

OUT NEXT WEDNESDAY! "THE BOYS' HERALD'S" XMAS No.

THE BOYS' REALM

of Sport & Adventure.

A LAD OF THE LEAGUE.

By A. S. HARDY.

Trainer Brown held up his hand. At once the angry buzz of the mob died away, and the riot was quelled.



"The Sheeney!"

A Fine, Complete Tale of School and Football.
By Popular CHARLES HAMILTON.



THE 1st CHAPTER.
"Only the Sheeney!"

"H, that's only the Sheeney!" Careless words, carelessly spoken, but they cut deep into the heart of the dark-eyed, dark-skinned lad who heard them.

Mark Lazarus turned his head quickly, a red flush dyeing his dark cheeks. He looked towards the speaker. It was Clavering, of the Fifth, who was showing a girl cousin round St. Ronan's. Clavering was a good-natured fellow enough, but, like the rest of the Form, he "barred" the Sheeney. The pretty girl cousin had evidently made some remark concerning the athletic, dark-skinned fellow who was reading there on the seat under the elms, and Clavering had replied, without intending his words to reach the ears of Mark Lazarus, but, to tell the truth, not much caring whether they did or not.

Mark had looked up involuntarily, but he instantly dropped his eyes upon his book again. Clavering had noticed nothing, but his companion had.

"I am afraid he heard you speak, George," she remarked, as they walked on.

"Did he?" said Clavering indifferently. "That's nothing, Ethel. We call him the Sheeney, you know. He's a Jew."

"And you don't like him?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. He's a quiet chap, and never harms anybody. I can't say he's disliked at St. Ronan's. Of course, we bar him."

"Why?"

The girl asked the question quietly. Perhaps the thought of the "Sheeney" being barred, of a lad suffering isolation, and solitary in a great, crowded school, touched her kind womanly heart.

Clavering looked rather nonplussed.

"Oh, he's the Sheeney, you know!" he said lamely.

The girl said no more upon the subject. But she glanced back once at the Sheeney, and she saw that he had laid his book upon the seat, and was looking straight before him. She knew by feminine intuition how the careless, contemptuous words had cut him to the quick.

She did not know that the tears were thick in the dark eyes of the Sheeney. He had laid down his book because he could read no more.

Was it to be always thus? he asked himself.

It had been the same ever since he had first come to St. Ronan's. St. Ronan's was a big public school, and the fellows were exclusive. They barred Mark Lazarus. He had been nicknamed the Sheeney on the day of his arrival, and he was never spoken of as anything else.

The Sheeney!

There is so much in a word, in a nickname. That stuck to him, and it was as the Sheeney—as something worthy only of scorn—that his Form-fellows thought him, when they thought of him at all.

He was not asked to join any of the school clubs. He had been left out of the cricket, and he was left out of the football. Taffy Morgan, the captain of St. Ronan's, had been struck by his athletic frame, and having seen him at practice, had thought of him for a moment as a recruit for the first eleven. But only for a moment! The other fellows would have kicked. It was no good thinking of it, and the idea passed from Taffy's mind, and did not recur.

The Sheeney was not in the football club; he was not in anything. He was the head of the Form—in the Form-room—but that rather added to the repugnance with which the boys of St. Ronan's regarded him. "Swotting" was not popular at St. Ronan's.

Yet Lazarus had done nothing to offend the delicate susceptibilities of the Saints. He was quiet and well-behaved; there was nothing assertive or blatant about him. His dark, handsome face, with its black eyes and aquiline nose, showed his Jewish race. It was a face of unusual intelligence, and quite good-tempered and kind. But he was "the Sheeney," and he was barred!

Black and bitter thoughts were in the young

fellow's mind as he sat there under the elms, staring before him with unseeing eyes.

He had tried to "live it down"; to earn the regard and respect of his Form-fellows. He had failed.

His proud spirit had supported him—and the Sheeney had a pride that would have astonished the St. Ronan's fellows if they had taken the trouble to know anything about it—a pride in himself, and in his ancient race!

But it seemed a losing fight. He was the Sheeney, and he would never be anything else.

He had noticed Clavering's cousin. She had come down to the school to see the big football match that was to be played that afternoon with Northmoor, Clavering being a forward in the team, and many of the St. Ronan's fellows had looked at Clavering with envious eyes as he piloted the pretty girl about the ancient buildings, showing her the historic and interesting sights of the school, and feeling extremely proud of himself. And to her—as to others, Mark had been carelessly pointed out as the Sheeney, and, of course, she despised him accordingly!

The tears were thick on his eyelashes.

He rose with an impatient gesture. What a fool he was to allow such things to make him suffer, he told himself angrily. And what did it matter what Ethel Clavering thought of him? He put his book under his arm and strode away.

Taffy Morgan, who was talking to some fellows in the Close, glanced after the athletic form of the Sheeney crossing towards the gates.

There was an expression of regret on the captain's face.

"I say, that's a good man wasted," he remarked. "Pity he's the Sheeney. He's just the cut of a footballer, and he sprints like a—like a steam-engine. Did you see him dribbling the ball yesterday, too—practising all on his lonesome? I tell you, chaps, that's a splendid footballer wasted."

"Oh, rot!" said Courtney. "The Sheeney a footballer! I've never seen him play."

"Has he had a chance?"

"Well, no; but, of course, he couldn't play—a Sheeney bounder!"

"Of course it's rot!" agreed Cunningham.

"You're talking out of your hat, Taffy. Besides, we couldn't stand him in the team!"

"Rather not!" chimed in Blaine. "I'm not particular, but I bar Sheenies!"

