

"CYCLING," by A. H. WILLS, World's Champion.

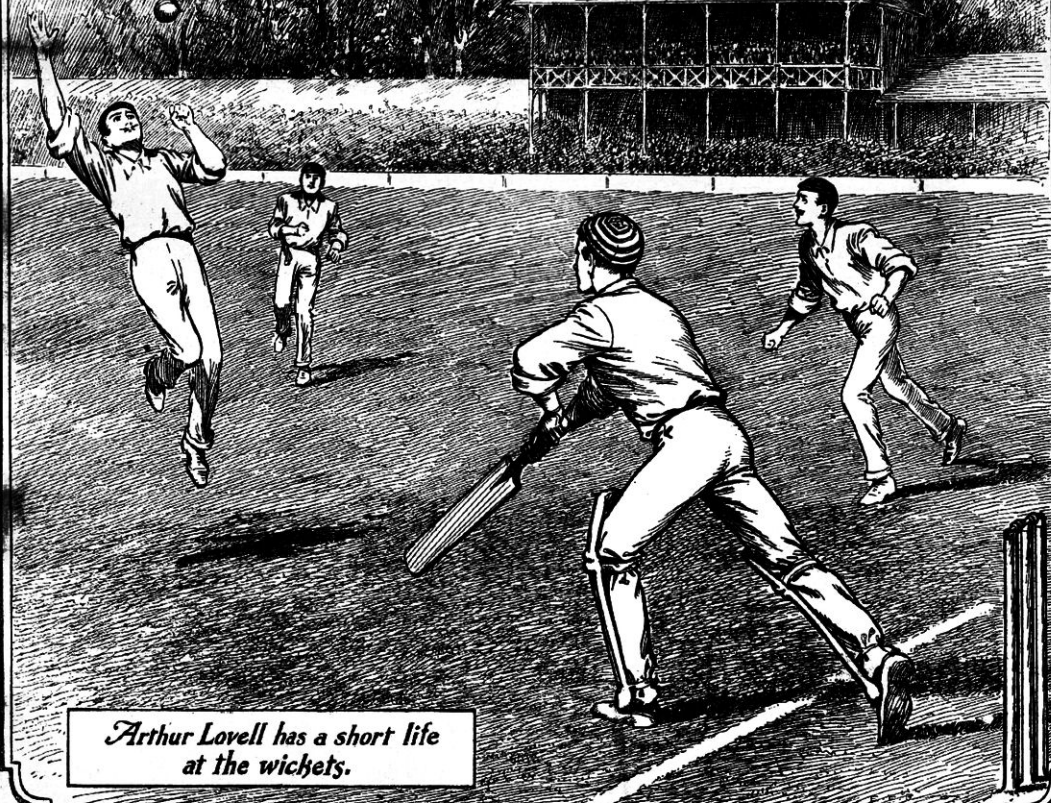
THE BOYS' REALM

of Sport
& Adventure.

1^D

King Cricket!

By Charles Hamilton



*Arthur Lovell has a short life
at the wickets.*

New Readers May Start To-day!

THE BOYS' REALM

A Fascinating New Story of County Cricket.

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



The Chief Characters in this Fine Story.

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

KIT VALANCE, Leamshire's best bowler. He has come to take in the Tolly match, where he takes Arthur Lovell's wicket. Later he becomes Arthur's firm chum.

LEN VALANCE, Kit's twin brother.

GEORGEFFY LADDEN, an amateur and a good batsman. He is history painter of Arthur Lovell, whom he hates and covets to injure. He is Arthur's rival for the hand of Molly Edilton.

A FINE CRICKET CHARACTER.

BLANE LADDEN, who has ruined Arthur's uncle.

JAMES, Captain of Leamshire, and the steady friend of Arthur and Kit. He is Molly Edilton's cousin.

PONSONBY, Georgeffry Ladden's friend, and a man of singular character—unobtainable to a degree.

The first instalment tells how Arthur Lovell distinguishes himself in the Tolly match, spite of the efforts which Georgeffry Ladden tries to keep him in the shade. Soon after a change in his fortunes reveals his former high status as an amateur and touring professional.

Len Valance, Arthur's bosom chum, has a twin brother named Len who is not a credit to his family. Lagden, who Len Valance hates, has to resign in a manner so meek it is impossible for him to play in the next match against Yorkshire.

Arthur is a batsman who strikes down Blane, the captain of Leamshire, with a foul blow in the day's match. He is then asked to resign his captainship. Arthur Lovell is offered the post, but refuses to accept it because of his status as an amateur.

The next team to face Leamshire on the cricket-field are the South Africans, who get decidedly the better of the game for the second day. They are then followed by 272 runs, and still have three wickets to fall. Upon leaving the ground that evening at the close of play Arthur Lovell is stopped by Len Valance, who says he has a letter meant to discuss with Leamshire's chairman.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

Lovell Loses His Temper.

ARTHUR LOVELL stood silent. He detected the man who stood before him as deeply as it was possible to detect that anyone had been so bold as to address the rascal was Kit's brother, and to control his rising temper.

Len Valance gave a glance out of the corners of his eyes at Lovell. He very seldom looked anyone straight in the face if he could help it.

"I want to speak to you," he repeated. "I don't desire to quarrel on your side," said Arthur Lovell coldly. "I have no desire to have anything whatever to say to you."

"I suppose I am the best judge of that," said Arthur Lovell. "Perhaps not, as you do not yet know the facts of the case, but I will give you the message I gave him for you the other day."

"He told me you wished to see me," said Arthur Lovell. "About the affair between your uncle and James Lagden, my present employer."

Lovell noticed that evening," said Len, "and you would like to see me."

"I did not wish to see you then, or to speak to you now. I want to have you understand plain English."

Len shrugged his shoulders. "You will do as you bid me to listen," he said. "There is a fortune at stake. I tell you I know for certain that James Lagden robbed your uncle of five thousand pounds."

Lovell was silent.

"I am in a position to find out all the facts of the case, if not to show him up to the world as a swindler," said Len Valance eagerly. "Now, don't you see that with a little more advantage to listen to what I have to say?"

"It might be," said Lovell slowly; "and if you are telling the truth, it is a great advantage. But I do not trust you, and I will have no dealings with you."

"Don't be a fool!" exclaimed Len irritably. "You are stepping badly back, for Lovell's eyes were gleaming, and his right fist had clenched his hand."

"You had better measure your words in speaking to me, Len Valance," said Arthur, between his teeth.

"You're right," said Len laconically, "that slipped out. But it's a true word. It is the act of a fool to throw away a fortune for an idle word. Do you think James Lagden scrupled at anything in dealing with Mr. Lovell? Not much!"

"I don't know," said Len.

"He pretended to sid him, and to support him in his difficulties," continued Len. "He kept that up till the old gentleman was com-

pletely at his mercy, and then he showed the cloven foot, and ruined him."

Arthur did not reply. But the expression of his face showed that his feelings are stirred by the words of the scapegrace. Arthur was not the kind of fellow to bear malice as a rule, but he had felt convinced by what his uncle had been robbed by James Lagden, and a keen recollection had never faded out of his heart.

It was the son of James Lagden who was his bitterest enemy in the Leamshire Cricket Club—it was Georgeffry Ladden to whom he owed a thousand slights and humiliations. If it were possible to right that old wrong—to compel James Lagden to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth, it would change many things for the young cricketer.

Instead of playing for his county as a paid professional, he would resume his old place as an amateur, and the slights that had been heaped upon him would be things of the past. That he became poor, that he lost all that he had so much depended upon the possession of wealth, but he had learned the lesson in a hard school.

And then his uncle—the old gentleman whose loss of a fortune had reduced him to feeble proportions, his decision was changing, and he planned income on the coast. For his sake, if for no other reason, it was Arthur Lovell's duty to do anything he could to get justice done.

What else could he do? To bring discredit upon him like a fight in the open Arthur would have welcomed; but hidden treachery was too repulsive to him. He would do his best.

Len Valance watched his face anxiously, trying to read in its varying expression whether his decision was changing, and he planned income on the coast.

"What does he deserve at your hands, Len?" said Len anxiously. "Just what he merited out of you and your uncle, and no more."

"What do you mean?" said Len. "I am his son, Georgeffry Ladden, now doing for you in the Leamshire Club?"

"The father has ruined you," continued Len, "and the son is doing his best to drive you from the game, and to bring discredit upon you if you remain there. You owe them nothing. And I tell you the money in your pocket is all that you have obtained it by swindling, and I can prove it."

Arthur made an impatient gesture. "How could you say that?" he asked. "Easily enough, given a chance. I should want money—but little enough, and that need not frighten you. I am in a position to find out the truth, and to bring discredit upon you if you remain there. You owe them nothing. And I tell you the money in your pocket is all that you have obtained it by swindling, and I can prove it."

"You mean that you can take advantage of the confidence Mr. Lagden places in you, in order to spy on him, and pry into his secrets, and betray him?" exclaimed Arthur, with a contemptuous sneer.

"That is his own way of doing business," said Len coolly, "and I don't ask you to do it. What I do is my own affair, and I can settle it with my own conscience. I owe him nothing—he is as hard as granite with me."

"You are incapable of understanding an honourable man's scruples. It is useless for me to argue with you. I have only to say that I will do as I please."

"You are fool enough to fling away a fortune for a childish scruple!" exclaimed Len. "But I can put it like that if you like."

"But I tell you that you are quite enough. Let the subject drop. I refuse to take advantage of your offer. That is a plain answer."

"I suppose you mean that you do not trust me," said Len. "I mean that you do not trust me."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I would just as soon trust an adder," said Arthur Lovell. "I believe you are telling the truth. In this instance, certainly, because it is consistent with what I know already. But if I entered into an arrangement with you, I believe you would betray me as readily as you would betray your master if it suited your interests to do so. I tell you that. So, if you believe that James Lagden wronged my uncle, and I hope that some day justice will be done. But it is not my business. So, if you are concerned, I refuse to take the slightest step in the matter. Do you understand me, or you cannot speak more plainly?"

Len Valance was gnawing his lip with savage chagrin.

In spite of Kit's warning, he had felt that, if he could not do as he pleased, he would be tempted to win a fortune would prove too strong for the young cricketer. He had been prepared to do anything to secure that information, but not for a point-blank refusal to make any use of it.

"And now," said Arthur Lovell, as Len did not speak, "you had better go. I have seen more than enough of you."

Len Valance gripped his teeth. "He snarled. "You have gained this information from me, and now you intend to work on it yourself, and avoid giving me any share. I suppose that's your little game?"

"If any opportunity came of acting upon the information I should certainly act upon it," said Arthur coldly. "I did not ask you to tell me anything. And, as a matter of fact, I knew beforehand as much as you have told me. But at present I see no chance of acting upon it. I hope that justice will be done, but I cannot see how."

"I can bring it about—I could—"

"I have already given you my answer to that."

"Fool! Thrice fool!"

Len Valance hissed out the words. He saw at last that it was no use; that Arthur Lovell was as firm as a rock, and that all his persuasions had no more effect upon him than a wave breaking upon a granite cliff.

"I am trying hard to bear in mind that you are my chum's brother," he said, in a low voice, "but you must here I shall forget that. You had better go."

Len Valance did not stir. He was in too good a rage, between his anger and his desire for anything just then but for uttering the spite that was burning within him.

"I have offered to help you as a friend," he said. "You tell me that you have made an enemy of me, and you shall suffer for it."

Arthur smiled contemptuously. "You are not so much as you would like to hurt me," he said; "I have enemies more dangerous than you, and I have survived it. But I did not care to involve your threats. I have warned you to go."

"I shall go when I choose."

Arthur's eyes flashed hard. It was as much as he could do to keep his hands off the Taunton. The incident of the kidnapping was still fresh in his mind.

"The black trouble which this rascal had brought into Kit's life was not forgotten. But for the remembrance of Kit he would have struck the rascal to earth long since. But his temper, long controlled with difficulty, was fast rising."

"You—you fool!" hissed Len, losing all practical sense in his rage. "You are not to be afraid! You know it is not to be feared! You would know it now but for a mistake in the dark! The next time you see him, you shall see that he was speaking rashly. But it was too late."

Len's face of sudden comprehension came over Arthur's face.

"So that was you?"

The young cricketer's eyes blazed as he spoke. "So that was you? It was you who struck down poor Blane in the dark?"

Len Valance stepped back hastily, biting his lip.

"It was you! I wondered why anyone should seek to injure him—and I was only a little off the mark. But you had better not strike me then that the blow was intended for you. You coward! You scoundrel!"

Hands off! shouted Len, as the young cricketer's grasp fell upon him like the grip of a vice.

He struggled desperately in Arthur's grasp. He really did not know what he was doing, but that he would be as a child in the hands of Leamshire's champion cricketer.

But he realized it too late. Arthur Lovell had forgotten Kit now. He had forgotten everything but the remembrance of the cowardly attack in the park—before he had struck down poor Blane in the dark.

Len Valance stepped back hastily, biting his lip.

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The Boys' Realm.

It was Kit Valance's voice. The young bowler, with a face as white as death, was running towards the bridge, and his voice rang out in the distance.

"Stop! Lovell—Arthur—he is my brother! Stop!"

The Breaking of a Friendship. ARTHUR, stop!"

Kit Valance cried out the words of a voice as if he were as he raced towards the bridge.

"Stop!" But for once Arthur Lovell was deaf to an appeal from his chum. In fact, he hardly heard Kit's frantic call as he swung the shuttlecock high in the air above the low stone parapet of the bridge.

The white face of poor Blane, with the red smear upon it, was before the eyes of Arthur Lovell as he stepped forward for once he had lost control of himself.

Len had given himself up for lost. The bridge and the naming water below danced before his dazzled eyes. He could not struggle. He could not gasp out a cry for aid.

Arthur Lovell hardly heard; he did not heed. But Kit Valance, putting on a desperate effort, should certainly act upon it, said Arthur coldly. "I did not ask you to tell me anything. And, as a matter of fact, I knew beforehand as much as you have told me. But at present I see no chance of acting upon it. I hope that justice will be done, but I cannot see how."

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dislike of Len to hurry you into believing this without any proof.

"Yes he denies it now. You must have mistaken him. I cannot believe him guilty of such a crime. You must be mistaken. He is a water and a blackguard!" said Kit bitterly.

"I know that well enough without your telling me."

"I did not intend to remind you of it, Kit. Only—"

"Only you stick to your belief!"

"Yes. I know that Len Valance was the villain who struck down Blaine in the dark. You can attest to that. I remember that I lost control of my temper. I admit I should not have acted as I did. But that is my excuse."

"A poor excuse enough," said Kit coldly. "You are better believing me at this moment. You would not believe it so easily if you were not blinded by dislike of Len. I know he deserves your dislike. I'm not denying that. But he did not do that cowardly deed. I would take his word for that against all the world."

Len felt that a breach had opened between him and his friend; that the look, true friendship, which had stood many a test, was breaking down at last.

Neither was his expression a pleasant one. All the spite and hatred of his weak, wayward friend seemed concentrated in the look he gave Arthur Lovell. He stood unsteadily, and Kit gave him his arm to support him.

"Come!" said the young Loamshire bowler. The brothers moved to leave the bridge.

Arthur Lovell made a quick step towards them.

"Kit, you are not going to leave me like this!"

"It did not look at him."

