

GREAT NEW STORY OF SHOP LIFE. (See Inside.)

THE BOYS' REALM

of Sport & Adventure.

1^o

A LAD OF THE LEAGUE

By A. S. Hardy



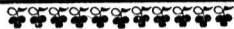
Harwood was on the spot like a flash, and with a first-time shot rapped the ball past the goalkeeper. West London had equalised!

The Boys' Realm Football League.

NO ENTRANCE FEES! PRIZES FOR ALL!

SOLID SILVER CUPS, SILVER MEDALS, AND HUNDREDS OF

MATCH FOOTBALLS TO BE GIVEN AWAY!



BOYS' REALM CUP FOR PORTSMOUTH.

Every Boys' and Young Men's Club in the Town may compete.

Your Editor has been able to arrange for a Special Cup to be put up for open competition for lads' clubs in Portsmouth, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. F. R. Newman, Secretary of the Portsmouth and District Boys' Football League, whose portrait appears on another page.

Every Portsmouth junior club should enter for this Cup. Full particulars can be obtained from Mr. Newman, 8, Tangiers Terrace, Copnor.

The following Leagues have been 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.

Open 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.

Open 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.

Open 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.

Open to any football club in Ireland.

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.

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, 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 which Your Editor, the Secretary, and another referee, consider to hold the best records in the first twenty-four matches actually played. It does not matter on what date the first match is played. Wednesday and Thursday clubs may compete. Points to be awarded as follows: Two for a win, one for a draw; the points to be counted as in the First and Second Divisions of the Football League. If two or more clubs finish with an equal number of points, the goal average shall decide the 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 signifying that the report is quite correct. These results must reach the Secretary of THE BOYS' REALM League at the above address not later than the Tuesday morning following the match. (e) Strict investigation will be made by the controllers of the League into the bona-fides of the entering 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.

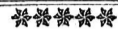
THIS FORM FOR SINGLE UNATTACHED CLUBS ONLY.

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.....

KING CRICKET.

A Fascinating Story of County Cricket.

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



The Champion County.

HAMPION county of England! It had come at last. The proud title, coveted by every cricketing county in England, had been won by the men of Loamshire.

Loamshire was champion county. The fight had been long and hard, and the result often doubtful. At one time, indeed, it had seemed as if Loamshire's hopes were chimerical, as if the county championship might pass into any hands but theirs.

But things had come round. Later in the season the team had pulled together as they had never done before. With Arthur Lovell for captain they went ahead splendidly.

Captained by the best batsman of the season, well backed up by the finest bowler that ever bowled a ball in county cricket, the Loamshires had a good chance, and they made the most of it.

Ill-luck had dogged their footsteps during Arthur Lovell's enforced absence from the team, caused by the treachery of his rival in the Loamshire club.

But his return had changed all that. He had returned under new circumstances. Now he was once again smiled upon by fortune, rich, and free to do as he liked. His days of dependence upon the game for a mere living were over.

Justice had been done. The Lagdens had escaped the full penalty of their rascality, for Arthur was generous in the hour of triumph. But James Lagden had made full restitution, and poverty was ended for Arthur.

Geoffrey Lagden was gone from the Loamshire County Cricket Club, and few were sorry to see him go. Ponsonby was gone, too, and he was scarcely missed.

Of the rest of the team who had set themselves against Lovell, all had come round, and this before his return to fortune. He had won them over by steady loyalty and courage, by facing the music pluckily and patiently, and always playing the game. At the present hour there was no man in the Loamshire Club so popular as the once-contemned professional.

As captain of Loamshire Arthur Lovell had gone ahead. His men followed him from success to success. Colonel Hilton was delighted. It had been his idea, and it had worked out splendidly. The committee were with him now to a man. Arthur Lovell was the hero of Loamshire, and no one was found to breathe a word against him.

