



Larthur Jobson was scated at a table, with books and papers before him. 2. Arthur Jobson could not speak. His head was drooping; his whole attitude one of dejection and despair, and he dered not raise his eyes from the ground.

Jan and Secretary.

Jark Russell, captain of the Ferndale Fliers, fashed out the words. His
hand was clenched, and he seemed in
to follow up the hasty words with a
as hasty, and Luke Harnard started

deed to hasty, and Luxe and one of the fases forwards in the Ferndale Football Coh, laid a retraining hand on his captain's

"Steady on, Jack!"

"Stady on, Jack "I Ak droped his land to his side. He gave I Ak dropped his land to his side. He gave I have droped his his force himself again, and the first his eyes on Barnard.

I don't helive it," he said, calmly now, "Ye say my cousin, Arthur Johson, was on the Longier Bacceourse, chumming up with a bokmaker, and lost a great deal of many.

bekensker, and lost a great deal of meet.

"Yet, I said so," said Luke Barnard, with a mer, "and I stick to it."

"But you see him?"

"In not in the habane senering tone, "I though not be likely to see him there."

"Then her do you know?"

"He was seen by somebody who knew him, and who teld me. If you're particular to boe, it was my uncle, whom you know goes a fer that sort of thing. He knows that below it our serretary and treasurer, and present her was the seen of the

The wouldn't be expected to take it any other in the many of the interest of the control of the

Well, let Johon anwer for himself," he are wisted to the protection of the protectio

as the his lip again. Barnard had him et alvantage, the him will be here in a few minutes," he had been as to him what he will be here in a few minutes, but he will be here in a man we'll see him will be a wall do, what you have said. There we want to have you have said. There want below the him was nobiated, what you have said. There want below the him was nobiated.

and shrugged his choulders again in a printing way. But he did not say more, the same way in the same way in the same way in the did not say more, that he diar opened to admit Arthur again.

As a start of the could be cause in inquirthe life could see from the expression of
a summittee, tere that something unusual
to he could be considered to the course
to the country of the course
to country of the course of the course
to country of the courtry of the course
to country of the course
to country of the courtry of the course
to country of the courtry of the course
to country of the courtry of the course
to country of the c

glance at Barnard, put his band on Arthur's

There was not much similarity between the cousins as they stood side by side. Jack was medium size, saurdy, well-built, with no open, frank face, and honest blue eyes. Arthur Jobson was slightly taller, slimmer, and though well put together, nothing like his cousin's form. His face was fair, his eyes light blue, and not altogether steady in their planes.

glance.
"Anything wrong?" he asked, looking round.
"Nothing," said Jack quietly, "only Barnard has something to say to you."
"Well, go on, Luke?"

nard has something to say to you."
"Well, go on, Luke".
"Yel's poon, Luke".
"It's hardly fair to put it like that," said
Barnard, 'but I don't mind. My uncle says
that you were betting on the Longley Racecourse last Thursday—"
Barnard did not need to finish.
Arthur Johson gave a violent start, and
turned deadly pale. Jack's hand was jerked
from his shoulder. Johosn looked from one
to another with an almost terrified expression
in his eves.

hia eyes. slow sneer crept over Barnard's face.

A slow sneer crept over Barnard's face.
Jack turned red.
'Speak up, Arthur,' he exclaimed. "Tell
us if it's not true!"
Arthur Jobson stammered for a minute.
"Well, what if it is true?" he exclaimed at
last. "Why shouldn't I pay a visit to a racecourse, to see what the place was like, if I
choose;"

Course, to the control of the contro

"Suppose I the, way shoutant a to as a me, with my own money."

"Oh, if the club doesn't mind, I don't!" as id Barnard. "I consider it disgraceful to have a betting fellow in the club. I consider it dangerous to have a treasurer who frequents racecourses. But I'm nobody, of course."

quents racecourses. But I'm noody, of course.

"Shut up!" said Ted Burrows, seeing the gleam in Jack's eyes, and Barnard, seeing it too, thought he had better do so.
Jack turned with a look of deep distress towards his cousin.

"Arthur, this can't be true. You didn't..."

