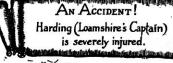
of Sport & Adventure.

Ting Ricket I By Charles Hamilton



CRICKET. KING

A Fascinating New Story of County Cricket.

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

BLANE, Captain of Loamshire, and the steady friend of Arthur and Kit. He is Molly Hilton's cousin-PONSONBY, Geoffrey Lagden's friend, and a man

of similar character—mobbleh to a degree.

The first instalment tells how Arthur Lovell distinguishes hisself in the Colds' match; in spite of the efforts which Gouffrey Lagden puts fortis to keep him content of the Colds' match; in spite of the efforts which Gouffrey Lagden puts fortis to keep him contents to the fortisting his status, as an aniatour and turning professional. River and the contents of the Colds' contents and turning professional to the Colds' contents and turning professional to the Colds' contents and the Cold

(Now read this week's instalment.)

e South Africans' Day Out.

The South Africans' Day Out.

EGGIF SCHIWARZ soon showed that ho was in as fine form now as during the first innings of the Loamshire went to the crease with a businesslike sir, and Harding, who was to receive the first over, prepared for squalls.

It was just as well that he was prepared, for he had to face them.

Software sould with the state of the st

googy, which harding stopped hote by lade than intention. Then two more slow balls, which Harding fickted away, but did not venture to run for. The first over was a maiden. The field crossed, and the ball was tossed to

The field crossed, and the ball was tossed to Kotze.

"There you are, Kodgee!" said Sherwell, with a smile, which showed how much confidence he had in the fast bowler from the veldt. And "Kodgen" nodded cheerfully. Gooffrey Legden was watching with all his year as he saw Kotze with the leather. That over was something like, a hailstorm to the halaman. It was also have the work of the halaman.

to the hataman. He lived through it, and kept his wicket up, but how, he hardly knew. He was not up to the form of the South African bowling, and he knew it. But he stood it out pluckly, without venturing to run, however.

Two maiden overs; and now Harding had the bowling again.

Vogler, erstwhile of Lord's, bowled the third neer, and it proved fatal to the captain of Loamsbire.

Lording had knocked up four off three balls, but the fourth curled round his willow, and laid his bails on the pitch.

The Loamshire captain carried out his bat for 4.

The Losinsuite values of the for 4.

The spectators looked at one-another when the telegraph showed 4 for one. And that one the Lourashire capitain!

Tunstall came in next to join Lagden.

Harding was speaking in a low tone to Colonel

Hilton.

Harding was spream, in ...

"Lovel in the little."

"Lovel wanted to send him in early, but the whole side look to him for a lead—even those who don't like him—and if he leat his wicket for next to nothing, it would have a disheartening offen modded.

Colonel Hillon modded.
"I suppose you are right, Harding."

Cotonel Hilton nodded.
"I suppose you are right, Harding."
"Of course: a match isn't lost till it is won, swr," said the Loamshire skipper, reading the expression of the old cricketer's faco.
"But X sput admit that the South Africa."

The Chief Characters in this Fine Story

ARTHUR LOYEL. Loamshire's champion bat. He becomes a protessional. He under is ruined he will be the state of the state

the veldt.

"Out!"
And Tunstall, with flushed checks, reentered the pavilion.
Four for two; last man, 0! So ran the
Loamshire score. It was not a very inspiriting commencement to the county's second
innings, and did not promise much towards
making up the home team's immense lee-way.

innings, and did not promise much towards making up the home team's immense lee-way. Tweedic replaced Tunstall at the wicket. The scale of the scale

when they saw Arthur Lovell emerge from the partition with his but under his arm, buttoning his giove, in the his bett under his arm, buttoning his giove, and his particular that the his particular

Club had been able to do.

Arthur meant to do his best, and he was determined to play up for Loamshire. But good cricket is to a large extent a master of mosel. Physical finess is the first requisite: the man to the man to face bowling like that of Schwarz, Vegler, and Kotze.

Lovell took middle, and faced the bowling like that of Schwarz. He remembered his experience in the first innings, when he had been clean bowled, and he was very watcht now for Schwarz is dingerous "googlies." The result was that he stormed them and

now for Schwarz's dangerous "googlies."

The result was that he stopped them, and the over left him safe at his wicket. Then Lagden batted, and a single brought Arthur Lovell to the batting end, to face fast balls from Kerker. m Kotze

from Kotze.

These he dealt with with something of his old dash. A 4, a 2, and then a boundary, seemed to him that the Loamshire 'Askipper had done well, after all, in sending Lovell on as a forlorn tope.

That over from Kotze gave Arthur Lovell, in all, il, and left him at the batting end to face Schwarz again. Again Schwarz hard with the state of the send of the

A 2, and another 2, and a 4, and then 2

more.

Loamshire's score had jumped to 26 already, and the cheers of the crowd showed how keeply they appreciated the revival of the home innings.

"Bravo, Lovell!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hurah!"

Loambire's champion bat, and something of the old lock came back to Arthur Lovell's face, the old light to his eyes. Down came the ball again. googly which had sent many a batsman home, and Arthur Lovell' aught to his eyes.

wanted it.

The clack of wood meeting leather was fol-lowed by the far flight of the ball. Where
was the leather? A shout from the partilion
told. And a member of the Loamshire county
club, whose high white hat had been turned
into something like a concertina by that ball,

tossed is back to a grinning fieldsman, grinning himself. Three runs had been taken.

Colonel Hilton's cyes sparkled.

Lovell's shaping well, Harding," he remarked.

marked.

"Yes: by Jove," said the Loamshire skipper heartily; "if he keeps it up."
Lagden had the batting now. He put on
4, playing rery cautiously; and then Kotsa
bowled to Arthur Lovell's wicket lightning balls, which Lovell out away to the four
quarters of the field.

A 4-and 4-and 4; and yet 4 more!
Another ball, and another swiping his-and

then a roar

Caught!

then a roar!

"Caught!"

"Caught!"

"Regge of the ball, het from the bat, was aften in the lands of the fieldamas, who had leaped up to it, and caught it in full flight.

"Caught!"

"Well caught!"

"Well caught!"

"Well caught it in full flight.

"The was only in the ball flight in the land of the the l

wickets. The interval for lunch followed.

Loanishire resumed the innings with Peesonby as Lagden's partner at the wickets.

But Lagden's time was coming now. He had 22 in all to his name, when a slow ball from Schwarz caught him napping, and his legistump went down like a ninepin.

stump went down like a through.

Ile clicked, his teeth as he carried out he hat. His was the score second best to Levelli and considering the quality of the bowling, was a creditable one. But once again hope of outsitning his rival had been single the control of the control

loud cheer from the throng round greeted Schwarz's performance of uils greeted hat-trick."

A loud cheer from the throng round the rais greeted Schwarz was not done yet. We wanted the second of the second o

Loud cheer followed the South Africans off the field. The Lounshire folk were disappointed, but they were good sportsmen. The visitors had defeated the home county after a fair and square fusele, and that was all there was to be said about it.

all there was to be said about it.

Arthur Lorell's face was gloomy as he went
into the professional's room to change. He
had done his best. But he felt that more had
been expected of him; that he might hav
done more, and it was not a pleasant feeling.

Kit Valance was in the room. He did not
glance towards Arthur, neither did he speak,
glance towards Arthur, neither did he speak,
chums, who had never met without a smile,
or a cordial word, met now, and parted in
grim silence, with averted looks.

RIP. drip. drip!
The rain was falling in a stee

drizzle.

Gloomy faces looked out of the pavilion on the county ground at Southampton towards the derenched pitch. Drip, to fall.

to fall.

Loamshire were playing Hampshire on the latter's ground at Southampton, and the extremely bad weather bade fair to entirely spoil the match.

spon the match.

The 1907 scason had opened very badly for cricketers generally, but hitherto Loamshire 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 that it had come! On the first of the three days devoted to the cricket. Loamshire had won the tens, and had opened their innings with Arthur Lowell and Geoffrey Lageden, who had kneeked up 70 runs between them, 50 out of the 70 belonging to Arthur Lovell. Then the rain belonging to Arthur Lovell. Then the rain the control of the first three th

The sky clouded over again, and one rases some down once more.

Drip, drip, drip,
A few hundred spectators only had turned up for the second day's play, after their seperience on the first, and only those who were under abetter had remained.

The cricketers choice field and deserted enclosures, and wondered glumly if the rain would

closures, and wonceres grands.

Colonel Hilton sat in the reading room, reawing his moustache, and talking in a dessiltory way to Harding, the new Loamshire captain, and Sprot, the skipper of the home

Their faces were glum enough.

They wanted sunshine and a dry wicket, and seemed that they were to have nothing but

The members of the teams were equally

The members of the teams were equally gloomy.

It was extremely exasperating to maste time in the pavilion, listening to the drip of the rain, with the almost certain prospect of an antinished match before them.

Lozanshire had commenced the season to well that Calonel Hitton, and the other members of the doasny committee, already saw the glorious that Calonel Hitton, and the other members of the doasny committee, already saw the glorious that cannot be prosibility.

Cally one defeat, so far, had the Lozanshire many experienced, and that was at the hands of the South Africans, and there was no disgrace in addust at the bands of a team which had, as yet, buston every side it had met on English south.

set assess every side it had met on English and the preasest countries had fallen by the set of the countries had been Learnshire, and I coundries to the set of the countries o

match, which, of course, does not consummentally, was so much waste of time to him hay a time his eyes wandered to the blurred window, in the hope of detecting some improvement in the weather.

But the rain was still falling fast.
Luncheon-time came, and with it, at last, came a rift in the sky, a glimmer of sunshine from the masses of clouds.

It is a still the start of the colonel, and still the consummental that the colonel, and slower and slowny all the weary norming.

"Looks like a change at last, Hording."

The Loamshire captain nodited hopefully.

"Looks like it, it," all spret, "Well, let's go and get some lunch, answay, and the rain may have stopped by then."

Colonel Hilton was thinking more of cricket than of his lunch, and his eyes were on the windows most of the time.

The rain certainly seemed to be clearing off How long the interval of fine weather would have to was impossible to tell, but the cricketers

as last.

How long the interval of fine weather would last it was impossible to tell, but the cricketers hoped for the buryon, and the same and the

"The pitch is as wet as a rag," said Ponsonby.

"Yes, confound it! But so long as it gets dry enough for play, I don't care. My batting, at any side, is average good on a wet wisket."

"Arthur Lovell is at his best on a dry one," which, of course, you're both awfully sorry for," remarked.

"Which, of course, you're both awfully sorry for," remarked Fortesque, joining them. Still, as if a pretty certain to be an unfinished match; it won't match the most of the summary of the summary and the

"Oh, rats to you" and Laguen, turning away, Arthur Lovell, and Kit Valance, too, the change in the weather brought hope and something of cheerfulness. The two notesisonals were far more bored by the inactivity than the anatturs of the team. For in the Lossmbire Club, more than in any other, a sharp line was drawn between amateur and professional, and anything like

association between the two was next to im-

possible.

In the days when Arthur Lovell had played for his county as an amateur, he had been the friend of Kit Valance, the young professional bowler, but that was exceptional. Now Arthur was a professional himself.

But it was not his exclusion in this sense that it brought the shade to Arthur's face that it was

that brought the snake to Arthur's take that we then the thin the state of all the blows he had received from fields for time-and they had been many—his friendship with Kit had been firm and two. Now a cloud had come between them. They no longer spoke except when it was absolutely necessary in their work, and they met and parted in silence and with awerted

Len Valance, the scapegrace, was the cause of it; and with each day that passed the breach seemed to widen between the two who had been such diose chums. The scape of the sca

wish they had not asked questions.

Arthur was a paid player in the service of
the Loamshire County Cricket Club, but his
private affairs were his own, and he had no intention of being questioned about them by any-

one.

Arthur's face brightened up in response to the gleam of sunshine in the sky, and when the unpries went out to examine the ground, his glance followed them anxiously.

He saw the shaking of heads, and the doleful return to the partition.

The ground was not yet in a condition for

play.

But quite a blaze of sunshine came out as the afternoon wore on, and after several goings to and fro between the pitch and the pavilion, the ground was announced to be dry enough for the resumption of play.

"Lovell" I.

"Lagden !"

"Lagrien;"
Gladly enough Arthur fastened on his pads and took up his bat.
Hithere, before he went on for his junines.
Hithere, before he methery word from his consider now he went out in silence.
But Kit Valance's glance followed him, anxious to see Lovell figure well at the wicket, and win fresh remown for himself and his feether himself and his feether he mosm for himself and his feether he mosm for himself and his feether he mosm for himself and his

county.

For in both hearts the old friendship still lived, although now their ways were parted.

Arthur Tovell went down to the wicket, and Geoffrey Lagden came out with his bat under

his arm.
The Hampshire team had gladly come out to

The Harvpshire team had gladly come out to Lieucellyn was bowline riad bells to the wieck-keepen aur he ceased as the latisuse method to the proposed to deliver his over against Arthur Levell.

Pomosmby had remarked that Arthur was at his bost on a dry wicket, and it was true, but the champion bat of Loamshire was dangerous on any surt of ground:

A match to the field, and he sent the halls from Lieucellyn heart of the field, and he sent the halls from Lieucellyn far and wide.

A 2, a 4, and another 2.

A 2 bowed that Larguphire battanna had not become rusty during his long wait for the resumption of play.

play.

But fortune frowned upon Lagden when the bowling came from the other end.

Lagden his way to careful enough for the reacherous wicker, and Nawman's third ball laid his bails on the ground.

Lagden stared at the wicker in dismay.

"Thus's that "granned Norman.

Lagden stared at the wicker in dismay.

"Lagden stared at the wicker.

Lagden stared at the wicker.

"Tow's that;" grinned Newman.
"Out!"
Lagden entried out his hat disconlentedly.
He had 25 runs in all to his credit, and he
had hoped for better things, but the wicked
had proved for much for him, as it preved too
much for botter hatsnel to in, and he
made 2
force ho was dismissed by a "twister" from
Newman, who took two wickets in the over.
Then Tunstall came out to join Levell, only
to meet disaster on the slipperty wicket. He
wend out in the first over, howled by Sprot
against his wicket, with a big round 0 to his
cut the control of the state of the country of the
second of the control of the country of the country of the
second of the country of the country of the country of the
second of the country of the count

against his wicket, with a big round 0 to his account.

Locall could his out like a Jessop when he had been a local to the heave when to be slow and cautions, and he played a cautious game now. He was gradually acting accustomed to the wicket, which was also performed the time that the same and the same

and Chichester was out next, leg-belore, for abuse's egg.
Learnshire were now five down for 130, of which 30 belonged to Arthur Lovell.
Of his 9c. 70 had been second the previous day, before the rain had commenced, and on a rained wicket it head taken him as long to core the odd was next man in for Learnshire.
The young bowler could usually put up a fairly good shor at wicket, but the safe of the ground was as fatal to him as to the

He scored 16 before he was bowled by Liewellyn.

And now Arthur Lovell's time was coming. He had increased his individual score to 99, and the next hit, had it materialised, would have gained the coveted century.

But we say that had been to be the control of t

carried out his bat.

He was out, but he had knocked up a fine
bre for his side, and it was pretty certain
t no other Loamshire batsman would ap-

that no other Loamshire batsman would ap-proach the figure. The Loamshire figures now read 155 for soven; last man. 99.

The fall of Arthur Lovell's wicket was the signal for the crushing finish of the Loamshire

signal for the crusning summings.

Wicket after wicket went down, but it was ruther to the state of the ground than the state of the ground than the state of the state of the ground than the state of the state of

shire were an usual control to for the form of the for Luck was with Hampshire this time. For the sun was coming out more brightly, and the ground was drying rapidly, and there were still two hours of play. In the breast of Sprot, the Hampshire captain, a hope dawned that the match might be a finished one after all, with a victory for Hampshire.

Hampshire.

At all events, it was his intention to make hay while the sun shone.

And the Hampshire innings opened with Sprot and Newman at the wickets, and the unen from Loamshire went out to field.

chances, and Kit Valance was howling again, with the idea of giving him one.

Sprot cut away a tempting ball, and point was on the look-out.

A spring into the air—a cheer from the few hundreds of spectators, which sounded strangely thin over the great Southampton ground.

"Cought".

"Caught!"
"Well caught!"
The hall was in Lovell's hand, a smile of satisfaction upon his handsome face.
"How's that, umpire?"
Out!"

n. Llewellyn and Jephson piled more runs on the score

after run.

Away went the leather once more from the reverend gentleman's bat, and there was a shout as cover-slip was seen running.

if he could possibly help it, and so he felt that Harding was badly hurt. Harding was badly hurt. "Shall I look at it, sir?"

"Shall I took at to, str."
"Yes—"sel, gold the leg of the captain's white flanch trougers, and exposed the injured limb to view. Harding gave a garp of pain as he lightly touched it.
"You've spraised it badly, sir," said Arthur quietly. We shall have to carry you bear to the perilion.
"Led a hand here, Lagden."
"Led a hand here, Lagden," Lagden, who had been fielding at slip, was now on the spot. He bent down beside Harding.

Lagden, who had been fielding at slip, was now on the spot. He bent down beside Harding.

"Can't you walk, Harding?"

"Can't you walk, Harding?"

"Can't you walk, Harding?"

"Can't you walk, Harding?

"Can't you walk, Harding?

"A spot walk, Hard

his left arm.

his left arm."

Arthur's eyes blazed for a moment. But it was no time to dispute with Lagden, with Harding lying white, and almost fanining with pain, on the wel 'uri. He caught Harding by the left arm, and the captain of Lounshire was raised upon his sound leg, the other dragging

helplically.

The pain of the movement almost deprived him of consciousnest, and a faint moan left his tips. His weight hung heavily upon the control of the

"I suppose so,

reply.

They lifted Harding hodily, and bore him across the field towards the pavilion, which was fortunately not very far distant. The glances of the other crick-ters followed the unfostunate of the other crick-ters followed the unfostunate of the other crick-ters followed the unfostunate of the other crick-ters followed by the unfostunated in the second of the property of the p

ap that and betains the react of the above the intercrickets of solution intercrickets. There was no love lost between Geoffrey Lagren and Harding, who was a quiet, plain cllow, and in nowise inclined to favour the amartiset." in Loamshire county cricket; the ci of which Geoffrey Lagden was the shining

and now, it was pretty certain, Loamsbire would be without a captain once more, and a secret ambition that Lagden had long cherished might be realised at last!

might be realised at last! Harding was carried into the pavilion, and a doctor instantly sent for. Colonel Hilton's brow was very grave and anxious. But he was thinking only of Harding, not of the game to which the services of the captain had now been

For the game was doomed. Hardly had the Loamshire captain been carried in by Lagden and Lovell, when the first drops of rain began to fall.

o fall, Drip, drip, drip! The old familiar sound of the falling rain mas heard once more, and the unlucky ricketers were driven to the pavilion for

to fall.

Drip, drip, drip,

drip, drip, drip.

Drip, drip, drip,

The Hampshire score stood at 120, and for that
day, at least, it was certain not to be added to
the Hampshire score stood at 120, and for that
day, at least, it was certain not to be added to
day, at least, it was certain not to be added to
day, at least, it was certain not to be added to
day, at least, it was certain not to be added to
day, at least, it was certain not to be added to
day, at least, it was certain not to be added to
day, and it was still pouring when the time came,
which would, in any case, have marked the
close of play.

