

“BOYS’ REALM” FOOTBALL LIBRARY.

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The Boys' Realm. 1

of Sport & Adventure.



“CAPTAIN JACK”
By
A. S. Hardy.

—E. E. BRISCOE—



REDFERN MINOR.

A Rattling Long Instalment of Charles Hamilton's Fascinating School Tale.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

SIDNEY REDFERN, a bright, fun-loving lad who is a new pupil at St. Dorothy's School.
ARTHUR REDFERN, Sidney's elder brother, who is a prefect in the Sixth Form. Arthur Redfern is inclined to be easily led, and is under the by-no-means-good influence of
RANSOME, another Sixth-Former, a slacker, and a good-for-nothing.
SKELTON and **BROWN**, two Fourth-Formers, and leaders of the Classical side of St. Dorothy's.
TAFFY MORGAN, **VERNON** and **BAKE**, the leaders of the Modern side at St. Dorothy's, deadly rivals of Skelton and Brown.

At St. Dorothy's there is a deadly and everlasting feud existing between the Classical and Modern sides. At the time of the arrival of Sidney Redfern, the captain of the Fourth Form, who has always been elected from the Classical side, has just left, and affairs are in a complicated state. There are exactly as many Classics in the Fourth as there are Moderns, and the result of the election for a new captain is bound to be a tie. Now Sidney Redfern has arrived, however, his vote will turn the scale one way or the other.

After much persuasion from both sides, Sidney votes for the Classics, to the rage and humiliation of the Moderns.

A few weeks later St. Dorothy's is playing a cricket match away with a rival school named Lexham. This is a very important match, and all St. Dolly's intend being present.

Arthur Redfern is playing for St. Dolly's, and as both he and Ransome are greatly in debt to a book-maker named Cunliffe, Ransome tries to persuade Arthur to sell the game, so that by betting on Lexham they can win enough money to pay Cunliffe.

This at first Arthur refuses to do; but later, under stress of circumstance, he gives way, and mainly through him, after at one time being in a winning position, St. Dolly's lose the match.

That night Ransome persuades Arthur Redfern to go down to see Cunliffe to settle up with the man. Arthur does so. But it so happens that it is Redfern major's turn to see the Fourth Form into bed, and as he is not present to fulfil his duties the Fourth remain up and rag each other. In the midst of the uproar the Head enters, and demands the meaning of the confusion and noise. He also asks who was responsible for seeing them to bed. On being informed that Redfern major should have been the prefect in charge, the doctor states his intention of inquiring why he has neglected his duty.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

The Only Way.

REDFERN MINOR lay quite silent in his bed in the Fourth-Form dormitory at St. Dolly's; but he was not thinking of sleep.

His eyes, wide open, were staring into the darkness. His mind was thronged with thoughts—thoughts that troubled him.

The Head's words still rang in his ears:

"I shall speak to Redfern major."

Dr. Cranston's voice had been very quiet; his look had been quite calm. But that quietness, that calmness, alarmed Redfern minor more than angry words would have done. Redfern was thinking of his brother. Where was he?

Where was Redfern major?

He had gone out with Ransome, and he had not returned. It had been his duty to see lights out for the Fourth Form, and he had forgotten and neglected the duty. The riot in the Form-room had brought the fact to the doctor's notice.

Redfern minor had been long enough at St. Dolly's to know that that was a serious matter. But there was more than that to think of.

The Head intended to see Redfern major and to speak to him, and he would ask where he had been, what he had been doing. Redfern major would probably not come in till late; he might even be searched for. And if it were found out where he was—

The boy almost trembled at the thought.

He was in little doubt as to where Arthur was. The fact that he had gone with Ransome, and had not returned when he should have done so, was enough. He had thrown away the Lexham match at the bidding of Cunliffe; he had undoubtedly gone over to Wyndale to see the betting publican.

And if it were discovered that he was there—and, unless he were somehow warned, he would stay late—all would be found out.

The buzz of talk from the other Fourth-Formers went on unheeded by Redfern minor

for a time. The juniors were all in a somewhat nervous state of mind. It was seldom that the Head came down heavily upon the Fourth Form; they were usually left to the tender mercies of their Form-master.

