

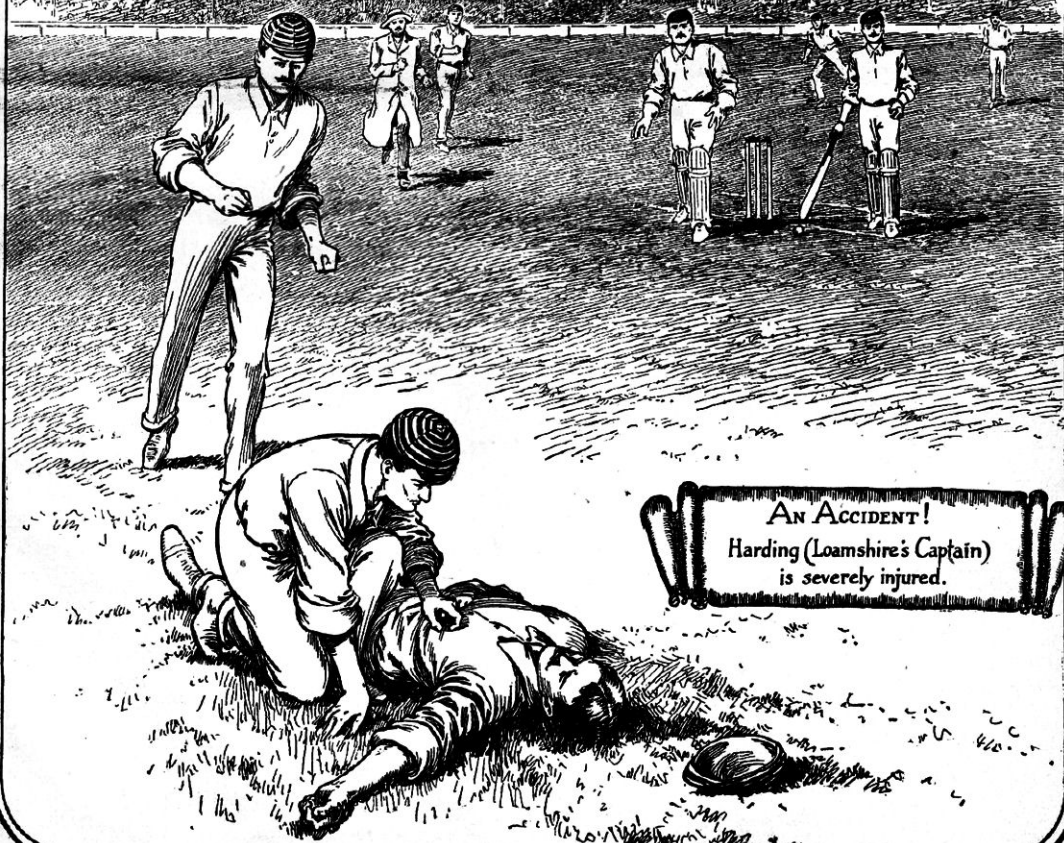
"M-O-N-E-Y" — ANSWERS' New Serial Story — Starts This Week!

The Boys' Realm

of Sport & Adventure.

King Cricket! By Charles Hamilton

1



AN ACCIDENT!
Harding (Loamshire's Captain)
is severely injured.

CRICKET.

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...
KIT VALANCE, Leamshire's best bowler...
LEN VALANCE, Leamshire's twin brother...
GEORGE LADGEN, amateur and a good bat...
JAMES LADGEN, who has ruined Arthur's...
BLANE, Captain of Leamshire, and the steady friend...
PONSONBY, Geoffrey Lagden's friend, and a man...

The first instalment tells how Arthur Lovell distinguishes himself in the Colts' match, in spite of the efforts which Geoffrey Lagden puts forth to maintain in the shade...

Kit Valance, Arthur's boom chum, has a twin brother named Len who is not a cricketer...
Len makes a bad blunder, and strikes down Blane, the captain of Leamshire...

The next team to face Leamshire on the cricket-ground is the South Africans...
Len, in his rage, lets out that it was his hand that struck Blane down some weeks before...

(How read this week's instalment.)

The South Africans' Day Out.

REGGIE SCHWARZ soon showed that he was in as fine form now as during the first innings of the Leamshire match...
The first over was a marriage, and then Harding flicked away, but did not venture to run for...

Then two more slow balls, which Harding flicked away, but did not venture to run for...
The field crossed, and the ball was tossed to Kotze...

There you are, Kotzee? said Sherwell, with a smile, which showed how much confidence he had in the fast bowler from theveldt...
Geoffrey Lagden was watching with all his eyes as he saw Kotze with the leather...

That over was something like a hailstorm to the batsmen...
He lived through it, and kept his wicket up, but how, he hardly knew...
Two maiden overs; and now Harding had bowled the South Africans on some of their best...

bowling is the most dangerous we have ever had to face...
Not that they have a man who is as up to Kit Valance's form when he's at his best...
The colonel did not reply. His eyes were fixed upon Tunstall, who was facing the bowling...

It was the last ball of the over from Vogler. It lifted Tunstall's middle stump out of the ground, and laid it on the turf...
"Ow!" said the umpire tersely...

Four for two; last man, 0! So ran the Leamshire score...
It was not very inspiring in the first innings, and did not promise much towards making up the home team's immense leeway...

Three down for 4, and Reggie Schwarz was a harding, the Leamshire skipper, wore a worried look...
He exchanged a glance with Ponsonby, and then set off cheering the batsmen...

Arthur meant to do his best, and he was determined to play up for Leamshire...
Physical fitness is the first requisite; then mental fitness...
Lovell took middle, and faced the bowling of Reggie Schwarz...

These he dealt with some thing of his old dash...
A 4, a 2, and then a boundary.
That over from Kotze gave Arthur Lovell, in all, 11 runs, and he himself had done well, after all, in sending Lovell on as a forlorn hope...

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The clock of wood mending leather was followed by the fair fight of the ball...

The clock of wood mending leather was followed by the fair fight of the ball. Where the leather was mended, it was not mended, as the old Leamshire skipper had told, and a member of the Leamshire county club, whose high white hat had been turned into something like a concertina by that ball,

loosed it back to a grinning fieldsmen, grinning himself. Three runs had been taken...
Colonel Hilton's eyes sparkled...
Lovell's shaping 'well, Harding.' he remarked...
'Yes; by Jove,' said the Leamshire skipper heartily...

Reggie Schwarz was grinning at the mid-wicket, and the batsmen were safe in the hands of the fieldsmen, who had leaped up to it, and caught it in full flight...
'Well caught!'
'How's that, umpire?'

But it could not be helped. He had done his best, and now, when a slow ball came out with 40 runs to his credit; the total for Leamshire now standing at 49 for four wickets...

He clicked, his teeth as he carried out his part of the ball, and he considered the quality of the bowling, it was a creditable one...
But Reggie Schwarz was not done yet. With the last ball of the over he captured the wicket...

A loud cheer from the throng round the rails greeted Schwarz's performance of the over...
But Reggie Schwarz was not done yet. With the last ball of the over he captured the wicket, and the afternoon was yet to be done...

Kit Valance was now in with Ponsonby, and Kit was doing his best. But there was no wind, and the weather ideal...
Colonel Hilton was tugging at his grey beard, and Molly's face was shadowed with disappointment...

There was a click, and Ponsonby found himself being downed by a fast ball...
Lovell was steadily defending his wicket, and the South African folk were disappointed, but they were good sportsmen...

Arthur Lovell's face was gloomy as he went into the professional's room to change. He had done his best, but he had done more than he expected of him; that he might have done more, and it was not a pleasant feeling...

The Match with Hampshire. D R I P, drip, drip! The rain was falling in a steady drizzle...
Gloomy faces looked out of the pavilion on the county ground at Southampton towards the drenched pitch...

The 1907 season had opened very badly for cricketers generally, but hitherto Leamshire had been fortunate in the matter of weather. Their matches so far had been played under very good conditions, but their time was

coming. When they arrived at the Hampshire county ground they found it at a temperature of 60 degrees...
On the first of the three days devoted to the county match there had been but one hour's cricket...
The rain came down upon them, and play had to be abandoned without a wicket having fallen...

Dr. Prip, drip! The rain was falling in a steady drizzle...
The members of the teams were equally gloomy...
It was extremely exasperating to waste time on the pavilion, listening to the drip of the rain...

Colonel Hilton sat in the reading-room, gawping his mouth open, and talking in a dazed way...
Their faces were gloom enough...
It seemed that they were to have nothing but rain...

It was a matter of fact, Colonel Hilton had already checked out the Leamshire side hitherto...
This was certainly counting his chickens rather early, but he succeeded...

He was a sportsman to the finger-tips, and would rather have been beaten in a stout fight than to have a draw and a rain-misted match, which, of course, does not count in the championship...

How long the interval of fine weather would last it was impossible to tell, but the cricketers hoped for a dry and a hot day...
'It's looking up, Pon.' Geoffrey Lagden remarked, as he stood looking out at the drenched field...

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cricket season ended, Colonel Hilton hoped to wear their laurels...

Who was to be the new captain of Loamshire?

To Meet the Champion County.

As all anticipated, the Loamshire v. Hampshire match had to be counted as a "wash-out"...

It was a difficult question to settle. Blane had made a strong captain and Harding a passable one.

There was one man in the Loamshire team who would have made an ideal leader...

Colonel Hilton had proposed Lovell as the new captain, and the county committee had reluctantly allowed him to have his say...

He wanted Loamshire to win the championship, and so long as that was accomplished he cared not whether...

There had come an unexpected check. Lovell had been playing for the county...

It was soon known that the idea of Arthur Lovell's captaincy had been mooted again...

They're never tired of making a fuss of that outside, Lagden remarked...

"You have too low an opinion of your fellow-players, I think," said the colonel stiffly.

"You do not know how I feel about the club, but I am absolutely certain that it does not extend so far as that."

"You advise me to accept?"

"Then I do do so, sir, but I want it to be plainly understood that I do so from self-interest on my own part, but simply because you desire me to do so."

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rather hard, but then, Blane was one of ourselves, and he could not help it.

"That's just it," said Ponsoby. "It's the fact that he's a professional, of course, that makes all the difference."

"I don't see how the colonel can ask him again, there's no one else to be found in the ranks of the Loamshire amateurs, and that's you, Lagden."

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

HEENEAGE STAR F.C. (1st team, average age, 17-18; 2nd team, average age, 16-17) wish matches for next season...

ALBION INVICTA F.C. (average age, 17) have several dates open for coming season...

ERDINGTON MELBOURNE JUNIORS F.C. (average age, 15-16) want matches, home and away...

RODING ATHLETIC (average age, 18; medium) require a few matches, home and away...

GOOD CHURCH TEAM (average age, 17) require matches with clubs for the coming season...

ST. BARNABAS A.F.C. (average age, 13; medium) want dates open for coming season...

WALTHAMSTON A.F.C. (average age, 14; weak) have all dates open, home and away...

WHITE STAR F.C. (average age, 17) require matches, home and away...

TRINITY F.C. have open following dates: October 19th, 26th, 30th, 31st, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st...

WHEATFIELD GREENHOUSE SWIFTS F.C. (average age, 16; weak) require a few matches, home and away...

DARWIN ATHLETIC F.C. (average age, 15-17) require matches, home and away...

WELLFIELD F.C. (average age, 18) require dates for 1907-8, with 20 matches...

LEDMORE BANGERS A.F.C. (average age, 18; medium) require matches, home and away...

WHEATFIELD UNITED F.C. (average age, 15; weak) require matches, home and away...

SILVER UNITED F.C. want matches for next season with teams of about 14-17...

SALM ATHLETIC (MANSFIELD) F.C. (average age, 17) require matches, home and away...

LYONS UNITED F.C. (average age, 14; weak) require matches for next season within 10 mile radius...

J. BURN END XI F.C. (average age, 14; weak) require matches, home and away...

GAINSBORO' ST. JOHN'S INSTITUTE F.C. (average age, 19) require match at Sheffield on Boxing Day...

WHEATFIELD ATHLETIC A.F.C. (average age, 14-16) wish fixtures within 5 miles of Huddley station...

LYONS UNITED F.C. (average age, 16; medium) require matches, home and away...

GRANGE MARLBOROUGH A.F.C. want away matches for 1907-8, within 5 miles radius of Birkenshaw Town...

ALL HOLLOWES JUNIORS F.C. (average age, 15; weak) require matches, home and away...

TOWER UNITED F.C. (average age, 14; medium) require matches, home and away...

CHURWELL COLLEGIANS A.F.C. (average age, 16) require dates for 1907-8...

WHEATFIELD UNITED F.C. (average age, 15; weak) have most dates open...

LYONS UNITED F.C. (average age, 17; medium) require matches for Thursdays, home and away...

L.D. (age, 17) wish to join a football club in Liverpool...

TWO LADS (age, 16-17) wish to join a football club for season 1907-8...

TWO LADS (age, 17) would like to join a good football club for season 1907-8...

LIVERPOOL YOUTH (age, 16) wishes to join a respectable football club...

TWO YOUTHS (age, 19) would like to join football club for season 1907-8...

A FEW GOOD PLAYERS (average age 14-16) wanted for next season...

WANTED by a North London football club, right-back and right half-back...

MOAT ROAD SUNDAY SCHOOL F.C. - Respectable members required for above team...

TEAMS (average age, 14-15) wishing to join the Second Division of the Fulham Junior Football League...

A FEW PLAYERS (average age, 13-17) wanted for a respectable football club in West Kensington...

A RESPECTABLE MERTON FOOTBALL CLUB (average age, 15-17) require a few good players...

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

FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.



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

New Stories Coming.