"Do you believe my brother guilty of that coward's deed, Arthur Lovell?"

"That is enough."

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Lovell against his will, his dislike of Loamshire's brilliant bat had been as deep and as keen as Geoffrey Lagden's.

"Well, he's looking off-colour anyway, and he's got something on his chest," said Lagden, with a smug satisfaction. "Something, gone wrong. I can see, though I haven't an idea of what it is."

"Perhaps the colonel has been calling him over the coals for his poor show in our first innings," suggested Tunstall.

Lagden shook his head.

"The colonel wouldn't do that. He knows that sort of thing puts a player off his form, and so to do Lovell justice he always does his best."

"Hilton hasn't been the same to him since he refused the captaincy of the Loamshire team," said Ponsoby. "I'm not surprised at it. It would have been a fearful come-down for a county team to be captained by a professional, but fancy the beggar's check in refusing it!"

"Hallo, here's Fortescue!" said Tunstall, as the young amateur came sauntering into the room, with his usual careless, insouciant air.

"I say, Fortescue?"

"You seem to have a lot to do with the professionals," said Tunstall. "Have you seen Lovell this morning?"

"And has he confided to you what's wrong?" said Lagden, with a grin.

"Are you awfully interested?" asked Fortescue, with a yawn.

"Of course we are! Isn't Lovell the champion batsman of the county? He's put all our small fry into the shade!" sneered Lagden.

"Quite true," said Fortescue easily; "he does."

Lagden scowled.

"Well, you say you have seen him. He looks rottenly off-colour, doesn't he?"

"He does, for a fact. You're all anxious, I suppose, in case he shouldn't play up well for Loamshire to-day," said Fortescue, with biting sarcasm.

seeing him alert and keen were not slow to remark on it.

"You don't look your best, Lovell," Colonel Hilton remarked. "I hope you have been taking care of yourself."

"Well, you don't look all right," the old cricketer replied crisply. "Is anything the matter with you, Lovell?"

"What should be the matter? I am all right!"

Lovell looked at him sharply.

"I will speak to him frankly," he said after a pause. "Last evening, Lovell, you were seen in company with that blackguardly rascal who played us a treacherous trick at Taunton. You cannot have forgotten that."

Lovell started and coloured.

Colonel Hilton saw the red flush into his cheeks, and his brow grew sterner.

"I know that that scoundrel is the brother of a member of the Loamshire team, with whom you are on terms of intimate friendship," he said. "I know that that circumstance might lead you to overlook his rascally conduct, so far as punishing him goes. But nothing could excuse your getting on terms of intimacy with such a man, Lovell."

"Have you any reason to suppose that I am on terms of intimacy with him, sir?" asked Lovell quietly, but with a flash in his eyes.

"Only the fact that you were seen talking with him, apparently upon terms of intimate association," said Colonel Hilton. "This is a painful and an unpleasant subject, Lovell. I am far from wishing to pry into your own affairs. On the cricket-ground you are under the orders of your captain, and the supervision of the county committee. Off the ground, you are your own master, and at liberty to act according to your own discretion. But you are aware that a certain amount is expected of a cricketer belonging to a team like the Loamshires."

No one is likely to lead me into bad ways, sir," said Lovell lightly. "I believe I shall always know how to lead a clean and decent life. I do not know whom your informant was, but what he has told you is quite correct. I was talking with Len Valance last night. But if the individual who is so interested had been a very notorious little longer, he would have seen that the interview ended in a very far from amicable, and that the blackguard came to blows with me."

The colonel nodded.

"I am glad to hear it, Lovell. For your own sake, as well as for that of the team, I am glad to hear it."

"I shall always do my best for the team, sir, and you have yourself said that I have done very well so far. But I'm not pleased to have my actions spied upon and reported to you," said Lovell bitterly. "I know I have done my best for the Loamshire Club, but I did not think that you would listen to them."

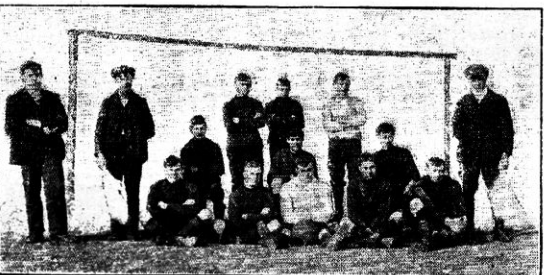
Colonel Hilton reddened a little under the heat of Lovell's words.

"It is not correct to say that you were spied upon," he said quickly. "The gentleman who saw you with Len Valance happened to pass by a footpath near the bridge, and got you quite by chance. He mentioned the circumstance to me solely from an interest in your welfare."

"I am very grateful to him," said Lovell, biting his lips. "It is kind of him to take an interest in my welfare, especially as he has not been asked to do anything of the kind."

"I don't think you have reason to be offended, Lovell. You should probably never have mentioned the matter, but for the fact that you are not looking yourself this morning."

CLUBS IN "THE BOYS' REALM" FOOTBALL LEAGUE.



A STRIKING GROUP PORTRAIT.—SWATCLIFFE P.C.

"I don't care what he does," said Lagden, shrugging his shoulders and doesn't he put all that's all. As you're so chummy with him, I thought he would naturally unbosom himself to you."

"I'm not chummy with him. He won't let me be."

"A professional!" sneered Ponsoby. Fortescue looked at him coolly.

"Exactly, my dear Pon, and worth any three of us amateurs; and the finest fellow in the county to boot. I'd damn up with him cheerfully enough, but he won't have it. Remarkable as it may appear to you chaps, Lovell is as proud as you are, or prouder, and I must say that he has a great deal more to be proud of."

"Oh, don't ret!" said Lagden. Fortescue had a way of saying uncomfortable things that has never very gratifying to the self-satisfied set to which Lagden and Ponsoby belonged.

"As to confiding in me, he didn't," went on Fortescue. "I asked him if he wasn't well, and he said he was well. I asked him if anything was the matter, and he looked at me as if he considered me impertinent, as in fact I was. He was quite right. So that's all. I was to that, and away with becoming humility. That's all the talk."

"You stand more from that outsider than I do," said Lagden.

"My dear Pon, I find it easier to stand him than to stand you—I do, really!"

And Fortescue strode away to a chair, and disappeared.

"I believe Fortescue knows more than he says," said Lagden; "but he's an obstinate braggart, and there's no getting it out of him."

And the discussion ended.

But all three remained extremely curious. They looked slowly at Arthur Lovell when they saw him again, in conversation with Colonel Hilton. Lovell was certainly not looking in the least ill. His face was paler than usual, and his eyes looked as if he had slept badly the previous night. There was an unusual listlessness in his manner, which those accustomed to

nothing sabbath about me, I hope. I do not care whether a man is a baronet or a brick-layer, so long as he is a decent fellow and plays the game. But a man of rascally character is no fit associate for any decent man; besides the possibility of his leading a thoughtless life into bad ways."

No one is likely to lead me into bad ways, sir," said Lovell lightly. "I believe I shall always know how to lead a clean and decent life. I do not know whom your informant was, but what he has told you is quite correct. I was talking with Len Valance last night. But if the individual who is so interested had been a very notorious little longer, he would have seen that the interview ended in a very far from amicable, and that the blackguard came to blows with me."

The colonel nodded.

"I am glad to hear it, Lovell. For your own sake, as well as for that of the team, I am glad to hear it."

"I shall always do my best for the team, sir, and you have yourself said that I have done very well so far. But I'm not pleased to have my actions spied upon and reported to you," said Lovell bitterly. "I know I have done my best for the Loamshire Club, but I did not think that you would listen to them."

Colonel Hilton reddened a little under the heat of Lovell's words.

"It is not correct to say that you were spied upon," he said quickly. "The gentleman who saw you with Len Valance happened to pass by a footpath near the bridge, and got you quite by chance. He mentioned the circumstance to me solely from an interest in your welfare."

"I am very grateful to him," said Lovell, biting his lips. "It is kind of him to take an interest in my welfare, especially as he has not been asked to do anything of the kind."

"I don't think you have reason to be offended, Lovell. You should probably never have mentioned the matter, but for the fact that you are not looking yourself this morning."

"I did not expect the night drinking with that rascal, and that's what you pictured to yourself, sir," said Lovell icily. "I do not feel quite as fit as usual to-day. After all, even a professional player is allowed to have some private troubles, which are nobody's affair but his own."

And Lovell raised his cap, and walked away. He left Colonel Hilton tugging at his grey moustache.

"Is anything the matter with Mr. Lovell, dad?" asked Molly Hilton, as her father dropped into a chair beside her.

"Have you noticed it, too, Molly?"

"He looks much less fit than usual, dad. I hope he is well."

"He is well enough I believe." The colonel looked puzzled. "He is not what you pictured to yourself, is it? There is Valance! Valance, come here a minute, will you?"

Kit Valance came towards them, and raised his cap to Molly, who nodded to the young bowler with a friendly smile.

He stood waiting for the colonel to speak. "You are the best of friends with Mr. Lovell, Valance," asked the colonel. "You are his most intimate friend, I believe."

"Indeed, I was not aware that anything was wrong with him," he said. "He does not look fit."

"No."

There was evidently nothing to be learned from the young bowler. The colonel nodded, and said good-bye to him.

There was a shade of thoughtfulness upon Molly Hilton's brow.

"It is surely not possible that Mr. Lovell has been drinking with Valance, as you just exclaimed. Mr. Valance looked almost like it."

"Oh, no," laughed the colonel; "they are firm chums! I dare say it is nothing. But I can't help bothering about it, for I know perfectly well that Arthur Lovell is the only man in the county who could be the first to go to-day."

There was a look of concern on Molly's face as she turned away.

The Loamshire crowd still hoped that the county would put out ahead, and defeat the visitors; but the hope was not a strong one.

For South Africa were too far ahead to be easily overtaken; and it looked as if the best Loamshire cricketers would be to play for a draw.

That depended largely upon how long the tail-end of the South African innings lasted.

South Africa had scored 199 in their first innings. In the second, so far, they had put up 220 for six wickets.

Loamshire's score in their innings had been 216, but the loss of a wicket had made it so they had an enormous leeway to make up.

Could they do it?

The crowd looked on with keen interest from the stands, while the wicket-keeper, Shilley Snooks went on to bat for South Africa.

Kit Valance bowled the first over. It was cut all over the field. Ten for the six balls shot towards the field.

But where was the sting of Kit Valance's bowling?

It seemed to be gone.

Was the best Loamshire bowler, as well as the county's best bat, off his form that morning? Truly, it seemed so.

Kit was doing his best; he always did that. But he was not in his best form, and his bowling was hardly ever dangerous.

Dangerous enough, though, to have been to average batsmen, certainly; but the batsmen from the veldt were something more than average.

Harding, the new Loamshire captain, changed the bowling continually.

Twelve of the South African batsmen, Lagden, Fortescue, and Arthur Lovell varied the bowling among themselves.

For once in a while, few errors were given to Kit Valance.

No wicket fell till Tarraced was caught out at point by Harding himself, and by that time the 225 for the South African second innings had reached 250.

It was not replaced at the wicket.

Twelve of the South African batsmen, declared, satisfied with the 250 runs for the second innings, and anxious to leave time for finishing up.

Play had lasted half an hour when Sherwell declared, and the South African innings closed. The total for the Loamshires was 449.

Loamshire were left with over 300 to make. And the faces of the Loamshire folk lengthened as they looked at the total.

Yet Loamshire had more than one show, late in a match, a wonderful power of recovery, and a magnificent finish. The crowd were silent and keenly interested as the rolling over, Loamshire started their second innings.

"Cycling," by A. E. Wills, Starts on Saturday Next.

(To be continued in next week's BOYS' REALM.)

FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAT.



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

Next Week's Issue.

HAVE been very fortunate in securing the services of that famous wiseman, Mr. A. E. Willis, to write me a series of articles on cycling for THE BOYS' REALM. As all my readers who follow this sport must be aware, Mr. Willis is a world's record holder for cycling, and I feel certain that his articles will be greatly appreciated by all my friends. I look on this as yet another scoop for the good old REALM, and I hope that all my friends interested in cycling will notice a point of reading Mr. Willis's fine new articles, which will appear next week. On the first of which appears the best record of the career of Mr. Willis, which will interest all who have read of his prowess on the cycle track during the past months. Next week's issue of our paper will also contain two long complete stories. The first will be from the pen of Mr. Clement Hale, and will be entitled "THE CHALLENGE CUP FOURS." It will deal with a subject dear to the heart of every British youth, and it is as fine a yarn as I have ever written for these pages. The other complete tale will be by Mr. Andrew Gray, and will be entitled "THE FOLKLORE HOPE."

It is a true-to-life boxing yarn, which cannot fail to enthrall all who peruse it. No lover of fine complete tales of adventure should miss these grand stories.

Our Football League.

AM daily receiving letters from readers in all parts of the country, asking me if there will be a football league in connection with THE BOYS' REALM next season. In reply to my numerous corre-

OUR LEAGUE CORNER.

Table of football leagues including sections for Manchester, Liverpool, London, and Sunderland, listing clubs and their records.

Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite paper. Write to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper. All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. If your letter is not replied to here, it may be answered in "The Boys' Friend" next Tuesday. 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. 9d.—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.

spendings who have written me on this subject, may I say: "Won't there just be an amazing monstrous football programme for our paper, such as will make every young footballer bristle with amazement when he reads about it, and is not going to do things by half measures; I am going to make things fun."

I know that my footballing chums were greatly pleased with the feat of goodness I provided for them during last season; but I am going to do some greater things still during the coming winter. It has been brought home to me fully that what junior footballers require is a paper which will tell their wants in every way—a paper which will help them to make their clubs and their leagues a success. THE BOYS' REALM is going to be that paper.

Thrift for Boys.

ONE of my readers, who has written his initials as J. M. D., has recognised me on a very interesting topic. He tells me in his letter that whenever he has any money left about what I mean "in his pocket," as the saying goes, and he is not happy until he has spent it all.

My reader is a boy who is expending this desire to get rid of pocket-money as rapidly as possible, and in answering his inquiry I am no doubt replying to the question which many another lad might put to me on this same topic. Let me say, straightaway, that the boy who finds it difficult to keep money in his pocket should endeavour to control the habit of spending at once. I do not mean to suggest to my readers that they should become mean, but what I do wish to teach them is the moral of caution and restraint.

I know that in many cases I am addressing boys whose pocket-money is very limited; but to every boy who reads this paragraph I would like to say this—save something, no matter how small a sum, out of your pocket-money every week. If you find it so penny-wise, you will be teaching yourself a lesson which will be of untold benefit to you as you grow up.

If every boy got into the habit of saving even a small percentage of his spending-money, he would find, as he grew older, and his money-earning capacity grew correspondingly, that this habit of saving, acquired early in life, would stand him in very good stead, and possibly lay the foundation of a competence in his old age, even if it did not, as is likely to be the case, lead to the making of a fortune.

Saving is one of the easiest possible habits to acquire, and all that a boy has to do is to make a start. The Government itself, knowing how essential a habit of thrift is to the masses, has instituted a system with which a

stick them on your form, and there you are! You will have spent your money, and, at the same time, you will have saved it.

There are one point about this matter by a rainy day upon which I would like to dwell rather strongly, and that is that a boy with a few pounds very often meets with an opportunity by which his few pounds can be converted into hundreds of pounds.