"Arthur, this can't made a few bets, for the novelty of the thing," said Johean, with a

novelty of the shing," said Johson, with a sallen look.

"You're not in the habit of—"
"Who says I am?"
"Nobody, but—"
"I'm not going to be catechised. It's my own business. If you don't want me for club secretary, I'l resign. If you don't want me for club secretary, I'l resign. It's wall Jack pacifically. Below that some that. But you have been the club's reputation is you that something. If you went to the races just to see them, and fell under the influence of some rascal, it wouldn't be a nice thing, but it could be passed over. If you were in the habit of it—
"I'm not going to have my private affairs."

"I don't want in do that," said Barnard,
"I don't want in do that," said Barnard,
"Then let the matter alone, and mind your
own business," said Jobson; and he strode to
the door red with anger,
"Where are you going, Arthur? We want

you for any figure and the second of the room, after that!

You can wait!

And Arthur Johson flung out of the room, Jack, Ted, and Luke Barnard looked at one another, hardly knowing what to say or do.

They heard the street door close with some violence.

still burning with auger. But ere he had gone a dozen paces his mosal changed. The hot colour died out of his face, and a wretched paller took its place, and a dumb misery grew in the place of the rage in his eyes. Its hasty pace slackened, and his head drooped, and muttered words left miserably from his lips. "What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

## THE 2nd CHAPTER

THE 2nd CHAPTER.
A Guilty Conscience,

JACK RUSSELL looked worried as he walked down Ferndale High Street. It was Saturday afternoon, and the young captain of the Fliers had left the office where he was employed in good time to get home before the afternoon's match. The young foothalter's face was usually bright and sunny, but just now there was a cloud upon it, which is did not seen able to dispel, in that after-the season as them. Highfield EC, were the most powerful epoponents they ever met, and upon the victory or defeat of the afternoon depended, to a large extent, Ferndale's position in the local league. All through the week Jack's thoughts had been on the match—excepting of course, when he was at work. Jack Russell was not the kind of fellow to neglect his work in thisking of sports. But the match meant a great deal of anxious thought for the young captain, and now a new anxiety had been added.

He was unrasy about his cousin.

for the young captain, and now a new anxiety had been added.

He was uneasy about his cousin.

Once before Arthur Jobson had shown a dissessition to drift into shady ways, but Jack's influence had becought him back to a more manly course. His interest in football was keen, and Jack did all le could to keep it so.

But the incident at the committee meeting send nothing to a more said nothing to a more said nothing to a more said nothing to a large said to the same diggings. The concealment pointed to the truth of Luke Barnard's hints, weak-natured fellow under such influence was about the last person in the world to betting. A weak-natured fellow under such influence was with the club's money. It was terrible to think for a moment that Arthur could possed with the club's money. It was terrible to thouch money that was not the must be strong to the said and arthur Johson's nature was seen weak and selfish, though he had his good points. Jack lussell was worried.

He was thinking of Arthur, when he suddenly caught sight of Johson himself, talking with a man of about thirty at the corner of the street. Jack know the latter a once; if was Mr. Sunderland looked angry. As Jack we condering what their apparently deeply carnest talk was about.

Arthur Johson was pule and worried looking, and Mr. Sunderland looked angry. As Jack was a land was a landowner as all sond was suited. Mr. Sunderland looked angry. As Jack was a landowner as all sond was a landowner as all sond was the suited and was a landowner as all sond was a landowner as

on the simulder.

"What—what— Oh, it's you, Jacky".

Arthur Johoson fairly gasped out the words.

Jack looked at him with deep concern.

"What's the trauble, Arthur?" he asked.

"Mr. Sunderland looked quite angry when he

"Mr. Sunderman delt yad."
"Did he?" said Johon. "I didn't notice,"
"Did he?" said Johon. "I didn't notice,"
Jack looked so amazed that Johon could not help noticing it "I mean. I mean. "Somebody has been said, forcing laugh. "Somebody has been breaking down fences on his land, that's sil."
Jack did not speak.
I was not tikely that Mr. Sunderland would It was not likely that Mr. Sunderland would

speak about his private convers to the scre-tary of a junior football club; and besides, Johoso's uncertain cyc Johoso's uncertain cyc betrayed that it was an unicut José heart sank. Why should Johoson lie to him! What did this mystery mean! "I must be off," said Arthur abruptly. "You are playing this afternoon?" "Yee, I told you so vesterday." Yee, I told you so vesterday." If you like IT, and play another fellow for him left. He was the control of t

centre-half, and play another fellow for him left. Half, and play another fellow for him left. The above rave a seering laugh.