I AM making arrangements for some marvellous new serials to commence in our paper very shortly—tales which I am certain will please all my friends. As has always been my policy, I am sparing no pains or expense to give my readers the very best stories procurable, and that I have succeeded in the past, I am sure all my friends will readily admit. But **THE BOYS' REALM** is not going to stand still; it is going to press forward. Very shortly I shall have the pleasure of presenting to my loyal supporters the opening chapters of an enthralling new tale of Stapton School, by popular John Finnemore. I know that there is not a single Realinite but who wants to read about the further adventures of that plucky little Jap, Ito Nagao, and his boom chums, Teddy Lester, Arthur Digby, and Tom Sandya. In this new story, the first instalment of which will appear very shortly, all these old favourites will be reintroduced, as well as a great many new characters, who will speedily win a warm place for themselves in the hearts of my readers. I hope to make a definite announcement concerning this new tale next week.

Meanwhile, let me tell my friends that the issue of our paper, published next Saturday will contain a long, complete camping-out story by that popular writer Mr. A. S. Hardy, and a magnificent, complete, humorous story of Dannie and Ginger, in which another laughable adventure of these mirth-provoking characters is detailed.

OUR LEAGUE CUP.

FOOTBALL SEASON, 1907-8.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SECRETARIES OF LEAGUES AND UNATTACHED FOOTBALL CLUBS.

Register Your Club or League at Once!

During the coming football season a very large number of **Solid Silver Cups, Silver Medals, and Real Match Footballs** will be presented free of charge to Football Leagues and Unattached Clubs throughout the country. Therefore, **League and Club Secretaries are requested to send one full particulars of the League or Club to which they are attached to the Secretary of THE BOYS' REALM Football League, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.** who will forward them to their private address.

Full details will also be published in the course of a week or two in the pages of **THE BOYS' REALM**, and readers are requested to draw the attention of their football friends to this paper.

THE BOYS' REALM Football League was the talk of the land last season, and every young footballer who knew anything about it—and few did not—has been wondering how it was possible that Your Editor displayed in presenting **Solid Silver Cups, Silver Medals, and Magnificent Match Footballs** broadcast. But during the season which will shortly be upon us Your Editor means to inaugurate a more daring and magnificent scheme than ever. He is even now carefully working out his plans, and he is certain that every footballing reader of our paper will be struck dumb with astonishment when he has participated in his most magnificent football programme of **THE BOYS' REALM** coming season.

Meanwhile, League Secretaries desirous of obtaining **BOYS' REALM Trophies** for season 1907-8 should fill up the form enclosed, and send it to the Secretary of **THE BOYS' REALM Football League**. Single club desirous of joining should also apply at once.

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

Our Football Programme.

I HAVE received quite a number of letters from my friends asking me if Mr. A. S. Hardy will write a football serial for **THE REALM** this winter. I think I may as well tell my friends straight away that Mr. Hardy is even now busy on a new football yarn for our paper on quite novel lines; and that he is going to make this story the very best he has ever written. I hope, too, that you shall not lose sight of our old friend Dick Green, Thomas Silward, and all the other prominent characters that figure in that wonderful story, "For Louie and Cup," which proved so remarkable a success during the past winter. I am trying to persuade Mr. Hardy to write me some complete stories dealing with these popular characters, but he tells me that for the present it is quite impossible, as he is far too busy writing our new football serial. Perhaps a little later on, however, I may be able to get him to accede to my desire. My friends may be sure that I shall do my very best.

May I, before I turn to other matters, ask all my football chums to glance at the notice at the foot of this page. All club and league secretaries interested should carefully peruse the particulars which will be found below.

How to Become a First-class County Cricket Groundsman

N. C. J., of Devon, wants me to tell him how he can put his whole time and energy into cricket, with the hope of becoming in a few years a professional cricketer. He further tells me that he is nineteen years of age, is a decent, right-hand fast bowler, and a fair left-hand batsman; and that he would prefer to get an appointment as a groundsman in a county ground such as is owned by Yorkshire.

I dare say that there are a large number of cricket enthusiasts who think that it would be delightful to become a professional cricketer; but there is a vast difference between playing cricket for the pleasure one can get out of it, and playing for one's bread-and-butter, so to speak. Under the latter conditions it loses a great deal of its charm.

Now, positions as groundsman in county cricket grounds are very much sought after, and I suppose many of my chums will read this with surprise, and be very glad to hear of them. This is not because our county clubs are mean in the matter of salaries for their staffs, but because the cost of upkeep of their grounds and the travelling expenses of the teams are so very heavy that the vast majority of them,

instead of getting a profit out of the money they take at the gates, are really in debt each season, and depend upon their members and wealthy patrons to help them out of their difficulties.

N. C. J. tells me that he is a decent bowler and a fair bat. I am sorry to have to say it, but I am afraid on that recommendation he would have little chance of getting into a first-class ground.

The would-be professional must be something very much better than an average cricketer before a single secretary or chief groundsman would consent to see him bowl or bat. As a

LOOK OUT FOR—

Nos. 23 & 24

"The Boys' Friend" 3^d. Library.

(TWO NEW ADDITIONS.)

No. 23—**"PETE'S SCHOOLDAYS."**
 A Splendid New and Original Tale of School Life. By S. CLARKE HOOK and MAURICE WHELAN.

No. 24—**"THE GREAT UNKNOWN."**
 A Marvellous Tale of NELSON LEE, Detective. By MAXWELL SCOTT.

ORDER YOUR COPIES TO-DAY.

PRICE 3^d. EACH.

ON SALE FRIDAY, AUGUST 2.

rule, the young player has achieved much fame in his neighbourhood as a batsman or bowler that he finds little difficulty in getting a note of recommendation to one of the county officials from some influential cricketer who knows him.

To obtain a letter of introduction to some official of a county cricket club is the best way to secure a position as groundsman; but, failing that, the would-be professional cricketer should write to the secretary of the club, stating his abilities and his willingness to put himself to the test with a view to consideration for a place as groundsman, should one be vacant at any future time.

Watches and Cameras Free!

YES; free for the asking—not to one, but to **hundreds** of pounds in advertising of this paper. Watches and cameras—new, magnificent articles—which you could not buy in any other shop in the United Kingdom for less than seven shillings and sixpence apiece, are to be had free for the asking. My friends will find full particulars about this offer—which has never been made by an editor to his readers, in this week's issue of "The Boys' Herald."

The object of this novel and generous scheme is to make "The Boys' Herald"—our Thursday companion paper—better known amongst boys. For this reason I have decided not to spend hundreds of pounds in advertising it, but to divide the money amongst the readers of my three boys' papers—providing, of course, they care to take advantage of the exceptional opportunity I have placed before them of gaining a new camera, or a new watch.

How to Join the Army.

FROM the Infantry Barracks, Waterford, one of my chums, a young trumpeter, has sent me a most interesting letter, in which he asks me to send him some information concerning the joining of the Army.

"A boy who wishes to become a soldier," writes my chum, "should be between the age of fourteen and seventeen. He should then register his name at the nearest depot, or recruiting office, for whatever regiment he thinks he would like. This is, by far, the easiest and surer method than tracing to a recruiting sergeant, on the off-chance of getting in, as vacancies occur almost daily, and are filled by boys, providing they pass the doctor's examination, whose names have been registered. Preference is always given to boys who were fathers of soldiers, or who have been soldiers. After a few months, perhaps only a few weeks, the applicant will receive a paper requesting him, if still available and willing to attend, to the nearest depot to be examined by the doctor. He should take with him the following documents, viz.: parents' consent, character from employer (if employed), and a character from a clergyman or schoolmaster. His birth certificate should also be taken."

My friend I (an "I" Trumpeter" for his interesting letter, and inform him that if he will send his name and address to the Secretary of the League of Health and Strength, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C., that gentleman will be pleased to send him a badge at the first opportunity.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.)

DAILY MAIL.

SECTION 1.

The following clubs in the Leagues mentioned have been awarded **BOYS' REALM Cricket Bats** for the best performance on Saturday, June 29th.

- SUNDERLAND AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.
- THURBY GUILD C.C.—Sec., Mr. J. Crawford, 43, High Street, Sunderland.
- NORFOLK LEAGUE AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.
- EARLE ROAD GUILD C.C.—Sec., Mr. W. Mills, 90, Earle Road, Liverpool.

THE SOUTH LONDON CHURCH LEAGUE.

OLD CHURCHON CHURCH C.C.—Sec., Mr. P. Lewis, 75, Beacom Road, Old Churchon.

DUNDEE AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

BELMONT C.C.—Sec., Mr. G. A. Reed, 12, Bell-sold Avenue, Dundee.

SECTION 2.

The following clubs have been awarded **BOYS' REALM Cricket Bats** for the best performances on Saturday, June 29th:

SENIOR DIVISION.

LELY C.C.—Sec., Mr. W. Richardson, 23, Jennings Street, Swindon, Wilts.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

FREMITTS JUNIORS C.C.—Sec., Mr. G. Daniels, 46, Taylor Street, Middleton.

THIS FORM FOR SINGLE UNATTACHED CLUBS ONLY.

THIS FORM FOR FOOTBALL LEAGUES ONLY.

Name of League

Year of Formation

Number of Clubs in League

Secretary's Name and address

This form, together with full particulars of the League, to be addressed to The Secretary, THE BOYS' REALM League, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

Date

Club

Playing Ground

Average Age of Members

Colours

The above club is desirous of competing for one of THE BOYS' REALM Challenge Cups, and the members agree to conform to the conditions governing the contest, and to abide by the decision of Your Editor, the Secretary, and a referee in any case of dispute.

Secretary's Name

Address



TALE OF NIPPER AT ST. NINIAN'S SCHOOL.

BY POPULAR MAXWELL SCOTT.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.
CROTA LAL NATH CHANDRA DAS, an Indian prince, and a new boy at St. Ninian's School...

OTTO HEINRICH, a mysterious German, who strives by foul means to obtain possession of the gold locket...

ROBERT HAMILTON (Nipper) Nelson Lee, Dick Starling, Dick Starling, Gardner, Frooter, Russell, Arkle, pupils at St. Ninian's School.

OTTO HEINRICH, the mysterious German, becomes acquainted with Franklin Hoffmann, a mistress at a girl's school in the village...

Franklin Hoffmann is astonished beyond measure to meet his brother Karl, who has been taken to be captive in a German prison...

Nipper and Dick Starling are captured by a crowd of grammarians. Arnold, one of the latter, is suddenly seized with a brilliant idea...

The End of the Fiasco. "HOLD on you chaps!" he cried, as Fleming and Crosby proceeded to drag their victims to the edge of the pond...

"What's the idea?" chorused the others. "I'll show you," said Arnold, sitting down and beginning to unlace his boots...

"Fretful one of the planks," he said—"the longest you can find!" Crosby and Fleming fetched the plank, and by Arnold's orders, balanced it on the top of the trestle in such a way that half of the plank lay on one side of the trestle and half on the other.

"That's a see-saw!" said Arnold, with a grin. "The next thing to be done is to stick Hamilton on one end of the plank and Starling on the other. Come along!"

"Now, do you twig the idea?" chuckled Arnold, when he and his five companions had waded ashore. "Get up into the air, boys!"

"Alphabetical order," said Arnold.

ANSWERS' 100TH NUMBER NOW ON SALE.

MAGNIFICENT WATCHES FREE! See "The Boys' Herald," 1d. Every Thursday.

"Of course," growled Tattersall. "Because your name begins with A!"

"All right," said Arnold cheerfully. "I don't want to be greedy! We'll begin at the other end, then! Young, you take first shot, then Walker, then Tatters, and so on till it comes to me."

Young took careful aim at Nipper and let fly with his ball of clay. Nipper ducked, and the ball skimming harmlessly over his head, hit Dick on the outside of his elbow.

"Tattersall's reply was a cunning wink. Raising his hand, he made as if he were going to shy at Dick. Dick heaved, and at the same instant Tattersall let fly at Nipper!"

"Taken off his guard, Nipper received the ball of clay on the side of his head. He made a vain attempt to preserve his balance, and for one brief instant it appeared as if he were going to succeed. But it was not to be. Amid shrieks of laughter from the grammarians, he fell with a splash into the pond, while at the same instant the plank tipped up and down, and the water on the other side of the trestle!

"Here's another of the bouncers!" shouted Young. "Come—quick! Let's collar 'em, too!"

"Good business! It's the darkey-detective!" chuckled Arnold, as he recognised Lal, who was running towards the brickyard at top speed.

"One of your fellows—caught by the tide—fell off a cliff about two hundred yards high. A little, pasty-faced chap, with reddish hair and spectacles!"

"Forgetfuling all about Nipper and Dick, the Grammarian, and having pointed to the cliff which Lal had indicated. Lal was about to follow their example, when a shout from Nipper arrested him."

"Great Scott! I never saw you chaps before!" gasped Lal, staring in dumbfounded amazement at the three Ninianites, who were in the centre of the pond.

"Never mind what!" said Nipper impatiently. "Get us out of this and tell us what happened!"

"Rolling up his trousers, Lal waded into the pond; and whilst he was waiting the moonlight on the water, he told his two chums what he had seen."

"It was coming to meet you, as I arranged," he said, "and I had a terrible cry for help. On peering over the edge of the cliff, I saw one of the Grammar School boys—they say his name is Conroy—lean over the precipice, and by the tide, and crouching at the foot of the cliff, half-dead with fright. It is impossible for him to climb up the cliff, and it's just impossible for me to climb down to him. I was on my way to the village, to alarm the fishermen, when I saw a crowd of fellows in the boat to rescue him, for he's up to his knees already!"

"And a moment later the three Ninianites had joined the twelve Grammarians on the summit of the cliff."

"He'll be drowned before our very eyes!" growled Arnold, whose face was now as white as death.