Once more the pitch was drenched, and,
judging by the black clouds that were banked
fine weather on the morrow. As for that, there
were few regrets. All chance of finishing and
deciding the match being gone, no one was
anxious for a deadlory and useless attendance
at the wickets on the morrow. It was not long
anxiously availed by the Loamshire cricketers.

Harding had never been a brilliant captain,
but he was a fine fellow, and a good cricketer,
and he was well liked in the club, except by
Geoffrey Loagdon, and a few of ins set. And
known that Harding's eprain was of a serious
nature, and that it would be impossible for
him to walk on a cricket-field again for some
time; probably many week, would be easy to
fill. for Loamshire roll draw upon in case of
becessity.

But who was the new captain to be? Hard-

But who was the new captain to be? Hard-ing's captaincy had been something in the nature of a stopgap. He was not the leader to steer the teem through the difficulties of a season and the long fight for the county cham-

season and the long fight for the county cham-pionship.

But it had been expected that his captainship would last until Blanc, the colonel's nephew, and the former captain of Loamshire, was well enough to take the field again. His injury put an end to that idea. Blanc was still had up, and now Harding was on the sick list. The post of captain was vacant once more. How was in the part of the property of the pro

Sprot had been fairly caught, and there was o doubt about it.

He carried out his bat for 32, and Badcock came out of the pavilion to take his place as Newman's partner.

Newman's partner.

Badoock and Newman proceeded to cut the owing about between them, and the Hamphire score had gone up to a total of 30, when he latter was clean bowled by Kit Valance.

And now, to the dismay of the cricketers, nominous gloom began to overspread the sky

an ominous ground from the care in as all judges from the east. It heralded a return of the rain, as all judges of the weather knew, but as yet none fell, and the cricketers still hoped that it would hold off until the time came for drawing the stumps.

Meanwhile, the batsmen were busily at work.

Badcock was out when the Hampshire score had just turned 100, and Llewellyn took his place, his partner being the Rev. W. P. Jeph-

Jephson was hitting out well, sending the

OUR NEW COMPETITION.

That's all we WHO IS IT?



Below are the portraits of six enshusiastic footballing readers of Taz Bors Real. Do you know them? To the reader who identifies any one of them, and whose letter is the first correct opened, a prize of five shillings will be awarded. There are no other conditions. Perhaps your own portrait appears here this week, or that of your bosom friend. Anyway, if you have been considered that the contract of the contrac must reach this office by Saturday, August 3rd.
Another six portraits will appear next week.











S PROT took his place at the wicket, and waited for the ball Kit Valence, took the first over against Hampshire.

Arthur Lovall was fielding at point, his favourite position, and Harding, the captain Kit Valence, bad sea

Valance had sent down a few trials to Att Valance had sent down a few trials to Tunstall, who was keeping wicket, but he pre-pared for stern business when the Hampshiro captain came down to the wicket. Sprot was a focusan worthy of his steel, and he knew it.

sprior was a sociana working to in Seeks, and the know it.

The state of the ground was not favourable to Kit's style of bowling, but he was always dangerous, and he meant to do his extended to the control of the con

oung Loamshire coll was bowling.
The over gave Sprot only 2, and then weedle. Loamshire's Spotlish professional, owled from the other end to Newman. Kewman was also in a careful mood, and stopped two balls, and played the third for single run. This brought Sprot opposite Tweedie

The Hampshire captain proceeded to cut the rest of the over across the field. ress of the over across the field.

The Hampshire score was going up already, and with every over it increased, and ere a quarter of an hour had clapsed. Spret and Newman had put on 40 between them, and they were still hatting.

But Spret's four had now come.
Arthur Lovell at point was watchful for

Harding, the Loamshire skipper, was after the ball like a shot. Jephson and Llewellyn were running, and running hard, but they had not yet crossed, and the Loamshire captain was almost on the ball.

ball.

Would the throw-in come in time?

Every eye followed Harding as he ran.

He was almost on the ground, when he was
soen to slip on the damp turf, and fall heavily
to the ground.

There was another shout

"You're all right, Hampshire?"

Hampshire were indeed all right.

at the next moment there was a buzz. larding was seen to raise himself from the and, and then fall back again upon the

For the first time cricketers and spectators realised that the Loamshire skipper had been

hurt.
Slip and point both ran swiftly towards him.
Flarding raised himself into a sitting posture,
and threw in the ball, and then sank down
again. The Losmshire captain was evidently
burt, but he had managed to send in the ball, his
thoughts being still with the game in spite of
his injure.

thoughts being still with the game in spite of his injury.

Arthur Lovell was the first to reach him. The hall had come in to the wick-keeper, and Kit Valance was ready to bowl again, but for the moment play had ceased. Lovell dropped on his knee quickly beside Harding.

"What is the matter, sit?" Harding was as pale as death, and he was evidently only keeping back a groan of pain by a strong effort.

"It has a but have twisted my log when I fell," he said faintly. "I can't get up, Lovell's face became very acrious He heroer

Lovell's face became very scrious. He knew that his skipper was not the man to give in

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

cricket season ended, Colonel Hilton hoped to wrest their laurels.
On the eve of their match with the cham-pions, Learnshire were left without a captain! And so the question was an anxious one among Learnshire cricketers, both in the team and out

it. Who was to be the new captain of Loamshire?

To Most the Champion County

To Most the Champion County.

S all anticipated, the Loamshire v. Hampshire match had to be counted as "unfinished"; and the Loamshire crickclers returned home without have made to consider the country of the points have more priling up for the champion-ship.

Better weather awaited the team at home in Loamshire. There was no first-class fixture for the real. The week, and the Loamshire. There was no first-class fixture for the real and the country of the country of

ericketers had an easy time of it, and the question of the captainty against Kent was still
open.

was a difficult question to settle. Blanc
had made a splendid captain, and Harding a
passable one. Both were now on the sick list
for weeks to come.

There was one man in the Loamshire team
who would have made on ideal leader, and his
professional player!

Colonel Hilton ind proposed Lovell as the
new captain, and the county committee
had reluctantly silowed him to have his
addreluctantly silowed was a good cricketer,
and played a clean game.

He wanted Loamshire to wis the championHe wanted Loamshire to was accomplished he
cared absolutely nothing whether the captain
was professional or amateur.

Then had come an unexpected check. Lovell
had declined the bonour. His reasons were
did not believe that if he accepted the
captaingy he would have a loyal support on the
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the captaincy.

Now once more the thought of Arthur Lovell came into the mind of the colonel.

That there was a snobbin element in the club. and some jealousy among the anateurs of the success which had attended Arthur Lovell during the season, Colonel Hilton knew.

But he did not know how deep those feelings were in the breasts of a certain set in the property of the season, which Lagden and Engelia the Colonel Colone

Lovell's captaincy had been mource and the committee-room, and Lagden and Ponsonby were hostile at once. They're never tired of making a fuse of that They're never tired of making a fuse of that They're never tired of making a fuse of that reading-room in the county payliion one afternoom. Faney a professional captain of Loamshire! Well, last time it was mooted! I made up my mind what I would do.

"Faney a professional captain of Loamshire! Well, last time it was mooted! I made up my mind what I would do.

"You'll have to," said Fortescue, looking up from his newspaper, with a yawn. "You'll have to obey the orders of your captain, Pon., or Makeled out with the down of spoil. There, and washed the means of spoil.

nave to obey the orders of your captain, ror or be kicked out of the team."
"There are ways and means of spoing Lovell's little game without kicking over the traces too openly." Tunstall remarked.
"We shall have to talk it over," said Lagde with a warning glance in the direction of Fo

"We shall have to talk it over," said Lagden, with a warning glance in the direction of Fortest and the state of the state

rather uneasily.

rather unessily.

"I don't know about failing to back up a captain on the field," Tunstall remarked slowly.

"That would be coming it rather strong, wouldn't it?"

"We may have no choice," said Lagden. "I suppose we're not going to lot the fellow put on airs to us, are we? Blane used to drive us

rather hard, but then, Blane was one of our-selves, and we could stand it."
"That's just it," said Ponsonby, "It's the fact that he's a professional, of course, that makes all the difference."
"Still, I hope he'll have sense enough to relase," said Tunstall. "He refused once, and

"Still, I hope he'll have sense enough to refuse," said Tunstall. "He refused one, and I don't see how the colonol can ask him again. I don't see how the colonol can ask him again, the result of the Loamshire amateurs, and that's you, Lagden: "I believe I have a chance," he said. "But if that outsider accepts, of course I shain't have kicked out of the Loamshire Clab!" aget him kicked out of the Loamshire Clab!" From where they sat in the reading-room they could see Arthur Lovell at practice at the wicket, facing the bowling of Kit Valance, his orsiwhile chura. Arthur was in fine form, and Presently he left the wicket, which Kit Valance had been unable to touch, and his place was taken by another batsman. Arthur Lovell walked towards the pavilion, a flush from the exercise on his handsome face. It was Colonel Hilton who spoke "Yes, sir," said Arthur quietly. "Come and sit down here. I have something important to say."

"Yes, str," said Arthur quelty."
Come and sit down here. I have something important to the property of the control of the cont

over his face.

He know what was coming now.

"I ask you, therefore, to reconsider your decision," said Colonel Hillyn quietly, "It has been agreed almost unanimously that the chance shall be given you again. I am asking you for the aske of Learnshire."

"It if does not work so well as Lanticinate."

the sake of Learnshie."
Lovell did not speak.

"If it does not work so well as I anticipate,"
went on Colonel Histon, "it will be easy for
you to throw it up again."
It also be a superior of the sake of the sak

reason.

He shook hands with the young professional, and Arthur was left to his thoughts.

Captain of Loamshire!

Captain of Loamshire!

At one time the mere thought would have made his heart bound.

But now it seemed merely the presage to a new sea of difficulties—to jeslousy, enzy, backbiting, treachery! All these things the new captain of Loamshire had to look for in the side he was to lead against the champion county on Monday.

Yet—if he could wit an if life and respect him —if he could lead Loamshire to victory—it would be glorious!

After all, perhaps, he had judged them too harshly.

harshly.
Lovell's face lighted up a little.
"Hallo!"

It was Gooffrey Lagden's voice. It was Gooffrey Lagden's voice. I ome out of the pavilion, and now he i front of Lovell.
"Colonel Hilton was appealed." in front of Lovell.

"Colonel Hilton was speaking to you just now, I think, Lovell?"

"Yes," said Arthur briefly.

"I hear they are thinking of offering you the cartainey again?"

captaincy again?"
"They have offored it."
"Reality? You have refused, of course?"
"No." said Lovell quietly; "I have accepted."
"So you are going to be our captain after.

all?

"Yes."
"Well," said Lagden, drawing a deep breath,
I can promise you that you won't enjoy the
esition. You can make up your mind to

And he walked away, leaving the new catain of Loamshire to think over his words, a all that they implied.

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

HENEAGE STAR F.C. (latteam, average age, 17-18; 2nd team, average age, 16-17) want matches for next season, within 4 miles of Birmingham—Apply to Mr. A. Baldwin, Secretary, 7Bk., 172, Heneage Street, Ashted, Birmingham.

Shirted, Birmingham.

Allolon INVICA F.C. (average age, 17) have a UBION INVICA F.C. (average age, 17) have a UBION INVICA F.C. (average age, 16-16), home and away.

Ground, Blackheath. Also reserves (average age, 16-16), home and away. Ground, Southwark Fark-Apply to F. Pescud, II, Clack Street, Botherhilte, S.L. ERDINGTON MELROSE JUNIORS F.C. (average

Ampt in F. Ferend, 11, Clark Street, Rothershilles, S.E. FÄDINIVION MELROSE J.U. Gavernac FÄDINIVION MELROSE J.C. Gavernac FÄDINIVION MELROSE J.C. Gavernac Gates open; within 5 miles' radius of Erdington Apply to Mr. A. Kettle, Severtary, 67, Orphanac Rand, Erdington, near Birmingham. 18: medium; properties also matches, home and away. Beserve team faverage age, 16; medium) also have a few dates open. Apply to W. Goodelid, Praesurer, 68, Sibberg Grove, and the second of the second second of the second second of the second second second and dressing accommodation required. Resum matches with dutts for the coming season. Good ground and dressing accommodation required. Resum matches with dutts for the coming season. Good ground and dressing accommodation required. Resum Howevill, How Secretary, 10th Trafford St. John's AFC., 7 Peel Ternace, 01d Trafford, Manchester, ST. BARNABAS F.C. (Savenage agg., 15: medium) have all dottes open for away matches sufficiently and the second second

clube. Also a few good players required amall subscription (6d.)—Wite, stating position, to V. Taylor, Hon. Secretary, Gleamore, 57, Eisenhaus M. Taylor, Hon. Secretary, Gleamore, 57, Eisenhaus A.L. SAINTS F.C. (average ago, 14, weak) have all dates open, home and away.—Apply to H. Boyer, 21, Imagested Road, London, New Sec., 17) require matches, home and away. Ground, Hackney, All dates open—Apply at ore to J. Kemp, 7a, Charles SIEAKEOW, CRUSADBLIS (average ago, 17; weak) require matches, bome and away, for the complex of the control of th

Write to W. Ulark, Secretary, —
Bermandsey, S.E.
THE CHARTERHOUSE SWIFTS F.C. (average age, 10; weak) require a few matches, home and away. Also a few players for the coming season.—
Apply to G. Tumer. 5, Vladuct Buildings, Charterage, 10. week; require a few matches, bonne and
Anny, Alans de Marches, bonne and
Apply to 6. Turner, 5. Viaduct Buildings, Charterbouse Street, Robbern, E.C.
TOWER UNITED F.C. (average age, 14; medium)
require borne and away matches for next season.—
Apply to H. E. Dubbins, School House, Church Street,
Wapping, E.

APPING, E. DARWEN ATHLETIC F.C. (average age, 15-17) and fixtures for 1907-8, within 40 miles radius of

DATES. Also good right-back wanted. Small subparticles. V. Cambridt, Remoteck Parm, Darwer,
Also de Cambridt, Cambridt Parm, Darwer,
All Cambridt, Parmistock Parm, Darwer,
WELLFIELD F.C. (average sg., 16) require dates

LEDGENORE EANGERS A.F.C. (average sg., 16) require dates

LEDGENORE EANGERS A.F.C. (average sg., 16) require dates

want makches. All dates open for next season. Home
and away—Apply to W. J. Davis, 17, Richard Street,

SILVER UNITED F.C. (average sg., 15) require

season with teams of about 14-17. Home and away—

SALES ATHLETIC (IANNINGIAM) F.C.

(average sg., 17) require matches for the coming

street, Manningham, Bradford, Vorks.

HAMILTON (EXTRAL F.C. (average sg., 18)

want matches for next season within 10 mile radius

LEN End XI. F.C. (average sg., 18)

T.C. (144, Pall SMI, Cherley.

LENDER WANTED F.C. (average sg., 18)

T.C. (144, Pall SMI, Cherley.

J. (144, Pall SMI, Cherley.

LENDER WATHLETIC A.F.C. (average sg., 19)

HINDLE WATHLETIC A.F.C. (average sg., 19)

HINDLE WATHLETIC A.F.C. (average sg., 14-10)

HINDLE WATHLETIC A.F.C. (average sg., 14-10)

HINDLE WATHLETIC A.F.C. (average sg., 14-10)

HINDLEY ATHLETIC A.F.C. (average ago, 14-16) wan fixtures withs a miles of Hindley station. Nearly all dates open—Apply to Free Whittle, Secretary, 14-16 and 14-16 an

or macro to . H. FTREER, 22, LAURIER STREET, SEPRON, KINC'S SWIPTS F.C. (arrange age. 15), weak, want matches, home and sway, for easien 1907-8, not retendant and district—payle to H. Bocking, Hon. Sci. (ELEVILLE F.C. (average age. 124) have most dots open, home and sways—payle to W. Ferdinard, dots open, home and sways—payle to W. Ferdinard, of The Company of the

head.
ALL HALLOWS' JUNIORS' F.C. (average agr., 15;
strong) want home and away maisches for 1907-8.—
Apply to F. S. Collier, 7-8. High Road, Tottenham, N.
TOWER UNITED F.C. (average agr, 14; medium)
want home and away matches sext season, 1907-8.—
Apply to H. C. Dubbina, Secretary, School House,

TOWER UNITED F.C. (average age, 14; medium want home and away matches met season, 1907-20, Annal of the season of

L.i.D (agn. 17) wishes to join a football club in London. Monday team preferred.—Apply to C. J. H. T. D. L. T. Bond, Leytontone. H. T. Wol. La. D. H. T. Wol. La. D. H. T. Wol. La. D. H. Will pay small subscription—Apply to H. Cow. 33, Albert Road, Forest Lane, Stratford, E.

TWO LADS (sags, 16-17) with to join a football club for season 1907-8. Right back and inade right for the control of the season 1907 and the season 1907 and 1907

able members required for above leasn (age, about 128). The Drive Division, Martial S.N. League, Ledester—Apply Ledester, Control Martial S.N. League, Ledester—Apply Ledester, Control Martial S.N. Ledester, Control Martial S.N. Ledester, Ledester

from C. H. West, 3, Albert Terrace, High Street, Bogone, Sussex, to join the Branch No. 4 of the BOYS within a join the Branch Rose and the BOYS within a sea should write to Frank Reicher, Secretary, 16, Fairbrother Street, Hydo, Cheshire, enclosing two penny stamps, one for membership card, and the other one for a reply. The league has already a magazine, which can be had for one penny. The work of the state of the s

ST PAUL'S JUNIORS C.C. (average age, 134; weak) have August Sed and 24th and Aspfember 7th and 21th open for home matches. Ground, Highpate respectable hops as players, whose age must powered 15.—Aprily to 1. Molling, 10.0. Scoretary, 64, Kiver Road, Holloway, K. (1994), 10.0. Scoretary, 64, Control, C.C. (1997), 10.1. Score, 10.6 (Bouesalor CLOVELIA, C.C., (1987), 10.7 green, 10.6 (Bouesalor Control Co

exceed 15.—Afrily to 7. Menlink, 10.5. Secreary, 78. Were Rund, Hollows, average nee, 13-14) require matches, at home.—Aprily to J. Green, 10. Glouesster Road, Ealing, MIDA C.1. Gertzes are, 15. week) require away middle of the same and the same are sense and the same are sense as the same are same are same are same as the same are same are same are same as the same are same are same are same are same as the same are same are same are same are same are same as the same are sa

aora nous». College Piace, Canden Town.

La Miss S (HOIR C.C. faverage age, 14) wantborne and away matches at Action on August Bank

Gaide Stables, Lancaster Garbelliffe, 4, Mariborough

MAURICE-HOSTEL C.C. Gard (average age, 17;

weak) have open August 17th away and Septomber 7th

Monone—Write to Socretary, A. Comminus, 67, G1. Chart.

SILVERDALE C.C. (average age, 17; weak) want

matches away.—Apply to W. Curtis, 20, Noyna Boad,

Upper Tooling, S.W.