Gladly would we have followed the progress of the good old county through every match of the season—gladly would we have dwelt on each stubborn fight for victory in the long contest for the county championship. But space forbids. As the season drew to its close the eyes of all the cricketing world were fixed upon Loamshire. It had become evident that they were to be the champion county, and when the result was finally declared no one was surprised.

"We owe it to you, Lovell!" Colonel Hilton exclaimed, when it was certain at last that Loamshire had achieved their ambition. "You have won the championship for us—you and Kit Valance. Without you we should certainly have finished behind Yorkshire and Surrey."

Arthur Lovell smiled. "I have done my best," he said. "The team have worked together splendidly. A cricket captain never had more reason to be satisfied than I have had during the past few weeks. I am proud of the team."

"And they are proud of you," said the colonel. "So are the committee and the county. Look here, here is the final result."

He read it from the paper in his hand: "Loamshire: Played 26; won 19; lost 4; drawn 3. Points, 15."

Arthur Lovell's eyes sparkled. "It is a splendid record," he said. "It might have been better if we had had the present spirit in the team at the beginning of the season. But that's ancient history now. We shall go ahead next season, I hope, and finish unbeaten."

Colonel Hilton laughed. "We haven't done so badly," he said. "Anyway, here we are, county champions. One more match to be played, and that's the match against the Rest of England at the Oval. I told you you would be captaining the team for that match, Lovell."

"And you were right, sir." The colonel rubbed his hands gleefully. He could hardly contain his keen satisfaction at this splendid fulfilment of his dearest hopes. The season had been a hard and an anxious time for him, but the finish had been worth all the trouble he had taken.

"And we are going to beat the England team," went on Colonel Hilton. "We must beat them hollow, as a final flourish, you know. I have a good idea as to the formation of the team. It will be practically the same as that played against the South Africans in the third test match. A splendid set of men, of course. What do you think of our chances, Lovell?"

Arthur looked very thoughtful. In the nature of things, a county team could not be supposed to have equal chances against an England team, yet the Loamshire men had done so well of late that the colonel was decidedly hopeful, and Lovell to some extent shared his hopes.

"Here's the list," added the colonel. "Look it over. I am pretty certain that the team will be as I've jotted it down, perhaps with an alteration or two, according to the state of the wicket."

Arthur Lovell took the list and glanced over it. The array of cricketers mentioned therein was certainly a formidable one:

- C. B. Fry—Sussex. Hayward—Surrey. Tyldesley—Lancashire. Foster—Worcestershire. Braund—Somersetshire. Hirst—Yorkshire. Jessop—Gloucestershire. Crawford—Surrey. Lilley—Warwickshire. Blythe—Kent. Knox—Surrey.

Arthur Lovell made a slight grimace. "That's a splendid team, sir," he said. "Any single county would have to put up a good fight to beat a side like that."

"But we have a chance, Lovell?"

Arthur nodded. "Yes, we have a chance," he said. "At all events, we shall fight our hardest, and contest the game to the last ball. And we may win."

"And we shall win," said a sweet girlish voice, as Molly Hilton joined them. "Come, Arthur, I shall never forgive you if you allow England to beat Loamshire."

Arthur smiled as he looked at the girl. He had always loved Molly Hilton, and now that he was no longer poor, no longer dependent upon his bare pay as a professional cricketer, he had wooed and won the colonel's daughter, with the full consent of the old gentleman.

Their marriage was fixed for a few weeks after the close of the cricket season, and happiness was indeed showering upon Arthur Lovell after the time of stress and strife that he had been through.

The colonel strolled away, and the two were left together. Arthur took the girl's hand in his own.

"You will be there," he said. "With you looking on, Molly, I shall do my best for one, and, if it is possible to beat such a side as that, we shall beat them. The odds are against us certainly, but there's nothing so uncertain as cricket, and we may win—yes, Molly, we shall win—we will win!"

Champion County v. Rest of England.

