

FOUR WONDERFUL NEW SERIALS NOW STARTING!

The Boys' Realm

of Sport and Adventure.

No. 312, Vol. VI.]

EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1908.



PADDY LEARY'S BROTHER.

BY T. C. BRIDGES.



Some Stirring Scenes from This Week's Splendid Instalment.



Paddy Leary's Brother

OR
THE FAGS
OF THE FOURTH

A FINE NEW SCHOOL TALE.

BY
T. C. BRIDGES.

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THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

BRIAN LEARY, Paddy Leary's brother. He arrives at St. Oystin's school for the first time during a desperate struggle between the boys of the Fourth and Fifth Forms. The Fifth, a bullying, bullying set of lads, have made up their minds to start the Fourth, and the latter are resisting stubbornly. Brian finds a hand in repelling the enemy, and speedily establishes his popularity.

HOBBS, the acknowledged leader of the Fifth Form. Brian accuses him cowardly by douching him with ink while he is attempting to break his way into the Fourth Form classroom. Other members of the Fifth are Sweeney, Crandon, and Phelps.

BURNELL, ROUSE, and **LEWIS,** chums of Brian's in the Fourth.

DANE, a pupil at St. Oystin's. A peculiar lad, who is shunned by most of his schoolmates. He attempts to chum up with Brian. Dane is really the son of a former headmaster of St. Oystin's, named Deuch, who was notorious in his time for his treatment of his pupils. Later, when the school passed into the possession of Paddy Leary, Deuch was dismissed. Dane is now plotting to do once more remain his old position at St. Oystin's. His nemesis is Mr. Marins.

MR. MARINS, an undermaster at the school, who is greatly disliked by all the boys. He openly insults Brian on his first day at St. Oystin's. Brian works in complete with young Deuch, otherwise Dane. Mr. Deuch's instructions to him and the boy striving to get St. Oystin's into bad odor, to ally his splendid record. So that the pupils will be disgraced, Paddy Leary will sell school, and it will once more fall under the control of Deuch.

Makins and Dane are busy discussing their plans for the downfall of the school in the former's study, but they suddenly become aware that the door has opened and Brian is standing quietly by the door. Makins springs across the study with a scold, grasping Brian by the arm.

"You confounded young eavesdropper!" he cries, dragging the lad across the room.

(Now read this week's installment.)

THE 4th CHAPTER (continued).
Crandon in Hot Water.

"T Makins's accusation evades every drop of the hot Irish blood in Brian's veins boiled."

"I'm not an eavesdropper, sir," he blazed out. "I was sent to Mr. Crandon's room to get my books for to-morrow's school. 'Third door to the left—first floor'; that's what he said. I didn't knock, because I knew he was not in. Makins's hands dropped to his sides. He glared at Brian with his bullock eyes full of suspicion."

"Is this true?" he demanded.

"I'm not a liar!" retorted Brian sharply.

Dane interrupted.

"By any only accuse in this minute, sir," he assured the master.

Makins's face relaxed. He had sense enough to see that Brian had spoken truth, to realize that he himself had blundered badly. But he was quite cunning enough to know how to mend his mistake.

"I was talking of family matters with my young cousin, Stephen Dane," he said quickly. "Naturally, I was annoyed at your intrusion. But I see I was wrong. Your mistake was natural enough. Mr. Crandon's room is on the third to the right of the stairs, not the left."

He paused, then went on quickly: "And, I don't think I had blundered badly. But what happened in class this afternoon. I have as high a respect for Australia as any man. I suffer from neuritis, and the pain makes me at times lose self-control."

"Please say no more, sir," broke in Brian in real distress. "I'm so sorry I came in without knocking."

Dane jumped up.

"I'll show you Mr. Garnett's rooms, Leary," he exclaimed.

But Brian said:

"Please don't bother. I can find them now all right."

Crandon closed behind Brian the two conspirators looked at one another.

"Did he hear anything?" demanded Makins anxiously.

"No, I'm sure he didn't," returned Dane. And then, as if it was forced from him: "He's not the sort to listen."

Meanwhile, Brian got his books, and, as it was now ten o'clock, went across to his dormitory.

"I wonder what they were talking about?" he said to himself. "It's rum—Makins being so excited. But, after all, I suppose neuralgia does put a chop off his balance. Well, I'm glad he apologized for this afternoon. That was decent of him, at any rate."

"Hallo, Leary! Where have you been?" came a cheery voice.

It was Burnell.

"Over to get my books for to-morrow," answered Brian.

"You're just in time. It's lock-up in five minutes, and lights'll be out at a quarter past. Come on! You're in the same dormitory with me and Clegg and Rouse."

As the pair went up the stairs they met a youngster carrying a big can of hot water.

"Who's that for, Skewes?" demanded Burnell.

"Skewes granted something, and bolted upstairs."

Burnell had him by the collar in three strides.

"You young beast, who's that water for?"

"It's for Crandon!" gurgled the wretched Skewes.

"Didn't you hear us say that none of the Fourth were to fog for the Fifth?"

"He'll lick me, if I don't!" whined Skewes miserably.

"We'll lick you a jolly sight more if you do!" returned Burnell. "It's little reptiles like you that make the Fifth try to fog us. Put that can down at once!"

"Where's my hot water, Skewes?" came an angry voice over the banisters. "Hurry up, if I'll tan your hide for you!"

"You've got no right to fog him, Crandon!" cried Burnell boldly.

"Haven't I by Jove? I'll soon show you!" And down came Crandon, in a furious rage, three steps at a stride.

Skewes turned tail and bolted. Brian and Burnell stood their ground.

"Cheeky young blackguard!" roared Crandon, and let out at Burnell with all his might.

Burnell hung up an arm to save his head; but Crandon's fist crashed through his defenses, hit him on the forehead, and sent him spinning down five steps on to the landing.

On the impulse of the moment, Brian snatched up the bottle before Crandon could recover himself a gallon of hot water soused him from head to foot.

"I'll kill you for that!" screamed the Fifth-Former, and started madly off Brian, like a bull.

But his rush had carried him a couple of steps below the other, and Brian made good use of his feet, getting in a real nasty one on the bully's leg.

The blow failed to floor Crandon, and the pain sent him mad as a March hare. Knowing that he had no earthly chance in a stand-up with the big fellow, Brian turned and bolted upstairs.

Crandon tore after him, grabbed at his coat-tail as Brian turned the corner, and missed it by an inch. Brian flashed down the passage, Crandon thundering at his heels, doubled like a dog at his demeritor, and ran his head smack into the stomach of someone big and tall, who was just coming out of the door.

The big fellow gave a loud "Ouch!" and collapsed like a concertina, Brian on top of him.

THE 5th CHAPTER.
Brian, the Lamer.

"O you usually come to bed like that?" inquired the tall chap, as he picked himself up slowly. "Because, if you don't get up, you'll just say so, and I'll be careful not to be in the way next time."

"I'm most awfully sorry," gasped Brian, looking up into a pleasant, sun-tanned face.

"You needn't explain. I saw," returned the other, with a twinkle in his eye. "It was the row brought me out."

At this moment Burnell limped up, looking rather the worse for wear, but grinning all over at Brian's escape and Crandon's discomfiture.

"What, you, too, Burnell?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Miles," said the boy. "You look it," retorted the prefect. "Get to bed, both of you. And next time you want a bear fight on the stairs, have it before ten o'clock."

"So that's Miles," remarked Brian, in a whisper, as the prefect went to his cot in the corner of the big dormitory.

"Yes; and wasn't it decent of him?" returned Burnell, as he pitched off his clothes. "Our other prefect would have lined us. But Miles knows a lot more than he lets on, and he has her Hobbs and Crandon as much as we do. I say, you did duck Crandon rippingly!"

And Burnell rolled up his bed in agonies of delight.

School next morning under Mr. Garnett was a very different thing from any class that Makins took. Brian did fairly well, and by twelve o'clock was beginning to feel quite pleased with himself and life at St. Oystin's.

"All hands come and roll the pitch," was the order passed by Rouse when school was over. "You've got to roll up mats in this afternoon," explained Brian to Brian, "and, as they won't let us have a home to pull the roller on the Fourth Form ground, we've got to do it outside."

A team of twenty boys was needed to haul the big horse-roller, and even so it was pretty hard work under the hot sun. Rouse was an exacting taskmaster, and wanted them to go over every bit of the ground twice.

"It looks pretty decent, anyhow," he admitted as the machine bell began to ring.

"A jolly sight better than the Fifth Form pitch," declared Burnell. "They'd like to make up their ground, and said to Brian, 'but that's one thing they'll have to want. They may make some of the wretched kids like Skewes fog still; but the Fourth never does, never will be slaves!' Have you played much?" inquired Burnell, as he and Brian walked up to the cricket ground, and in their hands, a ball.

"A bit," answered Brian modestly. "I was in the eleven at the Grammar School."

"Good business!" was next word heard. "I'm going to pick up one or two, shall choose you."

"Thanks, awfully," said Brian.

Then, as they turned the corner and came in sight of the small field where the Fourth Form pitch was, both stopped short in horror.

"What's gone wrong here?" cried Brian, in the place, trampling all over the carefully-rolled turf.

"Crutes! I'll lay anything some of those Fifth-Formers did this!" cried Burnell furiously. "Shoo, you brutes!" he shouted, running forward.

"Steady!" cried Brian. "You'll start 'em galloping, and they'll cut the ground all to ribands."

"We must drive them out," returned Burnell sharply.

"I know. But let me have a shot. Is there a rope anywhere?"

"I'll get 'em. Stay here, and stop the chaps from driving the boys."

Brian was back in two minutes with a long rope, and the Fourth-Formers, who had arrived, and more were running up. They watched Brian with vast interest as he nimbly knotted the rope into a neat baiter with a loop, big enough to go over the horns of a bullock.

"Keep a little back from the gate, will you?" asked Brian; and, halter in hand, walked very slowly to the gate.

He went straight up to the nearest spoke of it, passed his hand gently along its shoulder, and then like a flash had the noose over its head.

"Coop—coop!" he cried; and the big animal shambled quietly along beside him through the gate.

The Fourth had never seen anything like this. They watched with the greatest interest.

Brian roped a second, and as he led it away, talking quietly to it, three others followed.

In ten minutes he had them all out except one. This was a huge dark red heist, with a long tail, and a short stiff, straight horn. It was slyer than the rest, and kept moving away as Brian came near.

He got the head down, and looked as if it was going to charge; but Brian was not discouraged. He gradually worked it up into a corner of the field, and, in one quick motion, it was none like the rest.

It started for the gate full trot, Brian running close upon both heels.

Clegg, Rouse's chum, was standing by the gate.

"Clegg was not a bad fellow, but he was a bit jealous of the sensation caused by Brian's performance."

"Why don't you ride it?" he cried jeeringly, as Brian was towed through the gate by the trotting bullock.

Of course, he had not the faintest idea that Brian would not do it by the word. He was fidgeting when Brian, with a cheery "All right!" made a nimble spring, and landed astride on the back of the brute before he could get up.

"Get up!" cried Brian, and gently dug his heels into the fat sides.

The bullock had never in all its life carried anything on its back, and it pulled up short, snorted violently, then suddenly tucked its great head down, and set to work kicking as only a steer can kick.

The effect was utterly absurd. First, its great quarters went up, then its wide shoulders and massive neck, and then the rest of its animated square, in the middle of which Brian sat straight and tight, quite unconcerned by his opponent's wild antics. The bullock bent its head to the wild ranges of Queensland.

The Fourth roared with laughter, and shouted encouragement.

At last the bullock got tired of kicking, and finding that the strange creature on its back could not be moved, and yet apparently meant no harm, it turned its head and, following the rest of the herd which were now grazing down the road.

As the bullock got tired of dropping off, when all of sudden the bullock gave a tremendous start, a terrified snort; then, with a bound, that was as near as anything unscathed Brian, bolted to his feet, and, with a cry of "Get up!" frightened the creature, or make it bolt like this, and he pulled on the rope with all his might to get the bullock paid no more attention than if Brian had been a fly. It charged through the gate, and galloped full clip down the road towards the school.

"I never was run away with by a bullock," muttered Brian to himself. "We could do a better do. We'll be back at the school in two jiffies. Then there'll probably be trouble."

He thought of throwing himself off, but the road was too steep, and he was too far down.

"Suppose I'd better stick on and chance it," he said. "One comfort, he's too fat to keep his legs up."

"Hi! Look out!" he roared, as a nurse with a perambulator and a couple of babies ran in sight of the bullock. The woman looked up, saw the awful apparition, gave a wild shriek, and perambulator, babies, and all made one frantic dive into the ditch.

"Brian!" cried Burnell, who had seen which led by the school gates, scattered a bunch of the Fifth-Formers on their way back from school. Brian had a pink parasol. The bullock thundered straight on, and Brian found himself in a moment on the ground, and to the side entrance of the headmaster's house.

"Murder an' Irish!" roared Brian, as he saw a sharp corner in front, with a low wall on Brian's lips, when, to his utter amazement, the bullock made a gallant leap, cleared the wall, and with Brian still on its back, came down with an appalling clatter in the middle of the road.

Broken glass and splintered wood flew in every direction as the wretched bullock, terrified almost to its life, blundered clear of the wreckage, and plunged into a garden of the beautifully-tiled kitchen-garden.

Crash, splash, and down went a whole row of flower-beds, and bright summer dresses floundered in the celloxy trenches, but struggled out, pounded through an asparagus bed, sent the water flying, and, after a long struggle, yellow flooded down a neatly-gravelled walk, and rushed like a cyclone through a gateway on to the road.

It so happened that, on this particular afternoon, Mrs. Fraser had asked a number of her friends to tea, and bright summer dresses covered with them at the moment of Brian's unmercenary entry.

Brian caught a glimpse of white flannels and a host of heads and bright summer dresses wildly scattering in a mad stampede. He heard a chorus of shrieks, screams, and shouts. He heard a cry of "Brian!" and saw the back of a large wicker chair, and had just time to hope devoutly no one was sitting in it, when the bullock caught it on one leg. The chair threw three or four ladies into the air, and, so confused the wretched beast, that it could not see where it was going.

