessed if I could get jam out of my teeth.'"

Nickley's mistake was certainly an unfortunate one, and destined to have a lasting effect upon the two boys, as it was destined to be the cause of the quarrel between the two members Mr. Redditch that night poured about about sixty lines of the usual."

"There was 'dove,' and 'love,' and 'part'—and 'the two boys'—and 'in it,' also; a suggestion that, if his affection were not returned, he would fade away "like a gathered flower."

He read it with set teeth, which he began to grind when he finished. Then he sardonically laughed, and strode haughtily to his fourteen-story high toilet-table, in which he gazed at his own reflection.

"And he—he," hissed Redditch, "presumes to say 'I'll be true, and I'll be true, and I'll keep calm; you may do that which you will be sorry for!'"

Other people's poetry often has a disturbing effect upon the two boys, and Redditch could not sleep for thinking of the gushing lines he had read. Two lines, slightly imperfect in the minor details, but, alas, in which he gazed at "Oh, Fate be kind to me, and let me marry soon."

And this gave him as a bride the fair Miss Harrison.

These touching lines he repeated a hundred times over in the course of the night, and when he arose in the morning, he was the first utterance that escaped his fevered lips.

(This magnificent new serial will be continued on Saturday next in our Mammoth Summer Double Number. Look out for an extra long instalment of it.)

With Pick and Amp

A Magnificent Tale of Colliery Life. By DAVID GOODWIN.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

Roddy Owen and Tom Hughes, two Welsh colliers, had a certain amount of coal to be taken from the right owner of the Aberford and Coed Coch pits. But these colliers are in the hands of a man named Leroy, who is a coal miner's attorney, and now the late owner of them, Roddy and Tom are determined to get their own coal.

The only other property left them by the late Matthew Mathers is a place known as Starve-Crow Farm, the boys having been sacked from Kenyon Price's employ, so and take up residence at the little mountain shelter on this farm. Here they meet wonderful little Welsh mountain boy named Diddy Iocyn, with whom they become firm friends. While exploring their property they come across an old mine-shaft, and as they descend, they are actually the victims of the seam of coal beneath, and realize that with the necessary capital they could start mining on this farm. They have to buy the set to work and save sufficient to start mining operations.

Oddly applies for a job at the Coed Coch Colliery. He is taken on, and Tom Hughes with him. The boys are at once set to work at hewers, and earn no little surprise at the large amount of coal tallied to them each day. In the evenings they return to Starve-Crow Farm.

Roddy has a row with some Belgian pitmen who bear a spite against him. The latter, when off by Terry Lloyd, a friendly hewer, and depart with many threats for the future. Roddy is surprised Kenyon Price invites them over to his house to have a little private consultation. This meeting, however, is a mere ruse to start work on the pit on the condition that he has a half share in the mine, and the boys are asked to sign only, and Kenyon Price orders them to leave his house.

The following day, in the pits, Roddy is attacked by a man named Gravelly who has been working on the open shaft. He is told that he will have half the land at the hands of the pitmen but for the intervention of a friend named Mr. A. Lloyd. (See next week's instalment.)

Exit Leroy & Co.

"AY chuck 'em down shaft!" cried the other pitmen, pressing forward and shouting to the Belgians. "That's the proper place for 'em!" "Hold on, for goodness' sake!" cried Roddy, who saw that they tried to do to their level. "You don't want to come down to their level, do you?"

"The best level for 'em is the shaft-bottom, at where the coal is thin and whatso'er!" cried a voice. The fierce clamour of the miners turned to laughter at this, though they were all well enough to be in their own skins. "The boy's right; we don't want to swing for such trash as those!" cried Terry. "Hurry up and get to work, you slow-going fellows, then, Roddy, which is the wan that want for you first?"

"Never mind about that," answered Roddy, who saw that the Belgians would be lucky if they got off without broken bones. "Clear them out, an' let's get shat of 'em, that's all. 'Tis had enough."

The foreign gang certainly had. The floor of the road had been thoroughly wiped with them, and the cuffs were a new experience to them. They were used to knifing or kicking or hitting, or anything else that came handy when there was strife; but left-handers, straight from the shoulder and quicker than any artificial weapon, they knew nothing of it till now. One was sitting up with a pale face, mopping his forehead with his feet, and another lay doubled-up and gasping from a drive right on the 'mark,' and Leroy was wondering dizzily looking down at his feet as the rest of the miners were flocking to the spot, regardless of orders, and a tram came rumbling along the lines, pushing by it a new crop of men.