"It did indeed appear as if nothing could be done to save the unfortunate youth at the foot of the cliff. For, as the tide rose, the tide was already up to his knees, and was rising higher every moment. The cliff above him was as sheer and precipitous as the wall of a house."

"Arnold—Tattersall—help me! Help me!" screamed the terror-stricken boy, who was little more than a child, and a puny little fellow, as he lay on his back on the edge of the cliff. "Oh, do help me! Do help me!"

"Arnold turned away and burst into tears. 'What can we do? Is there anything we can do?' he sobbed, turning instinctively—as all boys did in time of danger—to Nelson Lee. Puffing up, he said: 'There's plenty of rope there!'"

"Almost before his companions had divined his meaning, he was racing back to the brick-yard, and in a few moments he had the stout and lengthening coils of rope and knotted them together."

"By way of reply, Nipper gave the rope a couple of turns round the trunk of the tree, and then he stepped on the edge of the cliff, and handed the other to Dick."

"Lower me down, slowly and steadily," he said, "and when you whistle, I'll come up." "But what are you going to do?" gasped Arnold, catching him by the arm.

"It's the madness!" said Arnold. "Suppose the rope breaks?" Nipper shrugged his shoulders. "I'm sure it will be all right," he said.

"Look here," interrupted Tattersall. "Why not lower the rope, and let the boy climb up the cliff?" "He couldn't do it," said the boy.

"He's done for now!" moaned Arnold, as Conway's struggling form was swept away by the backwash of the receding wave. He can't swim, and—"

"The sentence ended in a ringing shout of admiration and surprise. At that moment, the end of the rope, Nipper plunged into the sea. What happened next was never forgotten by those who were privileged to witness the scene."

"With half a dozen sturdy strokes, Nipper overtook the struggling Grammarian, slipped one arm under his waist, and swam back to the edge of the cliff."

"He's fainted!" he shouted. "Lower the rope another foot deeper into the sea, and supporting his unconscious burden on one arm, he fashioned a loop in the end of the rope. Then, placing his foot in the loop, and still supporting Conway with his arm, he gave the signal to haul away."

"How the boys cheered! How they crowded round the cliff, and how they waved their hats! How they cheered again, and yet again, when Conway presently opened his eyes and declared he felt better."

"Follow-Grammarians," he said "ever since that time we've had our own little Grammarian, and have spotted them whenever we find them here. To-day they've taken a noble revenge. One of them at the risk of his life has saved one of our fellows from certain death. I don't know how you chaps feel about it, but I—well—"

"So far as I'm concerned, the quarrel is ended," he said. "And I apologise for all the things we've done to you."

"Nipper, grasping Arnold's hand with unaffected cordiality. "On the whole, I think we gave as good as we received. And if you're willing to bury the hatchet, and smoke the pipe of peace at Pev's this evening, I'm game."

"As so it is, that that evening the good folk of Cleveland went about rubbing their eyes, and asking each other if the millennium had arrived, and if the Fifth Form of St. Ninian's Grammar School and the Fighting Fifth from St. Ninian's were consuming sausage-rolls and tart at Pev's, and toasting each other in ginger-beer."

The Reappearance of the Locket. TWO days and a half elapsed. It was three o'clock on Friday night—or, rather, on Saturday morning, as it is called the first of the moon. Nipper was wrapped in slumberous repose, and the only sound that disturbed the brooding stillness of the night was the creaking of the creaking of the loaves of the trees in Mr. Rant's garden.

Presently, however, another sound stole through the inky darkness—the creaking of the loaves of the trees in Mr. Rant's garden. Presently, however, another sound stole through the inky darkness—the creaking of the loaves of the trees in Mr. Rant's garden.

"It was Karl Hoffmann. True to his word, he had spent the last few days in making himself acquainted with the geography of St. Ninian's, and now he had returned to his school, having avowed intention of searching Mr. Rant's study in quest of the coveted locket."

"Holding up the study window, he examined the catch by the light of a small dark-lantern. Then a smile of satisfaction stole over his face."

"I'm not an expert in these matters," he muttered under his breath, "but I think I can manage this little job!"

"He unlocked the padlock, and opening the massive blade, he slipped the blade between the upper and the lower sash and gently forced back the catch. Two minutes later, the door swung open, and stood in the housemaster's study."

"So far—so good!" he mused, as he flashed his eyes round the room, as if he were afraid the door was slightly ajar. "I suppose I'd better shut the door before I begin my search, and either lock it, if there's a key, or barricade it with a chair or two."

"He glided towards the door, but ere he could lay his hand on the handle he was horrified to find the door was slightly ajar. Quivering with excitement, he hastily drew back from the door and screened his dark-lantern, whilst at the same time his hand stole to his pocket."

"I don't suppose they're coming in here," he mused. "But if they are—"

"He unlocked the padlock, and opening the massive blade, he slipped the blade between the upper and the lower sash and gently forced back the catch. Two minutes later, the door swung open, and stood in the housemaster's study."

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ON SALE TO-DAY. Penny Pictorial Magazine. IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY A COPY.

THE FIGHTING FIFTH.

(Continued from the previous page.)

Nipper and Dick to the Rescue. At the moment certain events had happened of which Karl Hoffmann was ignorant; otherwise he might not have been quite so successful.

In order to describe these events it is necessary to go back to the time when the occupants of the Fifth-Floor dormitory went to bed. And, in order to be as full as possible to mention that the ten boys who slept in this dormitory were Nipper, Dick, Bob, Wagstaff, and the other boys named Langley, Crookes, Gray, Seymour, and Stuart, the last-named being the brother of the well-known scoundrel, who afterwards invented the famous Star Airship.

Now, on this particular night Stuart had had an attack of that familiar schoolboy's complaint, toothache. It came on just after he went into bed, and kept him awake until after half-past two. The pain then grew a little easier, and he was on the point of falling into a doze when he was surprised to see Lal get out of bed and light a candle.

"What's up?" asked Stuart, sitting up in bed. Lal made no reply. Staring straight in front of him with wide-open eyes, he walked to the door, and opened it.

"I'm walking in my sleep again!" gasped Stuart, who, of course, like all the other boys, was aware that Lal was a somnambulist. He was standing out of bed, and wakened Nipper. "Das is walking in his sleep again," he said. "I shall I do—follow him, and wake him."

"No!" said Nipper, jumping out of bed. "It's dangerous to wake a sleep-walker suddenly, I tell you. We'll follow him in the morning, so that he doesn't come to any harm; and if we see a chance of waking him quietly, we'll do it." He dragged Dick's pillow from under his head, and smote him in the face with it.

"Here—what the—hallo! What's the fun?" demanded Dick. "Lal's got 'em again!" said Nipper. "He's somnambulist! Come on!"

By the time the three bare-footed boys—Nipper, Dick, and Stuart—reached the head of the stairs, Lal had disappeared. "Lal's gone to curfew," said Nipper. "That's where he went last time he somnambulated, you know. Let's follow him, and surprise the colored crock. When the three boys arrived at the study door, which was open, they saw Klingling on the floor behind Nipper's desk. He had turned up the end of the rug, and had put down the end of the loose flooring-board.

"That's where he used to keep the locket," whispered Nipper. "He's evidently dreaming of the locket—his feet following that—ah! He's coming out!" Leaving the candle on the floor, Lal rose to his feet, and walked towards the door.

"I say, Lal, old chap, hadn't you better come back to bed?" said Nipper, in a low, growling voice. Lal paid no heed. Still striding straight ahead, he walked past Nipper, Dick, and then to the left, opened the door of Mr. Rant's study, and switched on the electric light.

"At this moment, as the reader knows, that Karl Hoffmann swiftly screened his dark lantern and recoiled into the farthest corner of the study. Nipper, Dick, and Stuart—who had noiselessly followed Lal, and had halted outside the door—were in absolute ignorance of this fact.

lantern in his hand, dart across the room, elbow Lal aside, and pick the locket up! For two seconds—no longer—the three boys stood rooted to the spot in petrifying bewilderment. Then Nipper and Dick dashed into the room, with Stuart at their heels, and sprang at Hoffmann like a couple of deerhounds leaping at their prey!

So swift and unexpected was their charge, so vigorous their onslaught, that Hoffmann was swept off his feet and hurled to the ground. As he fell, the locket flew out of his hand; and almost before he had realised what was happening, Stuart had secured the locket, and Nipper and Dick were kneeling on the German's chest, pinning him down, and sending the air with vociferous yells of "Help! Police! Thieves!"

By that time, of course, the uproar had awakened Lal; but ere he could ask the meaning of the strange scene which confronted him, the German put forth all his strength in a heroic effort, hurled his youthful captors aside, leaped to his feet, and whipped out his revolver. "Keep back, or by Heaven I'll shoot you!" he snarled, as Nipper and Dick rushed at him a second time. The two boys drew back, for they saw the German was in earnest, and the latter then turned to Stuart.

"Give me that locket!" he demanded hoarsely. "Quick, or I—"
The latter uttered a vicious imprecation; for at that moment, with the swiftness of a lightning flash, Stuart spun round on his heel, and leaped through the door, with the locket still in his hand. The next instant he was racing down the passage, yelling "Thieves!" and "Murder!" at the top of his voice.

theory was undoubtedly the right one; and after some further discussion the Head made a suggestion which met with instant approval. "It is quite evident," he said, "that the man who broke into this room to-night was an emissary of that scoundrel Otto Heinrich." In this, as the reader knows, the Head was quite mistaken. It is quite evident that Heinrich must have some very strong reason for wishing to secure the locket. What that reason is, we cannot even guess—but— He turned to Nipper. "I suppose you know," he said, "that your guardian, Mr. Nelson Lee, has completed his investigations at Newport, and returned to London last Tuesday, after an absence of several months?"

"Yes, sir," said Nipper. "But I fancy he has gone away again."
"I hope not!" said the Head. "Anyhow, I will write to him to-morrow, and tell him about the locket, and ask him to come down, when he can make it convenient, and have a look at it, and see if he can find out anything about it which has escaped our observation."
"An excellent suggestion!" said Mr. Rant. "And in the meantime, where shall we keep the locket?"

"Where we ought to have kept it from the first," replied the Head. "In the big safe in the hall."
"The big safe?" was really a small, strong room built into the wall of the dining-hall. "The door of the safe was provided with what is known as a "combination letter lock."
"As you know," continued the Head, "the word which opens the safe is changed every week, and only known to myself and the two housemasters; so that, although Das will know that the locket is in the safe, he will not be able—if he has another attack of somnambulist."

In the meantime, unknown to Mr. Trig, of course, Mr. Wimple had also decided to call on Fraulein Hoffmann; and almost at the same moment as Mr. Trig left St. Ninian's, Mr. Wimple, who was in a most ebullient mood, knocked at the door of Fraulein's cottage.

The door was opened by Otto Heinrich, disguised as a German butler. "Is Miss Hoffmann at home?" inquired Mr. Wimple, in a nervous voice. "No!" he also called out in a most brusque manner. "Can you tell me what time she will be in?" asked Mr. Wimple.

"No!" he called out again; and he shut the door in the science-master's face. "Rude old man!" growled Mr. Wimple, as he turned away from the door. "He might have answered me civilly, at any rate. Now, what had I better do?"

After some cogitation he decided to stroll up and down the road, in front of the cottage, on the off-chance of seeing Fraulein Hoffmann return. And he was engaged in this somewhat unprofitable occupation when he saw Mr. Trig turn into the road.

"His, ha! This is where I score!" chuckled Mr. Trig, on catching sight of his hated rival. "The worst of it is that he's in Fraulein's house, intending to waylay her when she comes out. How he will squirm when he sees me enter the house, and try to furnish her in love with Mr. T.!"

After withering Mr. Wimple with a glance of mingled contempt and triumph, he strode through the garden gate, and boldly knocked at the door. "Now, Heinrich, as the reader knows, had just returned from Hoffmann to pretend to be in love with Mr. T. To be sure, he had with an excuse for visiting St. Ninian's, and making inquiries about the locket. Consequently, in response to Mr. Trig's knock, his manner was altogether different to that which he had assumed with Mr. Wimple.

"No; I regret to say that my niece is out," he said. "She went out about six o'clock, and is going for a stroll on the Heath, but she didn't say in which direction she was going. However, if you care to follow her—I and I am sure she would be delighted to see you—please to accompany me. I can provide you with the means of finding her."

He appeared for a moment, and returned, leading by a light steel chain, an intelligent-looking fox-terrier. "This is my niece's dog," he said. "He has a most amazing power of scent, and if you allow me, he will lead you straight to his mistress. I have no objection to your going down the road, and pass through the wicket gate that gave admittance to Hampton Heath. The lock on the door determination crossed his face.

"That rude old man has told him that she is on the Heath!" he muttered. "I'll bet my time! He has lent him her dog, to guide him to her! I will follow him!"

"Hallo, sir! When are you going to give up the idea of your present, turning round and perceiving Mr. Wimple. "Are you a fair man? Is there no affair of yours, sir?" retorted Mr. Wimple. "You are following me!" said Mr. Trig.

"I have yet to learn that that is contrary to the law!" said Mr. Wimple. Mr. Trig scowled, but he could not think of an effective reply. He silently resumed his walk, his countenance being by the terrier, who was impatiently straining at the leash.

As the fox-terrier started, Mr. Trig turned round, and saw that Mr. Wimple was still following him. "You are not to be followed!" he exclaimed, growing purple in the face. "This is intolerable! I insist, sir, that you desist from proceeding any farther in this direction!"

"Are you the proprietor of the Heath?" demanded Mr. Wimple. "That has nothing to do with the case!" said Mr. Trig hotly. "Pardon me; it has everything to do with the case!" said Mr. Wimple. "As a free-born Englishman, I demand satisfaction!"

But the right was never claimed, for at that moment the dog broke away from Mr. Trig's grasp, bounded away with joyous leaps, and disappeared into a thicket of trees on the edge of a neighbouring ravine.

