

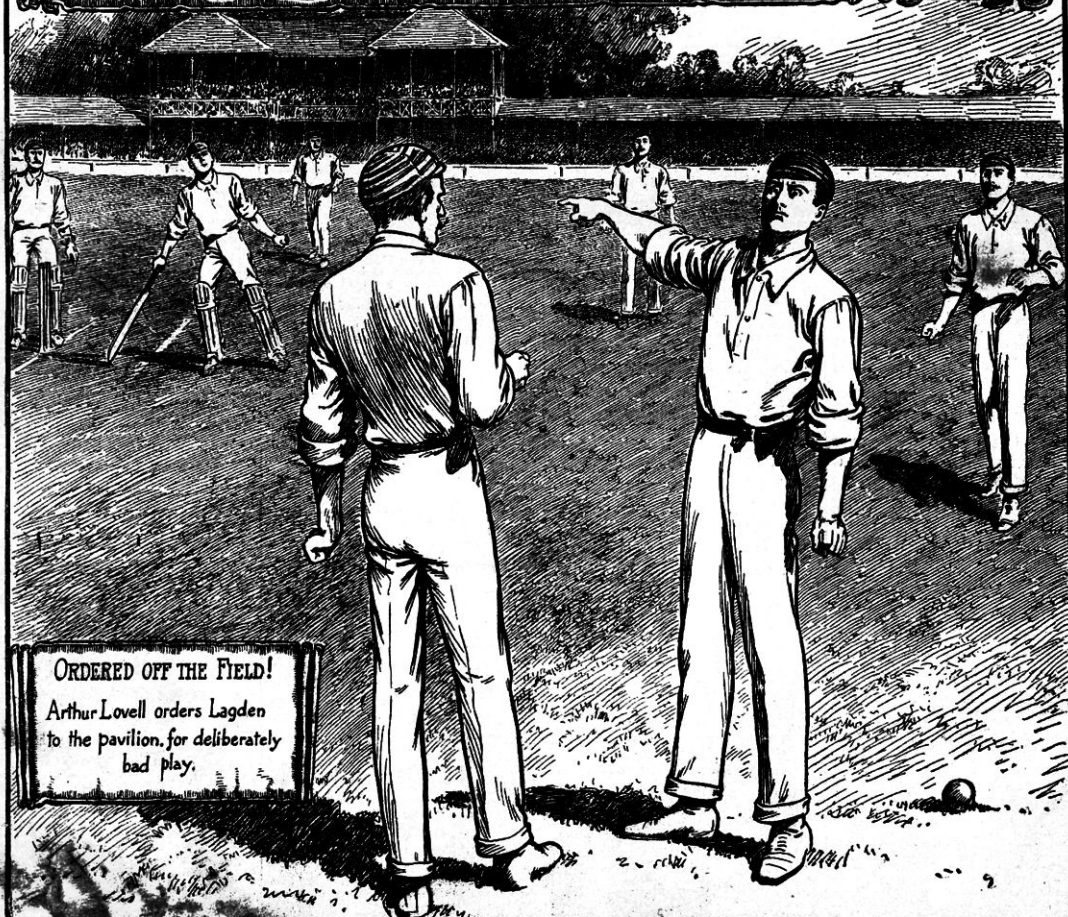
GIGANTIC OFFER TO FOOTBALL CLUBS.

The Boys' Realm

of Sport & Adventure.

1^D

King Cricket! *By Charles Hamilton*



ORDERED OFF THE FIELD!
Arthur Lovell orders Lagden
to the pavilion, for deliberately
bad play.

HOG CRICKET.

A Fascinating New Story of County Cricket.

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



The Chief Characters in this Fine Story.

ARTHUR LOVELL, Loamshire's champion batsman. He becomes a professional. His uncle is ruined by James Lagden.
KIT VALANCE, Loamshire's best bowler. He first comes to notice in the Colly's match, where he takes Arthur Lovell's wicket. Later he becomes Arthur's firm chum.
LEN VALANCE, Kit's twin brother.
GEOFFREY LADGEN, an amateur, and a good batsman. He is history's grouch of Arthur Lovell, whom he hates and endeavours to injure. He is Arthur's rival for the hand of Molly Hilton. A snobbish character.
JAMES LADGEN, who has ruined Arthur's uncle 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—snobbish to a degree.

The first instalment tells how Arthur Lovell distinguishes himself in the Colly's match, in spite of the efforts which Geoffrey Lagden puts forth to keep him in the shade. Next, after a change in his fortunes, he recaptures his position as an amateur and turning professional.

Kit Valance, Arthur's boom chum, has a twin brother named Len, who is not a credit to his family. Lagden tries Len Valance to injure Arthur in such a way as to make it necessary for him to abandon his next match against Yorkshire.

Len makes a bad blunder, and strikes down Blane, the captain of the Loamshire team, with a foul blow, in the dark, mistaking him for Arthur. Blane is unable to play in the remainder of the Yorkshire match, and Ponsonby is appointed in his place as captain. Ponsonby is not a success, and has to resign his captaincy. Arthur and Kit are then appointed as captain and bowler respectively. The Loamshire party is not a success, and has to resign his captaincy. Arthur and Kit are then appointed as captain and bowler respectively. The Loamshire party is not a success, and has to resign his captaincy. Arthur and Kit are then appointed as captain and bowler respectively.

(How read this week's instalment.)

The Match with the Champions.

CAPTAIN OF LOAMSHIRE. It seemed almost like a dream to Arthur when he was elected to the pavilion on the Angel Ground at Tonbridge and looked out over the green expanse of turf.

The pitch was being rolled, and the enclosures were being filled up with spectators. The day was fine, and interest in the match between Loamshire and the champions was widespread, and the crowd was turning up in large numbers to see it.

Captain of Loamshire! How Arthur Lovell's heart would have beat with pride and happiness once at the thought of it.

Even now, in spite of the difficulties that beset his path, he felt a thrill as he looked out over the pitch where the great match was to be fought.

He was captain of Loamshire—he was to lead into the field the team sent by his county to do battle with Kent, who had finished up last season as champions.

If only his captaincy had received the hearty concurrence of all the side, Arthur Lovell would have been a happy man that day.

But as it was not so. He had accepted the position against his own best judgment, and he was to be expected to exercise the same care and good-temper that ought to make his captaincy a success.

How would the team back him up? This was the question, if not how.

Kit Valance he knew he would have a loyal backer, for the cloud that had come between them made no difference to the young bowler's sterling qualities.

In Fortescue, the careless young amateur, he had another steady supporter. In Simpson, a new member of the team, he had another.

Some of them were quite capable of embarrassing him if they could, even in the presence of the onlookers. He now had nothing but a desire to look for Len Lagden and Tunstall and Ponsonby, the late captain of Loamshire, who had lost the position by proving his incapacity as a leader.

Arthur Lovell could only do his best, determined that no amount of provocation should make him lose his head. He now had nothing but a desire to look for Len Lagden and Tunstall and Ponsonby, the late captain of Loamshire to victory, he would do it.

"A penny for your thoughts, Lovell!" exclaimed the voice of the colonel at his elbow. And Arthur turned, with a slight flush in his cheeks

Colonel Hilton looked at him steadily. "Thinking of our chances against Kent, sir?"

"Yes, sir." "We shall beat them." "I hope so."

The colonel laid his hand on the young cricketer's shoulder. "You are not regretting that you accepted the captaincy, are you?"

"It would be rather late in the day for that, sir, but it is so."

"Well, no, sir. I hope to pull off a win. I never concealed from you that I am quite aware that my captaincy is not palatable to the team. The Loamshire men do not like being captained by a professional. But you have declared that they will back me up, and asked me to take the position on your judgment. I am prepared to do my level best."

"I asked you to do so, Lovell, because I felt that you were the right captain for Loamshire. It said the old county cricketer. 'I know there is jealousy and dissension, but a sweeping victory over the champions is just the thing to put the team together, and banish any petty feelings of that kind.'"

Arthur's eyes sparkled. "You are right, sir. I wish you may make a lot of difference."

"And is there any reason why you shouldn't win?"

"Oh, that Kent are a splendid team, and won the championship last year, sir."

"Quite true," said the colonel, with a nod; "but you are a professional, and although Kent finished as champions last year, they were beaten at the beginning of the season by Yorkshire, and in the season they drew with the same county. Now, we have beaten Yorkshire on their own ground, Lovell!"

Arthur nodded. "It's quite true, sir; and if we can beat the victors, we ought to be able to beat the vanquished!" he remarked, with a smile.

"That's right! And I assure you, Lovell, that your doubts as to the backing up you will get are absolutely and entirely without foundation."

"I hope so, sir." The colonel turned away. Arthur glanced out at the pitch, and they were finishing the rolling, and the spectators were looking up at the clock.

There was a light spot beside the young cricketer. "Arthur, know what it was before he turned his head. Molly Hilton's vision of beauty in white, with a red-decked hat, was at his side. Arthur bowed low, his heart beating, as it always did when he saw Molly Hilton."

"I was so glad to see you, and I was so glad to hear that you were captain of Loamshire! I know that we shall win now!"

"Thank you very much, Miss Hilton!" She looked at him curiously. "You don't look so happy as I expected, Mr. Lovell. But I suppose it has excited a great deal of jealousy."

"But I suppose it was to be looked for. I was so glad to hear that you were captain of Loamshire! I know that we shall win now!"

"That is a long way ahead yet. Still, there's no reason why it shouldn't come to pass, if you will let it well so."

"How glad your friend must be to see you captain of Loamshire!"

"Yes, I suppose so," he said briefly. She gave him a quick look.

"You and your friends are still friends, are you not? I have heard something to the contrary, but it did not believe it."

Arthur coloured a little. "Arthur's face clouded a little."

"Yes, I suppose so," he said briefly. She gave him a quick look.

"You and your friends are still friends, are you not? I have heard something to the contrary, but it did not believe it."

Arthur coloured a little. "Arthur's face clouded a little."

"Yes, I suppose so," he said briefly. She gave him a quick look.

"You and your friends are still friends, are you not? I have heard something to the contrary, but it did not believe it."

was on ill terms with his old chum. She knew that he would suffer from the breaking of old ties, though he was not the kind of man to say anything about it.

C. H. B. Marazion, the captain of Kent, won the toss, and the result of trials to Tunstall, who was keeping wicket for Loamshire.

There was a clap from the enclosures as the two first Kent batsmen came to the wickets, the two being Hardinge and Frank Woolley, the young Kent colt.

They took their position at the wickets. Kit Valance was to bowl first over, and he had sent down a couple of trials to Tunstall, who was keeping wicket for Loamshire.

Kit seemed to be in fine form. Although he was not longer on cordial terms with Arthur Lovell, Loamshire's new captain, the young bowler meant to surpass himself in this match if he could, to beat up Lovell and win a victory over the champions.

"Play!" Five thousand pairs of eyes were fixed upon Kit Valance.

He was bowling to Frank Woolley's wicket, and the young Kentish colt was on the look-out. Loamshire's champion bowler.

The Loamshire fieldsmen were fielding deep. Clack!

A slow ball; the game had fairly started. For the first ball the batsman ran single, and Kit Valance sent down the second to Hardinge.

The young colt of bat and ball rang over the Tonbridge ground, and the thousands of spectators settled down to watch a keen, close contest.

Frank Woolley was putting on the runs at a good rate, and Hardinge was doing well, while the Loamshire bowling was divided between Woolley and Kit Valance, the two professionals.

They were the best bowlers in the Loamshire county, and were Arthur Lovell's main reason for giving them the bulk of the bowling.

But that fact was not gratifying to Lagden, Ponsonby, and other amateurs who considered themselves entitled to a share.

"I know how it would be," Lagden muttered to Ponsonby, as the field crossed once. "Make two sequences, and you give the rest of the professionals all the game."

Ponsonby nodded. "You, we know it," he agreed. "Colonel Hilton ought to be a professional's job too."

"It's like the Yorkshire match the other way round."

I meant to make that a gentleman's game," said Ponsonby, "which was very right and proper, though the committee were down on me for it, and I had to resign the captaincy two sequences, and still think I was right."

Lagden made no reply to that. "But this is different," said Ponsonby. "It's making two out of the same line, which is a different sort of thing altogether."

Clack! Kit Valance was bowling again, and the ball had gone hot from Hardinge's bat into the ready palm of Arthur Lovell.

"Caught!" Hardinge was out for 10.

Hutchings crossed him as he went to the pavilion, and took his place at the vacant wicket.

There was a buzz from the crowd as the great Kentish batsman appeared.

Great things were looked for from Hutchings, and he had not disappointed the hopes of most of the spectators.

But this time he had met his match in Kit Valance.

A ball from Twocent glanced off his bat, and was fairly caught by Kit Valance, fielding at mid-on.

There was a roar. "Caught!" "Well caught!" "Bravo!"

And a storm of hand-clapping followed. Hutchings, the mighty driver, was out for 11, run out by the champion team, and most of the spectators had just expected of him against a less dangerous opponent.

Kit Valance had won one too many for him. There was no doubt that the young Loamshire colt was showing his best quality.

Humphreys was the next man in. He was a couple of stumps behind with only 5 runs to his credit.

The crowd began to look somewhat disappointed. They naturally wanted the men of Kent to win, and with the exception of Frank Woolley, the performance of the champions so far had not been creditable.

The field crossed after the fall of Humphreys' wicket, and Geoffrey Lagden found an opportunity of speaking to Arthur Lovell.

"Mr. Lovell, say word, Lovell!" Arthur looked at him. "Certainly."

into some more, I fancy, for trying to make it a professional's game."

"You need say no more, Lagden." "You need say no more, Lagden."

Lagden shrugged his shoulders and walked to the pavilion.

He left Arthur with a slightly troubled look upon his handsome, sunburnt face.

There was something in what Lagden said. He had many enemies, and detractors who would be only too willing to pick a weak spot in his armour.

The two professionals were the best bowlers in the Loamshire team, but it would be desirable to give them a rest before long, and Arthur had intended to do so.

There was something in what Lagden said. He had many enemies, and detractors who would be only too willing to pick a weak spot in his armour.

He realised, too, that he must not think only of what was absolutely best for the game, but that it would be judicious, for the sake of keeping the side in a loyal temper, to make some concessions, even at the cost of giving the Kentishmen runs.

The ordinary cricket captain, of course, would be untroubled by any such considerations, but that was not the case with Arthur Lovell's position was a peculiarly difficult one.

It was hard enough to get his team to pull together, and now he had to do so, and it was not succeeding in doing it at all unless he scolded their self-love.

And a team in ill-humour with their captain was not been wholly their effect, though Arthur Lovell's reasons for modifying his plans were not exactly what Lagden believed them to be.

There was something in what Lagden said. He had many enemies, and detractors who would be only too willing to pick a weak spot in his armour.

Woolley's wicket, and it certainly did not seem that Loamshire had gained by the change in the bowling.

The English colt cut the balls all over the field, and gave the Loamshire men more exercise for the over than they had had for the half-dozen preceding ones.

When Ponsonby had bowled his last ball, Frank Woolley's score was twelve more than it had been when he started, and the young county proceeded ones.

But Woolley's time was coming. Kit Valance took the ball and went on to bowl.

Frank Woolley was on the watch, as alert as a hawk; but the ball was a baffling grouch which Kit had lately perfected by hard practice.

It surprised the young Kentishman, and his off-stump clean out of the ground, he missing the ball by inches.

"Out!" Frank Woolley walked away from the wicket, and he was followed from the crowd followed him to the pavilion.

His performance had been a fine one. Players like Hutchings and Hardinge had fallen easy victims to the Loamshire men, but Woolley had knocked up 62 in fifty-five minutes.

And he deserved every one of the cheers and applause, because he had done it all in less than a hour.

Kent were now four down, and Huish and Fielder were at the wickets.

Then it was Geoffrey Lagden's turn. A sneer curled his lip as he took the round red leather ball.

He felt that he had triumphed over the new captain of Loamshire—that Arthur Lovell had gone as far as he dared, and durst go no farther.

There was not the nature to understand that Lovell had made sacrifices for the sake of peace and the good of the team.

He felt that he had won in a tacit conflict, and the feeling mounted like wine to his head, and he was prepared for further insolence to his new captain.

Fielder was, however, a very creditable one. Fielder knocked up a couple of twos, and then a single, which brought Huish to the end opposite Geoffrey Lagden.

Huish stopped the rest of the over without a run.

Now Kit Valance took the ball again, and went on to bowl Fielder.

Fielder, the wonderful Kent bowler, was a

SANDWICH BOOK FREE.

All readers of THE BOYS' REALM desirous of becoming a credit to the British Empire, and having due sense of Patriotism, should apply at once for the above Book, which would prove a capital assistant, inasmuch as it would show how to become Strong and Healthy, clean in mind, and strong in body, and at the same time show the best apparatus to bring about this glorious result.

NOTE THIS SPECIAL OFFER.

To every reader who writes at once the publisher will send a Copy of this valuable Book Free.

Address No. 4, Sandow Hall, Strand, London, W.C.

passable bat, but he was not likely to keep his end up long against Valance.

Then the little form of Kit Valance was seen to spring, and his hand went up, and there was the soft, gentle sound of a leather ball hitting a bat.

Then there was a shout: "Well caught!"

And Fielder, after a stare at Kit holding up the ball, walked away from the wicket.

Colonel Hilton shook hands with Arthur as he came into the pavilion.

Ordered off the Field.