A FEW BOYS wish to join a respectable crickot club in the district of Ecclessil, via Shellicht. Two bowlers, a wicket-keeper, also five battemen.—Apply by post to J. E. flail, 118, Napier Street, Shellicht. BOYS wanted between the ages of 11-16 for a cricket club. Small sub.—Apply to H. Ktriey, 138, Great College Street, Cameria Cour.

LAD (age, 16) would like to join a swimming cluin Bethnal Green.—Write to S. T. Barnicott, 39, Old Ford Road, Bethnal Green, Loudon, N.E.



Latest Portrait of YOUR EDITOR (E. E.). Controller of

THE BOYS' REALM - Saturday. THE BOYS' FRIEND -Tuesday. THE BOYS' HERALD-Thursday.

New Stories Coming.

AM making arrangements for some mar-M making arrangements for some mar-veilous 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 en 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 ceeded in the past, I am sure all my friends will readily admit. But Tim Bors' RHALM 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 Realmite but the strategy of the property of the present the strategy of the present the prese wants to read about the further adventures wants to read about ino turner aucontures of that plucky little Jap. Ito Nagao, and his bosom chums. Teddy Lestor, Arthur Digby, and Tom Sandys. 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

Meanwhile, let me toll 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, lumorous story of Dannie and Ginger, in which another laughable adventure of these mirth-prevoking characters is detailed.

FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite paper.

He will answer you by post if you enclose a stamped addressed postcard or envelope.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOY'S REAL &, 2 Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.Q.

If your letter is not replied to here, it may be answered in "The Boy's Friend" next Tuesday, or "The Boy's Herald" next Thursday.

THE BOY'S REALM will be sant post free to any part of the world on the following terms: 12 months, 3s dd.;

3 months, its. 3d.—payable in advance by British stamps. Postal Orders or Money Orders to be sent to the Publisher,

2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.Q.

Our Football Pro-

Dur Football Programme.

HAVE received quite a number of letters from my friendy will write a football serial for Tax Raxax this winter. I think I may as well tell my friend straight away that Mr. Hardy is even now busy on a new football yars for our paper on quite make this story the very best he has ever written. I hops too, that we shall not lose sight of our old friends in the other prominent bhareders. The football yars for the present of the prominent of the prominent of the prominent of the prominent of the present of the present in the other prominent of the present it is quite impossible, as he is far too busy writing our new loobtall serial. Perhaps a little later on, however, I may be able to get the start of the present it is quite impossible, as he is far too busy writing our new loobtall serial. Perhaps a little later on, however, I may be able to get 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 incrested should carefully perusulte particulars which will be found below.

How to Become a First-class County Cricket Groundsman

County Cricket Groundsman

C. J., of Devon, wants me to tell him
who he can put his whole time into
oricket, with the hope of becoming
cricketer. He further tells me that he is nineteen years of age, is a decent, right-hand fast
bowler, and a fair left-hand betamar, and that
be would prefer to get an appointment as
a groundsman in a county ground such as is
roundsman in a county ground such as is
if dare say that there are a large number of
cricket enthusiates who think that it would be
delightful to become a professional cricketer;
but there is a vast difference between playing
oricket for the pleasure one can get out of it,
there is a vast difference between playing
oricket for the pleasure one can get out of a
peak. Under the latter conditions it loses a
great deal of its charm.

Now, positions as groundsmen in county
cricket grounds are very much sought after,
and—I suppose many of my chums will read
ones. This is not begause 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 seams 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 straid on that recommendation he would stand luttle chance of getting into a

would search the casage of several products.

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-

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PETE'S SCHOOLDAYS. A Splendid NEW and Original Tale of School Life. By S. CLARKE HOOK and MAURICE MERRIMAN.

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ORDER YOUR COPIES TO-DAY.

ON SALE FRIDAY, AUGUST 2.

rule, the young player has achieved such fame in his neighbourhood as a hairman or howler that he finds little difficulty in getting a note of recommendation to one of the country officials from some influential cricketer who knows have income some influential cricketer who knows human. To obtain a letter of introduction to some to be searce a position as grounderman; but, failing that, the would-be professional cricketer to secure a position as grounderman; but, failing that, the would-be professional cricketer should write to the secretary of the club, stating his abilities and his willingness to put inhealt to the test with a view to consideration the state of the control on the control of the contr

Watches and Cameras Free!

ES; free for the asking-not to one, not to a dose, not to a dose, and to the dose, and the dose, and the dose, and the dose, and the dose, are to be had free for the asking, My friends will find full particulars about

My friends will find full particulars about this offer-the most stupendous ever 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' Horald"—our Thursday companion paper—better known amongst boys. For this reason I have decided not to spend hundrock of pounds in advertising it, but to divide the money amongst the readers of the state of the advantage of the exceptional opportunity! I have placed before them of gaining a new camera, or a new watch.

opportunity I have placed notors them of gaining a new camera, or a new watch.

How to Join the Army.

Rold the Infanty Barracks. Waterford, one of my chums, a young trumpeter, has sent me a most interesting letter, one of my chums, a young trumpeter, has sent me a most interesting letter, one of my chum, "should be between the age of fourteen and seventeen. He should then register his name at the nearest depth, br the would like. This is, by far, the easier and surer method, than trusting to a recruiting sergeant, on the off-chance of getting in as vacancies occur almost daily, and are filled by minimation, whose names have been registered. Preference is always given to boys whose fathers are soldiers, or who have been soldiers. After a few months, perhaps only a few weeks, the first in the should take with him the following documents, viz.: paronts consent, character from elegrams or schoolmaster. His birth certificate should also be taken."

In conclusion, I thank "Trumpeter" for his

omployer (if omployed), and a cnaracter trom a chergyman or scholmaster. His birth certifi-cate should also be taken." Trumpeter "for his intercetting letter, and inform him that if he will send his name and address to the Secretary of the Tearwo Carlositic Street, Luthon, E.C., that gentleman will be pleased to send him at badge at the first opportunity.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

DAILY MAIL.

our league corner FOOTBALL SEASON, 1907-8.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SECRETARIES OF LEAGUES AND UNATTACHED FOOTBALL CLUBS.

Register Your Club or League at Once!

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

During the coming feetball season a very large number of solid Silver Cups, the last season, and every young will be presented free of charge to frontnil Longues and funtatached Clus throughout the country. Therefore, Largue and Club Secretaries are requested to send at once full particulars of the League of Glub to which they are stated on the Secretaries are requested to send at once full particulars of the League of Glub to which they are stated on the Secretaries are requested to send at once full particulars are transported to the Secretaries of the League of Glub to which they are stated on the Secretaries of the League of Glub to which they are transported to the Secretaries of the League Secretaries desirous of the Secretaries of the Se

SECTION 1.

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

SUNDERLAND AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

TAINITY GUILD C.C.—Sec., Mr. J. Crawford, 43,

[astings Street, Sunderland.

NORTH LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

EARLE BOAD GUILD C.C.—Sec., Mr. W. Mills, 98,
Earle Boad, Liverpool. THE SOUTH LONDON CHURCH LEAGUE

OLD CHARLTON CHURCH C.C.—Sec., Mr. F. Lewin, 78, Elliscombe Road, Old Charlton. DUNDEE AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

BRIMONT C.C.—Sec., Mr. G. A. Reed, 12, Bell-field Avenue, Dundee.

THIS FORM FOR FOOTBALL LEAGUES ONLY.	l
Name of League	ı
	l
Year of Formation	ı

Number of Clubs in League Secretary's Name and address.....

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

SECTION 2.

The following clubs have been awarded Bo REALM Cricket Bats for the best performances Saturday, June 29th:

SENIOR DIVISION.

LILY C.C.—Sec., Mr. W. Bichardson, 23, Jennings treet, Swindon, Wilts.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

PRIMITIVE JUNIORS C.C.—Sec., Mr. G. Daniels, 45, Caylor Street, Middleton.

THI8	FORM	SINGLE BS ONLY	UNATTACHED
		Date	

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verage	Age of	M	[er	m	be	r	•	•	٠		•				•	•	•				
olours																					

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

3	è	c	r	el	68	u	3	ì	1	Ī	R	n	16	•	•		•	•		•	•				•	•	•	•	•	
A	ć	1	d	r	èŧ	35													•		•		•	•			•		•	
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MAGNIFICENT WATCHES FREE! See "The Boys' Herald," 1d. Every Thursday.

CYCLING:

Mr. A. E. WILLS, the holder of a world's record for cycling, tells readers how to excel at this magnificent sport.

covel at this magnificent sport.

Type of the process of the control of cycling department of the control of the cycling cyclist is sometimes termed. The commercial cycling cyclist is sometimes termed. The commercial cycling is benefiting the motor in a previsely similar manner. The young rider who has passed his novitiate in the art of cycling, and is able to cover a fair distance without undue fatigue, may be desirous of improving his pace and saying and take up read and path racting. Let us analyse the qualities requisite for the making of a speed cyclist. They may be enumerated as follows:—strength, a fast wheel, efficient training, clever beadwork, good nerve.

Without strength nothing remarkable in wholeves all we necomplicated. Therefore it between the commercial cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling is the cycling that the cycling is the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cycling in the cycling in the cycling is the cycling in the cyclin

strengthen the muscles

all round.

It is not absolutely necessary to be of large physique to attain success in cycling. Michael.



Fig. 7.—The best method for one who struggles violently, and whose arms are difficult to hold.

Tolentif, and whose squares elificate to hold.

the phenomenal Wesh rider, was but a pockedition, yet he was strong and wiry. My own height and weight are but five feet one inch, fars qualify, no matter what the height and weight. Without it all other accomplishments go for little in fast riding.

Skipping is one of the finest exercises to use no commention with cycling. Ellegaard, Pouncy of the state of

by. When for a short period I left of the best point of the skipping exercise, I found that my riding deteriorated. To take skipping exercise regularly is a tip I would recomment to all classes of riders.

The possession of a good mount is absentiated to the result of the result of

Company of the compan

going.

To know

To k

maintained whilst staying power is being sequired.

On the art of riding much may be said, but unffice it at present to lay down two rules: First, let all the visible work come from below the hips: the trunk of the body should appear to be motionless; there should be no lateral motion whatever, of any part of the body, save for the body, save for the property of t

LIFE SAVING:

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

[EDITOR'S NOTS.—We are indebted to the Royal Life-Saving Society for the drawings from which the diagrams illustrating these articles have been taken.]

Releasing from the Clutch.

Roteasing from the Clutch.

In the event of the drowning person being difficult to manage, and because of his violent struggling his arms are not easy to hold, it will then be necessary to stip your hands under his armpite and place them round his arms, holding them Emily by body, as well as towards yourself.

In this way you will place the struggling, drowning person completely in your power, and be able to manage him by preventing his clutching you. Of course, the above hold is made from the back of the drowning man, and the position of the two in the water is as shown as the position of the two in the water is as shown as the position of the two in the water is as shown as the position of the two in the water is as shown in the water is a shown in the water is as shown in the water is a shown in the water is as shown in the water is a shown in the wa

take proper precautions

allow the drowning person to turn round upon

allow the drowning person to turn round upon him and clutch him round the-body.

When this happens no time should be lost in applying the proper melbod of releases, and no effort should be spared in order to get free. Therefore, when clutched round the body, the ing him, take a breath of fresh air, and either withdraw both arms in an upward direction front of his body, or, as I have previously directed, place one hand on his shoulder and the other on his chin. At the same time bright his control of the body of the bright his control of the bright his control

the local council award free season tickers, and sat the direction of the season tickers, and sat the season tickers, and sat the season to the season the season to the season the season to the season the season to the season the season to the season the season to the

(This splendid series of articles will be continued in next wee



A FOOTBALL LEAGUE .

Mr. G. L. B. COVERDALE, the energetic Secretary of the East Riding of Yorks Football Association, gives Practical Hints on How to Form One.

Rules (continued)

ERE are the remainder of the rules necessary for the proper working of a football lodgue.

21.—All clubs must have their grounds properly marked out, or be fined (say, la), and be further deadt with as the committee may determine. Rules (continued)

committee may determine.

22—In the case of any club, player, or other
person being dissatisfied with the decision of
the committee, they or he shall have power to
sply to the board of appeal for a rehearing.

23.—Should any club or clubs be desirous of
the remaining called, the secretary
of the leavest and the secretary of
the leavest and the secretary of
the clubs, convene such meeting as early as possible.

24.-In the event of a referee appointed

to on search class to contribute equally such sum as each club to contribute equally such sum as majority of the sepreental meeting. a majority of the sepreental such series of the club present shall have power to oxclude from the full-lowing assoon's competition any of the club whose conduct has, in their opinion, been objective.

lewing assesses competition any of the clubs whose conduct has, in their opinion, been objectionable.

22.—All communications must be addressed to the secretary, who shall conduct the correspondence of the league.

23.—All the same and ayments imposed upon the control of the secretary within seven days after adjudication sectary within seven days after adjudication sectary within seven days after adjudication, the secretary of the charges shall have been sectarised, the secretary of the season shall hand the cup to their representative sectary of the season shall hand the cup to their representative sectary of the secretary of the secretary of the state of the following secretary of the 12. C. Unh, and C. D. and E. F., members of and representing the said club, which has now been declared to be the winners to the secretary of the said club and individually and collectively, engage to return the same to the same of the same of the secretary of the league for the time betting, on or bire February 18, 13 min to the same of th

The draft rules as set forth in the last two articles should now he articles should now he submitted to a meeting of all the club representatives, and if approved by them. two copies of the rules, together with from 10 for beginning the rules together with the control of the rules to the ru

CRICKET:

. ALBERT TROTT, the famous County Oricketer and Coach, gives some very valuable instruction to Ambilious

Cricketers.

The Decaptions of Stow Bowling.

HEN the basteman comes in, it is wise to the store that the control of the contr

big heart to put up with it. It is very gal-ling to gently, ball by ball, entice the hats-

man to make that fatal stroke, and just as you think your plans have succeeded, you see the ball drop out of the fieldsman's



have successed and the control of the field s m a n's hands.

Is will often the clutch of the drowning when he lound very clutched round the body.

Over, and also to learn to bowl from either either

must be forwarded to the Contry Association in which the league is stated be a well to explain what Form D really is. Rule 22 of the English Football Association says: "All associations leagues, or club shall not be formed without the control of the English Football Associations and the shall not be formed without the control of the English of Vorkshire. Walter Mead, of Sussex; while in Australia H. Trumble that the shall be made to these rules.

I have prepared a facisinie of Form D, which will appear next a facetimie of Form D, which will appear as a race of the state of the service.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

Shanthus Saturday next.)



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

DV POPIII AR MAXWELL SCOTT.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF. CHOTA LAL NATH CHANDRA DAS, an Indian prince, and a new boy at St. Ninian's School, who is placed in the Fifth Form. He is in possession of a certain gold locket, around which proceedings in profession.

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

locket.

ROBERT HAMILTON | Nelson Lee's wards.

(Ripper)
| Neison bee
| DiOK STARLING
| DIOK STARLING
| GARDNER, PROUTER, RUSSELL, ARKLE, pupils at
| St. Ninian's School.

Otto Heinrich, the mysterious German, becomes acquainted with Fraulein Hoffmann, a mistress at a girs' school in the village. Being of the same nationality she also maintenality she also makes and stays with Fraulein Hoffmann as het uncle. He decides to take her to his confidence, and relates to her the mystery surrounding the sold locket white his LaN's possession. It is the discovers that his charge with practical to the mean that the discovers that his charge with the discovers that his account of the mean that his discovers that his discovers that his account of the history of the

Its house pass, the himself, in the himself, i

mr.
Nipper and Dick Starling are captured by a crowd
Grammarians. Arnold, one of the latter, it
denly seized with a brilliant inspiration. (None read this week's instalment.

(Nos roof that sees.

The End of the Foud.

"The Company proceeded to the found of the prod.

"The great! A hundred times better than ducking on in the ordinary." Groups of the found of

knees." What for ?" they demanded.

"What for ?" they demanded.

"What for ?" they was dead into the pond," said heaves we'll got to wade into the pond." he had of this treatle and shelp me to stick it up in the middle of the pond!" he said, when the five boys had obeyed his instructions.

Somewhat mystified, they assisted him to carry one of the big wooden trestles and phace it in the centre of the shallow pond. Then Arnold turned to Groeby and Flaming.

The longest you can find!"

Crosby and Fleming fetched the plank, and, by Arnold's orders, bulanced it on the top of the trestle in such a way that half it he plank was on one side of the trestle and half on the other.

the treste in such a way that and the pants was on one side of the trestle and half on the control of the pants of the trestle and half on the control of the pants of the pan

his hand.
"Alphabetical order," said Arnold.

ANSWERS'

1000th NUMBER NOW ON SALE.

"Of conree," 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."

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 lelsy. Nipper ducked, and the state of th

"Which of the giddy dolls are you going to aim at?"

Tatterall's reply was a cunning wink. Raising his hand, he made as if he were going to shy at the control of the contr

Antoneous doubt face twitching with intense excitement.

"One of your fellows-caught by the tide
toot of that cliff" be panted, pointing to a
lofty cliff about two bundred yards away. "A
liftle, pass' saced chap, with reddish hair and
"It's Conway!" cried Arnold, thrusting his
feet into his boots without troubling about his
socks. "He told me he was going for a wall
to be a sock of the sace of the sace of the control
come along, you chaps!"

Forgetting all about Nipper and Dick, the
Graumarians rushed off in the direction of the
cliff which Lal had indicated. Lal was about
Nipper arrested him.

"Great Scott! I never saw you chaps before!" gasped Lal, staring in dumbfounded
amazament at the two commen-looking figures
in "Great Scott!" of the commen commen comline of the commen commen commen coming the commen c

patiently. "Get us out of this and tell us what's happened."
Rolling up his trousers, Lal waded into the pond; and whilst he was untying the mouths of the sacks, he told his two chums what he

of the control of the

arready."

By this time he had set his two chums free, and a moment later the three Nininnites had joined the twolve Grammarians on the summit of the clift.

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

"He'il be drowned before our very eyes!"
groaned Arnold, whose face was now as white
sedeath.
"And we can do nothing—just nothing!"
said Grosby, wringing his heads.
"So we have been as a second of the country of the country of the cliff. As Lel had said, the tide was already up to his knees, and was rising higher every mounest. The cliff above him was as sheer and precipitous as the the village was more than a mile away; so that long before a boat could reach the scene, all would be over.
"Arnold—Tattersell—help me! Help me!" screamed the terror-stricten boy, who was little more than a child, and a puny, delicate child at that. "Don't let me drown!" Oh, do help at the country of the coun

Lee's Pupil."
"If we had a rope——" began Nipper; then
a rapturous cry burst from his lips. "The
brickyard!" he cried. "There's plenty of
rope there!"

ortekyard no recurrence to the companions had divined his meaning, he was racing back to the brick-yard, where he selected three of the stoutest and longest coils of rope and knotted them

his minening he was recing back to the brickand under he selected three of the studest
and longest coils of rope and knotted then
together.