"Oh, I'm not thinking of playing him!" said Taffy impatiently. "I know it's no good talking sense to you fellows, and it's no good having bad blood in the team. We shall have all our work cut out to win without quarrelling among ourselves."

"That's so, Taff."

"As a matter of fact," resumed the captain of St. Ronan's gloomily, "I tell you fellows, in confidence, that it's a bad look-out for us. Northmoor are stronger than ever this season, and you know the state we've been left in by three of our best leaving St. Ronan's at once, and Mayhew going off his form as he has."

"Oh, we've not got a bad team."

"No; but it's nothing like the Northmoor, and that's flat. I want you fellows to buck up, and play the game of your lives. Northmoor have beaten us in three matches running, and if we can't make a change, I think we'd better give up football and take to playing marbles instead."

And the captain of St. Ronan's thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and walked away with a gloomy shade upon his brow.

The fellows looked after him, and then at each other.

"Taffy's got 'em!" said Courtney, with a slight laugh. "He feels this keenly. As a matter of fact, I suppose Northmoor will wipe up the ground with us, though I wouldn't say so to Taffy."

"It's rotten," agreed Cunningham, "Mayhew going off his form is the worst of the lot. And I know the cause of it, too, though Taffy doesn't."

"I know; the Dun Cow in the village, and smoking cigarettes in his study," said Courtney, with a nod. "I know the game. If Taffy knew he would kick him out of the team at the last moment, I dare say we should be better without him."

Taffy Morgan was in a humour to kick anybody just then. He was annoyed because he felt in his heart that there was a good player wasted in the Sheeney. He was annoyed because the prospect was that St. Ronan's would be beaten that afternoon, for the fourth time in succession, by their old rivals. Everything annoyed him just then, and he walked down to the river in a bad temper.

A fellow who was seated under the bushes there gave a sudden start as the captain swung in sight, and hastily put his hand to his mouth. The hand went quickly behind him, but the smell of tobacco was enough for Taffy.

He stopped and surveyed the unlucky Mayhew with a glare of scorn and anger.

"Smoking!"

"Only—a fag, Taffy!" stammered Mayhew, turning scarlet at the blazing scorn in his captain's face. "Only—"

"Only a fag!" thundered Taffy. "That's why you were wheezing at practice this morning like a pair of old bellows. That's why you're off your form. Only a fag! A couple of hours before the most important match of the season. You—you cad!"

"Taffy!"

"Cad!" repeated Taffy fiercely. "Mind, you're out of it now! I'd rather play a kid out of the Fourth Form than you! You're not in the eleven! I'll find somebody better! Beast!"

"Taffy—"

"Don't talk to me!"

And the captain of St. Ronan's swung angrily away, leaving the wretched youth to finish his fag, if he had the taste for it.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.
The Pluck of the Sheeney.

"THE Sheeney!" The words were ringing in the ears of Mark Lazarus.

He strode from the school and along the bank of the stream, his brow black and moody, his eyes still wet with the tears he would not shed.

He threw himself down upon a bank, and stared at the stream. It was a fine sunny day, though so late in the year. The thickets behind him were still green.

He lay there thinking—thinking! Never had his isolation, his solitude and unhappiness, come home to him so clearly as it came now. He had borne up against the contempt of his Form-fellows. The knowledge that he did not deserve it helped him to do so. But to be pointed out to that sweet, kind girl with the finger of scorn, that was the bitterest, unkindest cut of all!

Why should he stand it?

What was the use of staying at St. Ronan's? It was better to go—much better! At St. Ronan's he would never be anything but the Sheeney.

Darker, angrier thoughts thronged into his mind. He had borne all patiently; but why should he be so patient? He was strong and athletic, he was a splendid boxer. He could give a good account of himself with any foe he could think of in the Fifth Form at St. Ronan's. Why should he take all that without hitting back? It would surprise Clavering to be called over the coals for his careless insolence. How amazed the fellows would be at the Sheeney knocking Clavering down, for instance.

He could do it easily enough, and he could thrash Clavering within an inch of his life when he got up again. Mark Lazarus knew that. If they would not like him, if they would not respect him, it would be something to make himself feared! Better to be hated than despised!

But the angry mood passed. That was not the way out of his difficulty. There seemed no way out, as he lay thinking gloomily and miserably.

Splash!

He hardly noted the sound, but what followed made him start and quiver—a sharp, shrill cry—a woman's cry of terror!

The Sheeney sprang to his feet.

His keen glance swept the stream. He saw it all in a moment; the scene flashed swiftly on his sight. The capsized boat—a fellow clinging to it—a girl's dark hair floating on the water as the swift current swept her away!

The Sheeney's eyes blazed.

It was Clavering who was clinging to the boat; it was Ethel, his cousin, who was being borne down the stream towards the spot where the Sheeney stood on the bank. Why did not Clavering try to save her? The Sheeney remembered that he could not swim; it was death to him to leave his hold on the boat, for the water was deep and swift and strong.

Not for an instant did the Sheeney hesitate. A splendid swimmer was Mark Lazarus, probably the best in the Fifth. But had he not been able to swim a stroke he would have plunged in then.

To tear off his jacket and boots was the work of a couple of seconds. He threw together his hands and plunged into the stream.

Right up to the bank the water was deep. Past the swaying rushes the water tore along swiftly, strongly, towards the distant weir.

In less than a minute the girl, sweeping down on the current, would be abreast of where the Sheeney stood. The lad plunged in, and swam out with rapid strokes, and the girl was swept down to him, and he caught the floating hair.

Clavering, hanging to the boat, swept the river with frantic eyes. He could not see his cousin, and he was about to let go the boat in his anxiety and excitement, forgetting that he could not swim, when he heard a shout from the bank.

"Stick to it, Clavering! The Sheeney's got her!"

