Complete Football Yarn by Sidney Drew.

Boys'Realm!



NEIL GRAFTON'S LAST MATC

A STIRRING STORY
OF LEAGUE FOOTBALL
By SIDNEY DREW.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 16th, 1909.



THE 1st CHAPTER.

Bedney Brace Brings Home a Visitor.

The life street was dingy, dark, and misormal belong to the mean streets of a great manufacturing town. It was raining also, and a keen wind made the dim gas lamps that hung above the doors of the numerous cheap lodiging-houses flicker decarily. A man, dressed in a faded suit of black. The control of the decard of

mitted defeat.

He passed at the corner to peer into a shop, where newspapers and tobacco were sold. A boy came out with a poster and a bucket of paste. Then he went in again. The man's dull eyes had suddenly blazed with a fury of rage and hate. They were fixed on the damp poster the lad had just affixed to a board. The poster was advertising the forthcoming edition of the "Astohury Football Record. Below do Noil Grafton, the Rangers' famous amateur goalskeeper and captain. Below that was printed in large red type:

"RANGERS OR STAR?

WHO WILL WIN THE GREAT MATCH? THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS."

It was an excollent portrait of Neil Grafton, who had made himself the ided of the was trowd that stannishly followed the fortunes of the Astonbury Rangers. It showed a handsome, deep-cheeted young man of five and thirty, with a fair, it was that the eyes were too done together, but it was a handsome, manly face, and a strange contrast to the cadaverous, passion-distorted face of the man who was glaring at it murderously. He stooped and, such as the strange of the man who was glaring at it murderously. It is grouped and, such as the strange of the man who was glaring at it murderously.

he drew his nails across the wet paper and tore it away, from forehead to chin, in four long it away, from forehead to chin, in four long is a second of the control of another, and the law had to set him free. What a mockey! He had only a something he had been a continued to the control of another, and the law had to set him free. What a mockey! He had only a something he had been a continued that had to set him free. What a mockey! He had only a something he had hitten secured the control of the control of another, and the law had to set him free. What a mockey! He had only a few hallpence left; nothing but that and something he had hitten secured. He had the control of t

deny tast Neit Gratton plays use gaue free gentleman!

He had rowched the main street, and was crossing the road. The old man stopped deed and looked round. The bell stream clauged a warning, and people shouted.

"Plays the game!" Neil Gratton—"
The next instant he was seized, shaken and bewildered, and dragged from beneath the

hurt you?"

The old man's answer came in a few boarse gaps. The clutch on his collar had almost strangled him. Then the car turned into a quies street and stepped before a house.

"Thanks for the lift, Billy!" said the younger man. "I suppose you can't wait. Our friend bere doeant's seem very well. Sill take him in with me. Take care of your-self!"

solf!"
"Ay. I'll do that; and you take care of yourself, my lad!" said the driver of the car. "That's the point to watch. If Rod Bruce was to crock up, I believe our folks would myster be."

was to crock up, 1 solutions murdor ne."
Rodney Bruce, the stalwart captain of the Astonbury Star football team, twice head of the League, and three times winers of the Association Football Cup, laughed as he helped

Association Football (Jup. laughed as he helped the old man out of the car.

The man went without profest. There was a light and a bright fire in the pleasant little room, and a lad of sixteen looked up from his book with a rey of pleasure.

"All right, Sid," said Rodney Bruce; "I've brought a friend who has had a bit of a shock. Run down and get some whisky like a here. Put on a coat, for its aftly arining."