A SUNNY September day—a day of note in the annals of the year's cricket, for it was the day of the match between the Champion County and the Rest of England at the Oval. On the historic ground at Kennington two splendid teams were to meet, and the weather had turned out propitious, much to the relief of thousands of cricket lovers who had looked forward to the match.

Huge crowds were setting in towards the Oval long before the time fixed for the bowling of the first ball. The cheerful sound of the clacking turnstiles was incessant.

All sorts and conditions of men crowded into the great enclosures; men of all classes and circumstances, brought together by one passion in common, a love for the grand old game, dear to every true English heart.

Colonel Hilton looked out upon the rapidly-filling enclosures with a keen satisfaction in his face. Molly was already in her seat in the pavilion, which was becoming crowded. There was a buzz when Arthur Lovell, the captain of Loamshire, was seen to toss with Foster, the England captain, for choice of innings.

The Worcestershire man won the toss, and elected to bat, and Arthur Lovell led his merry men out to field. Eleven fine figures in spotless white issued from the pavilion, to be greeted with a rousing cheer from a large and enthusiastic crowd.

Arthur Lovell glanced round at the ocean of faces, and turned to Kit Valance with a smile.

"We have a splendid audience to-day, Kit," he said. "We must give them some good cricket. How are you feeling now?"

Kit's eyes sparkled. "Fit as a fiddle!" he said. "Right as rain! I shall do my best to-day, Arthur. I feel in a mood for conquering worlds!"

Arthur Lovell laughed. "Stick to that, Kit, and we shall win. I depend upon your bowling, and when you are at your best, there are few batsmen who can stand up to you. Stick to it. You will take the first over."

Kit nodded, and walked to his place. He sent down a couple of trials to the wicket-keeper, and the swing of his arm, the joyous

freedom of every muscle, showed what form he was in.

There was another cheer as the batsmen were seen coming out. The innings were opened for England by C. B. Fry and Hayward.

They were a splendid pair, and even Kit Valance was likely to have all his work out out to deal with them. Every eye on the vast ground was fastened upon the young professional bowler of Loamshire as he prepared to deliver the first ball against Fry's wicket.

The Sussex man stood ready. Down came the ball, and clack went the bat, and it dropped dead on the crease. So with the next, and the next.

Then came a swing of the Sussex man's mighty bat, and the leather went away, and away, and away to the boundary, and beyond.

Kit's eyes gleamed as he took the ball in hand again. All he knew he threw into the next ball, and it came down, a puzzling and baffling googly, that proved too much even for the splendid batsman from Sussex. For once the great C. B. was caught napping.

Clack! The balls were on the ground, and one of the stumps reclining at an intoxicated-looking angle. There was a roar from the crowd.

"How's that?" There was only one reply for the umpire to make.

"Out!" First man out for 4. C. B. Fry took the fall of his wicket good-humouredly, as was his wont. So great a batsman could afford a reverse now and then. He walked away to the pavilion.

"Bravo, Valance!" "Well bowled!" "Hurrah!"

Loud rang the shouts greeting the young bowler's feat. But more gratifying to him than the plaudits of the crowd was the quiet but hearty:

"Well done, Kit!" from his chum, Arthur Lovell, the captain of Loamshire.

Tyldesley came in to take the Sussex man's place. The great Lancashire bat was well on his guard, and Kit was not able to touch his wicket. But his time was coming. In the fourth over of the match he was caught out by Arthur Lovell, with the moderate number of 20 runs to his credit.

Foster, the England captain, was next man in. He proved to be in great form. With Hayward backing him up splendidly the Worcestershire man proceeded to make the fur fly in fine style.

The runs piled up rapidly, to the accompaniment of cheers and hand-clapping from the vast crowds thronging the Oval.

One hundred! The hundredth run was the last of that partnership. A tricky ball from Kit Valance beat Hayward at last, and the Surrey giant carried out his bat. His place was taken by Braund.

In Loamshire's matches with Somersetshire, Kit Valance had bowled against Braund, and he knew the quality of the splendid West Country cricketer. He put all he knew into the bowling, but he was not fated to take the wicket of the finest batsman in the West.