Geoffrey was over, and Geoffrey Lagden had strolled away from the pavilion.

James Lagden looked at him anxiously.

And it was more upon Geoffrey's account that his over-zealous banker entertained a bitter dislike of Arthur Lovell, the present Loamshire captain.

"Hallo, nater," said Geoffrey. "So you 're gettin' on."

"Yes, I was unable to get down for the morning," said Mr. Lagden.

"How is the new Loamshire captain turning out?" asked the banker, with a sneer upon his face.

"I expect he will send me in last, and I shall be out for a long time, or something like that," said Geoffrey bitterly.

"Then you think that he is destined to put you in the shade?"

"Doesn't it stand to reason that he is?"

"Only the side won't be let down so badly as they are."

suiting him best, and that his judgment of Lovell's tactics was colored by his dislike of the new Loamshire captain.

But his sympathy was wholly with his son, right or wrong.

"As a matter of fact, the banker was not much given to considering questions of right and wrong where his interests were concerned.

"I know it would be a risky business opposing a captain on the field," he remarked slowly.

"But it must be very bitter to knuckle under to this professional player, Geoffrey."

"The ball rang, and the people began to clear off the field."

Mr. Lagden went to his seat in the pavilion, and Geoffrey Lagden joined the cricketers.

Kent resumed batting with Seymour and Fairbrove.

at point, and again the howling fell to Kit Valance. When the field crossed after the top, Lagden approached the Loamshire captain.

"I have given you more of the howling than my own judgment would dictate," he said.

"You are not up to the Kent batsmen, Lagden, and if you had been a sportsman, you would not have driven me to putting you on!"

"Yes, you lie! Make the best of that!"

"No. You have no right to ask it, and if Blaine or Harding were your captain in the present moment, you would not venture to attempt to dictate to him."

CLUBS IN THE BOYS' REALM LEAGUE.



CASTLE TOWN BOARD SCHOOL F.C. A Smart Team in the Isle of Man.

Kit Valance, as usual, started the bowling. Seymour was in splendid form, and he cut the bowling as if he were the active figures white crossed and recrossed the pitch.

The second over was bowled by Tweedie, and it gave the Kentish batsmen 4.

It was twenty minutes before a wicket fell, and then Fairbrove's stumps went down to a hitting ball from Kit Valance for 14.

He was an average change bowler, and that was all that could be said for him; but he was far from thinking so himself.

And when Lagden's bowling had helped Seymour to pile up runs, he was not to equal that of Frank Woolley ere long.

The overs were now divided between Valance, Tweedie, and Fortescue, and Lovell was occasionally delivered one.

a sneer. "Neither Blaine nor Harding was a run-getter like yourself!"

"Enough said. You are keeping the field waiting. Go to your place."

Arthur's hand rose to point to the post of cover-point, and Lagden, chucking back his rage, threw furiously to the spot and stood there.

There was a murmur among some of the spectators, and in the pavilion.

Arthur's hand rose to point to the pavilion, and he said, "You are not up to the Kent batsmen, Lagden, and if you had been a sportsman, you would not have driven me to putting you on!"

Lagden had muffed the catch! There was a roar from the "sixpenny" crowd.

"Yab! Butter-fingers!" Lagden gritted his teeth.

Hot words rose to Arthur Lovell's lips, but he was not uttered.

"Hot words rose to Arthur Lovell's lips, but he was not uttered."

"Naturally enough, Blaker sent it in the direction of the fieldman who had shown his incapacity."

"Away went the round roll ball, and the batsmen ran, and ran again! And again and again! What was Lagden doing?"

It was not easy to decide what to do, and there was little time to think of it.

Blaker's wicket was down now, his individual total being 100, and the small score for each a player. A ball from Kit Valance had scattered his stumps.

C. H. B. Marshall, the captain of Kent, came on in his place—last man in.

Fortescue was bowling to Seymour now. It was a mis-stroke for once from Seymour.

The ball went on its journey, and Arthur Lovell saw his chance from point.

He ran towards cover-point, his eyes on the ball, his hand outstretched.

He had calculated well. His hand in the air struck against Arthur Lovell's, and the ball, uncaught by either fieldman, dropped to the turf.

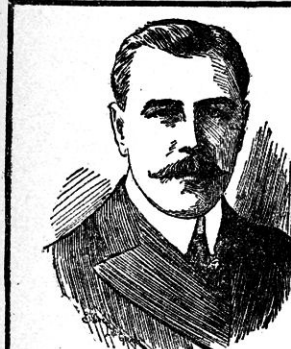
The glitter in Lagden's eyes, the screeching smile curving his lips, told him as plainly as he could that he was to know that the action had been intentional.

Arthur pantled. His patience, long and sorely tried, gave way at last.

He realized that he had gone too far at last—his words were in provocation on provocation, till at last he had provoked resistance.

(Another splendid run instalment of this popular story of county cricket will appear in next week's BOYS' REALM. Order your copy now to avoid disappointment. This great new football scheme, detailed in this issue, will interest you.)

FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.



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

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

But, because I am devoting so much attention to our football league this season, it must not be supposed that I am going in any way to neglect the fictional side of our paper. I am even now making arrangements for no less than four new serials to start very shortly. The first of these will be a new tale of Glasgow School, by Mr. John Finnemore, the opening chapters of which I hope to present to my readers in three weeks' time. The next new story, which will commence in our Journal shortly, will be Mr. Hardy's great new football yarn, which he is even now hard at work on. As I told my friends last week, Mr. Hardy is doing all he can to get this new football tale into the hands of our readers—and that is saying a lot. I will not reveal just now the topic with which the other new stories, which will start in our paper shortly, will deal; but I can assure my friends that they will be really exciting tales, and the average age than sustain the name which our paper has gained for itself in the matter of such stories of sport and adventure. I shall not fail to keep my friends well supplied with complete football and other sports tales during the coming winter. All my friends and authors are being pressed into service, and I feel certain that never before will so fine an array of talent have been found in our pages at one time, as will be the case when we are fairly launched on our winter campaign. Football articles of famous international writers will be a most important feature of our paper during the football season.

I want to remind my friends that all these good things I am providing for them are going to cost a very great deal, and that it means a tremendous amount of hard work on the part of myself and my loyal staff of editors and authors, and artists, to fulfil the promise I have made. That

they will be fulfilled I need not assure my readers, for they know that I am a man of my word. But I want my chums to do me the favour of letting all their friends who do not at present read THE BOYS' REALM know what an amazing and unprecedented programme I am preparing for their delectation during the coming months. Better still, let them save your copy of THE BOYS' REALM when you have finished with it, together with a word or two of commendation of the stories contained therein. Tell them that they are missing a really good treat by not reading THE BOYS' REALM, and make them understand that although the price of our paper is only one penny, its contents are worth quite a shilling, if not more. By doing this, you will help me to increase the circulation of our paper, and then I shall be able to give you still better stories and better articles, better pictures, better everything. Every reader of this paper should make a special point of carefully perusing my

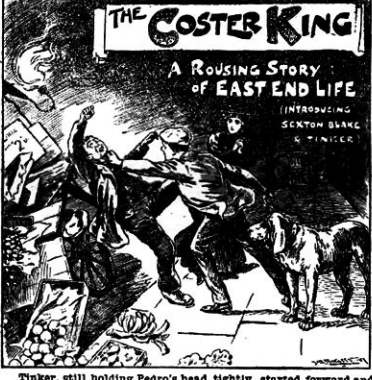
The South African Cricketers.

SUPPOSE all my cricketing friends are aware that on Monday, August 19th, there will be played a great test match between the South African team now in this country and a representative team of our own. I think it only right that our paper should celebrate this event in a right royal manner, and I am therefore arranging for the issue of our paper which appears in a fortnight's time to be a special test match number. In it will be found a magnificent complete test-match story from the pen of Mr. Jack North, and a number of particularly fine articles concerning the South African cricketers, and the record they have put up since they landed on these shores. Meanwhile, let me tell my friends that next week's issue of THE BOYS' REALM will contain two fine long complete stories. The first will be from the pen of Mr. A. S. Hardy, and will be entitled 'The Frodo the Challenge Shield.' It will deal with the fortunes of two rival cycling clubs. The other complete yarn will be a cricket story by Mr. Jack North, and will be entitled 'Billy Redwell, County Colt.'

A Toothache Cure.

JACK CURZON, a reader residing at Chelmsford, has sent me a most interesting letter, in which he tells me how much he enjoys reading 'The Buzzard,' and especially 'King Cricket.' However, the chief point of my reader's letter is that he suffers very badly from toothache, and he wants me to give him a cure. My reader does not say what his toothache arises from, but I presume it is because his teeth are decayed. The Frodo Challenge Shield is a visit to the dentist's to have his teeth stopped and properly treated, or else have the bad ones cut out. As most hospitals there is a certain day on which a dental surgeon is in attendance, and if my reader goes on that day he will be able to have his teeth properly attended to at very little cost to himself. The one which is more neglected than any other I think it is the teeth, and yet our teeth exercise a far greater influence, for good or evil, on our health than most people imagine. Good teeth mean that the food may be properly masticated and passed into the stomach in a form which the body will be able to use. If the teeth are decayed, the stomach has to do a double dose of work, and in the course of time is bound to get deranged. The following is the best advice I can give to my friends to keep an eye on their teeth and not let them get into a bad state.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).



Pedro, still holding Pedro's head tightly, started forward and dealt the young brute a most driving blow on the snout, sending him reeling headlong against the barrow. (An exciting incident in the grand New South Wales serial starting in next week's 'Boys' Herald'.)

That week by week, as very important announcements will be made therein from time to time. Believe me, my friends, THE BOYS' REALM is going to forge ahead during the coming months.

OUR FOOTBALL PROGRAMME.

IT seems early days yet to begin talking about football, yet very soon we shall have the football season upon us once again, and the big clubs will commence their fight for League and Cup with renewed vigour. For this reason I want to give my friends some idea of what THE BOYS' REALM is going to do in the matter of our national winter pastime during the coming months. On another page will be found a comprehensive announcement giving details of our football league. If my friends will carefully read it through, they will see that I am going to do great things this year, and am prepared to present a very large number of silver cups to genuine football leagues and competitions quite free of charge. Solid silver medals and hundreds of football programmes will also be given away. Every footballer should call the attention of the secretary and other officials of his club to our great football programme. Application for cups and for entry to the various branches of our league should be made at once on the forms provided. It will be seen that there are two cups to be put up for competition in London. I am dividing the metropolis into two sections, and the champions of each section will have to play each other at the close of the season. I think there will be considerable excitement caused in connection with this branch of our league during the coming months. There is a special competition for clubs in the South of England, and another for clubs in the North of England. Clubs in Scotland and Ireland, too, have each a cup for which they may compete. All these branches of our league are quite distinct from one another, and special trophies are being prepared for the champions of each.

OUR LEAGUE CORNER.

On another page will be found particulars of our Great Football League, season 1907-8. It is very difficult in the small space at my disposal to thoroughly explain the workings of so complex an organisation, but any young footballer who does not understand exactly what he has to do should write to the Secretary, THE BOYS' REALM Football League, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C., enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and stating what his difficulty is, when full explanations will be given him. We shall also try and save everything quite clear in our next issue to the Secretary, THE BOYS' REALM Football League, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. Beginning with our London League (see section 1), perhaps the following explanation will make any young footballer who is not clear on this point clear to those clubs wishing to enter. Any club whose members' average age does not exceed sixteen years, and who have their headquarters at least in what is known as Greater London. We shall in the course of a week or so give our friends a list of the clubs which are eligible for our London League, those only being the London League. Our London League will be split up into two divisions—Division 1, North of the Thames;

Division 2, South of the Thames. These two divisions will again be divided into sub-divisions (senior and junior). The average age of the junior teams must not exceed fifteen years, and the average age of the seniors must not exceed eighteen. At the close of the season the junior teams of the North and South will be required to play each other, and some ground selected by the president of THE BOYS' REALM Football League will be provided for the winners of this match, whilst the members of the best senior team of each club will be required to play each other, and the members of the other team in the final being awarded silver medals. The ground on which these matches will be played, will be the grounds of THE BOYS' REALM, and the travelling expenses of the clubs taking part, and the travelling expenses of the players, will be met by the club so that no expense will be incurred so far as the clubs are concerned. MIXTURE LISTS. Secretaries of clubs entering any of our leagues are required to submit mixture lists for the season, but if this is not quite right there is no particular objection to having mixture lists for reference, however, should be made now. In sending in the mixture list, it is very important that the full name and address of each club which will be placed during the season be enclosed. Xmas and New Year's parties of the Northern and Southern Football Leagues. CLUB CRICKET LEAGUE. We are glad to hear that our cricket league is still so great as ever, and that the clubs competing in Section 2 of our trophies are working

Daily Mail

LITTLE DAWSON ST. JAMES C.C.—Secretary, E. DORRIS. Next week we shall again publish a list of the top clubs in the junior and senior divisions. MEANWHILE we have much pleasure in announcing that the following clubs have been awarded cricket bats for the best performance on Saturday July 6th: DUNDEE AND DISTRICT CRICKET LEAGUE. BELMONT C.C.—Secretary of League, Mr. J. A. BIRD, 12, Belle Vue Avenue, Dundee. ST. CLARE CUP CRICKET LEAGUE. NINE C.C.—Secretary of League, Mr. G. SUEB, 31, Kemphard Road, Farnborough, S.E. SWINTON AND DISTRICT CRICKET LEAGUE. UPPER HADEN C.C.—Secretary, Mr. J. CAR, 2, Green Lane, Cottage, Upper Haddon. SOUTH LONDON BILLYARD SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION CRICKET LEAGUE. COLINDALE C.C.—Secretary of League, W. N. COOMBS, 5, Portland Place, Colindale, N.W. NORTH LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT AMATEUR CRICKET LEAGUE. YORK C.C.—Secretary, J. THORNE, 124, Makin Street. SOUTH LONDON CHURCH OF ENGLAND CRICKET LEAGUE. ST. PAUL'S C.W.P. CLUB, 2, C. Hill, 85, Brewery Road, Plumstead. SUDBURY AND DISTRICT NON-CONFORMIST LEAGUE. WHISKEY HALL C.C.—Secretary, W. RANKEN, 12, Hazeldene Terrace, Fulham, S.W. BLACKBURN AND DISTRICT SUNDAY SCHOOL CRICKET LEAGUE. LITTLE HAMPDEN C.C.—Secretary, S. JOHNSTON, 22, Warrington Street, Blackburn.

OFF DUTY YARNS. (Continued from the previous page.)

work, and tell your wife to spend their rupees, so she'll have a jolly good feed ready for you when you get home.

What are you going to do? asked Dannie, as he left the hut.

THE 8th CHAPTER. The Night Watch. — The Coming of Saddoo's Gun.

THE day seemed a long one to the two Sloggers, and when they set off that evening, having obtained a quantity of powder, they had concealed in his pocket an old-fashioned pistol, of the type known as a pepper-box, that he had borrowed from the same individual who had loaned him the gun.

It's a run old thing! said Dannie, who was allowed to examine the weapon as he went along. Will it shoot?

I'll shoot the way I want it to, replied GINGER, with a chuckle. It's charged with shot, and you'll see that, on any of your twenty paces, with your back turned, you'd be standing up at me instead of sittin' down!

But that fowling-piece would have done better," he added.

It wouldn't have done at all, my son! The game would be spoilt if I was to turn up with a firearm worth could be seen. Saddoo would think I meant to shoot 'is grandfather."

Well, here we are!" said GINGER. "Ave you put the brace on yet?"

Not yet, answered the Hindoo, observing with relief that the sahibs carried no firearms.

Earlier than usual?" inquired Dannie, with a vague suspicion in his mind.

This was disturbing news to the Sloggers, by which they were aware that they fell superior fellows rising within them.

Do—do you suppose there can be two wolves? Dannie whispered to his brother.

There was a cleared space in front of the grass-cutter's abode, and across this a path led to the edge of the forest.

What are you going to do? asked Dannie, as he left the hut.

ON SALE TO-DAY. A Splendid Number of the Penny Pictorial Magazine.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY A COPY. Register Your Football Club To-day! (See page 168.)

"We won't have to wait long," said GINGER. The minutes dragged along. By the dusk twilight came and faded, but not a sound was heard, except the far-off cry of a parrot and the bark of a jackal.

"He comes, sahibs," whispered the Hindoo—the spirit of my grandfather comes!"

"Shut up, you juit!" murmured Dannie.

When a few seconds had passed the wolf reappeared, holding something bright in its jaws. It had turned around, and was moving back towards the forest, but before it had gone more than a couple of yards GINGER whipped the antique ringer, and fired at the animal.

"You've bagged him!" said Dannie.

"Alas—alas, you have killed my grandfather!" shrieked the Hindoo.

Saddoo and his wife were wailing loudly, beating their breasts in frantic horror.

"Two of them!" gasped GINGER. "Don't I wish I had a gun 'ere!"

The two animals were rolling over and over in the grass, fighting savagely.

It is Namgay, the old shikari!" cried the enraged Hindoo, as he seized the impostor.

Beat him, urged Yana—beat him, Saddoo.

And Saddoo did, raving in his passion. He kicked his prisoner and shook and hammered him, until he was out of breath.

"Let 'im go!" bade GINGER. "E's been puttin' our wolf with the clawing 'is got and the way you thumped 'im. And, wof's more, I've put as many shot into 'is 'ind-quarters as the lid of a pepper-pot 'as 'oles in it."