Sid Bruce rose readily encoding drew up an anything to re his guest, who hold out his numbed hands to the blaze. They soon heard the struming of the crutch.

numbed nands to the blaze. They soon heard the stunping of the cruted. "Now, old chap," said Rodney, "drink this. It was a closs shave, and enough to upset any-body. Get a biscuit, Sid. or cut a few sand-wickes. Ah, you're looking better already, Mr..."

body. Get a biscuit. Sid. or cut a few sandwiches. Ah, you're looking better already, Mr.—"
"Casper," said the stranger huskily. "You're very kind. Yes, Casper will do for me. I've never seen you before, sir, but I've heard you spoken about. You're the great will be not put that in, please."
"I'm certainly a footballer," said Bruce, with his ringing laugh, "but without the great. Don't put that in, please."
"But he is great, Mr. Casper—the greatest centre-forward in England!" cried Kodnoy's brother." Everybody says so. Wait till you will be something of the said o

mallow."

Caspor gulped down the whisky. There was more colour in his face, and his eyes were brighter. He did not hold out his hand.

"You're saved my life, Rodney Bruce." he saved my life, Rodney Bruce." he saved let finds. I wish you the best you can wish yourself. If I was to tell you I might be able to do you a good turn, you'd only think me a noaniac, so it's no good saying it. No, sir , you needn't come with me. I shan't steal anything. Good-night! Old Bob Caspor won't forget—he never forgeta!

THE 2nd CHAPTER

A Mysterious Mossange.

To the football-lovers of Astonbury, the two League matches between the rival toams were almost as important as the clubs stood first and third, gool average only keeping the Stars cut of second place. A victory would bring them into the coveted position, unless, of course, Raydon Orient, the

Even then, if the Stars ran up a fair total of the Stars ran up a fair to the Stars ran ran ran u

sion as a trainer of performing fleas.

There had been a beavy snowfall, followed by a sudden thaw and soft rain. A lot of flood-water was out, but the Rangers' ground—it was the Rangers' home metch—stood high, and was well drained. He had been so the stood high wors a necklace of skipping-ropes, and on the cinder-path that led across the fields to Gleson he sat his charges skipping.

"We shall have to go back the same way, Billy," said Rodney Bruce; "the finedows are all feocled. Just look at that place." I so to om a show like that out of feotball."

He pointed to the clustering chinneys of

out of football."

He pointed to the clustering chimneys of Fare Hall. It was here that Neil Gration, the famous annateur, resided, Neil Gration, the famous annateur, resided, Neil Gration was businesses in Astrobury.

"Ye'll ha tae save yer bawbees a bit, Roddie, lad., Aw'n thinkin, said Sandy McKie, the right full-back." But never say dee, lad! Wull, may Aw dee masel! It it isna.

"Half a dozon of the Rangers had taken the

the enemy!"

Half a dozen of the Rangers had taken the same path for the same purpose. Nell Grafton was with them. In a moment the friendly "Bring your boys along, Jackson," across the park. Or perhaps they'd like a cup of ca. I'm sure you're jolly welcome!"

Well chance the park, with much thanks:

Well chance the park, with much thanks. The careful for such thanks the careful; for such funny things happen. You might hoous that tea, and poison a few of as."

They all laughed.

Bruce had not seen Grafton since he had given Sidney the situation. In fact, he had hardly met the famous goalkeeper twice except in the football with the famous goalkeeper twice except in the football with good of you to belp my young brother," he said. "I did write to thank you just I want to thank you spain. Sid is a tryer, poor boy, and I hope you find in useful?"

Lower say he with. Bruce! I haven't had the goal of the same that with the side of the same that the with the side of the same that the with the sluce?"

never saw the lake so full! What's the matter with the sluice?"
"It must either be closed or clogged up," said Bruce. "The park will soon be a lagoon. It's pouring in from the brook in torrents. If you've got any tools handy we'd better clear it, ou've got any tools handy we'd better clear

it."

The water in the ornamental lake was washing higher and higher. Evidently the outlet was clogged; and the park would soon be under water unless something was done

was alonged; And the bark would soon be proceedily, end of the fools? oried Neil Grafton. "They've let the oldice down."