Hurling an anathema at Mr. Wimple, Mr. Trig dashed off to his room, but no sooner had he reached the head of the ravine than he staggered back as if he had received a blow in the face. It was what he saw in the face of Fraulein Hoffmann standing at the foot of the bank, with her back towards him. She was patting the dog, and smiling him for having followed her—when a young man suddenly appeared at the end of the ravine. And, to Mr. Trig's astonishment, he saw that the young man ran to meet this young man, flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him!

(To be continued on Saturday next.)



Holding each other's hand, Mr. Trig and Mr. Wimple waded into the glittering surf. "Into the valley of death," said Mr. Trig, "and I'll see his eyes." "Courage, comrades! Faint not! The eyes of England are upon us!"

This, of course, put an end to any hopes which Hoffmann might still have entertained of securing the locket.

Branding his revolver in the face of Nipper, Dick, and Lal, the German backed towards the window; on reaching which he swiftly wheeled round and vaulted through, and by the time Mr. Rant some time between study, with Dr. Shuttleworth and a crowd of masters and boys at his heels, the German had gained the garden-gate, and had vanished in the darkness.

When pursuit had been given up as hopeless, Mr. Rant turned to Nipper and Dick, and requested an explanation of what had happened. "So the mysterious disappearance of the locket is now explained!" said Mr. Rant, when the two boys had told their tale. "We surmised that it must have been stolen, and we were right. It was stolen by Das."

"By me, sir!" exclaimed Lal indignantly. "Of course!" said Mr. Rant. "You and I were the only persons who knew that the locket was hidden in the recess, some time between the day when we concealed it in the recess, and the day when we discovered it had disappeared, and that fellow had another attack of sleepwalking! Nobody appears to have seen you at that occasion, but it is quite evident that you came down to this study—like you did to-night—removed the locket from the recess, and hid it in that vase."

"Of course, you wouldn't remember what you had done when you woke next morning, when you had another fit of somnambulism; and that fellow had interrupted you, I have a little doubt, so that you would have hidden the locket somewhere else." Everybody agreed that the housemaster's

bulim—to remove the locket, or play any more tricks with it!" A chorus of approval greeted Dr. Shuttleworth's suggestion; and ten minutes later the locket was in the safe, and boys and masters were trooping back to bed.

The Great Reconciliation.

IT wrote to his word, Dr. Shuttleworth wrote to Nelson Lee on Sunday morning. He looked for a reply on Tuesday, but when Wednesday arrived, and there was still no answer, he wired to the great detective's landlady, asking if he were at home. The answer came back, short, and to the point, "Away. Address unknown—JONES."

"So we can do nothing more for the present," said the Head, showing the telegram to Mr. Rant. "We shall have to wait until Mr. Lee returns. After all, there's no impediment, and there's no fear of its being stolen again." Whilst this conversation was taking place in the doctor's study, Mr. Trig was interviewing the doctor's wife in the drawing-room. "My knowledge of etiquette is somewhat limited," he was saying. I understand that Miss Hoffmann, for whom I have a sincere regard, came here whilst I was ill in bed to inquire how I was progressing; and I—er—wondered—that is, I thought—that perhaps the rules of etiquette require that I should call on her, and thank her for her kind inquiries. Would that be the—er—proper thing to do?"

Certainly," said Dr. Shuttleworth, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. Three-quarters of an hour later, arrayed in his Sunday best, and armed with a most enormous bouquet, Mr. Trig was on his way to Fraulein Hoffmann's cottage on the Hillfoot Road.

"How this airship was stolen by a powerful secret society, and how Nipper and Stuart were kidnapped by the same society, is related in a thrilling story, 'The Star Airship,' which is now appearing in our companion paper, 'The Boys Herald.'—Ed.

The CHALLENGE CUP FOURS By Clement Hale.



Bruce's crew had ceased to row, being unable to finish, and the men had collapsed in various ways over their oars. The boat with the black flag had won the race.

THE 1st CHAPTER.

The Coast—A Scratch Four—Nugent of Cambridge.

"H. Charlie?"
"Yes, father?" And Charlie Nugent paused as he was about to leave the house, bag in hand, and turning faced his father.

William Charles Nugent, M.P., proprietor of many newspapers and periodicals, was a hale and hearty man of about fifty, well dressed, handsome of face and figure, a well known member of society, and one of the most generous of men.

His son Charles bore a striking resemblance to him. He was tall, broad-shouldered, well set, and decidedly good-looking. He had just come down from Cambridge after a distinguished career. He had three times stroked his crew to victory in the University Boatrace, had won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, and as a member of the Leander Rowing Club was likely to win many another big event before his rowing days were over.

He had been rowing at Cambridge on the Saturday, whither he had gone to give instruction to a younger brother of his, who had just entered Trinity Hall; and he had his rowing kit in his bag, for he was just going down to the Leander boathouse at Putney for practice. He wore the well-known pink flannel Leander tie, and altogether looked the fine athlete he was.

"What is it, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, your mother had a letter from a married sister of hers, of whom she had lost sight for years, the other day," said Charlie's father, "and she found her in distressing poverty. She wouldn't think of coming to live with us. She is a widow, and so proud that she would look upon any gift of money as charity, and refuse it." It appears that she lives with her son, who looks after her. Apparently, from what she says, Charles is a most devoted lad; but, of course, with such poor family connections, he hasn't been able to get a good start in life, and it seems he is employed in the art department of William Staring & Co., of Beckett Street, the famous house-finishers. He can't get anything like a salary there. You know how such employees are paid, my lad. Long hours, hard work, and starvation wages. The employees sacrificed to make big dividends for the shareholders. Well, my boy, if you would go along there, and ask to see your cousin, and form your own opinion of his worth, I should be greatly obliged. For if he were in any way suitable, I would find him a job myself. There are so many openings for a clever lad in my establishment."

"Which cousin is it?" laughed Charlie. "It is young Darrell. Darrell or Guy Christopher? Oh, it can't be Christopher; for they are very well off. It is young Darrell. My mother's favourite sister. She contracted a very unhappy marriage. At a night dance she met a young Blue Boy. I'll go down to Staring's at once. I may

as well do that on my way, as there is no need for me to go to the Leander before seven o'clock."

"What a boy you are for acting on impulse, Charles," said the father, giving his son an admiring glance.

"Impulse has always served me well, sir," answered young Nugent, with a smile.

When he arrived at Staring's, he found the establishment at 2.30 on Wednesday.

It was a nuisance, and Charles Nugent felt annoyed.

Just as he was about to go away, however, a well-dressed, smart-looking man came out of the door in the iron shutter.

The man looked at Nugent keenly.

"Did you wish to see anyone, sir?" he asked.

"I wanted to see Mr. Edgar Darrell," answered Charles, quickly.

"Did you wish to see him for anything in particular?" was the next query.

"I did rather," was the quick reply. "But it doesn't matter."

The man looked Nugent over, and came to the conclusion that a young man who wore such perfectly fitting clothes, such good boots, and had such an air of distinction about him, must be somebody. He was Mr. Gregson, manager of the art department at Staring's, and Edgar Darrell worked under him.

"Is it a business affair, sir?" he asked, puzzled.

"Well, not exactly," answered Charles Nugent. "I am a cousin of his, and I wish to make his acquaintance, that is all."

Mr. Gregson nodded assent, and noted the quality of the small leather bag which he carried. Darrell's relations, then, were very well off. Mr. Gregson thought it a desirable thing to have wealthy relations, and was all affability as he spoke again.

"We have attached to the house," he said, "in his pedantic, pedantic way, a rowing club. The members are busy practising for the house fours and eights, and they get down to the clubhouse at Hammermith whenever they can. I think, nay, I am sure, you will find Mr. Darrell there."

"He rows, then?" asked Charles Nugent.

"Oh, yes. He is quite a good man with his sculls and the oar. In fact, so much so, that Dymon, who used to be captain of the club, is jealous of him. You only want to exhibit promise or talent in any one direction, sir, to have a whole lot of nobodies jealous of you, and envious of your powers."

"I believe that is so," said Nugent, with a smile, anxious to end the conversation short. "Then I will find my cousin at the clubhouse at Hammermith? It is the usual group near Duffen's boat-house, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Mr. Gregson, raising his hat; "I wish you good-day, sir."

"Good-day," returned the old "Varsity Blue Boy," and the party separated. It was the tub train from Piccadilly Circus soon

carried Nugent to Hammermith, and having arrived there, he set off down the Bridge Road towards the boat-house.

He had no difficulty in finding the headquarters of the Staring Boat Club, and, without scruple, he made his way up the spiral iron staircase that led upwards from the interior of the boat-house, where the racing shells were stored to the clubhouse on the first floor.

As he neared the entrance of the club-room his ears were deafened by the noise of a fierce argument which was being carried on in anything but a minor key by several members of the rowing club.

"I say I won't row in the boat if Darrell is going to be put in it," Nugent heard a man crying in a shrill, loud voice. "Darrell is no good. What's the use of arguing, Bertram? Don't facts speak for themselves? He's been rowing now for two seasons, and has never been in a winning boat, or shown that he possesses any particular sculling ability. I'm not going to have him thrust in on me."

"You're wrong," answered the man who had been addressed as Bertram. "I know we haven't got a better man with the oar than Darrell. Ask Phillips, the Doggett's Coat and Badge winner, who looks after our boats. He knows a good man when he sees one. He says that if Darrell were taken in hand properly he has the making of a champion in him."

Phillips! Bah! What's Phillips' opinion worth?"

"More than yours, Dymon," put in a youngster of about eighteen, named Bruce. "I think it's beautifully hard lines because Darrell has been left out of the draw for boat crews by sheer luck, so that he is one of three that have to stand down, that when Bertram says he will stand out of your boat so that Darrell, a better man you go into it, you should put your back up against him like this."

"I don't believe in him," shouted Dymon. "The draw was perfectly fair, and we ought to abide by it. Bertram will have to row. As for Darrell, if he's such a mighty good man, why doesn't he make up another four, and coach the wood of a Brown into something like form? They would have five fours in the race, and a jolly sight better it would be."

Charles Nugent had gained the club-room long before this, and he surveyed the group of excited lads with amused and critical eyes. He wasn't particularly impressed with what he saw. Dymon, who was talking all the fuss, was a big-built, bullying looking man of about twenty-four. He had a bad-tempered face, and was evidently very conceited.

Bertram seemed a decent sort of the mild, good-natured kind.

Bruce was a tall, slim, good-looking lad of the ordinary commercial type of youth. In fact, there was nothing distinguished in appearance about any of them, and as he cast his eyes around Charles Nugent could not help but hope that a tall, broad-shouldered youngster, with fair hair, blue eyes, and well-shaped features, and a refined, though masterful ex-

pression of countenance, might be his cousin.

"This youth now made a step forward. "Really, you chaps," he said, "all this bickering, very bad for the club. There is no dignity about it. If Sama, our captain, were not altogether weak, he wouldn't put up with it. The draw has been made, and of course must stand. As for me, don't you worry. I had hoped I might get a chance of rowing in the four, but I wouldn't dream of taking a seat in Dymon's boat to the exclusion of Bertram, though it is very kind of Bertram to make the offer."

"Bravo! Well spoken, Darrell!" said a good-humoured, thick-set youth from a corner where he was getting into the boots he wore for rowing. "I've got to stand down with you, another good man. So's Godfrey. Pity we can't make up a four between us. Godfrey, Darrell, Monson, and A. N. Other would make a four that would take a bit of beating. I can tell you."

There was a laugh at this, and Dymon, having carried his point, moved away.

"After all this rot," he cried, "perhaps some of you chaps won't mind getting into your rowing shorts, and coming out for practice."

A move was made to the lockers, and in a few minutes the lads were ready, and clattered down the spiral staircase, laughing and joking, leaving Darrell, Monson, Godfrey, and a woefully frazzled youth behind.

The last was a bit of about seventeen, big-boned, but very tall, and very thin, and having the appearance of having outgrown his strength.

Nugent during this time had quietly seated himself upon a chair from which the back had been broken off. In the rush, excitement, and bustle he had not been noticed, excepting by Monson, and the latter had taken it for granted that he had come up to the club-room as his friend of one of the members.

Monson now turned an inquiring glance in Nugent's direction, and, finding anybody," he said, at the same time noting the Leander colours, and smiling to think of the cheek of this youth daring to wear the select pink.

"Yes," said Nugent, rising and coming forward. "I called at Staring's this afternoon to see my cousin, and heard that Darrell had come along here. I'm sorry I had to listen to the squeaky job now. How are you, Darrell. My name is Nugent, and my father asked me to do my utmost to look you up. I'm glad to meet you."

The members of the Staring Boat Club looked at Nugent in surprise, and Darrell, seizing the extended hand of his cousin marvelled more than any of them. He knew nothing of the Nugents, excepting that his mother had always told him they were very rich.

"He liked the look of Charlie," thought Darrell. "And so," Nugent went on, "they've turned you out of their boat—eh, Darrell?"

"There were three odd members," answered Darrell, with a smile, and Nugent fell gratified.

"Good luck, sir," he said. "You're going to win by a comfortable margin."
In the front of the boat few a black pennon, and whether this sinister colour was regarded as an evil omen by the crowd or not, they cannot be said. Dressed in black, he was evidently first favourite with the men from Sterling's.

Monson unostentatiously paddled his boat down to the starting-post.

At the creek they met Nugent, who was seated in his favourite sculling boat. It was not long before the Diamond Skulls. Monson eased for a moment to enable Nugent to address a few remarks to his cousin.

"Edgar," said the old "Varsity Blue," "my dad was delighted with you the other night, and he wants you to come to dinner on Sunday. I think he has a good billet to offer you with his firm if you care to take it. Besides, he's given your mother a house to live in in the country. It is necessary for her health's sake, and it will relieve you of a burden. How are you feeling?"