"It's all Redfern major's fault," said Benson. "Why couldn't he come in? How could we be expected to notice that it was bedtime?"

"It was for making the row that we were lined," said Brown III. "Redfern major's got to answer for the rest."

"Serve him jolly well right!"

"I wonder where he is?" said another junior.

Benson chuckled.

"Not much doubt on that point."

"What do you mean?"

"They think the fags don't notice," said Benson disdainfully.

"There's hardly a chap in the Lower School who doesn't know where Redfern major goes with Ransome. I could jolly well point out where he is, if the Head asked me! Of course, I shouldn't give him away, though. It's no business of mine."

The words struck on Redfern minor's ear.

"And where do you think he is, Benson?" he asked quietly.

Benson gave a low whistle.

"My hat! I forgot you, young Redfern. Of course, I didn't mean to be saying anything against your major. There are other fellows in the Sixth just the same, and it's no business of ours."

"Where do you think he is?"

"Oh, never mind!"

"I want you to answer me."

"Well, if you want to know," said Benson, "he's jolly well at Cunliffe's place in Wyndale, or I'll eat my hat!"

"Oh, bosh!" said Miller. "A prefect wouldn't go there."

"That's all you know."

Redfern did not speak again. He had felt certain of it himself, but he wanted to have his suspicion confirmed.

He lay silent, his face very pale in the darkness, trying to think it out. The buzz of talk gradually died away. Skelton and Brown had said little. They knew what must be passing in Sidney Redfern's mind, and they were sorry for what had happened. But they did not guess all that Redfern was thinking of.

Skelton had turned his head on his pillow, and was settling down to sleep, when he gave a sudden start as a hand touched him in the darkness.

"Wh-wh-what—"

"Don't make a row, Skelton."

Skelton knew the whispering voice.

"Reddy!"

"Yes. I want to—to speak to you." Redfern's voice was low and muttering; he did not wish his words to reach other ears. "Skelton, old man, I suppose you agree with what Benson said?"

"About your brother?"

"Yes. You think he's there?"

"I suppose so."

"The Head will be inquiring for him now?"

"Yes."

"If he does not come in till late—"

"There will be a row, I suppose."

"And it may all come out?"

"Likely as not."

"What then?"

Skelton did not reply.

"What then, Skelton?"

"Well, I suppose it will mean the sack for him," said Skelton uncomfortably. "I'm awfully sorry, Reddy; but he's got into it himself, you know."

"You think the Head means business?"

"Yes. When he speaks like that he always does."

"And Arthur—my brother won't know till he gets back, and then it may be too late."

"I know it's hard cheese."

Redfern was silent.

"I don't see why you should trouble your head about him so much," said Skelton. "He hasn't treated you well since you've been to St. Dolly's."

Redfern made no answer to that.

"I suppose you are up to some dodges for getting out of the house?" he said quietly.

"You've been here a long time."

Skelton started violently in the dark.

"I—I don't quite catch on, Reddy."

"I am going out."

"What for?"

"To see Arthur, and put him on his guard."

"You can't. The gates are locked."

"I know where to get over the wall, as far as that goes."

"How the dickens do you know?"

"Never mind that. I do know. It's a question of getting out of the house. I want you to help me."

"You can't go," said Skelton, in an agitated whisper. "Don't be an ass! You don't know what it would mean for a junior to be found

breaking bounds after lights out. You would be expelled."

"I'm going."

"You can't. There's no safe way of getting out, either."

"If you won't help me, I shall manage it for myself."

Redfern moved away from the bed, and began to dress himself in the darkness. Skelton was out of bed in a twinkling.

