

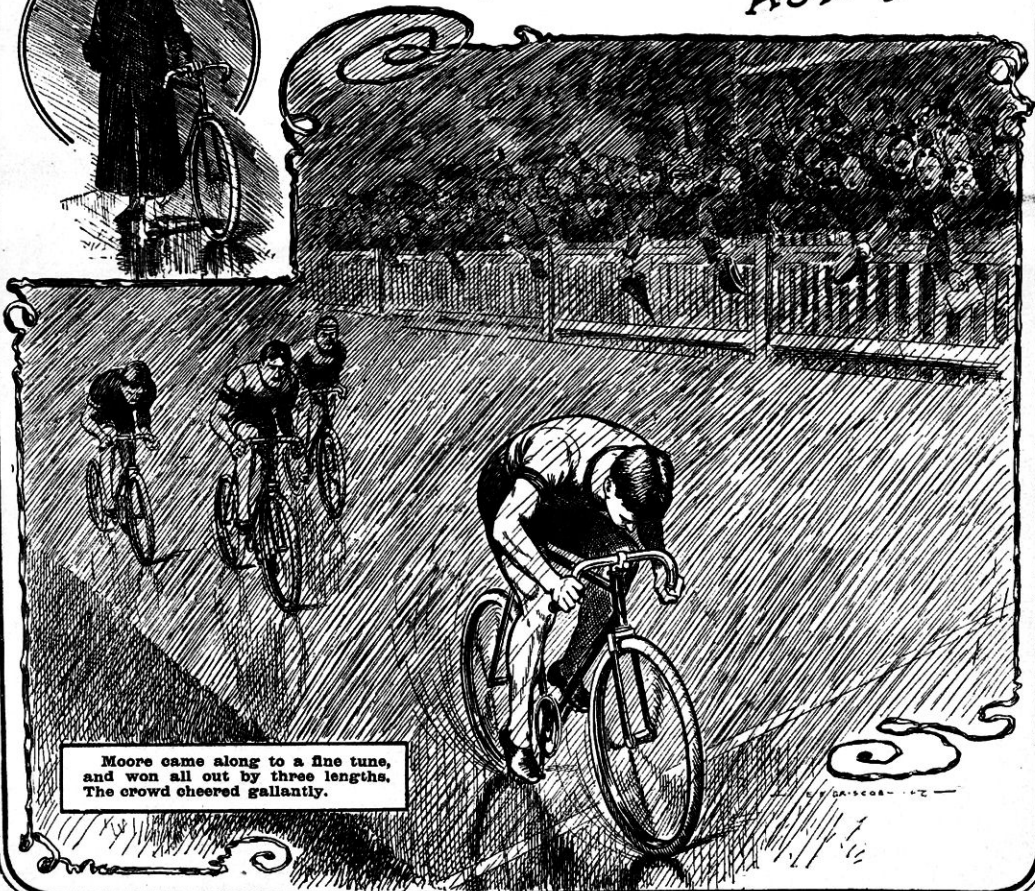
The Boys' Realm

of Sport & Adventure.

1

THE TRELOR CHALLENGE SHIELD.

A Complete Cycling Story. By
A. S. Hardy



Moore came along to a fine tune,
and won all out by three lengths.
The crowd cheered gallantly.

THE TRELOR CHALLENGE SHIELD.

A Complete Cycling Story. - - - By A. S. HARDY.

"HALLO!" cried Philip Backhouse, looking up from his copy of the "Cycling" magazine...

"Philip Backhouse was secretary of the Syrian Cycling Club, which was the best in the west of London with the Crewell. He was one of the best of fellows, and it was not his fault that the club was not successful...

"Backhouse and his comrades were at the Palace track near Whiteley, had done all the 'speed merchants' of the Syrian had journeyed to indulge in a little fast track work...

"Do you know," Backhouse cried North, "I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that the Crewell are making things unpleasant for Moore now, just because he has won the Trelor Challenge Shield which he has won in his own property this year..."

"Why, more as usual, run away from the lot of 'em, and non sitting up." He answered in Moore. He'd make any club. By Jove, boys, I wish we could get him to join the Syrian! He'd make us as he made Crewell. By rights he ought to belong to us. Backhouse got his great chum at school, and they're awful good pals.

"Just watch that bogger in the black-and-yellow! My stars, he can make his machine sing like a Cuckoo."

Around the far side of the track, on the eastern banking, a rider was whirling his feet with his hands, and pedals rattling at a terrific rate. He had just run his machine out from the enclosure, and had leapt into the saddle, and set his machine away at a fast burst...

"He's mighty pretty to watch," said Backhouse laudably, as he, too, followed the flight of the racer. "Wonder what club he belongs to! Hallo! There's Woodhouse going to chip in. I trust him for seizing the opportunity for the dust-up. But he will have all his work out doing on or 'I'm mistaken."

Woodhouse, who had been riding quietly round the track at four-and-a-half-mile pace, had seen the cyclist in the black-and-yellow come out of the enclosure, and had taken his high gear...

"Not he," said North contemptuously. "Look at the difference in their styles! Woodhouse is all strength and class. The other chap is all speed and grace. I'd give Billy Moore his money."

"And, by gad," cried Backhouse, springing to his feet, "I'll bet Moore's going to win."

The two riders were half-way down the finishing straight now, and without making any perceptible effort the man in black-and-yellow led Woodhouse as if he were standing still, and flashed past the finishing line sitting up, having done a red-hot quarter-mile with a flying start.

"The crowd," said Moore, and slowing up his bicycle he disengaged his shoe-blocks from the pedals and looked lightly on to the grass. He was smiling happily, and extended a hand in greeting to Billy Moore.

"How are you, old man?" he said. "I'm jolly glad to see you! You look fit. Never thought to see me down here, did you?"

"No," said Backhouse.

"What have you come for, Moore?" asked North. "If it comes to me, I'm sure you'll be a good deal better than you are now. If you're going to race for the Trelor Shield on grass at Richmond, will it?"

"But I'm not," said Billy Moore, with a laugh. "I've about as much to do as I can do to get ready for the season. Their captain, Jenkins, proposed it, and his proposal was hailed with enthusiasm. They are going to hold their meeting here on the Palace track, and they're going to include a four-cornered professional match between I Anson, of Yorkshire, Dupuis, of Paris, Hayman, of Berlin, and Taylor, of America. Richmond, where the club's meetings have always been such a great success, is not good enough for Jenkins, and he's going to court financial disaster here."

"I'll not only court it, he'll win it," said North. "If you've a man to say, he could make any cycle meeting here pay well enough, but not if you're going to include such ambitious items as that four-cornered match between the pros."

"One hundred pounds, and the expenses of two of the riders who have to come across the Channel for the race," said Billy Moore.

"Was that why you tendered your resignation, Moore?" asked Indewick.

"It was," said the ex-Crewell captain. "I've had a good deal of experience of race meetings and club running. Because I'd helped me to run an athletic club at school, and I'm hanged if it wasn't just as much worth it at the Crewell. I couldn't countenance the ambitious effort that Jenkins thought necessary for the club's welfare. I refused out that we should make a clear one hundred pounds put at Richmond, the weather held good; but that at the Palace, with so many extra expenses and this four-cornered match, it was a damned risk."

"They would be likely to be sanctioned, might not take to them, was grave risk of financial failure, and the club couldn't stand it. They would be likely to be sanctioned, might not take to them, was grave risk of financial failure, and the club couldn't stand it. They would be likely to be sanctioned, might not take to them, was grave risk of financial failure, and the club couldn't stand it."

North, Indewick, and Backhouse exchanged quick, meaning glances.

"I've a chance of winning the Trelor Shield, Moore?" asked his old school chum.

"I don't know," said Moore doubtfully, for he was always a modest lad. "Jenkins, Cummings, and Jones are putting it out for me on the Wood Green track, and they're sure to get a better start than you had a try and win for the last time."

"That's good," said Moore. "I've sanctioned the extra expenses of large advertising, a valuable prize-list, art programmes, and a first-class outfit for the Boys. The Crewell is coming a cropper!"

"This was high praise, indeed. But the three members of the Syrian took it more quietly seriously. What Woodhouse said on racing matters was usually accepted as law, for there was no one else to dispute with. They had to go a very long way back to the last recorded instance of his judgment being overthrown."

"Are you, are Moore?" said Backhouse, clapping his hand on the ex-Crewell captain's shoulder. "You hear that? The Trelor Shield is good yours, and you've got it!"

"I shall do my best to make it so," said the Crewell flyer modestly. "I am feeling pretty fit, though I have been kept very hard at work in my entry for the annual championship, and I will win, whether it be one of the others or myself, and I only hope, indeed, that the Crewell won't come a cropper over their race meeting."

"Look here, Moore," said Backhouse, the Syrian secretary seriously. "I tell you what it is. A lot of the club members are jealous of you, and you're too good a man for them. Now you've got the truth of it. Why, man after man, they made a bet that they had been for you, Syrian would have been the crack club in the West to-day. And I tell you what, we've a good chance of getting you back coming on, and our road races and hill climbs"

and social meetings are much better managed than ever they used to be; and whenever Crewell don't want you, we shall all be only too jolly glad to have you, and we promise you from the first that there will be no bickering and bickering of a jolly good man. So whenever you're tired of the Crewell, you may always join the Syrian. We'll make you welcome."

"Thanks very much, Backhouse," said the excited flyer. "I'll be glad to hear what you say in mind, for my cycling days are anything but done yet. Still, the Crewell is you from the first that there will be no bickering and bickering of a jolly good man. So whenever you're tired of the Crewell, you may always join the Syrian. We'll make you welcome."

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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, fitting and making him a member of the League of Young Athletes. In addition, a BOYS' REALM Third Class Standard Medal will be presented to him on performing on paper, in one of the following distances, and including 100 yards, a Second Class Medal for 200 yards, and a First Class Medal for 440 yards, in accordance with the conditions stated at foot.

Table with 2 columns: Age 12-15, Age 16-18. Rows for 40 yards, 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards with times in minutes and seconds.

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SECTION 2.—RUNNING.

Table with 2 columns: Age 12-15, Age 16-18. Rows for 100 yards, 300 yards, 440 yards, 880 yards, One mile with times in minutes and seconds.

Application must be made on the Form below, and must be accompanied by details of the performance, vouchered 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.

YOUR EDITORS' CHAIR.



Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite paper. Write to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper.

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

Our Special Test Match Number.

NEXT week's issue of our paper will be the grand Test Match Number about which I spoke to my friend that week. Mr. Jack North has written a special long, complete tale of the South African cricketers for this issue under the title of "A SENSIBLE TEST."

"Teddy Lester's Chums."

AND now a word about our new school story, "The Fighting Fifth," by Mr. Maxwell Scott, has now practically run its course; but, like all good things, it must come to an end some time or other. I think, however, that the new Slapton School story by Mr. John Finmore, which will positively start in a fortnight's time, will prove itself to be a worthy successor of the present school tale now running in our pages.

OUR LEAGUE CORNER.

AS soon as your fixtures are complete they should be sent to the Secretary of the Boys' Realm Club, club letter insert. You shall be glad to see that the boys who have applied for admission to our league, or who are waiting to form a new one, will send a copy of their fixture lists at the earliest possible moment.

Are you in Trouble, My Lad?

AMONG the many thousands of lads who read THE BOYS' REALM there are certain to be some who would give anything for friendly counsel and advice. Perhaps in some rash moment they have committed some act, and now they are ashamed, and would like to remedy the wrong if they only had some friend to whom they could appeal for advice.

I am prompted to make this appeal to my friends who read this paper by the letter of a deeply-grieved reader who has been turned aside from a path of wrong-doing by a few friendly hints I was able to give him. The letter referred to runs as follows:

"Dear Editor, I send you this letter with great pleasure, and I also want to let you know that I am still following your advice; but I am proud to say that I am a different lad today than I was two years ago."

"I have only one to thank for this, and that is you, and if I can't repay you for your services, then I hope that God will, for you do not know what a change you have made in me. At that particular time when you gave me your advice my wrong-doing seemed my parting with two of the best friends I have, and they are my home and the girl I love; but, thanks to you, this has been averted."

"I think I will close my letter now, hoping you will reply, and also wishing you the very best of luck."

"May God's guiding hand ever be with you. Yours truly, 'R. Y.'"

To Settle an Argument.

R. E. F. are the initials of one of my London chums who writes to ask me to settle an argument he has had with his brother as to in which paper 'Nelson Lee's Pupil,' our new 'Boys' Friend' Three penny Library, first appeared.

OUR CRICKET LEAGUE.

Table with columns for Club, P, W, L, D, F, A, P. Lists performance statistics for various clubs like Rebecca Street, Priory, etc.

SENIOR DIVISION.

Table with columns for Club, P, W, L, D, F, A, P. Lists performance statistics for senior division clubs like Camden, Northgate, etc.

PRIZES OF THE BOYS' REALM CRICKET LEAGUE.

- List of prizes awarded to various clubs: ST. CLARE CLUB CRICKET LEAGUE, NORTH LIVERPOOL CLUB, etc.

Well, then, to put an end—a pleasant one, I hope—to this brotherly difference of opinion, I may tell E. F. that the splendid story he refers to appeared originally in the first volume of 'The Boys' Herald.' By the way, a new tale of the exploits of the famous detective Nelson Lee, entitled 'The Iron Hand,' is just commencing in 'The Boys' Herald, and so far is proving a great success. Another item of news to admirers of detective stories is that 'The Great Unknown' is now

NOW ON SALE—

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"The Boys' Friend" 3rd Library.

- List of new additions: "PETE'S SCHOOLDAYS," "A Splendid New and Original Tale of School Life," "THE GREAT UNKNOWN," etc.

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included amongst the volumes of our Three-penny Library. Really, it seems as if there is going to be quite a boom in Nelson Lee stories.

Training for Running.

WOULD you kindly tell me the best diet, and what hours to take some in training for running. I am a member of my Brigade of Allan chums who signs himself 'Sprint.' I have much pleasure in complying with your request, for I feel sure that it will be interesting reading also to many others of my athletic readers.