Very often, indeed, in trade concerns upon some chance of investing his savings saved in earlier years in some little business or in some venture which will bring him in a competence for the rest of his life, rendering him independent of any master.

There is also another point which cannot be too strongly emphasised in connection with saving, and that is that the boy who has a little banking account acquires a new dignity—a sense of independence, which is good for him, and which makes him a better citizen and a better man.

So I hope that every boy who reads this little lecture will lay its morals well to heart, and, as I have told him, try and save.

Boys With Complaints.

JAMES D." tells me that he has a bad habit of speaking through his nose, and he wants me to tell him of a cure.

I do not know of any cure except that of will-power. Boys, however, this habit of speaking may be due to some malformation at the back of his throat, in which case the only cure will be an operation; but about this I cannot tell him anything, save that he will have to go to a surgeon and let him examine him.

Another boy who complains is K. J., who wants me to tell him if it is possible to cure a pug nose or not.

Surgical science in these days has made such wonderful advancement that it is even possible for boys, however, this habit of speaking may be due to some malformation at the back of his throat, in which case the only cure will be an operation; but about this I cannot tell him anything, save that he will have to go to a surgeon and let him examine him.

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THE BOYS' REALM.

Score, 1,000, And Still NOT OUT!

"ANSWERS," The greatest and best of all popular weeklies, publishes its

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good many of my boys are doubtless familiar with the Post Office Savings Bank.

Although the lowest deposit accepted by the Post Office is a shilling, yet they issue forms containing twelve spaces on which can be stuck penny stamps, and when the twelve spaces are filled up with penny stamps, this form will be accepted as equivalent to one shilling by the Post Office authorities, and will be credited to the boy's hands in the form of a shilling towards his savings.

To the boy who has asked me how to get rid of this desire to spend his money I would say: If you find the itch for spending money coming very badly upon you, then take a stroll into the nearest post-office and buy one or two stamps.

NORTH LIVERPOOL AMATEUR CRICKET LEAGUE.

Table of North Liverpool Amateur Cricket League including Division 1 and Division 2 with club names and scores.

DUNDEE AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

Table of Dundee and District League including Division 1 and Division 2 with club names and scores.

SUNDERLAND AND DISTRICT NON-CONFORMIST LEAGUE.

Table of Sunderland and District Non-Conformist League with club names and scores.

ST. BODE'S ADULT SCHOOL.

Table of St. Bode's Adult School with club names and scores.

DAILY MAIL.

SECTION 2. (League Table up to and including Sat., June 22nd.)

Table of Daily Mail Section 2 including Junior Division and Senior Division with club names and scores.

SECTION 1. (League Table up to and including Sat., June 22nd.)

Table of Daily Mail Section 1 including Junior Division and Senior Division with club names and scores.

SECTION 3. (League Table up to and including Sat., June 22nd.)

Table of Daily Mail Section 3 including Junior Division and Senior Division with club names and scores.

A Man's Ingratitude.



BY
**MARTIN
SHAW**

Magnificent
Complete
Tale
of the
Australian
Bush.

**THE CHAPTER,
Rescued From Death**

DENBIGH—decamped beyond all hope of rescue! Surrounded by a frenzied mob of howling aborigines, fastened to a tree so that it was impossible to move so much as a finger, with the hot Australian sun beating down upon his unprotected head. Such was Vernon Denbigh's plight—no to all the bravest hearts with four unpeckable.

It was for this that he had fought his way across the vast desert; for this that he had staked his all, lured into the heart of the Unknown by the fantastic story told him on the coast—how that there was gold to be won for the mere picking up; the lure that had drawn so many a man to his doom.

His horse had died under him. Parched with thirst, racked by the pangs of hunger, spent with his privations, he had at last staggered to this oasis at the edge of the desert, to the sandy foothills that were the forerunners of the mountains beyond. Then he had fallen into the grip of these bloodthirsty savages, and been bound to a tree, where that death was to be his portion, though in what form he could only surmise.

Suddenly the horrible, unallabable died away; the mad dancing ceased. The dusky, naked forms became motionless, as from the ring of natives there strode forth one who was somewhat taller than his fellows, though he would not have been accounted of any size amongst Europeans.

His face glowed with pain. His only garment was a greasy loin-cloth. In his hand he held a carved boomerang.

Vernon Denbigh gazed fearfully at the figure. No word came being his own helpless form. Was this being to be his executioner? Was he to die by means of the boomerang; that weapon most familiar to us, and, by a manly a skillful exponent in the art of throwing the same? It would appear that such was to be the case. For with a hideous grin upon his evil face the savage raised his hand, and his eyes seemed to blaze with concentrated hatred of his victim.

Then the boomerang left his hand, and instinctively Vernon Denbigh closed his eyes.

The weapon flew towards him with incredible speed. He could hear it, as it whistled through the air towards him. Another second, and something had grazed his nose, just cutting the flesh. A shout went up. He opened his eyes. The boomerang had just touched him. Then it had sped off at a tangent to whiz back towards the hand of its thrower as if once enchanted.

Three times the savage performed this act of diabolical cruelty, dwelling with fierce, unrelenting gaze upon the man's face. Three times did Vernon Denbigh taste the horrors of death. On each occasion the boomerang did no more than just graze the skin of his face.

Then the savage, evidently the leader of the band, shouted out some unintelligible order, and his fellows turned away. Then, with a wild and frenzied haste began to heap up brushwood all round the tree to which the prisoner had been bound. Instantly he saw that this play with the boomerang had been merely the prelude to the final act of the tragedy.

The bonds meant to be his own way. Then it was that he saw the first rays of light. Cries of despair left his lips, appeals that only intensified the unholly joy of his savage captors. And the more he saw that further appeal would be useless. He was asking clemency of human beings who knew not the meaning of the word.

Already he seemed to feel the cruel flames curling up round his helpless limbs.

The savage stooped, to apply the blazing brand to the dried fuel. Even as he did so a rifle shot rang out, awaking the echoes far and wide.

The man with the torch uttered a dull groan. Then he leaped into the air, to roll over on the ground, dead. The burning stick slipped from his nerveless grasp, to lie smouldering beside him, only a few inches away from the edge of the pile of brushwood.

The effect of the unlooked for shot was remarkable indeed. For it must be remembered that these aborigines represented about the lowest type of human beings; beings of limited vocabulary, and the most rudimentary civilization, who dwell in the most wretched shelters imaginable—cowardly, debased, superstitious to a degree.

For a moment or so the whole mob stood motionless, staring wildly in the direction of the still form of their leader, who lay where he had dropped, in a huddled heap.

Then, with wild yells of terror, they broke like a flock of sheep, and dashed off into the obscurity of the scrub. Before you could have counted ten slowly the only evidences of the tragedy were the dead man, the smouldering torch, and the helpless figure of the reprieved prisoner.

A second or so later, and there emerged from behind the shadow of a rock, where he had lain concealed, the lithe, travel-stained form of a young man, his rifle in his hand; a young man with blue eyes and tanned, weather-beaten face, who ran swiftly towards the spot where Vernon Denbigh was bound.

“You had better not inquire too closely as to my mode of living here within the last years,” Denbigh had wound up, with a mischievous laugh. “It’s been a case of just keeping my head above water somehow, what’s more, we strike gold out here. If not—”

An expressive gesture closed his sentence.

“You have been frank with me,” replied Gray—neither did he notice the somewhat crafty smile that crossed the other’s face as he said this—“I will be equally frank with you. I am the only son of Mr. Amos Gray, of Lavering, Berkshire. I quarrelled with my father; yet the quarrel was not of my seeking. But you must know that dad is a modern man. He has money that he has hoarded up for years. I remonstrated with my father on the subject, pointing out to him that he was benefiting no one, and himself least of all, by his miserly habits. He only laughed at me. I flew into a passion. The upshot was that he gave me my passage-money to Australia, and a few hundreds over, and told me that he would never want to see my face again. So that you may understand that I am as eager as you to find gold.

Denbigh gave vent to a curious laugh.

“I think,” he said slowly, “that if I had

to begin with quick, eager fingers to undo the cruel thongs that fastened him to the tree.

“You have saved my life,” muttered Vernon Denbigh, as he turned to the man. “Where do you come from?”

“I was just in time,” rejoined the young fellow coolly; “but they are a cowardly lot, these natives. My name is Arthur Gray. I am prospecting for gold. My horse, and the cart that conveyed me here, are near at hand. The poor brutes are at their last gasp. I left them by the water-hole. There was another man with me. He, alas, is dead! Who are you?”

Vernon Denbigh rejoined the other. “I too, am on the gold-hunt. I think we had better join forces.”

“Certainly,” replied Gray.

Being Englishmen there was little suggestion of sentiment between them, such as might have been the case had they both had passed. Had they been Frenchmen they would have fallen on one another’s necks with the most extravagant expressions of demon-stration. As it was, they betrayed their race and racial instincts by a complete avoidance of the reality of the situation that had thrown them together.

The first thing to be done was to guard against the possibility of a reopening of hostilities on the part of the natives. Arthur Gray had evidently left nothing to chance when he had set out on his long trek across the desert. His equipment, though slight as regards bulk, was complete in every essential. Round the camp-fire that night the men exchanged life stories.

“You had better not inquire too closely as to my mode of living here within the last years,” Denbigh had wound up, with a mischievous laugh. “It’s been a case of just keeping my head above water somehow, what’s more, we strike gold out here. If not—”

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Denbigh gave vent to a curious laugh.

“I think,” he said slowly, “that if I had

had a certain gold-mine in England, I would not have troubled to throw it away for a hypothetical one in Australia.

“You are out of your mind, you have my feelings of right and wrong,” replied Gray steadily.

“I suppose I should,” answered the other, though the darkness hid the sneer that played round his lips.

**THE 2nd CHAPTER,
Black Treachery.**

ARTHUR GRAY’S eyes slowly opened. A neither could he for a few moments recall what had happened, or how it came that he lay motionless with throbbing head and aching body, in the darkness.

Then it all came slowly back to him, the episode of the past few days, the recall that had transported some day when he had rescued Vernon Denbigh from death.

They had found gold, had turned their backs upon the wickedness, had set forth for civilization once more. And then it was that Vernon Denbigh had come out under his true colours, had betrayed the blackness of the heart that was in him, had shown himself to be a man lost to all sense of honour, of gratitude; that he would have been glad to have handed him to perish at the hands of the blacks from whom he had rescued him.

How the face of Arthur had been accomplished Arthur could never rightly say. Denbigh must have taken the opportunity of stunning him in his sleep; had assuredly been told that he had murdered his comrade. Yet this crowning act of criminality, accomplished in will if not in deed, had failed of its effect. The black man, who had thus come to his senses there in the darkness of the Australian night.

When an arm in his hand hoarsely. Instantly the face of Vernon bent over him, and a pannikin of water, from which he drank greedily, was placed to his lips.

“It is Jackimalloo,” said a guttural voice; “it is Jackimalloo!”

Jackimalloo! Something like a smile came into the face of Vernon. He did words came through his mind. “Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall come back to you after many days.” Jackimalloo, the half-caste, it was the name of a drunken swagman. Jackimalloo, whom he had saved from death months ago, when the half-caste had been at the mercy of a drunken swagman.

“You save me Jackimalloo,” the man said cheerfully. “Jackimalloo, un save you now. In find you in bush. Un bring you here. You are right. You are good. You are good fellow grinned all over his dusky face.

Gray’s countenance darkened.

“You are right,” said the man, “I’ve been badly used. The fellow that tried to do for me robbed me of my all. I saved his life. He tried to murder me. He found gold. And now he’s got away. I suppose he thinks he has seen the last of Arthur Gray. But I’ll not rest until I’ve run him down. I’ve made him pay for what he’s done.”

Jackimalloo scratched his curly head.

“You tell me where I find un,” cheerfully. “You tell me where I find un.”

But Gray shook his head.

“We’ll leave murder to such carrion as he,” he answered. “I’m not going to kill him. I only want to find him, to make him disgorge his ill-gotten gains, to trash him within an inch of his life. I’ll wait for him in Sydney. Jacky. We must get back there. I think I know someone who’ll lend me a little money in Sydney.”

No white man could have tended Gray with more assiduity and care than did the half-caste. Gray had been badly knocked about. The blow that Denbigh had dealt him on the head had nearly proved fatal.

But for Jack’s care and knowledge of bush country, Gray must have succumbed. As it was, a few days nursing, Jackimalloo’s rough, abode worked wonders; that and the overpowering desire that now filled Gray’s mind to get even with his false friend.

False indeed! Gray was of a trusting, sunny nature. He had opened his soul to Denbigh—the whole of the gold that the two prospectors had obtained after such labour, but he had not annexed the whole of Gray’s outfit. With the exception of a miserable pittance of ready money, Arthur was poorer.

He had no doubt in his own mind as to what Denbigh would do. He would probably return to Sydney, would get a boat, dash there for a while, and then return to Kazzland with his ill-gotten gains. Time was therefore of the utmost importance. As a man who was sufficiently convalescent, Arthur, with Jackimalloo’s aid, turned his back on the bush and made towards Sydney, with what haste he could.



“Where am I?” Arthur said hoarsely. Instantly a dark form bent over him, and a pannikin of water, from which he drank greedily, was placed to his lips.

“Cycling,” by A. E. Wills, Starts on Saturday Next.

WISKEYS
ONE PENNY.
Every Tuesday.

A MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

(Continued from the previous page.)

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

The Price of the Past.

THE man stole forward and laid a dirty hand on Vernon Denbigh's immaculate coat above. The contrast between the man's face and the clean coat was as striking as the principal street of Sydney, was to say the least, starting for Vernon was dressed in the best of the fashion as a young man of the hobs, clad in clothes that proclaimed him a penniless vagabond.

A fleeting expression of fear crossed Vernon's face. Then he raised out haughtily: "Who are you, fellow? What do you want with me?"

The man leered up impudently into his countenance. "You've got mighty naughty all of a sudden. My name is Wilfred Henderson, it is low voice."

"I don't know you," came the firm response. "My name is Vernon Denbigh, it is Wilfred Henderson. You must have made some mistake."

The mysterious stranger jerked a dirty thumb in the direction of a policeman standing in the street corner.

"Spies," he said, with an evil grin, "that you and me was to go to that there bobby and show his face was consoling by a silky, pointed nose."

"For a moment Denbigh hesitated. Then he seemed to think better of his attempt at concealment of his identity.

"I had one last say in a low voice; 'I'll follow you. And if you'll keep your mouth shut, I'll see that you don't suffer."

"That's all right," he said softly. "I ain't a-go'in' to give you away. You follow me then; and mind, none of your games, or I'll blow your ear straight out."

So intent were the two soundrels upon taking stock of one another that they had no eyes for a third person who had stolen towards them—the figure of a young man, clad in shabby enough garments, the lower part of whose face was concealed by a silky, pointed nose, a slouch hat being pulled down well over his eyes, and the collar of his coat turned round as though he was indeed desirous of hiding as much of his features as possible.

Yes, as the stranger moved off, with Vernon at his heels, the third actor followed behind them at a respectful distance. Little did Vernon guess that the man who had left for dead out in the bush, Arthur Gray, was at that moment degging him with relentless persistence. For the man with the silky beard was Gray himself.

It was the very first quest for the man who had wronged him so deeply can be told in a few words. He had come to Sydney, as we know, and Jack had favoured him from the first within three hours of his arrival in the city.