That honour fell to Tweedie, the Scottish professional bowler in the Loamshire team. Braund was at 40 when the Scotsman whipped out his middle-stump with a clever ball, and the Somersetshire man retired from the wicket.

The England total was now 160 for four wickets. The luncheon interval followed, and then the innings were resumed with Foster and Hirst at the wickets. Hirst in splendid form.

As batsman and bowler he has few equals, and on this occasion he batted in wonderful style. Through the golden afternoon he stood steady at the wicket, piling up runs, while partners came and went.

Foster fell to a fast ball from Kit Valance, and Jessop was caught out by Fortescue, while Crawford was stumped by Tunstall, the Loamshire wicket-keeper.

But Hirst was still batting, and a roar from the crowd greeted his turning of the century. With his individual score at 106, he was out at last to a ball from Kit Valance.

The score was now 400 for eight wickets. It began to look doubtful whether the England innings would be over at the time appointed for the close of the day's play. But the Loamshire men were determined to end it, and they "bucked up" in fine style, and the remaining wickets went down.

Five minutes only remained to play when the last wicket fell, from a throw-in from Arthur Lovell from the deep-field.

England were all down for 460. It was a fine score even in these days of big scoring, and the "Rest" had reason to be satisfied with themselves. Among the Loamshire men there were serious faces.

The score was a huge one, yet no more than might have been expected of such a magnificent side as the Rest of England had put in the field against Loamshire.

But whether the county could do anything like it on the morrow was a question few felt competent to answer.

Colonel Hilton tapped Lovell on the shoulder when he came off the field.

"We look to you to pull up to-morrow," he said. "It is your batting that will save us, if anything can. We rely upon you."

Lovell nodded. He meant to do his best, and no man could do more.

Kit Valance on His Mettle.

"BUCK up, Loamshire!" It was a shout from a crowd of keen Loamshire supporters on the Oval ground on the second morning of the great match—Champion County v. the Rest of England.

September sunshine flooded the great ground, and shone upon a smooth expanse of level turf, and upon thousands of keen spectators. The "Rest" were in the field, and it was time for Loamshire to commence their first innings.

In the crowd at the Oval were hundreds of fellows who had come down from Loamshire to see their county play, and they greeted the appearance of the Loamshire batsmen with a ringing shout.

"Buck up, Loamshire!" Arthur Lovell smiled. He meant to buck up, and to pull off the match if he could. He went to the wicket, and took middle, with Fortescue at the other end.

The first over for England was bowled by Blythe, of Kent, against Arthur Lovell's wicket. Blythe was a splendid bowler, but he found the Loamshire captain too hard a nut to be easily cracked.

Lovell punished the bowling in fine style. The over gave him 15, and left him at the other end to receive the next over from Hirst, of Yorkshire.

Hirst exerted himself against the Loamshire captain with equal futility. The splendid bowler of the North did his level best, but whatever he sent down Arthur Lovell seemed quite able to deal with.

Almost every ball gave him runs, and in spite of the fine quality of the bowling, he stuck to the wicket, with his score leaping up every minute.

Luck was with the Loamshire captain, but it did not smile upon his followers.

Fortescue was bowled by Knox, of Surrey, with the modest figure of 17 to his credit, and Tweedie, the Scotsman, was caught out by Hayward at 22.

Chichester came in next, and fell to Hirst's

The Loamshire total was 350, of which exactly 200 belonged to Arthur Lovell.

It was a splendid score, considering everything; but it was 110 runs behind the England score, and how the Loamshire men were to make up such a leeway was a question they were not able to answer.

The chances of course were that the Rest would beat them hollow, but the sturdy men from Loamshire were far from giving up hope. They knew the glorious uncertainty of cricket too well for that.

There was still an hour to play when the Loamshire men were all out, and Foster decided to commence the second English innings.

The Rest, as before, opened with Fry and Hayward.