As regards diet. Breakfast, should be taken about an hour after rising, should consist of stale bread with only a little butter. Watermelon may be eaten, but jam, or preserves must be avoided. Well-cooked oatmeal porridge should be taken on alternate mornings with bacon—not too fat—and eggs. For beverages, coffee, or weak tea, are best. Cocoa, which is rather fattening, should be left alone.

IRON BRIDGE CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

- List of clubs and secretaries: THROSBY EXERCISERS, KETLEY HANS, EBBW VALE AND DISTRICT LEAGUE, etc.

SENIOR DIVISION.

IRON-FORTH VICTORIA C.C.—Secretary, P. Hartley, Broadgate Lane, Rochdale, Lancashire.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

- List of clubs and secretaries: ST. BAENABAR C.C., EBBW VALE AND DISTRICT JUNIOR CRICKET LEAGUE, etc.

Boef, lamb, and mutton may be eaten for dinner, together with small portions of well-cooked vegetables. If the athlete has a tendency to stoutness, it would be better if he had no potatoes, but ate stale bread in their place. Fish, such as cod, sole, and whiting, cooked without flavouring sauces, are good; but except for a little stewed fruit, sweet puddings and pies should be rigorously avoided. So long as dinner is taken from about midday to about two o'clock, time does not matter so much.

Tea, consisting of a small chop, with bread or dry toast, or good wholemeal bread-and-butter if chops cannot be afforded, should have been taken about an hour before the athlete commences his work.

You will see that I am supposing that 'Sprint' and my athletic friends are engaged during the week-end, and that their evenings in practising running and other vigorous pursuits. My Badge of Allan chum asks me whether he should take his weight down as far as possible, or whether merely to a certain weight. Personally, I do not believe in holding to hard and fast rules. The chief thing, in my mind, is to rid oneself of superfluous fat, and to get the muscles and body generally into as fit a condition as possible without going to the limit about getting the weight down to any specific figure, but to be content with the gradual diminution that is brought about by constant exercise and adherence to training rules.

If 'Sprint' would like further information upon any particular point in training, I shall be pleased to do my best to satisfy him.

To Shorthand Writers.

I AM sure that it will interest all my chums who write shorthand to know that the Editor of 'Good Words' is anxious to send to the senders of the twelve best, short, transcribed extracts from a sermon preached by any living minister of the Gospel at Sunday or weekday services.

Now, there are many ways in which a shorthand writer can keep himself in practice; but I think that this offer of 'Good Words' is quite the best opportunity I have seen for young stenographers to gain practice, and to add to their weekly income at the same time.

The rules which govern the offer of the Editor of 'Good Words' are simple enough. Extracts should not exceed 200 words. You must write clearly, and give the name of the preacher and the place where you heard the sermon, and the name of the Office, 2, Carmelite House, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

DAILY MAIL

Table with columns for Club, P, W, L, D, P. Lists performance statistics for HANLEY AND DISTRICT CRICKET LEAGUE, May Bank, Clough Hall, etc.

PORTFOLIO NO. 2.

The following readers have been awarded five shillings apiece in accordance with the conditions laid down in the following clubs: A. Harrison, 25, Wheatstone Road, North Kensington; Ernest Condon, 10, Beech Terrace, Brynfield, Randon; Edward Evans, 55, Venow Terrace, Barry; Edward Leeming, 124, Chofley Road, Adlington, Lancashire; William Barrett, 22, Jubilee Street, London, Bedfordshire; A. Madden, 27, Patterson Road, Hyson Green, Nottingham.

- List of names of readers awarded prizes: G. Gregory Bangers, 7. Laton Alliance, 9. Anderson Lovem, 10. Cathedral Juniors, 11. Ruabon Rangers, 12. Victoria Swifts.

The Loamshire Captain Puts His Foot Down.

"Go!"

In the deadly silence that had fallen upon the cricket-field, and the enclosure, Arthur Lovell's voice rang out sharp and clear. His head was raised to point to the pavilion, his flashing eyes were fixed upon Geoffrey Legden's face.

"Go! I order you off the field!"

Legden had turned deadly pale. For once in his life he was not a little alarmed, and he did not know what to do. He had roused the sleeping lion at last; he had provoked his captain, and all the provocation had been too great for Arthur Lovell's patience.

He had gone on his way recklessly, caring little what was the result of his action, only slightly gratified to know that he was giving serious trouble to the new captain of Loamshire. But he had never expected this! To be ordered off the field, in the sight of his friends in the pavilion, in the full view of thousands of spectators!

He had gone too far, and the worm had turned. Legden stood with a vengeance! Legden was pale as death, and his eyes dropped before Arthur's flashing glance.

"You are a young man," he muttered hoarsely. "You—you order me off the field?"

"Yes; go!"

"You must be mad! I will not go!"

Arthur's lips set in a tight line. His blood was up now, and he was fully determined and as hard as a rock. Whatever came of it, he resolved to uphold the authority of the captain of Loamshire, and that could not be done while Geoffrey Legden remained on the field.

Legden saw the light in his friend's side, was determined to thwart him, and Legden must go, if Loamshire were to have any chance against the men of Kent.

"You will go," said Arthur. "What you have already done is sufficient to make a cricket scandal, and bring discredit upon Loamshire for the game itself. You had better not add to it."

Legden cast an almost haggard glance round. If he hoped for support in the team he was disappointed. Whatever might be the feelings of the majority of the Loamshire players towards Arthur Lovell, they had no idea of revolting from the captain of the team.

If the greater part of the team had walked off the field in a mass with Geoffrey Legden, he would have gained a sort of triumph. But that would not have been the case with the men of Kent. And, although more than one player on the Loamshire side would have gone far to defend Arthur Lovell, he would not have been able to do so. They had any thought of betraying his county for the purpose of effecting it.

Legden's eyes came back to Lovell's face. The momentary and lowly unpleasant scene must end now. It was useless to defy his captain. A cricket captain is an autocrat on the field. If Legden refused to go, he would be removed. Nothing was to be gained by a display of hotbloodism.

"You are an appeal to me? Could he bring down his spirit to appeal to the man he had defied and vilified and provoked from sheer wantonness. Yes, he could; for anything was better than being ordered off the field in disgrace."

"Lovell," he muttered huskily, "consider a moment."

"I have considered! You must go! There is no other way!" said Arthur quietly. "You are keeping the game waiting! Get off the field!"

"Listen!"

"I will listen to nothing!"

Geoffrey Legden crossed his teeth in helpless rage. There was no help for it. It was useless to remonstrate; worse than useless to defy. He turned away. He had to pick up the field under the gaze of thousands of curious eyes, with a score of field-glasses turned full upon him.

His pale face flushed as he went. Never had the walk to the pavilion seemed such a long one. And, as it drew near, he saw that every eye was fixed upon him, and that a murmur of curiosity, and the flush in his face deepened as he went.

Red with shame and rage, burning with helpless fury, Legden went on without a word, or a glance on either side of him. But he was not to escape unquestioned. He had to pass the bench where Colonel Hilton was beside his daughter.

The colonel stopped him. The old cricketeer's face was dark and stern.

"What has happened to you, Legden?"

Geoffrey Legden looked at him with a bitter expression. The colour was fading out of his cheeks again.

"What had happened?" he repeated. "Nothing but what we might have anticipated when that outsider was made captain of Loamshire."

"Yes, I know it, and I hope you are satisfied with the result!"

"So you are satisfied?"

"You saw it. I have been ordered off the field."

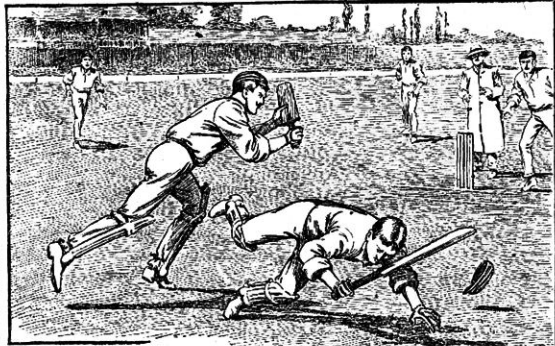
"For what reason?"

"Because my play was not up to the ideas of Arthur Lovell, I suppose. Because he muffed a catch and wishes to throw the blame on me."

KING CRICKET.

A Fascinating New Story of County Cricket.

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



The batsman were running hard, but Legden's foot slipped as they crossed, and he reeled on the turf—reelied against Lovell and sent him staggering.

"Nonsense!"

Legden snapped his teeth.

"Very well, with my explanation is nonsense, you cannot wish to hear it," he said, and would have passed on into the interior of the pavilion.

The colonel stopped him.

"I said it was nonsense to attribute such motives to Arthur Lovell," he said quietly, and I say so again. There has been friction, I know, but Lovell is incapable of treachery."

"Oh, of course, I am to blame!" said Legden bitterly. "But I know how it would be when a professional was made captain of Loamshire. He has tried to make it a professional's game, and has been down on the amateurs all along."

"Legden trembled with rage."

"Very well; then I have no more to say."

And he strode into the pavilion. The colonel's face was dark and worried.

"This is a most unfortunate occurrence," he said to Molly Hilton. "There will be an inquiry, of course, and no end of trouble. I suppose it is a case of insubordination. I begin to think that Lovell was right in desiring to avoid the captaincy, after all."

"I am sure Mr. Lovell has not acted from the motives Mr. Legden attributes to him," said Molly decisively.

"Yes, I am sure of that, Molly; but there was no love lost between them, and Lovell will have lost his temper for a trifle which any other captain would have passed over."

Molly said no more, but her expression showed pretty plainly that she did not believe that any blame was due to Arthur. But the colonel was troubled in his mind. He had overruled the objection of the young Loamshire professional, and caused him to accept the position of county captain against what the colonel now realized was his better judgment.

It was useless to regret things past; it was done, and could not be helped now, but how was the match to fare?

Loamshire were playing the champions of England, and with such deep dissension in

their ranks, how were they to fare at the hands of the men of Kent? That was a troublesome question.

The colonel turned his worried gaze to the field again. The game had been resumed the moment Legden left the field. The Kent players, amazed as they were by the incident, of course regarded it as no business of theirs, and they had made a polite but incredible pretence of having noticed nothing out of the common. Loamshire fielded a man short as Marsham and Seymour continued to bat; but the end of the Kent innings was at hand.

Arthur Lovell gave the finishing stroke.

The new Loamshire captain, although, of course, disturbed by what had happened, and by the knowledge that further unpleasantness must necessarily follow off the field, was giving his full attention to the game.

He was watching for a chance of a catch off Kit Valance's bowling, and the chance came when Seymour was at 60.

The Kentish batsman cut away the ball in a way that would have baffled most fieldmen, but Arthur Lovell was equal to the occasion.

"There was a click as the round ball settled into his palm."

"Do about range over the field."

"Caught!"

"Well caught, sir!"

The tenth wicket was down for Kent. The Kentish captain, of course, was not out for 60. Seymour had been caught out at 60, and the total for the champion county was 190.

THE CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THIS FINE STORY.

ARTHUR LOVELL, Loamshire's champion bat. He becomes a professional. His motto is ruled by James Legden.

KIT VALANCE, Loamshire's best bowler. He first comes to notice in the Colts' match, where he bowls Arthur Lovell's wicket, later he becomes Arthur's firm enemy.

LEN VALANCE, Kit's twin brother.

GEORGEY LEGDEN, an amateur, and a good bat. He is bitterly jealous of Arthur Lovell, whom he hates and endeavours to injure. He is Arthur's rival for the hand of Dorothy Hilton.

JAMES LEGDEN, Arthur's uncle, and the steady friend of Arthur and Kit. He is Molly Hilton's cousin.

POUNSEY, Geoffrey Legden's friend, and a man of high character and noble nature.

The first instalment tells how Arthur Lovell distinguishes himself in the Colts' match, in spite of the efforts which Geoffrey Legden puts forth to keep him from doing so. It also tells how a sudden change of fortune necessitates his forsaking his status as an amateur and turning professional.

Kit Valance, Arthur's bosom enemy, has a twin brother named Len, who is not a credit to his family. Legden drives a wedge between the two in a subtle manner as to make it impossible for him to play in the next match against Yorkshire.

Len makes a bad blunder, and strikes down Pouncey, the captain of the Loamshire team, with a foul blow in the Kent and Arthur Lovell's first. Being unable to play in the coming match with Yorkshire, and Pouncey is appointed to take his place as captain. Pouncey is a success, and has to resign his captainship. Arthur Lovell is offered the post, but refuses it because he is unable to play.

Loamshire play the South Africans, and the latter get decidedly the better of the game, defeating them by a large margin. Being unable to play, Arthur Lovell stands through the agency of Len Valance. During the next match with Hampshire, Harding, the Loamshire captain, falls and badly sprains his leg, making it impossible for him to play for some time.

The match is abandoned owing to rain. The following day Colonel Hilton again offers the captaincy of Loamshire to Arthur Lovell, but he declines to accept. On hearing of his acceptance, Legden informs Arthur that his orders will not be obeyed.

The next instalment tells how the amateurs are proved to have been correct. Legden deliberately plays badly, and after "muffing" an easy catch, he private Arthur from dismissing a dangerous Kent batsman by getting in his way. The new Loamshire captain's promise is overruled, and he sternly orders Geoffrey Legden to leave the field. A sudden shower falls over the crowd of spectators, who watch in much curiosity.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

Great South African Test-Match Number Next Week!

Legden had too powerful a backing in Loamshire county cricket for his ignominious dismissal from the field of play to pass unchallenged.

"That a storm would burst, Arthur knew, and he was quite ready for it."

Not a word more, simply because the position he had taken up.

He had not sought the position of county captain, and he had accepted it in obedience to the wishes of his county manager.

But it was useless for him to hold the position unless his orders were obeyed.

Arthur Lovell had always given unquestioning obedience to his leader on the cricket-field, and now that he was a captain himself, he expected the same from his subordinates.