Yet his task was by no means accomplished. For he was practically penniless, while it was evident that Vernon had established himself as a man of property. And it is the same in the Colonies as in other parts of the world. A man of wealth and substance must always have the pull over a poor man. How could Gray come forward and demand an acknowledgment of a debt to a policeman and say: "Arrest that man," he is a would-be murderer and a scoundrel," he is in his rage and obvious poverty, and he would be obliged for his assistance, he would have to go about his task with subtlety and caution.

He tracked the two to the miserable shanty in William Street, one of the poorest streets of the city, and saw them enter, the door being carefully closed. He had seen them eyes taking in every phase of the situation.

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The hovel next to the one occupied by the mysterious stranger—the lower street was built of rough wood and iron, and was as empty and dilapidated. Arthur looked swiftly around him. A man and a woman at the far corner of the hovel, and a few children were the only occupants of the aisle. Like a flash, he ran forward and slipped inside the door, for the crazy street door swung inward before his thrust. An instant later, he was standing inside a chamber, as bare, as neglected as it would be possible to imagine.

A rickety wooden table and a few chairs, the one next to it—the one in which he had seen the two men disappear—was of wood. So that if the man and woman and a few children, joining him, he ought assuredly to have heard some sound to indicate their presence. He listened for the thud of a chair, or a faint sound, as though a chair had been pushed back along boards, fell on his ears. The noise seemed to come from somewhere overhead. A rickety wooden table and a few chairs of the apartment led to the upper portion of the house. Dare he trust himself to the crazy woodwork of the stair?

"Nothing venture—nothing win," he muttered to himself, as he cautiously made his way up the stairs. Somewhat to his surprise and infinite relief, the staircase failed to break beneath his feet, and he was able to ascend without incident. He crawled through a square aperture into the room above. His pulse thrilled. For now he could hear the faint murmur of voices coming from the other side of the apartment.

He crawled across the sloping, rotten floor. That were the authorities of the house that they could allow such a crazy, dangerous structure as this to stand above ground? Yet he could not see that without reason. A gleam of light—the window of the chamber had been boarded up, rendering the room practically as dark as night. A single board, a chink in the partition-wall against which he now found himself. Applying his eye to a crack, he looked into the next apartment. The light shone on a man and a woman, and his companion sitting side by side at a dirty table, a bottle and two glasses of spirit on the table.

The stranger was speaking, and Arthur could hear what he said with distinctness: "I am not sure that you are not right if you do what is proper," the man was saying. "There ain't no one in Sydney knows as Vernon Denbigh, Esquire, and Slippery Sam the bushranger, but I'll keep my mouth shut."

There was a silence for a while. Then said the man: "See here, Mat, I've got a proposition. Why don't you come to England with me on the next ship? I'll give you my outfit, and you can come as my man. I've a job in the old country that'll pay you well. Listen to me, I'll be easy on your mind, and you'll be silent listener—that Arthur's blood curdled within him, and it was as if that he could do no more than to turn his head and crawl slowly back to the head of the stairway. What he was to do he did not know. The man turned his eyes upon the woman, whom must be decked out. With tingling pulses, he began the decent of the rickety staircase.

Half-way down, the inevitable happened. The man tripped, and fell. The woman there was a slight crack. Then he thudded down to the ground, striking his head sharply as he did so. He lay motionless for a moment.

And the Pacific was to sail that night with Denbigh and the ruffian Mat aboard her, borne to the sea by the same rickety millinery, the key to which Arthur Gray alone held.

THE 4th CHAPTER.

The Miser.

AMOS GRAY sat up nervously. "Hallo!" he muttered. "What's that?" The sound was indeed out of keeping with the quiet of the old room, in which he sat. It was the throb of a motor-engine, as an automobile came to a halt in front of the house. The man's eyes were fixed on the door. At one time Laverne must have been a fine place. But now the hand of neglect and decay lay heavy everywhere. The room in which he sat was a mere hole in the wall, with a splended old oak, the walls hung with fine tapestries, and a magnificent chandelier. The furniture shabby, yet massive, while the occupant of the chamber himself looked as though it were a matter of a decent square meal had passed his lips.

Laverne was situated in one of the remotest parts of the county of Berkshire, eight miles from a railway station. The rolling downs on either side; the presence of the house marked by a mark of neglect and decay bore the same traces of neglect and decay as the house itself. The only money that Amos had was his money. The story that held general credence was that four years ago, his son Arthur had run away to foreign parts, and had before his departure had depleted the coffers of the house. Arthur Gray to such an extent that Amos had been left with the meagre pittance to keep body and soul together. That was the story, and it was a sad story. And now he lived alone in the old house, with only one old servant as deplorable

as himself, never going out, never entertaining, spoken of with scorn and pity by the few neighbours who lived in the same region. It was long since the weed-grown drive had been dusted by any carriage-wheels. Never had a horse-drawn carriage been seen in the place. And now a big red Panhard had drawn up in front of the house, from the town. The driver, a stout man in a top hat, in coats, in motor-caps and goggles, descended, one of them pealed at the rusty bell-pull that depended from the side of the stone doorway. It was Amos Gray himself who opened the door to them.

"What do you want?" he croaked forth. "You must have come to the wrong house. I have nothing to say here."

"Pardon me, sir," responded the taller of the two men, "you are wrong; but are you Mr. Amos Gray?"

"I am. Who are you?" The question was curt, almost to rudeness. "My name is Wilfred Henderson," came the smooth retort. "This gentleman here is Mr. Matthew Darley. We want a word with you on private."

And before the old man could do anything to prevent him, the stranger had thrust his head inside, the other had followed by his comrade.

Amos Gray gave vent to an angry exclamation. "I am only a poor, old broken man," he said testily. "My house is as poor as I am. There is an inn, two miles away. I beg of you to go there."

Henderson gripped him unceremoniously by the arm. "At least the way into your sitting-room," he commanded. "If you don't, it will be the worse for you."

"What do you mean by your roughness?" he said. "I have no objection to your entering the room he had just vacated. Darley closed the door, and stood with his back against it. "Resistance is useless," he said in a low, tense voice. "I know all about you. I know that you are a poor, old broken man, and you are only a poor, old broken man."

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being unfolded before his eyes; neither had he the faintest intention of taking any part in the matter. Let Denbigh do as he would, he, Darley, would be perfectly ready to take his portion of the same. The door was flung open with violence, and so unexpectedly that Darley was hurled to the ground.

Before he could collect his scattered wits, or make any attempt to rise to his feet, he was pinned to the ground, face to the walls, and the two men were looking at him with a cold, muffled in his ear: "Keep quiet, or I'll have to knock you silly."

And in an instant the room was full of men. Denbigh, whirling round with a snarl of rage, uttered a hoarse cry, and the pistol dropped from his face, and the pistol dropped from his nerveless grasp.

For facing him, with pistol at the ready, even as his own had been, stood the slim, athletic figure of Arthur Gray. Arthur, left for dead in the Australian bush, evidently recovered all his old-time vigour, and the embodiment of virile, strenuous young manhood.

The game is up, Vernon Denbigh, or whatever your rightful name may be!" he said fiercely.

Denbigh seemed that he had timed his appearance on the scene with fine eye for dramatic effect.

This is the story that Arthur told his father, a little later. Having done so, he even told that had led up to his final discovery of Vernon Denbigh's intentions; how that the wiser had managed to return to England, to rob Amos Gray of his board—for Denbigh had disclosed this to Darley at their interview with the wiser, and the wiser related how he had recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen after his tumble down the stairs.

He had made the best of his way to the quay, where the Pacific lay alongside, to start in a few hours for England. He had managed to get on board the Pacific by the captain of the vessel, to whom he had disclosed a portion of his story. The skipper had taken compassion on him, and had allowed him to go on board under an assumed name. It had been a comparatively easy task for Arthur to hide his name, and to have the appearance of a passenger on board. He had done so, and the ruffian never for one instant suspected that his enemy could be on the very ship conveying him to England.

He was convinced that Arthur was dead. Denbigh had played his cards well. He had understood already with all the passengers, and, having money at his command, had been able to convince all who came in contact with him that he was a philanthropist, who had made his money in legitimate fashion in Australia, and who was now returning home to enjoy the fruits of his past labours in the old country.

On arrival in England, Arthur had at once gone to Scotland Yard, and had managed to impress upon the attention of the chief of police for action. He had proceeded to Laverne with his allies, where, as we have seen, he was ordered to dig up the body of the man who had made his money in legitimate fashion in Australia, and who was now returning home to enjoy the fruits of his past labours in the old country.

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

BY POPULAR MAXWELL SCOTT.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF. GEOTA LAL KATH CHANDRA DAS, an Indian prince, and a new boy at St. Nnian's School, who is placed in the Fifth Form, is the possessor of a certain gold locket, around which centers a mystery. OTTO HEINRICH, a mysterious German, who arrives by boat means to obtain possession of the gold locket.

ROBERT HAMILTON (Burr) Nelson Lee's ward. DICK STARLING GARDNER, PROCTOR, RUSSELL, ARKLE, pupils at St. Nnian's School.

Gardner is in difficulties with a bookmaker, and the mysterious German, knowing that the boy is aware of the whereabouts of the locket, offers a bribe to get the lad's debts on condition that he obtain it for him. Gardner, in desperation, consents to do so. He goes to a rival house at St. Nnian's. On their way Nipper breaks in on the party, and through the door Gardner discovers the locket from his hiding-place. Gardner explains the locket to the boy, and says he will give him a five-pound note, but that he must first obtain a promise from him that he will do no more gambling.

OTTO HEINRICH, the mysterious German, becomes acquainted with Franklin Hoffmann, a member of the same academy who sits with him. He then discusses the locket with him, and says he will give him five hundred marks on condition that he obtain it for him. He decides to take the locket to the bookmaker, and tells him that he will give him five hundred marks on condition that he obtain it for him. He decides to take the locket to the bookmaker, and tells him that he will give him five hundred marks on condition that he obtain it for him.

Mr. Watson, the headmaster, is informed of the matter, and sends for Nipper and Dick to see what he can do for them. They explain the matter to him, and he says he will give them five hundred marks on condition that they obtain the locket for him.

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The two men descended from the car, and they and Nipper and Dick, together with Mr. Watson and his three male passengers, pushed the car for close upon five minutes. At the end of that time they had moved it, perhaps ten inches! The Nipper stealthily took off the brakes, reversed the engine, and started the car at a snail's pace.

Slowly, but irresistibly, the heavy car moved backwards, tumbling Mr. Watson off his feet, and causing the three old men to huddle together in the ditch with cries of alarm. The car, however, stopped the car, and finally announced that he thought it was all right now!

"The cue-cue-car is all right," bellowed Mr. Watson, "steer it to the side of the road, and let us pup-pup-pace!"

"No, no, no!" cried Nipper, signing to Dick and the two yokels to get in. "We'll just go on ahead, and race you to the polling-booth."

As he uttered these words he sprang into the air, blew a kiss to Mr. Watson, and lunged the starting-laver forward. With a whir and a dash the car shot down the road, and a moment afterwards was out of sight!

"Go on!" he yelled Mr. Watson to his three male passengers. "Dick, it's yours! Nipper, it's yours! I can pup-pup-pace as well as they, but I'll tut tut!"

The three men having resumed their seats, Mr. Watson climbed on to the box and struck the horse a stinging cut between the ears. Snorting with anger, the horse leaped forward with such violence that Mr. Watson was pitched backwards out of the box and fell sprawling among his passengers. Luckily nobody was seriously damaged, and a moment later the wagonette was rumbling down the road in the wake of the vanished car.

But the task was hopeless from the first. The horse did his best, and so did the green-grocer; but eight o'clock was striking as they hit the Hillfort Road, and by the time they reached the polling-booth the doors had been closed a quarter of an hour!

In the meantime Nipper and Dick had landed their two passengers at the booth in ample time for them to register their votes. They then returned the two men back to Otterdene, drove round to the Grange, led the car there, and walked back to the village.

It was ten minutes past two when they reached the crowded street in front of the Mechanics' Institute, where the votes were being counted. They were only just in time for even as they pushed their way into the street, an upper window of the institute was suddenly broken open, and the returning-officer thrust out his head and shoulders.

"I have to announce that the result of the

poll is as follows!" he shouted, when something like silence had been obtained: "Napoleon Bonaparte, Bowtell, 326; Marmaduke Stuart, 222. Majority for Bowtell, 47!"

"And we did it!" cried Nipper, so that Dick and Dick followed their way through the cheering, boisterous, jostling, shouting, and shouting in the direction of the lanes. "Alone we did it! If that wagonette had reached the booth before eight o'clock, we would have had more votes, and Bowtell would have been beaten by one!"

Karl Hoffmann. "W" HILST these events were taking place in Clevedon, Fraulin O'Leary, a young man was spending her Saturday afternoon at the rather empty polling-booth. She completed her purchases about six o'clock, and a quarter of an hour later she walked up to the station with the intention of catching the 6.23 back to Clevedon.

The train was somewhat late, and whilst she was standing on the platform awaiting the train, somebody touched her on the shoulder. On turning round, she found herself confronted by a sturdy, thick-set young fellow, rather like a brute, whose face was more or less hidden from view by the peak of his cap and the turned-up collar of his coat.

"Sir, you mean by that," he began; then a start took him to his eyes, and he broke off with a sharp intaking of the breath. "She took a quick step forward, and several in the direction of the lanes. "Alone we did it! If that wagonette had reached the booth before eight o'clock, we would have had more votes, and Bowtell would have been beaten by one!"

"Karl," she gasped—"Karl! You here!" It is her brother. The brother of whom she had spoken to Heinrich; the brother who had formerly been a clerk in the Foreign Office at Berlin, but who had afterwards retired in a fortress for selling official secrets to a foreign Power!

"You are not," he growled, in German, of course. "But for Heaven's sake don't make a scene. As you will understand, I don't want to attract too much attention to myself."

"But how—why—how come you to be here?" she asked, trembling with excitement. "I—I thought—I thought—I was in prison in Germany—eh? Well, I'm not, you see. I'm in England, and I was on my way to Clevedon, to give you my own share of the money I saw and recognised you on the platform here."

"You have been pardoned, then?" she asked, a glint in her eyes. "Pardoned!" he repeated, with a grim smile. "When did you ever know the Kaiser pardon a traitor?"

"But that's true!" she faltered. "You were guilty of the crime with which you were charged. You did sell secrets to another Power!"

"I did," he answered coolly. "And I was sentenced, as you have doubtless heard, and found out a Good Samaritan in France who gave me a safe way to Clevedon when I was in the fortress a few days ago, and in the confusion I managed to make my escape and get across the frontier into France."

"I'll tell you all about it later," he continued. "Meanwhile, it is enough to say that I found a Good Samaritan in France who gave me this suit of clothes and lent me sufficient money to pay my passage to England. I landed at Newhaven this morning, and I was on my way to Clevedon when I saw you on the matter? Why are you trembling so? I thought you would be pleased to see me, instead of being so very frightened to death. What's wrong?"

"Karl," she said, in a low, agitated voice, "if you're an escapee prisoner, you can't come to Clevedon."

"But I must," he said. "Where else can I go? I can't go back to Germany, of course, and as you're my only relative, it's only natural, I should come to you for shelter. Besides, I've another reason for wishing to come to Clevedon—a most important reason, of which I'll tell you later."