"Pretty fit, thank you," answered Darrell, with a smile, "and I should be proud of you to both of us much about me, Nugent."

The four paddled on again, and Nugent, resting on his skills, waited for the race to start.

It seemed an age to him ere the boats got into line at their mired skirts. But at last he saw the crackle of arms of the cars move, and flung the starter at them turned on his feet and, a few seconds later the report of the starter's pistol reached him. Startings had begun, and the directors and the heads of departments followed the race.

Long before the end of the concrete wall was reached, Nugent could see that one crew was coming on, and that another was coming on a smile, for he had little difficulty in making it out to be Monson's boat, in which his cousin was rowing as usual.

Two lengths behind a boat was hanging on grimly; whilst a length further away was another. It was the crew of Bruce's crew, and Bruce's crew respectively.

Nugent's critical eyes surveyed the boats as they approached. Monson was setting a fine stroke, and the crew were rowing so compactly and beautifully. The boat with the black flag was winning anyhow, and the way in which Brown, one of the wisest members of the club, steered his work, was an instructive trial to the value of proper training.

As they almost came abreast, Nugent set himself to enter, sculling in the near neighbourhood of a professional. To the astonishment of those on the launch he held the pace of the crew. He had held the lead, and he held it up his hand just as the winning four reached the "flag," shouting:

"Well-crowed, Dell!"

A mighty cheer greeted the winners of the Starling Challenge Trophy.

It was followed by a silence of consternation, for Bruce's crew, which was second, had ceased to row, being unable to finish, and the men had collapsed in various ways over their cars. Dyson and his four rowers beat off their opponents. They had made a fight for a quarter of a mile only, and the rage of Dyson passed all bounds.

"Darrell has done this!" he raved. "He has done this!" he raved. "Darrell has done this!" he raved. "He has done this!" he raved. "Darrell has done this!" he raved.

"What?" said Dyson, starting. "Do you mean to say he is the Cambridge stroke, and winner of the Diamond's?"

"Yes," answered Darrell. "A fact that you could easily have verified if you'd taken the trouble to inquire."
"All this comes," said Bertram, with a smile, for he didn't mind being beaten, "and you're not letting me rest my eyes on your boat, Dyson, and having Darrell in my place. Look how Brown has come on. It serves you right, your own boat."

Dyson's face went red with anger and disappointment.

"That he had done for his ill-humour must be admitted, for he had lost £25 over this race owing to his propensity for betting, and he was heavily in debt. He didn't see how he was going to manage at all. But manager he did, for one day, three weeks later, he did not turn up at business in the morning. He had vanished and upon inquiry it was discovered that some of the firm's money and goods had vanished, too.

As for Darrell, Mr. Staring would have kept him on at a largely increased salary if he could. But the boy's mind was made up. A further interview with his uncle convinced him that he would have a far better prospect before him in the Nugent Newspapers, Limited.

He therefore resigned his position in the firm, and also his membership of the Starling Club. But his name will always be remembered by them with pride and pleasure, for he presented them with another challenge cup that year, which is called the Darrell Cup. It is raced for by the junior members in best boats over a mile and a half. In the past year he had a terrific struggle in his new profession, and was able, three years later, to make an appearance at Henley, being fully entitled to row as an amateur, and on entering the water there by winning the Diamonds, as his cousin had twice done before him.

THE END.

(Two long, complete tales next week.)



THESE ARE THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THIS FINE NEW STORY.

JACK JAUNTY, a lad of unknown parentage, who, as a baby, was cast up on the shores of an island off the village of Sterning.

THE STRANGER, a curious character who resides alone on an island called the Bowl. He it was that rescued Jack Jaunty from a watery grave. Fourteen years have since passed away.

BOB BAXTER, an old fisherman, in whose charge the Stranger put Jack Jaunty until he was old enough to be sent to the School on the Cliff at Sterning. That is where we find him here.

PETER PINNICK, a morose, unobscure fisherman, who nurses an imaginary grudge against the Stranger and against Jack Jaunty.

DAN CALLIS, **ARTHUR DOWNEY**, **GERARD INGLIS**, and **ALICE HOPKINS**, pupils at the School on the Cliff.

Our story opens on a warm sunny day. Dan Callis, a pupil at the school on the Cliff, and a bully, is darning another lad, Gerard Inglis by name, to descend the Strenuous Cliff. Jack wants him not to do so, but a little later the lad is discovered on a ledge half-way down the face of the cliff inaccessible. From this perilous position he is rescued by Jack Jaunty.

A stranger arrives at Sterning that afternoon, and picking up an acquaintance with Peter Pinnick, a petty fisherman, questions him about Jack Jaunty. It is argued against his will to tell the tale. All unknown.

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

Jack Jaunty meets him at the school. A job on Peter Pinnick, who swears revenge. Jack makes friends with some new arrivals at Sterning, by a brass band. The drummer of the latter falls into the cleft, a deep hole in the cliff. Jack Jaunty descends to rescue him, and at the bottom discovers a stout club studded with wood, which he recognises as being the property of Bob Baxter's son. The mystery surrounding the attack on Peter Pinnick is now made clear to him, and he is overcome with horror at his discovery.

(How read this week's instalment.)

THE 22nd CHAPTER.

A Troublesome Secret.

THE drummer and his drum were rescued from their perilous position by a very simple expedient. A fisherman hoisted the drummer out of his drum he dragged them both down.

Was that parchiment-bearing grateful to his rescuer? Not by a long way. Instead of thanking them heartily and expressing his regret at being unable to adequately reward them, he showed little. However, nothing serious came of it.

One of the men coolly tucked him under his arm and carried him out of the Cleft. Placing him on his back upon the sands, he said: "Get up, and get on your feet, and get on your feet."

"I will," replied the drummer cheerfully, and composed himself to sleep.

Jack did not give himself time to think, or perhaps he might not have taken this risky step. The fact is, he was excited by the excitement of the moment and the weight of the awful knowledge he had acquired.

So to the Folly went Jack, and on entering the garden gate, he saw the two girls sauntering about. Ivonne immediately walked away, but Laura came up and shook hands with him. He would not mention Ivonne, for Jack could be very

THE SCHOOL ON THE CLIFF.

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

proud at a pinch, so he simply asked if Mr. Belmont was at home.

"He is always at home now," replied Laura sadly.

"I put Jack to the quick to hear her speak in that way. There was no need for her to be mere explicit."

"You will find him in the breakfast-room, reading," she said.

Jack knew the room, and entering the house, passed through the hall and halted a moment before the door. The faintest possible whisper within urged him to stop there. But he cast aside the monitor and entered.

Mr. Belmont was sitting in a low easy-chair with a book in his hand. He looked up, and Jack saw how wan and worn his face was.

"Oh, it's you, Jaunty," he said. "How do you do? Sit down. What's all this row that is going on outside?"

Jack took a chair facing Mr. Belmont, as he said: "It's a party of excursionists come down to enjoy themselves for the day."

"I've got much of that sort of thing," said Mr. Belmont, "I am afraid I must leave the Folly. I came here for quietude."

"Mr. Belmont," said Jack, with an effort, "I have come to talk to you on a very serious subject. It is the attack made on Pinnick."

"Jaunty—"

"Believe me, Mr. Belmont, I do not wish to be impertinent. I know that you are suspected."

"Jaunty," said Mr. Belmont, rising quickly, "I won't hear another word on the subject. Let them suspect me as much as they choose, and I will treat the suspicions with contempt!"

He spoke hotly, almost violently, and it was clear that he was stirred to his inmost heart. Jack ought to have said no more just then, but he didn't.

"Mr. Belmont," he said, "I know who is the real offender—"

"You do?" cried Mr. Belmont eagerly, seizing his hand. "And you can prove it?"

"Yes."

"Jaunty," said Mr. Belmont, "you place upon me a load of debt I can never repay. Believe me, I have suffered torture. To be suspected of the smallest crime would be bitter indeed; but to be credited with a murderous attack upon a man is unbearable!"

"And yet, sir," said Jack, "I must ask you to bear it a little longer."

"Oh, what is that?" exclaimed Mr. Belmont. "Oh, forgive me, Mr. Belmont, but I cannot carry your good name just yet—until I have had time to think!"

"Pshaw!" cried Mr. Belmont, with a bitter

smile. "So, after all, it is only a piece of boyish bombast!"

"No, indeed!" said Jack, slightly irritated. "I could absolutely clear you, but it would be at the cost of the ruin of a friend."

"And am I a friend?"

"Mr. Belmont, they can only suspect you; but in his case, if I speak out, it will be a certainty."

"And why should I bear another moment's suspicion for the murderous villain, who ever he may be?"

"You know the whole story. I think you would cheerfully do so," said Jack.

"Tell me the whole story, then!"

"I will if you will give me your word not to reveal to anybody what I tell you."

"I will not do that—I could not!"

"Then, sir," said Jack, rising, "I have nothing more to say."

They stood for a moment or two looking at each other, Mr. Belmont with a thundercloud gathering in his face, Jack pained and troubled.

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Belmont sternly, "that you have the power to remove this horrible suspicion from me, and will not do it?"

"I cannot—yet," replied Jack drearily; "but if you will wait a little while—"

"I will wait as long as I am obliged to, and no longer!" said Mr. Belmont angrily. "Get out of my house, and never enter it again!"

He pointed to the door, and Jack, with a sickly feeling at his heart, moved towards it.

But how gladly would he have explained everything! But the thought of what it meant to Iob and his wife, such good and true friends to him, held him back.

"Mr. Belmont," he said, "one day you may be sorry for this!"

"Get out of my house!" was all the reply he received.

Jack, on nearing the door, saw that it was ajar. On entering, he had failed to shut it. Passing into the passage, he came face to face with Ivonne. She signalled to him to close the door, and he did so.

"I have heard all," she said; "I could not help it. Oh, you mean, pitiful thing!"

"I am not mean," replied Jack. "If I were, I should act differently to the way I am now doing. You do not understand the case at all!"

"You say that you know who the villain is?" said Ivonne, with blazing eyes, which showed the fiery disposition she inherited from her father.

"I do know who he is," replied Jack.

"Your friend!" returned Ivonne. "A would-be murderer, your friend! Jack Jaunty, it

(Continued on the next page.)



Dan seized a heavy ruler, nearly as heavy and quite as hard as a policeman's truncheon. "Keep off!" he cried, adopting a defensive attitude.

The School on the Cliff.

(Continued from the previous page.)

strikes me that you keep very strange company. I did not say he was my friend!" said Jack, now getting fairly warm himself.

"I can't explain," said Jack; "and yet I will, if you promise to say nothing. I'm walking like the cat on a hot tin roof, and to be your accomplice in concealing a would-be murderer from justice at the expense of my father's honor? Jack Janney, you get up and get together on the wrong track. Let me do not stop here another moment. I wash—wash my hands of you!"

With an intensity of utterance, accompanied by appropriate action of the hands, was literally annihilating to poor Jack. Turn this way and that way by his own hand, and in a moment, and for a moment, and then it occurred to Irvono was gone.

He was not by any means intoxicated, for he was an abstemious man; but he knew that if he had any more he would probably be getting really in a bad condition. He was not in a hurry to get up, and he was allowed to retire to the dormitory.

THE 23rd CHAPTER. A Heavy Fall.

HERE was some lively talk that night about the Friendly Few, and as the boys gathered together in the hall, Dan Collins returned with a black eye administered to him by one of the unfriendly friends, who had been dancing twice with one of the ladies, to whom he was attached.

The drummer had been carried in a dead sleep to one of the vans and laid there among the empty jars. Asleep they were, however, but the majority were very wide awake and unusually noisy.

After a party of Sterneraig was not desirous of an early return of the Friendly Few. Jack had a somewhat troubled night, waking and dreaming of the discovery he had made in the Cliff.

It was terrible to think over his position. As a matter of duty to an innocent man, he had to go down to the police and tell all, but to save good, honest Bob's sake he could not do it.

The picture of the fishermen, and the wish which might be turned by and-by into murder, held him back.

"I can't do it," he thought. "I must make up my mind to lose my friends."

His restlessness led him away in the morning alone. Instead of accompanying the boys to the cliff, he went down to Bob's cottage. There he found Mrs. Baxter, alone, and in tears.

"I've been away all night," she said. "Not so much as sleep in his bed. Bob's gone to find him. Oh, my poor boy!"

Jack offered such assistance as he could, and asked which way Bob had gone. It seemed that he had been as far as the Cliff, and not ending his son, came here and went away in the opposite direction. He had only been gone a few minutes, and could not be far away.

Jack went after him with fragments of the cliff, which had fallen by means of the undermining action of the sea. He soon espied Bob, carefully picking his way, and he was glad to see how low he had come.

Jack hurried after him, and when near, called to him by his name. Bob turned, and seeing who it was, beckoned for him to come on.

"Then I've nothing to tell you," replied Bob, as he turned to go. "I'm bound to think it's all over with him now."

to his mouth, at the same time laying a hand upon his heart. "Bob," he cried, "he is not dead!"

"Master Jack," he said, "he must be got home. Go and get help, and bring some food and coal. See if Jake be on the rock, and if he is, ask him to fetch the doctor."

On reaching the village he roused some of the fishermen, who had slept heavier than usual, after their little outbreak with the Friendly Few. He told them what had happened, and they were taken up an old dory, recently removed from its kinges at one of the cottages. It would serve as a stretcher for the occasion.

Then he found Jake, and on learning that he did not go on duty till ten o'clock, despatched him for the doctor. Then Jack went to Mrs. Baxter to break the news as lightly as possible.

Entering the cottage with an assumed cheerfulness, he said to her, "Mrs. Baxter, 'tis 'Jim's found!"