Without it, it was certain that a game could never be won.

He had tried patience, and it had failed. Legden had become so angry, simply because he did not put his foot down, and his patience was constrained into weakness.

From insubordination and covert opposition Legden had passed to direct treachery to his side, and Arthur would not have been worth his salt if he had allowed him to remain upon the field after that.

"And he was determined that, come what might, Legden should not play again in the Kent match."

Either he was captain of the team, or he was not; he would have no half measures, and if he was captain there was no room in the side for the man who had just muffed the catch.

"That was his determination, from which he did not mean to move."

He knew that the outbreak was coming, but he had had become so angry, simply because he did not see there before; a look of grim resolve which was not to be mistaken.

"This is a very painful matter, Lovell," said Hilton.

"You are referring to the case of Legden, sir?"

"Yes."

"I was sorry to have to order him off the field."

"Was there no alternative?"

"Should have taken it if there had been, sir."

"Yes—yes, of course," said the colonel hastily, "but you will have to come before the committee, and you will be asked for an explanation."

"I am prepared to give it."

"You are referring to the old feeling of enmity between Legden and you that has led to this decidedly unpleasant occurrence."

"You are alluding to the fact that the fault was on Legden's side, not mine. He showed me nothing but insolence and opposition from the start of the Kent innings, but so long as my personal feelings only were concerned, I took no notice."

"But—"

"When he proceeded to act treacherously, and play into the hands of our opponents, it was time to put my foot down."

Colonel Hilton looked agnost.

"Do you accuse him of doing that, Lovell?"

"Yes."

"It is incredible."

"He has done several times, and in the last instance he deliberately prevented me from making a catch."

"My dear Lovell, I have no doubt that it is quite true to you, and that you have very great reason to resent Legden's manner towards you, but that he was deliberately guilty of treachery I cannot imagine. Mind, I am not doubting your word, but I think you judge Legden too harshly."

"I did not come to a conclusion hastily, or without consulting Arthur, still, I know I can trust my own judgment, and I know what happened under my own eyes."

"You are referring to the old prejudice against Legden, coloured your judgment."

"I am prepared for that view to be taken by the committee, and I am ready to hand in my resignation as captain of Loamshire—yes, and as member of the team, if necessary."

"Don't do anything of the kind, my dear Lovell. You are not the man to desert your post. I think, when your services are so greatly needed."

Arthur was silent.

"You are mistaken," said the colonel. "I did not think there was so strong a feeling upon the subject of Legden's conduct, but you are quite right, perhaps you were right. But it is the subject which it is laid policy to swap horses while crossing the stream."

"I am willing to do so. I did not resign unless I am asked to do so. I did not seek the position of captain, and you must explain to me on my part would look as if I considered myself not wholly without blame. I cannot admit that. If I have erred, it is in my resignation of the position, and enduring too many insults at the hands of Legden."

"But—"

"I shall not resign of my own accord. But if I am asked to, as I suppose will be the case now, I shall do so cheerfully, and without bearing malice. I hope you understand me, sir."

KING CRICKET.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"I do understand you, Lovell. I know the difference of your position and I am only sorry that it has not worked better. I still believe that you are the ideal captain for Loamshire."

Arthur smiled faintly. "I will not persuade the team to believe that."

"I am sorry that it is so. But to speak of the people of your position as I am only sorry, one of our best men. A continuation of this dispute will place us at Kent's mercy."

"I do not think so. It is wiser to play a man short than to play a traitor in the ranks."

The colonel drew a deep breath. "I have said that I believe that you judge Loam too harshly."

"I am sorry that I cannot agree with you. The old county cricketer seemed to bristle up a little."

It was an entirely new tone for Arthur Lovell, the professional, to take with Colonel Hilton, the big gun of Loamshire county cricket.

"It was evident that the young professional's back was up at last in deadly earnest. 'Am I to understand from your words, Lovell, that you do not intend to play Lagden again in this match?'"

"Yes."

"As an answer was crisp and to the point. 'But reflect—'"

"I have crossed his name off the going-in card. I have reflected. The present captain of Loamshire, Laidlaw, says out of it."

"It is impossible to make a change in the captaincy at this time of day." The colonel looked at his opponent and said, "Reflect, Lovell. We want Lagden to bat. What chance have we against Kent if we play a bat short?"

Under these circumstances, it will be a substitute; even if we were to wash our dirty linen out of doors, which we do not, I suppose."

"I was not thinking of asking for a substitute."

"Then you are thinking of playing a team of five men against the champions of England?"

"I have no other course to take."

"As well, I see. You are on a personal favour to reconsider this. Even if Lagden has been guilty of what you accuse him of, still there is no chance of his repeating the offence."

"Any man who is ever disaffected, would in the nature of things try to keep his wicket up as long as possible."

"I have said up to my eyes, sir."

The old soldier knitted his brows. He was getting angrier himself, and anger from Colonel Hilton meant a bad time for Loamshire. The Loamshire team which incurred it. But Arthur Lovell was not daunted.

"And as he looked at the pale, set face of the young professional, Colonel Hilton realised that it was useless to dictate to him."

"He had dictated to Ponsoby, when the latter captained Loamshire for a brief season, but that was long ago."

Lovell was made of manlier stuff. Ponsoby had hoped to cling to the captaincy in spite of his different views, but he had not done so because of the wishes of the colonel."

"That was not the case with Lovell. He was quite willing to give up the captaincy, but he was not to be refused, but he was determined to resign on the spot if he were dictated to, even the greatest man in Loamshire county cricket circles could do nothing."

Arthur Lovell had infinitely more to lose by a break with the colonel than Ponsoby had, but he was willing to risk it. He was not a coward. The colonel realised it, and, though it cost him an effort, he refrained from speaking the words that led to his lips."

There was a short silence. Lovell waited for the colonel to speak, and the colonel waited for Lovell to move to turn away, as if there was nothing more to be said."

Colonel Hilton made a hasty gesture to detain him. "Wait a minute, Lovell. I am not finished yet. You are in no hurry. The groundmen will not be done for nothing and I will not be done."

repeal to the demands he has made, mostly impossible ones. But the fact remains that unless he is conciliated in some way he will withdraw from Loamshire county cricket. He has said so in as many words."

Arthur's lip curled a little. "It was the old, old story, as old as county cricket itself, of efficiency and the game itself being sacrificed to propitiate the backers of a team."

"We are passing through a critical phase in our county cricket history in Loamshire now, as you know as well as I do," went on the colonel. "I am a season and a half ahead, and a heavy financial loss in consequence. This season we have started so well—thanks largely to you and to Kit Valance—that we have every hope of pulling out ahead of our rivals, especially if we win the championship. But the present state of affairs is critical, as I said, and we cannot afford to quarrel with a powerful backer like James Lagden—even if it were decent to do so. You know that he contributed five thousand pounds to the county ground at Loamshire when it was enlarged."

"I suppose he did not buy up Loamshire county cricket with that five thousand," said Arthur lightly.

"The colonel knitted his brows. "It would be distinctly ungrateful of us to forget that obligation," he replied. "We are bound to acknowledge it, and to consider his wishes when we can. Besides that, he is a member of the committee, and influential in the county. You can see my position, especially in practice, it is often necessary to make concessions, even concessions which other parties would not make. And so I ask you, Lovell, to give Lagden another chance."

Arthur was silent.

"Refuse, and you cause me to be placed in a most difficult position, and strike a blow at the prosperity of Loamshire cricket," said the colonel. "I leave it to your good feeling, Lovell."

"There was a struggle in Arthur's mind. Colonel Hilton had always been a good friend to him, and he was not to be ungrateful to him. He had most needed one. It was extremely difficult to refuse as a favour what he would himself like to receive, especially if it were in practice, it is often necessary to make concessions, even concessions which other parties would not make. And so I ask you, Lovell, to give Lagden another chance."

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"Lovell crossed your name out after that little bronze over the fielding."

"He's had to climb down, you see."

"Yes, I see. But I hardly expected it of him. He's not the kind of chap to climb down on his own, not his back up, is he?"

"Well, he's done it."

"I suppose the colonel had to do it with him."

"Something of the sort," Lagden sneered. "He had to do it to save his own skin, you see; but it wouldn't work. He's had to climb down. I'm going in eighth."

"He didn't venture to, you see. He would have been glad to make me last man in, so that that ace, (Hitchcock) could run me out for two or three."

Ponsoby laughed. "Well, I'm glad it's blown over. It would have been a bitter pill to be kept out of the rest of the match."

"Yes," said Lagden, snapping his teeth. "That was what he intended at first, and I shall not forget it."

"I'm in fifth," remarked Ponsoby, "and Lovell himself is fourth. You won't bat to-day, Lagden."

"I don't know. Fielder seems to be out on the warpath to-day," Lagden said, as there was a crash of hard leather on wood, and Simpson took a wicket in the second over.

Ponsoby gave an expressive whistle. "Two down for 1! This looks lively."

Two more runs were scored in the first over. Simpson gave Lovell a run in the second over, carried his bat away from the wicket for a single run, looking very crestfallen.

"Bad luck," said Lagden, as he came in. "It was hard chased."

"Yes, rather," said Simpson. "Fielder seems to be coming to bat. But Lovell will give him some work to do."

The young fellow spoke with great enthusiasm; he was evidently an admirer of the captain, Skipper, and Lagden turned away in disgust.

Arthur Lovell left the pavilion with his bat under his arm, and went down to the wicket to face Simpson.

With two wickets down for a single run, Loamshire could not be said to have started badly, but it was not long before Simpson, at the wicket that was likely to be changed.

Fielder was still bowling, and he put in his best against Arthur Lovell.

He ran in in vain.

Lovell stopped a couple of balls, and swiped the last of the over fairly across the boundary.

Fielder, the captain of the Loamshire captain was in fine form, and that the Kent bowlers would have all their work cut out to dismiss him.

The field crossed over, and Tunstall received the bowling from Fairiservice.

The latter seemed to be in as good form as Fielder.

He did not capture Tunstall's wicket, but the over proved a maiden, and all the ground saw how hard put to it the Loamshire man was to be dismissed.

Now Fielder bowled to Lovell again. The balls came like lightning, and like lightning they were struck.

Lovell was settling down already to brilliant cricket, as steady as it was brilliant.

He was in the best of his form, and he showed his quality, and the scorers for Loamshire were at last given some work to do.

Now the batsmen had changed ends, and Tunstall faced the bowler.

He faced him for the last ball of that over—and no more! For Fielder sent it down with a bang, and he had hidden mystery to Tunstall, and the batsman never knew where it was till his balls crashed down.

"How's that?" grinned Fielder.

"Ow!"

laid his wicket in ruins, when he had in the significant total of 10 runs to his credit.

At the same time, Lovell's score had gone grandly up. He had scored a total of 80 runs for Loamshire, he had bagged 69.

The crowd had their eyes fastened upon Arthur Lovell.

"They realised that here was a batsman of no common order, and that they had an opportunity of seeing a display such as seldom fell to their lot."

Fortescue came in to replace Ponsoby. He gave Lovell a cheery nod across the pitch.

With every look-out of the match, Fortescue was the only amateur in the Loamshire team who heartily backed up the new captain.

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FOUL PLAY.

FIELDER bowled the first over for Kent, and when the Loamshire batsmen saw him take the ball they looked to the ground. He was right. Fielder, who had once taken all ten wickets in a single innings on the historic ground at Lord's, was a good bowler. And he looked as if he meant business now."

There was still an hour and a half to play, and the weather was good, and the spectators were well to do. It was the commencement of the Loamshire innings."

Like loyal Kentish men, they expected the visitors to play a pretty fast ball, but the bowling of Fielder, Fairiservice, and Woolley. And at the start they were not disappointed.

They played a cautious game, but he was not quite up to the lightning balls from Fielder, and the first over saw him dismissed from the stumps with a duck's egg to his credit."

And there was many a smile and sneer in the pavilion. Arthur Lovell had sent a professional in first, and he had come out again with a duck's egg to his credit, and it cannot be said that any of the Loamshire amateurs were sorry for his want of success."

"That's one for Lovell," Simpson remarked to Lagden. "I don't think the wicket's a duck's egg for one of the pros! Can't say I'm sorry."

"Whether am I. I should be glad to see Lovell get the name."

Ponsoby grinned. "Better not let them hear you say so. There's Tunstall in the dock, and we've now long to stand against Fairiservice? By the way, you are going to bat, after all."

Of course I am."

With Pick and Lamp.

A Magnificent Tale of Colliery Life. By DAVID GOODWIN.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

Roddy Owen and Tom Hughes, two Welsh colliery lads, are the heirs of a certain Matthew Matthews, who was the rightful owner of the Aberford and Coed Coek...

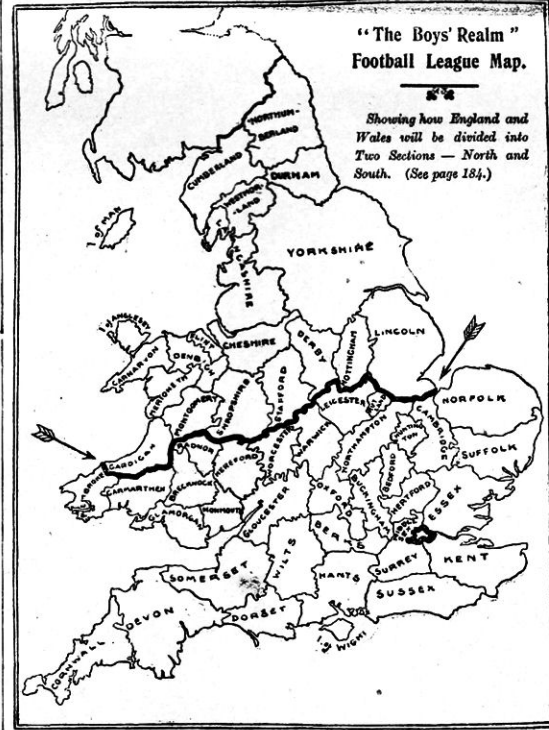
The lawyer almost forgot about the shaft in his indignation. "You atrocious little scoundrel!" he snarled. "Do you know this is highway robbery!"