"But it is impossible!" she said earnestly. "You're a prisoner. You can't—you mustn't come to Clevedon."

"Why not?" he demanded fiercely. "Because Otto Heinrich is there," she whispered. "Otto Heinrich?" he exclaimed, with a start. "The famous secret service agent?"

"Yes." "He shrugged his shoulders. "What of that?" he said. "We aren't in Germany now. We're in free England, where selling political secrets is not an extradition offence. Otto Heinrich can't arrest me; he cannot have me arrested and sent back to Germany. I have nothing to fear from him, for I am a free man, and I enjoy swaggering about under his very nose. Where's he staying?"

"At my house!" "At your house!" he gasped. "In Heaven's name, why?" "He has come to England on a secret mission, and he asked me," she began. But he broke in before her brother had broken in with an agitated exclamation. "Thunder and lightning! I see everything," he said excitedly. "He's after the locket!"

"The locket!" she exclaimed. "You—you know the locket?"

"Before he could reply the Clevedon train started on its way. "Yes! I'm coming with you to Clevedon," he said, in a tone of intense indignation. "Of course, I can't stay at your house, if Heinrich is there. In fact, he must be kept out of the house, for you have met me, even though I am in England."

"But I thought you said—"

"That I should enjoy swaggering about under his very nose, as you were before I knew he was after the locket. Now I know he's after the locket, it's more important than ever that you should be kept out of the house, for I'm equally important that he shouldn't know that I am here."

"But I thought the train had drawn up alongside the platform. He opened the door of an empty first-class compartment, and signed to her to get in."

"We can talk in here without fear of being interrupted," he said. "I've only a three-fifths ficket, and so have you, I expect, but we can't talk in the carriage, and a moment later the train resumed its journey."

"I've been told here," said John O'Leary's clever ruse for obtaining a photograph of the secret treaty; of his pursuit, escape, and ultimate success in getting to Clevedon, and then given to Lal, and of Heinrich's unsuccessful attempts to steal it. She also told him how she and Heinrich had become acquainted at the cottage in Padley Wood; how Heinrich had told her the story of the locket; how he had appeared in London, and how she had been persuaded to help him to secure the locket on condition that he promised to procure a free pardon for Karl."

"And you believe him when he promised to get me a free pardon!" asked Karl. "Of course, or I shouldn't have helped him."

"Then you and I fool!" said her brother bluntly. "Heinrich has deceived you. Some of the things he told you were true, others were not. He has deceived you. For instance, did he tell you the name of John O'Leary's German confederate?"

"No. He only said he was one of the secretaries in the Chancellor's office."

"And he told you that O'Leary's confederate was seized with remorse, and went to the Chancellor and confessed everything, and then blew his brains out?"

"Yes." "A pack of lies, my dear sister. O'Leary's confederate was not a secretary in the Chancellor's office; he was a clerk in the Foreign Office, and he never confessed anything, and he was never arrested on suspicion, and only confessed in the hope of mitigating his punishment. He was sent to England for the same purpose as Otto Heinrich—to secure that locket!"

"In order to return the photograph to the German Government, and to make amends for your treachery?" she asked.

"No," he said calmly. "In order to sell the photograph to the British Government!"

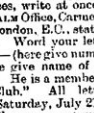
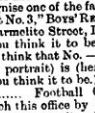
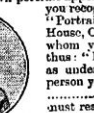
Love v. Patriotism. RAULIN HOFFMANN, as already stated, was intensely patriotic, and although she loved her rascally brother more than all the rest in the world—though she was prepared to make almost any sacrifice to help him—a feeling of intense loyalty to her country was the main avowal of his contemplated treachery.

"Karl," she said, gazing at him with reproachful eyes, "you tell me that you don't really intend to sell the photograph of the secret treaty to the British Government, if you secure it?"

OUR NEW COMPETITION.

WHO IS IT? That's all we want to know.

Below are the portraits of six enthusiastic footballing readers of THE BOYS' REALM. Do you know them? To the reader who identifies any one of them, and whose letter is the first to be received, a prize of five shillings will be awarded. There are no other conditions. You may recognize one of the faces, write out its name, and send it to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.



No. 13.

No. 14.

No. 15.

No. 16.

No. 17.

No. 18.

Another six portraits will appear next week.

"Cycling" by A. E. Wills, Starts on Saturday Next.

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

"Indeed I do!" he said, with a coarse laugh. "And you're going to help me to secure it! Oh, you needn't shake your head. You simply must help me, or I will go right off to the front. But I don't know my brains."

"I've already told you," he said. "I was John Oxley's confederate. I had known him for a long time before he was taken prisoner, and occasionally supplied him with scraps of official information. It was I who told him that a secret treaty had been signed by Germany and Russia, but I didn't tell him what it was about, for the simple reason that I didn't know. But I knew where the copy of the treaty was kept, and when Oxley asked me to get it, I agreed to let him see it for half a minute I agreed to do so."

"You needn't tell you how I managed it, but I did. As Heinrich has told you, Oxley took a snapshot of the treaty by means of a detective camera in the study which he had after which he and I walked to his rooms, where he developed his film, concealed it in the locker, paid me my thousand marks, and left Berlin by the next train."

"In the meantime, it appears, suspicion had been aroused at the Foreign Office, and half an hour after Oxley had left the study he was taken before the Chancellor. I was subjected to a long and searching cross-examination, and at the end of it was given a parole and made a clean breast of the whole affair, and told them all about the locker."

"I was then returned to the cells to await my trial, and the day after I was taken to work for the purpose of arresting Oxley before he had time to cross the frontier. A few days later I learned that he had given his parole, and had left the country on board a British cargo-steamer. Later still I heard that the vessel in which he had sailed was captured in the English Channel, and had lundered with all hands; and on the same day that I heard this I was tried and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment."

"Then you didn't know at that time," said Fraulein Hoffmann, "that Oxley wasn't deceived when he signed that document?"

"No. Like everybody else, I concluded that he and his locker were at the bottom of the sea."

"And when did you hear that the locker had reappeared?"

"After I escaped. As I've already told you, a fire broke out in the fortress a few days ago, and in the confusion I managed to escape and get across the frontier. The Good Samaritan whom I have alluded to was more than ready to lend me money to come to England, was an Englishman who had settled in France. He had a heap of old English newspapers in his house, and, when glancing over them, I came across a copy of the 'Daily Mail' in which was a notice as follows:—

"Ah! Now I understand," said Fraulein Hoffmann. "That was the paper that contained the account relating how the locker had been given to a young Hinnian at St. Ninian's School."

"It was. There was a picture of the locker, which I recognized at once before I read the description. And that's how I came to know that Oxley's locker was in the possession of a schoolboy at St. Ninian's."

"So you decided to come to Clevedon?"

"I had already decided to come to Clevedon to beg you to give me shelter; but, of course, after I read that account, I was more than ever eager to come. For I knew that if I could recover the locker, and secure the photograph of the secret treaty, I should be assured that I would be willing to give me any price I liked to ask for it."

"Strange to say," he continued, "it never occurred to me to ask the German Government would have seen that account in the 'Daily Mail,' and would also have recognized the locker. It was only when I saw that as soon as you told me that Otto Heinrich—the most famous Secret Service agent in the pay of the German Government—had come to Clevedon on secret business, I guessed at once that he had come to recover the locker."

sake of the Fatherland—to prevent the photograph of the treaty falling into the hands of the British, and to let you run to the photograph to the British. You want me to help you to play the part of—of a traitor! And I can't, Karl—I can't!"

"Very well, then," he said, thrusting his hand into his pocket and pulling out a revolver. "Then there is nothing left for me but to shoot you dead!"

She sprang to her feet with a stifled scream, and wildly clutched his arm. "You refuse to help me, and I decline to starve. I prefer to die! Go and help Otto Heinrich, and leave me my fate!"

He made a feeble attempt to shake her off, but she clung to his arm in an ecstasy of terror. She believed that he meant, as he had threatened to do by his fire, to shoot her at a matter of fact, he had not the remotest intention of doing anything so rash. He was simply trading on her love for him, as he had traded on it a hundred times before. He merely wished to frighten her, to bend her to his will. And he succeeded.

"Don't—don't, Karl!" she implored. "Anything but that—anything but that!"

"Will you help me, then?" she demanded, pushing her away and melodramatically clapping the muzzle of the revolver to his temple. "For an instant, but only for an instant, she hesitated. Then—

"Yes," she said, in a low, husky voice. "I knew you would," he muttered to himself. "Now, tell me the latest news about the locker," he said, when he had kissed her and overwhelmed her with protestations of undying gratitude. "Where is it, and what steps is Heinrich taking to secure it?"

"In a few sentences she told him how Heinrich had advised her to pretend to be in love with Mr. Trigg, in order to pave the way for an introduction to Lal. She narrated how Heinrich had instructed her how to open the lockers and take out the film; and then she told him of her visit to St. Ninian's on the previous Sunday afternoon. She described how she had won Lal's confidence, how he had consented to show her the locker, how he had left the room to fetch it, and how he had returned with the news that it had mysteriously disappeared."

"Heinrich said it was a lie," she continued. "He said the boy had evidently been advised not to show me the locker. He says he is absolutely certain the locker is still at St. Ninian's."

"And I agree with him," said Karl. "The boy was lying, probably, as Heinrich says, but Mr. Rant's instructions. The locker is still at St. Ninian's, without a doubt, and both Mr. Rant and the boy know where it is. Has Heinrich made any inquiries since?"

"Yes; but the only result is to confirm Lal's story. That is, that Heinrich has ascertained that the locker had been hidden in a secret place in Mr. Rant's study, known only to Lal

"I will write to you to-morrow, and tell you at which of these places I am staying," he said, and he had made a note of the names. "I will address my letter to the school, of course, for fear of Heinrich seeing it. If I wish to see you at any time, I will write and make an appointment with you. If you wish to see me, or if you have anything to communicate, write to me, but don't on any account come to see me for I must not be known in the village that we are acquainted with each other. I speak fairly good English, as you know, and I will be glad to help you in any way I can. Hexter, who has come down here for a day."

At five o'clock the train was nearing Clevedon, and was already beginning to slow down. "You'll want some money, I suppose!" said Fraulein Hoffmann, opening her purse. "I shall be able to pay it back before long, I hope, with compound interest."

She handed him the contents of her purse, and promised to send him more on Monday. "Almost before he had time to thank her, the train drew up in Clevedon station, and five minutes later she was on her way to the cottage on the Hillfoot road, whilst he was trudging down to the village in search of lodgings."

Revenge is Sweet! HERE was great jubilation at St. Ninian's over the result of the Council election. As already stated, Mr. Rowell was a prime favourite with the boys; but even if he had been unpopular as he was popular, the fact that he had vanquished the headmaster of the school, who had filled the Ninnianites with unalloyed delight. As it was their cup of joy was full to overflowing.

Far different as the readers may surely have felt the feelings of the Grammarians. Never for a moment had they doubted that their champion would head the poll. The many changes among them had predicted a majority of over a hundred. None of them had dreamed of anything less than fifty.

And Mr. Stuart-Orwin had been beaten; beaten by four votes! Beaten by the village chemist! Worst of all, beaten by the man whom their male at St. Ninian's had favoured and supported! It was a bitter pill; and on the Sunday after the declaration of the poll, which was declared, it will be remembered, on Saturday night—the gloom which reigned within the precincts of the Grammar School can only be described as funereal.

On Monday, however, gloom gave place to anger. On Monday a rumour reached the Grammarians that Nipper and Dick, by blocking up the road with a motor-car, had prevented five of Mr. Stuart-Orwin's supporters reaching the school to vote at the election.

"Yes; it's quite true—true!" said Mr. Watson, when appealed to for confirmation of the rumour. "It was in the motor-car that Nipper and Dick, by blocking up the road with a motor-car, had prevented five of Mr. Stuart-Orwin's supporters reaching the school to vote at the election."

"Who's at the top of the poll now?" asked Fleming, screwing his bony knuckles into Nipper's ribs. "How many votes was it you robbed us of? Five, wasn't it? One, two, three, four, five."

He emphasised each numeral by screwing his knuckles a little deeper into Nipper's ribs, thereby making a furious and a hostile of the matter appeared to give the Grammarians intense delight.

"Now, what shall we do with the honour now," said Arnold, when this sort of thing had gone on for several minutes. "It was they who lost the doctor's election, so we'll do it back to them. We'll all the afternoon before us, so we needn't hurry matters, but, all the same, we mustn't waste any valuable time!"

"Let's frog-march 'em to the brickyard and duck 'em in the pond—a bit of a beginning!" suggested Stuart-Orwin.

"I second that," said Fleming. "Any amendment?" asked Arnold. "No? Carry it out," said Fleming. "Now, up with 'em, Crosby! Now, up with 'em!"

It should have been explained that the "brickyard" was a large open space near the school, and was used for the deposit of day-labour, and was not suitable for making bricks. The deposit occurred in two separate places, one on the south side of the road, and the other on the north side, leaving a shallow ditch the ground about fifteen yards in breadth, and a few feet deep, and was filled with water, and was the pond to which Hinnian had referred.

On one side of the pond was a stack of cut logs, and on the other a rough, unenclosed office of wood and corrugated iron. On Sunday afternoon, both the office and the stack were deserted. Outside the office were a couple of wooden benches, half a dozen planks, and a litter of ropes and empty tin cans.

"Halt a mo'!" cried Fleming, when his eyes fell on these sacks. "Before we duck 'em, let's 'em up in two of these sacks, then there'll be four in five, 'em giving us the slip and then Hinnian had referred."

The idea seemed good to his companions, and Nipper and Dick, in a few minutes, had thrust into one sack and Dick into another, the mouths of the sacks being tied round their waists, leaving only their heads protruding. No sooner had they done this than Arnold was seized with an brilliant inspiration.

Sold to the next. With the witness of a lightning flash he sprang back from the gate, ready to spring forward to his aid, and with the other, and dragged them down on their hands and knees.

"What the dickens—" cried Nipper, with two indignant chums. "Keep quiet!" whispered Arnold to Nipper, who covered, up his eyes with his hands. "Hurry up! Sit tight—coming down the brickyard? They haven't seen us yet! Down on your knees, behind this hedge, and don't breathe a word!"

Like one man the rest of the party hopped down on their hands and knees, each boy with a plan of escape in his mind. "These Ninnianites are always showing off," said Arnold. "They're sure to leap the gate and catch us before we can get away."

"I told you so," said Arnold, with a wink. "They're going to leap!"

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(Another long instalment of this splendid school year will appear in next week's BOYS' REALM.)



Amid shrieks of laughter from the Grammarians, Nipper reached over the edge of the road, and deposited the locker on the other side of the track.

and Mr. Rant; and when Lal went for it last night, he found it empty. Heinrich believe it wasn't there?"

"No," said Heinrich. "I don't know. He hasn't taken me into his confidence."

"Well, that's all right," said Heinrich. "I shall begin by exploring Mr. Rant's study."

"If the reader can see that the feelings of the Grammarian were when they heard this news, he will understand why they were so angry. They were so angry that they had to block up the road with a motor-car, and prevent five of Mr. Stuart-Orwin's supporters reaching the school to vote at the election."

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"I'm done!" Green gasped; and at once sank out of sight. A moment later a black body descended over the side of a boat.