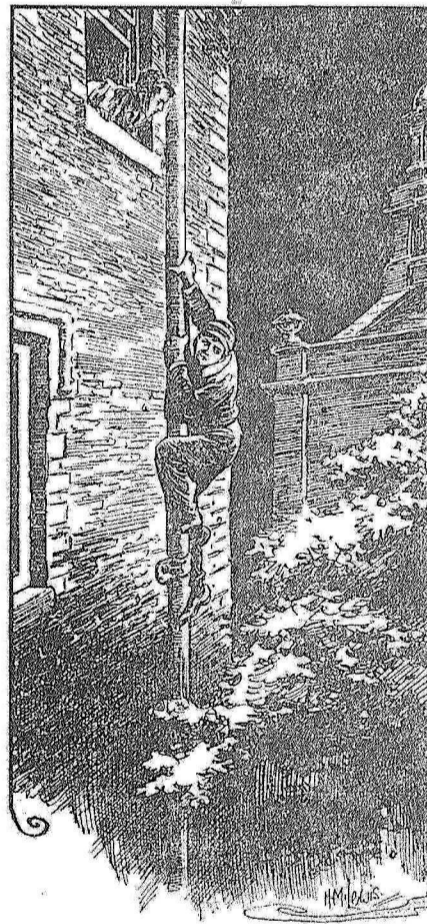
"If you're really going, Reddy, I'll help you all I can. I think you're a fool! You don't know the risk you're running."

"I don't care."

"What's all that jaw about?" said Brown drowsily, from his bed. "Why can't you fellows go to sleep?"

"Oh, you go to sleep, and don't bother!" said Skelton.

The two juniors dressed themselves. Redfern's face was pale and set, and Skelton's was very anxious. He took Redfern by the arm, and led him quietly to the door, and they stopped in the dark passage outside, with the door closed behind them.



Redfern swung down the pipe. Skelton watched him anxiously from the window till the descending form was lost in the shadows.

"Where now?" muttered Redfern. "We can't go downstairs."

"We have to get down to the next landing, and then you can bunk out of a window and slide down a rain-pipe," said Skelton. "It's risky. I've never done it myself, but I've known a fellow do it. You've heaps of nerve, though."

"That's all right."

"Come on, then."

Redfern followed his chum down the first flight of stairs. The lower passage was dimly lighted. Skelton scuttled along to the gas-jet, and coolly turned it out, and the passage was plunged into darkness.

"Now we're safer," he muttered, as he re-joined Redfern at the window. "Don't make a row. Look here, I wish you wouldn't go."

"Never mind that now."

"I suppose it's no good talking to you. Help me open the window."

The window slid up easily enough. There was a glimmer of starlight in the quadrangle, partly shut out by the wide branches of the trees. Redfern leaned out of the window, but a big tree obstructed his view of the ground below.

Close by the window ran a perpendicular rain-pipe from the gutter above to the ground.

It would have been a risky business climbing down it in the daylight. In the dark it was decidedly risky. But Redfern did not hesitate. He swung himself out upon the window-sill.

Skelton watched him with a beating heart. He had learned enough of Redfern to know that he had a determined will. When the junior had made up his mind, the matter was ended; and he had made it up now.

But Skelton was feeling very uncomfortable, and half regretting that he had consented to have a hand in the matter at all.

"It's all right," whispered Redfern. "I can see the pipe. You can cut back to the dorm now."

"I'll see you off. For goodness' sake, be careful!"

"I'm all right."

Redfern swung down the pipe. Skelton watched him anxiously from the window till the descending form was lost in the shadows. Lower and lower went Redfern minor.

The pipe was strong, and firmly clamped to the wall. All he wanted was an iron nerve, and he possessed that.

Lower he went, hand below hand, till his feet clumped on the earth at the foot of the wall, and he let go the pipe, and stood still, breathing deeply.

A whispering voice came from above.

"All serene?"

"All serene," answered Redfern.

There was a sound of the window closing. Redfern started a little. He had not made any arrangement with Skelton about his return. The captain of the Fourth would have to stay up for him; but Redfern knew that he could depend upon Skelton.

Redfern minor knew his way about the quadrangle in light or darkness. He cut across towards the wall on the lane, where he had broken bounds at Ransome's order on the night he came to St. Dolly's.