The yellow water was already brimming over the concrete parapet into the pool below. Bruce shouled a warning as Grafton went. Grafton settled the warning as Grafton went of the proceeding of the warning as Grafton went of the world of the warning as grafton went of the warning as grafton went of the warning as grafton with all his might; but the sluicegate, it seemed was jammed, and offsed his strength. As Bruce hurried to his aid the water splashed above his books. There was only standing room for two, and Sandy McKie "Hang it!" said Grafton. "It might be

standing room were more than the transition of t

below, and Grafton, staggering to his knees, and then to his feet, went splashing into safety, his face as white as death.

The others had raced down the slippery bank. Two of them were holding back Rilly, who was frantic. Sandy McKie had flung of

his.coat.

Then a head rose above the turgid water, followed by an arm; and a dozen strokes brought Rodney Bruce within Sandy McKie's

long reach.

Both the drenohed men were seized and raced across the grass. In half an hour they were drinking tea, and chatting in the warm dining-room of Fare Hall, Rodney Bruce wearing one of the amateur's suits of clothes. But Grafton still looked white.

still looked white.

"No more of those tricks, Rod!" said Billy Jackson, as Bruce was turning homewards. "It's ended well, I hope; but I'd sooner was seen Fare § 3il washed off the map than see you have a suick as also be projected the thing to break! He was flat down and out of the way in a wink. How; is it you didn't tumble into him, and bundle him over first! He'.

"Bellig a mant coalkeaser," laushed Pod. ""Bellig a mant coalkeaser," laushed Pod.

lim, and bundle him over his? Ite?

Ighting: "Being a smart goalkeeper," laughed Red.

"he guessed which way I was going to shoot mo-ch? It wann't very pleasant; but there's no harm done. Til he more careful, Billy."

At seven o'clock Sid Bruce came home, brimming over with news.

"You'll have to beat 'con, Red, if it's only for my sake," he said. "I'm the only Starite in the whole firm, and I get some chipping about it. You can't blame em for sticking up for the Rangers whon the boss of the firm about it. You can't blame em for sticking up for the Rangers whon the boss of the firm applies the team. Ill wager there'll be some opinions the team. Ill wager there'll be some you sailing up with the good old Star colours my coat. Here, I bought you a paper with the latest information. There's a johnny coming in an aeroplane to see you make rings round them on Saturday."

Red, Bruce was glad to find no mention of

round them on Saturday."

To make the property of the different season of the

of the match.

"Jove, that's a bit of a startler, sonny!"
said Rod. "Let's hope he won't fall on me,
or drop a propeller on our heads. That'll be
something worth seeing. I couldn't get you a
ticket for the stand, there's such a scramble
for them; but Billy Jackson says you can
potter about with him. So you'll get as good
a view as the linesumen and police, which means
you'll be right in front."

when as the basement and police, which means will be right in front.

"You're a brick, Rod: It's something worth while having a brother like you. And Inst't it while having a brother like you. And Inst't it had been also for money? I know you didn't grudge it, Rod; but I couldn't help worrying about it. But it's over now, thank goodness! Perhaps you'd hetter not be very hard on Mr. Grafton, Rod," he added, with a laugh. "If you score three or four i shall be aslisted, at the idea. Shooting at Neil Grafton, even when these healthy bucks, Grashaw and Sukin, gave a man the chance, was something like shooting at a brick well.

at a brick wall

at a Drick waii.

Presently the doctor came in—a sure sign that Billy Jackson was still uneasy about Rod's wetting. He felt Bruce's pulse, and then went off again with a grumble; for Rod Bruce was as sound as a bell.

as sound as a Deli.
"Sorry to leave you, Sid," said Rodney;
"but I promised to play a game of billiards
with Sandy McKie. Perhaps you'd like to
come along?
You're working a bit too hard,
aren't you."

come atong: Tour working a bit too harv, and to be hed been cleared, and Sid had brought out his German Grammar. He shook his head, and amiled.