"What d'you think of the seam?" said Tom, while Roddy wiped away tears of misery. "Fine, rich one, ain't it?"

Now Tom Deals with the Mortgage Book. MR. ADAMS with the lawyer's countenance grew red as beetroot, and after staring helplessly at his feet...

He began to think the lawyer down into the shaft. Mr. Adams gave a startled whoop, and gripped the sides of the basket convulsively.

"Where are you going?" cried the lawyer. "To dinner, first of all. But we shall be back in a few hours possibly."



beforehand, if it's all the same to you!" said Tom, stroking his hair. "Don't you trust me?" bawled the lawyer, with great indignation.

"You will pay for this!" he said thickly. "Do you think you have beaten us?" "Make any speech, but skeddadle. I shouldn't come to the moors any more if I were you."

"You just missed something, old cock," said Tom; "you ought to have been here." "I wonder if we've settled the thing, then," he remarked to Roddy thoughtfully.

Tom poot-pooted the idea, and Dafydd took no interest in law of any kind. Roddy, feeling sure that he had got the best of the matter, which were all that remained of the mortgage, and put them in his pocket.

"What d'you have for you two youngsters been up to now?" he said. "You wouldn't come here unless you'd been dealing with the powers of darkness."

"I've Kenyon Price who's at the bottom of it," he swore, but Tom said "Very possibly. He seems to have raked up some old mortgage that's lain dormant for years."

The Fifth



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

BY POPULAR
MAXWELL SCOTT.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

OTTO LAL RATE CHAMDA DIES, an Indian prince, and a new boy at St. Ninian's School, who is placed in the Fifth Form. He is in possession of a certain gold locket, around which centres a mystery.

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

ROBERT HAMILTON Nippon Nelson Lee's wards.

DICK STARLING

GARDNER, PROCTOR, RUSSELL, ARKLE, pupils at St. Ninian's school.

Otto Heinrich, the mysterious German, becomes acquainted with Fraulein Hoffmann, a mistress at a girls' school in the village. Being of the same nationality she aids with him. Heinrich disguises himself as an old man, and stays with Fraulein Hoffmann as her uncle. He decides to take her into his confidence, and relates to her the mystery surrounding the gold locket which is in Lal's possession. Fraulein Hoffmann, however, does not believe in Otto Heinrich's story, and she tries to get him to measure to meet her brother, but she is unable to do so. Otto Heinrich, however, is determined to be captive in a German prison on a charge of treaty with his country. He also has a secret of the gold locket, which contains a minute plan of a German treaty which he intends selling to the British Government.

He breaks into St. Ninian's the same night, and endeavours to steal the locket, but is prevented in the nick of time by the appearance of Nipper and Dick. Dr. Shuttleworth now places the locket in the safe, which has the lock of Otto Heinrich's key, which is only known to himself and his two assistants.

Mr. Wimple tells Fraulein Hoffmann manages to get hold of the key-word which opens the safe, and immediately sends the information to her brother.

Mr. Boswell, the Christian chemist, and a great friend of the boys from St. Ninian's, decides to give a list to all the people who are taking part in the recent County Council election. The list is to be held in the Mechanic's Institute, and he orders it to be ready for the guests to arrive four boys from the Grammar School take possession of the place, and create havoc with the tea. However, Nipper and Dick get the upper hand of them, and compel them to quietly retreat by way of the back door.

(Now read this week's installment.)

Pins and Counterparts. Dick returned to the street, where Mr. Boswell, Sergeant Quiggin, and Peter Wragg were holding a council of war.

"Climb up to the window again!" the constable was saying. "Not me! They've only gone away from the windows to lure me on! When I was 'arf-way up the ladder, you'd see wot wedd 'appen!"

"Is it absolutely certain that the door is barricaded?" asked Nipper, addressing Mr. Dostler.

"They say so," replied the chemist.

"How would it be to go upstairs and make sure?" suggested Nipper.

"Oh, it's barricaded right enough!" said Withshaw, who was standing hard by.

"But there's no harm in making sure," said Nipper. "Let's go up and see."

"It's not a bad idea!" said the constable.

"Anyhow, they can't say anything at us through the door, an' mebbe I could carry 'em into submission. It's wot's trying, anyhow. Come on!"

Followed by Nipper and Dick, Mr. Boswell and Sergeant Quiggin, and half a dozen others, the constable led the way into the building and up the stairs.

"Fit the name of the lor, I commands yer to hopen this door!" he thundered, seizing the handle, and giving it a vigorous twist to emphasize his demand.

Then a look of stupefied amazement crossed his face, for, as he turned the handle, the door swung open an inch or two.

"Why, it ain't been locked!" he gasped.

Whipping out his truncheon, he flung the door wide open and strode majestically into the room.

"Hin the name of the lor—" he began; then his voice failed him, and he gazed round the deserted room in speechless bewilderment.

"Ave they gone, or harn I dreamin'?" he murmured.

"They've gone, sure enough!" said Nipper, winking at Dick; and then, as he gazed at the wreckage around them, he added in a stage whisper: "Complimentary tea! It'll be all compliments and tea, an' no thinkin'!"

But he was wrong. It is true there had been tea, but it is equally true that in Mr. Bos-

well's subsequent remarks there were no compliments!

It has already been described how Mr. Trigg saw Mr. Wimple told "Uncle Fritz," alias Otto Heinrich, that they had seen Fraulein Hoffmann walking arm in arm with her "lover."

It has also been related how Otto Heinrich, suspecting that the "lover" might be Fraulein Hoffmann's brother Karl, hurried off to Hampton Heath, and witnessed the meeting between Karl Hoffmann and his sister in the ravine.

It must now be added that when they parted, Heinrich absolved Karl and discovered that he was lodging at one of the farmhouses at Hampton Waingrave.

Now, Heinrich had known for some days that Karl had escaped from his German prison, though it is hardly necessary to add that he had not communicated this news to Fraulein Hoffmann.

Knowing that Karl had escaped, he was not at all surprised to find that he had come to England; for he realized that it was only natural that Karl should seek out his only living relative. Neither was he surprised that Fraulein Hoffmann had not told him that Karl was in England, and that she had met him.

He had no doubt that Fraulein Hoffmann had told her brother that he, Heinrich, was staying at the lodge, and he had equally no doubt that she had told him that he, Heinrich, was trying to secure the locket which was now in the safe at St. Ninian's. And Heinrich, of course, was well aware that Karl Hoffmann knew, as well as he did, that the locket contained a photograph of the secret treaty between Germany and Russia.

But had Karl also come to the neighbourhood of Clevedon with the intention of trying to get the locket? Had his sister examined to help him to secure it? Was she playing him, Otto Heinrich, false? Was she pretending to help Heinrich, and in reality helping Karl?

Such were a few of the questions which Otto Heinrich asked himself.

And he had little doubt in his own mind that the answer to all of them was in the affirmative.

At that rate, he decided to keep a strict watch on Fraulein Hoffmann's movements, and especially on her correspondence.

His watching, however, yielded no result until the Wednesday after her meeting with Karl. On that day, as he was strolling in the garden, he accidentally discovered that the key-word of the safe was "Dust." And when she returned to her cottage, as previously mentioned, she was asked to bring a note to Karl, telling him what she had discovered.

Heinrich was in the room when she wrote this note, and after she had blotted it, he sealed it up in an envelope, and addressed it to her brother, and he went down to the village to post it.

Heinrich took possession of the sheet of blotting-paper, and he examined it by the familiar method of holding it in front of a mirror.

The first part of the note, owing to the fact that the ink had dried before he had blotted it, had left no impression on

the sheet. Many of the words in the concluding portion of the note had also left no impression, so that all Otto Heinrich was able to read in German, of course—was this:

"So now you know—word—safe—lose no time—tomorrow or Friday, as the word—changed every Saturday. Unless post—promptly—chance—lost—affectionate sister,

"EMMA."

Now, it was Heinrich himself, as the reader may remember, who had instructed Fraulein Hoffmann to keep up her visits to St. Ninian's, and that part of the headmaster's wife who wrote the key-word of the safe was.

He knew she had been to St. Ninian's that afternoon, to take tea with Mrs. Shuttleworth, and when she had returned to the cottage he had asked her what success she had had.

"None whatever," she had answered. "Neither the locket nor the safe were even mentioned."

And then, after taking off her gloves, but without taking off her hat, she had scribbled this note to her brother, and taken it down to the village to post.

Heinrich was not a fool, and the moment he read the above words on the sheet of blotting-paper, he divined in an instant what had happened.

His suspicions were well-founded. Fraulein Hoffmann was playing him false. Karl was intent on securing the locket, and his sister was in league with him.

But what Heinrich discovered it that very afternoon. She had written to Karl and told him what the word was. (Unluckily for Heinrich, that part of the note had left no impression on the blotter.) She had also informed Karl that the word was changed every Saturday. As it was then Wednesday, and he would not get her note until Thursday morning, this meant that there were only two days left during which the information she had given him would be of any value.

As it was obviously impossible for Karl to break into St. Ninian's and rifle the safe in the daytime, this meant that he had only two nights in which to accomplish his purpose. In other words, unless he acted promptly and secured the locket either on Thursday night or Friday night, the golden chance would be lost and might never return.

As Heinrich stared at the words on the blotting-paper, and realized their meaning, his eyes lit up with a gleam of malignant fury at Fraulein Hoffmann's treachery to himself.

Presently, however, the angry light died out of his eyes, and a grim smile dotted across his face.

"So I've only to keep watch on St. Ninian's to-morrow night and Friday night," he muttered to himself. "I've only to wait until Herr Karl has broken into the big dining hall and opened the safe and secured the locket. And then—"

He checked softly to himself, and replaced the sheet of blotting-paper on Fraulein Hoffmann's writing-desk.

Mr. Trigg's Farewell.

A GOOD deal of fun has been poked at Mr. Trigg in the preceding pages, and it must be admitted that the mathematical master at St. Ninian's offered a fair target for the shafts of the humorists.

At the same time, one must not lose sight of the fact that Mr. Trigg was, after all, a human being, with a human heart; and there is no doubt whatever that his love for Fraulein Hoffmann was very real and very sincere.

Now, Fraulein Hoffmann, as the reader knows, had never given a serious thought to Mr. Trigg. She had merely cultivated his acquaintance with the sole object of facilitating her correspondence with regard to the whereabouts of the locket.

It is needless to say that poor deluded Mr. Trigg had no suspicion of the German girl's object. It is, however, unnecessary to add that when he witnessed that meeting between Fraulein Hoffmann and her brother in the ravine on Hampton Heath, he was utterly mistaken in thinking that Karl was her lover.

But although Mr. Trigg was wrong in his facts, he nevertheless arrived at the correct conclusion—namely, that Fraulein Hoffmann didn't care a brass button for him, and had only been pretending to be in love with him.

Oh, yes! Undoubtedly there was something very comical in the idea of a caricature like Montague Trigg flattering himself that a pretty girl like Fraulein Hoffmann was in love with him, and willing to become his wife. But there was also something very pathetic.

For Mr. Trigg, absurd and ludicrous figure as he might be, was as capable of feeling pain as you or I, dear reader. And the discovery that the girl he loved had been making a fool of him came very near to breaking his heart.

So much did he feel the blow, in fact, that he felt he could no longer remain in the same neighbourhood as the girl who had deceived him—could no longer suffer the torments of seeing her, meeting her, hearing her voice. In a word, he decided he must leave St. Ninian's, and seek employment elsewhere.

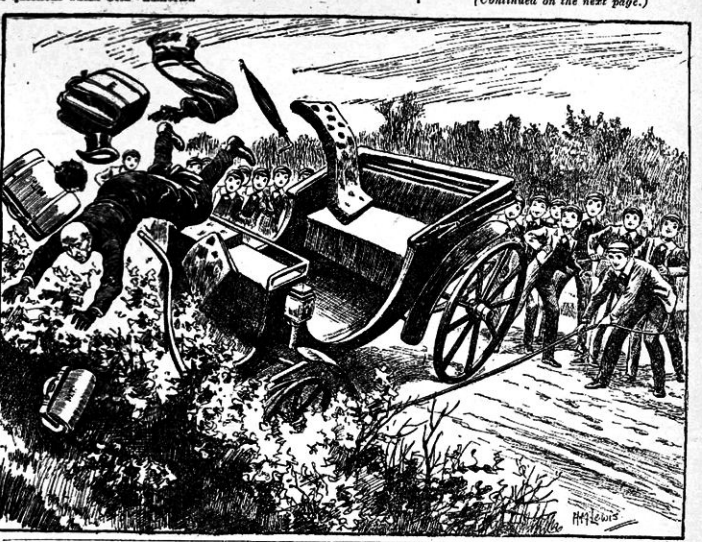
He came to this decision on the morning after that news-to-be-forgotten afternoon when he and Mr. Wimple had tried to drown themselves in the sea. And the same evening he interviewed Dr. Shuttleworth, the headmaster of St. Ninian's, and expressed his desire to be relieved of his duties at the end of the present term.

"I am aware," he said, "that it is customary to give a term's notice; but certain events have happened recently that make it advisable, for many reasons, that I should leave this neighbourhood as soon as possible. I shall take it as a very great personal favour, therefore, if you will consent to dispense with the usual notice, and permit me to leave at the end of this term."

The Head, who had heard vague rumours of the unidentified zenn on the beach on the previous afternoon, was rather glad than otherwise that Mr. Trigg had decided to leave. He readily agreed, therefore, to waive his legal rights, and allow Mr. Trigg to depart at the end of the term.

On the following Sunday, however, the sight of Fraulein Hoffmann at church roused the woe in Mr. Trigg's breast, and made him feel that he could not stay in Clevedon another day. He tried to conquer the feeling, but in vain; and on Monday morning he interviewed the Head again, and with tears in his eyes, begged to be released from his duties at once—that very day.