He had to pass within sight of the gates of the school to reach it, and as he crossed the gravel path, the sound of footsteps crunching came to his ears, and he stopped. Two figures loomed up in the gloom, and one of them, by the outline, Redfern knew must be a master. His heart beat thickly.

To be caught then—to face the punishment of leaving his bed at that hour, and without effecting his purpose! Quick as thought he dodged into cover behind a tree as the shadowy forms loomed up.

They had not noticed him. A voice came to his ears, and he shivered a little as he recognised the deep tones of the doctor.

"You say he has not returned, Lunsford?"

"No, sir."

"When did he go out?"

"As far as I can tell, it was soon after we came back from Lexham, sir. We got back rather late."

Redfern knew that they were speaking of his brother. He remained still, hardly daring to breathe.

"I am speaking to you confidentially in this matter, Lunsford, as captain of the school. I have a right to your confidence and assistance."

"I know that, sir."

"This is a serious matter. Redfern major has neglected his duties as a prefect, and a disturbance in the Form-room was the result. Even a prefect is not allowed out at this hour without an explanation. The matter might never have come to my notice but by this chance. I do not know whether it is not too serious a matter to be left in your hands."

"That is as you please, sir."

"Redfern major has, I believe, a key to the side gate?"

"All the prefects have, sir."

"Exactly. In that case, but for this chance happening, no one would ever have known at what time he returned, except the boys in the Sixth-Form dormitory, who would have kept their own counsel. I must say, Lunsford, that you have not treated me very well in this matter. You have allowed your good nature as a friend to outweigh the sense of your responsibility as captain of the school."

"I hope not, sir. But—but Redfern major is my friend, and he wouldn't be that if I didn't know him to be a decent chap. The only fault I've noticed about him is that he's apt to let others lead him into trouble."

"All the more reason why he should be made to conform to the strictest rules of the school," said the Head. "That is the opinion I myself have formed of him. Lunsford, if he is in by eleven o'clock, I leave the matter in your hands."

"Yes, sir."

"If he is not in by then, you must report his absence to me, and I shall wait for him myself, and he will have to explain his conduct to me."

"Very well, sir."

The Head nodded to Lunsford, and walked away. The captain of St. Dolly's remained standing on the path, looking after him, apparently buried in reflection. Redfern did not dare to move. A movement or a sound would have betrayed his presence to the captain of St. Dolly's.

"Poor old Arthur!" Redfern heard Lunsford mutter aloud. "I hope it's not all up with him. I hope—"

His voice died away. He walked slowly towards the gates. Redfern minor set his teeth, and ran quickly towards the wall. It should not be all "up" with Arthur Redfern if his younger brother could save him.

Arthur's Jolly Evening.

THE night was dark, but there was a glimmer of stars in the lane. Redfern minor knew the road well. He knew the distance he had to do, and the time he had to do it in.

If Redfern major was in by eleven o'clock the matter would be left to the captain of the school to deal with. Redfern knew the good nature and the kind heart of the St. Dolly's captain, and there was no doubt that Arthur would be able to pull through somehow, even if there was an unpleasant scene with Lunsford; but if he came before the Head—

Redfern did not like to think of it. Arthur must be warned. He must return to St. Dolly's in time.

Of himself Redfern did not think at the moment. His business was to save Arthur. He broke into a run on the road, and he ran as he had seldom run on the cinder-path.

Down the dusky lane, in the faint glimmer of the stars, then into the wood, and along the footpath where the overhanging branches of the trees intercepted every gleam.

Black darkness was round him now; deep silence, broken only by the crackle of a twig as a stoat pushed his way through a thicket, or a twitter of a disturbed bird.

Right on through the darkness the junior ran.

He came out into the Wyndale Road, having scarcely slackened pace. His heart was beating against his ribs in great thumps. His breath came thick and fast. Wyndale loomed ahead—black shadows on a dark road. From the church came the chime of the half-hour.

Half-past ten! He had done the distance quickly—very quickly, he knew that, though he did not know how long it had taken him.

He slackened in the high-road, and breathed hard, in great gulps. It seemed that the thumping of his heart would suffocate him. The perspiration was pouring down his face; his shirt was sticking to his skin, his collar to his neck.