"I'd prefer to grind a little, Roddie," he said. "I haven't any muches, you know; so I must do what I / can with my silly little brains. Don't be late; for I can't go to begittll I hear you come in. Friday to day, in: Y. No, only Thurnday! I never knew a tir? No, only Thurnday! I never knew a

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO JUNIOR FOOT-BALLERS are discussed every Saturday THE LONDON

FOOTBALL

EVENING NEWS.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PLAYERS. By J. A. LAMBIE, the Famous Scottish International, is also a regular

THE UP-TO-DATE TABLES OF OUR LONDON LEAGUES APPEAR IN THE RESULTS EDITION EACH WEEK.

Saturday to be such a long way off! Hallo! There's the postman. I'll go, Roddie." There was a sharp rat-tat. The letter was for Rod Bruce.

He tore it open, and then tossed it over to

d.
"What a good chap he is!" said the lad.
He wants you to go over to dinner to-morrow
ght. Don't score more than two goals,
addie, or I may get the sack."

The letter was from Neil Grafton, an ordinary, polite little note, inviting Rod Bruce to Fare Hall to dinner, and adding that a motor-car would be at his service to drive him

Sid was a sacred charge. He had promised to look after Sid.

And Rod left the house happy enough, for Sid was happy and analysis

And Bod left the house happy enough, for Sid was happy and employed.

"Yes," he thought, as he writted for the traffic to pass, "Grafton is a good sort. It's the luck. I ought to have been an amatour, and always hoped to be one. Oh, that's all dead, and I'm a four-pound-a-weeker, like the rest! I guess it's all I'm worth; for I never was any good at business. If the poor old dad to be the standard of the standard of the control of the standard of the control of the standard of the control of the standard of the crash. I know that now; but I didn't then. Who was it how forced the bankruptcy? Funny thing I should forget—funny thing. Yes."

There was a paper in life hand!

Rod's thoughts had been far away in the brief past that now seemed so long ago. The paper was not a handbill, but a greasy slip. He opened it and read a message not written, but carefully printed in pencil, and so evenly that every letter looked as perfectly formed as type:

"Whatever you know you will be man enough to forgive. If you do not know, you may guess. And if you only guess, you will understand, I think, and forgive. There is still Saturday."

"There's owd Roddie Bruce!" cried a voice "Play oop, Roddie, my owd champion! Gie 'em socks! Eh, Rod, thou'rt the lad! Play oop, Stars, and we'll sell all t'other team muck cheap!"

Bruce got away quickly, for he did not care be addressed in the streets by some of his

Under the light of another gas-lamp, where it was quiet, he read the message again.

He had been unable to see who had given it to him. He could make nothing of it; and after a moment he thrust it into his pocket and forgot all about it.

"I worder that."

and forgot all about it.

"I wonder whether Grafton wants to talk
to me about Sid!" he thought. "It must be
that. Yes, he is a good chap, as Sid says.
I'd bagter ask Billy, though, before I accept
But I've accepted already? Sid will such say
posted the letter. And Billy is a dear old
excitable idot!"

It was too late to mention the matter to the trainer now. Individually, the rival members of the teams were on the best of terms. Neil Grafton had always played the game, and so had Rodney Brace. In the war of the leather they would still play it again, man against man, and, with ordinary luck, the better team would win.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

"SO you think you have a chance of beating us, Bruce? You think we not going to have it all our own way to-morrow?" asked Neil Graton. "Try a cigar; they are really good!" "I'll have a pipe, thanks." said Rodney Rruce. "And you want to know what I think? That's what they call "fellings, isn't it? Well. I have a pipe, thanks." said Rodney Well. I have they call the lings, isn't it? Well. I have they call the lings, isn't it? That's what they call "fellings, isn't it? That's what they call the lings of the li

The plain but excellent dinner was over, and they were sitting in the billiard-room of Fare Hall. The only other guest was Mr. Warling, the manager of Grafton's huge and prosperous

"Professional football seems to agree with you, Bruce."

ruce finshed as he filled his pipe.

Bruce flushed as he filled his pipe.