(Continued on the next page.)



The carriage, after slowing half round, ran full tilt into the hedge, with the result that Mr. Trigg was flung out into the ditch, with most of his baggage on top of him.

CYCLING:

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

PRELIMINARY TRAINING. THERE is no doubt that the competitive side of cycling has a great attraction to every rider. Racing will not harm anyone who is sound of body and limb...

Ride about two miles at a strong pace, without attempting to sprint at the finish. Continue this for a week, after which the distance may be increased to three miles on each occasion of turning out...

220 yards burst

at top speed, followed, after a rest, by a hard mile, closing with a fast sprint over the last 120 yards of the distance.

The young rider by this time should have shown such improvement as to enable him to turn his attention to race riding...

During the few days prior to a race the practice work must be easier and the going on the track should take the form of gentle riding exercise, to keep the muscles supple only.

In a cycle race, especially over a short distance, a great deal depends on getting a good start. The young rider should take some practice at starting prior to riding in his first race...

won me many a prize

In a sprint race. It may be therefore, of interest to describe a method of starting which has always been attended with great success.

The rule in starting for a cycle race is that no part of the front wheel must cross the line of the starting mark. There is no rule, however, which states that the front wheel of the machine may not be placed a yard or so behind the mark...

The superiority of this method may at once be seen. If the starter simply gives a push-off as the rider thrusts down his footpedal pedal, he can get nothing like the work on the machine that a vigorous pull and push will give...

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

LIFE SAVING:

Mr. WILLIAM HENRY, Secretary of the Royal Life-Saving Society, contains in the 'Imperial' a series of Swimming, Diving, and Life-Saving.

PROMOTION OF BREATHING.

WHEN a person has been lifted out of the water, the chest should be treated with care, and the first aim and effort of the rescuer should be directed to the promotion of breathing. To promote breathing, lay the patient on his back with the head slightly higher than the feet...

These movements must be performed regularly at the rate of, say, fifteen times a minute, and an exchange of air is introduced into the lungs.

Respiration by Artificial Means.

There are three well-known methods of restoring natural respiration by artificial means. Each of these methods have been practised for many years. They are the 'Howard', the 'Silvester', and the 'Marshall Hall'...

The Howard Method.

The method adopted to obtain the same results by the "Howard" method of restoring suspended respiration is as shown in Figs. 3 and 4. In this method the roll is placed nearly in the hollow of the back, and the restorer kneels astride the patient...

The Marshall Hall Method.

In the "Marshall Hall" method the patient is lifted from the water and laid on his back, and the restorer stands astride him, and takes the place of the impure air previously present out.

WILLIAM HENRY.

CRICKET:

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

MEDIUM PACE BOWLING.

BOYS should remember that to deceive the batsman they must accelerate the speed of the ball, or diminish it. When one tries to bowl a faster ball than usual one must remember that the object of the experiment is first to make the batsman play slower to the ball than he has been doing...

The bowler should bowl a medium-pace, full-pitched ball straight at the stumps. Such a ball is not so easy to hit as it appears to the batsman. The change in pace from slow to medium often causes him to hit a trifle lower than he should do...

A Novel Method of Starting.

The following are some of the most prominent fast bowlers at present before the public: Amateurs: W. Brearley, of Lancashire; N. A. Knox, of Surrey; J. Kotze, of Kent; A. H. H. Frith, of Hampshire; J. H. Hunt, of Middlesex; and A. C. Sher, of Australia.

Professionals: G. H. Hirst, of Yorkshire; A. R. B. Storer, of Derbyshire; W. S. Wood, of Surrey; T. W. St. John, of Kent; A. G. C. B. Bestwick, of Derbyshire; and G. J. Thompson, of Northampton; and A. Kermode, of Lancashire.

If you have the chance, go and watch Brearley, and notice, first of all, his deliberate run of moderate length, and learn that by carefully keeping to the same run, you will, at rest, he can bowl all day. Unlike most fast bowlers, if he can get a foothold he can bowl out long wickets. Here is the secret of a moderate right-hand bowler. He has a curious step at the beginning of his run, and the ball is passed from the left hand to the right as this step is made...

If you have the chance, go and watch Brearley, and notice, first of all, his deliberate run of moderate length, and learn that by carefully keeping to the same run, you will, at rest, he can bowl all day. Unlike most fast bowlers, if he can get a foothold he can bowl out long wickets. Here is the secret of a moderate right-hand bowler. He has a curious step at the beginning of his run, and the ball is passed from the left hand to the right as this step is made...

From the moment that he takes his run, to that of his delivery, he is worth watching. He can bowl a ball which has been in a left-hand, and can make the ball swing in the air. He likes a new ball and a slight wind blowing from the direction of third man, and he can bowl a ball which during the first half of its flight, is travelling so that if it kept straight on up in the air, it would pass outside the off-stump, but which, in the second half of its flight, swings in enough to pitch on the middle stump and pass outside the legs of a right-handed batsman. But what you must remember in order to learn if you have any ideas which you can put into practice in the same way that he is constantly inventing or discovering something new.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

THE REFEREE:

By Mr. G. L. B. COVERDALE, Hon. Sec. East Riding of Yorkshire F.A., and a member of the East Yorks Referees' Examination Committee.

TRIALS OF THE REFEREE.

THE referee of a football match generally comes in for a large amount of ill-usage, even if it is only with the tongue; and this is always especially noticeable in those poor, unfortunately individuals who take charge of junior matches. The juniors, as a rule, instead of keeping on their feet, are nervous when they are on the path, and must not be disappointed if he does nothing during the first few attempts. Special training should, in the first instance, commence as follows:

Ride about two miles at a strong pace, without attempting to sprint at the finish. Continue this for a week, after which the distance may be increased to three miles on each occasion of turning out. Five-mile journeys should be ridden during the week, and then it will be time to pay attention to sprinting. The object of the three weeks' steady work outlined above is to get thorough evenness of style and correct pedalling. The fourth week's practice should consist of several 120 yard sprints, with a rest in between each ride, winding up the practice with a mile sprint at a stiff pace all the way. Do not attempt to rest, but remain on the machine, pedalling easy.

In this, a ride of three miles at last sprint should be taken for securing the best style in the last 150 yards. This should, however, be varied by an occasional

at top speed, followed, after a rest, by a hard mile, closing with a fast sprint over the last 120 yards of the distance. The young rider by this time should have shown such improvement as to enable him to turn his attention to race riding...

The referee of a football match generally comes in for a large amount of ill-usage, even if it is only with the tongue; and this is always especially noticeable in those poor, unfortunately individuals who take charge of junior matches.

Very few players and supporters, I am afraid, consider the referee amongst the referees in the manner they ought. He has come, perhaps, a considerable distance to the match, probably without his dinner, and the rules of the game are properly carried out, and all he gets in return is a very small fee and many hard words.

Players, and especially younger ones, should remember that a referee has to pass many miles and devote a lot of time to the study of the rules of the game, and to the training of officials in a junior league match. The English Football Association last season decided to award the referee the same honorarium as the referee in a junior league match. This commission issued a circular to all the county associations, asking for information as to the manner in which the various referees' associations were managed, and as to how the examinations of referees were conducted.

The chief source from which new referees are obtained is from old players, and these, in my opinion, make the best referees. And for this reason—they have played the game, and they know the rules, and they are not dogged by which some referees and many spectators are hoodwinked. If by this I do not mean to say that all referees are good, I do mean that there are a black sheep in every fold, and it is the black sheep that gives the referee the most trouble.

An applicant for a referee should put himself into communication with the secretary of the local association, and obtain from him a copy of the Referees' Chart, issued by the Football Association. The price is only 1d., and besides giving the rules of the game, it contains some invaluable information as to the orderings, etc., of the rules. There are also in it a large number of diagrams illustrating that great stumbling block—namely, the off-side rule. This chart the candidate should study well, as many of the questions asked him at his examination will be based on the information contained therein. When the candidate thinks he has obtained a fair knowledge of the theory of the game he should notify the secretary of the County Association, who will arrange for an examination to take place, when probably two or three more names have been received. The candidate should be invited to the examination by a committee of three or four members to conduct these examinations, and these gentlemen will be chosen from the town or district where the candidates live. The first series of tests that the candidate has to undergo is what may be termed the 'eye test,' and this is a very important test, and that he does not possess any physical infirmity that would render his movements rather slow on the field of play. It is also his appearance was one that commands respect, they would then proceed with tests for speed, strength, and accuracy. If the associations have done up to the present, and that is colour blindness, a test that the recent commission recommended should be given. But further tests will be given at a later date.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)



These diagrams are explained in the Life Saving article above.

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 Bona-fide Football Leagues throughout the country. Secretaries of Leagues desirous to possess any 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.

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 particulars of the League to be addressed to the Secretary, The Boys' Realm League, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

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 Cups. The losing teams in the Finals to receive Solid Silver Medals.

Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.

Section 2. THE BOYS' REALM SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Opens to any football club in the South of England, excluding Greater London. 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.

Opens to any football club in the North of England. TWO HANDSOME SOLID SILVER CUPS (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 4. THE BOYS' REALM SCOTS LEAGUE.

Opens to any football club in Scotland. 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 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 eighteen.

NOTE-These Trophies are only to be put up for competition on condition that a certain number of copies of the Football League Rules be sent for them, each 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 respectability 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 opposing clubs, and a letter from the president of the club, to the Secretary, THE BOYS' REALM Football League, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C., as soon as possible. (c) The cups will be presented at the end of the football season to the clubs in each section in the first twenty-four hours of the season, to be considered to hold the best records of which Your Editor, the Secretary, and the Controller, shall be the judges. 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. Two more clubs finish with an equal number of points, the goal average shall decide the winners. The decision of the referees (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 certifying 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 investigation will be made by the controllers of the League into the bona-fides of the competing clubs and their fixtures. (f) All matches to be played under the Rules of the Football Association. (g) The Cups 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 agree to conform to the conditions governing the contest, and to abide by the decision of Your Editor, the Secretary, and a referee in any case of dispute.
Secretary's Name
Address

THE BOYS' 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 Sieracrag. THE STRANGER, a curious character who resides alone on an island called the Howl. He is believed to have been Jack Jaunty from a watery grave. BOB BAXTER, an old fisherman, in whose charge the Stranger set Jack Jaunty until he was old enough to be sent to the School on the Cliff. PETER PINNICK, a nurse, unsoundable fisherman, who nurses an imaginary grievance against the Stranger and against Jack Jaunty. DAN CALLIS, AARON DOWNEY, GERARD INGLIS, and NICKY HOPKINS, pupils at the School on the Cliff.

and things found on him when the boy, as a baby, was cast ashore was bunkum-bunkum-roy. "Steady, there," said Peter Pinnick; "you're saying things you can't prove." "You're failures to find those jewels," said Terrapin; "show me what you find." "Steady, I say!" returned Pinnick, holding up a warning forefinger. "I've done my duty to you, and you've got to do your duty to me!" "And what may that be?" "Pay me for what I've done." "You've been paid well for your services," said Terrapin curly, "and will get no more." "All right," replied Pinnick; "wait a moment. There was another job you gave me, and that was to get rid of the boy." "I did nothing of the sort," said Terrapin. "What! Do you deny it?" "Certainly I do."

Our story opens on a warm sunny day. Dan Callis, a pupil at the School on the Cliff, and a bully, is dining another lad, Gerard Inglis by name, to descend the Reagull's Cliff. Jack warns him not to do so, but it is too late for that. He is hurled over the cliff and away down the face of the cliff insensible. From this perilous position he is rescued by Jack Jaunty. Soon after a new boy arrives at the school. His name is Mark Ricketts, and he makes a bad impression on the other boys.

"Did you let me to look out for a good chance, and I put an end to him?" "No." "And didn't you tell me that I made a mess of the job at the Bowl by leaving young Jim Baxter in it?" "And didn't you tell me not to fail the next time?" "I did not," said Terrapin, who had now recovered his coolness, "but I suggest that you should do the slightest injury to any living being."

Jack Jaunty and his chums play a joke on Peter Pinnick, who swears revenge. Jack makes friends with some boys who arrive at the school. Peter Pinnick and his two daughters, Ivonne and Laura. Later, Peter Pinnick attempts to swim to the Bowl Island, and in his danger of drowning are rescued by Peter Pinnick, who is greatly elated, and leaves Jack Jaunty with some last instructions. Suspicion is felt by some of the boys that the "drop hole" in the cliff, Jack Jaunty descends to rescue him, and at the bottom discovers a stout old delft of a man, and his associate with horror at his discovery. In his fall and death, he leaves behind him a letter, his last message. Jack's pleasure for so doing are expressed in a letter to the school.

He was far from being prepared for this dental in toto. "You're a miserable worm of a lawyer," he said; "what do you mean by shuffling out of the job in that way?" "You're in custody if you try to levy blackmail on me," replied Mr. Terrapin. "Do what?" "I'll be in charge, my friend. I am a respectable solicitor, with a good practice in London in any case. Take any advice and fry your little tricks on somebody else."

Later, Peter Pinnick is discovered half dead, having been struck on the head with some iron instrument. Suspicion is felt by some of the boys that the "drop hole" in the cliff, Jack Jaunty descends to rescue him, and at the bottom discovers a stout old delft of a man, and his associate with horror at his discovery. In his fall and death, he leaves behind him a letter, his last message. Jack's pleasure for so doing are expressed in a letter to the school.

"Then you don't mean to pay me anything more?" "Not a penny!" "I'll have it out of you somehow!" cried Peter, in control of himself. "Here, you thief, you've got to cover over me!"

When Knave Meets Knave. W E must pass by a week, during which no events of any importance occur. Our story took place. Jack progressed rapidly, and for two days had been able to get out almost without help. Mr. Terrapin was still at the inn, and we find him seated alone in the coffee-room, buried in deep reflection.