It was Taffy Morgan's voice. Taffy waited only to give that shout, and then dashed at top speed along the bank to try to help the Sheeney.

The Sheeney knew it not. He was unconscious of everything save his task in hand. His grip on Ethel's hair had brought the girl's face above the water—a face white and set. The eyes were half closed. They opened, and met the dark orbs of the Sheeney.

"Save me!"

She breathed out the words.

"I will save you," said the Sheeney, "or die with you!" he added, under his breath.

For he knew that that was likelier.

The current swept him away like the clutch of a giant's hand. Already the roar of the weir sounded in his ears.

He changed his grip for a firmer hold, and the girl's face remained above the stream. With his free hand he swam, and he aimed to reach the bank by a diagonal course.

Bravely he swam, as he went down the current with his burden, and at last he came to the bank, and clutched at the rushes, and they came out in his grip!

And the current swept him on.

"Hold on, Sheeney!"

It was a shout from Taffy Morgan. The captain of St. Ronan's was tearing madly along the bank, but the racing river was swifter.

Twice again the Sheeney clutched, and twice the treacherous roots dragged from the soil, and he was swept on. Himself he could have saved; he had only to release his burden, and his own life was secure. Himself alone, but the thought of it did not even cross his mind; it was to be both or neither!

And now an eddy of the current swept him out into the stream again, and the chance was gone.

His strength was failing now. But he kept afloat; he kept his burden afloat. The weir was roaring in his ears. He knew that Taffy was shouting from the bank, but he could not make out the words.

"The post! Look-out!"

The words came at last, through a gathering

(Continued on the next page.)

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP cures indigestion, biliousness, constipation, headache, wind, palpitation, oppression at the chest, loss of appetite, pains after food, and the many other ills that arise from a disordered state of the digestive system. Why? Because it strengthens stomach and liver, cleanses your blood, and purifies your whole system.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"I had severe pains in my stomach and back, spells of drowsiness, and often felt dizzy. My food turned acid, and I was hardly ever free from heartburn. But Mother Seigel's Syrup soon cured me. Four years later I am still well."

From Mr. Scott, 79, Cannon Street, Bury St. Edmunds. April 24, 1907.

FOR Indigestion

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/4 size.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared in TABLET form and sold under the name of MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP TABLETS. Price 2/9 per bottle—one size only.

mist, as it were. The Sheeney understood; his dizzy eyes swept the stream.

Where the weir thundered in a roar and a splutter of foam a post rose from the water. He saw it, and his heart beat with new hope. It was death to be dashed against it, but it might save him yet.

His eyes sought the face of the girl. She was motionless, still, in his grip; but she was conscious. A thrill of admiration ran through the Sheeney for her pluck.

Her eyes sought his, asking a mute question. "There's a chance!" said the Sheeney.

She did not hear the words, but she understood. There was no time for more. The waters were thundering round them, the foam leaping in white waves above their heads.

A wild clutch, and the Sheeney's grip held good.

It seemed to him that his right arm was being torn from his body, that the human frame could never stand such a strain. Yet he stood it. Pluck and coolness and perfect fitness were in his favour. He held on.

His arm was round the wet, slimy wood, and now the post partly protected him from the rush of the mad waters.

How long could he stand it? How long before he was torn away and swept over the weir to black death?

Taffy was shouting again, but not a word could he hear. The deafening noise of the water drowned all else.

But that the captain of St. Ronan's would lose no time—that he would devise some means of rescue—Mark knew. If he could hold on till then.

How long had he been there—minutes or hours? He looked at the white face of the girl. But no answering look met his eyes. The horror of it had overcome her at last; she was insensible.

He held on. Minutes, hours, or years? To his dazed and dizzy brain it seemed as if centuries were passing over him—centuries of anguish.

Still he held on. Ah, what was that? A boat was gliding down to him—to destruction! But no; it came at the end of a rope, slowly paid out from the bank—a rope held by three sturdy farm-labourers. Taffy was in the boat, knowing the terrible risk he ran, but cool as a cucumber.

"Lazarus, give her to me!" Even in that terrible moment Mark noticed the difference; he was not the Sheeney now. He was called by his surname, not by that name of scorn and indifference.

Taffy was leaning from the bows of the boat. He grasped the insensible girl, and drew her to safety. The water thundered in the ears of the Sheeney; unconsciously his grasp relaxed. His strength was spent, and clouds were closing on his brain. He was going—going to grim doom and death; but a strong hand was on his collar.

He knew no more.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.
A Chance for the Sheeney.

MARK LAZARUS opened his eyes. He was lying on the grassy bank, and a dozen fellows were round him. Familiar faces—faces of Fifth and Sixth-Formers of St. Ronan's. Taffy Morgan was kneeling by his side.

"Thank goodness, he's come to!" The Sheeney struggled into a sitting posture.

"I'm all right!"

"I see you are," said Taffy, with a gasp of relief; "but—but we were afraid that you were all wrong!"

And Mark Lazarus saw with amazement that the eyelashes of the captain of St. Ronan's were wet.

"Is she safe?"

The words broke anxiously from the Sheeney. Taffy pressed his hand.

"Yes; she's safe!"

"Where is she?"

"Taken away in the farmer's trap," said Taffy reassuringly. "She's all right, Lazarus. Don't worry. Thank goodness, you're all right, too!"

The Sheeney breathed hard. The fellows round were looking at him curiously. They had never expected anything of this kind from the Sheeney. He had shown a pluck and steady courage that amazed them. And then, simply as a swimmer, he appealed to them. What a splendid swimmer the fellow must be to do as he had done! And any kind of physical prowess ranked high at St. Ronan's.