But it was only for moments that he paused. Then he ran on again. Patter, patter, patter! His footsteps rang strangely on the hard, silent road.

Two bright lights flashed up out of the darkness; there was a rattle of wheels and a clatter of hoofs.

Redfern sprang to one side as a trap dashed up. He stood by the roadside for a moment, and the lights flashed upon him as the trap passed; but instinctively he had pulled his cap over his face. There was a sharp exclamation from the trap.

Redfern knew the voice. It was that of Mr. Ford—a master at St. Dolly's. He knew that the school clothes, the school cap, had been recognised.

He ran into the shadows. The voice called from the trap again. It had halted. Redfern ran on desperately. He hoped he had not been recognised, but more than recognition, even, he feared capture, and he ran and ran. The lights faded into the night; the voice died into silence. With beating heart he ran on into Wyndale.

It had been a narrow escape. It was the worst of luck that Mr. Ford should have been driving home at that hour, on that road. It might mean trouble to come; but, for the present, the business was Arthur.

The lights of the Green Man were glimmering out into the road. From the lighted windows came the sound of a vulgar chorus, roared by coarse voices.

Redfern shuddered. His brother was there—Arthur was there! That was the environment he chose for his evening—Arthur, whom he had looked up to and respected from childhood.

Yet at that moment, after the first shock of disgust, Redfern felt only tenderness for the brother who had thrown away his chances so recklessly.

He ran on, into the lights of the public-house, and then paused.

It was of no use going into the lighted bar and asking for Arthur. He knew the looks he would have to face—the laughter and ribaldry.

He remembered his previous visit to the Green Man, when he had taken the note to Mr. Cunliffe, on his first night at St. Dolly's; strangely long ago it seemed now.

He avoided the front of the house, and passed into the side way, and knocked at a door from which came no glimmer of light.

There was no reply to his knock. He knocked again, more loudly, but still the door was unmoved. Where was Arthur? He could not be among that brutal crowd shouting a chorus.

Where was he? The junior passed on into the garden behind the inn, where a beam of yellow light streamed out upon the shrubs from a window.

A low verandah ran behind the house, and by ascending it it was possible to reach the lighted window, and Redfern knew that that was the room in which he had seen Mr. Cunliffe on his previous visit.

Arthur was there, then! He ascended the rickety wooden steps, and found a wooden gate at the top fastened by a padlock. But that was not likely to long baffle the most active junior in the Fourth Form at St. Dolly's.

Without a moment's hesitation, Redfern clambered over the gate. He made a little noise in doing so, but it passed unnoticed in the house.

The occupants of the room, as he soon saw, were too busy to have eyes or ears for anything going on without.

He clambered upon the verandah, and ran silently but swiftly towards the lighted window.

It was curtained, but the bright light within made the interior quite visible through the flimsy curtain.

Redfern looked in upon the scene within. For the moment his heart turned sick within him.

There were several men in the room, seated round a table under the gaslight. He recognised Mr. Cunliffe, and another man he had seen at the public-house before. There were two others—men with a somewhat flashy style of dress, but whose faces showed their natures plainly enough—harpies, who preyed upon the weak and the unwary.

With these four were seated two others—two lads. One was Ransome, the other was Redfern major.

There were cards upon the table, red and black, glimmering in the light of the incandescent burner above. There was money, too—money in little piles of silver, and among the silver showed here and there the gleam of gold.

They were playing nap. Redfern knew the game well enough. He had played it often for stakes of nuts or buttons. He knew what was going on—gambling—and gambling for high stakes—high to a schoolboy, at all events.

Arthur was watching the cards eagerly, hungrily.

It did not need a second glance at his face to show that he was losing. Ransome glanced at his friend from time to time, unnoticed by him, with a strange and indefinable expression upon his face.

Once or twice his glance met that of Mr. Cunliffe, and though they did not smile, did not make any open sign, Redfern minor knew at once that there was some understanding between them.

seconds were precious now. He knocked at the glass door.