"You've promised me twenty pounds, in any case. You've only paid me five, and you owe me fifteen! Out with it!" "A gargling sound came from the lawyer's throat. He was too hard pressed for utterance, and Peter Pinnick, in his blind fury, did not see it. It would have ended seriously but for the door's opening, and Jack Jaunty, with some of the other boys in his train, appearing.

His eye, as it lighted on Mr. Terrapin, was gleaming with malice, and with a sweeping motion of his arm he bade the wily lawyer retreat from his seat.

"His astonishment at the scene he looked upon was undoubtedly great; but ere he could do anything to help the lawyer, or make any comment, Pinnick let go, and suddenly dropped into a seat.

Whenever any man has been the errand which brought him there, it was still unaccomplished if the dissatisfied expression on his face was any key to his business. He looked like a man who had speculated for much and obtained nothing.

"It seems to me," he said, "that them 'ere boys are clever, turning up when they ain't properly wanted."

He was aroused from his disagreeable meditation by a heavy footfall without, and starting from his seat, he was making for the door with the evident intention of fastening it when he was through open to the street.

"I've come from Mr. Bonington with a message to you," said Jack, addressing the lawyer. "But I've got to call upon him some time this evening."

His eye, as it lighted on Mr. Terrapin, was gleaming with malice, and with a sweeping motion of his arm he bade the wily lawyer retreat from his seat.

"And tell him that I'll come, too," said Peter Pinnick. "Bonington expressed no desire to see you," said Jack.

"I have come to have a talk with you," he said. "I mean to have a talk with you, and I'll have it this insolence," said Mr. Terrapin, endeavouring to appear cool. But his lips quivered, and there was a shakiness in his voice not at all in accordance with steady nerves.

"That don't matter," said Pinnick; "I've got something to say he will be glad to hear, too, and maybe you'll be glad to hear it, too."

"My insolence, as you call it," said Pinnick; "is only a way an' a way to get your rights. How is it you ain't been to see me?"

"I've got something to say he will be glad to hear, too, and maybe you'll be glad to hear it, too."

"I've nothing to do with suspicions," said Pinnick; "what I want is to be paid for the work I've done."

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"I've got something to say he will be glad to hear, too, and maybe you'll be glad to hear it, too."

together," said Jack carelessly, "and began quarrelling about something. It is nobody's affair but their own, that I know of, and we had better not talk about it."

That very morning Mr. Bonnington had made an effort to get at the bottom of the attack upon him, but Jim made an appeal not to be pressed in the matter.

"It was the result of a quarrel," he said, "and I don't suppose it happened again."

With this Mr. Bonnington was obliged to be satisfied, and he admired Jack's determination not to peach, even while he longed to know who was the culprit. He suspected Dan Callis, but in the absence of evidence could bring no charge against him. It never occurred to him to seek advice from any other source than the principal one.

Masters of good schools have a high sense of honor, and are not willing to be taken in, occasionally at the expense of discipline.

On the way to the Mermaid Jack and his companions passed Mr. Bonnington's house, and noticed them curiously, but did not look at Jack. Plainly, not even a serious illness stood for his serotious the culprit. But Mr. Belton was so kept much longer in ignorance of who it was.

He was on one of his periodical visits to the village when he had an opportunity of talking with the fishermen, and their wives, sometimes supplementing the conversation with a seaman's gift. All cases of sickness, whether the young or old, excited their sympathy, which took a pecuniary form when needed.

On this occasion he was going to see the Baxter to inquire after Jim. The boy was getting along famously, and Mr. Belton found him at the door reading a book. The boy touched his cap and rose, but as it was to be known his seat. Bob came out of the house and gave the visitor a greeting.

"Your boy seems improving," said Mr. Belton.

"Yes," replied Bob; "he's improving. It's a curious case, the doctor says, and he wants some of them London bigwigs to come and see into it. They're welcome, I'm sure, if it will do 'em any good."

"I hope they won't bother the boy," said Mr. Belton. "But let me see any experiments on him."

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Baxter; "but if they do, I'll give 'em a chance the rest of 'em. By the way, sir, I want to talk to you. Will you be kind to come. The missus is here, and we can be quiet together."

"I hope it is nothing serious," said Mr. Belton, as he entered the house.

"It is rather," replied Bob; "and I don't want to hear of my 'oime to hear."

Bob coughed, and looked uneasily about him. Mr. Belton took a pipe out of his cigar-case.

"I may smoke, Baxter?" he asked.

"In course, my dear old man; and with your leave I'll put a pipe on. Bacon is a wonderful help to a tongue that's a bit dogged."

Bob was very deliberate in his movements as he lighted his pipe, and he put it well aglow before he made a start.

the cliff at the time. I am sure he hid it, but I know that it cut into me the heart to think that he can't clear you without injuring us."

"Daxter," said Mr. Belton, with emotion, "I feel I have learnt a lesson to-day. I shall never forget. Jaunty's conduct proves him to be a noble fellow, and it makes me feel ashamed of myself. Your secret is safe with me. It would be a lasting shame to betray it. Your boy, if brought to trial, would be acquitted, for the medical evidence would bear him; but it would be needless cruelty to compel him to go through the ordeal."

"Mr. Belton," said Bob, "you are a man! Ask anything of me, and I'll do it."

"I will ask nothing," said Mr. Belton, "but that you will never think any more about it."

He held out his hand, and Bob grasped it. Tears of gratitude were in the fishermen's eyes. "It will save my boy many an hour of sorrow if he never knows," said the honest fisherman.

"He will never know it through me," said Mr. Belton. "And so they parted. On the morning there was a letter for Jack Jaunty awaiting him by his place at the breakfast-table. He knew the handwriting, and felt somewhat troubled. What new vexation was in store for him? But as it is better to know the right away, he opened the envelope, and read the contents. The words were few, but the most gratifying he had scanned for many a day.

"Dear Jack—Will you come and have tea with us on Sunday? Just a quiet family-party—sell an article, don't fail, as I have something important to say to you."

"D. BELTON."



As Pinnick dashed forward at Jack, the policeman ran out and collared him. A most desperate struggle ensued.

"He knows everything," thought Jack; "but who can have told him? Perhaps he guesses it. Anyway, I am glad, for I shall not be sorry to make it right with Ivonne."

Jack was incapable of harbouring ill-feeling against anyone, more especially in the case of a friend with whom he had had a temporary rupture. It is true that Mr. Belton had said very severe things, and Ivonne made herself disagreeable; but what of that?

Apparently, they had just cause for all they said, and did not Jack readily forgive them both?

On Sunday he went to the Folly, and spent the afternoon and evening in the jolliest way. They all recognised the fact that when a quarrel is made up, the least said is the soonest mended. So they said nothing at all, but met as if they had the day before parted the best of friends.

"Laura," he said, "you ought not to speak of Miss Harrison's lover in that way!"

"I won't again," Laura replied; adding, under her breath, for Jack's edification: "I will say 'her old man' in future!"

Laura was very free and outspoken in her manner. A prin old lady would have called her forward, but there was nothing in it. She was as open as the day, even in her attempts to go up a little flirtation with Jack. But Jack was not to be lured into dangerous paths again, and gave all his attention to Ivonne.

altogether Jack had a very pleasant time. Twilight was deepening into night when he left the Folly and set his face towards the school.

He walked slowly, because he felt so very happy. Really, he had not now anything which he might call a trouble. As he had great latitude when visiting the Folly, he decided not to get home until the other boys were in bed. He did not want to be bothered with questions about Ivonne or the Beltons or anything or anybody.

So he descended to the beach, and strolled away homeward under the shadow of the cliff. As he moved quickly along, the grey suit he was wearing made him invisible to ordinary eyes at fifty yards' distance. He was walking quietly, too, and these two things combined helped him to a discovery. Seated under the shadow of an old boat were three men.

Two were strangers to the piano, and the third was Peter Pinnick.

The strangers were quiet, and were well dressed. There was something which might be considered gentlemanly in their appearance. Jack, as he approached them, saw this, and also that, as far as he knew, he had never set eyes on them before.

He made no secret of his approach; but, at the same time, he did not favour them with any warning of his coming.

Absorbed in close conversation, they neither saw his footsteps nor heard him in any way. A few short sentences of their conversation fell upon Jack's ears.

"I think we are safe here,"

"Money's wanted, and must be got."

These two sentences came from the strangers,

and Peter Pinnick broke in with the remark that he was "ready for the job."

"But will your boat carry us up to St. Malo?" asked one of the men.

"It will carry us across the Atlantic, bar cyclones," growled Peter.

"Well, you can run into St. Malo, take the box with you, and wait till I come. If you are so sure that your boat will carry us up to my bay. But you need not buy it unless somebody gets too curious. Then invest five shillings in a bucketful."

"Jack stopped short, and began Pinnick.

"Hush!" hissed one of the men.

He had just set eyes upon Jack, who was passing at a short distance, without exhibiting any signs of having seen them.

Peter Pinnick, with an oath, sprang to his feet.

"That Jaunty chap," he cried; "I'm hanged if he ain't a-lievin' prowling about a-lievin' to what don't concern him!"

Jack stopped short, and turning, so that he could see the faces of the strangers, said:

Then he flinched back a bit, seeing that no good was intended.

"The man made a grab at him. Jack dived under his arm, and dashed for the cliff."

"Stop him," cried Pinnick, "or it's all over with you!"

Following anathemas on Jack's head, the other man, with a nimble approach that of youth, made for him, and for a few moments it was fine race with the thief. Jack managed to the work, loapt from point to point, but had he slipped it would have been all over with him.

But he was in his favour. The stranger, not so used to climbing, stumbled two or three times, and so failed to gain upon him. Breathless, Jack reached the summit, and, as he turned to see his pursuer, the stranger was fumbling in his breast-pocket for a weapon. Jack guessed it was a revolver, and he guessed aright. He saw the gleam of the barrel, and dashed off ahead, just as the ominous crack was heard.

The bullet missed him, and he was practically safe. Without further molestation he reached the school, and determined that he would stand no more of that sort of thing, he went at once to Mr. Bonnington's room and knocked at the door.

Peter Pinnick in Trouble.

M R. BONNINGTON was immensely wroth, and determined to hear of the outrage, and he at once despatched Gruelton for the Stern-craig policeman.

By his side the county inspector at Dandy Bridge was communicated with, and by ten o'clock there was a hue and cry after Peter Pinnick and the two strangers with him.

Neither of the three could be found. Peter Pinnick's house was searched, and no trace of him was discovered.

The whole village was aroused by the arrival of the policeman, and the utmost curiosity was excited as to what he was wanted for, and a general feeling of indignation prevailed. Old and young resolved to do their best to secure the offenders.

It was a moonlight night, and by the aid of the luminary the woods around were searched, but with no result. Prior to this it was supposed that Peter had taken his way in his boat. It was high and dry upon the beach, and it was the same with the other small craft. Certain it was that he had not made his escape seawards.

Jack, of course, did not like this, as it left his old foe to work mischief; and that he would look for him, he was sure, was pretty certain. Jack thought more of the Beltons than himself, and especially of Ivonne.

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Happier Days.

"I OME suspect me," said Mr. Belton. "A lot of nobodies," replied Bob disdainfully. "Human nicks, I call 'em. You needn't mind. But, if you do mind, you can clear yourself, for I'm going to tell you who they are."

Mr. Belton took his cigar from his mouth, and flicked off the ash with a finger that was very quivered.

"I hope you are sure in this matter. It would be a very serious matter to draw another innocent person into the affair."

"The party as did it don't know he did it," groaned Bob. "It was my son—my boy—Mr. Belton is as sure as I'm standing that it was Peter Pinnick, who, to his thinking, got just what he deserved, and he has no more to say."

Then Bob in his kind way told the story of his boy's keeping company with Peter and all that followed, with which the reader is acquainted.

"I've felt that I must cut with it," said Bob, "for a long while he's been heavy on my mind, and I can't get it out of my head. Either, in kindness to us, keep the secret, or, for your own sake, cut with it."

"Only Jack Jaunty—bless him! I've kept it even from the missus," replied Bob. "It would not tell anybody. He would die first."

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The School on the Cliff.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"You are repeating the reward of your crimes," cried Mr. Belton sternly, "and it has nothing to do with me."
"So you say," said Peter, nodding his head...

the deep sighs of a man who is half crazed with love.
"What is to be the end of it all?" he said, as he ceased whistling and turned a pair of dreamy eyes seawards.

Mr. Redditch sprang that a party of his waiters...
"Francis!" he muttered, "as with Queen Mary's head..."

"I don't think so," replied Jack.
"Have you any idea who it is?"

"A sleep!" said Jack.
"Even the most of carriage-pipes!"

"I don't think he would personally attempt it, he is too cunning to expose himself to trouble."
"Can you get back into the house, and Jack remained in the porch, hoping that Ironie would come out and put a little additional sunshine into the morning."

"You must be a thought-reader, to know that he would go to sleep so soon," Nicky observed; "only listen to him. The noise he is making would delight the heart of a pork-butcher."

And now the whole village was aroused. The glances of the aged spread like wildfire, men and women came running up to see the prisoner. It was as good as a show, they said, and a fair proportion followed Drnick to Doll Bridge, where he was safely lodged in a cell at the police-station.

"The visions that floated through his mind were of an absorbing but distinctly unpleasant character. In the first place, he dreamed that he met Miss Harrison in the company of a red-coated soldier, who, having drawn a sword and whistled it about his head, became suddenly transformed into an animal of the antediluvian period, and chased him up a long passage, out of which there was no turning."

Mr. Redditch rose on whistling, perhaps forgetting the superstition among seafaring men that to whistle in a bad weather breeds a storm. The tutor built up cales in the air, and destroyed them as quickly, dispersing them with

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ST. ALPHRAGE F.C. (average age, 15) dates open. Apply by post to J. H. Neill, 16, Peabody Buildings, London, E.C.4.

WANTED Players. Good goalkeeper, half-backs, and centre for Thurston near Bournemouth. Apply. P. Pollard, 35, Wellesley Road, Keston, near Loughborough.