"Here's your bangle!" said the lad, handing it to Yana. "The thief dropped it."

"I'll keep you and your wife warm at nights in the cool season, Saddoo. As for the real wolf, it ain't likely you'll ever see him again. 'Cept the breed, 'as I say; 'as added, 'we've ad all the fun we wanted!"

On the following evening, in the regimental canteen, the two Sloggers told the whole story to a crowd of Tommies.

"This is very interesting," he said. "And which of the two wolves had been taking the lead?"

"It must 'ave been the real one," admitted GINGER. "I 'ad a talk with old Namgay to-day, and 'e swears that 'e never touched a bit, and 'e swears that 'e never touched a bit, and that's wof put it into 'is 'and to play the game 'ere!"

"There you are," said Tranter. "And now tell me why the wof came after the food? Did it come before the death of old Pulker?"

"That's wof puzzles me."

"The others thought the same, and they think so now. 'Tis the truth, but 'e's not to be known, for India is the land of eternal mystery."

THE END. (Two splendid long, complete tales will appear in next week's BOYS' REALM. Do not miss your copy! Order it to-day!)



THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF. CEOTLA LAL NATH CHANDRA DAS, an Indian prince, and a new boy at St. Ninian's School, who had secured in the village of Trigg the possession of a certain gold lock, around which centred a mystery.

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

ROBERT HAMILTON (Nipper), Nelson Lee's wards. DIGG WATLING, GARBER, BROOKER, RUSSELL, ARKLE, pupils at St. Ninian's School.

Otto Heinrich, the mysterious German, becomes acquainted with Pauline Hoffmann, a mistress at a girls' school in the village.

He breaks into St. Ninian's the same night, and endeavours to steal the lock, but is prevented in the nick of time by the appearance of Nipper and Wimpole.

Trigg and Wimpole, two humorous characters who are introduced in the first chapter, are introduced to see her, whilst waiting on the health, run up to a young lady, who is leaving her arms around his neck.

The Great Reconciliation. It was the fraulein's brother, of course, whom that lady kissed, as the reader has already guessed.

He deemed it wise to change his lodgings. Up to that time he had lodged in the village, but on Saturday he had shifted his quarters to the neighbouring hamlet of Hampton Wingrave; and on Tuesday he had written to his sister, begging her to meet him the following afternoon in this secluded ravine on Hampton Heath.

Mr. Trigg, of course, knew nothing of this. He did not even know that Pauline Hoffmann had a brother, much less that he was in that neighbourhood. He thought he was witnessing a lovers' secret meeting. And so did Mr. Wimpole, who followed Mr. Trigg, as he arrived at the edge of the ravine just in time to see Pauline Hoffmann fling her arms around his neck.

"Did you see that?" demanded Mr. Trigg in tragic tones.

"I did," said Mr. Wimpole gloomily. "She kissed him!"

"Kissed him?" repeated Mr. Trigg. "Wimpole, we have been grossly deceived. We have been basely betrayed!" said Mr. Wimpole.

"She has trifled with our affections!" "She has played with our most sacred feelings!"

"She gave me to understand that she loved me. She led me to believe that she regarded me as something dearer than a friend."

"And all the time she was in love with somebody else!"

"With whom she was holding clandestine meetings on this lonely heath!"

"And this she said to me for whom we fought a sanguinary duel!"

"For whom we strove to shed each other's blood. Wimpole, we have been fools!"

"Trigg, we have been idiots!" "To think that two such noble souls, linked together by a common calling, should have parted on such a worthless creature like this!" "It was ridiculous!" "It was a crime against humanity!"

For several seconds the two men stood wringing each other's hands; then once again they glanced down into the ravine.

"Bah! Let us away!" said Mr. Trigg disgustedly.

"Come; let us away!" said Mr. Wimpole. "Yes with me to my rooms. I have a bottle of rare old whisky, and my brother will drink confusion to perfidious womankind, and pledge our new-born comradeship!"

"In gloomy silence the two men retraced their steps to the Hillfoot Road. Heinrich was standing at the cottage gate, smoking his pipe.

"Hallo! Didn't you find her?" he asked, addressing Mr. Trigg.

"We did!" said Mr. Trigg laughingly. "We found her—in the arms of her lover!"

"Her lover?" repeated Heinrich in a puzzled voice.

"She kissed him!" said Mr. Wimpole. "And we left them walking up and down the ravine with their arms around each other!" added Mr. Wimpole. "You may well stare! Such perfidy is incredible! But at last our eyes are opened! We have done with her for ever!"

"We never wish to hear her name again!" said Mr. Trigg.

With which remark he linked his arm in that of Mr. Wimpole, and they strode off in the direction of the village. Heinrich thoughtfully scratched his chin.

"They are a couple of idiots, I know," he mused. "But she has evidently met somebody on the heath. And she kissed him! Her brother is possible."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and thrust it into his pocket. "I must investigate this," he muttered; and he crossed the road and passed through the gate which gave admittance to the heath.

How Mr. Trigg and Mr. Wimpole Died Together. Nipper reaching Mr. Wimpole's rooms, which, as the reader may remember, was over Mr. Pops's confectionery shop, Mr. Wimpole produced his bottle of "rare old whisky," a couple of tumblers, and a couple of glasses. Having poured out a liberal dose of the whisky into each of the glasses, he filled up the tumblers with water, handed one to Mr. Trigg, and took the other himself.

"Here's long life and prosperity to our noble selves!" he said, raising his glass. "and confusion to all perfidious women!"

"Especially Germans!" said Mr. Trigg feelingly.

"I've drunk their glasses; then each man raised his tumbler to his lips, and took a drink. And then a strange thing happened. Mr. Wimpole suddenly doubled up, and collapsed into the water, leaving his confectionery spluttering and gasping for breath.

Mr. Trigg hurriedly set down his glass, and staggered back with an expression of anguish on his face, that could hardly have been rivaled by one of the victims of the Spanish Inquisition.

"I am poisoned!" he moaned. "Poisoned by the man I trusted like a brother! This is a foul, and pestiferous dose! I mean it, and fastidiously dot—that is a foul and dastardly plot to lure me to my doom!"

"Vinegar!" he repeated. "What do you mean?" demanded an explanation.

The explanation was soon given. Mr. Wimpole had originally had two bottles of whisky. Having emptied the first, he put it up as a substitute for vinegar; and this was the bottle he had taken from the cupboard, instead of the one which contained whisky.

Now, neither Mr. Wimpole nor Mr. Trigg, in the habit of drinking whisky, except in exceptional doses; and in the case they had drunk their second glass, both of them were distinctly affected. In the time of some men,

too much whisky makes them merry; in the case of others it makes them quarrelsome. In the case of Mr. Tripp, it makes them gloomy and fearful, and it is so morbid...

"You might not think it, Wimple," said Mr. Tripp; "but I have a very tender heart, and that woman's portly face breaks it. He brushed a furtive tear from his eye. 'Oh, Emma, Emma,' he sighed, 'why has she treated thy devoted Montague thus? What have I to live for?'

"You have me to live for!" murmured Mr. Wimple. "I ejaculated Mr. Tripp, in accents of biting scorn. 'You—a poddy, red-haired—'

"Steady!" said Mr. Wimple. "Beware of endangering our friendship at this early stage of its existence! It is but young, and it may bear too great a strain! Take care lest you rob the dormant lion!"

"Mr. Tripp broke down, and dissolved into tears. 'Forgive me, Wimple,' he sobbed. 'I'm not responsible for what I say! My heart is broken, and my reason shattered! I am not fit to live! I have no desire to live! And why should I live?'

"What is a legless stocking without a foot?" demanded Mr. Tripp. "Nothing! Such is the love I have for my legless stocking! My mind is made up! My resolution is taken! I shall commit suicide!"

"And so shall I!" said Mr. Wimple. "Today I die, and with me, Mr. Tripp. 'So do I!'" said Mr. Wimple. "It is useless to try to turn me from my fell intention."

"I'm not trying!" protested Mr. Wimple. "I am now going down to the beach," said Mr. Tripp. "I am now going to seek oblivion from my sufferings in a sea of foam."

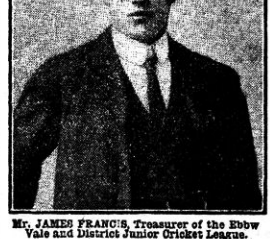
"And I'm coming with you," said Mr. Wimple. "We will die together!" "Many curious and good old of giggling greeted the two masters as, arm in arm, they left the house and marched down to the beach."

too. "Take it off, Wimple—take it off!" he cried. "I—I—daren't!" faltered Mr. Wimple, drawing back in terror. "Keep away—keep away!" he shrieked, as Mr. Tripp hopped after him.

"Be a man!" howled Mr. Tripp. "If you call yourself my friend, seize this ferocious monster by the throat and force him to— He was going to say 'to relax his grip'—but before he could complete the sentence he overbalanced himself and fell into Mr. Wimple's arms."

Unprepared for this, Mr. Wimple also lost his balance, and the next instant he was foundering on his back in the surf, with Mr. Tripp on the top of him; whilst the crab-anxious, perhaps, by all this fuss—let go his hold of his victim's toe and waddled away.

By that time the cold and wet had effectually sobered Mr. Wimple and Mr. Tripp, and after distributing the contents of their pockets into the form of bush-money, they shamefacedly slunk away, and returned to their respective rooms.



MR. JAMES FRANCIS, Treasurer of the Ebbw Vale and District Young Cricketers' League.

The Secret Word. AS previously mentioned, Karl Hoffmann removed the Hampton Wriggins on Monday morning, and on Tuesday he wrote to his sister, asking her to meet him in the ravine on Hampton Heath on Wednesday afternoon.

How they met has already been described; and when Mr. Tripp and Mr. Wimple saw their arms round each other's waists, Karl was telling his sister the story of his adventure at St. Ninian's on the previous Saturday night.

"Heinrich told me about it," said she, when he had concluded his tale, "and I guessed at once that you were the unknown burglar!"

"Yes, you know the big dining-hall at St. Ninian's?" "On the right-hand side of the quadrangle gate?" "Yes. Well, there's a safe built into the wall, in which they keep the school plate and other valuables. The safe is fitted with a letter-lock, and the word that opens it is only known to the headmaster and his nephew, and Mr. Jerman. Heinrich has ascertained that the lock is now in that safe."

"How did he manage to do that?" "He can't do anything at present. He says I must continue my visits to the school, and try to discover the word that opens the safe."

"That's what I told him." "All the same, it's our only chance. When are you going to St. Ninian's again?" "Mrs. Shuttleworth, the headmaster's wife, has invited me to spend the afternoon with them on Wednesday week to-day."

"Have you accepted?" "Yes." "By any chance you discover the secret word?" "If that opens the safe, you won't tell Heinrich?"

"Of course not." "You're going to me and tell me the word?" "I will, but, as you say, there's not much hope of my discovering the word. Still, if I do, you may rest assured that I'll let you know of it before it gets into any other hands." "Half an hour later that I'll return, Karl Hoffmann returning to her cottage, and a number of them had the remotest suspicion that Otto Heinrich had been watching them in the ravine. He took the opportunity of the day, and recognized Karl as Fraulein Hoffmann's brother.

A week elapsed. Again it was Wednesday

afternoon. Fraulein Hoffmann was sitting in Mrs. Shuttleworth's drawing-room at St. Ninian's. On a footstool at her feet sat little Mabel, the headmaster's youngest daughter.

"And is German writing different to English writing?" asked Mabel, continuing the conversation. "Oh, yes," said Fraulein Hoffmann.

"I'd like to see some German writing," said Mabel. "Will you write your name for me in German?" "With great pleasure!" said Fraulein Hoffmann, with a smile. "But vary shall I write it, little one?"

Mabel dived her hand into the pocket of her frock, and produced a red-backed notebook. "Mabel," said her mother severely, "that's your father's! Where did you get it?"

"I found it on his study table this morning," said Mabel. "Daddy wouldn't mind me taking it, I know." "He would mind very much, I'm sure!" said Mrs. Shuttleworth. "Give it to me at once!"

Mabel pouted, and showed signs of impending tears. "I want Fraulein to write her name in it," she said. "Very well," said her mother indulgently. "Fraulein may write her name in it, and then you must give it to me."

Mabel drew a pencil out of the back of the notebook, and handed it and the book to Fraulein Hoffmann. "Now, write your name in German," she said. "Smiling at the child's eagerness, Fraulein Hoffmann opened the book at random. The page at which she opened was partly covered with writing. Half unconsciously she glanced at the writing, and in what she read:

Port
Bard
Dora
Wako
"Port," "Bard," "Dora," "Wako" had a pencilled line drawn through them. The only word that was not crossed out was "Dust."

Fraulein Hoffmann, as the reader has doubtless discovered by now, had more than her share of womanly intuition. In a flash she grasped the meaning of this column of crossed-out words.

As Heinrich had told her, the word which opened the safe in which the locked row of tables was changed every week, and was only known to Dr. Shuttleworth and the two house-masters.

Evidently whenever the word was changed the doctor joined it down in his notebook. "Port" had been the word which opened the safe in the week before last, and "Dora" at another, "Wako" at another.

When the word had been changed, the doctor had crossed it out, and had written down the new word, and as "Dust" was the last word of the same kind to be crossed out, it was evident that "Dust" was now the word that opened the safe.

Quivering with excitement, Fraulein Hoffmann half took the notebook from the pocket, found a blank one, and wrote her name for Mabel's education.

While the child was scrutinizing the unfamiliar characters, and asking Fraulein Hoffmann to spell them out for her, Dr. Shuttleworth entered the room.

He shook hands with Fraulein, and had chatted with her for several minutes before his eye alighted on the notebook in Mabel's hands.

"You little rascal!" he exclaimed, playfully pulling her ear. "Where did you get that?" "I took the notebook from my child, and Mabel!" "You don't mind, do you?" "Well, I'll forgive you this time, but don't let it occur again," he said, with a laugh.

He took the notebook from the child, and slipped it into his waistcoat-pocket. But the mischief had then been done, and two hours later he set fire to the paper, and then Fraulein Hoffmann was scribbling a note to Karl, telling him that the word which opened the safe was "Dust."

The Raid on the Mechanics' Institute. ALTHOUGH the Grammarians had given the Mechanics' Institute a name, as Nianiasites, it must not be supposed for a moment that they had included Mr. Nipper and Donaparro Rowell in the armistice. On the contrary, the Grammarians were as hostile as ever to the truculent chemist who had beaten their headmaster in the fight for the school.

When, therefore, it came to the ears of Arnold and his three most intimate chums—Fleming, an herbalist; that Mr. Boswell who used to give an elementary tea to those who had voted for him at the election; the four Grammarians immediately left the Mechanics' Institute, and were carrying some plan for spoiling the harmony of the proceedings.

It should be explained, was to be held—first that is the proper word—was to be held on a certain Wednesday afternoon; as a matter of fact, on the Wednesday afternoon on which the raid on the Mechanics' Institute took place. Mrs. Shuttleworth, as described in our last chapter, and discovered the key-word of the proceedings.

Toa was to be served in the upper room of the Mechanics' Institute—the same room in which Stuart-Uwain and his supporters had held their meeting. The plan was that Nipper and his chums had so effectually broken up. After tea there were to be speeches by the Grammarians, and then the Grammarians; and the proceedings were to terminate with a concert.

For the Grammarians had discussed many plans for upsetting these arrangements, Arnold was seized with a brilliant inspiration. In half a dozen excited sentences he explained his plan to the other three, who were as most ingenious and daring plan, but as Crosby hastened to point out, it was marred by one apparent defect.

"That's all jolly fun," said Crosby, when Arnold had expounded his scheme. "I don't doubt that we could do all you say, and I admit it'd be a grand affair, but I don't think it doesn't seem to have occurred to you that we can't stop in the room for ever! How are we going to get out of the room without being without being collared and half murdered?"

"That's where the beauty of my plan comes in," said Arnold. "There's a manhole in the ceiling—yes, I know, I know, I know. We can easily reach by planting one of the tables on the platform, and sticking a chair on top of it, so I know what I'm talking about."

"Well," said Crosby, "and when we've reached the manhole, what then?" "The manhole opens into a sort of loft, underneath the slates," said Arnold. "I've been in it, and I know every inch of it. It extends to the roof, underneath the roof, from back to front, and from side to side."

"And we could hide in the loft till the coast was clear?" said Crosby. "If that's your idea—"

"But it isn't!" said Arnold. "At the back of the building there's a window in the loft—at least, it isn't a proper window, but a crack-hole, with a wooden door, and a few feet below the window there's the lean-to roof of Grimshaw's joinery shop."

"The sun sets about six o'clock on Wednesday," he continued, "and it'll be quite dark by half-past. By that time, too, Grimshaw's shop will be closed. So all we've got to do is to hold the fort till half-past six, then climb through the manhole, drop out of the window, crawl down Grimshaw's roof, and mizzle!"

A chorus of approving shouts greeted the contents of his speech, and without any further ado the four boys set to work to discuss and arrange the details of their plot.

In the meantime Mr. Pyc, the village confectioner, who had been entrusted with the contract for the tea, was working himself to the counter-boiling hams, roasting joints of beef, baking pies, and turning out tarts and cakes by the gross.