But Fry was more fortunate than he had been in his first innings.

He had caught Kit Valance, and knew what to look for, and he gave the young bowler no chances.

The hour's play was uneventful from a bowler's point of view, not a wicket falling all the time; but the batsmen were busy.

They had 50 runs to their credit when the stumps were drawn for the evening.

The day's play over, the crowd dispersed, excitedly discussing the details of the game, and surmising what the developments of the morrow would be.

The general opinion was that Loamshire would be beaten, but that they would maintain a gallant struggle right up to the finish.

And many of the crowd who poured out from the Oval had made up their minds to be back again for the finish.

Four days being allotted to the match, there was no reason why it should not be finished, in spite of the heavy scoring in the early innings.

If the weather remained favourable, there was certain to be an exciting finish, and, as luck would have it, the weather seemed to have made up its mind to be good for once, as if to compensate for the many disappointments inflicted upon cricketers early in the season.

is your idea of it? Can you touch their wickets?"

Kit made a grimace. "I never had a harder task, Arthur. But I think I can do it. I am going to make a big effort. The hat trick would save us now."

"The hat trick? Against the strongest bats in England? I'm not looking for that, Kit, but do your best, old fellow. That's all."

"That's what I'm going to do!" And Kit took a hard grip on the ball, and went on to bowl against Fry.

Every eye was fixed upon him. From the pavilion, Colonel Hilton and Blane watched him eagerly, and Molly clasped her little hands in her keen anxiety.

Kit took his run, and his strong right arm went up and over, and the ball went down like a rifle bullet.

Clack!

What had happened? There was a roar as it was seen that Fry had missed the ball, his bat sweeping the empty air, and that his leg stump was out of the ground.

"Out!"

"Hurrah!"

"Well bowled!"

"Bravo, Loamshire!"

Kit's eyes sparkled.

Foster, the England captain, came in to take the place of Fry.

The fine Worcestershire batsman faced the bowling with his usual coolness, but the result was most unusual, for the first ball down shattered his wicket and scattered the bails, and a yell went up from a delighted crowd.

"Well bowled!"

The captain of the "Rest" was bowled first ball!

Looking somewhat surprised, he made his way back to the pavilion, and Braund, of Somerset, came to the wicket.

Braund had done well in the first innings, but Fortune was destined to frown upon him in his second essay against Loamshire.

The ball came down, a temptingly easy one by all appearance, but it had a tricky break on it that was a trifle too much for the great West Country batsman, and the next moment his wicket was in a dilapidated state. There was an excited yell from every Loamshire throat.

"How's that?"

And the umpire replied laconically:

"Out!"

Out it certainly was, and as the unfortunate batsman carried his bat away to the pavilion, men were waving their hats and shouting wildly all round the ground:

"The hat trick!"

"Hurrah!"

"The hat trick!"

Kit Valance had performed the hat trick before, more than once. But this was against England, not simply against a county side! It was a splendid performance, and it was not finished yet.

Hirst was the next man in—Hirst, a terrible opponent in every department of the great game, one of the finest cricketers that even Yorkshire ever produced! But Kit Valance was on his mettle now, and no batsman could withstand him. Hirst played the next ball—or, rather, the place where he firmly believed the ball to be—but it was not there, and the next second there was the crash of a falling wicket.

The Loamshire men yelled almost hysterically. Four wickets down to successive balls. A storm of hand-clapping swept across the great arena. Arthur Lovell ran to Kit and wrung his hand. Colonel Hilton was standing up in the pavilion, shouting for all he was worth, and Molly added the clapping of her hands.

The rest of the over was eventless, Jessop playing it with great care. The "Rest" were now five wickets down for the same—190.

With six wickets left, Foster's team had a good chance still of playing on till the close of time, but that splendid over by Kit Valance seemed to have changed Loamshire's luck entirely. It put fresh heart and hope into the players, and every man played up like a giant.