What's the idea? asked Arnold, as they
foll what is he idea? asked Arnold, as they
foll what is he idea? asked Arnold, as they
foll what is he idea? asked Arnold, as they
foll what is he idea? asked Arnold, ask they
foll what is he idea? asked Arnold, ask they
foll what is he idea? asked Arnold, ask they
are asked asked asked asked
and and asked asked asked

"Lower me down, sow he arn.

"Fetch him up," asid Nipper briefly.

"Fetch him up," asid Nipper briefly.

"Fetch him up," asid Arnold. "Suppose
the interpretation of the strong asked
"Look here," interrupted Tattersall. "Why
not lower the rope, and asked is the way."

"Then we shall both be killed," he said.

"Look here," interrupted Tattersall. "Who
not lower the rope, and to be the way."

"He couldn't do it, by the look of him," said
Nipper. "In the first place, he init strong
enough; and in the second place, he's too
frightnessed. But we're wasking precious time.

Out of the way! I are goon he ast down on the
edge of the cliff, grasped the rope with both
hands, and swung, hinself off.

"Lower sawy!" he called out.

Slowey and steadily they lowered him down,
he ming him to the better was up to the
inter's wais; and just as Nipper stretched out
his hand to holp him up, a big wave broke at
the foot of the cilf as weep these creaming

"Me's done for now!" meaned Arnold, as
Conway's strughing form was swept sawy by
the hackwash of the roceding wave. "He can'
win, and—e ended in a ringing shout of
admiration and surprise, for at that moment,
hosing his hold on the rope, Nipper plunged
into the sea. What happened next was now
forgotton by those who were privileged to winwith all a down sturdy strokes, Nipper
overtook the struggling Grammarian, alpied
"With half a down sturdy strokes, Nipper
overtook the struggling Grammarian, alpied

ness it.

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

"He's fainted!" he shouted. "Lower the

"He's fainted!" he shouted. "Lower the rope another foot or two!" Standing waist-deep in the sea, and supporting his unconscious burrion on one arm, he fashioned a loop in the end of the rope. Then, placing his feel in the loop, and still supporting Conway with his arm, he gave the signal to the pool of the control of t

placing his feet in the loop, and still supporting Conway with his arm, he gave the signal to him for the property of the prop

it but I well "
He held out his hand to Nipper.
"So far as I'm concerned, the quarrel is ended," he said. "And I apologise for all the things we've done to 'em."

things we've done to 'em.' "No, no; you needn't apologise!" and Nipper, grasping Arnold's hand with unaffected cordusity. "On the whole. I think we gave and the strength of the whole. I think we gave the strength of the whole. I think we gave the strength of the whole. I think we gave the strength of the willing to bury the hatchet, and smoke the pipe of peace at Pye's this evening. I'm game."

And so it came about that that evening the good folk of Cleveden went about tubing their oyes, and asking each other if the millennium had arrived, for the Fifth Form Fifth from Grantier and the strength of the the stren

The Roappearance of the Locket.

Two Wo days and a half elapsed. It was three of clock on Friday night—or, rather, on Saturday morning. St. Niniana and only sound that disturbed the brooding stillness was the nurmure of the wind as it rasiled the leaves of the treos in Mr. Ranu's gardon, sole through the inky darkness—of the sound through the inky darkness—of had the eyes of a cat one might have seen a solitary figure steal through the pate and glide across the lawn towards the study window.

It was Karl Hoffmann. True to his word, he had spent the lart flow days in making historical through the pate of the days in making historical through the pate and glide across the lawn towards the study window.

It was Karl Hoffmann. True to his word, he had spent the lart flow days in making historical through the study window.

Ninian's, and now he had come to carry out his arowed intention of searching Mr. Ranu's atudy in quast of the coveted toeket.

Halting outside the study window, he examined the catch by the light of a small darkhis face.

The not an expert in these matters." he met-

his face.
"I'm not an expert in those matters," he mut-tered under his breath, "but I think I can manage this little jobel-kinds and opening the biggest blade, he slipped the blade between the upper and the lower sath and gently forced back the catch. Two minutes later he had alterity reased the lower sash, and stood in the

silently raised the lower each, and stood in the housemaster's audy.

"So far—so good!" he mused, as he flashed his lantern round the room, and observed that the door was slightly ajar. "I suppose I'd better shat the door before I begin my search, and either lock it, if there's a key, or barrieade it with some of the furnitude. He gidded towards the door, but ere he could hear a patter of feet in the passage outside.

Quivering with excitement, he hastily drew hear a patter of feet in the passage outside.

Quivering with excitement, he hastily drew hear is pattern, whilst at the same time his hand stole to his pecket in search of his revolver.

"I don't suppose they're coming in here," he med. "But it days are he settence, the door swung sofily open and somebodly walked into the room. It was too dark for Karl Hoffmann to see who it was; but he judged, by the softness of the footfalls, it was somebodly in bare feet.

Scarcely daring to breathe, with his finger

feet. Scarcely daring to breathe, with his finger on the trigger of his revolver, he waited to see what would happen. He had not long to wait. The unseen figure passed just inside the door, present the swirth of the cleerful light, and expension of the cleerful light, and expension to the control of the cleerful light, and primars and bare feet. nd bare feet. was Lal, and he was walking in his sleep

reventing a breath in the property of the prop

(Continued on the next page.)

ON SALE TO-DAY.

A Splendid Number of the

Penny Pictorial Magazine.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY A COPY.

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

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

Imper and Dick to the Rescue.

I N the meantime certain events had happened of which Karl Hoffmann was liguroran; otherwise he might not have been quite so confident of success.

In order to describe these events it is necessary to go back to the time when the occupants of the Fifth Form dornitory went to bed. And, by way of preface, it may be as well to mention that the property went to be d. And, by way of preface, it may be as well to mention that the property went to be d. And, by way of preface, it may be as well to mention that the property was the property of t

Stuart Airship."

Now, on this particular night Stuart had a bad attack of that familiar schoolboys' complaint, toothache. It came on just after he got into bod, and kopt him awake until after he got into bod, and kopt him awake until after heaft-past two. The pain then grew a little sasier, and he was on the point of falling into a deca, when he was surprised to see Lai get out of bed and light a condle.

What's up?" asked Stuart, sitting up in

Lal made no reply. Staring straight in front of him with wide-open eyes, he walked to the door, and opened it. "He's walking in his sleep again?" gasped Strart, who, of course, like all the other boys,

"Ho's walking in his sleep again!" struct, of course, like all the other was aware that Lal was a sommambulist.

"Das is walking in his sleep again," he said. "He has just gone out of the dormitory. What shall I do-follow him, and wake

Goket—if dreaming is the proper word! He's forgotten, that it— sh! He's coming out!"
T-eaving the candle on the floor, Lal rose to his feet, and walked owards the door, chap, hadn't you better come neck to bed'' said Nipper, in a low, gentle

back to bed?" said supper.

Lap me hood. Still staring straight and the malked down the passage, turned to the straight and the to the left, opened then door of the large straight and the staring straight and the large study, and switched on the electric light.

It was at this moment, as the reader known, that Karl Hoffmann swiftly screened his dark leastern and recoiled into the farthest corner of the study. The work had not believed to the study to the s

Diek, and Sinart—who had noiseleasty followed Lal, and had hated outside the door—were in absolute ignorance, of this fact.

Now Lal, it will be remembered, had promised Mr. Rant, and had faithfully kept his promise, to tell nobedy about the secret recess in the study-wall. Consequently, Nipport, and Suart were as ignorant of the ocisions of the secret content of the secret was their content of the secret content of the secret was their content of the secret was their content of the secret content of the secret was their secret was the secret was the

save misses myring which caused the panel to fly opon.

Greater still was their surprise when, after Lal had walked across to the mantelpiece, and had taken down one of the bronze vases, and had turned it upside-down, they saw the miss-ing locket drop out of the vase and fall on the floor!

oor! But all their previous surprise was as no-ning compared with their stupefied amazo-ment when they saw an unknown man, with a

*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, entitled, "The Iron Hand," now appearing in our companion paper, "The now appearing in our companion paper, Boys' Herald."-ED.

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 the second property of derivational leaping as no their laws value.

as Hoffmann like a couple of deerhounds lesping on their prey!
So swift and unexpocted was their charge, so vigorous their conslaught, that Hoffmann was swept off his feet and hurled to the ground. As he fell, the locket few out of his hand; and almost before he had realised what was happening. Shaurt had secured the locket, and happening, Shaurt had secured the locket, and happening have he had been been been been as with voicing him down, and rending the air with voicingous yells of "Help! Police:
Thieves!"
By that time, of course, the uprear had.

Thieves!"
By that time, of course, the uproar had, awkened Lal; but ere he could ask the meaning of the strange scene which confronted him a hereuleau offort, burled his strength in a hereuleau offort, burled his youthful capters saide, lesped to his feet, and whipped out his revolve.

"Keen hade a less and whipped out his "Keen hade a less and whipped out his revolve."

aside, leaped to his rect, and whipped out has revolver.

**Responding to the state of the state

theory was undoubtedly the right one; and after some tursher discussion the Head made a "It is quite evident," he said, "that the man who broke into this room to-night was an enuisary of that sounded lotte dimrich." In this, as the reader knows, the Head was the reader knows the head was the head was the head was the head. "And see if he ovenient, and have a look at it, and see if he ovenient, and have a hook at it, and see if he ovenient, and have a hook at it, and see if he are fall we keep the looket?" "An excellent suggestion" said Mr. Reat. "An the word which opens the safe is changed every "Where we ought to have kept if from the first, "replied the Head. "In the big safe in the 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 two bousementers; so that, although Das will know that the locket is in the safe, he will not be able—if he has another attack of somman.

In the meantime, unknown to Mr. Trigg, of course, Mr. Wimple had also decided to call on Fraulein Hofmann; and almost at the same moment as Mr. Trigg left St. Ninian's, Mr. Wimple, who also carried a monstrous bouquet, knosked at the door of Fraulein's cottage.

The door was opened by Utte Heinrich, disguized, of course, as "Uncle Fring." Is Miss Hofmann at home?" inquired Mr.

a." In Miss Hoffmann at home;" inquired Mr. Wimple, in a pervous voice.

"No!" said Heinrich curtly.
"Can you cell me what time she will be in?" asked Mr. Wimple.
"No!" said Heinrich again; and he shut the door in the steience-master's face.
Wimple, as the turned away from the door. "Ho might have answered me civilly, at any rate. Now, what had I better do!"

After some cogitation he decided to strell up and down the road, in front of the cottage, on the off-chance of socing Fraulein Hoffmann curturs. And he was engaged in this sourcewhat turn into the road.
"He ha! This is where I score!" chuseless.

the off-chance of seeing Francism Hoffmann return. And he was engaged in this somewhat unproducible occupation when he saw Mr. Trigg ... It is, at the producing the seeing of the seed of the seed of the sees are seen to the seed of the sees are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg and the door in response to Mr. Trigg and the sees are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg are seed to the sees are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg are seed to the sees are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the door in response to Mr. Trigg are continuous to the locket. Consequently, when Heinrich opened the was going for a stroid on the locket. Consequently, the said. "She went out about held and are continuous to the locket." Consequently, when Heinrich

and returned, leading by a light steel chain, an intelligent-looking fox-terrier.

"This is my nices' dog," he said. "He has a most amazing power of seent, and if you allow his mistress, I have no straight to his mistress, I have now the garden path, leading Fraulein Hoffman's dug: And when he garden path, leading Fraulein Hoffman's dug: And when he garden path, leading Fraulein push through the wicket gate that push through the wind the said through the wind that the said through the wind that the said through the wind the wind

bulism—to remove the locket, or play any more tricks with it!"

A chorus of approval greeted Dr. Shuttleworth's suggestion; and ten minutes later to locket was in the safe, and boys and masters were trooping back to bod.

The Great Reconciliation.

The Great Reconciliation.

The Great Reconciliation.

Shuttleworth

Shuttleworth

"You are tomoring in the is contrary to the law!" said Mr. Wimple. We have impatiently straining at the leash. At the end of a quarter of an hour, Mf. Trigg.

who was impatiently straining at the leash.
At the end of a quarter of an hour, Mr. Trigg
turned round, and saw that Mr. Wimple was
still following him.
"This is unbearable!" he exclaimed, growing
purple in the face. "This is intolerable! I
may be a supported by the properties of the Heath?" demanded Mr. Wimple.
"Are you the proprietor of the Heath?" demanded Mr. Wimple.
"That has nothing to do with the case!" said
Mr. Trigg hotly.
"That has nothing to do with the case!" said Mr. Wimple.
"As reverse the case!" said Mr. Wimple.
"As reverse the case!" said Mr. Wimple.
"As reverse the case!" said Mr. Wimple.
But the right was never claimed, for at that
moment the dog broke away from Mr. Trigg's
grasp, bounded away with a joyons bark, and
of a neighbouring ravine.
Hurling an anathema at Mr. Wimple, Mr.
Trigg dashed after the dog; but no sconer had
be reached the head of the ravine than he
staggered back as if he had received a blow in
the face. For this is what he saw:
I have been been a search of the same than he
staggered back as if he had received a blow in
the face. For this is what he saw:
I have been been been a search of the beach of the ravine.
I have been been been deadling in the or having followed her—little dreaming who else had
followed her—when a young man suddenly appeared at the end of the ravine. And, to Mr.
Trigg's supesded astonishment, Fraulein Hoffarms around his neck, and kissed him!

(To be continued on Saturday next.)



Holding each other's hand, Mr. Trigg and Mr. Wimple waded into the glistening surf. "Into the valley of death!" said Mr. Trigg, shutting his eyes. "Courage, comrade! Faiter not. The eyes of England are upon us!"

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

Brandishing his revolver in the Laces of Nipper, Dick, and Lal, German backet down the latest of the late

gained the garden-gave, the darkness.

When pursuit had been given up as hope less, Mr. Rant turned to Nipper and Dick and requested an explanation of what had hap of the

recursied an explanation of what had happened.

"So the mysterious disappearance of the locket is now explained?" said Mr. Rast, when the two boys had told their late, and the two boys had told their late, and we were right. It was stolen by Dast."

"By me, sir." exclaimed Lal indignantly, "Of course," said Mr. Rast. "You and I were the only persons who knew that the locket the day when we concealed it in the recess, and the day when we concealed it in the recess, and the day when we concealed it in the recess, and that occasion, but the day there are the seen you of the day when he day there attack of sleep-walking." Nobely appears to have seen you of that occasion, but the day there are the years of the day when we discovered it had disappeared, but in that vacces, and hid in that two had not the recess, and hid in that vacces.

"Of course, you wouldn't remember what you had done when you woke next morning," be continued. The locket from the field of commandation in the locket somewhere edse."

Everybody agreed that the housemaster's

The Great Reconciliation.

The Great Reconciliation.

The Great Reconciliation.

Reconciliation.

Reconciliation are supported to Nelson Lee on Sunday morning. He locked for a reply on Tuesday, but when Woolmeday arrived, and there was street the locked for a reply on Tuesday. But when Woolmeday arrived, and there was street was landledy, asking if he were at home. The answer came back, short, and to the point, "Away. Address unknown—Jorgan."

"So we can do nothing more for the preent," said the Head, showing the telegram to Mr. Rant. "We shall have to wait until mediate harry; for the locket is quite safe now, and there's no fear if its being stolen again."

Whilst this conversation was taking place in the doctor's study, Mr. Trigg was interviewing the doctor's wife in the drawing-room. In the support of the locket of of the loc

"Certainly!" said Mrs. Shuttleworth, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

Three-quarters of an hour later, arrayed in his "Sunday best," and armed with an enormous benquet, Mr. Trigg was on his way to Fraulcin Hoffmann's cottage on the Hillfoot Road.



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

Cousins—A Scratch Pour-Nugent of

Membridge.

H. Charlio ("Yes, father": And Charles ("Yes, father": And Personal ("Yes, father": And personal ("Yes, was a sale and hearty man of about fifty, well and hearty man of about fifty, well ("Yes, father": And one of the most office of the most of the most office of the mo

known member of society, and one of the most generous of mich bore a cirling resemblance. His son Charles tell, brobledmentbered, well-stand to the control of the control

down to the Leander bonthouse at Putney for practice. He wore the well-known pink flanned Leander tio, and alrogether looked the work of the control of the property of the pr

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

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

"What a boy you are for acting on impuse, Charles," said the father, giving his son an admiring glance, ways served me well, sir," answered, young Nugent, with a smile. When he arrived at Staring's, he found the famous establishment loosed. Of course, he had forgotten the firm always closed the establishment at 2.50 on Wednedays.

Lamonged. The service of the service of the door start of the door in the iron shutter. I have a been 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.

"I wanted to see Mr. Edgar Darrell," answered Charlie, quickly, "Did you wish to see him for anything in pure of the service of the seed."

"I did rather," was the early." "I did rather," "String for the result of the door in the result of the service of the servi

"I did rather," was the quez repty. "Dut it doesn't matter."
The man looked Nugent over, and came it the conclusion that a young man who wore such perfectly-fitting clothes, such good boots, and had such an air of distinction about him, and had such a such clother than the such manager of the art department at Starting's and Edgar Darroll worked under him. "Is it a business affair, sir!" he asked, nussled.

and Edgar Darrell worked under him.

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

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

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

"In a coasian of his, and I wish to make his acquaintance, that is all."

Mr. Gregon looked Nugent over, and noted the quality of the small leather bag which he carried. Darrell's relations, then, were very "well off. Mr. Gregon thought it a desirable thing to have wealthy relations, and was all as "We have astached to the house," he said, in his pedantic, pompons way, "a rowing club. The members are busy practising for the house fours and eights, and they got down to the clubbouse as Hammersmith whenever they can. I think, may, I am sure, you will find Mr.

"Oh, yos, He is quite a good man with his scalls and the oar, In fact, so much so, which we have the said the said of the sa

"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 Dyson, who used to be captain of the
captain of the captain of the captain of the
cabibit promise or talent in any one direction, sir, to have a whole lot of nebodies
jealous of you, and envious of your powers."
"I believe that is so," said Nugent, with
a smile, anxious to cut the conversation short.
"Then I will find my cousin at the clubhouse
at Hammersmith? It is the usual group near
http:
"The standard of the conversation short."
"I wish you good-day, so,"
"I wish you good-day, so,"
"Good-day," returned the old 'Varsity
Blue; and they parted.
The tube train from Piccadilly Circus soon

carried Nugent to Hammersmith, and beving arrived there, he set off down the Bridge Road towards the boathouses.

He had no difficulty in finding the head-cureror of the Staring Boat Club, and, with a star of the star of t

perty, he has the making of a champion in "Phillipps" Bah! What's Phillipp' opinion "Phillipps" Bah! What's Phillipp' opinion worth!"

"More than yours, Dyson," put in a young-ster of about eighteen, named Bruce. "I hink it's beastly hard lines because Darrell by the period of the draw for beat crews have to stand down, that when Ubertram says he will stand out of your beat so that Darrell, a have to stand down, that when Ubertram says he will stand out of your beat so that Darrell, a better man may go into it, you should put your band up a grainst him like this." The draw was perfectly fair, and we ought to shide by it. Bertram will have to row, as for Darrell, if he's such a might your and conch that who make up, another four-hing like form? Then we'd have feve fours in the race, and a jolly sight better it would be for all of usn't had gained the club-room long offers this, and he surveyed the group of excited laids with anusced and critical eyes. He wasn't particularly impressed with what he saw. Dyson, who was making all the fuss, was a big built, builtying looking man of about he saw. Dyson, who was making all the fuss, was a big built, builtying looking man of about and was evidently very concision.