At two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon he and his assistant, Miss Smith, escorted all these provisions to the Mechanics' Institute, and set out crockery, trestles, table-tops and forms, to the Mechanics' Institute. Here they were joined by Mr. Quiggin and three or four other men, with whisky and beer, and the tables, flanked them with forms and chairs, and piled them with crockery and tables.

The men took their departure, to "wash and brush up," in readiness for the tea at five o'clock. At four o'clock the Mechanics' Institute was open, and also for the same reason. Her departure left old Pyc the only occupant of the building, and two minutes after she had left, Arnold and his three confederates stole out an archway on the opposite side of the street, glided across the road, and vanished through the window.

As previously mentioned, the front door opened into a square tiled lobby, with doors on each side, and a staircase at the end. At the end of the lobby were three doors, in the middle—a substantial structure of oak—led into the room in which the tea was to be held, and the smaller doors on each side led into cloak-rooms.

At the foot of the staircase the four Grammarians took the opportunity of the day, and his waistcoat a roll of thick brown paper, which he crumpled up and laid on the floor of the room. Striking a match, by rubbing it on his trousers, he set fire to the paper, and then his chums crept up the stairs, without a sound, and stole into one of the cloak rooms.

THE BOYS' PRIZE. ONE PENNY EVERY TUESDAY.

Register Your Football Club To-day! (See page 168.)

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

In less than a minute the lobby was filled with the smoke of the burning brown paper...

Perceiving that the lobby below was full of smoke, Fyo dashed down the stairs in a series of panic-stricken leaps and bounds...

"I don't want to say I did not take Fyo many seconds to discover the origin of the smoke. He was not a particularly sharp-witted old man...

"All right, you Tommy Wislaw!" shouted Fyo, shaking his hat at the lad...

"Who's there?" he shouted, rattling the handle of the door...

"Let these eatables alone!" he howled. "Let me in! Open this door at once..."

"These are delicious," said a muffled voice outside the room...

"Here, give me that knife," said a third voice. "You don't know how to carve a ham."

"Disseased!" he bellowed at last. "Disseased! You dare to say that my 'am is disseased!"

"Cover it up!" said Fleming. "Chuck it under the table, before the smell proves fatal..."

Unluckily for Fyo, Arnold and his chums were waiting for the opportunity to come out and applied his eye to the outside of the keyhole...

sent him staggering back from the door with a yell of mingled wrath and pain. For sooty vapor, though it does no damage, is not the pleasantest thing in the world to have in your eye.

At this moment two of the invited guests arrived. Hearing Fyo's yell, they rushed upstairs and found him hopping about the landing...

"Just what I was thinkin' myself," said Fyo. "I'll go for 'im myself!"

"An' I'll go for the constable," said Tozer, the coxswain of the Clevedon lifeboat.

The Siege, and How it Ended.

IN the meantime Sergeant Quiggin, having arrayed himself in his Sunday best, had called for Mr. Boswell, and the two were on the point of leaving the chemist's shop...

"How many of them are there?" demanded Mr. Boswell.

overlooked the street, and were shying tarts and tans for the crowd to scramble for.

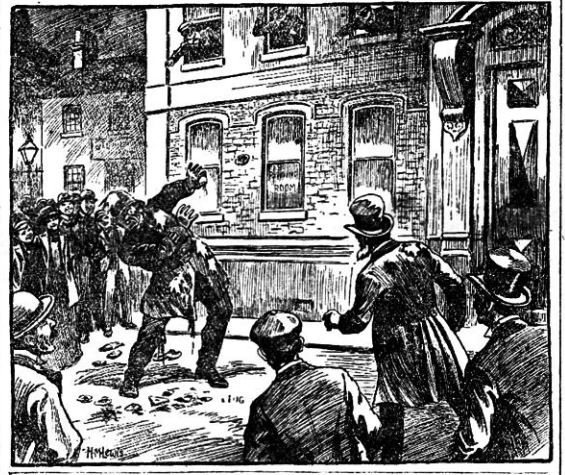
"Arnold was at one window. Crosby at another. Fleming at the third, and Tattersall at the fourth..."

"The sentence was never completed, for at that moment Crosby let fly with a juicy pork pie, which broke into fragments on the sergeant's chin..."

"This is infamous, outrageous, intolerable!" howled Mr. Boswell. "Is this a law-abiding country, or is it not?"

"A perfect bilizard of tarts and chesecakes rattled about the constable's head, and when at last the bilizard ceased, his helmet, face, and uniform were a picturesque patchwork of strawberry jam and lemon curd."

"I never did," said Mr. Boswell, staring at him with disgust. "And I trust I shall never see such a thing again."



A perfect bilizard of tarts and chesecakes rattled about the constable's head, and when at last the bilizard ceased, his helmet, face, and uniform were a picturesque patchwork of strawberry jam and lemon curd.

steps do you propose to take to assert the majesty of the law? I had been invited to the constable."

"You can't!" said Wislaw, the butcher. "The words had scarcely crossed his lips ere Arnold reappeared at the window with a huge can of milk in his hands."

"The constable 'looked up,' and even as he did so, the contents of the milk-can descended upon his snowy head..."

"Passing for a moment to recover his breath, and to wipe the milky fluid from his eyes, the constable resumed his former position..."

"The Grammarsian," whispered Nipper. "A thousand to one!" said Dick, in the same low voice.

a ham in one hand, and a sirloin of beef in the other, and said the words he dropped the ham on the constable's head, forcing his helmet over his eyes.

"Do if you dare!" roared the constable. "I'm going to!" grinned Arnold.

"At this moment Nipper and Dick arrived, Mr. Boswell and the words he dropped the ham on the constable's head, forcing his helmet over his eyes.

"The nearest spectators, elicited what had happened. Then Nipper glanced at Dick, and Dick glanced at Nipper."

"Where does it lead to?" asked Dick. "Under the slates of the institute," said Nipper, and over the big meeting-room.

"It'd be a giddy spool for Arnold and his pals!" he said. "They'll never think it's possible to get up there!"

"You bet they know all about it!" said Nipper. "They'd never have dared to play this game unless they knew of a way by which they could get up there."

"Where does it lead to?" asked Dick. "Under the slates of the institute," said Nipper, and over the big meeting-room.

"It'd be a giddy spool for Arnold and his pals!" he said. "They'll never think it's possible to get up there!"

"You bet they know all about it!" said Nipper. "They'd never have dared to play this game unless they knew of a way by which they could get up there."

"Good show!" he exclaimed, as one of the biscuits struck the constable on the side of the nose. "Pass up some more ammunition, Tatters, and I'll have a shy at Quiggin next."

"Croaky picked up a plate of buns and was about to eat them, and then thought he would open the door in the back wall of the institute, and vanished through the opening."

"Is there anybody with you?" asked Arnold anxiously. "No!" said Nipper. "Up to now, nobody but Dick and I have thought of this way of getting up at you; but we've only got to see the way in, and you'll be twenty chaps up here in half a jiffy."

"But you won't betray us, will you?" asked Fleming, who had already taken his seat. "We aren't allies with you, you know."

"That wasn't in the contract. You can't expect us to help you against the jointers, any more than we should expect you to help us against Stewed Onions!"

"And what are your conditions, as you call 'em?" asked Arnold glumly. "We'll give you five minutes to shift those boards and tables that you've piled against the door, and then you'll be bound to open another five minutes to unlock the door, climb up here, and make your escape."

"You accept these conditions," he concluded, "we won't let on that we know you are. If you refuse—but you won't be such goats as to refuse."

"The Grammarsian didn't refuse; and ten minutes later the room was deserted and the door unlocked."

(To be continued on Saturday next.)



THE 1st CHAPTER.

WELL, there you are, you chaps. If you like to avail yourselves of the colonel's offer you can. You'll have a mighty good time up the Thames. I can tell you. I don't know a better spot to camp out in than the island near Shepperton. You can get your boat at Windsor, a nice comfortable randan, pack your stuff for and get up. You can make a start on Saturday morning, and rig up your tent in the evening, and have the most glorious time of your lives.

And Hugh Lyall looked as if he was making a mighty concession to the three junior clerks employed by the Colonial Imports Agency, Limited.

The three clerks were named Sidney Aynes, Charles Hewitt, and Bruce Jedborough. They were all rattling good chaps, and ever since they had joined the office of the agency they had been on bad terms with Hugh Lyall, who was their senior, and a self-sufficient, arrogant, somewhat sort of fellow, who tried, but with ill success it must be admitted, to ride the high horse over them.

And Hugh Lyall's manner was usually so insolent and uncouth that there was no bearing with him.

And when the astonishment of the three chums when Lyall had come to them on the afternoon of the previous Monday, when the tea, made by Miss Chester, the shorthand and typewriting clerk, was handed round, suggesting that, as he had heard they intended camping out somewhere up the Thames over August Bank Holiday, that they should make use of Colonel Lyall's island near Shepperton for their camping ground.

Colonel Lyall was Hugh Lyall's uncle. The youngster boasted that he was on very familiar and friendly terms with the retired Army officer, though whenever the colonel's managing director of the company, came to the office, neither of the three junior clerks had ever seen him address a word to his nephew, and he implied that he could very easily obtain permission for them to make use of the island, particularly as he was going to stay at the Mead-Colonel Lyall estate on the Thames over the holiday himself.

The three chums had thought Lyall was joking, so got up the permission in writing. Jedborough had said, "and we will make use of the camping ground right enough. Only I'm afraid you won't get it."

But Hugh Lyall had. That was the amusing part of it, and now when Lyall had told the other three members of the company, and the letter, which Aynes held open in his hands.

At the head of a sheet of superior note-paper was the stamped address in red ink of the Mead, Shepperton, and the Lyall family crest. The handwriting was very legible, and well-written.

"Oolly dear Hugh," the words ran—"By all means tell your three friends that they may make use of my island for camping-out purposes. I do not permit any boating party to land as a rule, and there is no notice to that effect on the island. But in this case it is different. They are personal friends of yours, and an enjoyable company, and I should like to do all I can to make them feel welcome. Your aunt is eagerly looking forward to your coming, and as she has a large party here we shall be very glad of your company."

"With kindest regards,
"Your affectionate uncle,
"HERBERT ANDREW LYALL."

Aynes read the letter aloud, and when he had done the three chums looked at one another, with faces that might be described as "By jingo!" cried Charles Hewitt. "That is better than ripping. I never should have thought that the respectable old colonel was such a good sort. He looks a perfect terror, and the way he scowls at us whenever he comes here makes me quite afraid of him. But it's only his

MR. MILES' GRAND

A Fine Long, Complete Tale of Adventure.

By Popular
A. S. HARDY.

man, you see. I dare say if we'd gone through as much trouble as he has we should be just the same. Hurrah for the river, boys, and a jolly good time."

"And I tell you what," said Jedborough. "I haven't much brass. My pater gives me no pocket money. He says I ought to live well enough on what I earn here, clothe and dress myself, and save sufficient for my holidays as well. I'm hanged if I can do it, and I shan't have more than two pounds to go away with. I dare say you chaps are in the same boat. We shall be saving the camping-out fee. That will leave all the more to spend on luxuries."

"Miles, the boat-builder, who is a friend of mine, will let us have the randan cheap," put in Sidney Aynes. "I've written and arranged for all that. Hewitt is going to supply us with the tent, which is one of the oldest brother bought two years ago, and at a good new price. We're going to have a high old time."

"And fancy Lyall doing us this good turn," said Hewitt. "I'm a little awfully. I feel ashamed of all the nasty things I've said to him. We must make amends in the future, boys."

"That we shall have to do," said Jedborough. "Now to work, boys. Let's get everything cleared up, so that we can start away on Saturday morning, and at a good new price."

They turned to their books and their letter filing, and the half a dozen other old jobs which they had to do before the office closed, and then, well pleased with themselves, they hurried off home to make the final arrangements for the trip.

"Now, don't forget," said Sidney Aynes, as they shook hands at parting. "At Paddington, under the clock, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I'll catch the 8.15 for Windsor. Bring plenty of good spirits with you, and don't forget the rug, for we may want them. You look after the hamper, Jedborough, and you bring all the table linen your sister promised to put out for you. Hewitt, by Jove, we are going to have a jolly time, especially as the weather prophet has declared for a holiday on Saturday."

They parted, and eagerly went their ways, each of them thinking what a good sort old Lyall was, and how very much they had been mistaken in the colonel.

Nine o'clock the following morning found them all assembled under the clock at Paddington station, with their rough luggage to travel with comfort, and not a thing overlooked or forgotten.

The luggage was put away in the luggage van, the guard tipped to look after it, and punctually to time the train started away.

The smoke after a while quickly left behind, and soon they were travelling through the country, which looked its very best, the heavy rains of noon too bright a sun having kept the vivid greens almost as fresh as in the spring.

The journey to Windsor seemed to pass in no time, and on arriving when they found a horse and cart awaiting them, which Miles, the boat-builder, had thoughtfully sent to meet them. They saw the luggage and the clock, and their bags and lines were stowed in the body of the vehicle, and sent upon its way, and then commenced their walk into Windsor town amidst a crowd of other merry-makers who had decided to spend their precious holiday upon the river.

"Then I say it myself," said Jedborough, looking at his companions in pride, "we are a credit to the Colonial Imports Agency, and no mistake. We'll come to the river, three coming into Windsor to-day. That's a new sight, Aynes?"

"Yes," answered the good-looking youngster, blushing a bit; "my pater made me a present of it especially for this trip. I'd know I shouldn't be able to afford one myself, bless him."

"And Hewitt's toes look as good as new. He's had 'em washed. And that's a new shirt, isn't it, Aynes?"

"Yes," assented the broad-shouldered, phlegmatic Aynes. "And the boots are new, too. So is the hat. Is there anything else you would like to know about my bodily covering, Jedborough?"

"Jedborough is the only one amongst us who

isn't sporting anything now," said Hewitt. "That's rather rough on you, Jedborough. Well, you see, you chaps," said Jedborough, soberly, "that's all right, but my people aren't so well off as yours. I've got a lot of brothers and sisters, you know, and most of them are dead, and I've got a wife and a daughter, and with so many girls in the family a lad like me is liable to be overlooked. However, I've got a new pipe. But I haven't a new hat, because in not much of a smoker, and it might make me ill. I'll reserve that treat till after supper."

"But I haven't a new hat, because in not much of a smoker, and it might make me ill. I'll reserve that treat till after supper."

However, I've got a new pipe. But I haven't a new hat, because in not much of a smoker, and it might make me ill. I'll reserve that treat till after supper. However, I've got a new pipe. But I haven't a new hat, because in not much of a smoker, and it might make me ill. I'll reserve that treat till after supper.

Afternoon, gets," he said. "Mr. Miles told me to tell you that you'll find the boat run easy enough. She's built long so that she may travel easy. He sends his respects, and wishes you luck, because in not much of a smoker, and it might make me ill. I'll reserve that treat till after supper."

The luggage was quickly piled into the boat, and with a few words of adieu, and a silver tip, which the boatman acknowledged by touch aboard, and with Aynes and Hewitt settling, and Jedborough steering, they set off, thinking Miles the most solemn of gentlemen, for they were paying under rate for their boat, and it isn't many boatmen would have taken the trouble to be so particular civil to three boys on a holiday especially.

The sun was shining brilliantly. The surface of the Thames had not a ripple on it save when it swept down and touched it. The rushes and the reeds were of the most glorious green imaginable. The woods seemed to breathe of poetry and romance, and they felt that it was going to be the most enjoyable time of their lives.

Falling lustily, they made the banks fly swiftly past, and with a long halt for lunch, and a lane by the bank under a tree for tea, at last Eel Island was reached.

It was a small island, as green as an island could be. There were two trees upon it, and several shrubs. It was an ideal place for camping out, for the tent could be placed in such a position that it was almost concealed from the view of passengers aboard passing craft.

They ran the boat into the bank, and Jedborough held on with the paddle hitched, whilst Aynes, ignoring the bold and staring notice, "Trespassers will be prosecuted," leapt ashore and fastened the painter to a root of a tree. Then the tent was got out, and their luggage, and they set to work with a will to fix their quarters for the night.

They had practised tent-setting before, and it was raised with the speed and skill of old hands. The cooking-stove and sleeping-bags were hoisted out and put in place. A lamp was hung to the tent-pole, and they carefully arranged the interior to make it look as much like home as possible. Then when all was done, and the sun began to set, they lazily

stretched themselves upon the grass and indulged in dreams. Jedborough worked away at his new pipe, and presently Aynes opened up a bottled ginger-beer. They lit their last, happy.

By Jove, Hugh Lyall is a good sort!" sighed Hewitt. "This is comfort!"

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

A Surprise—The Fight for Possession—

WERE early on Sunday morning Aynes was awake. He looked around the tent upon the canvas of which the morning sun shone, and saw his two companions locked in the arms of slumber. He lifted the flap of the tent and sniffed in the glorious fresh air, and throwing off his pyjamas, he plunged over the side of the island, and, puffing and blowing like a grampus, swam about in the cooled off water, feeling in very truth like a king.

Aynes had not a single care in the world. His people were prosperous and happy, and he was just about to land when he saw Jedborough looking down at him from the bank.

"I say, Aynes," said his fellow-clerk, "none of your jokes, you know. What have you done with the boat?"

"The boat," said Aynes, pausing in his swimming, and treading water as he looked up. "Why, what do you mean? It's moored where it was tied last night, isn't it?"

"No, I'm dashed if it is," said Jedborough. "You swim round there and see."