"Tell me the truth," said Mrs. Baxter, as she arose to go to the door. "He's dead!"

"No," replied Jack; "he's had a bit of a fall, and hurt himself; but he's not dead. He's helping him up, and he's all right."

Thus he managed to be prepared for the sad home-coming he was to have, so that when the cottage appeared, she did not give way so much as she would have done.

But she was not fit to help in any way, and the men feared they might hurt him if they tried to help him. They were, however, very sensible on the stretcher, Jim awaited the coming of the doctor.

As he appeared, the ringing of the breakfast-bell summoned Jack back to school, when he took the opportunity of letting Mr. Bonnington know what had happened.

Everybody, however, and much sympathy was felt for him in his trouble. Before the morning was over the doctor's report was known, and he was found to be broken an arm, and was suffering also from concussion of the brain.

Jim, in the doctor's confidence, confided to Mr. Bonnington, Jim would either die, or recover from his late affliction.

The report on Pinnick was not at all satisfactory. He was, in fact, in a very bad way, and was suffering from depression of spirits—a tremendous stumbling-block in the way of the doctor.

It seems to me, said Mr. D. B. that he got something on his mind. "I'm afraid," said Mr. Bonnington. "He has ever been a worthless character of Sterneraig; often a bit of a scoundrel, and seldom doing a bit of good."

"If Jim dies," thought Jack, "I can speak out to Mr. Belton. Then, perhaps, he will think better of it, and he does not now. I want to curry favour with him."

Among the boys there was the inevitable absolute quiet, and it was necessary for Jim's sake, for two days he lay in a state of alternate semi-consciousness and complete oblivion, and he was not to be wakened up.

It was in the evening of the second day that the doctor said he would be able to give a more definite opinion as to the case.

It was in the evening of the second day that the doctor said he would be able to give a more definite opinion as to the case.

of relief. It showed that his mind was a blank with respect to all that had happened between the memorable visit to the island and that hour. Mrs. Baxter bent down and kissed her boy.

"You mustn't talk now," she said. "The doctor thinks you are not strong enough. I'm glad to know that, young Jack Janney has come back," said Jim.

"He's here, Jim," replied his father, pointing to the door. "I'm turned to the door, and a glad smile—the pleasantest that Jack had ever noticed there—lighted up his face."

"So you shall," replied the doctor; "but not now. Pinnick's all right one way; he can't leave the place. Now let me give you something to soothe you. A little more sleep is just the thing you want, and to-morrow you shall be as much as you please."

Bob, brushing a tear from his eye with his hand, patted Jim on the head, and then came out of the room. He and Jack went outside and stood there together, looking at each other.

"He don't seem to remember nothing lately," Bob said, after a pause. "Of course he won't," replied Jack.

"And what he says in that time he isn't accountable for," said Jack. "I'm sure, I am sure," said Jack.

"Oh, Master Jack," said Bob, with emotion, "you've been a good friend to us! You're good, I'm sure."

"No," said Jim, "until three days ago," replied Jack; "but mind this, Bob, whatever happens, he's not accountable."

"I feel quite sure of it," replied Jack. "He's another boy," said Bob. "I've seen many a boy like him, and I'm sure they're all the same."

"How do you do it," he said, with a nod and a smile. "I feel quite sure of it," replied Jack.

Jack hardly knew how to take the salute, but he responded with a bow, and was going on, when the lawyer called upon him to stop.

"I'll go with you. I've just arrived. Mr. Bonnington expects me, and my son of an old friend, who's been in Chancery—Master Ricketts."

Instead of going round by the door, he went straight to the window, just as if he feared to lose sight of Jack.

"How's Mark going on?" he asked, as they moved together. "He's all right, as always appeared to be rather a dull boy."

"I don't think he is dull," replied Jack; "but I don't think he's very happy."

"Oh, I mentioned it, hoping you could tell me why. Jack spoke in a cool, offhand way, and gave no indication of having observed the sharp glance the lawyer cast at him.

"No," replied Jack; "not at all. I do not think we have taken to each other. We are not close friends."

"Perhaps you are foes," suggested the lawyer. "By any should be so," asked Jack. "But, excuse me, I don't like being in the witness-box. Mark, I've no doubt, will give you all the information about the school you may require."

And Mr. Terrenpin, for some reason of his own, a very particular desire to talk to Pinnick, took up his quarters at the Mermaid. It was on the fourth evening of his stay when Jack, being alone and in a very happy frame of mind about Irvono, strolled into the chine to think over the whole matter.

Now the Jim Baxter had got some rumour, and by his complete lapse of memory school, he was not accountable for the attack on Peter Pinnick, and in a very well-to-do family in Mr. Belton, at any risk?

"That was what Jack wished to weigh in his mind, and having chosen a retired corner of the chine, he lay down to think it out.

He had been there about ten minutes, when he heard footsteps on his right, and the voice of a man, who was speaking to somebody with him. It soon proved to be Mr. Terrenpin.

"I can't do it. It wears me to death to be always playing this part," the boy said. "You won't have to play it much longer," replied the lawyer, whose voice Jack recognized.

"I am glad of that, father!" said Mark. THE 24th CHAPTER. What is the Secret?—Mr. Ferraris in Trouble.

MARK, said Mr. Terrenpin angrily. "You will never make a lawyer. You have no discretion. Somebody might have been near us and heard you."

They moved away, and Jack lay still for awhile, pondering on what he had heard. "What did I mean?"

Terrenpin the father of Mark, and the fact concealed! Such a thing would not be done without some object, but what could it be? Jack could make neither head nor tail of it, and there was nobody whom he could ask to help him.

"I feel quite sure of it," replied Jack. "He's another boy," said Bob. "I've seen many a boy like him, and I'm sure they're all the same."

"How do you do it," he said, with a nod and a smile. "I feel quite sure of it," replied Jack.

Jack hardly knew how to take the salute, but he responded with a bow, and was going on, when the lawyer called upon him to stop.

"I'll go with you. I've just arrived. Mr. Bonnington expects me, and my son of an old friend, who's been in Chancery—Master Ricketts."

Instead of going round by the door, he went straight to the window, just as if he feared to lose sight of Jack.

"How's Mark going on?" he asked, as they moved together. "He's all right, as always appeared to be rather a dull boy."

"I don't think he is dull," replied Jack; "but I don't think he's very happy."

"Oh, I mentioned it, hoping you could tell me why. Jack spoke in a cool, offhand way, and gave no indication of having observed the sharp glance the lawyer cast at him.

"No," replied Jack; "not at all. I do not think we have taken to each other. We are not close friends."

"Perhaps you are foes," suggested the lawyer. "By any should be so," asked Jack. "But, excuse me, I don't like being in the witness-box. Mark, I've no doubt, will give you all the information about the school you may require."

WITH PICK AND LAMP.

A Magnificent Tale of Colliery Life.

By DAVID GOODWIN.



Terry and his mates ceased their onslaught for a moment in order to get a better purchase on their picks, when suddenly the doors flew wide open, and Kenyon Price appeared in the entrance—alone.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

Roddy Owen and Tom Hughes, two Welsh colliery lads, are the sons of a certain Matthew Madoc, who was the rightful owner of the Aberford and Ceod Coch pits. But these collieries are in the hands of a man named Kenyon Price, who, by skill and craft, defrauded the late owner of them, and Roddy and Tom are determined to wrest them from his grasp.

The only other property left them by the late Matthew Madoc is a piece known as Starve-Crow Farm. The boys, having been sacked from Kenyon Price's employ, go and take up residence at the little wooden cottage on this farm. Here they meet a wonderful little Welsh mountain boy named Daidyd Rice, with whom they become firm friends.

While exploring their property they come across an old mine-shaft, and as they descend, they are astonished at the richness of the seam of coal beneath, and realize that with the necessary capital they could easily become rich men. They decide that they will set to work and save sufficient to start mining operations.

Roddy applies for a job at the Ceod Coch Colliery. He is taken on, and Tom Hughes with him. The boys are at once set to work as heavies, and receive a little surprise at the large amount of coal fallen to them each day. In the evenings they return to Starve-Crow Farm.

Kenyon Price has up the road to Bryn y Garth with a fine lot of sheep-hurdles. This barrier the lads pull down, but the next day they find that a tremendous fence of barbed wire and posts has been erected. Roddy and Tom seek the aid of their friends in the pit, who are wiled with rage when they hear of Kenyon Price's atrocious act, and making their way one by one they tear down and burn the obstruction. Then Kenyon Price himself appears on the scene, and is evidently ill at ease as the pitmen range towards him with threats and cries of rage.

What takes place on the following day all the men concerned in the disturbance discover, on arriving at the pits, that they are sacked. However, through the intervention of Mrs. Powell, the secretary of the Pitmen's Union, they are taken back. That morning, as Roddy and Tom are out in the coal-pit-mouth, the engine is whistled, and the cage flies to the top and crashes against the leading. One side is shattered, and Roddy is shot out. The other side is torn bare as he falls, and finds himself swinging over the ravine mouth of the black pit which stretches six hundred feet below him.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

The Revolution at the Aberford Pit.

THE shaft-staging was still shaking with the shock of the collision, and a cry of horror rose from all those working in the yard as they heard the smash and looked round.

The "King" safety clutches at the sides slowly gave way, and the shaft-staging as a whole started to overturn. But they did not, they failed utterly. There was not a man who saw the accident that did not expect the cage to go crashing down again into the shaft, and for an instant they waited with their hearts in their throats.

The work of the machinery it was that jammed the cage sideways in the staging, there was no means of telling. But there it stuck, right at the top. Its iron bars had been bowed right up on one side, as has been said; through the cage, the jerk that followed sent the young heaver Fluellen flying bodily out. He went

behind him, both looking black as thunder, reached the ground.

"Mates," shouted Terry fiercely, as soon as they were down, "see it, we said!" and he waved an accident there about this! 'Tis just attempted murder!"

The crowd pressed round excitedly, the passions of the pitmen rising hotly at what they had seen.

"Hear Terry Lloyd?" they cried. "Speak up, Terry! Who hit the cage?"

"Wasn't the cage held back for us?" cried Terry, in a voice like a bull's— and a grim figure he made as he leapt upon his coal-grimed mates. "We're all the lot that Sully put his spite on; ay, an' Kenyon Price, too! Ain't these boys the same pair that he had escaped with his skin on?"

"Ain't that right, again?" weren't they with us? 'Twas a pup job to get rid of us, an' nothin' else!"

"That's right!" shouted the crowd, surging to and fro fiercely, as still greater numbers pressed behind. "It's the truth!"

"Men, men!" cried the agitated voices of the yard officials in the rear. "No rioting! Keep your heads, and let us through!"

"Stand back, yo swabs!" cried the pitmen noisily round them.

"Make way! don't press on Fluellen there!" exclaimed Roddy, strutting towards the protesting crowd, and the blood upon his coal-grimed face.

"Lift him carefully! He is badly hurt!"

The young pitman's arm was broken, and he was in great pain. Those next him tended him gently.

"Hear now, mates!" shouted Luke Jones, his fat clenched at his belt, eyes flashing. "I say that cage was meant to overturn! It could never have done it if ter double cage had been closed for the engine to start! We know what Sully is, and we haf watched him! But for a miracle we should now be dead men, six hundred feet above ter shaft! They kill us as they please!"

"The engineer must haf known!" yelled a voice. "It's his work!"

"Down wi Sully an' Kenyon Price! Smash up the engine-sheds!"

"Ay, the young scoundrel's o'er ter harm's way, poor chap! Let him be tended to! Then come an' teach ter placardjurs to try their tricks on Welshmen!" cried Luke Jones, in tones of thunder.

The hot-headed pitmen were wound up to the highest pitch of wrath. The terrible accident, the cowardly witnesses, the injured mate Fluellen; the fiery accusations of Luke and Terry inflamed them beyond control. They made a break for the shed of the wind-engine.

"Get Lovd of this engineer! It isn't his done the work! Make him tell who he hit!"

"Ay, an' leave him down the shaft!"

The crowd burst into the engine-shed, shouting for the engineer to start the cage before, and get clear away. There was nobody in the shed but a scared fireman.

"Where's John Groyan, ter lead engineer, you rat!" cried one of the hot-headed pitmen, seizing the man and pinning him against the wall.

"I dunno! I never see 'im go!" gasped the fireman, trying to get away.

"Nay; leave him be, 'twas no his doin'!" exclaimed Terry, as they realised that Groyan had been let down.

"Our boys work 'im, 'twas his doin'!" roared the crowd, "twas his doin' work this job—never mind his underliners, but make the spawd-neer himself answer for it!"

"So?" roared the crowd, "roared the crowd, surging towards the offices. "Have him out of it! Get hold of Sully! Shut the gates, mates, an' see nobody leaves!"

"The crowd burst out now!" said Roddy, almost aghast at the rage of the miners as they made for the main office. "The fat's fairly on the face!"

He did not wonder at the outbreak, none the less. His blood was hot enough, and he had felt almost anything others would catch sight of, and then the crowd would be on his good sense come to the rescue.

"What shall we do?" said Tom, still bewildered.

"To go down ter the rope-hold of my hand!" said Roddy, reaching out. "She may drop at any moment!"

"We need not have feared for the cage just then as it happened. It had jammed so heavily that there was no chance of its falling, and the inmates of the engine-sheds, Terry Lloyd with a bad cut over one temple, and the blood running over his face—climbed shakily into the staging, helping each other as they went."

Willful hands were ready on all sides to aid them. It was a long climb to the ground, and a couple of active young puntors had made their way up with a coil of rope, which was then fastened to a girder, and reached to the ground for the victims of the accident. Terry Lloyd with a bad cut over one temple, and the blood running over his face—climbed shakily into the staging, helping each other as they went.