"Perhaps it does," he said, after a pause,
"I would prefer to be an amateur, but I have
no choice. I do my best for earn my meney,
no choice it do my best for earn my meney,
football is perfectly honourable. I give my
usuele, energy, time, and skill—if I have any
skill—and I am loyal to my club. I would play
for the sheer love of it if I could."

or me sneer tove of it if I could."
"But you are an educated man, Bruce," said
the rich amateur. "Why not do both? Surely
you can make more money by using your
brains than by using your feet? If you had the

"Wait a minute!" broke in Rodney. "I've tried that. We went a smash at home, a terrilde smash. I had a crippled lad left on my shands. It was not my fault or my father's fault, but the fault of trusting a lawyer too much. I had been taught to expect a lot of

money, to think I was rich. Well, I wasn't rich. It was work or starve. A kind friend offered me a position that would hardly have bought bread and a roof for the two of us. That was impossible. I hadn't the heart to sign on for the old team. Remember, I captained that as an amateur, just as you captain the Rangers here. So I signed for Astonburd brought in a living for Sid and myself. And I can't thank you enough for helping Sid."
"We can only admire you for it, Mr. Bruce," said Grafton's manager. "A sad thing about your brother—being crippled, I mean. I have not had much to do with him, but be seems—er-very smart."

very smart.

There was something so like a sneer in the manager's voice that Rodney looked at him sharply. He had not a pleasant voice or a pleasant face. Both were harsh.

pleasant face. Both were harsh.
"Will you please ring for another box of cigars. Warling?" said Neil Grafton. "And make sure that the man shurs the door when he leaves. This ought to be a real tustle between us, Bruce. Our mon will be out to win in dead earnest, and so will yours. I expect. Somehow I fanny we shall just beat you. Would you care for a small bet—a case of champagne, or something like that?"

something like that?"
I cap't afford to risk even that, and I don't indulge in betting, Mr. Grafton. We shall beat you if we can, you may be sure. By the way, is there any real truth in this aeroplane builties.

"Oh, yes; the colonel told me we should have a visit, given fine weather and no accidents?" answered the famous goalkeeper. "Is the door shut. Warling?"

"Is the door shut, Warling?"

The butter had just gone out. Mr. Warling nodded; and, standing with his back to the fire, Neil Gratfon puffed at his cigar.

"Mr. Bruce," he said, "my manager has given me to understand that something most unpleasant and serious for us has been going on my office. My husiness is an extensive one, and I employ a large staff. As a matter of fact, amail sums of money have been disappearable on the man of the most production of the man of the

m very sorry to hear it." said Rodney ingly. "Such a matter is certainly un it. But why should you—."

"Mention my private affairs to you—eh? I admit it seems strange. Unfortunately, Mr. Bruce, someone in whom you are interested is under suspicion!"

Rod Bruce understood now. He leas his feet with an angry, threatening flash i oyes, and his hands clenched till his knu showed white.

showed white.

"Be careful what you are going to say, Neil Graffon!" he said, struggling to master his rage. "Don't call my brother a thief, or even hint it? Sid is as honest as the day. The lad would starve in the gutter before he would would come. I suppose I must listen to you! "I'll ry be calm. What have you to tell me?"

me?"
"Let me tell you that I laughed at suspecting
your brother. Bruce. Waring will uphold me
in that. That is a fact, innt it, Waring?"
"Quite true," creaked the other man; "and
I was of the same opinion, though it was only
natural that one should distrust your brother
as he was the last clerk we had engaged. Unfortunately, sir, after careful investigation, we
rejuctantly. We have no absolute proof. but to suspect him, though r

"And without absolute proof you dare acc him before me?" cried Rodney furious "Then I say it is a wicked and cruel lie!" Neil Grafton raised his hand protestingly.

Neil Grafton raised his hand protestingly, "Surely you do not wish the servants to hear this, Mr. Bruce," he said, "We are both very to bear Warfing out!" Bruce sat down and nodded. There was a lump in his throat that almost choked his Sid a third! It was the meddest and wickedest suspicion that over entered a man's brain.

suspicion that ever entered a man's brain.