"Let's be shud first!" cried Jenkins hotly. "Let's be shud first," cried the man again. "Let's be shud first, them that's the main thing for 'em-up, ye omadhans!" cried Terry, looking down at his feet as the rest of the miners were flocking to the spot, regardless of orders, and a tram came rumbling along the lines, pushing by it a new crop of men.

"Don't they try to do in the best little heggal!" cried Roddy, who saw that the Belgians would be lucky if they got off without broken bones. "Clear them out, an' let's get shat of 'em, that's all. 'Tis had enough."

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"Put yours, Roddy on the front," cried Terry, who saw that the Belgians would be lucky if they got off without broken bones. "Clear them out, an' let's get shat of 'em, that's all. 'Tis had enough."

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It seemed as if the whole staff of the Aber-

BRADOCK UNITED F.C. require home and away fixtures for next season—Apply G. Harlicks, 13, Bury Street, Linton, Beds. End.

POPULAR WESLEYAN F.C. (average age, 15; weak) require matches for all dates; home and away; also require players wanted—back and half—Please write, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to W. Hart, 14, Street, Barnet, N.W.

CENTRAL UNITED F.C. (average age, 16; medium) have all dates open—home and away: Ground, Southwark Park, S.W.; permits—Apply, A. H. Bennett, 3, Binlita Hills, 14, Lansdowne Road, Tottenham.

CLARENCE F.C. (average age, 16; weak) would like fixtures for next season—Apply G. Harlicks, 2nd, home, December 28th, away; February 1st, away; and March 28th, home. Only clubs within five miles radius of Clapham and Brixton need apply to C. F. C. Hon. Secretary, 133, Hydeborne Road, Clapham, S.W.

READING OLD BOYS F.C. (age, 16-18) require matches for all dates with good teams within five miles of Reading—H. Bart, Secretary, Battle School, Kingston Road, Reading.

MARLBORO F.C. (average age, 15; weak) require matches for coming season. All dates open. Ground, Peckham Eye—Apply by post—Hon. Sec., Hon. Secretary, 62, Osney Road, Old Kent Road.

WENLAKE F.C. require fixtures for season 1907-8; also a few good players. Small subscription—Apply W. S. 12, Old Street, 12, Old Street, London, E.C.1 on Wednesdays or Thursdays from 8.15 to 9 p.m.

MARSHILL'S BRITANNIA A.F.C. (average age, 14) have all dates open for next season—Apply A. F. Jones, Hon. Secretary, 15, Buxton Buildings, 51, Saint Andrew, Clerkenwell, London.

ALBION F.C. (the name famous Abbeley) have nearly all dates open for coming season; also a few good players wanted—Apply, Leon, O'Dell, 43, East Road, Heston.

MUSKET RAGGED SCHOOL JUNIORS F.C. (average age, 15) are in want of dates for the coming season—Apply, H. Holmes, Secretary, 77, Bk., Wilnet Grove, Heston, Leeds.

ASHINGTON BRIGADE A.F.C. (average age, 18-19) desire fixtures for next season with junior clubs in the E. Division, Bedfordshire, and also fixtures in dressing-rooms and ground within easy reach of each other—For particulars, apply to J. A. Strang, No. 12, Ladysmith Road, Ashington, Northumberland.

KIRKSTALL TEMPERANCE A.F.C. (average age, 16) require dates for 1907-8 in the districts of Leeds—Apply, Harry Toole, 17, Lennox Street, Kirkstall, Leeds.

WOODMAN ATHLETIC F.C. (average age, 18; medium) would like fixtures to play against any respectable club within three miles radius; S.E. division preferred. Write to Hon. Secretary for December 27th, five leaflets out—Write, J. O. Toole, 60, White Street, 1, Lee Terrace, Truntdon Road, Duford.

ALBERT VICTORIA F.C. want matches, home and away, for the coming season; also some good leads to be secured for 1907-8—Apply, W. Robinson, Secretary, 6, Heron Street, W. London.