Berico was a talia good-looking lad of the paranece about any of them, and as he cast eyes a round Charles Nugent could not help but hope that a tall, bread shouldered young with his cyes a round Charles Nugent could not help but hope that a tall, bread shouldered young with the paranece about any of them, and as he cast he was the paranece was a rained the eyes, and well-shaped leatures, and a reinhold, though masterful ex-

pression of countenance, might be his cousin.
This youth now made a step forward all this bickering is very bad for the chab. There is no dignity about it. If Sams, our captain, were not aitogether weak, he wouldn't put up with it. The draw has been made, and of the chapter of the counter o

some of you chaps won't mind getting into your rowing shorts, and coming out for practices."

It was made to the lockers, and in a few manuses the last were rosely, and clattered down the spiral staircase, laughing and joing, leaving Darrell, Monson, Godfery, and a weedy, frail-locking youth behind.

The last was a boy of about seventeen, big-bound but very fall, and very thin, and the state of the second stream of the second stream in the strength presentance of having outgrown his strength.

Nugent during this time had quietly sested himself upon a chair from which the hack had been broken off. In the rash, excitement, and been broken off. In the rash, excitement, and the state had been broken off. In the rash, excitement, and the had been broken off. In the rash, excitement, and the had been broken off. In the rash, excitement, and the had been broken off. In the rash, excitement, and the had been broken off. In the rash, excitement, and the had been broken off. In the rash, excitement, and the had been broken off. In the rash, excitement, and the had been broken of the same time one of the members.

Monson now turned an inquiring rlance in "Are you wanting 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.

"Are you wanting anybody" he said, at the same time noting the Leander colours, and come along here. I'm sorry I had to listen to the squabble just now. How are you, Darrell, My name is Nugent and my father asked me you. "The members of the Staring Boat Clustened had not be consistent of the said was to the listent of the swinning of the Nugents, excepting that his mother had always told him they were very rich.

mother had always told him they were very mother had always told him they were very the liked the look of Charlie.

"And so, "Nagent went on, "they've turned you out of their bost—ch. Darrell?"

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

(150)

at the polished and good style of his cousin, "and so, of course, as we were all keen on rowing, we drow lots. Godfrey, Monson here, and myself had to stand down."
"Has the class."

"Has the club as many as five sets of fours?" asked Nugent.

fours?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, yea, we've boats enough, Mr. Staring always sees to that. The pity is that Brown here always thinds he's not good enough or strong enough to row an oar in a race."

Nugent booked the frail, weedy lad overse. "I'm not as sure about that," he said. "It hink if I had him under my care for a seed of two, and he gave strict attention to my coaching. I could shape him into as good a man as some of those who went downstairs just now."

Monson stared. The stranger, Darrell's cousin, spoke as if he knew a good deal about rowing. Or was it merely side?

"And I suppose none of you are going out now?" said Nugent. "That seems a shame, Darrell, as you are so keen on rowing."

I suppose you won't come out, Brown?" ed Darrell, looking at the frail wouth doubt-

"You know I would like to," answered Brown; "but I should only upset the rhythm of the boat, Darrell. I'll try and practise up if you like. But I know I am not good enough to race with the others."

to race with the others.

"Look here," he said, "I tell you what. I was just going out for a spin in a sculling skiff. I don't mind rowing an oar with you if you care about it. And then you and I can have, a chat afterwards, Darrell. What do you

"Are you used to a four?" asked Godfrey, coming forward, and eyeing Nugent with a glance of mintrust.

"Oh, yes! I think I may say without exageration that I have rowed in every kind of boat thore is," answered Nugent, with a smile. Nugent who stroked Cambridge and won the Diamonds last year, are you?" asked Monson. "Yes," was the smiling roply; and the 'Varsity Blue's eyes twinkled merrily. "I know him very well indeed."

"Then you are the milong you chaps, get moy your chips, we'll have a good spin after all; and won't Dyon be sic';"

an; and won't Dyson be sect;"
Nugent was given a peg and a locker, on which to hang up and put in his things, and he proceeded rapilly to strip. As his magnicently-developed frame, fine rounded forearms, and stometh muscles, as hard as iron and standing out in ridges, were revealed in the member of the strip of the member of the strip of the strip of the member of the strip of th

Monson, "you ought to be a good man, negot me he looked puzzled, for Nugent's standard me he looked puzzled, for Nugent's standard med with the Leander pink. They went town, and Phillips, the waterman, helped them to get the boat out.

"Where will you row, Nugent?" asked Darrell of his cousin. "We will see the stroke seat. It suits on best and the stroke seat and then Nugent and the could not be rude to a visitor, and he gave way. They took their seats, and then Nugent sent them away at a pace that made Phillips, the waterman open his eyes wide. It took a second took at Nugent, and slapped his thigh. They swept our suid-stream, and presently as they came up with Dyson's bout, which had swung round. Nugent prepared his four for a burst.

burst.
"Get ready, you chaps," he said, "to lay

on."

He waited until Dyson sent his boat away, and then struck the water crisply and keenly at the beginning, and set such a streke that the other three could not help but get the best out of it. They were soon up with the Dyson four, and past them. Dyson gritted his teeth hard, and put in all he knew, but the despised three, helped by Nugent, get away, and at Chiswick Egot were leading by four lengths, when they

Beyot were leading by some stopped rowing.
"Great Scott!" gasped Monson, out of heath. "Where did you learn your rowing. Nugent?"

"At Eton and Cambridge," was the puzzling

"At Eton and Cambrone," reply.

But when twenty minutes later they pulled in to the side of the raft at Biffen's, and Phillips, the waterman, seized hold of the boat, the mystery was explained.

"I never expected to see you down here, Mr. Nigent," said the winner of Doggett's Coat and Badge.

and Badge.

"I hardly expected it myself, Phillips," was
the smiling reply. And when Nugent had
lightly sprung up the sprial staircase, Monson
turned to the waterman:
"For goodness sake," he said, "who is he,
and why does he wear the Leander colours,
Phillips?"

Philling?"
"Why, he's a Leander man," was the reply.
"Didn't you know that? I thought every river
man knew Charles Nugent, the Cambridge
stroke, and winner of the Diamond Sculls."

"ANSWERS" 1000th No. NOW ON SALE.

THE 2nd CHAPTER

At Practice—Phillips Ventures an Opini —Only One Crew in it,

YSON was employed in the silks department at Staring & Co.'s, and on the day when the Ascot Gold Cup was run, it was noticed by Monson, who was under him, that Dyson wore a preoccupied

on two or three occasions, when appealed to with regard to some trivial husiness detail, he returned an incoherent reply; and when the newaboya rushed past the abop shouting "Gold Cup Winner," Dyson walked to the door, scarcely able to contain himself. He dearly able to contain himself. He dearly his dignity had to he preserved, and so he present the second of the winner. Behind a counter, Brown, the frail youth who had now taken No. 2 in the four that Monson himself rolling up silks, and putting away silken materials that had been shown to consomers.

salkon materias; time time consomers.

Brown looked stouter, and far healthier than he had done a few weeks before when Nugent had made his sensational appearance at the Staring Bost Club. Monson, seizing a favourable opportunity, crossed to Brown.

1 say, Brown, he said, have you been noticing Dyson? It strikes me he's heen betting again.

noticing Dyson.

"I know he has," answered Brown. "I lieve he stands to lose £20 on to-day's race!" Monson whistled.

"You don't say so!" he cried. "By Geor You don't say so!" he a such a sum as the

"You don't say so!" he cried. "By George, he can't afford to lose such a sum as that,

"You con't say ro! no cried. By subsequence has been as that Bot can't afford to loss such a sum as that. Br. I know he can't," was the quick reply.

"What's he backed?"

"By George! It doesn't stand a chance! I know that, much. Brown," said Monson that, much. Brown," said Monson that, though he never makes a big gramble of it. He gets information from the stables, and ho was telling me before I came away from home this morning that he had had a wire saying that Wes Fail, the favourite, had broken down."

I have a stable to be a subsequence of the was telling me before I came away from home this morning that he had had a wire saying that Wes Fail, the favourite, had broken down."

I have a subsequence with the say that he was a subsequence harrying through the department.

"Heard who's won the Gold Cup. boys?" he saked, with a cheery smile.

"No," said Monson. And Dyson, pricking up his ears, came a stride for two nearer. and Western Pride third. They say a lot of money has been dropped. I believe Dyson has lost a bit, too."

And Bertram hurried on, with a grin stretching from ear to ear, for he was one of those given the foreman of the silk department that home thrust.

Dyson's face paled a little, and he was very

given the foreman of the silk department this home thrust.
Dyson's face paled a little, and he was very thoughfull for the rest of that day.
As soon as the establishment was shut and a hurried meal partaken of, the members of the rowing club hurried by tube to Hammersmith, anvious for practice. The club-room was sentinging with a babel of sound as the mora chaffed and joked with one another at the top chaffed and joked with one another at the top their

of their voices.

Darrell, Monson, Brown, and Godfrey were the quietest of the lot of them. But, then, they had carnest work to do, and under the instruction of Charles Nugent they condition to the control of winning the race for the fours.

They were the first quartette ready to besset the club-room.

They were the first quartette reasy to name the club-room them a quick planes.

By the property of the property of the club-room one of the property of the pr

stoer, and they were the second to see the "Philling," and Bruce, address; man, as the latter held the best is of the raft, while they took the slides, "what's all this myses; and slides, "who is calculated to the slides," and the slides of the slide

were periodity together when I as them last. Who's conclining them?" The waterman's eyes twinking. Well, sir, be said ?? And think there. Well, sir, be said ?? And think there is conclining them. He's record to the conclining them the said and the said to get them fit. It's been hard work even for frowing in his time, and he said to the toget them fit. It's been hard work even to Hrown was to backward. It has the most improved car in the clash, was a first the most improved car in the clash, was a first the said in the most improved car in the clash was a first the said the said in the most improved car in the clash was a first the said the sa

think, gentlemon?" asked the waterman, watching the Monson four out of sight.
"Of course we do."
"Then, sir. I think that Monson's four will walk home."

Such an opinion from a man like Phillips had to be respected, and Bruce whistled his sur-

to be respected, and Bruce whisted his sur-prise.

"Give way!" he cried, and set his men off at a strong paddle against the stream, follow-ing in the wake of Monson's four.

He came up with them at the mile post above Craven Steps, and here he found the four, with the nose of their boat turned round, stripped for a fast row, and leaning on their oars whilst they listened to the advice of a handsome, finely-built youth who sat in a carrase racing the property of the sat of the stripped of

shelf. This was Darrell's cousin, Charles Nugent.

"I have very little fault to find with your work now," Nugent was saying, as Bruce brought his boat about, determined to have a tussle with the Monson four for a bit, just to test their speed. "You want to get the hands to the chest a little smarter as the stroke is pulled through, and let the body swing back a little mure. The recovery is very good, and you got the same of the corresponding to the contract of the course of the corresponding to the contract of the course of the corresponding to the course of the course

Monson smiled.
"Get ready!" said Nugent.
"They set for the stroke.
"Go!"

They set for the stroke.

"Go!"

Away they went at a hot burst, and Bruce, plunging his oar into the water, called upon his plunging his oar into the water, called upon his plunging his oar into the water, called upon his plunging his oar into the water, called upon his about thirty-six strokes for the first minute. He could see, for he had half a length start, that Monson was doing a slightly slower rate, that Monson was doing a slightly slower rate, that the sum answerment, he found then four covered three hundred yards, Bruce saudd. "He haven' got a chance."

"And the scullar is keeping up with them," and the scullar is keeping up with them," and the scullar is keeping up with them, to watch the progress of the rival boat. It fair that Monson's crew should have advice from a man who may be a professional sculler for all we know why it isn't, since that chap likes to take the trouble," answered Bruce. Even the men who enter for the Diamond Sculls at Henley are coached by professional scullers. I don't see that we can reasonably object to that. Green."

bject to that, Green."

"Then," asid Green," I tell you what, I'm ring to back Monzoo's crew for the four."

"You'll get no takers," said Bruco.

"On, yes, I shall," was the smiling answer.

"On, yes, I shall, was the smiling answer.

"On, yes, I shall," was the smiling answer.

"As that measure the Dyson four came adding by. Dyson was stroke, and the four came adding by. Dyson was stroke, and the four the li loweriber. But there was an absence the li loweriber. But there was an absence the life of the li

rowing of the Monson four, and Bruce voted the race as good as over. Then the Mildred four came along, and a little later they passed the Wybart lot. The Staring Boat Club members were train-ing in earnest for the big event, but Bruce was convinced that Phillips was right. There was easly one cure that stood a chance.

iarrell's Grew Pull Off the Race—Dys-inger and Threats.

He aftercom on which the race for the Staring fours was to be rowed opened fine. The clouds of the morning dispersed before the magic rays of the sun three raws as strong floot-tide running, and the sun three raws as the race for the form of the magic trace of the river to more than the started of the river to more than the started of the river to the race for the Staring fours had to be rowed from Petrey to Hammeramith. It was a long row, and the men needed to be in good continuous to stand the strain of the recommendation of stand the strain of the recommendation of stand the strain of the recommendation of

smiles.
"Phillips," he said, addressing the wiener
of the Doggett's Coat and Badge, "I'm on
welvet. I'm going to make a pile of money
"Oh, sir!" said the waterman, regarding
Dyson with a smile. "Which horse have you
hearbard for the hier race?" Dyson with a smile. "Which horse have you backed for the big race?"

It was a Wednesday afternoon, and an important handicap was being run at Newmarket

portant handicap was being run at Newmarket that day.

"None at all," answered Dyson, with a grin.

"I ve given up backing horses since I was so the string better than that. It a dead ever the been backing against Menson's crew for to win." Phillips's face lengthened.

"Well, sir." he said doubtfully, "you're get "Well, sir." he said doubtfully, "you're get "Well, sir." he said doubtfully, "you're get a to be so that the said of the said of

up money."

Dyson heard, but would not heed. He was positive that his boat must win. He knew what rowing was. Just as if he would have

refined Described to the latest Described the latest Described to the latest Described to the latest Described to the la

boat." "Their coaci

"Oh, a beggar named have aid Dyson easily. "It is a good same but it doesn't frighten me. If Darrell's name were Nugent the Cambridge stroke, and winner of the Diamonds himself, I shouldn't be a but afraid."

the Campridge strong, and the campridge strong and the campridge strong

phillips. Button flavor you at stane, serr. assever; and Dyron ran up to the club-room. Here he found a number of the members crowding round a pedestal on which stood a magnificent silver challenge cup. This had been presented to the club by Mr. Staring himself presented to the club by Mr. Staring himself, and the control of the control of the challenge fours, and handsome gold and silver medials were to be given for the members of members of the control of the contr

seisod hold of the trophy and whited it about his head.

"This is ours." I the triple the state of the state

"Yes," replied Bruce. "I brought it right enough."

"Then get into your racing things, Dyson," crew, "shouted Dyson," and we'll be pictorgraphed with the cup."

They hailed the suggestion with glee, and hour they were clad the a quarter of an hour they were clad the anguarter of an hour they were clad the bruch was a superstant of the spiral staircase. They hailed the suggestion to the brathouse, boys," he said. "Now then, Bruce, ges the sanghot quick."

They formed a group, Dyson sitting cross-logged in the centre, unraing the cup, and legged in the centre, unraing the cup, and legged in the centre, unraing the cup, and left of the sanghot the sanghot the sanghot the sanghot the control of the big business firm frowned as he saw what was happening. "What is this, Dyson," he saked.

"What is this, Dyson," he saked. "Being photographed with the cup, sir," and "H'm! Don't you think you had better win it first," asked the managing director.

"Sare to do that, sir. And after the race perhaps the light won't be so good." "Sare to do that, sir. And after the race perhaps the light won't be so good, paratus, the shutter rose and fell, and the photograph was registered on the film. Dyson, full of glee, and as confident of winning as man could be, then took the cup upstairs again.

"That young Me, Dyson is riding for a fall,"

Phillips, the work of the head as ne necessary had passed, shook his head as ne necessary had passed, the said. But it's just as well now as at the said, and the said had been badden to have a said of the said had been been badden. "And hell have it tender, the said have it said the said have it said have it and the said have it said have it and the said have it said been the said have it said the said have it said the said have it said had been the said had

Employees of the firm of Staring & Co. were now turning up by the dozen and half-dozen at a time, and already, a goodly crowd had collected below. A fringe of spectators, a consideration of the start constraints of the start constraints of the start constraints. They were distinct the start constraints of the start constraints of the start constraints of the start constraints. We have a support of the start constraints of the start constraint

Then Bruce set out, with a blue pennon to the fore. His crew took the eye as a nice, level combination. ombination. Then Dyson's lot went off, flying a pink Dyson stroked the boat as if he meant to

win the race at once.

He indulged in a lot of what is called showing off, and if good opinion of himself could have won the race, then it was as good as

have won the rice, then it was as good as over.
Monson, Darrell, Brown, and Godfrey were the last four to set out.
Phillips, the waterman, who knew very well what a lot of ill-natured bicketing and criticism Darrell had had to put up with from the other members of the club, simply because in manner, style, and nature he was a cut above the rest, shoot the No. 3 by the hand.

'Good luck, sir," he said. "You're going to

win right conogh."

In the front of the boat flew a black pennon, and whether this sinister colour was regarded as an ovil omen by the crowd or not, they scarcely raised a cheer. Dyson's boat was evidently first favourite with the men from

Monson unostentatiously paddled his boat

Monton unostentiationally paddled his boat down to the starting-post. Nugent, who was seated in his favourite sculling-boat in which he had won the Diamond Sculls. Monson essed for a moment to enable Nugent to ad-dress a few remarks to his cousin.

grees a tew 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 barden. How are
you'll hash and the property of the property of

you feeling?"
"Pretty fit, thank you," answered Darrell,
with a smile. "It is awfully good of you to
bother so much about me. Nugent."
The four paddled on again, and Nugent, resting on his skulls, waited for the race to

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

The seemed an age to him ere the beats gration into a their moored skiffs. But at he to he was the crab-like arms of the cars move, and flash in the saulight as they turned on the feather, and a few seconds later the report of the starter's pistol reached him. Startings had a launch out, in which the directors and the heads of departments followed the race was self-later than the starter's pistol reached him. Startings had a launch out, in which that one crew was reached. Nugent could see that one crew was reached. Nugent sould see that one crew was reached. Women that the his parted in a smile, for he had little difficulty in making it out to be Monson's boat, in which his cousin' Darrell was rowing. No. 3.

Darrell was rowing. No. 3.

Darrell was rowing. No. 4.

Parten was a start of the see that the parted in a smile, for he had little difficulty in making least the seed of the parten of the search of the seed of the parten of the search of the club, such to his work, was an eloquent tribute to the value of proper training.