OSBORNE UNITED F.C. want fixtures within the five mile area (18-20). Care of Mr. D. Osborne, 122, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.
LUTON HIGGLEDISTERS F.C. (18) medium would like to play with clubs within 10 miles of Luton, home and away. Apply. Mr. L. Clarke, Esq. Sec. 23, Clarence Road, Luton, Bedfordshire.

ST. MARTIN'S SWIFTS F.C. require two or three boys of the age of 15 and 16. Apply. H. Eastwood, 18, Little Heath, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.
WANTED A good goalkeeper and centre forward 15-18, suitable for Thurston League team (Leicestershire). Apply. A. Farmer, 8, Cheapside, London, E.C.4.

HARROGATE TELEGRAPHIC MESSENGERS UNITED F.C. require matches for the coming season. Eight miles radius from Harrogate. Also a few players between 16-17 years, small subscription weekly. Apply by letter to C. T. Coppin, 7, Palmerston Street, Harrogate, York.

ST. MARTIN'S SWIFTS F.C. require two or three boys of the age of 14 to 15 to play next season. Permits on Clapham Common. Apply by letter to D. Almond, 62, Union Grove, Clapham, S.W. Subscription 1/4 per season.
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WILTON UNITED F.C. Dates open for the following season: Apply to Beat Loon, 65, Windsor Road, Wiltton, Wiltshire.
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ALL SAINTS F.C. have nearly all dates open for season 1907-8, home and away. Average age, 14; write. Apply. H. Boyce, 72, Hamstead Road, Walsby.

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PARTRIDGE FOOTBALL CLUB have all dates open for the coming season (average age, 12). Apply to Herbert G. Smith, 14, Market Street, York.
ATTERLEY JUNIORS F.C. require matches for the coming season with clubs in the Portsmouth district. Average age, 16; medium. Apply to Horace E. Munde, 317, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

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LAD wishes to join a football club anywhere in London. Age, 17; can play any position except goal. Apply. C. J. Bird, 116, Malvern Road, Leytonstone.

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HILLYDALE AND THE BUCK NORTH.

THE 1st CHAPTER.

"HILLYDALE!"

Billy Redwell, eighteen-year-old son of John Redwell, the worthy grocer, of Thorpewell, in the County of Eastshire, had burst into his father's shop, cheering at the top of his voice, and waving over his head a pink telegraph-form.

In his excitement he canonized into Mr. George Langstone, who stood at the counter buying cartridges. But there was no great harm done. George Langstone was a heavy-weight, and Billy at that time was no more than a slim slip of a fellow—like two yards of sump-water. "Ah! that would say sometimes when annoyed with him—though he gave promise of filling out later on."

"It's all right, Billy; no harm done, unless you hurt," said Mr. Langstone, as the lad began to apologise. "But what's the excitement, if it isn't a secret?"

"A secret? My precious, no, sir! The sooner all the village knows it, the better I shall like it. An' there's more than Thorpewell folk will know all about it to-morrow mornin'!"

"Bless you, Mr. Langstone, Billy never kept but in secret in his life, an' that might killed him," said Billy's father drily. "When he was about eight—he went to my hat-box one Monday an' got out my best Sunday topper, an' he burst or other he managed to drop it, an' to sit on it. Well—"

"Oh, I say, dad, Mr. Langstone don't want to see Billy off, does he? You top-hat!"

"Can you guess what this means, sir?"

"No; I expect Mr. Langstone's fairly aching to burst your news, boy. It must be over all the dailies to-morrow, with big headlines, of course. 'Billy Redwell plays for Eastshire! A testimonial match!'"

"There! Now you've been told him all about it! But how did you guess, dad?"

"Wonderful, wasn't it? Considering that you had nothing to say about nothing, but that last three months except Mr. Bower's promise to give you a trial in the county team before the season was over, it's very strange that I should guess that that telegram's an invitation, isn't it?"

"Is that what it is, Billy?" asked George Langstone, himself a batsman fully up to the form, whom, when the lad was a boy, had prevented from becoming a first-class cricketer.

"That's just what it is, sir!"

"Congratulations, Billy! An' I hope you'll do credit to Thorpewell. But I don't doubt that which match is it?"

"The one on Monday."

"That's a good thing," said John Redwell. "If Billy had to wait until Thursday next—that would be nearly six days—why, there'd be precious little of Billy left to be over all Hilford to play he'd have worn himself to rags before that!"

"Oh, you dry up, John! You're as proud as the boy is himself, only you're too awkward and obstinate to own it."

"None so sure of that. Cricket's a good game as a game. I used to like it myself; an' I wasn't such a bad hand at it, either, as you may remember, Mr. George. But I don't hold much with cricket for 'em!" Billy's my only son, such as he is; an' there's a good business here for him to drop into when I'm in the dale, but I mustn't make him drop a penny as a professional cricketer as he would in the old shop; but he's mad as a pro, an' I suppose I shall have to resign myself to this. If he don't turn out county form, back he comes to the shop; if he can't be a first-rate batsman, he'll make a good bowler an' a good 'bin' a grocer! You understand that, Billy?"

"No ground bowler's job at a couple of pence a week for a grocer's assistant?"

"De-ye think I want it, dad?" asked Billy soberly.

"Of course, I don't! What you want an' what you're comin' on, is making yourself irresponsible to Eastshire within about five minutes, an' first choice for England by this year-end. But Rome wasn't built in a day, lad."

"Nothing that his father could say was of any effect in the way of checking Billy's enthusiasm, though. And, though John Redwell spoke truly when he said that he would rather have his boy as batsman or bowler, or fielder, than as cricketer as a career, the good grocer was proud of Billy's prowess. The lad really was of more than ordinary promise. He kept strike in his hands, as batsmen do, bowler, or fielder. He had outgrown his strength a bit, though, and was only now beginning to fill out and settle down."

In the county cubs' match at the beginning of the season, though he had been neither the

highest scoror nor the most successful bowler, he was singled out by the critics as the likeliest youngster, of all the eighteen who played, to develop.

Mr. Sower, the county captain, had told him after the game that the committee intended to keep their eye upon him, and that whenever a vacancy occurred he would be given a chance of showing what he could do.

But the season had gone on, and as it changed Eastshire had been able to put pretty much the same team into the field right through May, June, and July, and well on into August. They now had only four or five county matches left to play. But at last one of the regular bowlers had dropped out, with a badly-damaged foot; and Mr. Sower, consulting Dick Worth as to who could best be brought in to fill his place, was reminded by the veteran of his half-forgotten promises to Billy Redwell.

"And then the wiro which had caused the lad such acute joy, was now sent to him."

"Let's see, it's the Northweshire match on Monday, isn't it, Billy?" asked George Langstone. "Pretty stiff send-off for you, boy. I can imagine jammier jobs than havin' to bowl to MacKenzie an' Wildersley an' Bowdin an' the rest of them on such wickets as we've been havin' lately. An' you'll have to look out when you go in to that! Bean don't send you back pretty quick, but you're never quite at your best against left-handers, you know."

"Oh, I don't suppose they're really playin' me for my battin'," said Billy. "I don't expect to go in higher than eighth, or, perhaps, seventh."

John Redwell winked at Mr. Langstone. "I should think you'd be in higher than eleventh. If you fix your mind on that, you won't stand off so much chance of being disappointed as you do at the moment. An' you'll get down the wide road that ran in front of John Redwell's shop, and Mr. Langstone and Billy both stopped to the door to watch the car pass."

"A big, green Darraco it was, travelling at a high rate of speed."

"There goes one of your future colleagues in the county team, then, Billy," remarked George Langstone.

"That 'Wiro," thought that was Mr. Wriethrope, of Charlford Grange?"

"An' of the Eastshire county team."

"Are you sure, sir? I always imagined that the county cricketer was this gentleman's brother."

"You're wrong, Billy. He hasn't any brother."

"But this is the man who's read about balloonin', isn't it?"

"If I fancy he doesn't call it quite that; but he is an expert balloonist. They say that, though he has twenty thousand a year to play with, there are only three things in the world he cares for—balkin', motoring, an' county cricket. And no one is quite surer which comes first with him. But he doesn't hunt or fish or shoot; he doesn't dance or play bridge; an' they say he's a woman-hater—won't even have a female servant at Charlford. But I never thought he was the same man as the cricketer Wriethrope."

"Ah, you don't read the personal pars in the newspapers, Billy?"

"No; I don't read anything except the cricket scores," replied the lad stolidly.

"You're wrong, Billy. I can't stand all the long-winded accounts."

"Well, if you'll get into your flannels, we might go down to the ground together," remarked Mr. Langstone, who was himself wearing flannels and a blazer. "You'll be the big man for balkin', motoring, an' county cricket. And no one is quite surer which comes first with him. But he doesn't hunt or fish or shoot; he doesn't dance or play bridge; an' they say he's a woman-hater—won't even have a female servant at Charlford. But I never thought he was the same man as the cricketer Wriethrope."

"You're right, Billy. Better not bowly any more, if Mr. Redwell an' Mr. Wildersley get you, you'll have enough of it before the game's over. Hallo, there is MacKenzie! Come along, Larry!"

Half an hour after the Eastshire side was in the field, and MacKenzie and Lornby, the one a hero of inter-county cricket, the other a well-known son of the sphere, were coming out to start the innings for the visiting team.

Billy was not put on to bowl first. Worth an' Draper took the attack. The first half-hour's play produced 35 runs; then Lornby let out viciously at a ball from Draper, and he was bowled. The batsman was only a foot or so from the ground, to the coil, fielding at third man. His hand shot out instinctively to the ground, but he missed it, and fell. Then Billy stumbled and fell; but as he fell his fingers gripped the ball convulsively, and he came down upon his elbow, with his hand holding the ball clear of the ground—a fair catch!

Wildersley, the great little man who is said to be the finest bowler in the world, was, though assuredly he is not one to whom the field need grant favours, joined his captain. Then Eastshire had a bad time. The figures danced on the totals, and the fielders in front man panted and perspired in vain. Three overs from the amateur, Wriethrope, produced

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

"YES, that's Dick Worth's swan," remarked Sower the veteran captain of the Eastshire team, to long ago.

Lawrence Threlfall, scorer of many centuries. They stood together at the pavilion gate; and Billy had just passed them on his way to the professional's dressing-room.

"Well, old man, Dick's swans have a habit of not turnin' out good, unlike those of some other people I've known," answered the crick. "Dick's the best judge of a cricketer I know. An' you say yourself that this youngster shaped uncommonly well in this county match."

"So he did; an' if he turns out all that Dick thinks him, we ought to be able to give him a regular place next season, even with Downes back. I'm hanged if I can see how we're to go on playin' Wriethrope much longer. He's bat at the little five or seven as a batsman; hasn't scored double figures since the Broadlandshire match in June. He's taken to droopin' catches—three, in the last game, an' two of them regular slips, an' he seems right off his bowlin'. His length's bad, an' all the devil's gone out of it."

"An' they will take it hard if he's dropped."

"Can't help that. A man with more pride would have offered to resign when he was dropped. The fact that he follows an amateur an' a big subscriber to the club's funds don't justify him in keepin' a better man out of the team."

"So you had your say, Sower, does that together as they talked, and no one was within hearing."

"I wouldn't like to take on the job of tellin' Wriethrope he's to stand down, Harry," remarked Threlfall thoughtfully. "I never know how he knows the coil-well, but that's that makes me think that he's—well, just a little, you know."

"I've capped his forehead significantly."

"I've thought that myself occasionally. He does look a bit wild when his bowlin' gets pasted, doesn't he? One of the Wessex man got on my nerves last week. Sower, does that dark-beer want to murder everybody who hits him for four?"

"You can guess what that was. Hello, Willie's got young Redwell to send him a few down. Let's go across an' see."

Willie Pearson, the young professional batsman who was rapidly making a name for himself in the Eastshire team, hailed from Dorchester, a town only a few miles from Thorpewell, an' he knew the coil-well.

"I say, Willie, that ball was among the timbers a bit, wasn't it?" asked Threlfall, as Billy sent down the batsman's middle stump with a ripping last one.

"In the neighbourhood, sir," replied Pearson cheerfully. "This kid's all right, gentlemen, but if you can't get well in, give him a bit. There isn't enough width to the long of him yet. An' if he's overworked now he'll be runnin' down."

"Rate!" said Billy.

"Words of wisdom," said Threlfall. "Note 'only' down. Harry. If you don't take the advice of your seniors, where will you be?"

Sower smiled, and Pearson grinned. The captain was very nearly old enough to be the young pro's father. But the Eastshire team, with a single exception, were quite a band of brothers, a fact which had more than a little to do with the success which they had lately achieved.

"He's quite right. Better not bowly any more, if Mr. Redwell an' Mr. Wildersley get you, you'll have enough of it before the game's over. Hallo, there is MacKenzie! Come along, Larry!"

Half an hour after the Eastshire side was in the field, and MacKenzie and Lornby, the one a hero of inter-county cricket, the other a well-known son of the sphere, were coming out to start the innings for the visiting team.

Billy was not put on to bowl first. Worth an' Draper took the attack. The first half-hour's play produced 35 runs; then Lornby let out viciously at a ball from Draper, and he was bowled. The batsman was only a foot or so from the ground, to the coil, fielding at third man. His hand shot out instinctively to the ground, but he missed it, and fell. Then Billy stumbled and fell; but as he fell his fingers gripped the ball convulsively, and he came down upon his elbow, with his hand holding the ball clear of the ground—a fair catch!

Wildersley, the great little man who is said to be the finest bowler in the world, was, though assuredly he is not one to whom the field need grant favours, joined his captain. Then Eastshire had a bad time. The figures danced on the totals, and the fielders in front man panted and perspired in vain. Three overs from the amateur, Wriethrope, produced

29 runs. He bugged for "just one more over," but Sower suggested that the consequence, if he had better try; and MacKenzie hit three 4's and a 3 off it.

"You'd better take the next over from this end, Dick," said the captain to Worth. "By itself, you go on at the pavilion end."