"When I stated that we had no absolute proof," croaked on the manager, "I was telling the truth; but our suspicions practically amount to proof. Mr. Grafton does not wish to go to extremities. The boy is young and without experience, and the temptation was there. Perhaps in being too kind we are not doing our duty. Mr. Grafton is my employer, and as such I am prepared to carry out his wishes. For the sake of our large staff, I was and as when the presence of my employer, we constitute in the presence of my employer, we marked certain color."

Red stared mechanically at the sovereign Noil

Rod stared mechanically at the sovereign Neil Grafton handed to him, together with a

microscope.

"The milling at the bottom has been filled in with gold leaf in a certain way which can be plainly seen being mind several silver coins may be a seen to be plainly seen to the order of the order with fiving colours. If he does not, it would be only like Mr. your sake, and to give the misguided lad another chance."

another chance.

Rod found himself in the hall. He snatched his coat and hat from the manservant. Grafton, who had hurried out after him, tried to detain him at least until he could send for the motor-

"Thank you!" said Rod, in a voice that was not like his own. "It will suit me better to walk. I have something to think about. I believe you mean to be kind. Mr. Grafton; but though this is rough on me, it's rougher on walk. The same matching to think about:

walk. The same to be hind. Mr. Grafton; but
though this is rough on me, it's rougher on
my team. A little of this will soon knock all
the training out of me or any man! Couldn't
you have held it— No; I suppose you
couldn't. Thank you, and good-night!"

Sid a thief!

Rod Bruce swung across the gloomy park and down the road as if walking for a wager. It was the blackest of all lies. He almost wished he had strangled Warling. And yet, as the manager had said, it was only natural to such a such as the property of the said of the said

"Sid, poor, listle, plucky Sid, a thief!" he repeated, and laughed.

he repeated, and laughed. It was too preposterous. Sid was as atraight as a die. The lad was incapable of any mean action. His heart felt lighter as he reached home and glanced up at the lad's window. Sid had gone to bed, but he had made up the fire before doing so, and left his brother's alippers to warm suugly in the feader.

slippers to warm snugly in the fender.

"It's murder!" Rod muttered as he paced the room. "The very thought of being substantial to the room of the ro

"Whatever you know, you will be man enough to forgive." he read. "If you do not know, you may guess. And if you only guess, you will understand! I think, and, forgive. There is still Saturday. Vengeance and grati-



tude !" The last two words were pencilled on

tude." The last two words were pencilled on the back.

He was in no mood to worry over mysteries that did not concern him, so he flung the paper into the fire. Sid was sleeping soundly. Elad hardsome, boyish face would have sent every doubt to the winds. Then, blushing like a guilty thing, he took up Sid's clothes and crept out. He began to search, his hands shaking, not with fear, but with sham. He only found a shilling and a few coppers, for it was the end of the week. And then Rod shirverd as, by determined the sent of the week. And then Rod shirverd as, by the sent of the week. And then Rod shirverd as, by the sent of the week. And then Rod shirverd as, by the sent of the week. And then Rod shirverd as, by the sent of the week. And then Rod shirverd as, by the sent of the week. And then Rod shirverd as, by the sent of the week and the sent of the week and the sent of the week. And then Rod shirverd as, by the sent of the week of the cost of the week and the sent of the week of the week of the week of the sent of the week of the we back.

at one of the marked sovereigns.

The clanging of the street-bell awoke him from what seemed a dreadful nightmare. He went heavily down the steps to where a motor-car accord, its only occupant Neil Grafton's

manager.

"There will be a whole holiday to-morrow, as your brother knows," croaked Warling. "I am glad you are not in bed, Mr. Bruce. Grafton is keen on winning the match to-morrow—insanely keen. It seems a kind of monomania with him. I regret that I have very bad news. We have information that your foolish brother has already changed several of the marked coins. Here the second of the second second that it was not to be the company of the second to-morrow nothing more will be heard of the affair."

affair.