Arther Johon rave for laught for seed of the said.

He has a fancy for it, that's all. Now you're backing him up.

Jack hit his lip.

Nothing of the sort. If you're fit to play, I shall be glad to have you.

Well. I'm quite fit.

He half be glad to have you.

"Well. I'm quite fit."

It's settled, then."

Arther Johon nodded shortly and walked a see that there can be a seen of the see that the cousin could hardly not half a see that there had been a seen and the see that there had been another than the see that the seen and the see that there had been another than the see that the s

Jack entered the leg croun.

Jack entered the lie sitting room which he shared with his counties at a table, with hooks and papers before him, his head leaning on his hand, his whole attitude one of misery and dejection. At the sound of footsteps he started up, and with a flash in his face thrust his papers into a drawer and lecked "I.—I. "Is it time!" he said confusedly, "I.—I. Jack did not reply; his heart was too heavy. Jack did not reply; his heart was too heavy. In silence the three young fellows made their way down to the football ground, where they way down to the football ground, where they can be a supported by the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club, as well as a crowl of the rest of the club.

## THE 3rd CHAPTER.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.
Forbidden to Play.

ACK RUSSELL troubled as he was in his mind about his cousin, brightened up as soon as he was on the ground. In think about anything but football, and he hands a subject of the cousin. The forest field there was no time to hands a subject of the game.

Ferndale Fliers were looking in good trim, with the solitary exception of Arthur Jobson, who was pale and procecupied. The High-field fellows were in good form, too. Their captain, Yorke, was a young engineer, and a fine fellow, and well known to Jack Russell.

The High-fielders were carly on the ground, and they had come determined to win.

Round the ground, outside the lines, a goodly crowd had gathered to see the game. It was only junior football, but the Fliers and the High-fielders could always be depended upon to put up some really good play. Close upon two hundred reopts were looking on, prepared to here you have been been a subject to the field. Highfield in red shirts, the home team in blue and white. The two captains tossed for choice of goal. As they did so, there was a murmur in the part of the crown hearest the gate gying access to the field from the road.

Jack was too busy to notice, but Arthursten had been a subject to the property of the country of the country of the gate, and once or twice he had opened his lips to speak to Jack, and had closed them again.

As the murmur rose near the gate, Joheno, as startled glance wout thither, and he gave 'a frock-count and silk hat, enter and make his way through the spectators towards the playing field. The helmet of a policeman showed behind him.

Arthur Jobson's deadly paleness caught the eye of Yarke, the Highfield captain.

As the murmur rose near the gate, Joheno, as frock-count and silk hat, enter and make his way through the spectators towards the playing field. The helmet of a policeman showed the high and looked at his cousin. Then he sprang towards him.

"Arthur! Are you ill?"

Jobson did not reity.

He pointed to Johson. Jack turned round quickly and looked at

"Well, I suppose you are don't you?"
"Yes, of course?"
"Then the owner or anybody else has no right to step on the ground when a rame's going to begin. I say, Harris, 'he abled to a boy in Etons, one of the incemen, "warm that chap of the ground." There's a bobby with him, said Harris, "My hat, so there is. What the dicken does it all mean?"

does it all mean?"
The Highfield fellows were amated; as the Ferndalers, for that matter. Mr. S land might have something to say to though he had chosen an inconvenient in

Arthur Johson strole away from the house, Next Week! Great New Motor Story by Henry St. John Commences. Don't Miss It!