As they almost came derive easy relythm and grace of & professional. To the astonishment of those on the launch he held the pace of the four easily. He was not in the least put out, and sculing comfortably to the finish he held the heiding, shouting: "Well rowed. Darrell!"

A mighty cheer greeted the swinners of the rowed by a silence of consternation, for Bruce's crew, which was second, had ceased for Bruce's crew, which was second, had ceased

A mighty cheer greered the winners of the Staring 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 oars. Dyson and his four were beaten off. They are made and the rage of Dyson passed all bounds.

"It's a swindle—a confounded swindle;" her raved, when he had gained the club-room. "Darrell has done this! He got that confounded professional to coach his crew."

"Darrell has done this! He got that confounded professional to coach his crew."

"Darrell has done this! He got that confounded professional to coach his crew."

"What!" said Dyson, starting. "Do you mean to say he is the Cambridge stroke, and winner of the Diamonhs."

"What!" said Dyson, starting. "Do you went to say he is the Cambridge stroke, and winner of the Diamonhs."

"All this comes." said Bertram, with smile, for he didn't mind being beaten, "of you not letting me rosign my seat in your boat Dyson, and have no her on. I serves you right you were heaten."

Dyson's face went red with anger and dis,

you were beaten."

Dyson's face went red with anger and dis-

you were heaten."
Dyon's face went red with anger and disable to the property of the property

THE BUD

(Two long, complete tales next week.)



THESE ARE THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THIS FINE NEW STORY.

IN THIS FIRE NEW STORY.

JACK AGMUNY, a lad of nahmown parentage, who, as a buby, was cast up on the shores of an island off the village of Stemerals.

THE STRAMGER, a curious character who resides atone on an island called the Bowl. He it was false of the stranger of the stranger of the stranger of the stranger put Jack Januty until he was old been stranger put Jack Januty until he was old a stranger. The stranger was the stranger than the stranger of the s

Our story opens on a warm sunny day. Dan Callis, a pupil at the School on the Gliff, and a bully, in a pupil at the School on the Gliff, and a bully, in the School of the Gliff, and the School of the Gliff, and the School of the Gliff and the School of the Gliff in the

aows. Soon after a new boy arrives at the school. His ame is Mark Ricketts, and he makes a bad impression

Soon after a new boy strives at me senone amen is Mark Rischetts, and he makes a bid impression amen is Mark Rischetts, and he makes a bid impression and the state of the sta

(Now read this week's insta

THE 22nd CHAPTER.

A Troublesome Scoret.

THE drammer and his drum were rescued from their perilous position by a very simple expedient. A fisherman hoisted one of his brethren, and in trying to pull mer out of his drum he drag

one of his brethren, and in trying to pull the drummer out of his drum he dragged them Leth down.

I the drummer out of his drum he dragged them Leth down.

No have the dragged them heartily and expressing his regret at being unshe to adequately reward them, he showed fight. However, nothing serious came of it. One of the men coolly tucked him under his arm and carried him out of the Cloft. Flacing him to the company of the same and carried him out of the Cloft. Flacing in the same and carried him out of the Cloft. Flacing in the same and carried him out of a bit!"

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

Jack walked slowly away from the gathering, the members of which were cheering on the summit of the out of the same should be supported by the same sho

THE SCHOOL ON THE CLIFF.

A Magnificent New Story of Stirring Adventure.

By E. HARCOURT BURRAGE.

proud at a pinch, so he simply saked if Mr.
Belton was at home.
"He is always at home now," replied Laura
sadly.
It cut Jack to the quick to hear her speak in
that way. There was no need for her to be
more explicit.
"You will find him in the breakfast-room,
reading," he said.
"and not a friend?"
"And not

saily. There was no need for her to be more explicit.

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

Jack know the rot hal and halted a moment passed through it has a halted a moment within urgod him to stop there. But he cast aside the monitor and entered.

Mr. Belton was sitting in a low easy-chair with a book in his hand. He looked up, and Jack saw how was nad worn his face with opposite the said and the monitor and entered.

Mr. Belton was sitting in a low easy-chair with a book in his hand. He looked up, and Jack saw how was nad worn his face wits o you do? Sit down. What's all this row that is going on outside?"

Jack took a chair facing Mr. Belton, as he said:

said: "It's a party of excursionists come down to enjoy themselves for the day."
"If we get much of that sort of thing," said Mr. Belton, "I am alraid I must leave the Folly. I came here for quictude."

"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."

ject. It is the avenue has a superior of the s

"Jaunty," said Mr. Belton, rising quickly,
"I won't bear another word on the subject.
Let them suspect me as much as they choose,
and I will treat the suspicious with contempt."
It was the suspicious with contempt.
Let the the was stirred to be inmost heart.
Jack ought to have said me more just then,
but her radily went on.
"Are Belton." he said, "I know who is the
"You do," 'You do, 'You do, 'You do,' 'You do,'

real offender——" ne said, "I know who is the "You do?" cried Mr. Belton eagerly, seizing his hand. "And you can prove it?"

his hand. "And you can prove it?"
"Yes.", "aid M. Belton. "you place upon
me land of debt I can nover year. Believe
me. I have suffered fortures. 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."
"Eht "What is that?" exclaimed Mr. Belton.
"Oh, forgive me, Mr. Belton, but I cannot
time to think name just you-until I have had
time to think name just you-until I have had
"Pshaw!" cried Mr. Belton, with a bitter

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

he maybe?

In maybe?

gathering in his face, Jack pained and treabled.

The Balcon service of the Balcon servi

Jack on mearing the door, saw that it was all, the reply he received.

Jack, on mearing the door, saw that it was ajar. On entering, he had failed to shut it. Fassing into the passage, he came face to facowith kronne. She signalled to him to close the "I have heard all," she said; "I could not help it. Oh, you mean, pitful 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; "said kronne, 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 marderer, your friend! Jack Jaunty, it



Dan solzed a heavy ruler, nearly as heavy and quite as hard as a policer 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 gotting fairly warm himself.
"If he is not, why do you conceal his

"If he is not, why do you conceal his identity?"
"I-I can't explain," said Jack; "and yet I will, if you promise to say nothing."
"What!" exclaimed Ivonne. "You wish me to be your accomplice in concealing a would-be marderer from justice at the expense of my father's honour." Jack Jaunty, you are allogether on the wrong tack. Please do not stop here another moment. I wash-wash my hands

t you!"
The intensity of utterance, accompanied by ppropriate action of the hands, was literally nnihilating to poor Jack. Torn this way and ant way by his emotions, he fairly lost his head or a moment, and when he recovered it Ivonne

or a moment, and when he recovered it Ivonue was gone.
Walking like one weary to the point of exhaustion, he lot the house, and on the cliff saw the boys on ahead being convoyed home by Mr.
Bonnington, who had found the company of the Friendly Few gotting too lurid. To put the matter clearly, they had pressed him to partake of liquid refreshment until he had partaken of a sufficient quantity.

of liquid refreshment until he had paramen us a sufficient quantity. He was not by any means intoxicated, for he was an abetenious man; but he knew that if he had any more he would probably be getting into the condition of the excursionists of the Jack was in no humour for the condition of the excursionists of the Jack was in no humour for the great until they reached home. There he pleaded a headache, and was allowed to retire to the dormitory.

THE 23rd CHAPTER.

A Heavy Fall,

Freavy Fall,

HERE was some lively talk that night about the Friendly Few, and it was not allogether complinements. Dan Callis returned with a black eye administered to him by one of the unfriendly friends, who objected to Dan's dancing twice with one of the ladies, to whom he was attached, a dead eleep. The dremmer had been carried and each elempty jars. Askep they become him away the empty jars. Askep they become him away but the majority were very wide awake and unusually noisy.

empty jars. Asleep they core and an unusually noisy.

The quester part of Sterneraig was not deserted to the majority were very wide awake and unusually noisy.

The quester part of Sterneraig was not deserved the party return of the Friendly Few.

Jack had a somewhat troubled night, waking several times, and thinking of the discovery he had made in the Cleft.

It was terrible to thick over his position. As the was terrible to the over his position. As the ready of the policy of the policy of the could not do to the top to the policy and to the output of the picture of the fisherman's home, with young Jim charged with attempted marder, which might be turned by-and by into murder, which might be turned by-and by into murder. It can't do it," he thought. "I make not be might be contained by the many and the morning alone, Instead of accompanying in the domestic of the contained by the might be the many all night," she said.

cottage. There he found Mrs. Baster, alone, and in tears.

"Jim's ben sway all night," she said.

"Jim's ben sway all night," she said.

"Jim's ben sway all night, and the said.

"Jim's ben sway all night, and the said.

"Jim's ben sway all night in the said.

Jim's offered such assistance as he could, and asked which way Bob had gone. It seemed that he had been as far as the Cleft, and out fainligh he son, came back, and went associate the said went associated the said was allowed to be said with the said was allowed to be said with the said was allowed to be said with the said was a sa

eing.

Jack hurried after him, and when near, alled to him by name.

Bob turned, and seeing who it was, beekoned or him to come on.

"I've been to your cottage," Jack said, as

for him to come on.

"I've been to your cottage," Jack said, as he drew near.

"Then I've nothing to tell you," replied Bolt I'l's hard to mar; at I'm bound to I'l's hard to you come he's often heen this way at night, waiting on the top of the cliff, "returned Bob; "and I think he's fallen over."

In this thought poor Bob was, for once in way, a Wophel. I have he was, for once in the way, a work of the lift, and there he lay, apparently dead. Bob uttered a loud cry, throw himself upon his knees, and held his clasped hands aloft."

"Oh, Father of Heaven," he criod, "how shall I bear it: My bor my boy" cake, in a chocking voice. "Ho may not be dead."
"See for me, Master Jask," sobbed Bob. "I durant do it."

He feared, as many would have done to have his worst fears confirmed. Until that is done, was all, she was all, all the control of the c

to his mouth, at the same time laying a hand upon his heart.
"Bob," he cried, "he is not dead!"
Bob leaped up, murmured a few words of thanks, and then became suddenly calm and

thanks, and then became suddenly calm and "Master Jack," he said, "he must be got home. Go and get help, and bring summat to carry him on. See if Jake be at home, and if be is, ask him to fetch the doctor." Jack hastened back, bounding from rock to footed a chamois, and for the time, as sure-footed to chamois, and for the time, as sure-footed to the same of the sa

footed. On reaching the village he roused some of the fishermen, who had slept heavier than causal, after their little coutburst with the Friendly Few. He told them what had hap-pened, and despatched them with an old door, recently removed from its hinges at one of the

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

he did not go on duty till ten o'clock despatched him for the doctor. Then Jack went to Mr. Baxter to break the news as lightly a possible.

In the said "The said "The said Mrs. Baxter, as she sank into a chair." He's dead" "Tell me the truth," anid Mrs. Baxter, as she sank into a chair. He's dead bit of a fall. The said and bit of a fall. The said said bit of a fall. The said said bit of a fall. The said said bit of a fall to the said bit of a fall. The said said bit of a fall to the said bit of a fall to

remeadous sambling-book in the way of the doctor.

It seems to me, "said Be, Bird, "he way of the doctor."

It seems to me, "said Be, Bird, "he way of the doctor."

For something on his wind," the way of the control of the control

sat in a chair in the other room, in a position to soe all that transpired through the open doors.

It was peacefully sleeping, and in the watering, momentarity expected, lay the hope of those who, with all his faults as a son, loved him dearly. His broken limb had been set, of course, and carefully fixed in the orthodox manner.

It was a silent time, the only sounds heard being the voices of the boys faintly floating the gentle murmuring of a scarcelly-ruffled sea. Suddenly the doctor raised his hand, and Jack saw that Jim's eyes were open. The boy gased with wonderment round the room, with as much intelligence as he had ever exhibited in his life. Our however, the house of the was himself each to the was himself each. How the house here is the control of the late of the late had been to be a short of the course, it was Peter Pinnick, the liar! But I'll out with everything now. He's not going to knock me about any more. Have the boys come back from the Boys. Was a Care to was the side of the way and the crysthing now. He's not going to knock me about any more. Have the boys come back from the Boys! Was A San an immente source.

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

the monorable visit to the island and that hour. Mrs. Baxter bent down and kissed her boy.

You musn't talk now," she said. "The decion thinks you are not strong enough." She was to be the said. "The decion thinks you are not strong enough." Said and the strong to the door.

Jim the strong hour price his father, pointing to the door.

Jim turned to the door, and a glad smile—thing to the door.

Jim turned to the door, and a glad smile—thing to the door.

"Then he didn't get at you any more?" said Jim. "I'm glad of that. But he got at me, and he's to be punished for it. I'll tell everything—verything ""

"So you shall," replied the doctor: "but not have the place all right one way; he can have the place all right one way; he can the thing you want, and to-morrow you shall talk as much as you please."

Bob, breaking a tear from his eye with his but of the room. If the head, each them came the thing you want, and to-morrow you shall talk as much as you please."

Bob, breaking a tear from his eye with his but of the room. If the head, each them came to the room to remember nothing lately," Bob said, after a pause.

"Of sourse he docen't!" replied Jack.

"Of sourse he docen't!" and Bok.

"Ot in any way, I am sure," said Jack.
"Oh, Master Jack," said Bob, with emotion,

"Not in any way, I am sure," said Jack.

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

secontable for?" vaid Jack.

"Not in any Jack," and Bob with emotion, you've been a good friend to us! You've known, I'm sure.

"No—sot until three days ago," replied Jack; "but mind this, Bob, whatever hap."

"In one sot!" groaned Bob. "And I pray that Pinnick work die! If he doen't, I shall only think he's got his decerts."

"And there's another thing, too, you must "And it her's another thing, too, you must "Jim's better."

"In course he is. He's come round."

"But I mean better in his mind. He's changed. Should he be spared to you, he won't to a trouble to you any more.

"In course he is. He's come round! I durn't so much as whisper it. I'll be a bleesed and a happy man if it is so, Master Jack. You really think it?"

"Good bye, Master Jack. You really think it?"

"Good bye, Master Jack. " and Bob. "Tye to be a way to wan he passed to the lawrer.

"We do not have the lawrer of it," replied Jack. "He's coulder boy."

"Good bye, Master Jack." and Bob. "Tye to be a way to wan he passed to the lawrer. The lawrer is the Mermale, by Course light of a familiar face at the parlour window. It was that of Orreptic, the lawyer.

a smile.

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.

When the lawyer called upon him to stop.

To use going back to the school. "In said."

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Ricketts."

Instead of going round by the door, he stopped through the window, just as if he feared to lose sight of Jack. he asked, as they moved on together. "To me he has always appeared to be rather a dull boy."

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

"Oh. I mentioned it, hoping you could tell me why."

Jack spoke in a cool, offhand way, and gave Jack spoke in a cool, offhand way, and gave no indication of having observed the sharp glance the lawyer cast at him.

"I suppose you are close friends," said

"I suppose you are coose "I suppose you are coose "I suppose you are coose "I suppose you have taken to each other. We are not chusto." Perhaps you are focs," suggested the "Perhaps you are focs," suggested the "Perhaps you are focs," suggested the "Perhaps you have Jack "But,

lawyer.

"Why should we be so?" asked Jack. "But,
excuse me, I don't like being in the witnesshox. Mark, I've no doubt, will give you all the
information about the school you may re-

information about the sensor you may appeared. Hasing his cap, Jack trotted on, and disappeared into the inous by the side door. The lawere cast a quick, angry glance at him. "You are a keen lad, but you don't know quite so much as you think. I wonder whether Mark has been taking to you? If he has, I must stop it."

Mr. Terrapin stayed two days at Sternersignal during that time spent much of his time with Mark Ricketts. He showed a great interest in Peter Pinnick, who had taken a turn for the better, and was able to make a communication to the authorities. It was not of a very important nature.

Who attracked him he professed not to know but, according to the property of the state of the sta

was with nim. It sous process 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 recognitions.

nised.
"I am glad of that, father!" said Mark.

THE 24th CHAPTER.

What is the Secret?—Mr. Ferrula in Trouble.

THE 24th CHAPTER.

What is the Secret?—Mr. Ferruia in Trouble.

"You will never make a lawyer." You have no discretion. Somebased you. "You may no discretion. Somebased you." ARK," said Mr. Terrapin angrily, "you will never make a lawyer. They neved away, and Jack lay still for awhile, pondering on what he had heard. What did it mean?

Terrapin the father of Mark, and the fact concealed? Such a thing would not be done with the concealed? Such a thing would not be done will be could make neither head nor trail of it, and there was nobody shown he could sak to assist him towards a solution, unless it was the Stranger, who had not been over from the D." I can't do saything myself, thought Jack, as he rose to he fees and walked slowly away. "If I speak of what I have heard I may do a lot of harm and so seed." And then his thoughts weak Mr. Belton he had not seen her, see and back to I tonne. And then his thoughts weak Mr. Belton he had not seen her, see and back to I tonne. And then his thoughts weak Mr. Belton he had not seen her, see and back to I tonne. And then his thoughts weak hack to I tonne. And then his thoughts weak hack to I tonne. And then his thoughts weak hack to I tonne. And then his thoughts weak hack to I tonne. And then his thoughts weak hack to I tonne. And then his thoughts weak hack to I tonne. And then his the weak hack to I tonne. And then his the weak hack to I tonne. And then his the weak hack to I tonne. And then his the weak hack to I tonne. And then his the weak hack to I tonne. The work has to I tonne his the late of the his the his had to the his the his had been tonnelly to the his the his had in his protects, and possibly he and toning in the his was Mir Richest, who was asuntering long with his hand in his protects, and possibly he houldet, Jack said:

"I want to speak the work of a very few minutes. Placing a hand upon the boy's shouldet, Jack said:

"I want to speak the work of a very few minutes. Placing a hand upon the boy's shouldet, Jack said:

"I want to speak the work of a v

ning.
"Come, don't be afraid!" said Jack. "I am not going to hurt you!"
"Let me alone for mercy's sake!" gasped
Mark. "I am miserable enough, without your

Mark. "I am miserable enough, without your interfering with me!"
"But I wish to be your friend," urged Jack.
"I don't want a friend," returned Mark, and
I don't want a friend," returned Mark, and
Jack put his hand through the boy's nran
Jack put his hand through the boy's nran
Jack put his hand through the boy's nran
Jack put his hand through the parking.
Presently he became quieter.
"Now, Mark," said Jack, "you are supposed to be an orphan and a ward in Chancery,
the said of the said that you are notifier one sor
the other.

the other.

How dare you talk to me in that way? feebly demanded Mark.

"Because I know who and what you are," said Jack; "and I tell you that the game you

sand Jack; "and I toll you that the game you are playing is a dangerous one."

I am not playing a game."

But your father is, Mark. Ah, you see I know something! Now let me give you a bit of advice—give up the game!"