Aynes obeyed, and sure enough, when he got to the tree to the roots of which the boat had been moored, there was no randan to be seen. Aynes felt that he had had enough of the river, so he got out, and proceeded to tow himself down.

"You seem to take it very coolly," said Jedborough, irritated by Aynes's sang-froid.

"What's the use of taking it otherwise?" answered Aynes. "If the boat's gone, it's gone, and it's not much use worrying about it. Worrying won't bring it back again. It might have got adrift, though I don't see how it could have got adrift with this mild stream running. They don't steal boats up here, I can't make it out. It may be possible that Lyall, who is staying at the Mead, about a quarter of a mile away, has come down here while we were asleep, and taken the boat away just to scare us. Let's get breakfast, and then, when we've eaten, we can discuss the situation."

"What's the matter?" asked Hewitt, putting his head out of the tent.

"Boat's gone," said Jedborough, looking blank. "And Aynes says he knows nothing about it."

"The devil! You don't say!" said Hewitt. "Well, I'm jolly hungry. Let's fry the eggs and bacon, and get the tea made. You see

(Continued on the next page.)



This last act of injustice maddened Jedborough and Hewitt. They rushed forward, seized the burly form of the gardener, and hurrying him by main force to the river-side, shot him over the edge of the bank into the water.

CYCLING:

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

THE effect of a systematic course of road riding as a preliminary preparation, especially for the long distance aspirant, to speedy riding will enter upon the more serious work in that fitness of condition so essential for improvement in any form of athletics. Moreover, the training on the roads will have brought him to that state when it may readily be ascertained whether he has any aptitude for cycling, or should confine himself to the minor delights of ordinary club cycling.

In any case, the next step is to join a club, as the advantages of doing so are many. Club runs and club handicaps serve to show the novice whether he has pace or not. Also, in the majority of instances, the club offers all the hints, as well as companionship in training, may be obtained from fellow-members who are either road or track racing cyclists themselves, and who can give a little bit of help which is most valuable.

the unwary amateur

At the commencement of his career. The novice should confine his attention to such fellow-members, or to the captain of his club. Men of experience can readily detect minor faults which retard improvement in speed.

Not only is it a mistake in having such friendly assistance at the outset of my career, but I was also favoured by attracting the attention of the professional trainer and coach attached to the club and by the grounds were commenced to train. Club officials of to-day are, however, only too anxious to secure promising talents, and the club members are keenly watched in order to spot a budding champion. If the material is there, many willing hands will be light and soon to shape.

Riders differ so much individually, that it is difficult to give expert advice to cover every little peculiarity, hence most racing cyclists seek experienced coaching from one who understands their needs. The hints given in these articles must be adapted to fit the circumstance, both in regard to track and road riding.

Suitably warm clothing must always be worn in training. Do not get the idea that anything will do. Special clothing is available by each club. The costume for track riding consists of a sweater with long sleeves, short knickerbockers, fitting closely to the leg, made of the same material, and a cap to match.

Complete costumes may be obtained through the secretary of the club at a reduced price. The cost is light and the equipment good.

The error into which most young riders fall is indulging in not too much, but too fast work. Lots of young amateurs when making their first start on the road ride themselves out of their night after night in training, wasting the strength so necessary to improvement. Steady riding is the order in the first instance. This gives opportunity for studying the various points of position on the machine, the ankle-work, steering, etc., and the rider, whether on track or road, a good style must first of all be cultivated.

Too fast work on the track in the initial stages of training leads to a loss of interest. To endeavour to get speed too quickly is as rash as trying to get rich too quickly. The rider who handles for a time in a fast style just as the gambler may prove lucky; but it is long odds against either of them. Many riders have repented the early indiscretions which tempted them to sacrifice good style to their anxiety to too quickly acquire speed and racing ability.

Perfection of style brings speed in its train, and leaves scope for continued improvement. No one of our crack riders is

an ungainly pedaler.

Moreover, the steady practice on the track in the first instance is essential for the rider to perfect himself in the all-important art of steering. Whether maintaining position amidst a bunch of riders, jockeying or manœuvring for the best position on the track, or in the hands of other competitors, or getting a clear run during the sprint down the final straight, good steering is essential to success.

To expect no some racing cyclists become in handling their machines that many of them develop into track riders quite capable of giving a fine exhibition on the straight in the arena. I myself was recently touring in a sensational act on a miniature track which could be placed on any lawn.

Paced by a motor-cycle going at forty miles an hour, I rode round this tiny track time after time, with the knowledge that the slightest slip in steering would bring me to a premature end, yet when I commenced cycling racing I had no pretensions to sensational track riding. Mastery of the correct position on the machine, training and racing, when I was careful to study every point which led to fast riding with ease. Let me say, however, that the training, when first commencing active training for track or road racing, to curb the desire to rush into speed. Let speed come to him more as a result of the correct position on the machine, perfect action in pedalling, judgment in steering, and care in nursing his strength towards the healthy development of physique and stamina.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

LIFE SAVING:

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

THE reader having practised the various methods of rescue, and being thus able to carry a drowned person to land, he will naturally want to know how best to bring him to life, or how to retain a spark of life in the body until such time as a medical man arrives and takes the patient in hand. Therefore, when a person is taken out of the water insensible, or partially so, medical aid should be sent for as soon as possible; but the patient should not be left, as every moment is of the greatest importance. Every means of inducing respiration and preventing further loss of vital heat, should be immediately adopted. The methods of resuscitation recommended by the Royal Life-Saving Society should be diligently employed for long periods, sometimes from one to four hours before the case is given up as hopeless.

It is a common and a dangerous mistake to suppose that, because one's efforts to restore a person to life do not seem successful at first, the patient must be beyond recovery. There are instances on record of persons having been taken out of the water, in whom no symptoms of returning animation were obvious until after four hours' unremitting efforts.

to promote breathing

by artificial means. The case I refer to is that of a girl now residing at one of the locks on the River Thames. She fell into the water from the lock gates, and some one passing by the child at the bottom, gave the alarm, and she was brought out by the aid



Another striking portrait of Mr. A. E. Wills, the famous whelsman, taken whilst riding in an important contest.

of a bookhook. A doctor being at hand, he at once proceeded to restore life, and after working for four hours the child began to breathe.

I have also had occasion to restore the drowning, but the longest time before my patient breathed again was half an hour, and several others were made to breathe again in five to ten minutes.

It is a startling life among most waterside people that immediately a person has been lifted out of the water, he must be stood upon his head, in order that water may run out of him. They seem to regard a person as a sort of gas-pipe, which, when unspended, would part with any liquid that may be in it by gravitation. They forget that one may drink much, and yet stand on one's head without much inconvenience, which any of my readers may try for themselves, and let me know whether I am wrong.

I know that boatmen and others ignorant of the proper treatment that should be adopted, often insist that the only right method of treating an apparently drowned person is to hold him up by his legs. I once tried to convince one of these that he was wrong, and gave him several glasses of a liquid he liked, took him on the sands at the seaside, and attempted to stand him on his head in the same way as I have just mentioned. He tried to stand the half-drowned man upon his legs.

After I had struggled with him for some time, he objected to continue the experiment, and I then said there was a little better. He blamed me for twisting his neck, and

wanted composition,

but the liquid he had previously swallowed did not run out. At any rate, it was a useful, and perhaps a practical, demonstration of what would happen, and I think that it was convincing, as the other boatmen were willing to take my word on this, and so avoid further practical tests being applied to them.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

CRICKET:

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

A GOOD medium-pace bowler must learn accuracy, how to bowl a ball straight, how to acquire length and variation of pace. But the most important thing will be his length of run. Walter Mead is very strong indeed upon this point. No exact rule can be given about the matter, but if you want to study a couple of models for your delivery, then Walter Mead or J. N. Crawford are the best to watch, and may be described, with Haigh, as the pick of our English medium-pace bowlers.

Junior cricketers will always find that by watching the play of some of our most famous professionals, they will learn many useful tips, which will greatly help them.

Beware of an Uncertain Style.

What the amount of run will be cannot tell, but it certainly will be more than half the distance of the wicket. The importance of finding out exactly what it is, and observing exactly the same distance in practice as in matches is shown by the fact that you will get an uncertain style unless you are particular about starting from the same mark every time.

When speaking on a good, fast, dry wicket, you will have eight of your men on the off-side, and only mid-on and a man deep will be left. On a slow, overcast wicket, you will have a sticky wicket, a crumblingly one, and will be placed very differently indeed, and the slips, third man, point, cover, and mid-off will be in match. It is owing to the fact that you will get an uncertain style unless you are particular about starting from the same mark every time.

When speaking on a good, fast, dry wicket, you will have eight of your men on the off-side, and only mid-on and a man deep will be left. On a slow, overcast wicket, you will have a sticky wicket, a crumblingly one, and will be placed very differently indeed, and the slips, third man, point, cover, and mid-off will be in match. It is owing to the fact that you will get an uncertain style unless you are particular about starting from the same mark every time.

A FOOTBALL LEAGUE:

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

Here is a copy of Form D, which I promised to give my readers last week.

- Form D.**
1. Name of proposed competition.
 2. Year of formation.
 3. Name and address of secretary.
 4. List of clubs forming the competition.
- Note.—The clubs must be arranged in alphabetical order.

Name of Club.	Name of Secretary.
Name of County or District Association to which Club belongs.	Address of Secretary.
Name of Competitions to which Club has already taken part.	Name of County or District Association to which Club belongs.
Name of Club in which the Secretary has previously played.	Name of Club in which the Secretary has previously played.
Name of Club in which the Secretary has previously played.	Name of Club in which the Secretary has previously played.

Now that formal application has been made to the County Association for official sanction to the league, there is nothing to do but wait until such sanction is given, according to a by-law of the Football Association (By-law 7, to wit), "Leagues or competitions shall not be formed or continued until their rules and rules have been approved." Should the County Association refuse sanction, the league has the privilege to appeal to

the Football Association;

but such a thing as a refusal is a very, very rare occurrence. In the present instance you will take no formal sanction is given without further ado. Formal sanction having been given, the next step is for the secretary of the league to call a meeting of club secretaries for the purpose of arranging fixtures. A meeting of club secretaries for fixing up their matches is always good fun for anyone who happens to be present and who has not a great interest in any one particular club. Each club will be trying its best to "fix up" the best, or what it considers the best clubs for the holiday matches, and will be trying to have matches at home, say, at Christmas or Easter-time, having no doubt a good "gate" in view. Everything will be taken in good part, each secretary being jealous of his own club; but, as in many other matters, the rules of the game are to be fitted, or the one who has his wize about, or, as some are apt to put it, the most cheek. By some who decay

League Football;

these remarks will be voiced instances of the harm leagues do; but I contend that he is a poor secretary who wouldn't do his best for his own club.

It will be found advisable not to commence league matches until the last Saturday in September or the first in October.

The rules of the league should be printed, together with the whole of the fixtures, and each club constituting the league should be furnished with at least two copies, one for the captain of the club, and one for the secretary. Nearly all County Associations publish a handbook or guide, and if possible a copy of the club rules should be given to the secretary. Do not forget to furnish the local Press with a list of the fixtures by forwarding the fixtures to the newspapers, who will be only too glad to do so.

a list of the matches

week by week. Thus the league will receive a free advertisement. And there is no gaining by the fact that it is advertisement and an entertaining and "pushful" manager that a league wants to make it a success.

Well-known gentlemen in the district should be written to, and asked for a subscription, as it will be found hard work to keep the league out of debt on entrance-fee alone.

If possible, try to arrange a concert—not a smoking-concert—something similar, so that the funds of the league may be augmented.

I feel sure if the few hints I have given are carried out, and asked for a subscription, as it will be found hard work to keep the league out of debt on entrance-fee alone.

If possible, try to arrange a concert—not a smoking-concert—something similar, so that the funds of the league may be augmented.

I feel sure if the few hints I have given are carried out, and asked for a subscription, as it will be found hard work to keep the league out of debt on entrance-fee alone.

If possible, try to arrange a concert—not a smoking-concert—something similar, so that the funds of the league may be augmented.

I feel sure if the few hints I have given are carried out, and asked for a subscription, as it will be found hard work to keep the league out of debt on entrance-fee alone.

If possible, try to arrange a concert—not a smoking-concert—something similar, so that the funds of the league may be augmented.

I feel sure if the few hints I have given are carried out, and asked for a subscription, as it will be found hard work to keep the league out of debt on entrance-fee alone.

If possible, try to arrange a concert—not a smoking-concert—something similar, so that the funds of the league may be augmented.

I feel sure if the few hints I have given are carried out, and asked for a subscription, as it will be found hard work to keep the league out of debt on entrance-fee alone.

If possible, try to arrange a concert—not a smoking-concert—something similar, so that the funds of the league may be augmented.

I feel sure if the few hints I have given are carried out, and asked for a subscription, as it will be found hard work to keep the league out of debt on entrance-fee alone.

If possible, try to arrange a concert—not a smoking-concert—something similar, so that the funds of the league may be augmented.

I feel sure if the few hints I have given are carried out, and asked for a subscription, as it will be found hard work to keep the league out of debt on entrance-fee alone.

THE END

THE BOYS' REALM FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

First Announcement Concerning our STARTLING NEW PROGRAMME for 1907-8.

SOLID SILVER CUPS, SILVER MEDALS, AND HUNDREDS OF MATCH FOOTBALLS TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

Your Editor is prepared to present a Large Number of Solid Silver Challenge Cups to Certain Boys' Football Leagues throughout the country. Secretaries of Leagues desirous to possess one of these handsome Trophies should make application now. Form of application will be found below.

The following are the Conditions under which the Cups will be given: I. The Leagues must play the game according to the Rules laid down by the Football Association. II. Each League must be a properly constituted League in which the clubs engage in a genuine competition. III. Each form of entry must be accompanied by full particulars of the competition, which must be of one season's standing, or if formed this season must be accompanied by proof that it is a genuine competition.

LEAGUE RESULTS.

In connection with these great League Competitions for THE BOYS' REALM Challenge Cups we intend to publish records of the positions of the clubs in the various Leagues as the season progresses, and to award weekly prizes of footballs for good performances. Football Club Secretaries are requested to draw the attention of their League Secretaries to this announcement of Your Editor's splendid offer.

THIS FORM FOR FOOTBALL LEAGUES ONLY.

Name of League
Year of Formation
Number of Clubs in League
Secretary's Name and Address

This form, together with the particulars of the League, to be addressed to the Secretary, THE BOYS' REALM LEAGUE, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4.

The following Leagues are being formed for the benefit of Unattached Clubs throughout the country-

Section 1. 'THE BOYS' REALM' LONDON LEAGUE. TWO HANDSOME SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition. DIVISION ONE-NORTH. DIVISION TWO-SOUTH. Finalists (Senior and Junior) in each Division to play each other at Close of Season for the Cup. The winner secures in the final to receive Solid Silver Medal.

Section 2. 'THE BOYS' REALM' SOUTHERN LEAGUE. TWO HANDSOME SOLID SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition. Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.

Section 3. 'THE BOYS' REALM' NORTHERN LEAGUE. TWO HANDSOME SOLID SILVER CUPS (Senior and Junior) for open competition. Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed eighteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.

Section 4. 'THE BOYS' REALM' SCOTS LEAGUE. TWO HANDSOME SOLID SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition. Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed fifteen.

Section 5. 'THE BOYS' REALM' IRISH LEAGUE. TWO HANDSOME SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition. Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed fifteen.

N.B.-These Trophies are only to be put up for competition on condition that a certain number of clubs make application to compete for them, such number to be decided by Your Editor at an early date.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- (a) Only clubs which have been established at least one season (exclusive of 1907-8) are eligible for entry, and the responsibility and standing of each club must be vouched for by some responsible person. (b) Clubs desirous of entering one of the above contests must fill in the form below, and send it, together with a list of their engagements, with the average age of members of the competing clubs, and the names of the president of the club, to the Secretary, THE BOYS' REALM FOOTBALL LEAGUE, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4, as soon as possible. (c) The caps will be presented at the end of the football season to the clubs in each section which Your Editor, the Secretary, and another referee, consider to hold the best records in the first twenty-four matches actually played. It does not matter on what date the first match is played. Wednesday and Thursday clubs may compete. Points to be awarded as follows: Two for a win, one for a draw; the points to be counted as in the First and Second Divisions of the Football League. If two or more clubs finish with an equal number of points, the goal average shall decide the winner. The decision of the referee (Your Editor, the Secretary, and another) on any question of dispute in this competition shall be final. (d) After the contest has started we shall, from time to time, publish tables showing the positions of the clubs at the time of going to press. Secretaries must, therefore, send in each week the full result of their matches. Each result must also be accompanied by a notification from the Captain of the opposing team signifying that the report is quite correct. These results must reach the Secretary of 'THE BOYS' REALM LEAGUE' at the above address not later than the Tuesday morning following the match. (e) Strict inviolation will be made by the controllers of the League into the bona-fides of non-entering clubs and their fixtures. (f) All matches to be played under the Rules of the Football Association. (g) The Caps to be won outright. No club which has previously won a Cup will be allowed to compete again for a period of three years, although they may send in their reports in order to participate in our weekly award of Prize Footballs. (h) Opposing teams must, in every case, be of the same average age.

THIS FORM FOR SINGLE UNATTACHED CLUBS ONLY.