It was a tremendous smash, and knew pretty soon. There was a tremendous snapping of ropes, the bullock checked, slid, gave one convulsive kick, and, with a wild, unheeding, hopelessly tangled in the torn-net. As for Brian, he was shot yards over his head, and landed in a tremendous thump, a tremendous thump, lay there with all the wind knocked

FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.



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

The League of Young Athletes.

I HAVE received quite a number of letters recently from my readers wanting to know if the League of Young Athletes is still in existence. In reply, let me say, "Yes, it is, although, owing to various reasons, I have not been able to publish the notice concerning it through the winter months. But I hope next week to find room for it, and I strongly urge all my young friends who excel at swimming or running to make a point of joining. Full particulars of how to do so will appear in our next issue, and all members will receive a handsome, embossed certificate free of all cost, while for a very small sum they can obtain a magnificent bronze medal testifying to their progress in one or other of these sports. So look out for the notice next week.

Our New Stories.

By now all my chums will have had an opportunity of judging as to the merits of our new serial stories. I shall esteem it a great favour, therefore, if they will drop me a card telling me what they think of them. If they tell me they like them, I shall be glad; and it will surprise me very much indeed if they do not consider the stories now appearing to be the best we have ever had.

But, unless I hear from my friends on this all-important point, I am quite unable to tell whether the various yarns I am publishing are giving general satisfaction. I do want all my friends to remember that the REALM is their paper, and that they can have just the stories they like in its pages. For instance, if I get a huge batch of letters asking for a detective story to appear, then I shall know that this is what my friends want, and I shall see that they get it. So far as our grand new school tale is concerned, I have no doubts myself that it is going to add yet one more success to those already scored by our paper. "Faddy Leary's Brother" is in every way an excellent yarn, and I am looking to it to bring a host of new supporters to the REALM. My chums can help to bring about this highly desirable result by passing on their copies to non-readers.

OUR LEAGUE CORNER.

Table with columns for SHIELDS AND DISTRICT JUNIOR LEAGUE, QOVENTRY JUNIOR FOOTBALL LEAGUE, STAFFORD AND DISTRICT LEAGUE, and NEWBURY UNITED F.C. Lists names and scores for various teams.

Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite paper. We will answer you by post if you enclose a stamped addressed postcard or envelope. Write to him if you are troubled by any of the ideas for your paper. All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. Back numbers of THE BOYS' REALM may be had by any reader for distribution amongst his chums on receipt of a postcard. THE BOYS' REALM will be sent post free to any part of the world on the following terms: 12 months, 7s.; 6 months, 3s. 6d.; 3 months, 2s. 6d., payable in advance by postal orders or stamps. Postal Orders or Money Orders to be sent to the Editor, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

Will you please drop me a line as soon telling me how you like the stories now appearing in our paper? A postcard is quite sufficient.

Make a Note of This.

CHARLES HAMILTON writes every week for "The Boys' Herald" a ten-thousand word complex school story. These yarns are the most humorous complete school stories ever written. This week's story tells how three boys made a garden to the delight of the rest of the school—and grew wallflowers in record time. Besides this tale, there is another long tale written by Hamilton, dealing with the great Indian Mutiny, and three magnificent serial stories, issue of "The Boys' Herald" now on sale.

Also make a note of this—that in this week's "Boys' Friend" there is a double-length instalment of "The Boys of St. Helen's," a splendid new school story, by Herbert Maxwell. Besides this, there are three other serial stories, and a grand long story, written by Hamilton. Tuesday the best day to buy "The Boys' Friend," for it comes out on that day; but you can commence reading "The Boys of St. Helen's" now. You ought to do so, because it's a grand tale.

He Wants His Hair to Part.

AN extremely interesting letter from a Yorkshire chum tells me how by reading the stories in my papers he has considerably increased his vocabulary. I am asked if I can give a method by which my chum can make his hair smooth and flat.

My Yorkshire chum tells me in his letter that his hair is like wire, and he is able to do little with it. The only advice I can give my chum upon the subject is to allow his hair to grow a trifle longer than usual, and whenever he attempts to part it, well dress it with hair-oil, such as Brilliantine or Lincocream. It is more a matter of time than anything else. After my friend's first attack with the brush and comb he will find very little difference in the condition of his hair, but after using it for a few severe, he will find it becoming more manageable and more easily trained.

Training for a Boxing-match.

FROM Bernondor comes a letter asking my advice upon a few interesting subjects—boxing. And here they are: My friend should exercise every morning and evening with his dumb-bells, being careful not to unduly fatigue himself. The most important exercise for the boxer is undoubtedly running, and this hardens the necessary muscles, and at the same

time keeps the wind in good condition and sharpens the sight.

Great attention should be paid to the wind, and every opportunity taken to improve it. For this reason it would be advisable for B. K. to go for short sprints now and again, and if his wind is in very bad condition, make a special point of breathing exercises. He need not be over particular about diet, eating for choice those foods which are most digestible, and avoiding greasy and fatty dishes. He should, however, gradually diminish the amount of liquid he drinks. On the day of the match he should diet himself on a very light diet, and eat a small quantity of food generally. He should not eat himself as much as possible—not by lounging about, however, but rather by doing his usual duties in a more leisurely manner. Now that I have reached the eventful day upon which his match takes place, I must leave my chum with my best wishes for his success.

His Legs Ache When Cycling.

AN you tell me why my legs ache whenever I go cycling? I took a ride down to Leatherhead, and I had no sooner started than my calves and about my knees began aching.

This writes "Staunch Reader," New Malden, in a very interesting letter, he has kindly sent me. The question he puts to me is somewhat puzzling, as I have never heard of a boy's muscles feeling a strain and aching before they have properly been called into use.

The only conclusion I can, therefore, come to is that either my chum indulges in a great deal of running, as if he has never heard of that his legs are too big, or that he starts off at too smart a pace. This aching would also be explained if my chum's saddle is too high, and is not with comfort rest his peddle. If one of the above suggestions meet "Staunch Reader's" case, he must act accordingly.

It would be a good plan if, after each ride, my chum were to rub embrocation—applying in which friction as possible—to the muscles in which he experiences the strain.

He Wants to Obtain a Vote.

HE is one of my Manchester readers who is extremely interested in politics, and wishes to secure a vote in order that his interest may become ever stronger. My Manchester chum tells me that he is twenty-two years of age, and thinks that he has quite an amount of knowledge, and asks me how he can place himself in a position to do so.

It is not only age that is necessary. Before my friend can obtain a vote he must prove that he is paying at least five shillings per week in rent. For this purpose he should have the names of his rent-keeper, if he has one. When he is possessed of this he should visit

either the Conservative, Liberal, or Labour headquarters, according to the party he favours—in this case, the Liberal. He will not be enrolled upon the registers, thus entitling him to a right to vote, and incidentally laying him open to the fierce attacks of the never-tiring canvasser.

A Boy With Plump Hands and Fingers.

G. C. Reddock, writes to say that he has plump hands and fingers, and asks me to tell him if it is possible to reduce the size.

It is very easy for my friend G. C. to decrease the amount of fat upon his fingers by the following simple exercise: Whenever it is possible to do so, G. C. should sit down at a table or desk, and drum his fingers upon its surface, as he would were he plucking upon the keys. He will not be able to sustain this exercise for long, but after a while he will be able to practise it for a considerable time, and he will find that the muscles of his forearms are increasing, while the fat upon his fingers and hands is rapidly losing its abundance.

He Has Strained His Arm.

ONE of my London readers, who signs himself "Regular Reader," writes to tell me that he has some time back he jerked his arm, and ever since he has experienced a sharp pain at the top of his shoulder whenever he attempts to throw with his arm, or to lift any weight. My friend says he has tried rubbing embrocation into the affected part with little success, and now he asks me what he can do to get rid of his ailment.

Embrocation is the best possible cure for any injury of this nature, and "Regular Reader" can only persist in rubbing it thoroughly into his arm, and ever once he has done so, if my shoulder. It would be an advantage if my London reader could get some friend to rub in this embrocation for him, as it is very important that this plan of friction should be applied.

"Regular Reader" should rest his arm, and, whenever possible, wear a sling. If the pain has not disappeared in two or three weeks his best course would be to see a doctor.

My Brief Corner.

SANDWICH ROUTE TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.—W. F. Baldwin. To obtain this book you should write to Messrs. A. Sandow Hall, Burchell Street, Strand, London, W.C.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.—"A Surrogate." This is a question for an optician to decide. You should go and have your eyes tested. You can often get this done free of charge. If you can get up to London, present yourself one morning at nine o'clock at the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, E.C.

REFERENCING.—"A Faithful Reader." Height is of minor importance in refereeing, a complete knowledge of the game being the first essential. YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

STOCKTON DISTRICT JUNIOR LEAGUE. At the close of the season the three top clubs in this league were: P. W. L. D. F. A. Pts. Stockton Celtic ... 3 2 0 1 23 4 5

TOTTENHAM FOOTBALL LEAGUE. The League and Alliance champions and runners-up: League I.—Edmonton Rovers and Walthamstow Imperial tie for first place.

MUSKOGEE JUNIOR A.F.L. The champions are Ken Albion, and therefore have won THE BOYS' REALM Cup. Their record reads: P. W. L. D. F. A. Pts. 18 16 2 0 69 21 33

EDMUND HILL AND DISTRICT ALLIANCE. The champions are Ken Albion, and therefore have won THE BOYS' REALM Cup. Their record for the season is: P. W. L. D. F. A. Pts. 18 15 0 2 79 13 33

DEVON AND DISTRICT JUNIOR LEAGUE. Collingwood are champions, and St. James's runners-up. The champions are Ken Albion, and therefore have won THE BOYS' REALM Cup. The six-a-side tournament on April 25th was won by St. Barnabas.

NORTH-EAST LONDON LEAGUE. The champions are Ken Albion, and therefore have won THE BOYS' REALM Cup. Their record for the season is: P. W. L. D. F. A. Pts. 14 11 0 3 28 28

NEWBURY UNITED F.C. Record for season 1907-8. P. W. L. D. F. A. Pts. 14 11 0 3 28 28. Winners of the Foxbury Shield 1907-7, 1907-8. Winners of Craven League 1904-5, 1905-6, 1906-7, 1907-8. Runners-up Boys' REALM League 1906-7. The club was founded in the year 1903 by R. C. Wallis, J. C. Sullivan, and A. N. Wallis. In 1903 it was known as the Rosebery F.C. It had a bye to the Junior F.C. in 1905 as Newbury United F.C. and at present is known as the Newbury United F.C. R. C. Wallis was captain in 1904, G. Sturley in 1905, R. C. Wallis in 1906, R. C. Wallis; and 1907. F. C. Wallis was captain in 1908, but will play friendly matches.

King of the Road

of the Gang Chauffeur.

A Wonderful New Motoring Tale.

By HENRY ST. JOHN.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

HARRY KING, a young chauffeur in the employ of Mr. Lester, a motor-car builder. He is a clever and experienced driver.

MR. ARNOLD and **EDWARD GARNHAM**, two prominent motorists. At the challenge of Sir Edward, Arnold had a special racing-car built for him by Mr. Lester, with which to compete against the baronet's car at Brooklands. Harry King's ambition is to drive Mr. Ormson's car in the great race, but the owner has already engaged the services of a prominent Continental driver, named Riselli.

DOOTHY ORMSON, Mr. Ormson's pretty daughter. Harry greatly admires her. In his time of need, she finds her only one whom he can consider as a true friend.

HALFORD, a mechanic in the employ of Mr. Lester. He is in charge of Big Ben, as Mr. Ormson's new racing-car is called. Harry has drawn down to Brooklands in the car with Halford, but during some journey Halford behaves in an extraordinary manner. He ejects the lad from the motor and drives off alone. Harry's suspicions are aroused. He suspects Halford of foul play, believing that he intends selling the race.

On the day of the great racing event at Brooklands, Riselli, Mr. Ormson's chauffeur, falls suddenly ill, and is unable to take his place at the steering-wheel. To Harry's great joy, Mr. Ormson consents to his driving the famous Riselli's car. Under Harry's able manipulation Big Ben seems certain to win the race, but when still some distance from the finish, the car suddenly goes wrong, and to the lad's despair its speed decreases. Sir Edward's car follows in the rear.

The blame is thrown upon Harry's shoulders. He is accused of either losing his nerve, or of selling the race. The lad however denies his charge. But he is not believed. Harry is certain that Halford has tampered with the car, but he has no proof. Mr. Ormson and Mr. Lester treat him with contempt, and the latter dismisses him from his employ.

Sir Edward Garnham offers Harry a situation as chauffeur, but the lad refuses, knowing that such an action could only arouse suspicion against him.

A robbery is committed in the district, and events lead Harry to suspect the baronet's chauffeur, Halford, of connection with the affair. Harry gets a situation as chauffeur to a certain Mr. Fairley. The same night he drives to the house of Fairley's mother and sister to a ball at Ainslie Park. Sir Edward Garnham often has his car driven to him in the early hours of the morning, a huge racing-car overtakes them and draws across the road in front, barring their progress. Harry puts on his brakes and tries to stop the car at a standstill. At the same moment two men jump out of the car and run towards him. One leaps on to the footboard and aims a terrific blow at him with a loaded cane, which Harry dodges. A terrific scream issues from the driver of the motor-car.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

THE 7th CHAPTER.

Under Suspicion.

IT WAS seconds from the interior of the car roared Harry to every effort. He was at close grips with the man now, and putting forth all his strength. Harry was powerful, and he himself was hampered by the blow that had numbed his shoulder and arm, and by the steering pillar, which impeded his movements. The man had got his fingers on to Harry's throat, and Harry had grasped him by the hair, and was striking at him with all his power.

For moment after moment they rocked backwards and forwards, not a word nor a sound coming from either. The grip Harry had on the man began to tell; his senses began to swim; his hold on the man grew more feeble and more feeble still.