The Sheeney staggered to his feet. Taffy helped him. Clavering—for George Clavering was there, soaked to the skin—put out his hand to help also. The Sheeney drew back quickly. Clavering turned red.

"I am all right," said the Sheeney coldly. "I can walk very well. I think I had better be getting back to the school."

Taffy laughed.

"You will take my arm, old chap!" he said. The Sheeney's heart beat. Old chap! The words came strangely to his ears. He leaned heavily on Taffy Morgan's arm as he moved away from the spot. The other fellows looked after him with curious expressions.

"I never thought it of the Sheeney!" said Cunningham.

"He's got pluck!" said Courtney.

"I say, Clavering, you're in his bad books. You owe him something, too. He saved your cousin's life."

Clavering coloured.

"He heard me speak of him as the Sheeney this morning to my cousin," he said awkwardly. "I—I think he doesn't like being called that."

"How remarkable!" said Cunningham gravely. "An honourable title like that—"

"Oh, don't rot! I'm sorry I hurt his feelings, as—as it's turned out. I suppose I had better apologise to him."

The Sheeney went straight to his room at St. Ronan's, and rubbed himself dry, and changed his clothes. He felt little the worse for his adventure now; his strong, athletic frame could have stood more than that. He was always in fit condition, and that fitness stood him in good stead now.

He came down from his room presently. He strolled out into the Close, which was pretty well crowded. The time for the big match with Northmoor was approaching, and already the juniors were crowding round the football-ground.

Curious eyes were cast upon the Sheeney. Even those who were most prejudiced against him could not help admiring his pluck, and many were dubious about how they should treat him.

The Sheeney's manner settled that for them. He was colder and more reserved than he had ever looked before. Mark Lazarus wanted no condescending words because he had risked his life to save a girl.

There was a faint murmur among the fellows. A single glance from Taffy Morgan quelled it. They knew Taffy when he looked like that. One word of remonstrance was enough to make the captain of St. Ronan's resign. And what would the Saints do then against Northmoor?

For a full minute Mark was too surprised to speak. He could only stare at Taffy.

"Are you asking me to play for St. Ronan's?" he said at length.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because we want you."

The Sheeney flushed red.

"Because I—because I— No; I refuse—I refuse!"

"No, you don't," said Taffy coolly. "You were going to say, because you saved Miss Clavering's life? No; that's only partly the reason, though the pluck you showed makes a difference. But I know you're a splendid player, and we are badly in want of a man. Mayhew is left out. We want you as inside-right. You will play?"

"I—I—"

"Mind you, I'm asking you as captain of St. Ronan's. You can't refuse."

The Sheeney hesitated. It was the keenest desire of his heart, as of every heart at St. Ronan's, to play in the first eleven.

But—there was a big but! The eyes of the other fellows were fixed upon him. They did not want him. They did not venture to murmur a word against their captain; but they looked almost appealingly at the Sheeney, some of them threateningly. It was a threatening glance that the Sheeney caught as he looked at them, and it decided him.

"I will play," he said quietly.

who is playing also. He tells me that St. Ronan's will have to fight hard this time, and that it will not be easy to win."

"It will be hard," said the Sheeney. "The Northmoor fellows are in splendid trim, and our first team has never been so weak."

"All the more reason for playing a good game," said the girl, smiling brightly.

And the Sheeney inwardly vowed that he would play a good game. With the girl's kind eyes upon him he felt that he could play up like an International.

"Come on, She—Lazarus!" said Taffy cheerfully. "Time to get into your togs!"

The Northmoor fellows had arrived, and a splendid team they were in their blue and white. St. Ronan's turned out into the field in white and red, and King, the Northmoor captain, looked them over with a keen eye, and nodded smilingly to his companions.

"Not much class," he said. "Not so strong as before. Poor old St. Ronan's! I tell you what it is, kids, we shall have to send over a junior team next time. They ain't worth our while."

"Taffy Morgan's all right," said King; "and there's another chap—a new forward—who looks as if he knew how to play. Looks a bit of a Sheeney, too. I say, Clavering—Clavering came towards him with a look of inquiry—"who's the Semitic merchant?"

George Clavering coloured uncomfortably.

"Oh, that's Taffy's latest recruit!" he said awkwardly. "Chap named Lazarus—we call him the Sheeney here."

"Sheeney—eh? Well, he looks jolly good form, Sheeney or no Sheeney."

The two captains tossed, and the visitors won. King chose the goal from which the wind was blowing, and as it was rather

keen, this was an advantage for the Northmoor men to start with. It was another nail in the coffin of St. Ronan's, thought those who knew well the form of the home team and the form of the visitors.

Eager eyes round the ropes watched the commencement of the game. Northmoor were hard and fast players from the start, and they soon rushed the ball into the home half. In weight and in combination they were superior to the home side, and for the first quarter of an hour, though the Saints defended desperately, the fighting was all in the home half, and the goal had several narrow escapes.

And at last, from a skilful shot by King, the ball escaped the goalie and went right in, and Northmoor were one up.

The crowd looked at one another disconsolately. Was this the beginning of the end? It looked like it, for when St. Ronan's kicked off again the visitors rushed once more into the home half, and showed that they meant to remain there.

But after five minutes of steady tussling, working ever nearer and nearer the goal, a home back—it was Courtney—cleared, and the ball came down in mid-field. There was a rush, and a home forward escaped with it.

Away he went, dribbling the ball in fine style, away and away, right up the field, and a shout of amazement broke from the crowd.

"The Sheeney!"

The Sheeney it was. The ball was at his feet, the goal in front of him, and the foe were falling behind in that lightning rush. How he eluded the halves who rushed upon him the spectators hardly

but he did elude them—and swept on for goal, and now there was only the goalkeeper between him and victory.