THE SALT WATER CHAMPIONSHIP.

A Tale of the Roxby and Vampire Swimming Clubs. By A. S. HARDY.

THE TAIL SWIMMER. A Trial Swim—The Squall.

As far as the eye could reach stretched the undulating surface of a sea as blue as ever painter put on canvas...

Green coloured, and his eyes fasted. He was not likely to forget that had for the championship when Roxby and the Vampires had met in the sea beside the breakwater to decide who should hold the Challenge trophy for the year...

trophy for the year; nor could he ever erase from his memory the recollection of the grit and pluck of young Sidney Hallowes, nor his own discomfort in that game in which Hallowes had saved him from suspension by a personal appeal to the referee...

"Row, Ben—row like the demon!" said the Vampires' secretary, putting his back into his work. "If you don't we shall never be able to keep up with them."

signs of fatigue, and looked as if he could go on for ever. Glancing in the swimmer's direction, Druce saw that a sailing-boat, a small fisherman's boat, was bearing down upon him, coming up from the east fast, and he noticed also that the wind was freshening...

The Salt Water Championship.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Are you badly hurt, Jepson?" asked Druce... "I think so," he said, compressing his lips.

"I dived to escape the sailing-boat just as the crew went on to the town... I'm sure I'm able to win the championship for the Vampires after all, Druce."

The secretary turned his angry eyes on the sailing-boat... and had brought her round. She had sufficient water on her to make progress against the wind until she had almost come up with the rowing-boat.

Then Green uttered an exclamation of anger. He saw two scamen aboard, well-known fishermen of Roxby; but it was not they who had caused him to give vent to his angry cry.

The third figure was that of a good-looking lad, and Green was amazed to see that it was Sidney Hallows who held the tiller. It was the young Roxby swimmer who had been responsible for the accident.

The sailing-boat was steered alongside, and the two scaves of fish were handed to the hands of one of the fishermen, and approached the side. Leaning over he looked at the occupants of the rowing-boat.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "Is the swimmer hurt?" "Hurt?" cried Herbert Druce angrily. "It's not as if he's not dead!"

"Young Hallows uttered an exclamation of surprise... "I'm awfully sorry," he said, distressed.

"And I'm awfully sorry," he said, distressed. "I was scarcely my fault; I didn't help myself... I think his arm is broken."

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that afternoon, and he had taken the opportunity to ask for leave of absence, and had put out in the sailing-boat for the express purpose of watching Jepson at practice.

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him, Bravo! would be justified in feeling a trifle disconcerted.

The Roxby lad thought he saw a chance of escape, and leapt for it. He was a swift runner, and flew on the low's mouth as though he moved, one of the men was just as quick, and an outstretched foot brought the boy heavily to the ground.

He was on his feet again in a moment, bruised and shaken, and as one of the ruffians attempted to seize hold of him, he planted a powerful kick on the fellow's mouth which sent him staggering backwards.

But the odds were more than twelve to one against, for these ruffians, seeing Jepson and the unkind things that were said of him.

"Buck up, Hallows!" cried Jones, a good-looking fellow, who was going to Blackpool on the morrow to see the race.

"I don't know what they would do," muttered the ruffian gloomily. "I would resign from the race, only I didn't they accuse me of being afraid."

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THE 3rd CHAPTER. The Swimming Championship - How Young Hallows Won.

All sorts of rumours prevailed in Blackpool, not only on the following Saturday afternoon, when the 1,000 Yards' Northern Championship was counted out, everybody said 'Green' was bound to win.

Others declared as emphatically that the young Hallows was to be beaten, and that, coming over with the rest of the Roxby men, and was looking as fit as a fiddle, though he had a nasty bruise on his face, where he had been hit, and limped a bit.

These, too, plumped for Green to win, for they reckoned that the injury to the Roxby lad was sufficient to spoil his chances.

It was a dastardly shame that a boy should be set upon in the public streets; but there were many who remembered the incident of the boy's premature Australian, Jepson, who said it served the Roxby swimmer right. It was but fit for that.

At three o'clock, at three o'clock, and by that time the pier was crowded, especially along the lower galley, where the spectators could be so much nearer the swimmers.

Lady passengers came down to the sands in scores, and were carried aboard the waiting boats by a premium boatman. They followed, and crowded rowing-boats made their way to the marked-out course, which was fifty yards in length.

Alongside this course the boats ranged on the sea was as still as a sheet of glass. A breeze from the north-east, however, raised a record one, even for a championship at Blackpool.

There was Mordant, of the Vespi; William Hallam, of the Manchester Swimming Club; and several other well-known swimmers from Liverpool; Green, Ben Jones, and Butterfield, of the Vampires; and Sayes, Hall, Maidmait, and several other well-known swimmers and members of the champion polo club.

They were six to twelve now, but the Stedworth men had still a long way the better of the besting.

There was a glaring disparity of physique, however. Each of the six swimmers had a well-developed frame, was well-fed and well-trained, and was capable of enduring any amount of fatigue.

On the other hand, the Stedworth men, as a rule, were of the leaner type, and were not so well-developed. They were of the morbid type of club follower that hangs on to every club of the popular type who imagine and magnify club distinctions and are only too willing and ready on such an occasion as this to take the law into their own hands.

Scored, they watched the advance of the Roxby men. Then, looking at the somewhat diminutive stature of the lads, they imagined that they were quite capable of beating them.

A moment later, with a rush, the Roxby men, led by Jack Simson, burst in upon the astounded ruffians, bowling them over like bowling balls.

Two or three of them showed fight, but they were well beaten, and with a rush they rest took to flight.

Maidmait's opponent pulled himself up, holding the side of his jaw, and looking at the boy's head-shoulders with a look of surprise.

"Get out, you Maidmait, you!" he said, as he flew. "I'll be back!" "Are you hurt, Sid?" asked the young Roxby swimmer.

"I'm sorry those brutes attacked you yesterday, Hallows," he said. "I've never heard of anything more blackguardly. I know perfectly well how good you are, and I do with my boat running me down. It couldn't possibly have been helped. It was the squall that did it."

SPORTING LIFE. A wonderful Novel of School Life, of Cricket, and of Adventure at Home and Abroad. By A. S. HARDY. See THE BOYS' FRIEND 3d. LIBRARY.

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.

JAACK JAUNTY, a lad of unknown parentage, who, as a baby, was cast up on the shores of a subsidiary of the valley of Stenerick.

THE STRANGER, a curious character who resides alone on an island called the Bowl. He it was that rescued Jaack Jaunty upon a watery grave.

BOB BAXTER, an old fisherman, in whose charge the stranger put Jaack Jaunty until he was old enough to be sent to the school on the cliff at Stenerick. That is where we find him now.

PETER PINNICK, a mischievous, unscrupulous fisherman, who nurses an insupportable grudge against the stranger and against Jaack Jaunty.

DAN CALLIS, **ARON DOWNEY**, **GERARD STERNERICK**, and **WICKY HOPKINS**, pupils at the school on the cliff.

On story opens on a warm sunny day. Dan Callis, a pupil at the school on the cliff, and a bully, is dining under his friend Frank by name, at the foot of the Bowl's cliff. Jack warns him not to do so, but a little later the lad is discovered with a lodge half-way down the face of the cliff inaccessible. From this perilous position he is rescued by Jaack Jaunty.

A stranger arrives at Stenerick that afternoon, and picking up an acquaintance with Peter Pinnick, a very fisherman, questions him about Jaack Jaunty. Pinnick's only object is to lead him to the school on the cliff.

Soon after a new boy arrives at the school. His name is Mark Ricketts, and he makes a bad impression on the other boys.

Mr. Terrapin and his class pay a joke on Peter Pinnick, who swears revenge. Jaack makes friends with some new arrivals at Stenerick, a Mr. Belton and two daughters. He takes them for a tour of inspection around the cliff.

Mr. Terrapin and Mr. Redditch, two under-masters at the school on the cliff, are rivals for the affections of Miss Hagan, the governess. Mr. Belton's two daughters.

This is the cause of much bad feeling between them. Mr. Belton's two daughters attempt to swim to the Bowl island, and when in danger of drowning are rescued by Peter Pinnick, who breaks a clasp, and taunts Jaack Jaunty about his bravery.

Nicky Hopkins suddenly declares to Will Ridditch that he is greatly enamored by a certain person. Will is much surprised, and insists a guess that it is one of the school housemaids. At the school who is fat and fatty, much to Nicky's indignation.

(See next page's instalment.)

THE 18th CHAPTER (continued).

A Rough Wooer.

"I'll give you something," said Nicky, "if you go on insulting me like this." What on earth a girl would say to a person like "us" Nicky said.

"Well," said Will, after a few moments' reflection. "I think Laura Belton is about my style."

"And she's mine," said Nicky complacently.

Will doubled up and went through a variety of contortions expressive of uncontrolled laughter. Nicky drew himself upright, and glared at him with a burning eye.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, with a frown.

"Laura Belton and you sweethearts! Oh, my sides!" gasped Will. "Why, it would be a case of a bird of paradise being courted by a fowl."

Nicky tossed off his cap and began to roll up the cuffs of his jacket. Will rolled about with laughter.

"I can't help it," he said, "if you kill me! Nicky, old boy, you have no chance. I'm on there."

"Yeah! Boah!" exclaimed Nicky.

"Fact," said Will. "Here, you come up and see if they are hanging round the house. You'll see her blush as soon as she sets eyes on me, and that's evidence enough for a dozen unbelievers."

"Come on," said Nicky; "we can get up here."

He began to scramble up an accessible part of the cliff, and after a few false steps and a tumble or two, succeeded in getting to the top.

But when his laughter had all gone out of him, and he was looking exceedingly grave.

"I don't think we will go on today," said Nicky. "The fact is, Nicky, we are obliged to keep our engagement a secret, as her father objects."

"You are an ass!" said Nicky ferociously. "Look here, I mean to see this business through. There's the Folly, and—hang it,

there's Peter Pinnick at the gate specifying! Come on, let's hear what he is saying."

They ran on, and when within easy distance of the gate stopped short, for the demeanor of Peter Pinnick was very threatening. He was shaking his fist at somebody inside the garden, and roaring out something about his rights. A moment later and Mr. Belton was at the gate, pale, but with a very determined look upon his face.

"Understand you, Pinnick," the boys heard him say, "I will endure no more of this. You shall not levy blackmail on me, or refer to my daughter in the insulting way you have done."

"I saved the gal's life," roared Peter, "and mighty little you've done for me by way of payment."

"I gave you what I consider to be enough," said Mr. Belton; "and not another farthing shall you have! Had you behaved better, I might have done something more for you. Go away!"

"I'll go when I like," said Peter defiantly; "and I'll come back when I like—this evening, perhaps."

"If you do," said Mr. Belton, "it will be the work of the devil."

"If you tackle me," replied Peter, with an insulting leer, "you'll find you've got hold of a man. Mind this—I'm coming back tonight, and if the gal's here, I mean to have a little friendly chat with her."

Mr. Belton strove forward a pace as if to start the man, but had already begun to slouch away like a limo. The ruffian went reeling by the boys without so much as looking back, and, with a gasp, he was gone.

"Mighty cool, after all I've done! Shaking me, I salls, when I've a right to be taken up as a friend for life, like them 'ere boozies that we've had. I'd jist asked me to have a drink I wouldn't 'b' mind it, but to order me off—me, Peter Pinnick, as did a hero's deed, and—"

The rest was lost in the distance as he slouched along the cliff. Mr. Belton, who is supposed to perceive the boys, returned to his garden.

"Well," said Nicky, "I think you are right. We've got to go. I'll be off to the school on the cliff to the Will's Wood and see if any rabbits are running about. I've got a catapult in my pocket, and perhaps I can bowl one over."

THE 19th CHAPTER.

Who Did It?

JAACK had been out with a strange companion during the afternoon. It was no wonder that Mr. Belton should be so angry.

He did not trust himself upon the boy, but circumstances played into his hands. It was Mark who suggested that they should go out together.

"I want you to be a friend to me," Mark said.

"I will try to," replied Jack laconically; "but you must go straight."

Jack made no reference to his writing to anyone, and whether the post went or not that said and did, was not known. But Jack was very thoughtful all that evening, and said that he would appear at the school on the cliff at a vacant bed in Jack's dormitory, and to the surprise of the other Mark was that night shifted into it. Nicky was intensely disgusted.

"It's as good as having a spy upon us," he said to Jack in a whisper. "We ought to swear him to secrecy."

"It's his alone," was all Jack said.

"There was no fun that night before going to sleep. Mark's presence was like a wet blanket on them all. In a quarter of an hour the place was quiet, and Jack was alone."

He, for a wonder, was very watchful, and lay watching the beams of a waning moon shining through the window, as he had having a usual, been drawn up so as to let in the first light in the morning.

Mr. Ricketts lay in a bed that stood foot to foot with his own—with an intervening space, of course. There was light enough for him to see the boy's face, and he thought that he would let it look in repose than when he was awake.

"He hardly looks like the same," he said softly to himself.

As the thought flashed through his brain, Mark's face changed, and the familiar, every-day look was upon it—a compound of anxiety and secret watchfulness. He moved about restlessly and moaned.

"Dreaming," thought Jack; and then there came out of the boy's mouth a short, sharp cry. It did not rouse the sleepers, but it startled Jack, and he sprang into a sitting posture.

"Ricketts," he exclaimed, "what is the matter with you?"

"No answer was given him. The boy was still

asleep, and Jack was sinking back again, when Mark lifted himself up and raised his two hands clasped together.

"Don't send me here!" he gasped. "I can't do it! They will find me out, and then—"

The rest of the sentence was simply incoherently muttered as he fell back on his pillow. After that he was quiet, and Jack listened in vain for anything that might give him a clue to the rascal that tortured the boy.

At length sleep came to him, and he heard nothing more until the morning, when the call-bell roused him from a dreamless sleep. To dress and to hurry down was the first thought of the boys. Summer mornings were things to be made the most of. By-and-by the chill winter would come, and then the early run upon the cliff would be a thing of the past.

As Jack and half a dozen others emerged from the house they saw a knot of men gathered on the summit of the cliff looking down upon something in their midst. Curiosity is a part of the nature of old and young, and the boys ran towards the group, but were perceived and stopped by Daylis, who came out to meet them.

"Don't come here, young gentlemen," he said. "It isn't a party sight."

"What is the matter?" asked Jack.

"A man's body," Peter Pinnick said Davlis. "Merciful Heaven!" thought Jack. "This is Jim Baxter's work." But he said nothing aloud, and closed behind him were Nicky and the boys ran towards the group, but were perceived and stopped by Daylis, who came out to meet them.

"He was found an hour ago," said Davlis; "and we've sent for the doctor. He may be here any moment."

"Why don't you take him home?" asked Jack.

"We got him as far as here," said Davlis. "And he seemed to be going on well when the doctor. Whatever he may be, he is a man in form, and we want him to have a chance of a purpose. You are a ward in Chancery, you say?"

"Where did you find him?"

"Just outside the Folly, close to the gate."

An exclamation from Nicky, soft yet expressive of alarm, upon his face, and the boys had turned back, and the other boys, save Will, gone a little forward. Jack looked at Davlis and was amazed by the expression on his face.

"It's upset you, Nicky," he said. "You had better go and see the doctor."

"Let us go to some quiet place," said Nicky. "I've something to tell you. Will knows what it is."