Harry was saying dizzily now, gasping for breath, feeling that he was strangling, when suddenly a smashing blow on the face drove his senses out to tell. His eyes closed and he lay on to the ground beside the car.

For how long Harry remained insensible he did not know, but when he came to himself it was to find that someone was supporting his head, and someone else was pressing a damp cloth to his aching temples. A brilliant light was before his eyes.

"The poor fellow's coming round now, gasping a voice. "A little more water, please. If you could get a few drops more, that would be best." "Yes, Miss Fairley!" By Jove," the speaker went on in an undertone, "the girl's got pluck. After what she's gone through most young women would be hysterical, and yet she has helped us with this poor chap. Hallo! Better now—"

Harry had opened his eyes. The man who was holding him was in evening dress, his overcoat open, showing his white shirt-front, which gleamed in the dim light. Harry knew him at once for an old and constant customer at Lester's—Mr. Verreker, of Holt Beeches.

"I am all right, thank you, sir. You are very good to have troubled about me," Harry said, getting into his boots. "I have just got hold of my throat, that is how he got the best of me."

"And I fancy that he must have got one in on the temple. You have a pretty bad bruise here. I don't think that there are any bones broken, King."

"No, sir, I am sure not. Would you mind telling me how the ladies are, sir—Mrs. Fairley and Miss Fairley?"

"Mrs. Fairley has been greatly shocked and upset," said Mr. Verreker. "Miss Fairley has borne the shock well. I suppose you do not know what happened?"

"A big car rushed past us, sir, and pulled right across the road, I had to clutch and jump on both foot and hand brakes to avoid running into him, and as I brought my car to a standstill some fellow with his eyes covered by a racing mask rushed at me and grappled with me. I heard one of the ladies scream, and that is all I know."

"Well, a serious robbery has been committed. Mrs. Fairley has been relieved of jewels of great value; but for a lucky chance the loss would have been more serious still. Oh, here you are, Garnham! King has come round."

"Has he?" said a voice. Harry looked up, and saw Sir Edward Garnham looking down at him. "Well, and what story has he had to tell?" Sir Edward said.

"Mr. Verreker repeated what Harry had just told him."

"I see," said the baronet. "Not a very likely yarn, it strikes me, Verreker."

"Good heavens, man, do you think—" Mr. Verreker cried.

Sir Edward shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not? The fellow was kicked out of Lester's for some underhand practice, I should not be at all surprised. And as for the struggle and the loss, those things are being constantly arranged."

"You—you don't think, sir," Harry cried, starting up in mid anger—"you dare not think that I—"

"Quiet, quiet, my boy," said Mr. Verreker kindly. "I do not think that Sir Edward Garnham has the slightest justification for saying what he has said. It was not until after my arrival at the scene that he came, and he can know little or nothing about it."

"Perhaps not," said Sir Edward unhesitatingly. "But I am not a fool, Verreker, and if you like to blind yourself you can do so. What was this about a car pulling across in front of you, King?"

"It is true," Harry panted; "you can doubt it if you like."

"I see," said a soft voice. "I myself saw the car dash past, and then I saw it deliberately pull across the road after it had slowed down. If King had not been very prompt we should have crashed into it."

Sir Edward bowed and raised his hat.

"If Miss Fairley says so, then I have no other course open to me but to believe."

"My mother is a terribly shaken and upset, Mr. Verreker," Miss Fairley said. "I wonder if you would be so very kind as to take her home in your car."

"Of course I will, with pleasure. And you, too, you will go with your mother, Miss Fairley."

Fairley. Let me see how it is best arranged. Ah, I have it! I will drive you to your house in my car, and I will leave Richards, my chauffeur, to drive your car home with you this young fellow."

"Can you make no use of me, Miss Fairley?" asked Sir Edward.

"I do not think so, thank you," she said coldly. "You are very kind, but Mr. Verreker will help us, I know. She bowed to him and turned away. It was easy to see from her manner that the baronet was no favourite with Miss Fairley."

Sir Edward, who was in a piteable condition of helplessness, was almost lifted from her own car into Mr. Verreker's, and followed by her daughter. Mr. Verreker then drove off, and his man Richards came over to take charge of the Daimler.

Feeling very faint and sick, Harry managed to sit upright on the bank by the roadside.

"Well, King, I hope, for your own sake, that your account of this adventure will be accepted by others with the same readiness as Mr. Verreker accepted it," Sir Edward Garnham said.

Harry looked up stupidly.

"I don't understand what you mean, sir," he said.

"No, perhaps it is not worth your while to understand. Anyhow, I wish you well, King."

The baronet laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "Such a genius as you would be wasted within prison walls," he added.

"Come, Halford, we have wasted enough time, we must get getting on."

The big racing-car was standing in the road, and the two men went towards it, and a few moments later came the sharp rattle of the exhaust as the car moved briskly away.

"A nice gentleman, I don't think," said Richards. "What's he trying to make out—"

"It seems that he is trying to make out that I had some hand in this business," Harry said bitterly—"that they were my friends who knocked me about like this and stole Mrs. Fairley's jewels."

"I'll bet," said Richards, who proved to be the same chauffeur who had led Harry away after his fight with Halford at Ainslie. "Halford don't love you, and I'll bet it's his idea."

"When did he and Sir Edward come up?" Harry asked.

"Oh, not until some time after the governor and me came. We couldn't make out what was happening. We heard screams, and we blew our horns. I expect it was that that frightened the blackguards. Anyhow, when we turned the corner of the lane we saw a big car make off as hard as it could go, and your car standing here, and I'll bet it's his idea for when we came up. Mrs. Fairley was terribly upset. She fainted, and it took the governor and Miss Fairley all their time to bring her round. And I don't wonder she fainted," Richards went on. "It's come to something that we are going to have the old highwayman stand and deliver business played over again with motor-cars, ain't it? They've

took all the poor lady's jewels. I've heard Mr. Fairley telling the governor that it would have been a valuable lot. I expect that Mrs. Fairley was wearing got damaged or something at the ball, and she gave it to lady Ainslie's account, and forgot to ask for it back before she left; so that's safe. Still, there's seven or eight thousand pounds' worth of it at that."

"From which direction did Sir Edward Garnham and Halford come?" Harry asked suddenly.

"Funny you should ask that," said Richards. "Seeing they were at Ainslie's to-night, like the rest of us, you'd naturally think they would come from that direction. They were out there, but they weren't. They came up towards us. Halford said that they had taken the Croft road, which is a route to the garage. The road crosses this one, as you know, about two miles further down."

"Then what made them come back here?" Harry asked.

"That's just it. Halford said that they heard screams; but it is my belief that they must have really got to the garage, and then heard screams two miles away, and that, too, above the sound of their own engine. Yes, it's rum, but that's what I thought. However, I suppose it is all right."

"You didn't see the car—I mean the other car, that those blackguards went off in?" Harry asked.

"Not to speak of. She wasn't carrying any load," Harry pointed that. "I just caught a glimpse of it, and I don't think I saw it again, but she was gone in a jiff. I was for chasing her, but the governor wouldn't hear of it. He said that if he saw her, anything wrong with the ladies. And now, how do you feel? Do you think you can get in with my help?"

"Very stiff and sore, with a maddening headache. Harry was driven home by Richards. He was greatly relieved to find that he was not other not to expect him to-night, knowing that it would be very late, or, rather, early in the morning, before he could get back to Hrayford. He had intended to stay at Ainslie's, but the night on the sofa in the chauffeur's room over the garage, so his mother would not be anxious to see him, and he would be able to get in again he would, he believed, be quite himself again."

Mr. Fairley himself was waiting at the open door of the car, and he came down the steps to the car.

"How is King now?" he asked Richards anxiously.

"I'm pretty badly shaken up, sir," said Richards. "but no bones broken. He's inside. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"I'm glad to hear that. Can you lend me a hand with him, Richards? We must get the poor fellow to bed. I have already sent for Dr. Fouch, but he is not at home, and my mother, who is terribly upset by this, is at home, and he is here he had better have a look at King. Tell her to get up."

"I'll do my best, sir," said Richards. "The affair, taken together, has been a most extraordinary one. It seems to me that if it were not for the loss of the jewels, it had enough, but what is far worse to me is the shock my mother has received. She is not at all strong, and this will affect her very badly. My sister—"

"Miss Fairley has got the pluck of a man, sir," said Richards. "I've remarked admirably. She never lost her head for a moment. It was a sight to see her helping her mother, and then King."

"I'm glad to hear that, Richards," Mr. Fairley returned smilingly. "I know she will appreciate your good opinion of her; and, now, I'll get her to bed."

"I can manage all right, sir, I am sure," Harry said. But in spite of his protest, he found that he needed the support of Richards's arm.

"Been pretty badly knocked about," muttered Richards to Mr. Fairley. "Got an ugly bruise on his forehead, and the mark of a grudge on his throat."

"It is an infernal shame!" said Mr. Fairley. "I wish to heaven I had seen him. He clenched his fist as he spoke. "I'll have the police up here, soon, Richards; we sent for them once. Whether they will do any good or not, I don't know. I have been thinking, I shouldn't be surprised if those same scoundrels who rifled Rushford Hall the other night had something to do with this outrage."

"I shouldn't be surprised, either, sir," said Richards.

"They were helping Harry, meanwhile, up the stairs slowly, for he was very faint."

"My sister says that the villain who demanded money from me, was a Frenchman, and she believes, in a feigned voice."

"A Frenchman, sir? That accounts—" said Mr. Fairley.

"No, no," Richards, he was not a Frenchman. He spoke French very badly, my sister says, and she knows, for she speaks French herself like a native. Evidently the French spoken by French to mislead the ladies. Here we are!"

They led Harry into a small bedroom that he had never seen before, and within ten minutes had him snugly between the sheets.

Except for a very severe headache, and a feeling of soreness in the region of the throat, Harry was not much the worse from his adventure when he awoke late in the morning.

"How are you, King?" Mr. Fairley was asking.

"I think I am all right, sir, thank you," Harry said. "I feel all right. It was very kind of you to take me to the hospital."

"Nonsense, boy!" said Mr. Fairley quickly. "Do you think you are well enough to get up? I'll have the police here, and they are very anxious to speak to you, and hear all that you



The inspector, a fat, pom-pom-looking man, blew out his cheeks. "H'm!" he said. "You were driving the vehicle when this outrage took place, is that so, young fellow?" "Yes," said Harry.

Has Your Club Joined Our Cricket League Yet?

have to say. If you don't think you can get up, they can come to you here."

"Oh, I will get up, sir," Harry said. "Don't disarrange the bandage on your head; the car has fixed itself and fallen asleep. Well, I'll leave you, then. Come down to the study when you are dressed. Your breakfast will be waiting for you, but you had better see the inspector first."

"There were several people in the study when Harry put in an appearance. He was looking very queer and he had a red ring around his head gave him the appearance of having been in the wars.

"How is Fairley now as he entered. "I am so glad that you are better!" she said in her sweet voice. "Come and sit here."

"Yes, sit down, King," Mr. Fairley said. "The King, my dear, is no more than a student. The inspector, a short, fat, pompous-looking man, blew out his cheeks. It was a habit that had, and which he indulged in at moments when he was at a loss for words.

"I'll!" he said. "You are Mr. Fairley's driver. You were driving the vehicle—the one—the car last evening, when this outrage took place?"

"Yes," said Harry. "What is your name?" "Harry King."

"The inspector made a note. "Very good. Now, tell me all that you can tell, in as plain a way as you can, exactly how it all happened."

"It was driving slowly homeward," Harry said. "I was driving slowly, very slowly, no more than about sixteen miles an hour. Mrs. Fairley objected to fast driving, and I drove slowly, and she is perfectly correct!"

"Very good, miss," said the man hurriedly. "I'll go on, young fellow. It was driving slowly, and she is perfectly correct!"

"I do not think that there is any need to specify this matter, and I will be coldly. "You seem to forget yourself."

"The inspector turned red, and blew out his cheeks. "I beg pardon, I'm sure!" he said confusedly. "I thought he was your servant."

"He is my chauffeur, but that is no reason why he should not be treated with civility," Mr. Fairley said coldly.

"The inspector blew out his cheeks again. At that moment Harry made an enemy, a bitter enemy, and one who would pursue him with all the malice of which his small mind was capable.

"The car was burning brightly and Inspector Jordan said, with exaggerated politeness. "I heard the sound of a horn behind me," Harry said, "and thinking that a faster-than-light wind was blowing, I turned to my left. A car whizzed past a few moments later."

"What sort of a car?" "The car was going to tell you all that I can. It was either a racing-car, or a touring-car, of high horse power, from which the silencers had been removed."

"What's that mean?" "I mean that the exhaust was not muffled in any way; the spent gas was exhausting into the open."

"How do you know that?" the inspector demanded.

"It is very easily told," Mr. Fairley said. "When no silencer is used on a car, the engine exhausts into the air with rapid reports, when great speed is desired, no report is used."

"I see," said the inspector, who did not see in the least. "Well, what then?"

"The car was burning headlights, only a couple of sidelights, which were very dim, and no tail-light," Harry said. "She went past us at about forty miles an hour, slowed down and then she stopped. I was at the point of stopping, her driver pulled her right across the road in front of us. I had just time to get my hand on the horn, to prevent running into it. Then two men, with their faces concealed by masks and goggles, jumped out. One made for me, and the other, I believe, went back to the car, where the ladies were. I closed with the man who went for me. He struck me on the shoulder with a stick. The blow was such that I fell. After that we struggled. He got his hand on my throat. That and the blow he managed to give me finished me. I know of no one else till I found Mr. Verreker bending over me."

"I can hear out nearly everything that Mr. King says," Alice Fairley said. "I heard him say that the man who was with his friend was demanding our valuables."

"Has the inspector seen Sir Edward Garhnam?" the inquiry asked.

"Yes," said Harry. "I saw him when he was demanding our valuables."

"What's that got to do with it?" he demanded. "Supposing I have, what then? Sir Edward was there, and he was demanding our valuables, and he was demanding our valuables."