with him for a policeman with him for a policeman with him for a few himself and to start the game were out of the question. The referee stood silent, Paring, like the reat, at the approaching fearner, Jack Russell looked from Mr. Sun-derland to his cousin, and from his cousin back to Mr. Sunderland, in wonder and back to Mr. Sunderland, in wonder and think, his head drooping. What did it all

mean!
Steadily the landowner advanced to the very centre of the field, between the opposing teams, the constable close behind. Eyes, mostly hostile in their glance, were fixed upon Mr. Sunderland. His face was very hard. He he'd up his hand, signing back the minsel footballers as they crowded forward. What does this mean, sit?' exclaimed Jr. Rissell, and land the first fixed the statement of the first fixed the statement of the statement of the fixed the statement of the statement

Jack Russelt,
Mr. Sunderland looked at him sterniy.
"You know perfectly well what it means,
Russell," he said. "I am sorry to have to
interfere at such a moment, but you have
known for some time what to expect."
Jack looked thunderstruck.
"I sir? What do you mean, I knew what
to expect! Even now I do not know why you
are here, or what your object is."
Mr. Sunderland gave him a searching,
slauge.

glance.
"Is it possible, Russell, that you, who as as I understand, the captain of this club, not know anything about its financial po

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jack in-dignantly. "What's wrong with our position? When we fail to pay your rent it will be time for you to criticise that."

The gentleman smiled sarcastically.

Then your secretary has not acquainted you with the true state of affairs. You are not aware that no rent has been paid me for this field for hast two months."

It is looked for a moment as if his head were turning round.

"The field not paid for!" he gasped, at last.
"Why, Johson has paid you for it every week

"The field not paid for!" no serve week regularly."
"Jobson has paid you for it every week regularly."
"Jobson has done nothing of the kind," said Mr. Sunderland, coldly and incisively. "He has made excuse after excuse, saving that the subscriptions have not been paid up, and so form until I hought it high time that if the form the subscriptions are all paid up, to the last shilling." asid Luke Barnard.
"There is some mistake," said Jack Russell dazedly. "The subscriptions are all paid up, to the last shilling." "The cubscriptions are paid up all right, Mr. Sunderland. Do you mean to say that Jobson told you."
that Jobson told you."

right. Mr. Sunderland. Do you mean to say that Jobson told you.

"He told me they were not, certainly, as an excuse for not paying the rent of the field. I believed him; but now "-a very significant tone crept into Mr. Sunderland's voice.—"now it looks to me as if there were some even less creditable cause for the arrears of payment. That, however, is a matter for you to sattle among yourselves. I do not desire to interfere. Are you prepared to pay now?"

Jack did not answer the question. He turned to his cousin with almost anguish in his face.

"Arthur, what does this mean! For mercy's sake explain before I think you are—are—"
"A thief!" said Luke Barnard.

"Hold your tongue!" said Ted Burrows fercely.

"Holla your tongue!" said Teu Durionfercely.

Barnard bit his lip, and was silent.

Silent, too, was Arthur Jobson, he could not
speak. His head was drooping; his whole attitude one of dejection and despair, and he dared
not raise his eyes from the ground.

Jack touched him on the arm, but he did not
move or speak.

"Arthur, can't you say anything!"

A low groan broke from Arthur Jobson—a
sound so charged with a bellow rever the
actual so charged with a bellow rever the
on the wretched youth, and a spot of crimson
was burning in the centre of each of his palo
cheeks. But his eyes never moved from the
ground.

ground.

Jack started away from him. He could have no further doubt now. Arthur Jöbson had not paid the field rent—he had lied to the owner and his fellow-members. And where was the money? The blacklegs of Longley Racecourse could have told.

money? The b

money? The blacklegs of Longley Racecourse could have told.

Jack passed his hand over his brow. He caught Yorke's glance, and his face went crisson. The seene was terribly humiliating; the scandal that was certain to ensue was bitter to him; but to have this horrible exposure before a rival clul, that was very bitter, too. He saw only sympathy and compassion galled him at that moment.

"Well," said Mr. Sunderland, in a cold, sharp voice, I am waiting a an answer to my question. The amount of the same that the same

all events."

"I do not feel inclined to pay twice, anyway," said Luke, Bernard. "II Jebson has spent our money, let him replace it."

Jack did not reply to the taunt. He kept his ryes fixed on Mr. Sunderland, and did not trust himself to look at Barnard.