"I can't give it up if I don't know what it

15. Jack looked keenly at Mark. Apparently he had spoken nothing but the trath. For coses in a way there was a frank expression in his face.

face.
"What I may suspect or fear." be
"is one thing, but what I know is
I, indeed, know nothing!"
But you are a party to an impose

Jack you are a party to an imposed Jack So is Mr. Bonnington. "Be Me knows who I am soon my father to send me here is very eccentric—and it as not anythody clee a." "All right, and you may be send to send the se

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 otter purchase for their picks, when suddenly the doors flow wide open, and empty Price captured in the entrance.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

Roddy Own and Your Liples, two Webb, soliery lade, are the heta of a certain Matthew Matthews, who was the rightlin owner of the Aberford and Good Coch Pits. But these collieries are in the hands of a man was the rightlin owner of the Aberford and Good Coch Pits. But these collieries are in the hands of a man the late owner of them, and Roddy and Iom are electromed to wreat them from his grasp. The only other property left them by the late winder of the property left them by the late Particle of the property left them the late owner. The object of the property left them by the late Particle of the late of the l

tions.

Roddy applies for a job at the Coed Coch Colliery,
Roddy applies for a job at the Coed Coch Colliery,
Re is taken on, and Tom Hughes with him. The boys
are at once set to work as howers, and cause no little
surprise at the large amount of coal tailled to them
each day. In the evenings they return to Starve-Crow

Farm.

Fa

The Revolution at the Aberford Pit.

IIE 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.

leoked round.

The "King" safety clutches at the sides should have stopped the eage directly it started to overrun. But they did not. They Isiled utterly. There was not a man who saw the accident that did not cryect the eage to for an instant they waited with their hearts in distinctions.

What freak of the machinery it was that jam med the cage sideways in the staging there was no means of telling. But there it stuck, right at the top. Its light iron bars had been burst right out on one side, as has been said; through the gap, the jerk that followed sent the young hewor Fluellen flying bodily out. He went

straight through the open shaft-stagging, and fell heavily on the truck-rails of the yard. Roddy, who had been fung over one of the bars, and found himself swinging by the hands bars, and found himself swinging by the hands and creaking as its bent ironwork but deeper against the staging griders.

"Cling on, lad! Don't slacken your hold, for Heaven's askel" cried a dozon voices, as the men in the yard rushed to the shaft; for Heaven's askel but show the shaft; for Roddy seemed dazed by the shock, as well he might. But he pulled himself together, passed finest swing and along the bar, and with an effort swing and along the bar, and with an effort swing and along the bar, and with an effort swing shis breath.

There was a rush below to try and pass some iron rails across the shaft's mouth; to try and stop the cage in case it gave way and fell. Three pittines came clambering up the staging, amil a cheer from the crowd that was fast

amid a cheer from the crown that we say gathering.

Roddy's first thought, when he had got his wits about him, was for those remaining in the cage. They had been dung violently in a heap in one corner, and were only just beginning to

in one corrier, and were only just beginning to extricate themselves.

"Come out as quick as you can!" cried Roddy, clambering up level with the opening. "Climb into the staging! Tom, are you hurt?".

"Not badly, I think," said Tom thickly.
"One or two feeth knocked out."
"Hurry out of it! Get hold of my hand!" said Roddy, reaching out. "She may drop at any moment?"

said Koddy, reaconing out.

Any moment:

He 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, shaken and bruised—Tierry 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

blood running over his face—climbed shakiiy blood running over his face—climbed shakiiy nato the staging, helping cach other as they willing hands were ready on all sides to sid them. It was a long climb to the ground, and a couple of active young putters had made their way up with a coll of rope, which was the distance of the property of their way their was the contract of their way their was the contract of their way their was the collection of their way their was the collection of their way their w

behind him, both looking black as thunder, reached the ground. Terry fiercely, as soon as "Maters," shouted it it has we said; The divid an accident there is about this? Tis just attempted murder?"

The crowd pressed round excitedly, the passions of the pitmen rising bothy at what they passions of the pitmen rising bothy at what they

tempted murder!"
The crowd pressed round excitedly, the passions of the pitmen rising botly at what they "Hear Tarry Lloyd!" they cried. "Speak up. Terry! Who answers for this?"
"Hear Terry Lloyd!" they cried. "Speak up. Terry! Who answers for this?"
"Want the cage held back for us!" cried Terry, in a voice like a buills—and a grind they are the control of the con

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

Into young promoners was in great pain. Those next him tended him sent Hear now, mates!" shouted Luke Jones, his fast clenched and his black eyes flashing. "I say that cage wass meant to overtun! It could need have been on and ter clutches in right order! We know what Sully iss, and we haf watched him! But for a mirzele we should now be dead meet, and have been to make the should now be dead meet. "The engineer must hak known!" yelled a vice. "It's his work!"
"Down with him! Down wi Sully are, the should have been should now be dead meet, which was the should be should

off weissings.

thunder,
thunder,
thunder,
thunder,
the problem of the problem of

ing-engine. "Get lowd o' that engineer! He n done the work! Make him tell who

done the work! Make him tell who bribed him?; and heave him done the shaft?

The crowd borst into the engine-shed, shouting for the engineer to show himself. He was not there. Whether from a guilty conscience, or frightened by the dangerous moot of the crowd, he had made himself scarce sometime that the should be should be sometime to the should be sometime. "Where a John Groyan, ter head engineer, our at?" cried a huge pitman, estaing the man shid pinioning him against the wall, the man shid pinioning him against the wall. The shifting has obtained the shifting the shifting the shifting the shifting the shifting that the shifting has obtained from the shifting has obtained by the shifting has been considered from the shifting has been shifted by the shifting has obtained by the shifting has been shifted by the sh

never mind his underlings, but make the apalgreen himself answer for it?

"Sully! Where's Sully!" reared the crowd,
surging towards the offices. "Have him out
of it! Get hold o' Sully! Smit the gates
and so the search of the sully shift the gates
and Roedly, almost aghest at the rage of the miners
at hey made for the main office. "The fat's
fairly in the fire!"
He did not wonder at the outbreak, none the
less. His blood was hot enough, and he had
felt an almost irresistable impulse at the first
moment to throw himself into the rost with the
standard of the sully shift the sully shift
moment to throw himself into the rost with the
wards the engine-sheef had swept the boys
aside, however. It gave Roddy time to think,
and his good sense came to the rescue.

"What shall we do?" said Tom, still bewildered, and not yet fully recovered from his
shaking in the cage,
will be cage,
the company of the shaking in the cage,
"What shall we do?" said Tom, still betrery!" he shouted, as the jir irishman dashed
by with fifty enrayed pitmen behind him.
"Hold up, for goodness' sake, an' let's see
what's to be done!"
"There's been falke enough!" cried Terry
"The shout alke enough!" cried Terry
"There's been falke enough!" cried Terry
"There's been falke enough!" cried Terry
"There's been falke crough!" cried Terry
"There's been falke crown and the cage.

"Hold up, for goodness aske, an let's see what's to be done!"
"There's been talk enough?" cried Terry thickly. "No must thrice such a thrick on me thrice such a thrice on the tragedy that had so narrowly been avorted, seemed to be looking down upon the seene as the miners sever up to and round Sully's office like a resistless tide.

Sully so fine like a resistless tide.

The door was shut and looked. A few blows from a hewing-pick soon burst it open, and the men, plucking the door bodily off its hings runded into the sully support the sull support the sull was sightly like to the sull was sightly place. When the managing staff and clettis had seen the rearing multitude.

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

A big riot in a Welsh colliery is not a common thing; but when vit does happen, it is to be a common thing; but when vit does happen, it is to be a common thing; but when vit does happen, it is to be a common thing; but when vit does happen, it is to be a common thing; but when vit does not be being out of it, and the name gree and defond being out of it, and the name green when the office. The easther locked his safes, and hurried out of the yard in double-quick time; and the time keepers, clerks, overmen, and all needs to be a common the primer of the primer when the primer's warth might be turned next, and they meant to take no chances. The colliers had the entire place to themselves.

pittinen's wrath might be turned next, and they meant to take no chances. The collers had the entire place to themselves. "He was not here:" cried Linke Jones, his ficree face appearing at the office window she shoulded to those outside. "There is no sign of him?" the best of him? Local to the control of him? I would have a sign of him?

aign train; a spalpeen's skedaddled!" shouted Pat Lloyth.

"Ay: he knew Yuvas his work, an' he's feared for his skin'. He's hidin somewhere! Root him out, mates!" The sarger work of the angry moh rannasked over yearner of the sarger moh rannasked over yearner of the sarger moh rannasked over yearner of the patent itsel she-ts, the lamphouses, and unithine, all were scarcical through and through, considerable damage being done. But, of course, or the sarger and the pittines more. They're all under a tau!" shouted scores of voices. Hereak the offices up! Smash the whole out-fat!".

law We control out, and it may be an included to the state of the stat

gone too far. Bin he'd ha' deserved all he got.

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

"Dyou think it's aure that Sully arranged that overrunnin;" said Tom.

"I should say it's about as certain as anything can be," replied Roddy drily.

By this time—and it did not take more than By this time—and it did not take more than a boue that has been abled by a tended, like a source of the said several of the other buildings were in nearly, as bad case. But the crowd soon tired of wrw.king their anger on wood and glass. "It's the tunn we want full as several voices the tunn we want full several voices the tunn we want full several voices the tunn we want full several voices." "Ho may be half across ter county by now!" growied Luke Jones. "We'll get him soone."

growied Luke Jones. "We'll get him sooner of later." of or the pay-officer." should some-body oles. But no attention was given to this idea. The men were not thirece—they wanted, not look. "You be all after Sully." cried a deep voice in the middle of the crowd. "But who's Sully, arter all." Does he own the Cood Coeft. D'ye arter all." Does he own the Cood Coeft. D'ye arter all." Does he own the Cood Coeft. D'ye arter all." Does he own the Cood Coeft. D'ye arter all." Does he own the Cood Coeft. D'ye arter all. Does he own the Cood Coeft. D'ye arter all. There was a moment's pause, for the suggestion found ready hateners.

"Ay, he owns t' place!" cried Luke. "How many the what it's his doin? He shall answer to but what it's his doin? He shall answer to but what it's his doin? He shall coking round over the crowd."

"Come on!" rourset the pitmen. "We'll."

looking round over the crowd."

"Come on!" rouned the pitmen. "We'll wreck his house, an' burn it over his head unless ho was to it."

Ome, you two lads!" cried Terry, pulling as it started. "You've a crow to head with the started. "You've a crow to head with the started. "You've a crow to head with the started. "An' sorra a feather will we leave him!"

With fleree shouts the great mob of pitmen arriged towards the gates, sweeping the boys arriged towards the gates, sweeping the boys arriged towards the gates, and set out on the road for Plas Rhyll at a rapid pace.

HAT'S soin' to be the end o' this' the food Coch.

"What's soin' to be the end o' this' and 'lom in considerable cases the throad of men, the road, pushed forward in the direction of Kenyon Price's house and cotate. "It seems to me we've dropped the spark into the gun-power this time, an' there'll be a rare blow-up."

"There's no savie' what.

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

"Somebody said the police had been called

"Somebody said the police had been called "Police? Pools! What on earth can they do? There wouldn't be one of 'em to every fifty pitmen. I never thought we were going to kenyon Price's house, though; an't can say, like it much as the policy of the property of the proper

up!"
"D'you wonder at it?" said Tom. "Gosh!
That smashin' up of the cage was the beastliest
business I ever sew or felt. I say that
nothin's too bad for the man who arranged it.
The Cood Coch isn't fit for a decent pitman to

work in!"
"We've done wi' the Coed Coch!" said

"We've done wi' the Cood Coon!" sale Boddy grimly. "D'you mean that!" "D'you mean that!" "Mean it; yes! They've tried their last trick on us! I'll never swing a pick in the dirty hole again. We've got what we need, and on Saturday we were goi! to leave. But we'll call it finished now. No more Cood Cool!" "Ou're right, Roddy! Hurrah! It's the

"You're rigint, awouy best news yet, and the we're afraid—they can't say that of us. We've faced the music often enough that of us. We've faced the music often enough murder like that is a special wholesale murder like that is a special wholesale murder like that is a special of the wholesale right of the second of the work of the mover for it! But he won't be though."

Yes," he added, his anger rising again: "Ill be glad to see Kenyon Price brought to annew for it." But he wen't be though.

"He'll skedadde, like the rest of 'em't. Like Sully did'." replied Roddy scornfully. "They'll never find him in his shell."

"Wreck his house. An I've no taste for that, don't see the fun of it, nor what good it. The front ranks of the marching pitmen broke out into a wild, stirring Welsh song in native Cymric, that made the feet move quicker and stirred the blood. It spread right through the great company, till nearly every ended out in the first him threatening tones. "The front in threatening tones." The best likely earlied away in the dead!"

"He's most likely earlied away in him motorce long seg." and Roddy. "Trust him!" and con were trolling it out as lustily as any one. "There's the place!" said Tom suddenly, braaking off.

The big, white walls of Plan Rayll came into sight, where the mainten stood among is trees across the post yet stopped, and they transpot on in allence.

sight, the control of the control of

big manion itself.

There were lights in several of the windows, and some scared menservants were seen peering out at the mob. Two or three grooms had belted for the stables as soon as the pitmen

approached, and all the outer doors of the house were shut, and the lower windows shut-

house were shut, and the lower windows shut-tered. "Kenyon Price!" roared the mob, "come out of that, an' show yoursel!! Come an' answer to it, ye skulker! Who got the tage over-wound?" The fierce outeries redoubled, and not a

wound?"
The ferce outeries redoubled, and not a sound came from the house.
"Bring him out!" shouled the crowd, surging up to the main entrance. "Let's get our fists on him!"

up to the main entrance. "Let's get our flats Somebody tugged at the great bell-pull, and a heavy clarging was heard inside. But the crowd were in no mood for waiting. Crash! came Luke in the late of the crowd were in no mood for waiting. Crash! came Luke in the late of the late of

shears of strables.
"That's it! Smoke the badger out!" yelled
the crowd. "Pile it agen the woodwork! Set
the house a-blazin!"
"Confound it all!" said Roddy in agitation.

wards Kenyon Price, but instead of drawing back, he held up one white hand warningly, as if about to speak.

back, he held up one white hand warningly, as if about to speak.

"I was wrong," mersusered Rodge, "I nogheit to hat said held both. He's got in the said held both the said held the said held

ciaimed Frice, in apparent amazement.

"Yes, when six of us that you sacked last
week, and took on again because of ter strike,
nearly met their death in your cage to-day!"
cried Luke holly. "Good heavens, man, what do you mean? I've heard nothing of this. I've only just returned from Cardiff."

returned from Cardiff."
"It's a lie! You know it well enough, an'
you fixed it up, to be rid of 'em!" roared the
crowd. "Get a hold of him, there in front!"
"Hear me poaceably, before you resore to

the maker is one space to prease. Little buy case the sheet of poor, or wholes into triangles 3 mall. Are cased, and it can be proved but on the other fall.

I make the standard of the fall of the changes of the fall.

And that the changes of the fall.

The all prefere to save the sil case, And Sum the door the save the save

ace!" said Price sharply, holding up his "Ay, hear him!" said Luke grimly.
"That's what we're here for! But make it short!" Ill me first what has happened," cried the colliery-owner. "for, on my honour, I know nothing of it."
"He does it well," muttered Roddy sourly. "He does it uncommon well. He's good at

There was silence among the crowd while Luke as briefly as possible gave the history The mine-owner listened

SREAKING UP.

"You'd a spite against us six, sir, who were in the cage," said Luke. The "sir" slipped out of his month in spite of himself.
Kenyon Price laughed aloud, quite frankly and cheerfully. "Gome, Jones, you're not such a fool as to believe that," he said. "I have everything I want in the world. Do you think I should be the said of th

absurd!"
There came a momentary change over Kenyou Price's face just then as he caught with
the born and it was an ovil glance. despite
the born and it was an ovil glance despite
iistant he was smiling at Luke again, as if
iistant he was smiling at Luke again, as if
the ferry pittans were a child who had bee
caught doing something silly. And Luke, so
cell the treath, looked very like one for the
cell the treath, looked very like one for the

"He's the king of hypocrites!" muttered Roddy darkly, his eyes fixed on Price's face. "If they, knew all we know-Tom, I can't stand this!"
"Better keep quiet," counselled Tom.

"If they, knew all we know—Tom, 1 cant stand this?" commelled Tom. "Shelter keep quiet," commelled Tom. "Bretter keep quiet," commelled Tom. "Bretter know he had so with a war to be mixed up in a tynching."

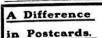
Kenyon Price had convinced the miners, hot-headed as they might be, they were easily swayed. He was a strong man, a man of great character, and there was no doubt be had got round them for the time.

"Let ter bots be! It wass not his work!" or "Ay; het it was foul play none the less, an' we've got to be sure!" cried Terry Loyd loudly. "If he didn't do it, 'twas Sully did it on his own!"

loudly. "If he didn't do is, on his own!"
"That is nonsense!" began the colliery.

iounty. It ne dien't do it, 'was Sully did it on his own;' That is nonsense!" began the colliery. That is nonsense!" began the colliery. That is nonsense!" began the colliery. "Ay; you wass trying to shield him!" the rear broke out again angrily. "It this accident has occurred, these whose only one of or an instant believe there was foul play—the idea is foolish—but, if it is due to neglect only one of or an instant believe there was foul play—the idea is foolish—but, if it is due to neglect only one of the instant believe there was foul play—the idea is foolish—but, if it is due to neglect and never set foot in my collieries again." Mr. Sully is responsible before anyone else! If the disaster happened as you say, he shall go, and that instantly! Now, men, I make you an offer. Return to the pits, and I will go there at once in my car. I will see for my own brother, shall pay the penalty! Your lives are in my charge while you draw my pay, and will keep my trust!" Ay; come to the pits!" cried the crowd. "Ay; come to the pits!" cried the crowd. "All Roddy." "He sees it's his only "You will find ter yard wrecked, I warn you, si," called out Luke, as the men turned abruptly to go. "We was brocken eferything up, looking for Sully."
"You will find ter yard wrecked, I warn you, si," called out Luke, as the men turned abruptly to go. "We was brocken eferything up, looking for Sully."
"You will find ter yard wrecked, I warn you, si," called out Luke, as the men turned abruptly to go. "We was brocken eferything up, looking for Sully."
"You will find ter yard wrecked, I warn you, si," called out Luke, as the men turned abruptly to go. "We was brocken eferything up, looking for Sully."
"You will find ter yard wrecked, I warn you, si," called on Luke, as the men turned abruptly to go. "We seems the house!"
"You will find ter yard wrecked, I warn you, si," called o

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"This sin't cricket! Let's try to get 'em off the burnin' business, or there'll be awful trouble! Terry, Luke!"

They struggled forward in an attempt to reach the ringiesdervard in an attempt to reach the ringiesdervard in an attempt beys. Before the straw could be its against the woodwork however, a surprise occurred.

Terry and his mates had ceased their conslaught for a moment in order to get a better placehase with their picks, when suchardy the doors few the surprise control of the straw o





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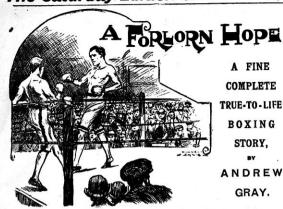
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STORY.

ANDREW GRAY.