"Sir Edward Garhnam hinted last night that he was questioning you, and I told him that Harry said quietly. "He suggested to Mr. Verreker that I was in league with the men."

"Sir Edward Garhnam said so?" said Mr. Fairley. "Are you sure?" "Quite sure, sir! Ask Mr. Verreker. I thought the inspector had been with him, from the manner in which he has been speaking to me."

"I consider that Sir Edward has cause for his suspicions," said the inspector. "You have saved me from making this statement myself, King. I don't know much about motor-driving myself, but Sir Edward says that it is very unlikely that a man would draw his car across the road like King these two did."

"I saw the car drawn across the road," said Alice Fairley. "Sir Edward Garhnam has no right to try and throw suspicion on an innocent man."

"Sir Edward pointed out that King had left Lester's only a few days since in disgrace," said the inspector.

"I have not the faintest idea," said Mr. Fairley. "In disgrace for being suspected of having been in league with Sir Edward himself. He should not be the last man on earth to rake this up against King. If there was any truth in it, the mere fact that he has spoken of it to you induces me to believe entirely in King's innocence."

"Mr. Fairley, you can blind yourself to the facts as much as you like, but it is my duty to tell you the strong suspicion rests on this young man."

"On me, you say that?" Harry rose to his feet. "Suspicious?"

Alice Fairley laid her white hand on his arm. "Mr. King, my brother and I believe in you entirely. I am big enough to know what does matter what this person thinks?"

"Person," she calls me, does she? Confound her house!"

"I entirely deny the correctness of your surmise, Jordan; and if you are going to waste my time, I will not be the last man on earth to have had better find someone else to try and find the real culprit," said Mr. Fairley coldly.

"I am big enough to know what does matter what this person thinks?"

"Sir Edward Garhnam seems to have told him so much, did he tell him how he came about that, although he left Anholm when we were on our way, and he could not have been found our car stopped by the road?"

"Sir Edward explained," said the inspector. "I saw the car stop at the Croft road, which crosses the main road about two miles below where this took place. He heard the ladies scream—"

"I don't know what you say," said Mr. Fairley. "It sounds impossible," said Mr. Fairley. "Was that his explanation, Jordan?"

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on the third finger, and I believe Sir Edward Garhnam does. I never thought of it till this moment."

"It would be a coincidence, and a curious one, if the car stopped at the Croft road."

"I will tell you, said Harry: "But I must go back to the day on which I entered your service."

"I told them as they listened to him how he had left Lester's, and how, by chance, he had met Sir Edward on the road, how he had met Mr. Lewison, who had told them about the burglary at Rushbrook."

"One of the main clauses that the police had to go on, said the inspector, was the peculiar tracks made by the wheels of the car that was employed by the burglars. Three of the four wheels were fitted with non-skids, two being of the usual standard pattern, and the other was fitted with metal plates, which left a track not unlike the broad arrow."

"After I had driven the car home and put it into the garage Sir Edward would not let me remain. He told me to go at once; he would not even let me get my bicycle from the car. As I walked down the avenue towards the gate, I saw in the soft gravel the distinct impression of the wheels of the car I had driven on the avenue."

"I saw three broad arrows on the road, and I was surprised with three non-skids and one plain-treaded tyre. Two of the non-skids were very deep, and I saw the impression of a row of broad arrows on the soft gravel."

"Mr. Fairley uttered a sharp exclamation. "Go on, King," he said breathlessly.

"I had not time to say more than I had been entering Sir Edward's service. She pointed out that it would give colour to Mr. Fairley's surmise."

"I was surprised to find that the house to which I went back to the house to tell Sir Edward that I could not drive for him. When I got back to Deersford I saw that the avenue had been freshly rollered."

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We will work together, King, and if you win you will be the victor."

"We will win, sir," Harry said quietly. He went out thoughtfully; he had no appetite for breakfast, and so he made his way round the garage.

Both suitors for Miss Ormond's hand! He wondered why he took the news so quietly. Of course he sympathized with both boys, but he could not dare to lift his eyes to Miss Ormond's daughter. She had been kind to him, and she was sweet, because it was her name that he all these things.

"I think I understand," Harry muttered to himself. "Why Dick Brenton said that the boys were in a hot water, and that Miss Fairley could walk on him. I think I should consider it an honour, too. What pluck he has! How shrewd! And three fingers!"

"But Lane is a fool!" He eyed bitterly. "What right have I to think of her—I, a chauffeur employed by her brother?"

"So you've come, have you?" Miggs was sitting on an inverted pail, drawing a design on the wall with a stick of tobacco.

"Like 'is saque," he muttered, "coming nosing round here."

"The inspector of policemen," said Miggs. "You mean the police inspector?"

"I said so, didn't I? Coming nosing round, and not getting any better idea of his business."

"Wanted to know all about you. What you was, and 'oo you was, and why you was, and where you was, when you wasn't, and all the things."

"So he has been here asking questions, has he, about me?"

"I've answered to know if any people ever come to see you here, and what sort of complications they got, and when they was born, and how they grew, and all that kind of thing."

"And what did you tell him?"

"Tell him," said Miggs. "I told 'im 'several things. Said as 'ow you ad five Spanish and five French, and five Italian, and five American, and an old woman with a wart on her nose to supper the night before. Ugly, impudent, nosing about."

Miggs added derisively. "Evidently Inspector Jordan had been here to question Miggs, and evidently he had been with him."

Harry clenched his teeth. "All right," he muttered. "If Jordan is on the case, he will be on the case."

He was feeling himself again by the time the day drew to a close, and he went home to tell his mother of his adventures, and of his cousin's progress, and all that kind of thing.

During the next few days Inspector Jordan called several times, sometimes on Mr. Fairley to get his progress, and all that kind of thing, on Miggs, to whom he put questions, which Miggs answered by drawing liberally on his imagination.

"I shall want the car to-night, King," Mr. Fairley said a few days later. "I am going to the next quarter of a mile ahead, so I shall want you to fetch me later."

"A very good, sir!" Harry said. "I'll be ready to go at any time."

On the evening of the next day Harry at Ormond Hall, and drove back to Brayford, with instructions to come back to Ormond Hall at eleven o'clock.

It was a bright, starlight night when Harry went back to fetch Mr. Fairley, too bright a night to spend inside a close carriage, so Mr. Fairley got in his seat beside Harry in the front of the car.

"I feel like to go to-night, King," he said. "Let me see if I can't get a little work for an hour—that is, if you feel up to it," he asked thoughtfully.

"I'll be glad to see you, sir," said Harry. "Shall I let her go?"

Mr. Fairley nodded.

"Yes; I do not share my mother's prejudice against her."

Harry drove slowly till the open road was reached. It was too late for traffic or cyclists, and the brilliant headlights lighted up the road before them. Harry indicated a right-hand turn, and there was nothing to fear. Little by little he opened the throttle, the engine hummed, and the car sped forward. Harry indicated a right-hand turn, and there was nothing to fear. Little by little he opened the throttle, the engine hummed, and the car sped forward. Harry indicated a right-hand turn, and there was nothing to fear. Little by little he opened the throttle, the engine hummed, and the car sped forward.

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The Opening Chapters.

KARA NOOGSARAJHI, a young Indian prince who is in England at Cambridge University. He is a...

COLONEL HOWARD DAVIES, that Kara is to succeed him as the ruler of his native state, and...

MCDOWELL, a young man at Cambridge who has been a great sportsman to Kara, and who becomes his...

MEDWAY, DAN KEN, and DANKINS, college graduates who have a spite against the young Indian prince...

Kara is menaced by a mysterious enemy, whose object seems to be to rob the young Indian prince of his...

On the Train.—Retribution.

THEY were a rousing cheer for both the batsman and the man who had caught...

Mac went into his spare bed-room and saw Kara sleeping as peacefully as a child, with a smile upon his well-shaven face.

It was just seven o'clock when he made his way down to the entrance to the college, wearing riding-dress and a cap.

The dogs were taken up to Kara's rooms. But there had been close locking, and it was not to rely upon whatever scent may have been left behind in the corridor.

It has generally been stated and proved by authorities on the question, that the bloodhound is incapable of following the scent of man from the clean boot through crowded thoroughfares in towns, or where many people have crossed the way.

Philp Batley was in his saddle in a moment, and Henry McDowell followed him, feeling genuinely excited now. Through the town the boys followed the motor along the road.

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I drew dark. There had been some checks of late, but presently on went the hounds again. Philip Batley called them by name. He tried to take them in the train. But they would have none of it.

They did almost reached it, when the hounds dashed forward with loud, joyous barks. Lights were moving on the line. Men were hurrying to and fro. There seemed to be a great commotion, the reason for which puzzled McDowell exceedingly.

"Hi, hi!" cried out somebody. "Keep those hounds off, can't you? Stand back!" McDowell pressed onward, until he was stopped by an official in uniform.

"What's the matter? What's going on on the line?" He would have pushed forward, but the man seized him by the arm.

"You can't go there, sir," he said. "It's no sight for you to see. A man's been run over by a train, and he's going to cart the body to the town mortuary."

McDowell uttered an exclamation of astonishment. This was something he had not bargained for. He felt as if he were being struck by the lightning of fate.

"Ah, good evening, sir," he said. "I might have known those dogs were noisy. I shall be glad if you'll call them away, just the same."

"What sort of a man is it who has been killed, Mr. Batley? Well, he isn't quite like you, but he's a foreigner of some kind. A dark-skinned man. An Indian, I should say, though we've only looked casually at him up till now."

"What sort of a man was it who has been killed, Mr. Batley? Well, he isn't quite like you, but he's a foreigner of some kind. A dark-skinned man. An Indian, I should say, though we've only looked casually at him up till now."

"On no account leave England," the words of the message ran. "Remain at 'Varsity. It is the best thing for your side you can afford to wait. Mulat will find more than his match in the stern old colonel. You ought to be satisfied."

"I feel as well as can be expected, Mac," the Indian prince replied. "I don't care for the depression caused by my father's death. I can't help thinking that I ought to go back to Hidrohampoor and look after my business there."

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events take a turn for the better. Remain at Cambridge. Don't go down until you have written your B. degree. Play for your 'Varsity and your county if you can, and then go back and claim your own."

Kara glanced gloomily towards the window. "Perhaps you are right," he murmured. "But you can't think how waiting here depresses me. I feel so helpless, so bound hand and foot. I feel as if I were stilled, and want to get into the air. Besides, I have but little money left, and when am I to get more if it is not sent me from India?"

"It will be sent, my dear old chap," responded McDowell. "And even if it isn't you've got a great many friends over here who will see you through. My dad would for one. Colonel Howard Davies will stand by you. I'd stake my life on that. But don't let us worry about your personal affairs on such a beautiful morning as this, Kara. Have you shaken off the effects of yesterday's poisoning yet?"

"Kara nodded. "I feel quite well, with the exception of a slight languor, which is, perhaps, not unnatural. But my head is as clear as can be. I'll have something to eat, Mac, then go down to the mortuary and see if I know this fellow who tried to injure me. You'll be glad to see me, won't you?"

"You think he threw himself upon the line in front of the train?" said Kara thoughtfully. "He died almost sure of it," returned McDowell.

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themselves right again. When they prophesied snow and frost in yesterday's paper I looked upon it all as a huge joke. Why, it was as warm as a blanket, and it didn't snow, and it rained and now...

"Snow in the middle of May," cried Kara. "Yes, it does seem impossible," said Mac, with a cheerful laugh. "But you never know what this quaint old climate of ours is going to be up to next. Well, snow or no snow, let's play out the match and get over with the cricket. I suppose I've got to keep on my flannels, although I would feel much more comfortable in a macintosh."

Kara slipped on a winter overcoat over his walking tunic, and McDowell donned his thickest sweater, and so they sallied forth a minute later, Kara bound for the mortuary, where the lady of the dead man lay, and McDowell for Fenners.

"Come along and see a bit of the play as soon as you can, Kara," said McDowell on parting with his friend. "I don't want you to be out of my sight longer than I can help after this has happened these last few days, and besides, I shall be eager to know if you have recognized that fellow."

"All right," said Kara; and they parted. McDowell went to the cricket ground to find linden skies lowering overhead, and almost chilled through by the north-easterly wind which seemed to be coming directly through his clothing. He felt as if he had a punting tinge inside of his healthy red-bronze that was characteristic of him, and when he entered the pavilion he found most of the players clustered round a huge fire.

"Cheerful weather, Mac," said Payne, the Blue, glancing up at the new-comer with an expressive grin on his face. "I've soon got on for my snow-shoes. Can't finish the match else. We shall have the white flasks falling soon, come what may."

"Did you ever know such weather?" grumbled Watts, the fast bowler. "I can't remember anything like it."

"What's this I hear about you, Mac—?" he began. But the cricket Blue cut him short. "McDowell is not looking completely the big fellow straight in the eyes, and there was a bit amongst the others."

"Near you hummed down the fellow who had been killed, and there was Philip Batley's bloodstained. Is there any truth in it?"

"Yes, it's in Helstone, one of the Freshmen. I haven't got a lot of talk about it, although the fact is indisputable. You found the fellow lying cut up on the line, didn't you, Mac?"

"I don't care to talk about it," he said; "it's not one of those things one likes to dwell upon. Anyway, there can be no doubt about it. It was a tragedy that was made to kill Kara. Let's talk about something else. It's time for us to turn out, isn't it?"

"The others looked out at the playing field, which was looking splendidly fresh and green despite the dulness of the atmosphere. Above, dark snow-charged clouds were fleeting across the leaden sky. The wind shrieked and howled about the cricket pavilion. It was much more like a football day than one set apart for the indulgence of the great summer pastime."

"Better make a move," growled Payne, who had settled himself down in a comfortable chair, and was stretching out his feet towards the fire. "I've got to go and get a bit of pipe—one of those exquisite straight-grain briars which are to be bought at Cambridge. He'll be in a hurry to get away, and I don't blame him. The nets were deserted. No one had the courage to try practice-batting on such a day as this. It was supposed to be a sorry outlook for the match against Lancashire next week."