"Buck up, Sheeney!" "Kick! Oh, kick!"

The Saints round the ropes stamped and yelled. The enemy were close on the Sheeney's tracks—he would have no time for more than one kick. The goalie seemed all hands and feet and eyes. Ah, he was kicking—and the goalie grinned and stood ready—only at the last second the Sheeney changed his feet and sent the ball into the corner of the net where the custodian was not expecting it, and—and it was goal!

"Goal!"

Like the roar of the surf came that shout from a hundred throats.

"Goal!"

Taffy was thumping the Sheeney on the back like a lunatic. Fellows danced and waved their caps, and shouted and raved.

"Goal! Good old Sheeney!" "Goal! Hurrah!"

The Sheeney's eyes were sparkling, his dark cheeks were flushed. It seemed like a dream to hear the fellows shouting "Good old Sheeney!"—but it was no dream, it was a joyous reality.

The sides lined up again, but now there was less of dubiety, more of confidence, in the hearts of the Saints and in their faces. They had a player among them who was better stuff than any man on the Northmoor side. A player who had scored a difficult goal practically without any backing. What did it matter if that player was the once despised Sheeney? He was playing the game, and playing it grandly. That was enough for them.



At the last second the Sheeney changed his feet and sent the ball into the corner of the net where the custodian was not expecting it, and—and it was goal! "Goal!" Like the roar of the surf came that shout from a hundred throats.

Clavering came towards him with a hesitating air.

"I say Shee—I mean Lazarus."

The Sheeney stopped.

"Do you want to speak to me?"

His quiet, cold tone had the effect of increasing Clavering's embarrassment.

"Yes," he stammered. "I—I want to thank you for what you did—"

"You owe me no thanks."

"You saved my cousin's life—"

"I did not save yours, and you owe me nothing," said the Sheeney coldly. And he walked on, leaving Clavering standing with a scarlet face.

"Well, my hat!" said Clavering at last. "You heard that, Taffy? Did you ever see such a nerve? I was going to speak to him in a friendly way—"

"Perhaps he doesn't want to be patronised in a friendly way," suggested Taffy blandly, "and perhaps he doesn't like it to be regarded as an extraordinary thing to behave like a decent fellow."

"Oh, but you know—"

"You've got a lot to learn, George. By the way, do you know that I found Mayhew smoking, and that he's out of the team?"

"Yes; he's told me so. He's cut up about it. Can't you—"

"No, I can't. Come along—and you other fellows, too—I'm going to speak to the Sheeney, and I want you to hear what I say."

Somewhat surprised, the fellows followed the captain of St. Ronan's. He came up to the Sheeney under the elms. Mark looked at them inquiringly.

"I want to speak to you, Lazarus," said Taffy.

"We have a vacant place in the team that represents St. Ronan's against Northmoor to-day. Will you take it?"

"Good!" said Taffy, with great satisfaction.

"Come and get your things!"

And the captain of St. Ronan's walked away with his arm linked in that of the Sheeney. And St. Ronan's rubbed its eyes as it looked.

THE 4th CHAPTER.
Good Old Sheeney!

THERE was something like consternation in the faces round the football-field.

There had been a great deal of speculation as to whom the vacant place would be given, but among all the possible and impossible candidates suggested no mention had been made of the Sheeney.

The Sheeney play for St. Ronan's! It was impossible—outrageous—wicked! But it was true; and, without quarrelling with Taffy, there was no getting out of it.

Taffy was as firm as a rock when his mind was made up. It was made up now. The Sheeney was inside-right in the team, and the whole crowd was in a buzz of wonder and indignation and exasperation.

That the team did not like it was well known. They said nothing, but they thought the more. It was noticed, however, that the respected Head of St. Ronan's looked pleased when Taffy told him, and that he spoke very kindly to the Sheeney. The Head saw nothing extraordinary in it, and that fact somewhat impressed the boys.

There was another who was glad to hear about it. That other was Ethel Clavering. The girl was on the ground to see the match, looking somewhat pale, but otherwise quite herself. She spoke to the Sheeney before all St. Ronan's, and gave him her hand as she thanked him for the risk he had run for her.

"I am so glad to see that you are playing for the school," she said. "You know cousin,

THE SHEENEY.

(Continued from the previous page.)

The teams closed in strife again. More obstinate now was the struggle, but again the "class" of the visitors told, and another goal was added to the Northmoor score just before half-time.

The whistle went with the visitors two goals to one. In the brief interval the Sheeney had a strange experience in the home dressing-room. First of all, Clavering came and gripped his hand and shook it, and shook it again. He did it without a word, but his expression was enough. Then Cunningham did the same, and Courtney started slapping him on the back. The Sheeney, doubtful at first, realised how great a change had come about, and he smiled.

There was no thought of patronising here; these fellows were keen sportsmen who recognised a kindred spirit, and greeted him as such. He had played up like a hero for the school, in spite of the way in which the school had treated him. If St. Ronan's were saved that day, it would be the work of the Sheeney. That was enough for the Saints to know. From that moment he was a chum and a brother.

The teams went out into the field again. The Sheeney's eyes were sparkling. He was in a mood for conquering worlds. He caught the bright glance of Ethel Clavering from the pavilion, and it spurred him on. The wind was in favour of the Saints now, and as soon as Northmoor kicked off, St. Ronan's attacked.

"He's away!"

"The Sheeney! Bravo, Sheeney!" Yes, he was indeed away, with the Saints backing him up well. Right through the defence of the Northmoor fellows—right up to the goal. And then King, desperate, charged the Sheeney and brought him down, but not before he had passed to Taffy, who slammed the ball home.