There was an instant commotion in the room. Mr. Cunliffe sprang to his feet, and every eye was turned apprehensively upon the window. Ransome changed colour; only Arthur glanced carelessly, doggedly round, as if he were past caring who saw him there.

Redfern felt for the latch of the glass door. It opened to his touch. He threw the door open, and stepped into the room.

Mr. Cunliffe stared at him, and then grinned. He appeared to be under the impression that Redfern had come to join the party. Ransome looked black and savage. Arthur gazed dazedly at his brother for a moment, and then started to his feet.

"Arthur, I—"

Arthur Redfern snapped his teeth and sprang at the junior. He seized him savagely by the collar, and shook him fiercely.

"You brat!" He grated out the words between his teeth. "What are you doing here?"

Against Time.

REDFERN could not speak for a moment.

The surprise, and the fierce grip upon his collar, almost choked him. He gasped for breath, and tried to struggle free.

Arthur shook him savagely again.

"What did you come here for? You spying cur! What do you want?"

"Let me alone!"

Ransome rose, and caught Arthur by the arm, and pulled him back.

"Hold on," he said quietly. "The kid didn't come here to spy. He's not that sort, and he can keep a secret, too. What do you want, Redfern minor?"

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The Boys' Realm

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LONG, COMPLETE FOOTBALL TALE WEEKLY.

Mr. Cunliffe gathered up the cards, and Redfern saw his brother paying out money to one of the men opposite.

The publican shuffled the pack, with a light laugh. When he spoke, his words were quite audible to Redfern through the glass doors that opened upon the verandah.

"Bad luck, Master Redfern, bad luck again. It will change in the next round—eh?"

Arthur nodded without speaking.

His face was almost haggard. This was the jolly evening he had started out to spend with Ransome. No wonder he had forgotten his prefect's duties at St. Dolly's. The junior outside did not know it; but Arthur had already lost every shilling of the money he had gained on the Lexham match, and he was playing now on his "honour," plunging again into the abyss of debt from which baseness had extracted him. No wonder he had forgotten everything else—everything but the wretched, miserable game he was playing, and what depended upon it.

How much "pleasure" there was in gambling his expression showed. He tried his best to look unconcerned, to play the "sportsman"; but though he could command his features, the haggard look of his eyes, the nervous trembling of his fingers, betrayed him. He was losing money which he could not pay. Dim, like a formless shadow, loomed ahead of him the black trouble he would have to face for that reckless evening. But he clung yet to the gambler's hope. He could not lose always. He must win in the next round, or in the round after. There was still hope, hope as delusive as the flicker of the will-o'-the-wisp.

Mr. Cunliffe began to deal the cards. Redfern could contain himself no longer, and

"I—I came to speak to Arthur."

Arthur gritted his teeth.

"Get out!"

"But I—"

"Get out, I tell you, before I lay hands on you!" cried Arthur furiously. "Do you think I am to be watched and nursed by you, you impertinent brat? Get out!"

"Let him speak, Arthur. What did you come here for, kid?"

Redfern felt the hot tears starting to his eyes, but he bravely held them back.

He had come there to save Arthur; nothing else mattered.

"Arthur, you must get back—back to St. Dolly's—at once!"

"Mind your own business!"

"Oh, don't you understand?" cried the junior. "You must go. I came to warn you. There has been a row. The Head has missed you."

Arthur staggered, and laid a hand upon the table to support himself. He stared blankly at his younger brother, without speaking.

"A row?" said Ransome quietly. "What sort of a row? What do you mean, kid?"

"The Head found out that the Fourth were up late," said Redfern, speaking very hurriedly. "He inquired for Arthur, and found he was away. I heard him speaking afterwards to Lunsford about it."

"Phew!"

Arthur gave a groan.

"I—I forgot. I had to look after the Fourth to-night. It slipped my memory. I—I've done the same before, too, without the Head putting his ear in."

"There was a row in the Form-room!" stammered Redfern. "The Head came in. I heard him say to Lunsford, in the quad., that if you

were in by eleven, he'd leave the matter to Lunsford."

"What else? Quick!" said Ransome rapidly.