Some of the fellows moved towards the door, but as they did so, large white patches of wintry snow began to fall. Tossed

THE BOYS OF ST. HELEN'S, A Fascinating New School Tale by HERBERT MAXWELL, IS NOW STARTING IN THE BOYS' FRIEND. You Should Get a Copy To-day. PRICE ONE PENNY.

about at the mercy of the wind, they wrought all sorts of quaint patterns in the air. It was a pretty sight to see the most reasonable and a group of flannel-clad undergraduates strolled in the windows of the pavilion, hands in pockets, looking out at the strange scene.

Fast though the snow fell, it melted as it landed, such was the heat in the air. "Oh! cried Payne cheerfully, refilling his pipe with tobacco. "I'll clear up presently." He settled himself once more in his chair, and lazily closed his eyes.

The Finish of the Match—Batting Under Difficulties—Muriel in Danger—Kara's Resource—The Match Abandoned on Account of Snow.

IT was twelve o'clock when the Seniors took the field, and Helstone and Sanderson went in to open the innings; Watts, the fast bowler, and Bannister taking the ball for the Seniors as before.

The umpires, inspecting the pitch which the snowfall had declared it unfit for play, and, curiously enough, it was not in half such bad condition as it would have been had no snow fallen, called the play off. The dark clouds had vanished, and a fairly warm sun sent his rays down upon mother earth, penetrating the icy chilliness of the north-easterly wind.

Helstone looked profoundly serious as he stepped at the wicket. He did not quite know how the pitch was going to play, but he reckoned the wet ground was going to be of material assistance to the bowlers, and he prepared very cautiously. Bannister, on the other hand, Sanderson, on facing Watts, treated him with his respect, and three maiden overs had been bowled before Helstone got the first run off Bannister.

The ball was not breaking much. The bowlers were trying their best to get the ball to swerve and spin upon it, but seemingly without avail; and they were as much puzzled by the conditions as the batsmen were.

The umpiring was not very good. The spectators surrounding the playing-field could be counted easily, and one of them was jeering and roaring to the batsmen to "Wake up!" Indeed, slow cricket under such extreme conditions was staggering in its dullness.

Sanderson and Helstone began to realise this. They began to realise that they must do something better than merely stop the bowling or merely save their wicket, and to receive recognition at the hands of the powers that be; and, besides, beginning to feel their fingers itching, they decided that they would hit out.

Sanderson was the first to make the attempt, and a slashing boundary was the result. His next ball was a full toss, and he swung a swipe at a ball from Watts, spelt trouble for the bowler. But the ball landed on the very edge of the pitch, and he was obliged to retreat half round, and he was caught splendidly in the slips for 5. Grant began to hit as soon as he made his appearance, and had 8 to his account, when a wicket fell to the bowler. Helstone seemed fidgety and ill at ease, and Grant was not a bit surprised when he saw his captain retiring. Sanderson retired into the air by a clipper from Bannister.

It was now McDowell's turn, and a pair of batsmen, the Seniors, were waiting to bat. Cambridge Blue as he ran to the wicket, with the collar of his sweater turned up about his neck to keep out the cold air. But he did not notice that Muriel Davies was leaning on.

McDowell's arrival at the wicket was graced by a go-spring of the sun, and a whirl of snowflakes which danced about him, and settled on his face as he took his centre and prepared to face the bowling. But Mac didn't mind. As steady as a rock watched Bannister's hand, and as the ball came down with a crashing bang opening his shoulders as he swept the bat through, he lanted the ball bang upon the roof of his pavilion. He made no effort in the stroke, and Muriel Howard Davies, who was standing beside a good-looking man in a red coat, to receive the ball, father's friends who lived at Cambridge, applauded with all her might.

Mac meant business. It was far too cold to play any more. The Seniors were a lot of arrears against the Freshmen which required hitting off.

McDowell Mac shaped filled Grant with confidence, and the two began to ply the willow with might and main. The bowling was now so completely masterful that Bannister and Watts were left off. But Barford, who was not their top players, did not hinder; and up and up the score rose by leaps and bounds, and the two boys were looking at each other when he had scored 23. Maynard, next in bat, went to stone-wall, and he and Mac continued to score till they had reached interval, when McDowell had hit 54, and the Freshmen total was 107 for three wickets; Maynard not out, 11, and extras 5.

Day now had continued in fall in a desultory kind of way, and the overcast sky threatened further discomfort when the snow began to fall.

McDowell did not meet Muriel Davies. In fact, he did not know she was on the field. Nor did he see Kara, who was not at his post when he got wicket. But a short brief note sent by express messenger from the Indian prince, which explained that he was too busy to be on the field, but that he would return on the cricket-field later on in the afternoon.

The same lowering skies overhung Fenners, when McDowell got back, and the innings of the Freshmen was continued, but the period of Mac's greatness had almost passed. The deadly luncheon, so often fatal to a batsman, as it is the unfinished innings continued from overnight, did its work; and after Mac had scraped and diked up another 12, carrying his total to 66, he was clean bowled by a beauty from Bannister, as in the first innings, the departure of their captain had a demoralising effect upon the Freshmen, and the wickets began to fall fast. When Medway made his way to the batting-crease, and the score stood at 142 for seven, he noticed that Miss Davies was looking on and a smile of pleasure spread over his face. He felt that on this occasion, at least, he was destined to make a good score. He had failed so far in all his good scores, and he had a decent total, and by all the laws of average it stood to reason that he ought to do well. Muriel watched his advent with some attention, and she could not help smiling as she saw with what ostentatious flourish he took his centre, and prepared for the fray. He crossed the pitch and had a talk with Gault, who was with him at the wicket.

"Does the wicket play true?" he asked, though he had heard all about it in the pavilion.

"Yes," said Gault. "But I'm hanged if

Payne now took the ball at the other end, and with his very first delivery had (Gault cleverly caught at the wicket. Then Williams was stumped whilst reaching out at an elusive ball; and on the new man coming in and standing out the over, Medway, faced by Rimington once more, Rimington sent down what looked to be a loose ball to leg, and Medway, with a wild swipe caught it, and sent it flying towards the boundary to the very spot where Miss Davies stood. He watched the flight of the ball spellbound. It was going at a terrific pace, and seemed to be swerving round in its course. The whole field stared.

"Look out!" cried somebody, for it seemed that the pretty girl must assuredly be hit. The sun was shining straight in her eyes, and she seemed not to see the oncoming ball.

Kara Noogramahji, who had come on to the ground ten minutes before, and who had been talking to McDowell in the pavilion, and had then come down with Mac to join his charming lady friend, had arrived within a few yards of her when he suddenly saw the danger, and dashed forward.

"Move, Miss Davies—move!" shouted Mac, at the same time raising Muriel's peril.

She heard the cry, turned her head, and smiled at him. It was a hundred to one she

he gathered him up in his arms, and rested his head against his knee.

"Are you hurt, Kara?" he cried, somewhat alarmed.

The Indian prince opened his eyes, and tenderly felt the back of his head.

"No, no, no," he said, "I am not hurt on my feet; but I landed a rare crack on the back of the head, and it knocked my senses out of me for a moment or two, but all right. She, Miss Davies, wasn't hurt, Mac?"

"No, my dear old chap," said Henry McDowell fervently, "thanks to you! You caught the ball in those safe fingers of yours, just as anyone might have expected you would do, Kara."

"Kara," the Indian prince, pulled himself together, and flung the ball to one of the fielders, who had anxiously run to see if he had hurt himself or not.

Then Kara became conscious that Muriel Davies was holding out her shapely hand to him, and was smiling at him out of those glorious eyes of hers.

"It seems," she said, "that it is my turn to owe you thanks, Mr. Noogramahji," she said. "It should have been that, for I had tried to see the ball coming. It was clever of you. Thank you, very, very much!"

"You are too good, and a flushed, in spite of his red face. He was conscious of a thrill which ran through him at the touch of her hand.

"It is brave of you, Miss Davies," he said. "To come down here, in such a fearful weather, is going to snow again. Look at those black clouds rolling up. I should think you would be glad to get back to the town."

"You are anxious to get to town," she said, with a laugh.

"You ought to know better than that," he answered, and she was silent, wondering why his eyes burnt with such a fire, as he looked at her.

"And so," said Mac, in a whisper to Kara, seeing that Muriel's attention had now been engaged by her boy friend, "you did not recognise the man who was killed on the line, Kara?"

The Indian prince shook his head.

"No," he said. "I have never set eyes on the fellow before in my life. He is a native of the country, and I have never seen him, and I cannot see how he could bear me a grudge. It may be that he was a religious fanatic, who objected to one of his race liking the English idea of the death of his father, and his preference to his own. It may have been that. It may have been that he had read in the newspapers the death of my father, and he generally accepted fact that I should reign as Jan after my father. You may remember that the papers said that I was to be the ruler of Britain and for British India, as I should have a strong leaning towards the home country."

"Perhaps those newspaper articles inflamed his mind, and he determined to kill me, in order that British influence might no longer be felt at Hidrohampoor. It is the only explanation that I can give."

"Ah," cried Henry McDowell emphatically, "I have no doubt it is the right one, Kara. And all I say should the man ever try to do you any harm, if his mind had not become unbalanced by reading such statements as that? And as you know, the fanatical native would stop at nothing."

Henry McDowell felt immensely relieved. Kara's theory seemed to point to the fact that she was attempting to do the good of one man, and not an organised affair. In that case there would be no reason for fear a repetition.

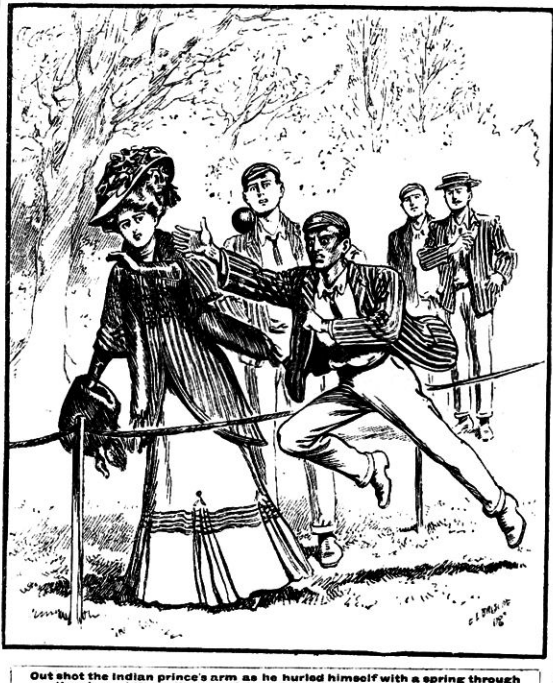
While Mac turned his eyes moodily towards the field, and folded his arms in thought, he suddenly saw a straight ball from Rimington scater McDowell's stumps all over the place.

"A poor stroke that!" he cried. "It wasn't a good ball. Medway ought to have got it away. As usual, he was thinking more of how he would get at the wicket, and about his style, than the way to hit the ball. It serves him jolly well right that he's out! That fellow had the most of Mac, Medway, and I don't think that he was at Winchester, Kara, but he was always too conceited to learn the game thoroughly. I'm afraid he'll never be anything but a very poor player."

"Do you mean that?" he whispered, bending over her.

"Yes," she said, watching Medway's sullen retreat to the pavilion. "He looked so funny with his black eyes yesterday."

The girl realised the danger she had been in, and coming flat to the ground, where he lay stretched for a second or so, and unable to move.



Out shot the Indian prince's arm as he hurled himself with a spring through the air, and the ball was safely clutched in his outstretched fingers.

you know? What to do with the bowling all the same! They've far stuck me up, so you had better be careful, Medway!"

His fellow bowler, a superior sultan, "How could he help but do well, he thought, sure he had been one of the best all round men in Winchester? He had carefully watched the bowling from the pavilion, and it had struck him that neither of the four bowlers who had hitherto acted for the Seniors had done much in the way of fire bowling."

But he now discovered that Rimington, of the Seniors, who had failed in batting, and had done no good at bowling in the first innings, had taken the ball, and was about to deliver. Medway let the first one go, as it was off the wicket. Rimington was bowling slow, and slow balls that looked easy to hit were just what Medway liked.

He caught the second delivery with a mighty crack, and hit it clean to the boundary, despite a valiant effort on the part of a fielder to make the catch.

"Ah, that was something like!" He would have said if he had anything more to say, there were other cricketers beside stuck-up McDowell!

would be struck, for the ball was at a level with her head, and it seemed impossible for Kara Noogramahji to get to it in time. Henry McDowell uttered a cry of alarm, and sprang towards the girl. Then out shot the Indian prince's arm, as he hurled himself with a spring through the air, and the ball was safely clutched in his outstretched fingers. But the momentum was so great that he lost his balance, and fell headlong, rolling on to his shoulders and neck.

The girl realised the danger she had been in, and coming flat to the ground, where he lay stretched for a second or so, and unable to move.

Muriel uttered a shriek of alarm.

"Whatever is the matter, Mr. McDowell?" she cried; and Henry pointed solemnly to the ball, which was still clutched in the Indian prince's strong fingers.

"I nearly hit you!" he cried. "It was lucky Kara got to it in time, for I am afraid you would have been badly hurt, Miss Davies."

The girl realised the danger she had been in, and turned pale. She had never forgotten a story her father had told her of an accident which had happened when he was at school at Rugby. A ball had been carelessly hit by a thoughtless boy standing in the midst of a number of his friends, and it had struck one of his claims on the temple, and had killed him instantly. And this ball might have killed her, had not Kara been there to save her. She spoke to McDowell, and with a gasp and a moan Kara, and Henry McDowell, springing past her, knelt by his friend's side.

(Another fine, long instalment of this popular cricket yarn will appear next week.)

TALES OF THE STADIUM.



No. 1.—HOW BRITAIN WON THE GREAT MARATHON RACE.

By ANDREW GRAY.

THE 1st CHAPTER.

YOUR car is ready, sir." A mess-waiter, tall and straight as a ramrod, had appeared suddenly in the ante-room of the officers' mess of the Cavalry Barracks, Windsor.