"We will make any arrangement you like, sir," he said. "If the money is owed to joy."

"Do you doubt it now?" exclaimed Mr. Sun-

"No. I suppose not," said Jack miserably. "No. I suppose net," said Jack miserably.

'The money is oved to you, and we will pay it—or, rather, I will pay it. I can save it out of my salary. But we have no money here.

'I have received premises enough from Johesm," said Mr. Sunderland.

'Oh, hang it!" broke out Ted Burrous, "You know Jack Russell is the soul of honour, and you ought to take his word, and you know it!"

and you ought to take an wore, and you know
If was an injudicious speech. Mr. Sunderland was already angry, and he did not relish
better that the state of the state of the state of
"Thank you're said icily." It am nuite
aware of what I ought to do. I ought to have
turned you out of this field weeks ago, alto
not been paid for the use of it; but it is not too
late to be firm. Unless the rent is paid us,
you will not be allowed to play here this aftermoon!"

noon!" The footballers looked at each other in utter

dismay.

Some of the Highfielders growled. They had
come some distance for the match, and it was
not pleasant to have made their journey for

not pleasant to nave made user powers to nothing.

"Shame!" exclaimed several voices.
Mr. Sunderland frowned. He was not an unkind man, but he was very much annoyed, and he could be very obstinate. A frank appeal in the first place would probably have moved him, but a condemnation of his action only made him determined to carry it through. He was as "Take your choice!" he exclaimed harshly. "I am waiting!" "We cannot pay," said Jack quietly. "I have told you that we have no money here, sir. I have enough in the post-office savings-bank, but I cannot get at it now, as you know."

but I cannot get at it now, as you know."
"Sname!" shouted the Highfielders. "Get

I have enough in the post-office savings-bank, but I cannet get at it now, as you know, "Shame!" "Shame!" should the Highfielders. "Get off the ground!" "Kick him off!" "Kick him off!" "Kick him off!" "It will he my audit the policeman gave the defant glance round. The policeman gave the post of the ground of the policeman gave the control of the ground of the policeman gave the post of the ground of the tent with a grim, gloomy look on his face. Arthur Jobson had dispepsered the ground of the ground of the tent with a grim, gloomy look on his face. Arthur Jobson had dispepsered the ground of the ground of the tent with a grim, gloomy look on his face. Arthur Jobson had dispepsered the ground of the ground of the tent with a grim, gloomy look on his face. Arthur Jobson had dispepsered the ground of the ground of the tent with a grim, gloomy loo

the arm.
"Shall I walk home with you, Jack?"

"Shall I walk home with you, Jack?"
Jack shook his head.
"I'll go alone, Ted. I want to see Arthur, and I.—I want to think. Heaven help us! I don't know what's to be done."
Burrows paused.
Jack smiled bitterly.
"That he has embezzled the money! There

"That he has embezzled the money? There cannot be any doubt. He has as good as admitted it."

It's horrible, Jack! I can't say how sorry

"I know you are, old fellow. The committee had better meet this evening, and see what is to be dore. There will be a scandal." Jack gave a groan. "Most of the people on the ground suspect what was on; and, of course, the High-field fellows will talk. Our own fellows will, for that matter. They can't be expected to take this nuicity. Arthur isn't their cousin."
"They all feel for you, Jack."
"Yes, I believe they do, excepting Barnard. But they don't feel for Arthur; they despise him, and I know he deserves it. But—but—"There won't be more scandal than we can help. Nobody thinks of any—any arrest, or anything of that sart, "said Ted awkwardly."
"I deserves it way, Jack, as the best of us might be by a set of scoundred, I believe," said Ted. "Think the best of him that you can, and we'll try to get him out of this."
Jack pressed his chum's hand, and, with a heart too full for words, walked away. He left the ground, and turned his face towards the town, the most miserable boy in the county at that moment, with the possible exception of Arthur Joshon. But where was Arthur!

THE 4th CHAPTER,
The Shadow of Disgrace-A Friend in
Need-"Coal."

USSELL!"

USSELL!"