"Sit down here," said Jack, pointing to some grass bushes. "Nobody will notice us. Now, Nicky, what is it?"

"Ricketts, can't you guess who's been beating you?"

"Perhaps I can," replied Jack; "but it is no affair of mine; as I can only guess at it."

"You're wrong," said Nicky. "It's not I, perhaps. He's been annoying Mr. Belton."

"What has Mr. Belton to do with it?"

"Why, everything," said Nicky. "He did it."

"Oh, you are a little duffer!" said Jack. "What has put that in your head?"

"Just listen," said Nicky. "And then he told Jack all about the scene he said and Will had witnessed yesterday, and what he had heard Daddy say—a most amazing story."

"Why, the fellow must be mad!" said Jack.

"As for Mr. Belton's attacking him, I can hardly think it true. He would most likely look him up, and yet—confound the blackguard—it was enough to make Mr. Belton do anything."

The colloquy was cut short by the arrival of the doctor in his gig. Bidding his friends wait where they were, Jack ran forward and looked at the man who had been so mysteriously scanned the faces of the men, he saw that Bob Baxter was not there, but Jim was, just and over the top of his forehead, and about him in a casual, indifferent way, oblivious to all appearance, of what was going on.

"He has nothing to do with it," thought Jack; "but he is a fellow who has been in the crowd."

The crowd parted. The men had lifted Peter Pinnick up again on a broad plank, and were bearing him, attended by the doctor.

He had received several blows about the head, and was in a feeble condition. He was upon him as a dead man. It was a terrible trouble to him; for, whoever did it, a friend of his would be in a bad way, and it was Jim Baxter—was against the circumstantial evidence.

Peter had been very rude to Mr. Belton, and tried to give him an amount of annoyance unless he satisfied his unjustifiable demands. Mr. Belton had threatened him with violence, and once he had made the assumption and insulting remarks of Peter Pinnick would have exasperated any father, especially one of so refined a nature as the owner of the Folly. The

conduct of the ruffian was enough to madden him.

Horrible as the punishment was, Jack could hardly sympathize with him; for he felt that he deserved death for the incomprehensibly malicious way in which he had treated the boys. Peter Pinnick was known to be a man of cracks. He read books of the most romantic and atrocious character from the time of his youth.

As we know, he always insisted that Jaack was washed ashore, with some jewellery about his neck, and that he had been in the water for several years ago; and now he had got it into his head that, having saved Ivonne's life, she ought to become his betrothed. It was most ridiculous, and was none the less aggravating on that account.

"He won't get those things into his head any more," said Jack, with a sad smile, turning away.

But he had gone a hand was laid lightly upon his shoulder, and, looking around, he saw Mark Ricketts, who had not observed before.

"Have you any idea who did it?" he asked. "Why do you ask me that question?" demanded Jack.

"Because I have been watching your face, and I thought you said," Mark answered. "I will give you my own idea, and I will attend to your own affairs, and let others alone. You had better not take to prying, or others may pry into you."

The boy shrank back, just like a snail that has been touched with a stick, so thought Jack, and a curious leaden colour spread over his face. He turned round, and looked at Peter like a film, and it was anything but pleasant to the eye.

"I speak plainly to you," continued Jack. "because I am certain that you have a secret to keep, and that you are not exactly what you seem."

"I have never pretended to be anything," stammered Ricketts.

"No; but let me ask you one question," said Jack. "Do you really like Ricketts?"

Why Jack put the question he did not know at the time, nor could he afterwards assign any reason for it. It was uttered, and the effect was very marked. Mark shrank further back, and a cold perspiration broke out upon his face. He trembled in every limb.

"I have hit him," thought Jack, "I have hit him in a tender place."

"Somebody's been telling you something," said Jack.

"No," replied Jack; "and I don't know that it is any business of mine, but I have lately been convinced that you have been sent here for a purpose. You are a ward in Chancery, you say?"

"I don't know what I am. Mr. Terrapin says so."

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Would you kindly tell Gruelton to find Mrs. Belmont, and tell her to be good enough to come to me at once?"

Gradually they settled on Sterneraig, or, rather, a people of it—the opinion that Mr. Belmont was responsible for the injuries inflicted on Peter Pinnick. But it was not a popular public opinion. In the opinion of their homes the fishermen discussed it with their wives, and without sympathy for the injured. Peter drove his wife to the door, and said that "one talk of his not being paid in full for that job of saving the young ladies."

The police went to the kitchen as the door opened, and as they bound, they tried to get evidence together to bring it home to him. But they utterly failed. It seemed that it was the work of Mrs. Belmont, and that her housekeeper as well as governors, to take the keys of the back and front doors, and the leading rooms to bat with her, and the declaration that nobody could have got out of the house or into it without her knowing it.

Mr. Belmont knew by his inquiries made that suspicion was directed towards him, and he was very indignant.

"As if I would soil my hands by fighting with such a scoundrel," he declared that he would never rest until he found out who was the real offender, nor visit anyone until his name was entirely cleared from the shadow that rested on it.

The weapon wherewith the assault had been committed could not be found. Search was made in every direction without avail. Mr. Belmont freely giving up his promises to the police for examination.

It is a queer thing, but it was a nightmare. He could not quite convince himself of Mr. Belmont's innocence, and this got him into trouble with Ivonne. He met the girls and their governess one morning on the beach, and they all sat down on the beach together. Peter Pinnick had been lying four days hovering between life and death, and was yet unable to give any account of the affair.

"It's a shame—a bitter, burning shame," said Ivonne, breaking excitedly into the subject, "for people to suspect papa."

She was looking at Jack as she spoke, and she change colour as she spoke in interpreting emotions. She saw what that change meant.

"You suspect him?" she said, with flashing eyes. "I do not wish to suspect anyone," replied Jack, "but I am very much troubled. There is a possibility of someone else having attacked the man."

"A possibility!" said Ivonne bitterly. "And who is the other possible person?" "I would rather not say," returned Jack wearily. "Don't let us talk about it, please."

"I see what it is," said Ivonne, rising. "You are bad and the 'Please go away.' Don't speak to me any more!"

"Ivonne," exclaimed her sister, "I wish you to tell your sistering hasty!" said Miss Harrison.

"If it is a hasty thing to defend my father," replied Ivonne, "I will defend him as I speak to anyone who suspects him for a moment."

"I do not want to suspect him," said Jack. "I fight against the feeling, but it will come over me. I can't help it. I have felt as if I could kill the fellow myself."

"What a cur!" said Ivonne. Jack dare not tell her.

He judged rightly that the idiotic manner Pinnick allowed at the trial, and that he should have some such as whispered in his ear.

"Oh, so many times!" was the only cry. "That is one way of getting out of it," said Ivonne. "I don't want to hear any more. Go away!"

He rose up, raised his cap, and strode away hot, angry, bitterly pained. Miss Harrison called to him to stop, but he did not heed.

"I wish to be at upon in that way!" muttered Jack. "She is just like other girls. I can see as well as you can, but she thinks that a fellow can't be taken into account."

He was as angry that he said to himself a great deal more than this; but as he really did not breathe those things from his heart, we agreed by the captains of the competing teams.

How to Form an Association Football League.

By G. L. COVDELL, Hon. Sec., East Midland of the Football Association.

THIS week we give another portion of the rules, which will be followed by hints and methods of working the proposed League, and how the official sanction is to be obtained. Continue to read from the previous week, we start with No. 11.

11.—All matches must be arranged at least one clear month before the last of September at the request of either club, and the dates shall be arranged by mutual consent, but otherwise by ballot. Clubs must arrange for their league matches to be played off not later than the end of March.

12.—All matches shall be played under the Rules of the Football Association, and shall be of ninety minutes duration, unless otherwise agreed by the captains of the competing teams.

won't set them down here. It was time for him to get back to breakfast, though he felt he had but little appetite for it. Anger is a very destructive power to the gastrointestinal organs. As he climbed up the cliff the sound of a brass band fell upon his ears—a most amazing experience at Sterneraig. He could not call to mind having heard such a thing before, but the mystery of it was soon explained.

A party of excursionists from an adjacent town had arrived on various vehicles, with flags and banners, and were dismounting as Jack came into view of them. On a big banner, with two poles held by four men, were the words in large capitals, "The Friendly Few." Underneath this, in a scroll and in smaller letters, was the motto, "We help ourselves, and ask help from nobody."

The Friendly Few seemed to Jack to be rather numerous, especially as they had brought their wives and families with them. They outnumbered the population by three to one, and their brass band was enough to stun all mortal ears within a quarter of a mile of it.

"This won't do for a sick man," thought Jack; and although he had no sympathy for Peter as a man, he was generous enough to consider him as an invalid. So he went up to a main, which was an enormous sack, and was giving sundry directions to those around him, believing him to be "boss of the show."

"You will excuse me," said Jack, "but we have many very ill in the village, and it won't be able to stand that brass band."

He had to shout to make himself heard, thanks to the band. The boss stared at him, and got along without music. The women will be sure to want to dance by-and-by."

"You can have brought your camp with you," said Jack, looking at sundry hampers and stoneware again, and the whole party set out in the direction of the Folly.

"I hope the Bellons will like it," said Jack grinning. "I don't care. Ivonne should not be so bossy and snobbish. She will have, with that band blowing near her, to put wool into her pretty ears."

Even in his anger he could not help doing justice to Ivonne. Her ears were very pretty.

THE 21st CHAPTER. In the Cloak.

"EXCURSIONISTS here!" exclaimed Mr. Bonnington, aghast. "What new form of sacrifice is this?" Mr. Ferrula, you must go and tell them that wandering persons are not permitted to stay here.

Mr. Ferrula would rather have been without the commission; but as the performance of it would enable him to escape from a portion of his morning's labours, he set out. After an hour's absence he returned; but, instead of going into the school-room, he summoned Gruelton, and bade him ask Mr. Bonnington to step out a minute. He gave this message from a dark corner of the hall, and as soon as Gruelton was gone he slipped into the study, and there awaited the coming of his principals.

Absolute and complete success had not attained his mission. Instead of moving on as desired, the Friendly Few declared they would spend the day where they were—on a spot on the other side of the cliff.

Mr. Ferrula was contentiously asked if he was anxious to go on moving all round the British Isles; and, when he became imperative, somebody standing behind him knocked his hat over his ears. While in a state of slackness the fountain was applied to his neck, and the contents discharged down his back. Then he

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was taken up bodily by the legs and arms and carried out of the camp. They laid him on the ground near the Folly, and bade him come back again, if he wished to be "clucked" into the house.

This unfriendly conduct of the Friendly Few naturally portended a great deal of trouble for the school, but he could have got through his story when Mr. Bonnington appeared.

"This amounts to a civic riot," said the schoolmaster.

scoring the lowest number of points shall cease to be eligible for re-election at the annual general meeting.

15.—A win shall count two points, and a draw one point. In the event of two or more clubs being equal in points they shall play off on a neutral ground selected by the committee, and the net proceeds of the match shall be apportioned to the fund of the league, who shall pay all expenses.

17.—In all cases when matches are stopped on account of darkness or rain, or for any other cause, the game shall be replayed, unless the opposing team have contributed to the match not finishing by reason of being late.

18.—All referees shall be appointed by the committee, and the fee for all referees shall be (say 2s) which fee shall be paid by the home team.

19.—Each club shall take its own gate receipts for the principal official fixture. In the event of any matches not being played, or any matches being ordered to be replayed, a fresh gate shall be actually arranged with seven days, and the receipts of such match shall be divided as the committee may determine; but

"They are all drinking as hard as they can," said Mr. Ferrula. "and by-and-by they will go mad and run amok."

The declaration of Sterneraig must be warned," said Mr. Bonnington, "so that they may not be ready to defend themselves."

"I can't help you. What is it?" "No, Master Jack. It doesn't matter."

He tilted his hat and scratched his forehead in a way that he had often noticed. Jack did not like to ask him any more questions about his loss, and they went out together.

"I don't care," said Mr. Bonnington, "I don't care what you say, but I don't care what you say."

"No, indeed," replied Jack, in a low tone of voice. "Ah, Bob, it's a horrible affair, anyway."

"So it is," replied Bob; "and goodness knows what'll be the end of it."

Jack was sitting in a chair, and further staggered Mr. Bonnington with the news that the village was practically deserted.

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He was accompanied by Mrs. Bonnington, and they were going to inspect the strangers, and just as they were about to start, they were told they had been invaded by. In an hour they returned, and in the meantime of Mr. Bonnington, a complete revolution had taken place.

"The house is quite normal," he said Mr. Redditch; "a simple person enjoying themselves in a most commendable manner. I shall give the boys a half-holiday. We will join the gathering."

Mrs. Bonnington declined to be of the party. She thought the exhibition was somewhat vulgar, but she did not object to the holiday idea.

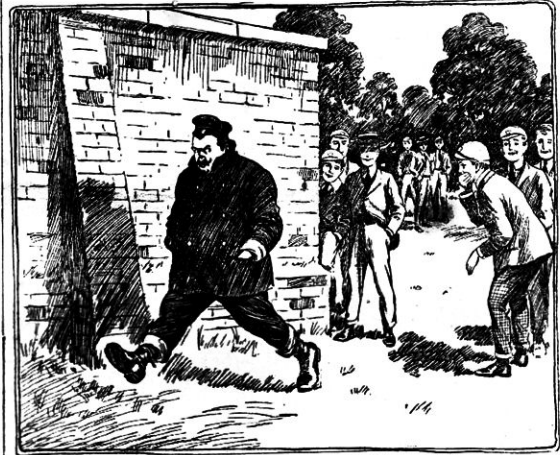
"An extra day of quiet is always agreeable," she said.

The glad tidings came to the boys like some sweet boon. Any form of holiday would have been welcome, but with brass band and a prospect of fun it was delicious joy. Mr. Bonnington decided to go with them, and, with the teachers, "advanced in friendly form" upon the occasion.

"It will make an impression on these streets of the school," he said, "and I understand that our sentiments towards them are really of a friendly nature."

At two o'clock the school set out—an imposing array of boys and girls.

(Continued on the next page.)



Before getting to the schoolhouse Mr. Ferrula encountered about two-thirds of the boys, lounging or playing about in small groups. He got-up had a galvanizing effect upon them.

"Oh, how high you," said a far prettier voice from "yonder point."

"Get in again, you women," he said; "the men can walk."

The women and children scrambled into the

and intimidated to the referee by the captains before the commencement of the game.

13.—Any amateur player shall be qualified to play who has been registered with the secretary of the league not less than seven days before playing, and residing within six miles of the headquarters of his club. In the event of a player having played for one club and wishing to play for another club in the same league during the same season, the transfer of such player must be sanctioned by the committee for five days before he can play for the new club. He must in addition have been duly registered (as provided above) as a player by the club to which he is being transferred.

14.—The secretary shall have power to transfer a player from one club to another without calling a meeting of the committee, if the secretaries of the two clubs notify him their agreement to such transfer, and also that the player is clear on the club's books in every respect, but no player shall on any account be transferred after the 1st of January in each season.

15.—At the end of the season the club scoring the highest number of points shall be declared winners of the league, and the two clubs

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(Continued on the next page.)

The School on the Cliff.

(Continued from the previous page.)

tallest boys first, and a gradual dwindling down to the smallest. Jack and Dan Callis were at the head, a tutor marched on either side, and Mr. Bonington brought up the rear.