Two of the belated occupants rose from their armchairs at the announcement, and reached for their heavy motor-coats.

"Very good, Ferguson," answered Captain Vandervell, and turned to the third, who sat already muffled to the chin.

"Now then, young shaver," he said cheerily. "You get up. How are you feeling—fit?"

"Oh, fit enough!" answered the other, climbing to his feet. "I can't say that I quite relish this fly-by-night business, though. Why on earth can you let me go?"

"Oh, tut-tut!" interrupted the captain. "Now look here, Master Dick, I refuse to go over all that ground again, so I tell you that I'm your trainer, at your own invitation and wish, and you must leave me to work things my own way."

"Quite so," answered Dick Steele, the latest-joined subaltern of his Majesty's 3rd Life Guards; "but, at the same time, I can't help but say again that this midnight spin does not appeal to me."

"He stood up as he spoke, his tall figure illuminated by the glow from the fireplaces. The great fur coat he was wrapped in fell open, revealing the fact that he wore underneath only a running costume. The skin-tight zephyr set off his broad, deep chest, while the freight playing on the long, lithe muscles of his bare limbs, made him the perfect picture of a trained athlete."

"I know you think I'm an ungrateful young cub, sir, and a wretched grouser," he went on, with a laugh; "but that's just how I feel. I can't help thinking that all this savour of a secret trial, and honestly I had rather you did not insist upon it."

"But I do insist upon it!" answered Captain Vandervell testily, though Dick was his favourite. "Both you and I know that it is full time you ran the Marathon course if you wish to win. Very well. Your idea is to make the trial in broad daylight, with book-makers' bets skulking in every hedge—"

"Ah, that's the worst of it!" growled Dick. "It's this infernal betting on one's chances that sickens me, and makes me regret that I've entered."

"That may be, but you have entered, and there's an end of that. A score of countries have sent over their champions to compete in this Marathon race, the chief of all the Olympic games. Britain looks to you to win it for her, and I know that your own feelings may be, you must not—cannot leave her in the lurch. You are first favourite; there must be thousands at odds on you, and you are aware of your chances, and that's where the danger lies."

"Danger?" exclaimed Dick, looking up. "Yes, danger. Has it never occurred to you that, with so much money at stake, it would pay some enterprising ruffian to cripple you before the race? That is just why I am making you run this trial in the dead of night and in secret."

The barrack clock chimed the hour of one.

"No, Dick," added Captain Vandervell, after a pause. "You leave this to me. I have more experience of the wicked world than you do, you came fresh from Sandhurst. I hate hole-and-corner tactics just as much as you do, particularly in sport; but this time I know what I am doing. Come along now. Let's drop the argument and get to business."

"Hear, hear. The skipper's right, Dick," chimed in Lieutenant Blythe, the headliner of the group, closing his tobacco-pouch with a slap and lighting a bulldog briar. "Now let's be off, and get to the start. I'm a lover that 2 hours 15 mins. 45 secs. record of yours at the Wembley trial. I noticed that an

American all but beat you over the distance, so you'll have to pull up your socks."

The Marathon race was open to the whole world. Nearly two thousand four hundred years ago, after the amazing battle from which the contest takes its name, a soldier of the victorious Greeks ran with the glorious news from the battlefield to Athens—a distance of twenty-two miles. He receded into the Stadium before the assembled, anxious crowds, proclaimed the victory with his last breath, and dropped dead.

The feat was considered so remarkable that each year, on the anniversary of the victory, the Grecian athletes tried to emulate it. With the fall of their empires the race was allowed to lapse. It was revived with the Olympic games, in 1905, when a Canadian, running ankle-deep in dust over the historic track and in terrific heat, came in the victor. Now that the games were transferred to England, the course was laid between Windsor and the famous Franco-British Exhibition at Uxbridge Road.

The preliminary race, to select the English team, had been run a few weeks back from Windsor to Wembley Park, and Dick Steele had entered in an easy winner apparently. His performance came like a thunderbolt to the running world, for few outside Harrow and Sandhurst had ever heard of the young officer as a long-distance champion.

Truth to tell, he had surprised himself, though he knew from many a cross-country stoopchase and long day with the harriers, that he possessed endurance out of the ordinary, and a pretty turn of speed which matters came to the pinch.

Since that date he had settled down to steady training under a sportsman, and now, a little less than a week from the great event, he had decided to run the actual course. Captain Vandervell had insisted that this should take place at night, and, for the truly British dislike of anything savouring of secrecy and stealth in sport, Dick could have

hailed the plan with pleasure. He had performed before in a couple of races, and he loathed the ordeal still more when he knew that since the start of the Olympic trials his name was on every bookmaker's lips, as the favourite for the prize which all the world coveted.

The night was dark but fine, and there was just a faint breeze stirring in the trees. The three runners stepped into the car drawn up before the mess, and Captain Vandervell took the driver's place.

"All ready, Dacre?" he asked. "Hampers, rags, towels, slippers, watches? The things are, then. We'll get off."

The car wheeled round, and made towards the barrack-gate. A sentry called loudly from the shadow of a wall, and another as they forged slowly past the barrack door. The next instant they were out upon the open road, the headlights of the car lighting the way. Windsor, town, where the start was to be made, was just behind them.

Captain Vandervell had just set his hand

upon the lever to increase their speed, when a tall, soldierly figure stepped from the shadow of a buttress, and stood with hand raised in the full glare of the powerful headlights.

"Here, I say, what the dickens is the meaning of this?" spluttered the captain, bringing the car up with a jerk.

"Sorry to intrude, sir," answered the man, saluting respectfully. "But you have Mr. Steele of the 3rd Life Guards on board, if I'm not mistaken."

"Well, what if we have? What the deuce has that got to do with you?" snapped the officer.

"I'll tell you, sir. But first of all oblige me by looking at this card, and it will explain who I am," said the man quietly.

Dacre took the square of pasteboard, and held it in the light of one of the side lamps. It was the authority carried by all police detectives, issued from Scotland Yard, and signed by the commissioner.

"Detective-Sergeant Rice," read Dacre, aloud, and whistled.

"Of Bow Street," added the detective; "and I am detailed for special duty in regard to the Olympic games."

"Oh, indeed?" exclaimed Vandervell, wondering what next was coming.

"Yes, sir. Though it's not so much the games themselves I'm concerned with, as the sporting riff-raff and hangers-on, who have come flocking from every corner of Europe and America to the ring-side to see what they can get their fingers on. Fair or foul? In my motto, and I can tell you, they're a pretty tough handful and take a lot of watching."

"So I can easily imagine; but you'll oblige us by stating your business with us at once, as our time is precious," said Vandervell, setting his hand upon the starting-gear as a warning.

"Certainly," replied the detective coolly. "Mr. Steele is about to make a full trial of the Marathon course, and, wisely enough from his point of view, has chosen night-time for his spin."

The three officers were completely taken aback at this. Every precaution had been taken to keep their arrangements a secret beyond the mess, yet here was an outsider fully acquainted with their plans.

"Well, I'm hanged! How did you find all this out?" demanded Captain Vandervell hotly, at last.

"And what do you mean when you say 'wisely enough from my point of view'?" asked Dick Steele.

"I'll give you the whole story at length, if you like, gentlemen, but it will take time. Suffice it for the present that not only do I know of your arrangements, but that the information is also possessed by at least one dangerous gang of sharpers, who are only waiting an opportunity to make good use of it. It is to put you on your guard that I am here."

THE 2nd CHAPTER. Kidnapped.

CAPTAIN VANDERVELL shot a triumphant glance at Dick at this, but he too, bewildered and perturbed to notice it.

"Dangerous gang of sharpers, eh?" drawled Dacre. This sounds interesting. Have you any idea what they are? Little game, or seargent?"

"Foul play, for a certainty," answered the detective. "Though exactly when or how they're going to strike, we have not discovered yet. Mr. Steele here is first favourite for the Marathon race, as everyone knows, and all the money is on him. This syndicate of sharpers has been laying heavily against him, and if they can't succeed in nabbing him before or during the race, they'll pick up a small fortune between them. They're only waiting now for a chance; in fact, there's a dozen of them strag along the course at this very moment on the look-out."

"The deuce there are!" cried Vandervell. "This wants thinking out. What's your opinion, Dick?"

"My opinion?" exclaimed Dick Steele. "I say, take Sergeant Rice with us and go ahead. We're not going to show the white feather to a handful of rammers, or half a hundred, either. I was not keen on running this trial half an hour ago, but wild horses wouldn't stop me now."

"That's just how I feel myself," answered Vandervell. "But then, there is such a thing as discretion, you know. We don't want to give them a chance to hamstring you in the dark, if we can avoid it. I tell you what, Dacre, you cut back to the guard-room, and write a note to be taken up to Captain Greeley. Tell him that we've gone on ahead, that there is a chance of a dust-up, and we want him to follow on in a second car, with three or four others as our reserves. They'll jump at the chance."

"I didn't say, sir, that I could promise you a dust-up to-night for certain," said the detective, with a smile. "Though it's quite on the cards that such a thing might happen. So far as reinforcements are concerned, I should suggest that we call at the police-station and take two or three constables on board—your car will hold them."

"That be hanged!" answered Captain Vandervell ungraciously. "We don't get a chance of sport like this every day. If the sundreels try any tricks with us we'll rope 'em in unspiced. Cut along, Dacre, now, and we'll wait till you get back. We can't afford to delay our start any longer."

In three minutes one of the guard was on his way to Captain Greeley's quarters with the

(Continued on the next page.)



With a wild, despairing effort, Dick forged ahead and breasted the tape. Britain had won the great Marathon race.

are built specially for the washing of the carriages, and which have wooden stages the height of the carriage floor.

Besides the humble "carriage-washers," there are also cleaners, which have brushes, brushes, leathers, and dusters, look after the inside of each compartment.

One man is kept to keep the foot-warmer going. A good many people wonder what it is inside the familiar foot-warmer that enables it to retain its heat for eight hours. It is filled with about six gallons of acetate of soda reduced to liquid form. As many ounces of water are added, and then two balls of iron, which weigh nearly a pound and a half, are placed inside. The hole in the cap is then covered with a cap and soldered down, with a small hole left in the centre of the cap. After that the foot-warmer is put in a tank, its contents heated once up to boiling-point, the hole sealed up, and all is ready.

The wagons of a through goods train are looked after, if it is possible, with still greater care. The examiner not only taps the wheels, but he inspects them, while he is particularly careful to see that the axle-boxes are not run hot. He watches the wheels slowly revolving in order to ascertain if an axle is bent.

When the engine and its train enter the train that wagon goes, shunted into a siding, with a red card on it to show that it must not be used under any circumstances until it has been put in a siding.

Returning home on the day before taking up his duties, Gerard found his friend Phil awaiting him at a station in the suburbs of London. "I've heard from—from him," said Phil, in a hoarse whisper.

"Marx?" "My precious parent. He sent me a note. He is quite near, being lying low all this time. He wants help—money. Says he dare not go outside the house, and unless he entered it, he would watch the house ever since he entered it."

"Oh," answered Gerard, in a tone of real concern. "The police go to you, don't they?" "Who else?" said Phil, greatly agitated. "Then why don't they step in and arrest him if he has not?" "That's what I thought. What do you go going round?"

"I can't do better." The address indicated on the note took them to a grimy back street off the Marylebone Road. A man in a long overcoat and tweed jacket entered at the door, entered the tenement, a look which Phil returned with interest.

"A detective!" he whispered to Gerard. The once ferocious Slav was gone, and by the way, he looks a good deal like your brains."

"Is he out there?" he asked, with a jerk of his thumb towards the window. "I can't get away from the sight of him. He's tattered me out of my eyes. I don't believe that I can shake him off you wouldn't believe, but it can't be done. He's got on my nerves, Phil. I shall kill him, I tell you."

"Sit down, and don't talk like an ass," was the filial advice Phil tendered to his unworthy parent. "We know what is wrong. You were the fool and a man who has lost your brains. There's a detective outside the house—we know it; but it isn't you he wants, or he would have done so you long ago. He's on the watch to see if Hermann Marx comes your way. That's his story. The man who broke into the Anglo-Parisian Bank, with you to help him."

"How do you know that, Phil?" gasped Steve, his lips blue.

"Never your mind; I'm a-banned of you. Yes, that is a detective outside, sure enough; but you won't be touched until he's caught the other man. Now you can tell us where he is."

"I can't—honour bright I can't! He's left me in the lurch, I'd say. If I knew where he could be found, I'd set the police on 'im."

"To save your own skin," interrupted Phil. "Ain't my skin worth saving?" growled Steve.

"At that moment a letter was shot underneath a door, a shrill female voice outside sounding in tones of anger: "It's her yer, you good-for-nothing old villain!"

"That's the lady of the 'ouse," said Steve huskily. "She's none too perlitie." He took up the letter, and as he opened it a couple of postal orders fell out. Knowing his father did not number the art of reading among his greatest accomplishments, Phil took the note from him. As he looked at the signature an exclamation of astonishment escaped him.

"From Marx himself!" he cried. "Give them post orders to my brother Steve." "Be silent!" commanded Phil. "You will obey orders if you want me to get you out of this place, so spread open the letter, inviting Gerard to look at your brains. The note was brief, and ran as follows:

"Come and see me at the Station Hotel to-morrow evening, and have your work done. Burn this letter.—H. M." The two chums exchanged glances. "The deal at the terminus?" said Gerard. "Marx is back in London?" "Or will be to-morrow," added Phil. "Then we have him," said Gerard. "He has Marx run into a trap, and he is evidently up to some fresh mischief. We will interview him ourselves, and it will be my own fault if I do not get some satisfaction out of him. He shall tell me what I want to know."

"Yes," said Phil thoughtfully. "We should master him in the end." Steve had not heard a word of this conversation, which was carried on in a whisper. He was left with the strictest injunctions to lay low, while the lady of the house was avenged by her lord's arrows of ruin being paid.

Arriving home, they found a great piece of news. This was an intimation to Gerard that he had been granted a driver's certificate.