EMBERTON ROVERS F.C. (average age, 16; weak) want matches and players. Dressing given and required. Small subscription. Gentlemenly teams wanted—Apply to Hon. Sec., Mr. J. Sweney, 30, Poplar, Crompton, Fleet Street, E.C.

T. J. BARNAES JUNIORS C.C. (Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex) (average age, 16) require dates for 1907-8 in the districts of Hastings—Apply, W. A. Stevens, 1, Cornwall Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

AVONICK C.C. (average age, 14; weak) want matches to be played on home and away—Apply, R. Cooper, 22, Avonick Hill, Lampion, Hon. Secretary.

W. L. BARNES F.C. require matches for the coming season (average age, 15); also a few members—For particulars, apply to T. A. Gilbert, 37, Holms Road, South Bexhill, S.E.

BAIKTS P.C. (average age, 14; very weak) have all dates open home and away—Apply, H. Boyce, 72, Hampstead Road, London, S.W.

VICTORIA C.C. require away matches for July 4th and 11th—Apply, T. Titchell, Hon. Secretary, Nine Elms, South Lambeth.

WANTED fixtures for 1907-8, home and away; also a few players, 15, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

NORTHWON ROVERS F.C. (average age, 15; medium) require, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

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"One, two, three, an' away wid ye!" cried Dan...

"There's good riddance to bad rubbish!" said Terry...

The Belgians crawled out of the ditch and went their way...

As for the pitmen, they returned leisurely to the yard...

"It was an opportunity missed," he said regretfully...

"Every man who took part in this disgraceful business is dismissed..."

"Faith, then, ye'll have to sack the entire shift," said Paddy...

"The whole colliery at a standstill while the men riot..."

"What on earth is the matter here?" said a commanding voice...

"The whole colliery at a standstill while the men riot..."

"Whom rabble among the pitmen have started a general riot..."

"If there has been any rioting, those who started it shall be dealt with as they deserve!"

"See here, sorr," said Terry, stepping forward...

it, for those five Belgians should never ha' been in the Aberford at all..."

"I put it to ye in reason, sorr," said Terry...

"If what we did isn't right an' just, if your viewer saks us for pitchin' the spalpeens out..."

"You've a sensible tongue in your head for a heaver," said Mr. Kenyon Price...

"I have every confidence in your judgment, Mr. Sully, but do not let it occur again..."

"I'll never for get it," said Terry, turning to Terry, "rioting is a serious thing..."

"Should think not!" chuckled Roddy aside...

"I regret, there shan't be any!" said Terry...

"There, there, my good man," said Mr. Kenyon Price...

And after one more careless glance in Roddy's direction, the colliery-owner stepped into his office...

"TERRY," said Tom, "you've got a tongue on you that'll draw wild birds..."

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"I regret, there shan't be any!" said Terry...

"If it comes to cheek, I don't know whether you or Terry or Kenyon Price take the bun..."

"How's that? Why d'ye say the boss has got cheek?" asked Terry, surprised.

"I don't see it," said Tom. "It must have been a terror..."

"Don't quite know how I did it myself," owned Roddy...

"The two young heavers made the best of their way out of the yard..."

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Let's hurry up, an' see what Dalryd's got for us...

"Hallo!" he said directly he caught sight of the pair...

"The temperature's been uncommon high, an' the weather stormy, though improv'in' later..."

"You see no sign of Roddy?" he said.

"Let's see," said Roddy, calculating, "there was £19 we had before, an' £20 more less excess..."

"I'll be glad to know if it is over," said Dalryd moodily.

"Well, I reckon we shan't shed any tears ourselves..."

"Next day proved he was right in both conjectures..."

For two days and over the week-end all went well, and the boys congratulated themselves...

"The men seem to be gettin' up on their feet..."

"Surr, ye," replied Terry, "the boss himself was down yesterday in the yard, an' made us a speech..."

"Did he, though? We knew nothin' about it..."

(Continued on the next page.)

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WITH PICK & LAMP.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"It was just after you'd gone. He said that there was too much insubordination in the yard, and that we mustn't think we could do as we liked. He'd overlooked a big disturbance last week, and there wasn't but an more or a, or he'd have to take steps. Begor, said Terry indignantly, 'he'd better have a bit of a strike too much. He knows our power, an' the power of the union. He's got a lot of fat contentment 'bout his own belly, but he's a real 'Rot!' said Roddy. 'Don't have any rows; that's a silly business. What good does a strike do you, or anybody, over nothin' at all? All of us are drawn' good pay, an' there's no sense in it. Besides, you'll find K. P. a lot tougher than you think for if it comes to trouble.'"