"There are a lot of girls with them, are there not?" asked Dan.

"Yes," replied Jack; "but they seem to be all have sweethearts with them."

"I shall have a bit of fun with some of them," said Dan.

"I advise you to let them alone," returned Jack, smiling freely at the head of the man.

"Oh, go and advise your paternal grandmother!" muttered Dan. "If you give me any of your impudence," said Jack, "I shall be obliged to knock you down."

"Here!" sneered Dan.

"Here!" said Jack, with quiet emphasis. And then Dan caved in.

The Friendly Few had fully organised with the matter, and the party was the order of the day when the school, making a detour to avoid the Cleft, arrived upon the scene.

A vast amount of vigorous dancing of a kind, and in some cases impromptu order was going on. The wild attempts of some of the young fishermen to waltz with the lady teachers as well as the women in general, as for the brass band, it did not seem to have reached the zenith of its powers, for it was increasing in strength with every tune, and its music there appeared to be left in it.

The male portion of the Friendly Few were also very hospitable, and with a liberal hand. Each stone jar seemed to be a conjurer's inexhaustible bottle. The more they poured out, the more there appeared to be left in it.

"What a charming scene!" said Mr. Bonington, gazing around him with a beaming face. "Quite a seaside aeridia!"

As he spoke the big drum ceased, and the beater thereof, with a gasp none too certain, wended his way to the nearest stone bottle, and he had fallen upon the parchment in a sitting position. The head of the drum gave way, and he was fixed, knees and nose together.

"He is hurt much," said one of the fishermen; "but he looks recovered. We must go below and drag him home; he can't be lifted up."

Jack was literally the first to get down the cliff and enter the Cleft. Leaping nimbly from rock to rock, he soon reached the narrow gorge and got to get him up.

He looked up, and saw the drummer's legs working convulsively.

"Keep still, cried Jack, "or you will turn the drum over and empty yourself out!"

"Save me!" gasped the drummer. "I'm a dead man!"

Jack stepped back, and to pick his way dropped his eyes upon the ground. There he saw something which checked the beating of his heart—the drummer's good hand drum.

A roughly-fashioned bag, stained, and with two or three hairs sticking to it! The last time he saw that club it was in Bob's cottage, being chased by the big Jim.

Jack saw the whole thing then. The mystery of the attack on Pinnick was at an end. Jim was the assailant, and he had tried he would be a murderer. Like lightning all sorts of possibilities flashed up before Jack. Behind him the heavy-bodied fishermen were picking their way.

In a few minutes they were on the spot and see it, too. But Jack dared not let them do that.

He kicked it aside into a dark hole in the side of the Cleft. It was little larger than a rabbit burrow, and was good hiding-place.

"For poor Bob's sake!" he gasped. And, overcome with excitement, he sank into a sitting position on a big stone, covering his face with his hands.

With their instruments they fought well, but without avail, for a time. At last, as if by a concerted movement, they got up together and went for their lives. His courage failed him then, and turning, he fled.

"Stop him!" cried Jack. "He will fall into the Cleft!"

He was making straight for the narrow part of that dangerous place, and there the tall grass hid the rent in the earth until he was close upon it.

"Stop him!" shrieked Mr. Bonington. "Stop him!" yelled the rest of the men. "Stop him!" cried everybody.

But there was nobody able to stop him. He had got a fair start, and, having tossed his drum upon his shoulders, was spinning along at a wonderful rate.

Jack tore ahead, yelling to him to pull up. He was ailed of the kind of the man.

On he went, reached the Cleft, and disappeared.

He went from sight as suddenly as if some tremendous force of Nature had wiped him out of existence. Away he went, drum and all. A scene of tremendous excitement ensued.

The men moaned, the women cried. Some hid their faces, sobbing aloud, others fainted away. Mr. Bonington, in alarm, began to call his boys together, and the rest of the party, making their way to the front, bade the strangers stand back.

"You can't do any good," they said. "It's we who are ailed of the kind of the man. If you crowd up some of you you will topple over."

Some of the Fishermen and Jack got went on the side of the Cleft and peered over it.

About three-quarters of the way down was the drummer, wedged into his drum, still, and apparently lifeless. His drum had fallen first, and he had fallen upon the parchment in a sitting position.

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"Stop him!" cried Jack. "He will fall into the Cleft!"

He was making straight for the narrow part of that dangerous place, and there the tall grass hid the rent in the earth until he was close upon it.

"Stop him!" shrieked Mr. Bonington. "Stop him!" yelled the rest of the men. "Stop him!" cried everybody.

But there was nobody able to stop him. He had got a fair start, and, having tossed his drum upon his shoulders, was spinning along at a wonderful rate.

Jack tore ahead, yelling to him to pull up. He was ailed of the kind of the man.

On he went, reached the Cleft, and disappeared.

He went from sight as suddenly as if some tremendous force of Nature had wiped him out of existence. Away he went, drum and all. A scene of tremendous excitement ensued.

The men moaned, the women cried. Some hid their faces, sobbing aloud, others fainted away. Mr. Bonington, in alarm, began to call his boys together, and the rest of the party, making their way to the front, bade the strangers stand back.

"You can't do any good," they said. "It's we who are ailed of the kind of the man. If you crowd up some of you you will topple over."

Some of the Fishermen and Jack got went on the side of the Cleft and peered over it.

About three-quarters of the way down was the drummer, wedged into his drum, still, and apparently lifeless. His drum had fallen first, and he had fallen upon the parchment in a sitting position.

The head of the drum gave way, and he was fixed, knees and nose together.

"He is hurt much," said one of the fishermen; "but he looks recovered. We must go below and drag him home; he can't be lifted up."

Jack was literally the first to get down the cliff and enter the Cleft. Leaping nimbly from rock to rock, he soon reached the narrow gorge and got to get him up.

He looked up, and saw the drummer's legs working convulsively.

"Keep still, cried Jack, "or you will turn the drum over and empty yourself out!"

"Save me!" gasped the drummer. "I'm a dead man!"

Jack stepped back, and to pick his way dropped his eyes upon the ground. There he saw something which checked the beating of his heart—the drummer's good hand drum.

A roughly-fashioned bag, stained, and with two or three hairs sticking to it! The last time he saw that club it was in Bob's cottage, being chased by the big Jim.

Jack saw the whole thing then. The mystery of the attack on Pinnick was at an end. Jim was the assailant, and he had tried he would be a murderer. Like lightning all sorts of possibilities flashed up before Jack. Behind him the heavy-bodied fishermen were picking their way.

In a few minutes they were on the spot and see it, too. But Jack dared not let them do that.

He kicked it aside into a dark hole in the side of the Cleft. It was little larger than a rabbit burrow, and was good hiding-place.

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THIS IS DAVID GODWIN'S GREAT NEW COLLIERY STORY.



By DAVID GODWIN, Author of Many Other Popular Stories.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

Boddy Owen and Tom Hughes, two Welsh colliers, who are the sons of a certain Matthew Mathews, lady, are the sons of a certain Matthew Mathews, lady, who are the sons of a certain Matthew Mathews, lady...

things have gone grandly now! There's an end of any barrier across the Bryn y Garth farm, for all matters are put up and down again. "Not he—thou'll be all over the district to-morrow, an' he'll have all Aberford here if we tried it again. Ye can't ride over Welsam hills like that, once the focien's roused."

"Oh, never mind! They'd ha' done it without a warrud from you, if they'd found out what he's after now! Besides, what more's 'o' Saturday morn' makes any difference to the pits, an' I'll bet ye we're all frindly enough if we meet him 'o' Monday at Whaefort."

"Who started this outrage? I'll have the lot of 'em at goal; but show me the man who's responsible for it." "I am," said Roddy, stepping forward. "I'm the man who's responsible for it."

"Yes, there'd ha' been rather more trouble than we wanted," said Tom. "But, by gum, and a hard struggle, managed also by the winner of the other heat upon his back, amid loud cheers from the pitmen."

"I had been woaded round and basted with great water, and I was so hot that I was perspiring at every pore, and loathing with delight pointed out its excellence."

"Did you ever see a better collier?" he exclaimed, looking on the man's face. "She was done exactly right. And her spuds are ready."

"The mutton was done to a turn, as Dafydd had said. The potatoes were perfect. Every man had his knife and fork to his appetite that only the moors can give."

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showed them a fox-ear among the rocks, inhabited by a view and seven or eight. Dafydd, to the amazement of the others, wormed his way in among the rocks and reached out his hand and managed to avoid being bitten by the mother was a mystery to everybody, but he did it in safety, and he was allowed to scuttle home again, being voted too snappy and snarly to be worth keeping as a pet."

"In the meantime, the others were exploring Bryn y Garth itself, and the two Lloyds and Luke Jones were greatly tickled at all the arrangements that had been made to their comfort. They went through the cottage, and were surprised at Roddy's library of second-hand magazines and books."

"Sure, boys, his mighty snug ye are up here," said Pat, "and an illegant situation in it. He's got it ran 'business bringin' supplies all this way from the town."

"It would be, but we don't bring many," said Roddy. "Eh'wat in glory do ye live on then?" asked Terry, looking round over the beautiful bay rather barren estate. "Ye don't keep any sheep or cattle."

"No; can't afford livestock, exceptin' Gripe," said Tom, with a wink at his partner, and he went on to say that he had managed to avoid being bitten by the mother was a mystery to everybody, but he did it in safety, and he was allowed to scuttle home again, being voted too snappy and snarly to be worth keeping as a pet."

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The Fight at Bryn y Garth.

The HB colliery-owner raised back out of his reach without delay, but his anger got the better of his fear, and he shouted out again: "Who started this outrage? I'll have the lot of 'em at goal; but show me the man who's responsible for it."

"Yes, there'd ha' been rather more trouble than we wanted," said Tom. "But, by gum, and a hard struggle, managed also by the winner of the other heat upon his back, amid loud cheers from the pitmen."

"Cycling" by A. E. Willis, Starts on Saturday Next.

DICK DASHER'S LUCK. (Continued from the previous page.)

them almost too wide to jump, but not quite, and hunting round until he found a level piece of grass opposite on which to alight, and taking as long a time as the close undergrowth would admit, he rose in the air.

But even as he did so he tripped over a piece of bark which he was stepping down upon, the gully, and he remembered no more.

When he recovered consciousness soft hands were chafing his limbs and water being poured over his head, and he found himself the centre of a group of women, and, realising that they had evidently no hostile intention towards him, he closed his eyes with a grateful sigh and dropped off once more.

It was nearly evening when he again awoke, feeling much better, and he looked round in astonishment. Before an opening in the rough bed of palm-leaves which shielded him from the sun he saw a young man, and he saw an Indian girl of about his own age regarding him with pitying eyes.

As he struggled to a sitting position a movement at his side arrested his look round, and he saw an Indian girl of about his own age regarding him with pitying eyes.

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of his rifle, it was more than counterbalanced by the two weapons of Dannel and his companion. It is true Doss carried one arm in a sling; but, stretching himself behind a fallen tree, he was able to fire over it with deadly effect.

The attack of the enemy having been repulsed, both sides contented themselves for a time with firing volleys of arrows at each other; while Joe, confining his attention principally to his old enemies, picked off five of the Watraus one after the other in fine style.

He then turned his attention to the whites; but, after the first shot, Dannel took care to retire out of range. Doss tried to follow him, but a bullet in the leg effectually put him out of action.

But, alas! the Wariu Indians were outnumbered, and were dropping fast before the doudly shower of arrows and spears which were rained upon them, until at last, with a fearful yell, the loe once more advanced to the attack, and although at Wariu's cry the Indians rallied around him, they were gradually driven back.

Now came the final stand. The friendlies had fought nobly; few had fled, but many had died around their chief, who, bleeding from several wounds, encouraged his followers like the game crier of a race.

Presently Joe found himself cut off from his friends and surrounded by a dozen of the foe. There was no time now to load or fire, and, clanking his rifle, he kept them off for some time. One man went down under a tremendous blow from his clubbed rifle; then an Indian

had been asked and answered, the members of the expedition separated to assist him in his good work. Joe turning his attention principally to the bravo old chief, who, wounded in a score of different places, was bleeding slowly to death.

In vain Joe, touched by Swita's tears, begged Dunn to save the gallant old man; but human assistance was of no avail, and a few minutes later Wariu, the chief, breathed his last.

THE 16th CHAPTER. THE POROCCA.

HAVING made sure that the village was no further danger of attack, the members of the expedition bade their gallant friends adieu, and accompanied by several Indians who had volunteered to paddle them down the river, returned to their boats, and were soon speeding down stream as fast as the swift current and the strong arms of their experienced paddlers could force them through the water.

So far they had only seen the Amazon in peace, but shortly after starting they felt its fury in a storm. It was as bad as being in an inland sea for the wind blew immediately up the river, and, meeting the current, lashed it into huge waves.

The Indians, however, stuck gamely to their paddles; but, though going with the current, they were unable to make little headway against the terrific gale. But dangerous though the waters of the storm-lashed Amazon was, they were safer in the centre of that

They had lived on the treacherous Amazon, their lives, and know—none better—how to meet the fearful danger which menaced them. Straining every nerve, they were enabled to canoe head on to the threatening danger; then, as her sharp bows struck the advancing flood, they were enabled to haul the canoe round from stem to stern, and the next moment were being carried along by the irresistible current, but fortunately on the top of the large raft.

When told by the Amazon Indians to call this phenomenon.

"Where are the boats?" asked Dick, in a hoarse voice, as he saw the men overboard. Eagerly Dunn and Tod peered through the hissing rain. The woods were dotted here and there with the white foam of waves, but not a sign of the boats, with their valuable cargo of gold, and their still more valuable human lives, could be seen.

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As her sharp bows struck the advancing flood, the boat reared like a frightened horse, trembled from stern to stern, and the next moment was being carried along by the irresistible current.

aimed a vicious blow with a heavy war-club at the head of the loe, and lost his footing and falling to the ground, found the broad blade of a spear piercing before his eye.

"By Jove, old chap, I think you are here at last!" he cried, in agitated tones.

"You have run it rather close. Another half minute and I would have ceased to talk, an interest in mundane matters," replied Joe.

"But how is it you are here at all?"

"We have been searching for you all over the place," interposed Captain Slack. "We struck your trail easily enough from the canoe, and found the deer you had shot, but could see nothing of you, and were making round on a blind hunt, when the sound of firing brought us here at the double, and a half-cent woman, who spoke English, told us that you and the tribe, who had sheltered you were being attacked."

Derwent Dunn was already busy amongst the wounded; and after the first eager questions

enormous river than on shore, for from the boat they could see huge trees rising torn by their roots and cast into the stream.

Fiercer and more fiercely blew the gale. A dashing interposed Captain Slack. "We struck your trail easily enough from the canoe, and found the deer you had shot, but could see nothing of you, and were making round on a blind hunt, when the sound of firing brought us here at the double, and a half-cent woman, who spoke English, told us that you and the tribe, who had sheltered you were being attacked."

Advancing towards them at a fearful rate was a moving wall of water, heralded by a sloping zone of foam-capped waves.

The Porococa! the porococa! cried Iza, his voice shrill with terror as he pointed towards the liquid avalanche.

Advancing towards them at a fearful rate was a moving wall of water, heralded by a sloping zone of foam-capped waves.

There was no need to warn the hardy natives.

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