He gave a whoop of delight, in which his chum joined. He had handled the shovels for the last time, and the footplate of an engine was now his own.

The Six-Coupled Tank Coaches—What the Driver Overheard—Fuel Policy. GERARD'S organization of meeting Hermann Marx on the following evening was frustrated by his having to take up his new duties at that time. However, Phil continued his work at the goods arches when his chum commuted the job. He announced his resolve of ascertaining if Marx was at the Station Hotel, and unless he left that night, Gerard's opportunity would come on the following day.

At six o'clock Gerard joined his first engine vans in the shed. He was a genuine, but slightly regarding him, he endeavoured to assume an appearance of extreme nonchalance, but his heart was beating with a quickened action as he nodded to his stoker on the foot-plate, and at once began the work of oiling up and examining every working part of his locomotive.

It was not an engine of a passenger express. Far from it. The new driver had to go back, in a way, and begin afresh with a slow goods, though this time he was master of it. Every railway has locomotives of different types—a dozen or more. That in the new driver's charge was a tank engine, specially built for goods traffic. It had six wheels coupled, five inches in diameter, with cylinders

order reigns here, in spite of so much noise and bustle. Our British railways are the best managed in the world, and the best getting near the time when we shall be making a start. It does not seem as if my friend Lord Hofmeyr will meet us at the station, after all."

"By what train do we travel to his lordship's place?" asked the other, in a strong German accent. "By the half-past seven from number one platform. Lord Derring stated to me in a wire that he was returning to his country seat, and that we might go up by the same train. Take care of that bag, my dear Hofmeyr. There are always plenty of thieves at a big terminus in London."

"Ah! I should much like to see the thief who would take it from me!" answered the German, with a grim smile.

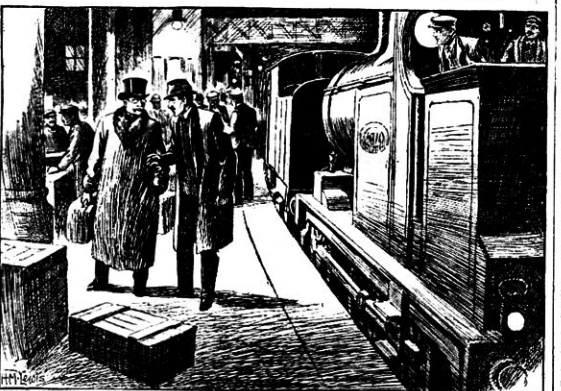
"True; but if it were known that there are jewels in it to the value of ten thousand pounds! What an incentive! I shall be very glad when I have finished my mission with which Lord Derring entrusted me, and have brought you to the countess with your priceless rods."

Hearing these words, the young driver on the six-coupled tank goods betrayed a sudden exclamation, that made his fireman wonder at him. "He is up to something," murmured Gerard. His reflection was cut short as a third man came strolling towards the others. Marx appeared to catch sight of him at the last moment. He gave a pretended start.

"Is lordship himself?" he cried. "I have been trying to attract your attention from another platform," said the new-comer. "Is this gentleman?"

"Herr Hofmeyr? He is?" cried Marx, while the German bowed profoundly. Herr Hofmeyr, of the great Vienna house of Hofmeyr & Lunn, and the centre of the diamond world.

"Pleased to meet you!" said the new-comer. "Have you brought those expensive trinkets?" "Rare! I ha!", answered the German.



Looking over the side of his cab, Gerard started with surprise as he caught sight of the two men. One was a gentleman-looking stranger in a heavy, fur-trimmed coat, the other was Hermann Marx.

seventeen inches by twenty-four. It was called a six-coupled tank goods engine.

Gerard's work of examination and oiling occupied the best part of an hour; no driver gets through that preliminary task in much less than fifty minutes. And then mounted the footplate, found steam well up, and took the locomotive to the loading stages, backing it ever so gently against the trucks, where it was coupled and the brake fixed.

During the day the "runs" of rails along which the engine had to fill up empty wagons as they came in from the unloading stages. Towards the close of the afternoon staffs commenced to rattle in through the gates with their cargoes for the down mines. Everything was weighed, and the consignment notes stamped officially. The work of unloading the vans and loading the wagons went on under the guidance of the checkers who ruled the loading gang. As the wagons became filled they were marshalled into their respective trains.

It wanted ten minutes to the time of starting when Gerard backed his engine alongside the other six-coupled tank goods. The moment there was nothing for him to do, looking over the side of his cab at the busy movement of the engine staffs, he was surprised as he caught sight of two men.

One was a gentlemanly-looking stranger in a heavy, fur-trimmed coat, carrying a black leather bag in his right hand; the other was Hermann Marx.

Not wishing to be recognised, the driver drew back in London, and then men had business on the platform. They came stroving to the end, as far as the engine, when they stopped. The man in the fur-trimmed coat, the driver, who heard every word he said to his companion.

"Yes, my dear Herr Hofmeyr," remarked Marx, "you may be sure that the most perfect

"Step inside, gentlemen!" that official, holding his green flag, came along the platform. Hofmeyr looked swiftly to right and left before obeying. Prince and Marx exchanged glances. They were a few feet little suspicious. It was to calm that suspicion that the two had openly paraded themselves on the platform.

"The platforms of a railway terminus are not the safest places for the law-breaker. The railway detective is always there, always on the look-out for a suspicious person. He usually stands a table outside the buffet; may be a smart police-officer watching the movements of the passengers. The corpulent old gentleman, with the white hair and bushy eyebrows, as if seeking for a corner place in a carriage, is really looking in the coaches for a hunted man."

"Herr Hofmeyr? He is?" cried Marx, while the German bowed profoundly. Herr Hofmeyr, of the great Vienna house of Hofmeyr & Lunn, and the centre of the diamond world.

"Pleased to meet you!" said the new-comer. "Have you brought those expensive trinkets?" "Rare! I ha!", answered the German.

"No wonder that the two conspirators drew a deep breath when they saw the first-class compartment labelled "Engaged." The guard banged the door after them, there was a shrill whistle, and they were off, moving so imperceptibly that at first they got no notice. A lurch over the points, another and another, a glimpse of a signal cabin, with the man standing by his painted levers, and they had left the station precincts, and entered upon a long, non-stopping run of seventy miles.

In the first two coaches behind the tender were the sorting-closets, where the furious sorters of the mails, so to be ready to get off the first sackful of letters at the appointed spot during the time. On the footplate of the great eight-wheeler, a stout man in a blue uniform, with his fireman, his eye on the twinkling lights of the engine, and his hairy fist on the regulator.

At first the station was dimly seen, and with a steady roar, the express swung through. A long way in front of it was that slow goods, pulled by its painted levers, and they had left the station precincts, and entered upon a long, non-stopping run of seventy miles.

The three men in the reserved first-class compartment had buried themselves in their evening papers. Herr Hofmeyr was really reading, but the eyes of his companions kept meeting above their paper.

They were out in the open country, when Prince suddenly dropped his sheet with a yawn. It was a signal that the train was first class. "We are moving, Hofmeyr," said Prince, with a glance at the window. "Fifty to sixty miles an hour, I should say."

"What shall we do to pass the time?" asked Marx. "You play cards, Hofmeyr." "There is no time to play cards, and then Prince, stifling another yawn, said:

"I hope my wife will be pleased with your pretty stones. Herr Hofmeyr, let us have a look at them."

The diamond merchant hesitated. It was not just at a fraction of a second, but it was just as if a signal had been given. Prince got out his pocket-handkerchief, with which he blew his nose ostentatiously. He replaced it, but in a moment he was shaking up the contents of his receptacle, they closed on a soft barrel.

Herr Hofmeyr began to unlock the black leather bag. "The diamond merchant extracted a red morocco case. As he looked up, he observed the growing glare of a signal that drew his eye out of his fellow-travellers. He turned his eyes upon the other, but Prince was leaning back upon the seat, his fingers ringing of smoke from a cigar-ette, and with an air of indifference as to the greatest concern on his handsome features.

"There is the necklace," said Hofmeyr, and at the same moment he pressed the spring of the case. The lid flew open. Resting on a bed of blue velvet were six or seven of the finest diamonds, the largest being a magnificent great white diamond, that was worth almost as much as all the others. The resplendent jewels reflected the light as if struck by shooting stars, and flames of the most gorgeous colours.

"Ah," said Prince, in a tone of admiration, "they are really nice!" He withdrew his hand in his pocket, as if with the intention of taking the case from Hofmeyr's fingers, but before the latter could open the case, he was struck by the handle of a revolver. So swift, so sure was the action, that the diamond merchant was struck as if by lightning.

"The fool!" said Prince, with a terrible laugh. "Open the door, Marx!" (Another thrilling instalment next week.)

THE FORM OF HIS FORM

A Fine Long, Complete School Tale by CHARLES HAMILTON.

HARRY VALANCE Steps In.

"WHAT has that again?" muttered Valance of the Fifth as he came down the stairs at Wynwood College. The door of Mr. Kirke's room was open, and the voice of the Form-master could be plainly heard in the passage. "Hold out your hand, Gilbert!" "If you please, sir," said Gilbert. "Hold out your hand!" Harry Valance's brow darkened, and he passed irresolutely as he passed the door of Mr. Kirke's study. It was useless, or worse than useless, for a Fifth-Form boy to interfere between a Form-master and another lad, and yet...

There was a swish of a descending cane inside the study, and a cry of pain followed it. "The other hand, Gilbert." "Oh, sir—"

"Will you obey me?" Said again, and a sharp cry. Harry Valance could stand no more. He stepped in at the open door of the study, and Mr. Kirke looked angrily at him.

The Fourth-Form master was a heavily-built man, with a deep, square face, and little, cold eyes. He was looking angry, very angry, at the present moment. Mr. Kirke was a man of a hard nature, and much given to losing his temper; a fact which caused his Form to look upon him with very little respect, though most of them feared him.

The lad who was the present object of his wrath was one of the youngest boys in the Fourth Form, a pale and delicate lad, who gave little idea of Form-mastering it at a big public school like Wynwood.

The tears were rolling down his cheeks as he nursed his hands, tingling from the sharp cuts of the cane. Mr. Kirke did not seem to care like the other masters at Wynwood. He laid on his strokes as if he meant the sting to last for hours, as perhaps he intended it to.

"What do you want here, Valance?" Harry Valance hisitated.

"The fact is, I heard Gilbert cry out, sir, and—"

"And you dared to come in here to meddle with a Form-master in the exercise of his authority?"

"No, exactly that, sir. But I don't think that I should approve of that punishment if he knew of it."

Mr. Kirke's eyes blazed.

"Let me go my own instantly, Valance!" he thundered.

"I don't want to anger you, sir. But you know very well that one of the rules of the college is that no junior shall be caned without the express knowledge of the Head," said Valance steadily, not at all daunted by the savage look of the Form-master. "You are always hard upon Gilbert, and I don't think he is strong enough to stand it. I have been on the point of speaking several times."

Mr. Kirke seem to be too enraged to reply. He glared at Valance, his lips moving, but no word coming from them. He knew that he was in a false position, and that he was more than once upon the limits of his authority, but it was extremely galling to be called to account by a boy.

"You don't think you realise how rough that is on Gilbert," went on Valance. "He's not like the rest of us—he's a weak kid, and—"

"Enough!" said the Fourth-Form master, in a choked voice. "Gilbert, you may go!"

The junior turned and quitted the study without another word.

The Form-master looked at Valance with gleaming eyes. The Fifth-Former met his gaze steadily.

"You have dared to interfere with me, Valance. This is not the first time, and I have shown me insolent, though previously it has been confined to looks, and stopped short of words—"

"I have no more to be insolent!" "Don't interrupt me! I will make you sorry for this, Valance. You shall learn that you cannot meddle with me with impunity."

"I am not afraid of you, having the matter carried before the Head," said Valance undauntedly.

"That is not my intention. Take care, that I all have to say to you: Take care, Valance! Now, leave my room."

"I have no desire to remain, I assure you!" And Harry Valance went out of the study and closed the door.

A Dead in the Dark.

VALANCE came out of the cricket dressing-room as the dusk deepened over the Close and the ancient buildings of Wynwood. Valance was one of the mainstays of the Wynwood First Eleven, and at this time he was keeping up steady practice at the nets, in preparation for a big match that was coming off on the following Saturday. A half-hour's hard practice had completely chased away the Fifth-Former's "blue devils," and he had quite forgotten the incident in the Form-master's study as he left the pavilion and walked towards the school-house.

It was dusky in the Close, and duskier still in his house, where the gas in the passages had not yet been lighted. Harry Valance went up the stairs.

"My word! What's that?" Valance started as he heard a sudden crash in the passage beside the stairs, followed by a cry of pain and a heavy fall.

"Good heavens—" Someone was hurt, but the Fifth-Former did not know what had happened. He caught a sound scampering footsteps on the stairs, and a form flittered in the darkness. Valance sprang forward and clutched at it, and a slender lad wriggled in his grasp.

"Gilbert!" The junior struggled frantically.

"Let me go—let me go!" "But what?"

The boy tried to tear himself away. There were cries now in the passage, and a gleam of light from the open door of the study, and a crowd was collecting from all quarters.

"Let me go!" "What have you done?"

"I—I've got even with him!" gasped the boy half hysterically. "I—I said I would! He—he has licked me since—since you were here, and I—I have got even!"

"What have you done?" "Let me go—let me go!" If they find me they'll—I shall be flogged—expelled from the school! Don't tell! Valance, promise me you won't tell!"

Gilbert was not trying to escape now; he clung to the Fifth-Former almost convulsively.

"Of course I won't tell, but—"

"Promise that—promise!" "I promise."

Gilbert gasped. Valance saw that the boy was in a hysterical state, and that if he were not calmed, the consequences might be serious. He gave the promise without thinking much about it. The junior tore himself away the next moment and disappeared into the darkness.

Harry Valance looked over the banisters, and a shiver went through him. A lamp was gleaming there in the dusk now, and he could see a form extended upon the floor.