"If Arthur isn't in by eleven, Lunsford is to report to the Head, and Dr. Cranston is going to wait for him."

"Oh!" muttered Arthur. "You—you came to tell me this?"

"Yes."

Ransome looked at his watch.

"Twenty to eleven," he said, in his crisp, decided way. "You can do it, Arthur—you must do it! It means the sack!"

"I know it."

Mr. Cunliffe and his friends exchanged glances. Cunliffe, to do him justice, looked concerned. The others looked bored, and glanced at the cards impatiently. They wanted to be at their game again.

"I'm sorry for this, young gents," said Mr. Cunliffe. "I know it's a serious business for you. If there's anythin' I can do, I'll do it willing."

"There's nothing," said Arthur, in a low voice. "I'm done for! The game's up!"

"Pull yourself together!" said Ransome sharply.

"What's the use? I can't get back in time; it's impossible!"

"You have twenty minutes. You must get a lift somehow." Ransome spoke rapidly, but clearly, quietly. Redfern minor, much as he disliked the cad of the Sixth, could not help feeling admiration for him at that moment. He showed no trace of losing his presence of mind. "Have I been missed, kid, as well as Arthur?" he went on, turning to the junior.

"Not that I know of."

"Good! I can get in any time. The question is, how are you to get to the school—"

"I'll have a horse in the trap in three minutes," said Mr. Cunliffe.

Arthur shook his head.

"A trap would have to go round by the road. A horse couldn't do it in double the time. It's no good!"

"What about a bicycle?" said Ransome quickly. "Have you a cycle about the place, Cunliffe—any old jigger?"

The landlord of the Green Man nodded quickly.

"There's Mr. Norreys' bicycle," he said, glancing at one of his friends. "If he'd lend it to Master Redfern—"

"You can have the jigger," said Mr. Norreys, who was already shuffling the cards. "I can hoof it home. I shall hold Mr. Cunliffe responsible for the machine."

"That's all right. You can have it, Master Redfern."

Redfern major brightened up a little.

"It's a chance!" he muttered. "Where's the machine?"

"In the garden."

"Come on!" said Ransome abruptly. "No time to lose!"

"But you?"

"I'll follow; I'm all right!"

Ransome almost dragged Arthur from the room. Both of them seemed to have forgotten the very existence of Redfern minor. He had served his purpose.

The junior stepped out upon the verandah. His heart was heavy with anxiety. Would his brother be in time?

He glanced into the room again before he went down. The publican and his friends were gathering round the table, and Mr. Norreys was already dealing the cards. That was how much they cared for the fate of Redfern major.

Redfern, sick at heart, clambered down into the garden. Arthur and Ransome were already wheeling the machine out into the road.

The quarter to eleven rang out.

"You've a quarter of an hour," said Ransome, as he wheeled the machine into the road, and lighted the lamp. "Take the short cut through the wood, and ride like the deuce, and you'll do it—with two or three minutes to spare. You know Lunsford; he'll do his best for you."

Arthur nodded, and sprang upon the machine. He started straight and swift as an arrow, and in three seconds the night had swallowed him up. They heard the furious ringing of the bell as he turned into the high-road, and then the sound of him died away into the night.

Redfern minor drew a deep breath.

He had done all he could; the rest lay with Arthur. After the excitement, he felt sick and dizzy, and he realised that he was tired, aching with fatigue. A hand was laid on his shoulder—Ransome was looking down at him with a new kindness in his face.

"You've done your brother a good turn, young 'un!"

"You have done him a bad one!" said Redfern bitterly.

Ransome laughed lightly.

"I think he'll pull through all right. But it's time we were getting back ourselves; the safest place for us just now is the dorm, at St. Dolly's."

Redfern nodded. They started down the road on the track of the cyclist, who had long vanished. It was a long walk back to the school, and Redfern was tired; but he hardly noticed it. He started out of a reverie as Ransome tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed to a black mass looming up ahead.

"St. Dolly's!"

Had Arthur arrived in time? Redfern minor wondered. He shuddered as he thought of what would happen if he had not.

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