"Begor, 't shouldn't wonder!" said Terry, scratching his head.

"You've been talkin' to Jenkins too much, Terry old chap," said Tom. "He's been firm your hot Celtic blood. By all means take Delians by the scruff of their breeches an' leave 'em outside; but don't let's get our pay stopped just for fun."

"Ay," said Terry, "an' we've aye stails to waste from to-day, an' let's up to the old gallery, where the seam's good an' thick."

"I thought there'd be a shift again," said Tom; "they can't keep us to any place long, it seems. Well, it's a change for the better, as you say. Let's be at it!"

"They went down the shaft, and had a long way to go to reach their destination. They came close by the entrance to the old gallery on their way. As those who have followed this history will remember, this place was an abandoned tunnel full of cracks and fissures, and lay at the far end of the seam."

"Remember the spirit of the mine?" said Tom, grinning, and they paid it.

"Yes," replied Roddy, recalling his conversation, several weeks back, with the unknown voice. "But the spirit's got past that now. He talks to us in his own luxurious doom-room. He asks Rhyll, when he's got anything to say."

"Do you think that was it?"

"I shouldn't bet on it; but I don't see who else it could be."

For the first day they worked in the new stalls, and found the coal very easy to get, though they did not make much more by it. Lower rates were paid for the easier seam, and results thus worked out about the same. It was the Thursday that Tom, when half-way through the shift, had to send his pick to be sharpened, and the patter, as usual, being gone a long time with it. Tom walked down the workings to meet him.

Just as he was passing the old gallery he heard, unmistakably, the sound of a low whistle, twice repeated, coming out of the darkness beyond the entrance.

At first Tom was surprised at hearing any sound come from such a place, then he grew suspicious, but an idea came to him that made him smile.

"Can that come down the fissure that talked to Roddy last time in the hall?" "It's run if it carries so far. Blowed if I don't go and see!"

He took the precaution of fetching a stout pick-shaft from the nearest stall, and holding his lamp well above his head, entered the old gallery. He heard the whistle again, somewhere in the darkness; and the following sound, traced it to a narrow crack opening upwards in the coal, about the level of his head. No sound had he reached it than the whistle came down with quite a pinging rattle.

"Don't blow your front teeth out," said Tom tentatively. "If it's any body hidin' up to play

a joke on me, let him come out an' have a taste of my pick-shaft from grass."

"Your pick-shaft would pass through me harmlessly, even if I stood before you," said a hollow voice, echoing and whispering down the fissure.

Tom grinned hugely at this.

"I s'pose you're the Spirit of the Mine?" he said, remembering what Roddy had told him.

"I am," said the voice, after a pause. "But you are not. Rodwell Owen?"

"No; I'm his pal, Tom Hughes. You aren't much of a spirit if you can't tell that."

"I have no eyes—only ears and a voice," said the hollow tones. "But bid Rodwell Owen come here, and he will bear out to his advantage. Not now, but at this time-to-morrow. Let him not fail, for he will miss a great opportunity."

"If you're goin' to make him another offer

"Ah," said Roddy, with interest. "I did he, though? What was the place like?"

Tom described it.

"Yes; that's the spot. Same one. Very good; I'll go! Wouldn't miss it for a lot!"

"What if you think he'll say?"

"Say! Oh, goodness knows! That don't matter a pin! But I'd like to put a pinch of salt on the spirit's tail, an' make him show himself. It'd be useful to us, I think."

"How the dickens can you? Where'd you suppose the blessed spirit is perched when he's talkin'?"

"That's what we must find out if we can, an' I don't see why it shouldn't be done. I've thought a good deal about that since last week, an' I've got an inkling. If you can't mind two hours less of sleep, will have a hunt round to-night," he added, as soon as they were out of

voice came from aloft, an' there ain't any higher seams worked above the old gallery."

"All right. You know where to be, but such things than me," said Tom. "But who do you reckon the giddy spirit is? Any idea? By gosh, I can't take it. P. him!"