It was Draper whom Billy displaced; and Draper was not very loth to have a rest. MacKenzie took fresh guard and faced Billy; those keen, resolute eyes of his fixed on the bowler's hand.

A new bowler often meets with success in his first few matches in which his actual merits would not entitle him. There is something disconcerting about the unknown. MacKenzie was one of the last men in England to be disconcerted by any bowler, however; and he cannot be said that Billy beat him. But Billy got his wicket all the same. The second ball of the over was driven with terrific force over the bowler's head—scarcely a chance, save to a Trumble or a Sindilar. Billy jumped like a Springheeled Jack, broke its force with his right hand, and caught it cleverly with both hands as his feet touched turf again, while sounds of mingled admiration and disappointment were trembling on the lips of the spectators. It was plucky of him to have jumped for it at all, great to have stopped it, wonderful that he should have actually made the catch!

Sower," said MacKenzie, as he passed the bowler's hand, and caught it cleverly with both hands as his feet touched turf again, while sounds of mingled admiration and disappointment were trembling on the lips of the spectators. It was plucky of him to have jumped for it at all, great to have stopped it, wonderful that he should have actually made the catch!

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Great South African Test-Match Number Next Week!

Gilbert Wriothely nodded curtly and put the car full speed ahead again.

Billy went in No. 9 next day, and had the record of cars on the road for a well-made 20. Eastshire were obliged to follow on; but at all of time Mr. Threlfall and Willie Pearson went out on a hundred in the second innings without being troubled for a moment very much as though the visiting team would have to be content with the barren honour of a draw.

Gilbert Wriothely, batting last man but one, had made 25 by the aid of some loose loosing from the bowler in the second innings; and, having again invited Billy to take the home, he favoured him with a diatribe against the captain for not sending him in much earlier. Billy bent to feel uneasy in his mind. He liked the motoring, but it hurt his sense of loyalty to have to listen to the other man's gibing at Mr. Sower for doing what was a youngster could see for himself was right, or nearly right; for, if Billy had been captain, he might have thought, "No. 11 quite high enough place for the amateur!"

Billy distinguished himself on the third day. It did not mean in any such way as he had dreamed of. It did not mean a grand century, or a heroic fashion, or do the half-trick, or anything sensational of that sort; but he was seen in various ways which were highly appreciated. First, he was in the lead in the score, and he had two quick wickets which had caused Eastshire's defeat—sent in with the captain's instructions to bat with a view to catching the batsmen, and never to mind about runs, and he was in the lead about 10, and in partnership with Dick Ward, helped to save off a beating. Then, in the evening, he had a home run for that night, and Mr. George Langston, who happened to be at Redingham Station, gave them both a "thumbs up."

"I can see by the evening paper that the committee have left Wriothely out of the team for the Westshire tour," remarked Langston, as they bowed along.

That explained it, then! Billy had wondered how it felt rather late in his mind. "I'm passing him without even a word that evening. No doubt the man of wealth thought that if anyone was to be discarded for the Varsity batsman should be, and he was a good one at a mere village grocer's son, rather than himself. Well, Billy didn't care much; so he told him straight away. But he felt hurt and indignant. "Why couldn't a fellow be a better sportsman?"

Billy was yet to learn how far Wriothely's egoism had carried him in his attitude towards his juniors, and to learn in a way that assuredly he would never forget for as long as he lived!

THE 3RD CHAPTER.

THE 3RD CHAPTER ended early on Saturday afternoon in a brilliant victory for Eastshire. Billy had contributed his bit to the record by having made 34 in his five innings, and taken five wickets for 57, when Westox followed on.

Mr. Wriothely had been on the ground during every moment of play on all three days. Billy rarely pitied him, and so did several other people, who were able to guess at his feelings. For the amateur was even to desperation on the game—his skill in which had waned so fast of late—and it was positive pain to him to see that a fellow who had played to Billy's surprise, he came up and accepted him just as he was making his way into the dressing-rooms.

"You played up well—wonderfully well—yesterday," he said, with a queer, wry smile. "You're the best find Eastshire's had since I came into the team. Have you ever been up in a balloon?"

"No, sir," answered Billy, not so surprised as this elderly gentleman would have been in the case of any other speaker.

"Well, I'm going to make an ascent from here to-day, and if you care to come along I'll take you with me. The wind's a point or two west of south, and we ought to be able to land somewhere near the latitude and longitude of Westshire. You won't mind if I can't give you more than five minutes to change in?"

Billy had been called away by Mr. Sower, and had not returned by the time Billy was ready. "Yes, Pearson, you might tell Dick I'm not main' back by rail," he said. "Wriothely has offered to take me home in his balloon."

"Well, indeed! I guess you'll be ridin' home in a fiery chariot if this sort of thing goes on." All right, I'll tell Dick. We shall have your company all way home, don't you see. But I dare say, we shall live through it."

Billy did not want to think of a sufficiently dangerous journey, but he had to serve; though he felt that it was weak, and undignified to join Gilbert Wriothely, who was pacing impatiently up and down outside.

"You've a treat in store. It's grand to trip along in a motor, at fifty miles an hour; it's grand to shoot, and to go down in a balloon, and to be a long England batsman or cart a ball from a grocer's house over the pavilion; but I'll tell you one thing of all. If you have to go, up, up, up, there'll be no more of it. You'll with everything you're up, an' all the people like you." "An' then an' higher still, and you'll be like the balloon, an' then an' lower, an' wonder how anything of all the things on this miserable earth that you've got clear away from you, but I'll get that in a moment."

"Sometimes I think that it isn't worth it all over to come down at all. I can't surr what I

shall to-day. I've often thought that if ever I went up with a real good cricketer for a companion, we'd go on an until we came to the top of Jupiter, an' land there, an' I teach the folks to play the grand old game. It would need two of us, you know, for they'd want to know how the thing was done for a start. It's a good notion, don't you think?"

"His eyes were cast down as he spoke. If Billy could have seen them, he might have suspected something, young and inexperienced as he was; but he took it all as a joke, though he felt that it wasn't quite the kind of joke that would ever tickle him much. That was probably due to his want of imagination, he thought.

The balloon was fully inflated when they reached the yard on the outskirts of the town, which Mr. Wriothely had hired for it. Its owner jumped into the car, tested the safety-valve in a businesslike manner, glanced into the lockers, and said:

"Come along, Redwell!" She's all ready for the start!"

Billy clambered in. The fetherings were at once uncoupled, and the balloon went quickly up, almost in a perpendicular line, for the breeze just then was very moderate. Three or four hundred yards aloft, however, a stronger current caught, and it began to move quickly through the air in a north-westerly direction.

Helford, seen through a light haze of smoke, was left behind; wheatfields, woods, historic mansions, villages nesting round grey weather-beaten churches, rivers winding, silver snakes through the green and gold of meadow and cornland, fitted underneath, all seeming crossed and cut, and all appearing to be moving through the air in a north-easterly direction.

"How d'ye like it?" asked Wriothely abruptly. "It's glorious, sir! Better than moturin' at all."



Billy jumped like spring-heeled Jack, broke the force of the ball with his right hand, and caught it cleverly as his feet touched turf again, immediately a roar of applause broke forth.

even. I always thought that if I went up in a balloon I should be kind of seasick. But I don't feel anything a bit like that. I feel as if my blood running faster 'n my head shows me clearer, an' as if I was a better an' stronger man all-round than on the earth. Seem as if I could bow! Tom Hayward first ball an' make a hundred against Hirst an' Rhodes if I could only feel like this down below!"

"Ah, I know that feeling! But what made you think you'd be seasick, boy? There's no-thing in the notion that could possibly make you so, or the smaller valve by which gas could be in and rookin' that make people feel queer on ships an' railway-trains. There's nothing like that at all here. You're moving really quick that you were movin' at all if you didn't see things flitin' under you."

"But I've heard people who'd been up in a balloon at Helford Glast say that they felt frightfully bad."

"Ah, but that would be a captive balloon; different sort of gettin'. When a captive balloon gets to the end of its tether, it begins to jolt and bump, very much like a ship in a nasty sea."

He went on to explain a great many things, among others, how much easier it was now for an aeronaut to land when he wished, since, because the smaller valve by which gas could be omitted in small quantities, there was a larger one, quite a door in the upper-half of the balloon, one might say, the opening of which let out all the gas at once.

Billy, despite his prejudice against reading, was by no means a fellow who despised useful information, and he had a man who understood all about things explaining them, delighted him.

It was he had cause to be glad before that voyage was over that he had paid attention to what Gilbert Wriothely had told him. But

for that, he would scarcely have reached home alive again.

Billy liked Wriothely better than he had ever done before as he sat there talking of the possibilities of aerial travelling, and explaining the workings of balloons. For once in a way the note of egotism and conceit, so apparent in his talk, was latent.

It was an unfortunate remark of Billy's that brought the conversation round to what was, though the boy had not realized it, the most dangerous subject possible for his companion.

"Look, sir! There's a cricket match on down there. Why, the fellows look like little white ants, an' the pavilion no bigger than a bird's nest. I wonder what ground it is!"

For, well as he knew the country between Thorpewell and Helford, it was difficult for Billy to recognise any familiar spot from this new point of view.

"Borstead, I fancy," replied Wriothely. And already there was a change in his tone. The gentility had gone out of it; he spoke gruffly, unpleasantly, as a man might do in an unwelcome fellow-traveller.

"Then, I've nearly finished my journey," answered Billy. "For we shall be over Thorpewell in a few minutes at this pace."

I don't know that we shall descend at Thorpewell."

Billy looked at him, and began to feel rather uncomfortable. He did not like to say so, but he was forced to go on to Charlford Grange, where he would suit him as all. There was no railway-station within five miles of the Grange, and the nearest one was not on the little branch line on which Redingham lay. He did not see how he could get home by rail without going a very long way round. But probably Mr. Wriothely would have him driven home.

"There's a dark, thundering look down to the north-east, sir," he remarked. And there

Had his courage failed him then, Billy would inevitably have been precipitated out of the car, to be smashed to pieces hundreds of feet below. But he recognized his peril, and met it with a dash of spirit. He turned to Mr. Sower, and a wrench he threw himself backwards, and next moment was sitting on the bottom of the car, with Wriothely sprawling on his side.

"I hope I haven't hurt you, sir," he said, fully believing now that he had to do with a man of his kind, and that he would pay him best. "A joke like that's gone just a little too far!"

"Oh, yes, a joke—a joke, of course!" replied the madman, with a shrill note in his voice. "I'm glad you understand that it was only a joke, Redwell! Help me up, will you?"

"Now, sir, I insist upon bein' put down. If you won't do it, I'll just pull the valve open myself!"

He moved towards the cord, to find himself confronted with the gleaming barrel of a revolver.

"No, no, you don't, Mr. Billy Redwell—no, you don't! You wouldn't go when I wanted to put you out, and now you must wait my time. And it may be a long time, too. I've taken out the skin of a thousand Martians. I'm sure that I mentioned to you—quite a likin', I assure you. And I couldn't have a better opportunity than this to let 'em teach the Martians to play cricket—eh, Billy?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Billy, helpless before the revolver. "It's a capital idea. But I'd rather see another fellow than a thousand Mars." The madman glanced round at the dark clouds towards which they were now rapidly moving, and Billy made a movement to grapple with his own possession of the revolver again. But he was not quite quick enough. Wriothely faced him again suspiciously, and the gleaming barrel was within two feet of his face.

"Sower lo hanged!" said the madman, with a flash of his wicked white teeth. "Let him go to Jupiter, sir! We'll find better than Mr. Sower among the Martians. I'll warrant, throw out a bag or two of ballast."

Billy hesitated for a moment, but he had been moving lately at a greatly accelerated pace. He glanced down, and saw the white combing of waves on the sands almost immediately below him, and, finding that the angry cloud was so stormy set under a stormy sky. If he threw out the ballast, and they rose, and the wind blew, and the clouds were driven down, he would, as it seemed to be doing, they were in a few minutes be right out over the North Sea.

"Throw out ballast, I tell you!"

Billy's only reply was to hurl himself at the madman. He was screwed up to the pitch now, better advised than he had been, and the waters with this man who was insanely determined to go to Mars, and would probably end by going to the bottom of the sea instead.

A flash of lightning darted his eye, and an awful clap of thunder pealed out directly above the balloon. Down came the rain in torrents, drenching the skin of the two struggling figures in the car.

Wriothely strove madly; but Billy had gripped the hand that held the revolver, and hung on with a tenacious grip. He struck him times after time in the face with his clenched fist; but something kept Billy from doing this, and he was driven to a momentary truce; and to strive with all his strength to get his opponent under.

And suddenly the wind veered right round—so suddenly that the balloon heeled over for a moment, and the struggling pair were nearly thrown out of the car. Then the force of the rain beat it down—down almost to the waves that broke upon the shore below. Next moment there were no waves below them, but the roof of the house, and in a few minutes they were floating over the fields, near the ground.

And Billy, struggling still, felt a thrill of joy as he realised that the wind had changed, and it would not be blowing out to sea.

He had secured the revolver now, and, having dropped it into the back of his car, had both hands free to grapple with Wriothely. The madman had, indeed, sprang to the rope that opened the big valve, and had just grasped it, when he was again seized in the arm. He gave one frantic pull, and then turned to grapple with the madman again. To his joy he found that he was not in the least descending.

And surely he knew those tall elms and that pavilion, and those figures that came rushing and shouting into the pouring rain. Who would he be, in fact, and where was he, and to what, and to strive with all his strength to get his opponent under.

"Before he could reach Wriothely the madman had a high, catching laugh, and he struck his temple, and then he knew no more."

When he regained consciousness it was to see a few yards away the dead body of his assailant, and he was as long as it took to get to the ground, and to be killed instantly, and around him his own friends.

Billy Redwell played no more cricket that season. His wound and the shock to his system prevented that. But he made his place in the Eastshire team soon before the next season opened, and no longer a county club, a county player.

THE END

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