Date
Club
Playing Ground
Average Age of Members
Colours

The above club is desirous of entering 'THE BOYS' REALM LEAGUE (Section ...), and the members desire to conform to the conditions governing the contest, and to abide by the decision of Your Editor, the Secretary, and a referee in any case of dispute. Secretary's Name
Address

THE SCHOOL ON THE CLIFF.

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

THESE ARE THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THIS FINE NEW STORY.

JACK JAUNTY, a lad of unknown parentage, who, as a baby, was cast up on the shores of an island off the village of Stering. THE STRANGER, a curious character who resides alone on an island called the Bowl. BOB BAXTER, an old fisherman, in whose charge the Stranger put Jack Jaunty until he was old enough to be sent to the School on the Cliff. PETER PINNICK, a morose, unattractive fisherman, who nurses an imaginary grudge against the Stranger and against Jack Jaunty. DAN CALLIS, AARON DOWNY, GERARD INGLIS, and RICKY HOPKINS, pupils at the School on the Cliff.

Our story opens on a warm sunny day. Dan Callis, a pupil at the School on the Cliff, and a bully, is being another lad, Gerard Inglis by name, to descend the Seagull's Cliff. Jack warns him not to do so, but a little later the lad is discovered on a ledge half-way down the face of the cliff. Later, Mr. Belton's two daughters attempt to swim to the cliff, but are rescued by Jack Jaunty, who is attacked by Peter Pinnick, who is greatly delighted, and taunts Jack Jaunty about his bravery. Later, Mr. Belton's two daughters attempt to swim to the cliff, but are rescued by Jack Jaunty, who is attacked by Peter Pinnick, who is greatly delighted, and taunts Jack Jaunty about his bravery. Jack falls out with Mr. Belton for refusing to establish his bona-fides. He leaves Jack Jaunty on the cliff. He leaves Jack with this, but the lad will not admit such a thing.

(You read this week's instalment.)

Mr. Ferrula in difficulties.

PERHAPS he would be a friend to me," muttered how can I tell father? He would kill me! Jack, with no more definite purpose than he had when starting into the sunbather, now hastened to the sea. By taking advantage of a lane that ran westward, he was able to avoid the boys at play upon the cliff, and choosing one of the more dangerous down-paths, he descended to the beach. There, to his surprise, he ran against Nickey, who was mooning about. "Hallo, Jack!" he said. "Why, Nickey," returned Jack, "what are you doing here?" "Nothing-nothing!" replied Nickey. "I was just wondering what the girls were doing yonder." He followed the direction of Nickey's eyes, and saw the familiar forms of Ivonne, Laura, and Miss Harrison. "Hang it!" muttered Jack. It looks as if I had better get out of this which I haven't done. Ivonne's got to speak first. "Let's get away in the other direction," he said aloud. "Who?" asked Nickey. "I don't want to talk to the girls to-day." "But I do," muttered Nickey, under his breath. However, he followed Jack up the beach for a score of yards or so until they came to a cluster of rocks. There they paused, and both looked moodily about them. The boys' meditations were broken in upon by a voice-low, explosive, and awe-inspiring: "Hush, there, Jaunty!" It came from behind them, and wheeling round Jack saw the head and shoulders of Mr. Ferrula rising above the rocks. As no clothes were visible, Jack assumed that he had been bathing. "Jaunty, for the sake of God, those ladies to go away, and fetch me some sort of clothes to get home in!" "Have you got your things?" asked Jack. "Yes; some tramp has robbed me of them as I bathed." "But who can have done such a thing?" asked Jack. "I don't know!" groaned Mr. Ferrula. "And what possessed those ladies to come here at this hour? I don't know, but you must ask them to go away. They've shifted two or three times nearer and nearer to me. If they should see me clad only in a bathing costume the shock would kill me!" "What?" you would give them a scare. Hallo! What?" asked Miss Harrison smiling. "Mr. Ferrula had suddenly dropped down behind the rock." "The girls are gaped. They are looking this way. They saw me, I am sure." "I suppose I had better ask them to go away," said Jack, "but as we are not now speaking terms I am not at all sure they will heed me. What shall I do then?" "Tell them a fiend man has been washed ashore-anything," gasped the tutor. "Only be quick and get me some clothes. Bring an ulster; there is one of mine hanging in the hall." "All right," said Jack. "Lie close-I'll soon be back." "I-I-I am getting awfully o-old!" gasped Ferrula. Jack bade Nickey remain there, and walked away in the direction of the ladies, who saw him coming. When he was near them, Ivonne dropped her eyes upon her book and ignored him. Laura looked up, and perhaps to see who he was. "Ladies," said Jack, raising his cap, "I advise you to get away from here at once." "Why?" asked Miss Harrison. "We are safe for hours. The tide is not fully out. It is not on account of the tide," said Jack, "but because behind those rocks there is a horrible monster, you would not care to look upon. Pray go away!" He looked at Ivonne, who persistently ignored him. Angered by her assumed indifference, he allowed his temper to get the better of him, and without any further explanation about the sea-monster, he raised his cap and walked quickly on. "What an absurd story!" said Miss Harrison. "Come, Ivonne, as an excuse to get away." Ivonne: "but I won't have anything to do with sneaks." "He is not!" "He isn't!" "And pray, what is it to you what he is and what he is not?" demanded Ivonne. "As much as it is to you, now," replied Laura. "Come, Ivonne," said Miss Harrison. "There was a provoking smile on Laura's face as she spoke, which had an embittering effect on Ivonne. Her eyes flashed, and some very angry words were rising to her lips when Miss Harrison intervened. "Suppose you try to find this monster cast out by the sea?" "I don't want to go anywhere," replied Ivonne. "I hate you both!" "Ivonne!" "I do, whatever happens, I don't care. I hate you!" And Ivonne looked for a moment as earnest as ever she had in her life. Then her mood suddenly changed, and she burst into tears. "You won't do! You are low and hysterical. We must get the doctor to see you," said Ivonne. "I will scratch him! Let's go and see this monster Jack Jaunty has been fibbing about." "Ivonne, stop this! You are in a most contradictory mood, and probably Miss Harrison had a fair idea of the cause of it, so they came with her to see the strange object Jack Jaunty spoke of." "The monster," staring between two rocks, saw them coming, and in muttered, broken words declared that the earth might open and swallow him. Nickey stood his ground, and got himself ready to make the most of his opportunity. He saw the ladies would stop and speak to him, but they did not. They bowed, and passed on. "quaking merrily," said Miss Harrison, signalled for the girls to stop while she surveyed the hidden wonder. One peep over the rocks she saw a human form, presumably that of a man, grovelling in the sand like a lob-wom, and hurrying to get out of sight, and drew hurriedly back. "Come away, girls!" she said hastily. "Ivonne, for the sake of God, get away!" "It is hideous," said Miss Harrison, appalling. "Don't stop a moment, or you will repent of it. I implore you to come away!" "The girls were so quick to make up their minds that the agitated manner of Miss Harrison sufficed to let them know that they ought not to stay, and they were off in a twinkling, leaving Ivonne without so much as looking at Nickey, who was squatting on the sands, gloomy and glaring at the sea." "A stuck-up wench!" he said, gurning after Laura.

Where the Clothes Were—A Serious Blow.
AFTER several futile attempts to bury himself, Mr. Ferrula gave up the job, and, curling himself up periwinkle in the cushion, he lay with shame.

He expected every moment to hear Miss Harrison calling him a brute and a beast and a hundred hard things, but the first person who addressed him was Nicky.

"Mr. Ferrula," he said, climbing up the rock and peeping over, "it's all right. Those people will get over it."

"Who is that?" asked Mr. Ferrula faintly.
 "Nicky Hopkins."

"Yes, yes—Hopkins. Where's Jaunt?"

"Gone to get you some togs—clothes."

"It's kind of him," sighed Mr. Ferrula, as he kept up a sitting position to the rock; "but he will bring them too late. They've gone."

"The old 'un, Miss Harrison," said Nicky irreverently. "The other girls didn't. I don't see anything to howl about."

"It's all right," said Mr. Ferrula, with a faint attempt to be dignified, "your language is fitting. It isn't at all becoming!"

"Hopkins is some of them coming," said Nicky merrily.
 "If I had a pair of trousers, and I think there is Bob Baxter with him."

It was Jack and Bob, and they had brought the boys' togs. Mr. Ferrula to go home in. It was not exactly Bond Street apparel, but under the circumstances it was the best.

"They ain't over and above comfortable for you, sir," said Bob. "A bit stiffish, eh?"

"They are," said Mr. Ferrula, toying chafely here and there, but I assure you, though, they come as a blessing and a boon."

Attired in the heavy clothes, Mr. Ferrula was the object of pity; but to keep from laughing was impossible. Jack had not enjoyed such a hearty laugh since his misunderstanding with the Beltons as he now indulged in.

As for Nicky, he perpetrated all sorts of remarks, both to and from Mr. Ferrula, each and all expressive of the keenest mirth; and the tutor, conscious of being very ridiculous, stalked off with as much dignity as a middle-aged man for the occasion. He had, he believed, a pretty good idea who the offender was.

"His clothes could not possibly have been carried away by the tide, and it was, therefore, the work of a human being. Redditch, of course."

How his brother tutor had accomplished the feat of stealing down to the beach, purloining his clothing, and departing unseen, was a mystery Mr. Ferrula did not attempt to solve.

Before getting to the schoolhouse he encountered the about two-thirds of a boy, laughing or playing about in small groups, and it is needless to say that his get-up had a galvanizing effect upon them. Nicky, listening behind, explained matters as far as he could, and added to their mirth.

Mr. Ferrula changed his clothes, and sought his brother tutor whom he found in the garden at the back of the house reading a book.

The charge of purloining the garments was made, and indignantly denied. High words ensued so high that they reached the ears of Mr. Bonnington and his wife, who came out to ascertain what was the matter.

Mr. Ferrula repeated his charge, and was about, in the heat of the moment, to declare that as he saw Redditch stoning away with his apparel, when the silent-footed, grim Gruelton appeared on the scene.

His presence always had a chilling effect upon the old and young in the school, and the hot worded debate instantly subsided.

"What is it, Gruelton?" asked Mrs. Bonnington.

"The man—Baxter, ma'am!" replied Gruelton.

"He's found Mr. Ferrula's clothes here, and he's taken them to the school. He could have mistaken who he left them. I've put them in your room, sir."

"Nicky," said Mrs. Bonnington, "you have a quiet suavity that ought to have dispelled all ideas of misanthropic malignity, and yet the tutor felt that Gruelton was enjoying secret laughs at my expense."

"Thank you, Gruelton!" was all he could faintly say.

His departure as quietly as he came, and a silence of a few moments followed his departure. It was broken by Mr. Bonnington.

"Ferrula," he said, "it is clear that you have made an error—he was going to say, 'an error of your own.' In consequence of the presence of Mr. Bonnington in time, you were with—'a great mistake—a very great mistake.'"

"At the expense of the dignity of the school!" said Mrs. Bonnington, with a withering look.

"I plainly thought, I landed at the same spot, but missing my clothes, and seeing the tutor in a state of confusion."

Mrs. Bonnington walked away, and her example was followed by her husband. Mr. Redditch, with a sarcastic smile, resumed his book.

"I say, old fellow," said Mr. Ferrula, "we all make mistakes, and if, in the heat of—"

"As you get on, you will get on," said Mr. Redditch politely. "Possibly then you will be a bit cooler."

This to a man with a head as bald as an egg

was a very telling hit, and Mr. Ferrula collapsed. Unhappily retort with any force, he boat a retreat, and was seen no more that day.

When he resumed his duties on the morrow there was a crowd looking upon his face, and he went through the ordinary work of the school like one on the point of breaking down with fatigue.

Nicky and Will had a high old time of it, blundering as usual through their lessons, giving answers much at variance with the questions, but escaping the mildest forest of reproof.

The next day it was whispered about that Mr. Ferrula had resigned his post, and in a few hours it was verified. He had not only resigned, but wished to go at once, and on the evening of the second day he departed.

Somehow the boys, although they never liked him very much, were sorry he was gone, especially through such a cause, but, as another day came, they ceased to talk about him, and began to wonder about his successor.

"I hope so shall get a free-and-easy fellow," said Nicky; "somebody fond of cricket and all sorts of games, and who hates such rubbish as books."

Nicky was supposed to be getting up his lessons for the morrow as he expressed his fervent desire, and he finished off with a malevolent glance at "The History of Rome," which was lying open before him.

"I should like a fellow who drinks and smokes a bit," said Dan Callis. "We had a tutor in a school here I was a few years ago who used to smuggle beer and tobacco into his bed-room, and sometimes he would get one of the elder boys to join him. I never went, of course, as I was too young."

"But you attempted to," said Will Raddie. "A tap-room wanted to a school would just suit you."

"I'll twist your neck if you don't mind what you are saying," growled Dan.

"I do mind what I say," returned Will, "and I want you and the others to mind it."

Jack dived under the man's arm, and dashed for the cliff. "Stop him!" cried Pinnick.



Jack dived under the man's arm, and dashed for the cliff. "Stop him!" cried Pinnick.

too. You've been to the tap-room of the Sem-mo of the blood had fallen, and he was not exactly pleasant to look upon.

Quaking with fear, he stooped down and looked at Jack. The boy lay at one end of Gerard Inglis stepped up from the back of the school, and knelt down beside his friend.

"You've done it this time, you brute!" he said to Dan. "You've killed him!"

"I'm only defended myself," said Dan, looking with about him "any of you would have done the same, or he can't be dead."

"He's near it, anyway," replied Gerard. "Poor old Jack! One of you fetch some water, and tell Mrs. Bonnington that she's wanted, and mind this, you are not to know who did it. I am sure Jack would never wish you to be any of your cowardly crew!"

Ivonne Pays a Debt.
DAN CALLIS offered no reply. After one more hasty glance at Jack, he stole from the room, taking with him a white linen rag. Do not say anything at present to Mr. Bonnington if you should see him. Stand back, boys! Let him have all the air he can."

She stooped down, and raising Jack's head upon her arm, listened to his breathing. It was faint but regular.

"You've got to withdraw that insinuation!" said Jack.

"Withdraw it, have I?" said Dan, with a gulping accent of the throat.

"Yes, and at once!"

"And if I may no?"

"I will thrash you here, at once," said Jack. Mark Ricketta had his eyes now fixed upon the face of Callis, watching its workings, which showed the bitterness of the spirit within him.

He was not by any means brave, but he was not exactly an abject coward, and there was too much at stake for him to yield at once.

"You ask for too much, Jaunt," he said. "I ask for no more than you have a right to give," replied Jack. "Please to remember that the insinuation was a voluntary and false one."

"I won't withdraw it," said Callis, with an effort; "for I believe what I said is true."

Jack sprang at him, and Dan, rushing to Mr. Bonnington's desk, seized a heavy ruler that was lying on the top. It was nearly as heavy, and quite as hard as a policeman's truncheon.

"Keep off!" he cried, adopting a defensive attitude.

Jack rushed in and received a heavy blow fairly on the forehead. It set a thousand fires dancing before his eyes, and he felt the blood from a serious wound flow over his face and into his eyes, half blinding him. But still he rushed on, and bore Callis to the ground, upsetting a form with a crash.

Seizing the ruler, he dragged it from the hand of his enemy and cast it aside. But he was now quite blind and overcome with the loss of blood and excitement, rolled slowly and may extended on the floor at full length, quite still.

Dull and sick with horror, the witnesses of this scene remained staring at the ghastly picture Jack presented. Dan Callis got slowly upon his feet. On his face and shirt-front

"Was this an accident?" she asked suddenly, looking up at the group of boys around her.

"There was a little uneasy shifting of feet, but nothing else by way of an answer."

"There came no answer. He degrees he realized his position, and the memory of recent events came back to him. Placing a hand upon his bandaged head, he said:

"Cruel—cruel!" murmured Mrs. Bonnington, as she placed a rag covered with vaseline over her eyes. "I don't see her next question. So he killed outright. Boys, you've got to tell me who did it."

"If Jack will permit us," replied Gerard, "we will say no more."

As he spoke, Jack opened his eyes slowly, and looked about him like one imperfectly aroused from sleep. He degrees he realized his position, and the memory of recent events came back to him. Placing a hand upon his bandaged head, he said:

"I am not hurt much, and you need not trouble any more."

"I am not seriously hurt," replied Mrs. Bonnington, "and I want you to tell me who did it."

"I cannot do that," Jack replied.

"You mean you won't."

"I would rather not."

Jack made an effort to rise, and then Mrs. Bonnington, who had just indicated him to his feet; but it was plain that he could not stand without assistance.

"I shall be in for an hour," he said, "and I may lie down."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Bonnington, "you had better go to the invalids' room and retire to rest. I will have a bottle of something to drink, and Mr. Bonnington will see you before he goes to bed."

The invalids' room was an isolated chamber rarely used, and the mere fact of Mrs. Bonnington desiring Jack to go there indicated that she considered his case serious.

Jack was inclined also to think that Dan had given him a "nasty crack," for he had never to his knowledge felt so weak before.

His limbs were numb, and his brain burned, so he did not demur to the proposition, but allowed himself to be led upstairs by Gerard and Dan, who helped him into his undress and got into bed. Half an hour afterwards Mrs. Bonnington came into the room and found him talking the usual talk. At midnight Jack was still under the influence of fever. It was a quiet day that followed, for it was known to all the boys that Jack was very seriously ill. Some said that he would die.