"Thank Heaven you're out of that!" panted Tom, heavily. "I don't understand how any of us are alive."

"No more than myself," said Terry, as they were rescued. "I don't understand how any of us are alive."

There were a number of things to be cleared up before this was over," muttered Terry Lloyd, mopping the blood from his face. "Are any of ye fit to go down ter the rope-hold of my hand?"

The crowd in the yard during the first few moments had been too full of anxiety and horror to think of anything else. But now that the immediate danger was over, a hoarse roar of anger began to rise. There were loud cries to know who was responsible.

Roddy went first down the rope, and was greeted with cheers. The others were soon able to follow; and Terry Lloyd, with Luke Jones

of pitmen rush for the engine-shed, they made all haste to clear out themselves. Sully had gone long ago—as soon as he saw that his work had failed.

It is not in a Welsh colliery is not a common thing; but when it does happen, it happens in earnest, and the staff know it. Sully had been out at the yard, the manager absent, and they had felt inclined to play the hero and defend the offices. The cashier locked his safes, and the time-keepers, clerks, overseen, and all the rest followed suit with remarkable swiftness. They did not know against whom the pitmen's attack might be, but they meant to take no chances. The colliers had the entire place to themselves.

"What's this?" called out Luke Jones, his fierce face appearing at the office window as he shouted to those outside. "There is no sign of Sully here!"

"The spawlpeen's skeddaddled!" shouted Pat Lloyd.

"For his he knew 'twas his own he's leared for his kin! He's hidin' somewhere! Root him out, mates!"

The angry mob ransacked every corner of the office, and, except the strong box, the patent fuel sheds, the lamphouses, and smithies, all were searched through and through, considering damage being done by the search. There was no trace of Sully. Their failure only exasperated the pitmen more.

"They've cleared out, lads! They're all laughin' at us, an' they're making voices!"

"Break the offices up! Smash the whole outfit!"

The crowd was bound to vent its fury on something, and the cry was acted upon at once. A terrific scene of destruction followed. The pitmen burst into Sully's office, and set to work to wreck it.

"Hurro!" yelled Terry Lloyd, swinging his pick. "Here's a piece of right work at last! 'Tis his suit me! Down wi 'im!"

Crashings and rendings were heard on every side. The lust for destruction had free rein; and the hoarse shouts of the hot-headed window frames, torn down whose walls of match-boarding, splintered furniture into fragments, and every thing in every direction, at other buildings, the same thing was going on. Only the pay-offices, which were so safe and had iron doors that had been locked, and down with the picks.

"My aunt," said Tom, breaking into a chuckle despite the seriousness of the situation; "Sully never's a piece of right work at last! 'Tis his suit me! Down wi 'im!"

"I'm almost glad they didn't catch Sully though," said Roddy, with some relief. "It might not have been the best thing for us, considerin' the mood they're in now."

"Wise man, to get out in time. He saw he'd gone too far. But he'd deserved all he got."

"I don't want to see a man lynched, an' that's about what'd happen," returned Roddy.

"What 'tis about?" asked Tom.

"'Dy you think it's sure that Sully arranged that overturnin'?" said Tom.

"I don't think it's so certain as anything can be," replied Roddy drily.

By this time—and it did not take more than five or six minutes—Sully's office looked like a house that has been shivered by lightning, and several of the other buildings were in nearly as bad a case. But the crowd soon tired of the same thing, and they were off.

"Enow of this!" cried several voices. "It's the man we want! The man that tried to murder our boys!"

"He may be half across ter county by now!" growled Luke Jones. "We'll get him sooner or later."

"Let's go for the pay-offices!" shouted somebody else. But no attention was given to this idea. The men were not thieves—it was justice they wanted, not loot.

"You be all after Sully!" cried a deep voice in the middle of the crowd. But who's Sully, arter all? The boys of the Ceod Coch, who reckon he thought of that over-windin' job for himself? Who's the boss here, at the back of this mine?"

There was a pause, the estate, for the suggestion found ready hearers.

"Ay, he owns 't place!" cried Luke. "How do you know?"

"'Tis Kenyon Price, justly on a truck and looking round over the crowd."

"Come on!" roared the pitmen. "We'll ransack the place, an' burn it over his head unless he owns it up!"

"Come, you two lads!" cried Terry, pulling the boys into the thick of the crowd as it started to move.

"Pricie, same as us! An' so's a feather will we leave him!"

With a roar, the great mob of pitmen surged towards the cage, sweeping the men along with them, and set out on the road for Plas Rhyl at a rapid pace.

How Tom and Roddy Left the Ceod Coch.

WHAT'S 'em to be the end of this?" said Tom in considerable excitement, as he covered a quarter of a mile of the road, pushed forward in the direction of Kenyon Price's place.

"I'm sure we've dropped the spark into the gunpowder this time, an' there'll be a rare blow-up."

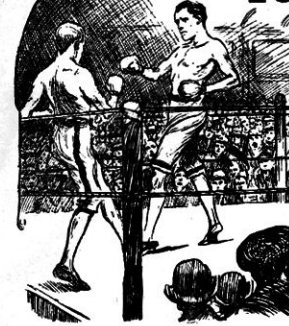
"There's no sayin' 'what the men'll do," said Roddy. "Whatever they choose, that's a sure thing."

A FORLORN HOPE

A FINE COMPLETE TRUE-TO-LIFE BOXING STORY,

BY

ANDREW GRAY.



THE 1st CHAPTER In Dire Straits

STUFFY, sultry summer afternoon. Not a breath of air seemed to have strayed into Linnet Court since day-break, and that was a long time ago. Spike tried not to think long, because he had had only two crusts for breakfast, and his belt buckle was in the last hole of all.

A cracked plate, and a jug minus its handle, stood on the table; a chair without a back against the crumbling wall, and in the corner on the floor lay a mattress. A coil of yellow hair on the sack pillow, and an occasional restless stirring of a small heap beneath the tattered coverlet, showed that the bed was occupied.

"Polly was ill—very ill, and Polly was Spike's little sister. Spike watched the thin, flushed face, and his lip quivered.

His mother was dead. Spike had only just buried her, and now little Polly was hovering on her border line of life and death. If only he could get up.

"When she wakes you must give her beef-tea and jelly and grapes, if you can manage it," the doctor had said, "just before leaving." And if you could, the little lass had better go to the workhouse infirmary at once. She'll die as she lies.

"I can't ward 'workhouse' the dots on Spike's grey eyes had narrowed to a pin-point. Little Polly to go to the workhouse! He could have punched the doctor's head for the very words.

And Spike could punch, too. Ask any of Smiley's gang, and they will tell you. "Spike was never a member of Smiley's gang. He owed it, perhaps, to his poor, throatless little mother that he had never sunk to that. Still, if he was never there, it would exactly be the public mind with the hoodlums of that select district, embracing Linnet Court, Anchor Court, Victory Square, and so on.

Dr. McMurdo, the broad-shouldered young meddler of those parts, was one of the few who knew that Spike drew a hard and fast line between right and wrong.

"Beef-tea an' jolly 'an' grapes!" growled Spike, his pauses here and there, as he ate, also the work 'uns;" but he thought too much of his little ten-year-old sister to couple her name with that base institution in Victory Lane.

"Spike's name was 'Red' for nothin' 'o'nd it 'o'nd it" he muttered to himself between his clenched teeth. "Suthin's got to be done, though, I want meself 'uns 'ere 'ome for Polly's sake. She'll die as she lies. Those was his words; and then—"

"Spike's sleeve came into use, and lo! his eyes stiffly water. "What am I to do?" he demanded fiercely.

"Work 'and get paid on Spire's! A fat lot of good that'll do about Polly! meantime! Pares! 'O'd trust me wiv a parcel round 'er."

Spike moved up and down the bare floor noiselessly as a tiger. At last he came to a door half beside the bed, and stooped down. A faint glow was lying in a feverish sleep.

He turned, and reaching down the jug, put it beside the mattress. Then he picked up his boots and on his feet. He was outside.

lights, middles, and heavies, and the names of several pugilistic "stars" who were to figure later in the evening in multi-round contests. It was the competition for novices, under 9 stone, however, that was filling Spike's mind at that moment. Spike was under 9 stone, and he was likewise a novice. Not by his own wish, for Spike was one of the few youngsters with the gloves that even the great Bat Cockran took in hand. Under Bat's tuition he might have boxed his way right to the noble art, but when Spike's father heard of his intended debut at Pleasedance six months before, she "took on so" about it, and the disgrace of it, that he had yielded to her. Perhaps it was just as well thought, under hard words, looked out for fresh material to win him fame.

"I wonder what murther would 'ave said now, if he knew 'bout Polly," he asked himself again. "Art-a-crown 'an' buy them groggs 'an' beef—'an' all, and save the little 'un's life. There 'ere 's, it safe and fast by my list, if I only stand up in the ring for two rounds 'an' 'an' and then get licked."

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As a matter of fact, Spike was only trying to summon up courage to ask and make sure that the loser was about actually getting a crown cashed down for his pains.

His blood boiled at the base insinuation of the fact, but he was a bit of a let down at the fat, greasy face, when a broad-shouldered bruiser reached in through the door and dragged him out.

In less than five seconds he was on the pavement on his back, amid his jeering pals, and the door shut against him.

The next thing was a rug-out fit for a public appearance in the ring. He would have to borrow that, and quickly, too, for it was nearly midnight.

He thought of Bat Cockran, and resolved to "chance his arm." But had cursed him for a coward the last time he had parted with him, and Spike, under other circumstances, would have bitten out his own tongue rather than ask a favour of him. But now! All the pride dried itself from his face as he thought of that fever-flashed little face and the coil of yellow hair on the pillow.

"What was it, Bat called him every name he could lay his tongue to, but he fished out a pair of faded blue knickers and a grimy pair of sand-shoes, nevertheless, and Spike went away, humbled and satisfied.

He stole back then to the attic in Linnet Court, and sat down to wait in case Polly should be able to "lock" through the quarter past. He would have to leave at the half-hour. The thin little bundle under the patched coverlet stirred.

"Oh!" cried a weak voice—"Jack!" "What is it, little 'un?" answered Spike, for Jack Griffiths was his real name. He put the coverlet back, and peered into the quarter of the burning lips, and his sister drank, and moaned her thanks.

"Are you all alone? Where's murther?" asked Polly fretfully. "There was a catch in Spike's throat as he uttered the oft-repeated ke so necessary to life and soul, but he uttered the quarter he had strayed.

"Murther out!" he said quietly. "She'll be here in a minute. You tie the quilt 'an' decyther, a good 'un!" "She never comes to see me now!" moaned Polly fretfully.

"Oh—she does, little 'un—always!" The eyes closed again, and the head sank back. The wasted fingers lightened on Spike's grimy pants, and he felt little by little as the floor slipped away into slumber. The half-hour struck, and Spike released his hand inch by inch, and crept out on tiptoe.

Overhead were the blazing ar lamps, and all around a bank of faces looming through the shafts of light from the windows.

Yells and ear-calls from his pals greeted his appearance, but they only sounded like the faint echo of distant waves to Spike's ears. He opened his eyes, and saw that he had uttered the cruel snarl at the door of the manager's office that afternoon. Spike could have thrashed the manager in five minutes, but for the sake of Polly's sake, he must suffer defeat at his hands.

"Erre, wot's your game?" demanded the broken-spoken seer, who, having tied up his boxing gloves, was now turning his arms around to limber the muscles. Spike looked at him fiercely.

"You're as soft as putty, and there ain't an ounce of muscle in yer!" "You want an' see, old boy!" retorted Spike darkly, at the seer's words.

"The voice of the referee interrupted further conversation. He was a fat man in evening-dress, with an enormous paste diamond glittering on his greasy shirt-front.

"Third pair, under 9-stone novities," he announced in a voice rather thicker even than his eyes, and he waved his programme at Spike by way of introduction. "Okey Thmit, of 'Oxey, the second one of defen'—"

"Blinkin' waste of time, I calls it! Comin' 'ere nose like a bladder or lard!" grumbled the broken-nosed one, as he climbed through the lines of the spectators. Spike's chair, ready to swing it out of the ring.

"Time 'Ooker! Go it, Spike!" yelled a hundred supporters among the "gods" frantically, as the two lads faced one another.

If Hookey could not stall him unaided, he must be held off at all costs, but nobody would detect the sham. Thus dire necessity may drive the best to their duty work!

"Biff!" With all the force he had been running in Spike's mind, Hookey had taken advantage and landed flush on his opponent's mouth. The blow drove Spike back on to the ropes, and a second yell of approval as Hookey closed in and swung left and right. But Spike rallied, and broke ground as lightly as a cat.

The next thing was a rug-out fit for a public appearance in the ring. He would have to borrow that, and quickly, too, for it was nearly midnight.

He thought of Bat Cockran, and resolved to "chance his arm." But had cursed him for a coward the last time he had parted with him, and Spike, under other circumstances, would have bitten out his own tongue rather than ask a favour of him. But now! All the pride dried itself from his face as he thought of that fever-flashed little face and the coil of yellow hair on the pillow.

"What was it, Bat called him every name he could lay his tongue to, but he fished out a pair of faded blue knickers and a grimy pair of sand-shoes, nevertheless, and Spike went away, humbled and satisfied.

He stole back then to the attic in Linnet Court, and sat down to wait in case Polly should be able to "lock" through the quarter past. He would have to leave at the half-hour. The thin little bundle under the patched coverlet stirred.

"Oh!" cried a weak voice—"Jack!" "What is it, little 'un?" answered Spike, for Jack Griffiths was his real name. He put the coverlet back, and peered into the quarter of the burning lips, and his sister drank, and moaned her thanks.

"Are you all alone? Where's murther?" asked Polly fretfully. "There was a catch in Spike's throat as he uttered the oft-repeated ke so necessary to life and soul, but he uttered the quarter he had strayed.