A tap came on Jack's shoulder as he walked along, buried in thought, and he looked round. A dark expression came over his face as he recognised "What do you want to be a second to the company of the company

Luke Barnard.
"What do you want, Barnard?"
"Nothing," said the Ferndale half, "only a few words. You called me a liar the other night when I told you about your consin bet-

ting on the taces—at all events, you said you did not believe me. Was I right?"

Jack Russell nedded.

"Yes," in eaid quietly, "you were right. I

into do believe me. Was I right?"

"Yee," he caid quietly, "you were right. I was wrong, I did not believe you, and I was wrong. I did not believe you, and I was wrong. I admit it, and I owe you an apology. I have story."

Luke Barn red was taken aback, III had expected hot and angry words from the late that the late that the late that it is to take the late that it is to reply in kind; but this total surrender surprised him, and made him feel uneary. He had been spurred on by a jealousy of Arthur, and an obstinate feeling of opposition towards Jack himself, and he had been fully satisfied as to the excellence of his own motives. Now, as he looked into the white, pain-stricken face of Jack Ruscell, a sudden sense of meanness smorte him, unrounfortable sense that Jack regarded him as a cad, and was right in so regarding him, caused a flush to come into his cheeks.
"I did not nean to hurt you when I spoke," he said awke ardly. "I always thought you lavoured Joseon. I mentioned the matter, because I thought he was going to the dogs, and ought to be stopped in time." "I did not sopped in time." "I did not sopped in time." "I have a to the cought to be stopped in time." "I have a to the cought to be stopped in time." "I have a to the cought to be stopped in time." "I have a time." "I have a to the cought to be stopped in time." "I have a time. "The late a time." "I have a time." "I have a time." "I have a time." "I have a time. "The late a time." "I have a time." "I have a time." "I have a time." "I have a time. "The late a time." "I have a time." "I have a time. "The late a time. The late a time." "I have a time. "The late a time." "I have a time. The late a t

is sain any struit. — I aways thought you arouned Jobson. I mentioned the matter, ecause I thought he was going to the dogs, and dult to be stopped in time. — I dare say I was hasty, and did you as inside the structure of the same than the same that it is not a market for it, and I hope we shall part friends." "Part!" said Barnard. "What do you send." instic

"I mean that I shall resign the captaincy of Ferndale Fliers, after—after this. I hope you or Ted Burrows will take my place. That's all."

"Russell, I've been a rotten cad," broke out Barnard auddenly. "You sha'n't go! I-admit I've looked forward to a chance of fäling your place, but now-now it seems different, somehow. You sha'n't go-and as to your cousin, we'll hash it up. We don't want a club scandal, anyway. We'll have a whip round for the money.—"

want a crus scancer, whip round for the money—" "I shall pay that, Barnard—every penny." "But about the resigning—you sha'n't do it! I'll see that the committee don't let you!" "But about the resigni I'll see that the commi-exclaimed Luke Barnard.

erelaimed Luke Barnard.

Jek Russell smiled faintly.

"The Russell smiled faintly.

"The Russell smiled faintly.

"The Russell smiled faintly.

"The Russell smiled faintly.

"But I'm glad to part friends. Barnard, after the rubs we've had. There's my hand it you like to take it."

Barnard grasped it warnly.

"But you shan't leave the Fliers," he said, as they parted.

Jack Russell walked on towards his home. Barnard stood hesitating some minutes, and then he set off at a rapid walk, but the direction he took led him towards the house of Mr. Sunderland.

Jack's brow was moody as he reached his

Mr. Sunderland.

Jack's brow was moodly as he reached his quarters. He wanted to see Arthur, to think not with him what was best to be done, yet he door of the little sitting room. The room was dusky in the winter afternoon. But Jack saw Arthur at once.

The secretary of the Ferndale Football Club was seated at a deek, and a freshly-written sheet lay before him. But he was not writing sheet lay before him. But he was not writing now. His head had fallen upon his hands, and the tears of utter misery and dejection were streaming through his fingers. His body was shaken by slow, heavy sobs. He did not hear Jack enter.

ware streaming through his fingers. His body was shaken by slow, heavy sobs. He did not hear Jack enter.