Nothing more was said about the culprit by Mrs. Bonnington, and the boys, who were all were made. Nevertheless, Dan Callis was in a state of abject terror. Said Gerard Inglis to:

"If Jack gets well he can do as he likes about exposing you; but if he dies we are bound to do it."

"I don't know what I was doing," muttered Callis.

"Boh!" said Gerard. "You were always a bit of a sneak."

"With so many boys in the secret it was certain they would find none of them peached. But they all held their peace. Respect for Jack was at the bottom of their reticence. They were one and all assured that he would not approve of anything being said.

Gerard and Dan had stood in the mostly in terror of one who professed to be his chum. In Mark Ricketta he saw one who might in show; malice turn against him. So he took an early opportunity to inform him that if he said a word he would exact terrible vengeance. A vague form of threat which overpowered many possibilities.

The day wore on, and the doctor called thrice to see his patient. In the evening he brought the news that Jack had died.

"I don't like the look of the thing at all," he said to Mr. Bonnington. "I should say that the boy had some injuries, he has some trouble on his mind."

"He is not a boy to yield to a minor sorrow," replied Mr. Bonnington, "and I am sure he doesn't know what great grief he can have."

"Nevertheless," said the doctor, "he has one."

Box Baxter, hearing the news, came up to the school, and asked permission to communicate with Mrs. Bonnington.

It was given, and Bob went off on his errand. In a few hours he returned in a state of perplexity.

"The Stranger's gone," he said. "He told his housekeeper not to be anxious about him, and went away. That was three days ago, and he hasn't been here since."

This was startling news, but it was useless surmising anything about the Stranger's movements. Mrs. Bonnington was well, and he came or whether he was likely to go.

"It is a thousand pities he is not here," said Mrs. Bonnington. "If this poor boy should die, what a loss to the school!"

"We mustn't think of that, sir," said Bob, with set lips. "I durstn't do it. I've been thinking of it ever since I was well, and he's a good boy now. I can't bear to think of anything wrong with Master Jack."

There was a general exultation, and all through the village there was a general expression of regret, and some talk as to the author of his injuries.

The School on the Cliff.

(Continued from the previous page.)

As nothing was said about the general assumption was that it was an accident.

Meanwhile, Mr. Terrapin was staying at the Mermad.

He had taken up his residence there for an indefinite period. He ate and drank of the best, paid his bill punctually, and gave very little trouble.

Peter Pinick had taken a sudden turn for the better. The doctor said it must have an amazing constitution to be able to gain strength at the pace he did.

"Boys like him are regular pests!" he said. "They interfere with honest men and stand in the way of their rights."

How Jack did so he did not attempt to express, but, as we know, he had very peculiar notions about what was due to him, and the nature of the "rights" he was easily guessed.

On the third day the feverish symptoms in Jack began to abate, and the doctor took a more hopeful view of his case.

"If nothing distracts him," he said, "he will soon get well. The boy has a sound constitution, and if his mind is right, his body will stand a great strain."

"I don't know of anything to put his mind wrong," said Mr. Bonington.

From this time Jack mastered his illness. On the fourth day the fever was gone, and he was able to recall events, and converse a little with those who attended upon him.

Only Gerard Inglis of the boys was permitted to see him, because he was quiet and sensible, and would not talk too much. Jack asked him if anybody had said anything to you.

"No," replied Gerard. "It was understood you would not like it."

"Of course I shouldn't," said Jack; "and

I am glad nobody peached. I can settle my own affairs."

As Jack grew better, the school gradually resumed its cheerful tone, and Dan Callis, rejoined from a terrible fever, became his insouciant antagonist.

On the third day the feverish symptoms in Jack began to abate, and the doctor took a more hopeful view of his case.

"If nothing distracts him," he said, "he will soon get well. The boy has a sound constitution, and if his mind is right, his body will stand a great strain."

"I don't know of anything to put his mind wrong," said Mr. Bonington.

From this time Jack mastered his illness. On the fourth day the fever was gone, and he was able to recall events, and converse a little with those who attended upon him.

Only Gerard Inglis of the boys was permitted to see him, because he was quiet and sensible, and would not talk too much. Jack asked him if anybody had said anything to you.

"No," replied Gerard. "It was understood you would not like it."

"Of course I shouldn't," said Jack; "and

CLUB NOTICES. Notices and Challenges from Readers' Own Clubs. These are Inserted Free of Charge.

ST. ANDREW'S F.C. (average age, 14; weak) want matches for the coming season.

ARMLEY HALL A.F.C. (average age, 18) want dates with first-class teams in Leeds and district.

CRUMMIEHILL F.C. (average age, 16) wishes to join a league (S.W. district preferred) which is entering for a "B.B.L." cup.

ST. BARNABAS F.C. (15; medium) require matches for the following dates with respectable clubs.

LUTSOME JUNIORS F.C. (average age, 12) want dates with respectable clubs for the following dates: Dec. 28th, home; Feb. 8th, away; March 21st, home.

WORTHINGTON VICTORIA A.F.C. (average age, 18) require matches for coming season. All dates open. Radius of 80 miles—Apply, B. Benson, Secretary, 27, Windsor Street, Wolverton, Bucks.

A BOY (aged 15 years 9 months) is desirous of joining a F.C. or ground W.M.C. Can play any position. Willing to pay any reasonable sub.—Apply, A. Harvey, 30, Exchange Street, Wolverhampton.

FRANKLIN RESERVES F.C. (average age, 16) want dates with respectable clubs for the following dates: Dec. 28th, home; Feb. 8th, away; March 21st, home.

THE CAMBRIDGE AND PECKHAM DISTRICT FOOTBALL LEAGUE. Notice is hereby given to football clubs in and near Cambridge and Peckham.

NOTICE TO NORTHERN IRISH READERS. Association Football Clubs, whose average age is from 17 to 18, within six miles radius of Dunfermline.

BIRSTALL ST. PATRICK'S R.C. A.F.C. (average age, 17) require dates for coming football season. Willing to pay any reasonable sub.—Apply, J. Chandler Hill, 41, Church Street, Bir stall, nr. Leeds.

Rudge-Whitworth Britain's Best Bicycle



EASY TO RIDE, EASY TO BUY, EASY TO PAY FOR.

The Rudge-Whitworth is the lightest and strongest bicycle obtainable. Most bicycles are heavy because weight is cheap.

It will pay you to write for the new 64 page Catalogue post free and containing full particulars of the 81 models from £5; packed free and carriage paid.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd., Dept. 300 COVENTRY.



LONDON: 230 Tottenham Court Road, W. 160 Regent Street, W. 23 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED. 750 High Speed and second hand cycles. Special accessories and repairs at half price.

"B" MONKEY. 4D. PACKET. 4D. 50 different STAMPS. Includes KAMAY (Monkey), PARAVANT (Atom), etc.

ERNEST WOOD & CO. 12 YEARS' GUARANTEE. 5/- MONTHLY. I'll give you credit without burden of agreement.

THE Daisy Air Rifle. LORD ROBERTS uses it to "teach our boys when young to practise target shooting."

DR. CARD OF BLAKE'S BOOT PROTECTORS SAVES A SOVEREIGN. INSIST UPON HAVING GENUINE 'BLAKE'S' DON'T BE GULLED.

WORK FOR ALL. THE COLTIC GUN. Will give over 1,000 reports, causing endless amusement, and is quite harmless.

WILLIAMS and LAMP. A Magnificent Tale of Colliery Life. By DAVID GOODWIN.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

Roddy Owen and Tom Hughes two Welsh colliers... The only other property left them by the late Matthew Mathews is a place known as Starve-Crow Farm.

Those who were jammed in the entrance extracted themselves at that moment, and for just an instant the crowd paused in surprise at his words.

"Come along; don't wait!" cried the mine-owner... "You think you're going to bluff us?" called Pat Lloyd fiercely.

"I think nothing of the kind, I am willing for the whole of you to satisfy yourselves," returned Kenyon Price scornfully.

"There were some protests from the crowd, many of whom wanted to go themselves. But most of the pitmen took to the idea, knowing there was more chance for a dozen picked searchers than if a whole army of men were searching through the place anyhow.

"Come on, mates!" said Luko Jones. "But Roddy and Tom had no intention of going with the searchers. They kept themselves out of sight in the background; and as nobody was inclined to wait, a couple of others were taken instead of them.

"You see," said Kenyon Price from the post, "I'm not such a fool. There goes the boss," said the big Irishman, as the bumping of Kenyon Price's motor-car was heard going down the other road.

"You could tell you," muttered Roddy. But Terry did not hear, though he glanced at the boy. "You could not see right, Roddy, as ye chose to talk, I'll go bail," said the Irishman.

"What a blessed good mind to do it," growled Roddy. "Something more could be got out of him, however, and in due time they arrived at the Goed Coch yard. Kenyon Price was there already, having gone on ahead in his motor-car.

"No," replied Roddy; "better here, I reckon." "What'd you think of it?" "I think Terry's quite right," said Roddy slowly.

"By George, do you. If they find him they'll be the shot worth both of 'em an' Sully, considerin' the temper they're in now."

"Just so; an' that's why I don't want to see 'em," said the boy, as the brewer's treatise, I, don't want to see him murderin' by a mob; an' that's about what'd happen. They'd eat him limb from limb. You know what our chaps are when they're roused.

"You can't but your life he's got a hidin' place that they'll never chance on," said Roddy scornfully, "if they look for a work."

"K. P. looks like comin' out on top, then," said Roddy's eyes gleamed, and he shut his lips. He disliked the mob riot, but when he thought of Kenyon Price's probable triumph, he felt every fibre throwing in his lot with the pitmen.

"I was haf to admit," said Luko loudly, "that we cannot find Sully in ter house, though we haf looked afeverhow. And I do not believe in 'em there."

"The others agreed: even Terry himself would not deny it. The waiting crowd hardly would not believe the truth when I told it you," said Kenyon Price, taking his hands from his lips.

"As sure as I'm alive an' breathin' I saw the real deal 'ere," growled Terry, as he and the boys went off down the park drive.

"I believe it, Terry," said Rodwell. "You were never clear in his eye; he knows where," Tom interjected; "may be back at the pits."

"Nay, but not such a fool. There goes the boss," said the big Irishman, as the bumping of Kenyon Price's motor-car was heard going down the other road.

"I could tell you," muttered Roddy. But Terry did not hear, though he glanced at the boy. "You could not see right, Roddy, as ye chose to talk, I'll go bail," said the Irishman.

By a mob; an' that's about what'd happen. They'd eat him limb from limb. You know what our chaps are when they're roused.

"You can't but your life he's got a hidin' place that they'll never chance on," said Roddy scornfully, "if they look for a work."

"K. P. looks like comin' out on top, then," said Roddy's eyes gleamed, and he shut his lips. He disliked the mob riot, but when he thought of Kenyon Price's probable triumph, he felt every fibre throwing in his lot with the pitmen.

"I was haf to admit," said Luko loudly, "that we cannot find Sully in ter house, though we haf looked afeverhow. And I do not believe in 'em there."

"The others agreed: even Terry himself would not deny it. The waiting crowd hardly would not believe the truth when I told it you," said Kenyon Price, taking his hands from his lips.

"As sure as I'm alive an' breathin' I saw the real deal 'ere," growled Terry, as he and the boys went off down the park drive.

"I believe it, Terry," said Rodwell. "You were never clear in his eye; he knows where," Tom interjected; "may be back at the pits."

"Nay, but not such a fool. There goes the boss," said the big Irishman, as the bumping of Kenyon Price's motor-car was heard going down the other road.

"I could tell you," muttered Roddy. But Terry did not hear, though he glanced at the boy. "You could not see right, Roddy, as ye chose to talk, I'll go bail," said the Irishman.

"What a blessed good mind to do it," growled Roddy. "Something more could be got out of him, however, and in due time they arrived at the Goed Coch yard. Kenyon Price was there already, having gone on ahead in his motor-car.

"No," replied Roddy; "better here, I reckon." "What'd you think of it?" "I think Terry's quite right," said Roddy slowly.

"By George, do you. If they find him they'll be the shot worth both of 'em an' Sully, considerin' the temper they're in now."

"Just so; an' that's why I don't want to see 'em," said the boy, as the brewer's treatise, I, don't want to see him murderin' by a mob; an' that's about what'd happen. They'd eat him limb from limb. You know what our chaps are when they're roused.

"You can't but your life he's got a hidin' place that they'll never chance on," said Roddy scornfully, "if they look for a work."

"K. P. looks like comin' out on top, then," said Roddy's eyes gleamed, and he shut his lips. He disliked the mob riot, but when he thought of Kenyon Price's probable triumph, he felt every fibre throwing in his lot with the pitmen.

"I was haf to admit," said Luko loudly, "that we cannot find Sully in ter house, though we haf looked afeverhow. And I do not believe in 'em there."

"The others agreed: even Terry himself would not deny it. The waiting crowd hardly would not believe the truth when I told it you," said Kenyon Price, taking his hands from his lips.

quite capable of hoisting Kenyon Price into the cage, and sending both it and him down the Goed Coch for good and all. But he stepped on to an upturned case, and faced them.

"Man," he said, "you have broken out in an outrageous way, and done great damage here. But I don't wonder at it! I own it freely, I might have done the same in your place."

Tom stuck his tongue in his cheek. He saw Price meant to smooth things over at any cost.

"I have never inspected the result of this accident to the cage, and I say it is a scandal and a shame! Such a thing has never, I am an expert, and I know it! But I do say it shows great carelessness and neglect! I am only too thankful that no loss of life has occurred, and everybody connected with the accident is treated by dismissed, and banished out of my colliery."

"Yes; Mr. Sully, the winding-engine men, and all concerned! Not one of them shall ever see the inside of the Goed Coch again! And as for the unfortunate lad Fluellen, whose arm is broken, I shall give him £200 compensation, and pay all his expenses."

"I was haf to admit," said Luko loudly, "that we cannot find Sully in ter house, though we haf looked afeverhow. And I do not believe in 'em there."

"The others agreed: even Terry himself would not deny it. The waiting crowd hardly would not believe the truth when I told it you," said Kenyon Price, taking his hands from his lips.

"As sure as I'm alive an' breathin' I saw the real deal 'ere," growled Terry, as he and the boys went off down the park drive.

"I believe it, Terry," said Rodwell. "You were never clear in his eye; he knows where," Tom interjected; "may be back at the pits."

"Nay, but not such a fool. There goes the boss," said the big Irishman, as the bumping of Kenyon Price's motor-car was heard going down the other road.

"I could tell you," muttered Roddy. But Terry did not hear, though he glanced at the boy. "You could not see right, Roddy, as ye chose to talk, I'll go bail," said the Irishman.

"What a blessed good mind to do it," growled Roddy. "Something more could be got out of him, however, and in due time they arrived at the Goed Coch yard. Kenyon Price was there already, having gone on ahead in his motor-car.

"No," replied Roddy; "better here, I reckon." "What'd you think of it?" "I think Terry's quite right," said Roddy slowly.

"By George, do you. If they find him they'll be the shot worth both of 'em an' Sully, considerin' the temper they're in now."

"Just so; an' that's why I don't want to see 'em," said the boy, as the brewer's treatise, I, don't want to see him murderin' by a mob; an' that's about what'd happen. They'd eat him limb from limb. You know what our chaps are when they're roused.

"You can't but your life he's got a hidin' place that they'll never chance on," said Roddy scornfully, "if they look for a work."

"K. P. looks like comin' out on top, then," said Roddy's eyes gleamed, and he shut his lips. He disliked the mob riot, but when he thought of Kenyon Price's probable triumph, he felt every fibre throwing in his lot with the pitmen.

"I was haf to admit," said Luko loudly, "that we cannot find Sully in ter house, though we haf looked afeverhow. And I do not believe in 'em there."

"The others agreed: even Terry himself would not deny it. The waiting crowd hardly would not believe the truth when I told it you," said Kenyon Price, taking his hands from his lips.

Free at last. RODDY and Tom, as started as everybody else, looked up hurriedly at the window to which Terry Lloyd pointed. There was certainly somebody there. The crowd, with their arms and shoulders hastily drawing back from the lightened pane, and disappearing. But they were too late to see with any certainty who it was.

"Sully's announcement fell on the crowd like a thunderbolt. They stared up at the window, and for a few moments could not realize what it meant. But when the idea fairly reached them, their rage boiled up again with redoubled force, and they were beating them. He was acting a double-faced part, pretending to be their friend, while all the time he would be murderer was hiding in his house.

"Come on, mates! Search the place an' catch him!" shouted fifty voices, as the crowd turned and rushed back to the street. "Kill that smooth-faced liar there! Down with him, an' get hold of Sully!"

"Roddy and Tom, who had thought the trouble to be over, were fairly taken aback as they saw the crowd of pitmen, more dangerous than ever, make a mad rush at the house.

"So infuriated were they that they got in each other's way, and there were a dozen jammed together in the wide porch and struggling to force themselves, while the rest, pressed from behind, and made matters worse. Above the tumult Kenyon Price's high voice rang out like a bugle.

"Come in and search, then," he cried. "Come on, you idiots! You're all welcome!"

But he was not to see the result, as they would go, and stood to let the mob pass.

By a mob; an' that's about what'd happen. They'd eat him limb from limb. You know what our chaps are when they're roused.

"You can't but your life he's got a hidin' place that they'll never chance on," said Roddy scornfully, "if they look for a work."