"Well passed!" the crowd was yelling, as the Sheeney rolled on the turf; and the next moment they burst into a roar, "Goal—goal—goal!"

Yes, it was goal, and St. Ronan's had equalised.

Kick-off again! The Northmoor men were fighting hard now, grim and determined. They knew that victory was not within their grasp as they had deemed—they knew that the presence of one magnificent player had inspired the home side to undreamt-of efforts—they knew that it was touch-and-go! They played up for all they were worth.

Hard and fast—fast and hard! Breathless with anxiety, the crowd looked on at the swaying, tireless struggle. Now on one side of the line, now on the other—now a rush up to the home goal, now an attack upon the enemy's citadel. But no goals—no more scoring. The attacks were determined, but the defence on either side was obstinate.

And the time was passing swiftly. Fellows were looking at their watches—ten minutes more—five minutes—three minutes.

Was it to be a draw? That, indeed, would have been a kind of triumph for St. Ronan's, who ought, with only common luck, to have been licked. But the Saints were hoping for better things now; the Sheeney had made them expect more. They shouted to him as the time drew near.

"Buck up, Sheeney!" "One goal more!" "Go it, Sheeney!"

The Sheeney heard the shouts, and his eyes blazed. He knew what was expected of him, and he meant to do it. He knew that time was close as he broke down the field in a last determined effort.

"He's off!" "Go it, Sheeney!"

Two Northmoor fellows went rolling on the ground on either side of the Sheeney. The powerful figure in red and white tore through the press of blue shirts, and away—and away—while the roar swelled round the ground.

"Go it, Sheeney!" Ah, the backs have got him—he cannot escape that—yes, by Jove, he has escaped, though, and is breaking for goal like a roebuck! But fast pursuers are on his tracks, and the backs are rushing on—and the goalkeeper is ready. St. Ronan's groans—there is too much against him—he can never do it!

Cannot he? In goes the ball, a fast, high shot—out again from the goalie's fists—but Taffy is there—in again from the foot of Taffy, who is rolled over the next instant by a charging back. Out again—no—the goalkeeper is flinging it out, but he has advanced too far in his excitement, and the Sheeney is upon him. Right in goes the goalie with the ball—right in—and a tremendous roar breaks from the crowd, drowning the shrill scream of the whistle.

"Goal!" The game is done and won. The field is black with a surging crowd. The Sheeney is snatched and borne shoulder high to the pavilion. He catches a glimpse of Ethel Clavering, on her feet, her eyes sparkling, clapping her little hands, while the cheering round is like the surf on a storm-beaten shore.

St. Ronan's has won—the Sheeney has won—and the shadowed days of the Sheeney's life are over—the Sheeney is the hero of St. Ronan's!

THE END.

OUR LEAGUE CORNER.

Conducted by the Secretary of THE BOYS' REALM Sports League.

Secretaries of Junior Leagues are invited to send in interesting items of news, etc., for publication in these columns, which will be reserved for them in future. No charge is made for the insertion of such paragraphs. It should be borne in mind that, owing to the fact that THE BOYS' REALM goes to press so long in advance of the day of publication, no item of news can appear until three weeks have elapsed.

OBAN JUVENILE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

This body was instituted by the present secretary in the month of October, 1904, and it has done a great deal to foster football among the juveniles in Oban. The winners the first season were Glenmore F.C., and runners-up the now defunct Black Lyn F.C.

Last season the cup and league was won again by Glenmore F.C. after a hard struggle with the runners-up (Thursday F.C.), who the Glens only managed to throw off in the last tie, defeating them by 3 goals to love. The present season promises to be a greater success, and with a good working committee, Mr. McInnes is hoping that such will be the case.

SPEN VALLEY AND DISTRICT SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Table to October 19th. Hightown Adult School, Mount Top Wesleyans, Carlington St. John's, Scholes Church, Heckmondwike Parish Ch., Robert Town Wesleyans, Millbridge Wesleyans, Gomersal St. Mary's, Heckmondwike St. Saviour's, Heckmondwike Temperance, Hartshead Moor Wesleyans, Robert Town Parish Church.

HAMMERSMITH LEAGUE.

A trial match took place on the ground of the Harrodians on a recent Saturday between two teams selected from the league. The Reds were composed chiefly of league players. The Whites were not as strong as they should have been owing to having to make several alterations at the last minute, with the result that the Reds were able to do pretty well what they liked, and ran out easy winners by 11 goals to 1.

The chief feature of the Reds' display was the combination of the forwards, who, every time they were in front of goal, were very dangerous.

The Whites played a plucky game, and were well led by their captain, C. Ward, but could make very little headway against the Reds' defence.

The Hammersmith League have arranged to play the first round of their inter-league contest on December 26th.

NORTH-EAST LONDON FOOTBALL LEAGUE AND ALLIANCE.

The draw for the London Inter-League Championship has taken place, and the North-East London Football League are drawn away to the Woolwich and District League. This match will take place on January 11th, 1908, on the New Becton Football ground. If Woolwich Arsenal are drawn away on that date the officials hope to get a bumping game.

The league and alliance hold their grand concert and presentation of cups and medals at the Excelsior Hall, Bethnal Green, shortly. Special artists are being engaged, and the prices of admission will be 3d., 6d., and 1s. The above league would like all the support possible from junior footballers to make this concert a grand success. Tickets can be obtained from the joint secretaries of the league as follows: Mr. H. F. Collins, 77, Caledon Road, East Ham; Mr. S. H. Elliott, 34, Jefferson Street, Bromley-by-Bow.

Table to October 19th. LEAGUE.

Table with columns P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. for All Saints (Poplar), St. Michael's (Poplar), Bow United, Southgate Road.

ALLIANCE.