"Murther out!" he said quietly. "She'll be here in a minute. You tie the quilt 'an' decyther, a good 'un!" "She never comes to see me now!" moaned Polly fretfully.

"Oh—she does, little 'un—always!" The eyes closed again, and the head sank back. The wasted fingers lightened on Spike's grimy pants, and he felt little by little as the floor slipped away into slumber. The half-hour struck, and Spike released his hand inch by inch, and crept out on tiptoe.

Overhead were the blazing ar lamps, and all around a bank of faces looming through the shafts of light from the windows.

Yells and ear-calls from his pals greeted his appearance, but they only sounded like the faint echo of distant waves to Spike's ears. He opened his eyes, and saw that he had uttered the cruel snarl at the door of the manager's office that afternoon. Spike could have thrashed the manager in five minutes, but for the sake of Polly's sake, he must suffer defeat at his hands.

"Erre, wot's your game?" demanded the broken-spoken seer, who, having tied up his boxing gloves, was now turning his arms around to limber the muscles. Spike looked at him fiercely.

"You're as soft as putty, and there ain't an ounce of muscle in yer!" "You want an' see, old boy!" retorted Spike darkly, at the seer's words.

"The voice of the referee interrupted further conversation. He was a fat man in evening-dress, with an enormous paste diamond glittering on his greasy shirt-front.

"Third pair, under 9-stone novities," he announced in a voice rather thicker even than his eyes, and he waved his programme at Spike by way of introduction. "Okey Thmit, of 'Oxey, the second one of defen'—"

"Blinkin' waste of time, I calls it! Comin' 'ere nose like a bladder or lard!" grumbled the broken-nosed one, as he climbed through the lines of the spectators. Spike's chair, ready to swing it out of the ring.

"Time 'Ooker! Go it, Spike!" yelled a hundred supporters among the "gods" frantically, as the two lads faced one another.

"If Hookey could not stall him unaided, he must be held off at all costs, but nobody would detect the sham. Thus dire necessity may drive the best to their duty work!

(Continued on the next page.)

A FORLORN HOPE. (Continued from the previous page.)

In the helpless fury of his heart he forgot the pallid bed, and "little 'un" tossed there in the darkness of that wretched attic. Left and right, straight lead and stinging rain, a deadly rain of steel that undid what grained and gave ground foot by foot, making vicious swings which only beat the air, and paying penalty as heavily as he could scarcely see in his swimming eyes. The clamour of applause now was like a roaring surf. The drum was down, driven half through the ropes; then Hooley was up again, breathless and dazed, and still Spike clung to him, giving him no rest. The air-lights overhead seemed to Spike to be whirling in some weird witch dance; his breath came in sobs, and his limbs were grown pegged away, and at every blow he seemed to reel: "Heart! Heart! Heart!" he yelled, and there was a mad and striking nothing, grained. The din around him was like a boistered sea, the floor heaved under him like a ship's deck, and there, on the wet lay Hooley, on his side, his arm flung out limp upon the boards. Somebody scrambled through the ropes into the ring behind him just once, and catching him in his arms, carried him like a baby to his chair. "Bravo, young 'un!" said a voice, apparently a male away. "Bravo: you licked 'im 'andsome!" "What!" gasped Spike in dismay. So he had won after all! And the half-crown and Polly!

His head fell back in a dead faint, and the broken-rosed one, to reward him out of the air, and hustled him into the grimy dressing-room. In five minutes Spike was in his senses again, dragging himself weakly into his clothes, and he had ached, and he was still and stilled by the foul atmosphere of the room. Men thumped him on the back—famous "pro" fellows—and there, on the wet lay Hooley, on his side, but he seemed to hear nothing. All he could remember was the "little 'un" and the half-crown he had come with, and jangling away. Now the day was wasted, the beefsteak and jolly were as far from his grasp as ever, and there was but one thing left—the hated workhouse infirmary.

Outside he lingered, unwilling to leave the one place on earth where he could see a ghost of a chance of anything turning up. Before the broad steps leading up to the Palace of Sport, under the glare of the electric lamps, a few loungers lingered. Spike knew most of them by sight. Some of them were hangers-on of the "fancy," who could not raise the few coppers necessary to take them to Pleasureland, some were pick-pockets lurking for a chance, and all were of the boozing type. "Portman's wheel, fair or foul." A few of the letter-case patrons of the stalls were drifting out, and halting cabs to drive them westwards. Spike eyed them dully, too heartless even to struggle for a copper at a cab door. He noticed one man—a broad, well-knit fellow of medium height, and of the age of the pavement as it is known on the edge of the city. He noticed, too, Slippery Bill, a notorious pickpocket, slouch towards the stranger as if to pass in front of him, while three others closed in behind. Suddenly Slippery Bill darted forward and grabbed at the man's coat. He seemed to catch the guard, but the stranger, swinging round to avoid the butt of his antagonist's head, tripped and fell. At the same moment the three confederates struck at their victim from behind, but jostling one another in their haste the blows crashed heavily on his head.

The next instant, however, he was down, swept off his feet by sheer weight of numbers. Slippery Bill, who had snatched his handkerchief from the pavement, and his heavy boot was just descending on the defenceless head, when

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Spike's fist caught him under the jaw and sent him reeling into the road. "You dirty 'ound!" gasped Spike, staggering under the force of his own blow. The exertions of the fight and exhaustion from lack of food over-spread his strength.

THE 3rd CHAPTER. A Close Thing.

A blind desire to save the stranger from the savages, now pounding him into insensibility, and ripping his pockets wild to get at his valuables, he flung himself on top of them, using fat and elbow with despairing strength. Such sudden attacks on wayfarers, desperate in their selfishness, and often deadly in their results, are not uncommon happenings in East End streets. It was the signal for a rush of eager onlookers, ready to cape at the savage battle, but standing carefully aloof. Already a police-vehicle was buzzing in triple blasts, and the crowd swayed as a helmeted head bobbed its way forward in determined lunges. "Copper!" yelled Slippery Bill, bursting his way recklessly in the opposite direction, and at the cry his confederates tore themselves free of Spike's clutches and fled. Spike was left on his knees, panting and dazed, beside the man he had tried to save. The helmeted head was only a few feet from

beam on her face made her look transparently white. Spike stole forward, his heart filled with a nameless terror. Was she dead, after all? He knelt and watched the thin face with burning eyes, until he saw the eyelids utter and the lips part in a long-drawn sigh. The hand beside his kneeched out and caught his thumb. It had been "knocked up" during the struggle, and was swollen. The grasp made him wince with pain, but he did not disengage it. "Jack!" said the little 'un dreamily, and then, as if secure in the knowledge that her big brother was by her side, she drifted away into sleep. Spike's heart was full. He realised that the fever had gone, and that the little 'un had turned back from the gates of death. If the "coppers" took him now, he did not so much care. From the roosting crowd below came the shrill yells of the children still scrambling in and out of the dilapidated doorways—doors which never closed night or day. Suddenly a cry went up from Victory Lane, and Spike's heart stood still. The hubbub in Linnet Court ceased on the instant.



A white face lying on the sack-pillow and an occasional restless stirring of a small head beneath the coverlet were the only signs that the bed was occupied. Polly was ill—very ill, and Polly was Spike's little sister.

his now, and the whistles buzzing more furiously than ever. "Run, man, run!" shouted one well-wisher, seeing how near he was to capture. Spike's breath seemed to choke him suddenly, as he realised all that that cry might mean. "E done it! E done it! I saw 'im!" yelled another. A hand grabbed at his collar, but he was awake to his danger now. He tore himself free and plunged for the crowd. Fighting tooth and nail he battered his way through, and, darning down a side alley, ran for his life. "Stop, thief!" yelled a score of voices, and footsteps thudded behind him, but he flew on—up Hart Alley, down Paradise Court, through Blind Jack the cubber's slum, over back wall, through a tenement house, and back into Victory Lane. The sound of pursuit had ceased altogether now, and he dropped into a walk. But his heart was beating like a steam-engine. Suppose the police came and took him? What chance would he, Spike Griffiths—have to clear his name of this foul charge? None; and Spike knew it. And then what would become of the little 'un? Spike grut up the rickety iron-plated stairs and let himself into the attic. A glimmer of moonlight showed Polly still sleeping where she lay. She seemed—strangely still, and the moon-

Still Spike never moved. The pressure of those tiny fingers on his swollen thumb were nothing to the stifling grip at his heart. He knew that the moment had come. The din in the court beneath had broken out afresh, but to it had been added the shrill clamour of women's tongues and the clatter of sagger feet. The alloyed with humanity—angry, sullen, and savage at this invasion of their haunts. Then heavy footsteps sounded on the rans-shackles staircase. Spike could hear gruff in-quiries, oaths, and threats as the police forced their way upwards. The door was flung open, and three men appeared, and hung back, baffled by the gloom. "Now then, Spike Griffiths, come out of that, we want you," said a voice gruffly, and their added: "Strike a light there, Jim, and let's see where he's hiding." "Hush! Don't strike a light for 'Eaven's sake!" said Spike hoarsely. "If you do you'll wake the little 'un, and if she sees you she'll be better now—only to-night, though." The words came trembling between Spike's lips, but he whispes: "I'll go with yer quiet enough," he went on, seeing that Jim had stayed his hand. "I'm innocent, but I'll go with yer. I never touched the goods, and I'll keep the others off. But I'll go quiet. Only don't wake 'er for the love of 'Eaven!" "Come on out of that, then, to where we can

see you!" commanded the figure in the shadow, perhaps a shade less gruffly. "Right! I'm comin'." She's 'olding my 'and, and she's 'olding my little 'un, 'ave you 'all right; Jack's 'ere," as Polly moved restlessly.

There was dead silence in the room for a space, then Spike rose and tiptoed to the door. A finger and thumb caught his cuff as he passed out, and then the door was shut behind him. "I'm much obliged," he said, with a catch in his throat. "That was all I was afraid of—just 'er speaking to me, I don't, you know. Just bring that lad in here, if this good woman will allow us. I want to have a look at him." "As you please, sir," responded the sergeant. "Only this chap was identified as one of those who set on to you, and from what we know of him I should say it's quite likely." "I say they're all right," he found himself to face with the man. He had so pluckily attempted to rescue. "Neither the plice nor the sergeant speaking to me, and make a good 'un like you. I saw this gentleman standin' just outside Pleasureland to-night, an'—an' some-thing 'ere, and make a good 'un like you. I saw there were three other coves set on 'im at the same time, and seen' it was four to one, I started in to give 'im a 'and." "Them, or him—which?" asked the sergeant sarcastically. "Him!" cried Spike, with flashing eyes. "Then how about you?" demanded the sergeant by witnesses, who say you was one of those after this gentleman's pockets?" "And so do I!" said a quiet voice. And, swinging round, Spike saw Dr. McCurdo standing in the doorway. "May I come in, Mrs. Griffiths?" asked the broad-shouldered young Irishman politely. "Thanks! I think, perhaps, that as an eye-witness of the assault from the commencement, you're able to give me sufficient evidence to clear this lad's name. I have known him for three years now as a student at the law, and I know him well, and I know it was deserved—but I know that, penitence and fooldest even as he is now, and with a light on his forehead, at the point of death, he would rather cut off his right hand than steal." "May I ask you are?" inquired the gentleman Spike had done his best to save. "Yes, Dr. McCurdo, a qualified practitioner in these parts, as these officers know. I was passing Pleasureland on the top of a 'bus when the assault on the poor fellow took place, and I grabbed at your watch, while his confederates attacked you from behind. Then I saw the lad who was Spike Griffiths, rush to your rescue, fall the first assailant, and then fling himself on the three who had you down on the ground. I climbed off the 'bus post haste to lend a hand, and I continued to assist your Irishman; but when I got through the crowd the thieves had flown. I joined in pursuit, little thinking it was Spike here who was being chased. When I got back you had gone."

The stranger turned his bronzed face to Spike, leaning slightly against the little 'un. "Young man, shake!" he said, and caught his grimy fist in his. "My name's Eustace Carrill, of Ballaroo, Queensland, and I owe you more thanks than I know. I'm tough as raw hide—he squared his broad shoulders as he spoke—"but I confess I found those larrikins more than enough for my weight." "Now, when all the rest were standing round watching me being kicked to a jelly, you came to my aid. I didn't know that till now that this gentleman told me, and I don't mind saying now I came round with these officers, to make as sure of your getting two years' hard labour as I could, and I'm sorry to hear you're turn, and I was pretty near doing you a bad one, so I'm going to make amends as far as is in my power. I'm an Irishman here."

"Ee, old up, youngster!" the gentleman's talkin' to you!" said the policeman, for Spike's eyes were fixed on the doctor's face, and he had slipped down on the floor. But Spike couldn't hold up. The day's work on an empty stomach had been too much for him, and he lay back in a swoon, with his head on poor Mrs. Higgins's lap. Mrs. Eustace Carrill, meantime, returned with the doctor to the room above. "And she'll live, you say?" said the Colonial as he made a note of the doctor's words. "The 'little 'un' still lay sleeping." "If she can be got out of this pestilential spot, not unless!" answered the young Irishman, who was still in his anxiety here.

"You can leave that to me. We'll get them both away to-night, if you only say the word, and I'll be glad to get 'em out of this hole, a little place down under" where folks have room to breathe, and where we wouldn't keep 'em, and I'll be glad to get 'em out of this hole. Plough! What a hole! Still, I'm glad I came a real glad!" And so were Spike and the "little 'un." They had little time to rest, for the next day, and Smiley's gang could see happy-go-lucky Jack Griffiths now, cracking a stock-whip on Carrill's cattle ranches, they would not recognise him. THE END. (Two splendid lions, complete, lists will appear in next issue, THE BOYS' BEAM.)