Is Dires straits

STUEFY, sultry summer afternoon.
Not a breath of air seemed to have
strayed into Linnet Court since daybreak, and that was a long time ago.
Spike Iried not to think bey long, because he
has 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 crumbing wall, and in the corner
on the floor jay a mattreet.
On the floor in the safe pillow, and
a consider the corner on the floor in the corner
on the floor in the safe pillow. And
a consider the corner of the corner
on the floor in the safe pillow and the
beneath the tattered coverlet, showed that the
bed was occupied.

bed was occupied.
Polly was ill- very ill, and Polly was Spike's little sister.

little sister. Spike watched the thin flushed face, and his in purvered. His mother and dead. Spike had only just His mother and one little Polly was howevering on the border line which divides lifesant death. If Polly were, 100, Spike's heart would break altogether. He rubbed his notes agains at the hopping of this, and got up.

Adording this, and got up.

"When she wakes you must give her beeftee and jelly and grapes, if you can manage
it," the doctor had said, just before leaving.
"And if you can't, the little lass had better
go to the workhouse infirmary at once. She'll
in as ahe it."

go to the workhouse infirmary at once. She'll die as she is."

At the word "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

Little Polly to go to the workhouse. He could have punched the doctor's head for the very suggestion.

And Spike could punch, too. Ask any of Smiley's gang, and they will toll you.

Epike was never a member to you's gang.

Epike was never the proper threadshere little mather that he had never sunk to that.

Still, if he was never their friend oxacity, he was not their fore, and he came to be classed in the public minds with the hooligaan of that select.

Filter Land and Pitt's Alley.

Dr. McMurdo, the broad-shouldered young modion of those parts, was one of the young modion of these parts, was one of the young modion of these parts, was one of the young modion of these parts, was one of the young modion of these parts, was one of the young modion of these parts, was one of the young modion of these parts, was one of the jiew who have the parts, was one of the young modion of these parts, was one of the jiew who have the parts, was one of the jiew who have the parts, was one of the jiew who have the parts, was one of the young modion of these parts, was one of the jiew who have parts, was one of the jiew who have the parts of the young modion of these parts, was one of the jiew who have parts and the parts of the parts of the young modion of these parts, was one of the jiew who have parts on the parts of the parts of the young modion of the young modion of the parts of the young modion of the parts o

Parcels! 'Oo'd trust me war a parcer rounce-feet?'

"cet?'

"cet?'

"grike moved up and down the lace floor

"grike moved up and down the lace floor

"grike moved and the season of the come for a

down that be did the bed, and tetopred down.

Little Polly was lying in a feverish aleep.

Illo turned, and reaching down the just, put

it beside the mattress. Then he picked up his
hors and cap and moved to the door.

He looked in at Mrs. Higgins's reserve on the

committee.' Then,
having donned his boots at the foot of the stairs,
he nushed his way through the mob of dirty

having donned his boots at the foot of the stairs, he pushed his way through the mob of dirty children outside [il] he got glear of Linnet Court and found himself in Victory Lane. A hearding at the end was slathered from the court of the c

hts, middles, and heavies, and the names several pugulistic "stars" who were to ure later in the evening in multi-round figure

figure later in the evening in multi-round contests.

It was the competition for novices, under 9 stone, however, that was filling Spike's stone, and he was likewise a novice.

Not by his own wish, for Spike was one of the hest youngeters with the gloves that ever the great Bat Cockran took in hand. It release the great Bat Cockran took in hand. It release high in the noble art, but when Spike's mortest high in the noble art, but when Spike's mortest high in the noble art, but when Spike's mortest and the disgrace of it, that he had yielded to words, looked out for fresh material to win him fame.

words, looked out for freah material to win him and a words, looked with murver would 'are said now, if she knew 'bout Polly'' has asked himself in the knew 'bout Polly'' has asked himself himself with the said with the said beat the and all, and save the little 'sin' lift, and has I wan, are it, as de and fast in my. Bit, if I only stand up in the ring for two rounds an' a 'sif, and then get licked. "That'll be the 'grid part of it—getting licked." he added bitterly. "Me that cud armure the lot of me—and they the cover a lift, and the said with the said w

the use of that to Polly?"

"Erc, out of this! You've loafed here long enough," said a rough voice, and he found himself shoved off the parement into the gutter. He turned to see a buil necked policeman scowling down at him, and he scrambled away without a word:

sowline down at him, and he scrambled away with the second policy of the

of Sport.

As a palace, perhaps, it was disappointing to look at, but it it had been a lethal chamber builed with half-a-crown at the end of it. Spike would have made a scramble for the coin.

A mob of lads, ill-washed and seedy-looking like himself, blocked the entrance to the

like himself, blocked the entrance to the manager's office, and they greeted Spike with good-patured chalf good in the chance yer lack at last, more the old woman's gongs' halfed one low-browed youth. Spike would have felled him for the insult to his dead mother's name, only one or two others were pushed into him and handred him.

to his dean name. The state of the state of

As a matter of fact, Spike was only trying to aummon up courage to sak and make sure that the loser in a bout actually got half-acrown cash down for his pains.

His blood boiled at the base insinuation of theft, and he was on the verge of letting drive arc he fat, greay face, when be bread-shouldered bruiser reached in through the door and dragged him of the control of the contr

six now.

If thought of Bat Corkran, and resolved to chance his arm." Bat had cursed him for a coward the last time he had parted with him, coward the last time he had parted with nin, and Spike, under other circumstances, would have bitten out his own tongue rather than ask a favour of him. But now! All the pride died out of him as he thought of that fever-flushed little face and the coll of yellow hair on the

pillow.

Bat was in. 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. He stole back then to the attic in Linnet Court, and sat down to wait in case Polly should wake. The clock struck the quarter past. He would have to leave at the hall-bour. The thin little bundle under the patched cover-

The thin little bundle under the patched cover-let stirred.

"Jack," cried a weak voice—"Jack!"

"What is it, little 'un!" answored Spike, for Jack Griffiths was his real name. He put the reacked jug of water and condensed milk to mounced her thanks.

"Are you all alone! Where's muvver!" asked Polly fretfully.

There was a catch in Spike's throat as he uttered the oft-repeated lie so necessary to holy the straight of the straight when the the straight of the spike of the Beyond where the straight of the straight of the difference of difference differenc

office that afternoon. Spike could have, threshed him black and how. for Polly's sake, he must suffer defeat at his hands. "Ere," who's your game?" demanded the broken-nosed second, who, having tied on his bexing-glowes, was now giving his arms a rub down to limber the muscles. Spike looked at him facredy. "Woi's wet?" he demanded, "Woi's wet?" he demanded once of muscle in yet?"." "You wait an' see, old boy!" retorted Spike darkly.

ounce of intested in yet and a see, old boy!" retorted Spike darkly.

The voice of the referee interrupted further conversation. He was a fat man in evening-dress, with an enormous paste dismond glittering on his greavy shirt from his proposed in the proposed of the pro

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

The Battle ONETY SMITH. if he lacked skill.

As a boxer he was not really in the same arrest as Spike Griffith, and if the latter had only been as fit as when Bat Corkran had him in hand, there would have been no doubt as to There was to be no doubt as to It Spike was to—It.

the issue. There was to be no doubt now, of course. If Spike was to walk out of the Palace of Sport that night with any money in his pocket, it must be the bitter fruit of defeat

must be the bitter fruit of defeat. To be defeated by Hookey Smith spelt also digrace; but Spike tried to school himself to swallow that. He thought of the "little 'un" in that bare attic, and of all that he might buy with that halferown which would be his whon Hookey had felled him to the boards and the referee had counted him out.

If Hookey could not fell him unsided, he must fall himself, and trust that nobody would desect the sham. Thus dire necessity may drive the best to dirty work!

Biff! While all this had been running in Spike's mind, Hookey had taken advantage and landed flush on his opponent's mouth.

The hlow drore Spike back on to the ropes, and a brust yell of delight are gift. But Spike rallied, and broke ground as lightly as a cast. The smart of his bruised light study him to action, and even seemed to lendsstrength to his weary limbs.

action, and even seemed to tendestrong in a sweary limbs.

He put in a straight left on Hookey's nose, and followed it up with another on his jaw said one on his ribs.

This time the roar of applause was for Spike, and the sound set the blood dancing in his

one on ms rios.

This time sound set the blood dancing in his veins.

Hookey came in with a rush, but Spike ducked. The pair clonched for a second, and then, as they broke away, he scored again with then, as they broke away, he scored again with then, as they broke away, he scored again with the set of the

draw level, or else carry on and fall to a knock.

The latter appealed to him most, as being leve agains to his pride. Moreover. Hookey have a support to the price of the support of the

the gods.

Go on, Spikey. Don't be afraid. I'll see e don't bite yar!' screamed a diminutive youth in the sixpenny seats; and the shout which followed, sont a flush of shame into Spike's pale

liture was nothing for it but to go on. Somewhere in the third and last round he would drop groaning, and trust that no one would drop groaning, and trust that no one would drop groaning, and trust that no one would drop state of the state

him at his merey, and any one of his blows mow showering upon him would have served Spike's purpose.

But his blood was up, and before he knew what he had done, he had slipped like an eel under his opponent's left, and with a straight upward drive sont Hookey to the bards. It had been a straight upward drive sont Hookey to the had been had been been been dead to be a straight upward the service of the had been dead to be a straight upward the service into contains, which volting afresh as Hookey rose to his feet slowly, to the measured counting of the referee.

"Into him. Spikey: "yelled his backers." (Dor 'im! Now's your chance! He hung back Booke and the service of the s

was lott. His backers groaned. Was Spike afraid?
They did not know that Spike was fighting, not Hookey Smith of Hoxton, but an opponess he must lose.
"Time and lath tround."
Spike went out from his corner like a lion. Something that he had overheard from a gentleman-patron of the "noble art" in the something that he had overheard from a gentleman-patron of the "noble art" in the he ring ropes had set his hold holling.
"Oh, yes," the swell had said to his companion. "I grant you he shapes well; but, if you ask me, I should say he lacked heart."
Lacked heart! That ever enryone should the said to be could still show them that pluck was not wanting in his composition.

(Continued on the next page.)

(Continued on the next page.)

see you!" commanded the figure in the shadow, perhaps a shade less gruffly.
"Right! I'm comin'. She's 'olding my 'and, though. There you are, little 'un. It's all right; Jack's 'cre," as Polly moved rest-

🖫 A FORLORN HOPE. 🖫

(Continued from the previous page.) The and and an angle of the angle of the

In the helpless fury of his heart he forgot the pallet bed, and the "little 'un' tossing there in the darkness of that wetched attic. In the help t

roaring surf.

Hookey was down, driven half through the ropest then Hookey was up again, breathless and dazed, and still Spike clung to him, giving

and dased, and still Spike cloug to him, giving him no rest.

The arc-lights overhead seemed to Spike to whirling in some world winds dance; his world with the still spike to the still spike to the still spike to the spike to

Someony scrandout prougs are roped into the ring hebrind him, just in time, and carching him in his arms, carried him like a baby to his "Brave, young' un." said a voice, apparently a mile away. "Brave; you licked 'im 'andsono!"
"What!" gasped Spike in dismay. So he had som, after all! And the half-His head fell back in a dead faint, and the broken-nosed one lowered him out of the ring, and hurtled him into the grimy dressing-room. In five minutes Spike was back in his sense again, dragging himself eld sele and stifled by the foul atmosphere of the room. Men thurped him on the back—famous "pro.'s some of them—and congratuisted him on his victory, but he second to hear not will be a summer of the room. All he could remember and come to win and the way. Now the day was wasted, the bedface and jelly were as far from his grapp as ever, and there was but one thing left—the harded workhouse infirmary.

Miscrably he left the bruilling to leave the abance of anything turning up.

Before the broad steps leading up to the Palace of Sport, under the glarr of the electric hearing for a chance of anything turning up.

Before the broad steps leading up to the Palace of Sport, under the glarr of the electric he hooligan types in the service of the research of the order than a famous of the could not reason to few oppers accessary to admit them to Pleasureland, some were pick them week wards.

Spike eyed them dully, to heartsick even to the glarry wall-knit where is a continued to the stills were drifting out, and halling cabs to drive the struggle for a copper at a cab doop: wall-knit was a continued to the stills were drifting out, and halling cabs to drive the struggle for a copper at a cab doop: wall-knit was a continued to a change of or a copper at a cab doop:

were dritting out, and halling cabe to drive hem weekvare, acopyer at a cab dopr.

Spike eyed them all, ty to heartside even to sirggio for a copyer at a cab dopr.

Spike eyed them are a copyer at a cab dopr.

Spike eyed them are the figure of the parence at a taddying the seams around him. He noticed, too, Stippery Bill, a notorious pickpocket, shouth towards the stranger, as it to be the stranger, and the seams around him. He noticed, too, Stippery Bill darted forward and grabbed at the man's watch. He seemed to catch the quard, but the stranger, swinging round to avoid the butt of his acts genuit's head, the tripped him and sent him flow confederates.

At the same amount of the stranger is swinging round to avoid the butt of his acts genuit's head, the same amount of the stranger is swinging round to avoid the butt of his acts genuit's head, the same amount of the stranger is the same amount of the same amoun

Barmlossly on his shoulders.

The urt instant, however, he was down, such off his feet by shoor weight of numbers. Slipper Sill, furious at having bungled his barc so badly, had picked himself up from the premote, and his heavy boot was just descending on the defencedes head, when

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Spike's fist caught him under the jaw and sent

Spike's hat caught him under the jaw and sent him reeling into the road.

"You dirty 'ound!" gasped Spike, stagger-ing under the force of his own blow. The exertions of the fight and exhaustion from lack of food had over-sapped his strength.

THE 3rd CHAPTER

THE 3rd CHAPTER
A Close Thing.

In a blind desire to save the stranger from the savages, may pounding him into insensibility, and ripping his pockets wide to get at his valuables, he flung himself to the savages of the savage of the savage himself of the savage had been savaged as a helmstel head bobbed its way forward in determined head bobbed its way forward in determined hunges.

head bobbed its way fotward in occerminate lunges.

"Copper!" yelled Slippery Bill, bursing his way recklessly in the opposite direction, and at the cry his confederates tore themselves free of Spike's cluteges and fled Spike was left on his knees, panting and dazed, beside the man be had tried to save. The helmeted head was only a few feet from

beam on her face made her look transparently hite. Spike stole forward, his heart filled with a

spike sole to ward, his heart hied with a nameless horror. 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 reached out and caught Inte hand 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
hig brother was by her side, she drifted away
into sleep.

then, as it such that the state of the state

all right; Jack's 'cre,' as Polly moved real-lessly.

There was dead silence in the room for a space, then Spike rose and tipteed to the door. A finger and thumb caught his cuff as he passed out, and then the door was shut behind them.

The was all and then the door was shut behind them.

In much obliged.' he said, with a catch in his thora. "Thus was all a live afraid of —just 'cr wakin' up and seein me like this; 'cr wakin' up and seein me like this; 'They were passing Mrs. Higgins' door now, and that bedraggled dame was gazing at the spectate of Spike Griffiths's arrest with terrified amazement.

'One minute, officer,' said a voice suddenly,

Sed amazement.

"One minute, officer," said a voice suddenly, and Spike realised that it was the third man who was speaking. "I don't quite like this. Just bring that had in here, if this good woman who was speaking." I don't quite like this. Just bring that had in here, if this good woman "As you plesse, sir," reconciled the serveant. "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."

"It's a lie' 'Oried Spike, and found himself!

It's a lie' 'I was the spentemen standin' just usticed Pleasureland to night, and—an' somewhere of the same time, and seein' it was four to one. I started in to give 'im a 'and." "Them, or him—which?" asked the sergeant as "Them, or him—which?" asked the sergeant as "Them, or him—which?" asked the sergeant as "Them or him—which?" asked the sergeant as "Time!" oried Spike, with flashing eves.

"Then how about your being identified by wirnesses, who say you was one of those after this gentleman's problect?" "I say they lit." asid a quiet voice. And wirning nound. Spike saw Pr. McMardo standing in the doorwar. "May I come in, Mra Higgins?" asked the brand-d-houldered young frishman politely. "Thanks! I think, perhaps the same of the same asked the same as a shockless no e-do-weel"—"Spike winced, but he are the same as a shockless no e-do-weel"—"Spike winced, but he are the same asked they call Spike had done his best to save. "I may I saw they all the save and with a little sister almost as the point of death, he would rather cut off his right hand than sea."

"May I sak who you are;" inquired the gouldeman Spike had done his best to save. "I may be always the saw of the same and the save and the point of death, he would rather cut off his right hand than sea."

"May I sak who you are;" inquired the gouldeman Spike had done his best to save. "I may save you was a saw of

gill, millionaire, returned with the doctor to the room above.

"And she'll live, you say?" said the Colonial that, as he stood boside the ragged bed where the "light tun" said that specific, soon and the light tun's said that specific and the said spot, not unless!" answered the young Irishman quietly.

"You can leave that to me. We'll get them both away tonight, if you only say the word, and whan she's well crough again I know a little place with and where the said where the said where the light in a type like this slaudhard of London, Plaugh! What a hole! Still, I'm glad I came—read glad!" real glad!

-reat glad!" And so were Spike and the "little 'un." They left Linnet Court that night for ever, and if Smiley's grang could see happy go-lucky Jack Griffiths now, eracking a stock-whip on Carrill's cattle tanches, they would not recognise him.

(Two splendid long, complete tales will appear in next week's BOYS' REALM.) 450



A white face lying on the sack-pillow and an occasional rectiese stirring of a small heap beneath the coveriet were the only eigns that the bed was occupied. Polly was lill—very ill, and Folly was Spike's little elster.

and the whistles buzzing more

his now, and the whisties outside furiously than ever.

"Run, matey, run!" shouted one well-wisher, seeing how near be was to capture. Bpike's breath seemed to choke him suddenly as he realised all that that ery might mean, "Hold him! '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 rail he battered his way through, and, darting down a side alley, ran for his

and, arting down a side alley, ran for his "Sup, his fir" yelled a score of voices, and footstops thudded behind him, but he flew on one Hart Alley, down Paradiae Court, through Blind Jack the cobbler's shop, over a back with the standard of the superior of the superior

become of the little un?

Spike crept up the rickety tenement stairs
and let himself into the attic. A glimmer of
moonlight showed Polly still sleeping where sho lay.
She seemed-strangely still, and the moon-

Still Spike never moved. The pressure of those tiny fingers on his swollen thumb were mothing 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 denour of the court of the shring the stifling of the shring the stifling of the shring th

shackle stairease. Spike could hear gruff inquirriea, oaths, and threats as the police forced
their way upwards,
gruff open, and three men appeared, and hung back, shafled by the gloom.
"Now then, Spike Griffiths, come out of that,
we want you?" said a voice gruffly; and then
added: "Strike a light, there, Jim, and let's
"Hush! Don't atrike a light for Eaven's
sake!" said Spike hearsely. "If you do you'll
wake tha little un, and if she sees you she'll
die! She was just about a goner, but she's
better now—only to night, though."
"If you thin yer quick enough," he went on,
seeing that Jim had stayed his hand. "In
innoceath, but I'll go with yer. I never touched
off. But I'll go quite. Only don't wake 'er for
he lave of 'Eaven'!"
"Come on out of that, then, to where we can