Table with columns P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. for Smeed Road Old Boys, Vaughan Athletic, All Saints (Buxton Street), Monteith Rovers, Penton Rovers, All Saints II. (Poplar), Moorgate Rovers, St. Peter's (London Docks), Fairburn.

NORTH STAFFS. CHURCH LEAGUE.

Tables to October 19th.

Table with columns P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. for Cobridge Church, Hanley St. Jude's, Hanford Church, Silverdale St. Luke's, Longton St. Chad's, Florence St. Luke's, Shelton Brotherhood, Tunstall R.C., Hanley R.C., Stoke R.C., Hanley St. Chad's, Tunstall Christ Church, Stoke St. Andrew's.

DIVISION II.

Table with columns P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. for Boothon Mission, Stoke St. Peter's, Longton St. Chad's, Shelton St. Mark's, Stoke St. Andrew's.

ANNFIELD PLAIN AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

FIXTURES FOR REST OF THIS MONTH.

Table listing fixtures for November 16th, 23rd, and 30th, including teams like Kyo United, White-le-Head Rangers, South Moor, Morrison United, Greencroft, Hill Top, South Moor v. Blackhill Baptist, etc.

DURHAM TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

Table to October 19th.

Table with columns P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. for Hunwick I.O.G.T., Willington Presbyterian, Ushaw Moor I.O.G.T., Pelton Fell I.O.G.T., Brandon I.O.G.T., Durham North End, New Brancepeth Reserves, Chester Moor, Shilny Row P.M., Browney I.O.G.T.

"THE BOYS' REALM" SOUTH LONDON LEAGUE.

Table to October 10th.

Table with columns P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. for St. Nicholas, St. Barnabas, Woodman, St. Mary's A.F.C., Holy Trinity, Marlborough, Burn 2nd XI, Westminster C.B.B.

SENIOR.

Table with columns P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. for Jarbies, Claverton, Holmesdale, St. Mary's Rectory, London House, Norwood Argyle, Colliers Wood.

BALSALL HEATH LEAGUE.

Table to October 19th.

Table with columns P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. for Haymill's United, Storchley United, Uplands United, St. Matthew's, St. Oswald's, Melrose Unity, Cannon Hill, Bishop St. Social, Aston Shamrock, White and Pike's Reserves, St. John's S.U., Excelsior, Edgbaston Rovers, St. Paul's, Brighton Rovers, Victoria Athletic.

FIXTURES FOR REST OF THIS MONTH.

November 16th.

Table listing fixtures for November 16th: Edgbaston Rovers v. Excelsior F.C., Haymill's United v. Storchley United, Victoria Athletic v. St. Paul's, White and Pike's v. St. Oswald's, Bishop St. Social v. Melrose Unity, St. Matthew's v. St. John's, Cannon Hill v. Uplands United.

November 23rd.

Table listing fixtures for November 23rd: St. Oswald's v. St. Matthew's, Brighton Rovers v. Cannon Hill, Melrose Unity v. Edgbaston Rovers, St. John's v. Haymill's United, Excelsior v. Victoria Athletic, Storchley United v. White and Pike's, St. Paul's v. Bishop St. Social.

November 30th.

Table listing fixtures for November 30th: Edgbaston Rovers v. Storchley United, Haymill's United v. Aston Shamrock, Victoria Athletic v. St. Oswald's, White and Pike's v. Brighton Rovers, Bishop St. Social v. St. John's, St. Matthew's v. Uplands United, Cannon Hill v. Excelsior.

THE NORTH LONDON AMATEUR LEAGUE.

The Realm Athletic F.C. (Holloway) beg to announce that they are holding their first grand annual Bohemian concert in the St. John's Gymnasium, 623, Holloway Road, N., on Thursday evening, December 19th, 1907, at 7.30 p.m., under the distinguished patronage of Thomas Wiles, Esq., M.P., Hamilton Edwards, Esq., G. A. Touke, Esq., E. R. P. Moon, Esq., Councillors John Essex and Thomas Harper.

The following well-known concert, variety, and music-hall artistes will appear during the evening: Reece and Reece, Dudley and Frederick, Madame S. Bowles (soprano), Madame Evelyn Jones, A.R.A.M. (contralto), Jack Fisher and Ernest Franklin, R.C.M. (tenors), Stanley Fenton, L.C.M., Ben Price (gold medalist, bass), Kenneth Jones (humorous), Fred Rech, Pat Phenev, Harry Brandon (marconigrams, etc.), G. W. Purvis, George Penny (descriptive), W. McNeil (descriptive), George Bailey, Brandon's Famous Pierrot Troupe, The Barcelona Nuts, Miss Bedford's Popular Sketch and Dramatic Party, Lester Stewart (violin), Tom Waters (banjo), and a host of others.

Tickets, numbered and reserved, 1s. 6d.; admission, 1s.; and a very limited number at 6d. each. To be had from any of the club members, or from Mr. S. T. Fenton, 20, St. John's Villas, N., or Mr. A. G. Bloodworth, 23, Rheidal Terrace, Islington, N., and at the hall on the night. Don't forget the date.

FOOTBALL WINNERS FOR WEEKS' ENDING OCTOBER 12TH AND 19TH.

Table listing winners for BALSALL HEATH AND DISTRICT LEAGUE, WHITE AND PIKE'S F.C., MERSEY FOOTBALL LEAGUE, NORTH END MISSION F.C., CROXDAL E JUNIOR LEAGUE, TRIDHOE TEMPS. F.C.

BOGNOR AND DISTRICT JUNIOR LEAGUE.

St. JOHN'S F.C.—Secretary, Mr. F. W. Bannock, Waterloo Square, Bognor. WICK'S II. F.C.—Secretary, Mr. W. Woolven, High Street, Wicks, Littlehampton.