"I should say no! But that's what I want to find out. Whoever it is, we shall have a big pull over him if we show him up."

"You'd better be careful, Tom, shortly after his resting-place to show him up," said Tom, with gusto.

"We'll split the beggar, if we catch him, shall we take it? But that's a plenty of a spirit himself, an' ought to know their habits."

"They found, rather to their surprise, that Dayvid was absent from Bryn y Garth when they reached it. He had had a plentiful cold meal behind, ready for them, but he did not turn up to share it.

It was not the first time he had been about all night, however, and Tom took his turn to sleep under the awning by the shaft, with Gripe, a precaution they never neglected now.

When Roddy woke Tom, shortly after midnight, the moon was nearly due to rise, and the sky was clear. Gripe was left to do the rest of the guarding the daybreak, and the two chums set off along the road.

"Dayvid hasn't come back," said Roddy.

"Wonder what the chap's up to?"

"No account for him, but a regular night-hawk," returned Tom. "I believe he can see in the dark, for that matter. 'Wish we could,' he added, as he nearly fell into a dry water-course."

"There'll be light enough for what we want soon," said Roddy.

"You don't stumble about like that when we get to the place."

"You don't expect to search the colliery-ward, do you?"

"Oh, no! I'll be a long way outside the yard itself. The workings run underground for nearly half a mile each way, as you know. Of course he never goes away without a key."

"It's like enough the whole tract of land is watched at night," said Tom. "We shall have to mind our eyes. I'd be the dickens of a business if I got caught."

"That's why you've got to quit stumblin'," said Roddy.

Roddy led the way beyond the great yards and the sets of tram-lines, to the waste land that covered the colliery's surface beyond.

"Start from here," said Roddy, when they reached spot near the end of the Coed Coch limbs; "search every foot of ground that seems likely, for any sort of an opening."

They separated, and each searched by himself. They were a long time about it, with no result. It seemed to Tom they had very little chance of success, considering how little light there was, searching for an unknown fissure which might be hidden in a score of ways.

Presently, however, groping and peering about one of the old cut-crope, he came across a small hollow, half screened by bushes, and at the bottom of it there was certainly a cranny of some kind, for a faint, queer, a perceptible draught of air. Tom got a stick and poked down it. But he could find no bottom. The fissure, it was, led downwards.

Tom waited till Roddy came his way, and then beckoned to him softly.

"That's you think of this one!" said Tom.

"His chum made a card examination."

"Well done!" murmured Roddy. "You've beaten me, Tom. That's it, for a hundred I it's exactly about the right place, too. We must be nearly over the old gallery. We'd better—"

"Hiss!" whispered Tom, catching him by the wrist, and pointing across the waste.

"There's somebody stalkin' us! They're comin' this way!"

Both the boys crouched low in the hollow, as a dark form moved silently towards their hiding-place.

(Another long instalment of this extraordinary story, and other news week's Double Number of THE BOYS' REALM.)



The five Belgians were bounced and bounced over the yard, and forced to run up mountains of coal and down the other side. Tom and Roddy roared with laughter meanwhile.

of partnership in Bryn y Garth, old cock, you'd much better save yourself the trouble," said Tom. "It's only waste of time."

"I will not; but I do not know of what you speak. What I have to say will be something very different."

"You're a pretty spry spirit, if you can tell it will be different when you don't know what I meant, said Tom. "I should think you must be overproof. All right, I'll tell Roddy the message, an' he can do as he likes."

"Do so," said the voice. "or you may regret it."

"Shall I give him your love?"

There was no answer, and Tom, after examining the place thoroughly, returned, chucking to the staff. As soon as work was over and the chums joined each other, he told his partner what had passed.

the shaft and clear of the yard, 'an' see if we can't spot it."

"What down in the pit?"

"No, no! The chap who talks for the spirit is somewhere above ground, an' his voice travels down. We'll zone round on the quiet, an' have a good look for the place. It oughtn't to be very hard to find."

"But do you mean to say anybody up here on the surface could be heard all those hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the Aberford?"

"Yes; certainly. The fissure must run right through to the open air, an' it makes a natural speakin'-tube, don't you see? Such things ain't at all rare, though this is a pretty long one. There's no sayin' how the crack winds about before it opens in the old gallery; but a voice comes down it all right. Whoever does the talkin' must be above ground, because the

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