Only 50 runs had been added by the time Jessop was caught out at point by Arthur Lovell, and the score was at 260 when Tyldesley at last was out l.b.w.

Two hundred and sixty for seven.

Crawford and Lilley played steadily on together, but they had only brought the score to 300 when their wickets fell within a few minutes of each other.

It wanted ten minutes to closing-time when Knox was stumped, and England were all down for 310, Blythe being not-out at the finish.

The second innings of the "Rest" was over.

The total for the two innings had reached the great figure of 770, a figure huge though by no means unprecedented. Loamshire wanted 421 to win, with a day left in which to get them.

Could they do it? The warmest supporters of Loamshire shook their heads as they thought of it. The utmost Loamshire could hope for, in the general opinion, was to play for a draw; but it was known that the Loamshire captain meant to make a hard fight for victory, and there were anticipations of a splendid day's cricket on the morrow. Seldom had the historic match—Champion County v. the Rest of England—proved so hard and sustained a tussle.

(To be concluded next week, when our splendid new serial, "Slaves of the Shop," commences.)

"THE BOYS' REALM'S" PORTRAIT GALLERY.



ST. THOMAS'S A.F.C. (HULL).

bowling with a big round 0 to show for his innings.

He made his way back to the pavilion with a very red face, some sarcastic voices from the crowd inquiring the price of duck's eggs as he went.

Simpson's wicket was down next for 18.

Arthur Lovell, however, was still batting, and his score off his own bat had reached 90.

It was pretty certain that the Loamshire captain would top the century, and, as the colonel had said, the hope of the side was in Arthur Lovell.

Another wicket down, and another, and the Loamshire score still only at 180 for the six wickets that had fallen.

But now, with a mighty drive that gave him a boundary, Arthur Lovell had passed his first hundred.

A shout from the crowd greeted his success.

"Bravo, Lovell!"

"Well hit! Well hit, sir!"

But Arthur was not finished yet.

Blythe, Knox, and Hirst exerted themselves against his wicket in vain. He was still in when the teams adjourned for lunch, and he had brought the Loamshire score by that time up to the even 200.

Batting was resumed after the interval by Lovell and Kit Valance.

Kit was a good, steady batsman, and he knew that his business was not to shine, but to back up his chief, and he did that conscientiously and well.

He scored 20 runs for himself, while Lovell put on another 80 while their partnership lasted. But all things must end, and Arthur Lovell was out at last. Maynard was next man in.

He quickly fell to a smart catch by Foster, and after him Wentworth and Tunstall fell for very moderate figures.

Kit Valance had the distinction of being not out at the finish.

Bright September sunshine flooded the Oval on the following morning, the third day of the memorable match.

The crowd was even greater than on the previous occasions, the fame of the great fight in progress having spread far and wide, and the uncertainty of the finish exciting general interest.

In the bright sunshine Fry and Hayward took their places at the wicket again, and the match was resumed.

Well as they had done the previous evening, the two great batsmen seemed determined to do yet better on the third day of the match.

For two hours they remained in partnership, and but for the excellence of the Loamshire fielding the score would have been great.

As it was, Hayward had taken 80 and Fry had secured 90 when at last the partnership was dissolved.

It was to Kit Valance that the parting was due.

He had tried every kind of ball upon Hayward without success, but at last fortune came to smile upon him; the great Surrey batsman was caught napping.

There was a shout as it was seen that Hayward was out leg-before-wicket, and the men of Loamshire breathed again.

The long partnership had cost the Loamshires dear, but when Tyldesley joined Fry at the wickets it seemed that another had commenced which was to be as long-lived.

At lunch-time Fry and Tyldesley were still batting, and the Sussex giant had topped his century. The Rest were now 190 for one wicket.

Matters looked black, but they had looked as black before, and still Loamshire had come out ahead. With anxiety in every face round him, Arthur Lovell maintained his calmness and his hope of victory. When the team went on after lunch, he spoke a few words to Kit Valance.

"It looks bad, Kit," he remarked. "What