"K. P. looks like comin' out on top, then," said Roddy's eyes gleamed, and he shut his lips. He disliked the mob riot, but when he thought of Kenyon Price's probable triumph, he felt every fibre throwing in his lot with the pitmen.

"I was haf to admit," said Luko loudly, "that we cannot find Sully in ter house, though we haf looked afeverhow. And I do not believe in 'em there."

"The others agreed: even Terry himself would not deny it. The waiting crowd hardly would not believe the truth when I told it you," said Kenyon Price, taking his hands from his lips.

"As sure as I'm alive an' breathin' I saw the real deal 'ere," growled Terry, as he and the boys went off down the park drive.

"I believe it, Terry," said Rodwell. "You were never clear in his eye; he knows where," Tom interjected; "may be back at the pits."

"Nay, but not such a fool. There goes the boss," said the big Irishman, as the bumping of Kenyon Price's motor-car was heard going down the other road.

THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

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

SECTION I.—SWIMMING.

To any reader up to the age of 16 who can swim 100 yards will be awarded a handsome Diploma making him a member of the League of Young Athletes. In addition, a BOYS' REALM Third Class Standard Medal will be awarded to any reader who can perform one of the following tests up to and including the 200 Yards Record for 200 Yards, and a First Class Medal for 400 yards, in accordance with the conditions stated at foot.

Table with columns for Age 12-15, Age 16-18, and Applicants Must Swim. Rows list distances in yards and minutes/seconds for 100, 200, and 400 yards.

SECTION 2.—RUNNING.

Table with columns for Age 12-15, Age 16-18, and Applicants Must Run. Rows list distances in yards and minutes/seconds for 100, 200, 400, and 800 yards.

Application must be made on the Form below, and must be accompanied by details of the performance, vouched for by a headmaster, clergyman, trainer, or some responsible adult person approved by the President. A penny stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

I (Name)..... (Address)..... desire to become a member of this Institution. Enclosed I send particulars of my performance.

To obtain a BOYS' REALM standard Medal, in addition to the handsome Diploma awarded gratis, applicants should send Six of the above Forms cut from one issue of this paper. The necessary copies may be bought or obtained from friends.

WITH PICK & LAMP.

(Continued from previous page.)

"Come," said Roddy, putting his arm through Tom's, "we'll have what's due to us before we go."

"They walked up to the cashier's offices. The cashier, an outrageous fellow, who had riot was over, had already hastened to their posts to see that all was right there, fearing the disturbance of their employer, so they found that the only ones left intact—were open, and Roddy walked straight in, and accosted the head-cashier.

"Tom Hughes an' I will take our earnings, please," he said, "according to the tally."

"Your money?"

"Are you mad?" said the man angrily. "Is this a time for playing the fool? You'll get your money, if any, on Saturday."

"We're quit of the Coed Cooh, and we'll have our money now. You see the boss, out of his car, and he says, 'I'll give you a sack him if we're to be paid. If he says so, I'll bring the pitmen back, an' in half an hour there'll be no Cooh in the place, an' you'll be it, either. Go an' tell him that. He'll understand."

The cashier stared, doubting his senses. But he looked brighter, considering what damage had already been done.

"Be quick," said Roddy: "if you don't, I'll bring the once back without waiting."

The cashier thought it best to hurry out and see Kenyon Price. He had an inkling of the boys' influence in the colliery. Roddy and Tom waited for him.

In a couple of minutes the cashier returned, looking rather pale and sullen. He opened a safe-drawer, and threw down on the desk what was due to the boys.

Rodwell and Tom pocketed the coins quietly. Then, walking out of the office, they shook the dust of the Coed Cooh from their feet, and turned their faces towards Bryn y Garth.

The Gentleman in Black.

"BREE at last!" said Tom with a joyous whoop, as the cottage came in sight over the dark moor, and Aberford was to be seen in the distance. No more stars in the dark, no more beastly treacher!

"We're our own masters on our own little property, thank Heaven!" said Roddy, with no less zest. "We've won our capital out of Kenyon Price at the risk of our lives, an' now we'll make Bryn y Garth what it ought to be—the tightest little colliery in Wales!"

"An' the claim on Coed Cooh."

"We'll tackle that, but believe I've a clue to it already. Better days are coming, old cook! In the meantime, I'm besied hungry, an' I hope Dafydd'll be ready for me."

The red-headed hero of Starve-Crow Farm, met them at the cottage door, whose windows were lighted, and at once saw something was up.

"You had had another close shave this time," he said, looking at them keenly. "And worse than before, eh?"

"The fact of my luck!" said Roddy, clapping him on the shoulder. "We're shut off the devil an' all his works. I mean Kenyon Price and the Aberford."

Dafydd, as soon as he was assured it was so, gave a wild mountain yell, and danced frantically on the ground, and then he caught hold of the hands of the boys three times over, and punched each of them violently in the chest.

"Now begins the real fight," he said.

"Here, steady, old chap," said Tom. "What we want now, is peace an' industry—an' more of it."

"Ah, but ter fight will be in ter open now, boyter than cler; but not with hired rascals trying to blow you up underground!" cried Dafydd. "You do not suppose Kenyon Price will sit still and let you triumph, eh? He will tackle us now upon our own ground, but, before mind, let us celebrate ter occasion with ter big feast."

"Exactly what was in my mind," said Tom. "We've brought up a few extra luxuries from Aberford on purpose. Let's get to work on 'em."

"This trio did themselves very well indeed that night, and the great occasion was marked by the real, good supper. The 'extras' from Aberford, joined to a very savory dish, which Dafydd had ready, went down particularly well. Finab, by being a glorious night, and everybody feeling in excellent spirits, they went down and curled themselves up in the bed, and fast asleep, with Crispie as guard, preferring to sleep under the open sky.

"Not morning even Dafydd did not hold the record for early rising. Tom and Roddy were

up before him for once, earlier than they ever rose to go to the Aberford. They set off for that town, however, but did not, of course, go to the Coed Cooh, and Dafydd wondered what their errand was.

The afternoon was well advanced when he saw them returning, with a large horse and cart in which was a mysterious iron structure. It proved to be a derrick or hand crane, and was old, but in good condition. Roddy wanted it placed down beside the shaft, and it took all three of them to lever it out of the cart, which then returned to Aberford in charge of a small boy.

"What 'd'you think of that?" said Roddy with pride, surveying the crane. "Picked it up dirt cheap, secondhand, basket, chain, an' all. Had my eye on it for weeks."

"I was not car much for old iron," said Dafydd. "What is ter use of it?"

"Why, to set up beside the shaft, an' wind a basket up and down—can't you see? It's got to take the place of a windin' engine an' cage, till we can afford the real thing."

It took three whole days to set the crane up, and a long, arduous job it was. Roddy had brought all the necessary tools, however, and with Tom's help he stifted his supports deep in the ground and bolted its plates to the limestone rock, close to the shaft's edge.

It was quite a small crane, about eight feet high, and when swung upwards its top wheel overhung the shaft. A chain, to which a big, deep basket was attached, passed over this wheel, and another which acted as guide, and so to the big double windlass at the crane's

"We can very soon drive one proper road, anyhow," said Roddy, "an' start getting coal out. Let's time we made some money to keep things goin'—I don't want to spend our capital. I'm strikin' a bargain with old Tom Moss at Aberford to buy the first coal on a contract—only forty tons to start with. But you should ha' seen his eyes bulge out when I told him about it, 'an' showed him a sample."

"Good odd!" said Tom. "My fingers are itchin' to start on the make, an' if we can only—hallo!"

He broke off and turned sharply round.

Both the boys had been too engrossed in their talk to notice the stranger who, puffing and blowing from the steep ascent, had been walking up the hillside towards them.

"Who the dickens is this?" said Tom.

The stranger was a middle-aged, skinnily-looking person, with keen, bird-like brown eyes, and dressed in rather rusty black. He wore spats over his boots, and a silk hat, and looked strangely out of place on the open moor. He walked up to the boys as if Starve-Crow Farm belonged to him.

"Can you tell me where I shall find Mr. Rodwell Owen or Mr. Thomas Hughes?" he said.

"I'm Owen," said Roddy briefly, "and this is Hughes."

"Oh, indeed," said the stranger in some surprise, looking at the boys. "Perhaps then I had better go to your trustees? You are the owners of—Bryn y Garth?"

"We are," said Tom.

at once in reply. It was a surprise when the stranger answered:

"Mr. John Vaughan, of Cardiff."

"Who is he? I never heard of him!" said Roddy.

"A blessed humbug. I'll bet my boots K. P. is as the bottom of it!" put in Tom, with a snarl.

"Really, this language is not to be borne!" said the stranger, taken aback.

"It's nothin' to what you'll have to hear if you don't go away," muttered Tom under his breath. But Roddy warned him with a look to do nothing. The younger partner, nevertheless, was getting very restless.

"And what do the dickens are you?" said Roddy to the stranger.

"My name is Mr. Adams, and I am a solicitor."

"Ha, a law shark!" murmured Tom, forgetting that their good friend Wynne Williams was of the same profession. "I thought he looked a wrong 'un."

"I am also a partner of Mr. John Vaughan in this matter, and I am engaged by Vaughan to the lawyer, rubbing his thin hands together with an unctuous smile; "his interests are—"

"We don't care tuppence about your interests!" broke in Roddy angrily. "This place is ours. We've stuck to it in the teeth of many a better man than you, an' your John Vaughan, an' we'll stick to it yet!"

"Certainly, if you pay us £500," said the lawyer dryly.

Roddy thought of the trouble and peril Tom had and he had gone through to make over £30, let alone £500. He liked the look of the man in the top-hat less and less.

"We do do that," he said. "It seems to me the best person to deal with is our lawyer, Mr. Wynne Williams, of Aberford. He'll soon settle it."

"Your lawyer? Oh, most certainly!" said Mr. Adams. "We shall deal with him in any case. Our claim is perfectly legal, registered, an' he's a good fellow."

"Then I can't understand why this is the first we've heard of it!" cried Roddy. "The will was proved, and the estate handed over to us, an' nothing has happened since."

"That is easily explained. Your lawyer, Mr. Williams, will explain it to you. The question is, do you propose to pay this £500 at once, or shall we take this estate of yours? It's his a hole in it, I see," he added, looking at the pit-shaft.

"Look here," said Roddy desperately, "how do we know you've got any claim at all? What proof have we?"

"No difficulty about that," said the lawyer. "I have the document of the mortgage; itself with me."

He took a folded paper from his pocket, tied with pink tape, and opened it to show its interior. Roddy caught sight of the words "Bryn y Garth," with much legal writing. Tom's eyes glistened at the sight for a moment, his face lightened, and he began winking at Roddy over Mr. Adams' shoulder.

Roddy was too perturbed, however, to take any notice of him. As in a vision, he saw all his plans dashed to the ground, and the hopes of victory snatched from the young partners. Roddy felt certain there was some rascal in the business, and yet the black-coated gentleman's claim seemed to be clear enough.

"Look here," he began. But at that moment remarkable incident broke up the conversation.

The crane, with its rope and basket, was swung inward from the shaft, a little way behind the lawyer. A sudden thought came into Tom's mind that the interview had lasted long enough. He took the silk hat, which was resting on the ground with the rope slack, and stepped forward with it as if he were going to walk straight through Mr. Adams from behind.

"By your leave!" he said.

The edge of the wickerwork took the lawyer just in the leg, and opened it, he sat out down heavily in the basket with a loud gasp.

Tom sprang to the windlass in a moment, gave it a couple of turns, hoisting the basket and the lawyer to the top of the shaft, which was resting on the ground with the rope slack, and stepped forward with it as if he were going to walk straight through Mr. Adams from behind.

"By your leave!" he said.

The edge of the wickerwork took the lawyer just in the leg, and opened it, he sat out down heavily in the basket with a loud gasp.

Tom sprang to the windlass in a moment, gave it a couple of turns, hoisting the basket and the lawyer to the top of the shaft, which was resting on the ground with the rope slack, and stepped forward with it as if he were going to walk straight through Mr. Adams from behind.



Mr. Adams gave a loud shriek as he found himself dangling over an apparently bottomless pit.

foot. The crane could thus wind the basket up and down the shaft as a windless wind's bucket up from a well.

"We can't turn the chain till we need tackle extra heavy weights," said Roddy; "we'll use rope instead—it's easier to wind."

On the third day Roddy made the first descent in the shaft. He was in a vision, he saw all his plans dashed to the ground, and the hopes of victory snatched from the young partners. Roddy felt certain there was some rascal in the business, and yet the black-coated gentleman's claim seemed to be clear enough.

"Look here," he began. But at that moment remarkable incident broke up the conversation.

The crane, with its rope and basket, was swung inward from the shaft, a little way behind the lawyer. A sudden thought came into Tom's mind that the interview had lasted long enough. He took the silk hat, which was resting on the ground with the rope slack, and stepped forward with it as if he were going to walk straight through Mr. Adams from behind.

"On second thoughts," said the stranger, "I will serve the 'or—notice on you personally. This"—he drew a paper from his breast, and handed it with a flourish to Roddy—"is the warning of the foreclosure."

"The which?" said Roddy, puzzled.

"The immediate foreclosure of the mortgage on the estate of Bryn y Garth."

A thunderclap could not have astonished the boys more. They looked at each other in dismay.

"What on earth do you mean?" cried Tom.

"It is quite plain, is it not?" said the silk-hatted stranger. "There is a mortgage on this estate of yours—that is to say, a former owner borrowed money on it—£500. The mortgagee, who lent the money, wishes to foreclose, and receive his £500 back. You must either pay it, or he claims the estate as his own, by law."

"Five hundred pounds!" gasped Tom. "We haven't got a tenth of it!"

"It's false!" cried Roddy. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"Unless you pay the money," said the stranger in a throaty voice, looking at Roddy superciliously, "you will and to your cost, how true it is. Which will you do—pay—or shall we take over the estate? I should think you will be most glad to let it go," he said, looking round with a shrug.

"Who holds this mortgage?" cried Roddy, taking no notice of the last remark. "Who's the mortgagee, whatever you call him, who's got the claim on us?"

He expected to hear the name Kenyon Price

at once in reply. It was a surprise when the stranger answered:

"Mr. John Vaughan, of Cardiff."

"Who is he? I never heard of him!" said Roddy.

"A blessed humbug. I'll bet my boots K. P. is as the bottom of it!" put in Tom, with a snarl.

"Really, this language is not to be borne!" said the stranger, taken aback.

"It's nothin' to what you'll have to hear if you don't go away," muttered Tom under his breath. But Roddy warned him with a look to do nothing. The younger partner, nevertheless, was getting very restless.

"And what do the dickens are you?" said Roddy to the stranger.

"My name is Mr. Adams, and I am a solicitor."

"Ha, a law shark!" murmured Tom, forgetting that their good friend Wynne Williams was of the same profession. "I thought he looked a wrong 'un."

"I am also a partner of Mr. John Vaughan in this matter, and I am engaged by Vaughan to the lawyer, rubbing his thin hands together with an unctuous smile; "his interests are—"

"We don't care tuppence about your interests!" broke in Roddy angrily. "This place is ours. We've stuck to it in the teeth of many a better man than you, an' your John Vaughan, an' we'll stick to it yet!"

"Certainly, if you pay us £500," said the lawyer dryly.

Roddy thought of the trouble and peril Tom had and he had gone through to make over £30, let alone £500. He liked the look of the man in the top-hat less and less.

"We do do that," he said. "It seems to me the best person to deal with is our lawyer, Mr. Wynne Williams, of Aberford. He'll soon settle it."

"Your lawyer? Oh, most certainly!" said Mr. Adams. "We shall deal with him in any case. Our claim is perfectly legal, registered, an' he's a good fellow."

"Then I can't understand why this is the first we've heard of it!" cried Roddy. "The will was proved, and the estate handed over to us, an' nothing has happened since."

"That is easily explained. Your lawyer, Mr. Williams, will explain it to you. The question is, do you propose to pay this £500 at once, or shall we take this estate of yours? It's his a hole in it, I see," he added, looking at the pit-shaft.

"Look here," said Roddy desperately, "how do we know you've got any claim at all? What proof have we?"

"No difficulty about that," said the lawyer. "I have the document of the mortgage; itself with me."

He took a folded paper from his pocket, tied with pink tape, and opened it to show its interior. Roddy caught sight of the words "Bryn y Garth," with much legal writing. Tom's eyes glistened at the sight for a moment, his face lightened, and he began winking at Roddy over Mr. Adams' shoulder.

Roddy was too perturbed, however, to take any notice of him. As in a vision, he saw all his plans dashed to the ground, and the hopes of victory snatched from the young partners. Roddy felt certain there was some rascal in the business, and yet the black-coated gentleman's claim seemed to be clear enough.

"Look here," he began. But at that moment remarkable incident broke up the conversation.

The crane, with its rope and basket, was swung inward from the shaft, a little way behind the lawyer. A sudden thought came into Tom's mind that the interview had lasted long enough. He took the silk hat, which was resting on the ground with the rope slack, and stepped forward with it as if he were going to walk straight through Mr. Adams from behind.

Next, Roddy brought up several loads of timber and struts from Aberford, and they set to work to prop the rest of the old workings in a decent fashion. It was on the fourth day that Roddy announced the preparations nearly complete, as they stood by the shaft's top after a long and tiring day. The boys were sent away at the cottage, the former preparing the evening meal.

He expected to hear the name Kenyon Price

ANSWERS
ONE PENNY.
Every Tuesday.