NORTH-EAST LONDON LEAGUE.

VAUGHAN A.F.C.—Secretary, Mr. R. J. Jessop, 85, Guilford Road, Poplar.

MONTROSE AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

MELVILLE F.C.—Secretary, Mr. J. Smith, 86, Melville Lane, Montrose. VIOLET A.F.C.—Secretary, Mr. C. T. Gibson, 9, Wharf Street, Montrose.

ANNFIELD PLAIN AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

HILL TOP UNITED F.C.—Secretary, Mr. M. V. O'Rourke, 8, Prospect Terrace, Pickering Nook, Burnopfield, R.S.O.

HACKNEY AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

ORCHARD UNITED F.C.—C.o. League Secretary, Mr. A. S. Isaacs, 2, Dyssel Street, Dalston, N.E.

NORTH STAFFS. CHURCH LEAGUE.

HANLEY ST. JUDE'S F.C.—C.o. League Secretary, F. J. Wright, 122, Thornton Road, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent.

FLORENCE ST. LUKE'S F.C.—C.o. League Secretary, Mr. F. J. Wright, 122, Thornton Road, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent.

NORTH-EAST LONDON LEAGUE.

St. MICHAEL'S F.C.—Secretary, Mr. E. Reed, 87, Teirot Street, Poplar.

HACKNEY SPECTATOR LEAGUE.

SHAP STREET OLD BOYS' F.C.—Secretary, Mr. W. Knight, 126, Queen's Road, Dalston, N.E.

DURHAM TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

HUNWICK F.C.—Secretary, Mr. J. S. Page, Church Lane, Hunwick, Durham.

CONSETT AND DISTRICT JUNIOR LEAGUE.

St. IVE'S F.C.—Secretary, Mr. F. Lock, St. Ives's Road, Leadgate.

SHEFFIELD BIBLE-CLASSES LEAGUE.

BIRLEY CARR N.M.L.F.C.—C.o. League Secretary, Mr. D. R. Procter, 237, Firth Park Road, Sheffield.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

NEWINGTON F.C.—Secretary, Mr. J. Fleet, 198, Causewayside, Edinburgh.

SUNDERLAND NONCONFORMIST LEAGUE.

HYLTON STAR F.C.—Secretary, Mr. A. Grieveson, 24, Jackson Street, Sunderland.

The following are the awards in our own league for October 12th:

"THE BOYS' REALM" LONDON LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.—NORTH.

JUNIOR.

EARLSMEAD F.C.—Secretary, Mr. J. Connaly, 1st Rainham Road, Willesden, N.

SENIOR.

COVERDALE F.C.—Secretary, Mr. Culley, 79, Khatoun Road, Plaistow, E.

DIVISION II.—SOUTH.

JUNIOR.

WOODMAN A.F.C.—Secretary, Mr. J. O. Gosling, 7, Lee Terrace, Trundley Road, Deptford.

SENIOR.

CLAVERTON F.C.—Secretary, Mr. H. P. Worthy, 169, Lupus Street, Pimlico, S.W.

"THE BOYS' REALM" SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

JUNIOR.

BITTERNE PARK ARGYLE F.C.—Secretary, Mr. H. E. Smith, Southborne, Manor Farm Road, Bitterne Park, Southampton.

SENIOR.

St. ANNE'S WEDNESDAYS F.C.—Secretary, Mr. N. Adamson, 54, Upperton Gardens, Eastbourne.

"THE BOYS' REALM" NORTHERN LEAGUE.

JUNIOR.

STANLEY JUNIORS F.C.—Secretary, Mr. W. Munn, 57, Bianca Street, Bootle, Liverpool.

SENIOR.

MANNINGHAM F.C.—Secretary, Mr. J. Barr, 24, St. George Street, Manningham.

"THE BOYS' REALM" SCOTS LEAGUE.

JUNIOR.

ORION F.C.—Secretary, Mr. I. Sinclair, 845, Govan Road, Govan, Glasgow.

The following are the awards in our own league for October 19th:

"THE BOYS' REALM" LONDON LEAGUE.

DIVISION I.—NORTH.

JUNIOR.

St. MARTIN'S JUNIORS F.C.—Secretary, Mr. W. R. Peaston, 78, Clifford Gardens, Willesden, N.W.

SENIOR.

BERRY'S JUNIORS F.C.—Secretary, Mr. A. Matthews, 113, High Street, Homerton, N.E.

DIVISION II.—SOUTH.

JUNIOR.

HOLY TRINITY F.C.—Secretary, Mr. C. Hilliers, 13, South Road, Southall.

SENIOR.

St. JUDE'S F.C.—Secretary, Mr. S. F. Hooke, 39, Oswin Street, St. George's Road, S.W.

"THE BOYS' REALM" SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

JUNIOR.

ARLESLEY F.C.—Secretary, Mr. E. King, near Co-operative Stores, Arlesley, Beds.

SENIOR.

BELVOIR F.C.—Secretary, Mr. J. Lawrence, Hazledene, Bismarck Street, Leicester.

"THE BOYS' REALM" NORTHERN LEAGUE.

JUNIOR.

LANGLEY PARK F.C.—Secretary, Mr. R. G. Howe, 22, D'Arcy Street, Langley Park, near Durham.

SENIOR.

COLNE CHURCH JUNIORS F.C.—Secretary, Mr. W. Lea, 4, Higgin Street, Colne, Lancs.

"THE BOYS' REALM" SCOTS LEAGUE.

SENIOR.

GLENFIELD F.C.—Secretary, Mr. J. Duncan, 161, Victoria Road, Torry, Aberdeen.