The white, set face was that of Mr. Kirke! There was a smear of red upon the white skin, and horror in the faces round. The Form-master made a sudden movement, and his eyes opened. He stared wildly round him.

"Who did this, sir?" cried Hilford. "The—something was flung at me from the stairs, as if I was going to my room," muttered Mr. Kirke confusedly. "It struck me on the head—"

"It was this lump of wood!" exclaimed Kidd of the Fifth.

OUR CRICKET LEAGUE.

ALL ABOUT YOUR EDITOR'S GREAT OFFER TO JUNIOR CRICKET CLUBS AND COMPETITIONS. SILVER CUPS FOR CRICKET LEAGUES.

In order that the trophies presented by your Editor shall fall into the hands of those able readers of THE BOYS' REALM who desire to make the following conditions binding upon the Leagues desiring to obtain a cup—

- 1. Each League Secretary must during the season, collect from the members of the affiliated clubs not less than 1000 coupons, one of which will be published in THE BOYS' REALM each week until the end of August. Members of clubs affiliated to Leagues should carefully cut the coupon published each week, and forward the same to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM. An alternative to this, one hundred "fully-paid" subscriptions to THE BOYS' REALM for three months will be sufficient. The only club which will be allowed to make the following conditions, or the application cannot be considered. 2. The Leagues must play the game according to the Official Rules of Cricket. 3. Each League must be a properly constituted League in which the clubs engage in a genuine competition.

CUPS FOR UNATTACHED JUNIOR CLUBS.

Two Solid Silver Challenge Cups (Senior and Junior) offered to bona-fide Cricket Clubs of not less than seven members.

The First Division Cup will be presented to the Team the average age of members of which must not exceed 16 years, and which has won the most matches during the season.

SOLID SILVER MEDAL for Each Member of the Winning Team.

SOLID SILVER MEDAL for Each Member of the Runner-up Team.

A HANDSOME CRICKET SET will also be awarded to the Third and Fourth Teams at the End of the Season.

- 1. Each application must be accompanied by full particulars of the competition, which must be of one or more days standing, or if formed this season, must be accompanied by proof that it is a genuine competition. 2. Only a limited number of cups can be presented, and your Editor reserves the right to make the final selection and to inform applicants of his decision before the end of May.

CRICKET CUP COUPON. One of these will appear each week until the end of August.

The Second Division or Junior Cup will be presented to the Team the average age of the members of which must not exceed 14 years, and which has won the most matches during the season. SOLID SILVER MEDAL for Each Member of the Winning Team. SOLID SILVER MEDAL for Each Member of the Runner-up Team. A HANDSOME CRICKET SET will also be awarded to the Third and Fourth Teams in the Junior Cup Competition at the End of the Season.

In addition to the above, a handsome cricket bat will be awarded each week in both divisions to the club which in the opinion of the Editor has put on the best show on the preceding Saturday. In all cases the Editor's decision is final.

- Rules and Regulations. (a) The cups and medals will be presented at the end of the cricket season to the clubs in each section which your Editor, the Secretary, and another trustee consent to award the best records in the matches played between the dates stated above. (b) Strict investigation will be made by the controllers of the League into the bona-fides of the entering clubs and their fixtures. (c) All matches to be played under the official rules of cricket. (d) The cups to be won outright. (e) Opposing teams must, in every case, be of the same number of players.

He picked up a rough lump of wood from the floor, and he spoke.

The Form-master said, "Let's hunt for the cad who did it!" he exclaimed sharply. "He must be upstairs somewhere!"

He broke off, for looking upward as he spoke, he looked full into the white face of Harry Valance standing over the banisters. "Valance!"

Mr. Kirke's eyes gleamed. "Valance! I might have guessed it!" "What do you mean, sir?" cried Hilford. "It wasn't Valance that threw—"

"Yes, it was. Help me up!" Hilford caught up the cane, and laid the Form-master his aid, and Mr. Kirke staggered to his feet. His little narrow eyes were fixed spitefully on the male face that looked over the banisters. "Valance! Valance!"

"Valance! Come down here!" The Fifth-Former slowly descended the stairs.

He felt that he was in a difficult position, and the promise he had made to Gilbert weighed on his mind.

He had heard the Form-master's angry accusation, and he knew that he might have escaped difficulty in clearing himself of the charge.

He joined the group of lads gathered round the injured Form-master, and the light gleamed on his face—pale, and set, but fearless.

His Pledged Word. MR. KIRKE looked at the Fifth-Former with a slow, spiteful smile.

"So this is your work, Valance?" "Valance spoke quietly and calmly. "I knew he hadn't done it," murmured Hilford, but it was in the tone of one who tries to convince himself.

The Form-master's smile became more disagreeable.

"You deny having buried that piece of wood at me from over the banisters, Valance?" "Certainly, sir."

"Then, who did it?" "Valance was silent."

"You were on the stairs."

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Has your Club Joined Our Cricket League Yet?

His pledge to Gilbert would be kept. But what would be the price of his silence?

The doctors were so sure that he had committed that brutal action. He was already condemned by his own Form. Mr. Kirke knew him guilty or chose to believe him guilty. He was not the kind of man to be patient under such an injury.

What steps would he take? A complaint to the Head would be the result. Valance would be called over the coals in the Head's study, and what explanation had he to make?

There was little doubt upon that point. The lad almost groined at the thought. He was not to wonder that for some moments the temptation assailed the lad to speak out what he knew, in spite of the word he had pledged.

Gilbert's action had been cowardly and cruel: yet there were excuses to be made for him, too. He had been treated with cowardly intolerance, and had been worked up to a state of hysterical passion before he avenged himself.

Whatever happened, he would keep the miserable junior's secret; he would keep his pledge.

As to what would happen, he could only face it, with all the pluck he could. But what would his friends say—what would his parents say?

There was a sound of the door opening, and then shutting again and though it was too dark to see, Valance knew that someone had entered the study. He raised his head.

"Who is there?" he asked quietly. There was a sob in the darkness. Valance started.

"Gilbert?" "It's—It's Valance!" The junior came prominently towards Valance in the gloom. "I knew you were here, and I—"

"What do you want?" Valance's voice was cold and hard. "Oh, I—I— Forgive me, Valance! I know what they are saying about you. I—I know they think you're a liar."

A gleam of hope lightened the Fifth-Former's heart for a moment. "You can confess, Gilbert."

He was interrupted by a cry of terror. "Confess! I dare not! He would kill me!"

"Nonsense!" "I—I don't dare not! Remember your promise—remember you gave me your word? You can't break it—you're a cad if you break your word."

"Don't be frightened," said Valance, with more compassion than contempt in his voice. "I have no intention of breaking it; I—I can't."

"I'd confess if I dared," he whimpered, "but you know how he'd treat me if he knew. And—and I might be expelled. I might be—and—couldn't face that."

"Don't ask you to confess." "But—but you think I ought—" "Well, yes, of course."

"I—I would if I dared, but—but I can't." The boy was whimpering. "I dare not. But Oh, I didn't mean them to suspect you—I didn't."

"I know you didn't, Gilbert, and I forgive you for not hitting me in, if that's what you want." "Oh, Valance!"

"Oh, cut along! I've got to think over it." The junior gave another sob as he groped his way to the door. Valance heard the door open. The boy was so weak and sensitive, so unfitted to face the position he found himself in, that this, strong fellow could not help feeling for him.

"I can't do it," he said. "I can't do it," said Valance. "I can't face it better than you. Keep a stiff upper lip, or the fellows will guess something."

"It's all right. Only leave me now." The junior groined up out of the study, and Valance was left alone. He jumped to his feet with exclamation. "Well, it's all right. Only leave me now."

"Well, it's no good thinking about it," he muttered. "I shall have to face it out, and rack what comes of it. Hang it, did ever a fellow get a better stroke of luck?"

pieces from Valance, and stared round him in bewilderment. Valance was glaring at him, with clenched fists and blazing eyes.

"Here, enough of that!" exclaimed Russell, of the Sixth; and he caught Valance by the shoulder and swung him round.

Valance struck out savagely, and Russell recoiled away. But half a dozen fellows were crowding round now, and Valance was hustled towards the door.

"Chuck him out!" roared Kidd, rubbing his damaged chin ruefully. "Chuck the rotter out on his neck!"

"Outside!" said several voices emphatically. And outside Valance went, from many vigorous shoves and pushes. He reeled out into the passage, and then, blind with rage, he came charging back.

"He wants more!" "Chuck him out!" Two fellows reeled over from Valance's furious blows, and then he was scolded by many hands and fairly flung along the corridor.

He staggered blindly away, and went with a crash to the floor, and remained there for some moments. He rose at last unsteadily to his feet. His collar was torn out, his jacket split, and a red stream was oozing from his nose.

The doorway was crammed with seniors, grinning and jeering. With slow steps Valance turned away, followed by a storm of hisses. He went back slowly towards his own study, in a state of fury and humiliation hardly possible to describe. A master tapped him on the shoulder in the passage.

"Dr. Ranko wishes to see you in his study, Valance." Valance started. Mr. Kirke had evidently lost no time.



Harry Valance could stand no more. He stepped in at the open door of the study, and Mr. Kirke looked round angrily.

the stairs when the missile was hurled over the banisters. I believe?" "I was just going upstairs, sir."

"You saw who hurled this missile?" "Not till after it was flung, sir. I had no idea of anything about it till I heard Mr. Kirke cry out and fall in the passage."

Mr. Kirke's lip curled in a bitter sneer. "But after the outrage," said the Head, "you saw the perpetrator?"

"Yes, sir," said Valance reluctantly, "I saw him then."

"Who was it?" "Valance was silent."

"If you know whom it was, why cannot you tell me?" "I cannot, sir."

"If it is any question of schoolboy honour, any fear of appearing like a snook, that restrains you, dismiss it from your mind," said Dr. Ranko. "This is too serious a matter for such considerations to be allowed to enter. If you are shielding anyone, you must know that such a cowardly and dastardly person does not deserve to be shielded. I ask you again the name of the perpetrator?"

Harry Valance's face was very white; but his resolution did not falter. "I cannot tell you, sir."

"Enough!" said the doctor coldly. "I am compelled to regard your story as a mere prevarication, which will not save you from the punishment of such a deed, Valance."

"I am sorry, sir." "You may go. You will be expelled from the school to-morrow morning, in the presence of all Wynwood. Go."

And Harry Valance left the study with a step as unsteady as a drunken man's. Expelled!

"Certainly, sir, I—I had better go and put up with a bit to rights first!" "I was asked to send you to ones."

"But I cannot go like—"

"That is your business, but I am afraid the captain of Wynwood was wrong."

The paper contained the list of the cricket eleven that was to meet St. Winifred's on the following day. Valance was standing before the notice-board in the hall, marking a paper there with a blue pencil, and Valance smiled bitterly as he saw what the captain of Wynwood was doing.

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So it had come! Harry walked away like one in a maze of terror. He was standing before the notice-board in the hall, marking a paper there with a blue pencil, and Valance smiled bitterly as he saw what the captain of Wynwood was doing.

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Would Valance speak at last? "Valance." The doctor's deep voice rolled through the crowded hall. Harry Valance started out of the ranks of the Fifth, with a firm and steady bearing.

"Valance, you have been found guilty of a cowardly offence—a piece of Anthonism for which no defence can be found. Have you anything to say?"

There was a tense silence. A pin might have been heard to drop. Dark clouds were gathering on the brow of the doctor, and his eyes were flashing with indignation.

"You have nothing to say, Valance? So I expected. Your guilt is clear. You can have no defence to offer. Hear Valance, you are expelled from this school! You will go—"

A cry rang through the crowded hall, following by a fall. There was a general exclaiming, and the Head stopped short.

"What is the matter there?" "It is a boy in the Fourth. He seems to have fainted."

Valance compressed his lips. Like everyone else in the hall, he turned his head to look at the form of Gilbert, which was being raised from the floor. With a few swift strides Dr. Ranko reached the spot.

"Back! Give him air!" The fainting boy was raised. His face was like wax, his eyes closed. He looked like one who had been struck by lightning.

"Don't you touch him!" he said, in a low, concentrated voice. "This is your doing."

"Valance!" cried the doctor, while the Fourth-Form master's face was convulsed with rage. Gilbert's eyes opened wildly.

"He is better now," exclaimed the Head. "Gilbert, my poor lad—"

"I confess," gasped the junior. "Don't notice my expel him. I did it. I thought it would be better for him, because he was a coward, but—but I can't! You mustn't expel Valance. I did it!"

"Impossible!" cried Mr. Kirke. "This is a trick to save Valance."

"Gibson, sir!" said the Head sternly. "I don't care if you expel me," moaned Gilbert. "I couldn't stand it. And—and I want to leave Wynwood now. Now Mr. Kirke knows, he would half kill me, and I can't—"

"Enough!" said the Head very quietly. "This will be inquired into. Boys, you are dismissed."

The Forms broke up, and crowded out of the hall, eagerly discussing the strange occurrence. There were a crowd of friendly faces round Harry Valance and Hilford was the first to grip him by the hand.

"I was a fool!" said the captain of Wynwood. "I was all too ready to think that you could do a thing like that, Harry! Give us your best!"

Valance gave it, with his whole heart. He was almost dizzy with the relief of the unexpected happening; but he was concerned for Gilbert. The unhappy junior had saved his pretence, but at what cost to himself?

But Gilbert was not expelled. The strain on his mind had relaxed on his delicate frame, and he was for some days, and before he left his bed the doctor had learned enough of Mr. Kirke's methods to enable him to judge that gentleman's heart more exactly than he had done before, and Mr. Kirke received a polite hint that his resignation would be acceptable. He was gone from Wynwood before Gilbert reappeared in his place in the Fourth Form, and no one missed him.

Needless to say, Valance's name was re-elected in the position of the cricket team, and when Wynwood met St. Winifred's, the hero of the Fifth played up for the school in his best form. He was not a school boy, but a hero of Wynwood greeted him as he concluded his century knocked up from his own hat, fought like a gentleman, and was ready to die for the flag. He was proud of the brave lad who had, under such trying circumstances, proved himself to be a fellow of his word.

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