Jack's heart was heavy as he came towards his cousin. He caught a glimpse of the letter Arthur had written:

"Dear Jack,—I am going, and you will never see me again. Try to forgive me—"
There were tear-blots on the written lines. Jack touched his cousin on the shoulder.

"Arthur!"

"Jack! Oth. I did not mean to see you again! I—I—"
Jack passed his arm round the unhappy lad's shoulder and drew him to the seat again. Arthur was shivering convulsively.

"Calm yourself, Arthur," said Jack quietly.

"I know all about it, and I won't asy I think you are not to blame. A chap who touches another follow's money is a— I won't say what; there isn't a word to describe him produpe; you have been in the hands of others."

"The bookmakers had it," groaned Arthur. It thought I had a dead cert. I risked the club's money on it, and I mean to replace it out of my winnings, and buy the club a new set of goalpoate and nets as a present."

Jack smiled miscrable."

"Yes, somehow; and then I tried again,

set of goalpoats and note as a present."

Jack smide miseraby,

"And you lost, of course;"

"Yes, somehow; and then I tried again,
to retrieve my luck, but somehow luck was
against me! Oh, it's been awful! I had to
lie to Mr. Sunderland. I lied to you. I lied
to others. I have made lying entries. Oh,
Heaven; sometimes I have felt that I was
being strangled in my own network of lies!"
He sobbed convulsively. "I don't deserve any
pity: I ought to have 'R don't deserve any
pity: I ought to have 'R don't deserve any
pity: I ought to have 'R don't deserve any
pity: I ought to have 'R don't deserve any
pity: I ought to have 'R don't deserve any
entry in the standard of the control of the control

"Yes, I believe that."

"Yes, I believe that.

"Yes, I believe that."

"Yes, I believe that would think me
a thie!"

"Arthur shuddered. "Now it has
come, and I'm shown up before the whole
club. I wish I had cut and run sooner. But
I shall go to-night."

"We must think about our future plans,
Arthur. But you are not fit now. When you
are calmer we will discuss them. But I am
not going to desert you. If I had been sharper
this might never laws happened."

"It was my own fault—my own fault."

"There was silence in the red for a long
time, while the winter thak deepened, broken

only by Arthur's convulvive brane at the door, and Jack brane at the door at the door

of yours, Luce and the first you have decided he followed by the club, Russell."

If must, sir, I stand by my one has done wrong, of course; and he long acting very decently in letting his of, shall not desert him."

Mr. Sunderland grasped the boy's writely.

captain of the Ferndale Football Châ is graft and the Ferndale Football Châ is graft don't know what to say," mid he Russell brokenly; "I don't know boe at you the gratitude I feel."

"Then it is settled."

And Mr. Sunderland, who felt the cousins should be left alone just the, get left titem. Arthur was sobbing, but is hope had dawned in his face.

"Indeed and the field hisses him to the field of the field his should be something to the field his him to the field his should have a sunday to the field his should have been something to the field his should have been should him to the field his should have been s need another lesson. The must hat experience, and his narrow con of paying a severe penalty for his le-nad been a warning to him that he

Meanwhile, the Ferndale footballen

forgot.

Meanwhile, the Ferndale footballs as going ahead.

The match with Highfield on the inground counted to the enemy, but the same match on the Highfield ground iold a different tale.

In spite of all that Yorke and his man do, Ferndalo swept the field with the life high half the score was goal to make the first half the score was goal on the Highfielders, were evident outside Alter the interval the First half the score was goal to make the first half the score was goal to make the first half the score was goal to make the first half the score was goal to make the first half the

went. all Hurrah!"

"Goal! Hurrah!"

Ferndale Fliers had beaten Highed a goals to one. Mr. Sunderland shock is goals to be hand as the player our warmly by the hand as the player of the field.

"And an arm of the state of the second of the

field.

Splendid!" he exclaimed. "And an in the Ferndale's coming success in the light. of

petition."

And Mr. Sunderland's words proved representation. Ferndalo Fliers passed from success, and in their many victors who had witnessed that straight on the Ferndalo field ceased to remained the straight of the stra

THE END.

(Next week "KING OF THE ROAD." a for and mile
by HENRY ST. JOHN, commences.)