He seemed to feel that Rod was about to spring at his throat, for the car sprang shead. Rod clutched at the railings dizizly. He understood the bribe; he understood the price, and knew, at last, that Neil Graffon was roque and a villain. To hitch his brother's shame, he must sell the game to Neil Graffon, scoundrel, or rain Sid.

THE 4th CHAPTER, The Shot that was Fired Unit

The Shot that was Fired Unheard.

"ITHINK you night make these goals, Reddig, though he is succeed to the property of the property of the property of the property of the property."

Rod had fought his battle. In his heart he knew it was a plot; hat even to save Sid a thought his property of the proper

southern goal.

The game opened poorly, and both sides made blanders. Both teams were over-excited and nervous. The only man who did himself justice was Sandy McKie. The crown alternately cheered and ground, or advised the players to pall themselves together. It was no use, Twenty minutes were wasted in a display the made keen enthusiants despair.

And the deep companies of the companies of the

made keem enthanisate despair. And then the air seemed to suddenly become charged with electricity as the Stars' left wing crossed the air seemed to suddenly become charged with electricity as the Stars' left wing crossed the Mallevay line. "Here, was cop! What are you paid for?" Then Rod Ratening a bootlase." "Are you daft or asleep, man? Wake cop!" "Are you daft or asleep, man? Wake cop!" Then Rod Bruce awake, just in time to reach the hall as it swung across. He was being well washed, for the meeded went door not nimilize a blizzard, and ten thousand people believed with one thunderous voice. Highle did not get near. A pair of bewildered full-back did their best better the seemen of the see

"He could not have shot himself, for the bullet had been fired from behind, and there was no trace of burning or powder, or of any,

said the coroner at the inqu

So said the coroner at the inquest.
An airgun must cortainly have been used.
Warling, after a verticit of wilful murder
against someone unknown had been given,
admitted crinqingly to Rod that he was certain
that the deau man had planned to force him to
sell the match by falsely accuring Sid of stealing
money. But three months later Rod learned
the fruth, that he had already half guessed, in
a newspaper paragraph. The old man he had
dragged from under the van was Neil Grafton's
murderer.

a newspare of the state of the tound in the I names at blecktriars. Inis dis-covery recalls the mysterious nurder of the famous footballer, Neil Grafton, for Casper Stevens was amtenced for forging cheques for a large sum when in the employ of Neil Grafton's firm at Astonbury. He strongly protested his

THE END.

(Don't miss "Jack Noble's Strike," the grand complete football yarn in this week's "BOY'S REALM' POOT-BALL LIBRARY, Now on sale-jd.) "The Boys' Realm" Football Library-1d.



YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

Controller of THE BOYS' REALM - Saturday. THE BOYS' REALM FOOTBALL LIBRARY, Id. Every Thursday.

Our Complete Stories.

Our Complete Stories.

To let my readers into my confidence. I don't mind admitting to them that I don't mind admitting to them that I don't mind admitting to the mean that I don't mind a mind the stories I publish in this paper week by week. I am quite certain of one thing, that nowhere else can my chums obtain such stirring and thrilling. The such a constant of the stirring and thrilling. Our athletic tales have gained a great reputation for excellence amongst the sports'-loving lads and young mon throughout our Empire. and I am comitantly receiving deligited letter how much they enjoy our complete athletic yarns. This being the case, I am put on my mettic. It is one thing to gain a reputation; it is quite another to keep it. But that it shall be aget week I am giving my readers two of the very best complete sports' tales money can buy. Their titles are:

"SNOPE'S MISTAKE."

"SNOPE'S MISTAKE." A Laughable, Complete Football Tale, by Charles Hamilton.

"FLAPPER'S REVENGE." A Splendid Story of Junior League Football, by Andrew Gray.

I strongly urge all my churs not to miss these especially fine, complete stories in next Saturday's number. I shall also be grateful if my readors will tell their friends about these grand yarns.

FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Your Editor leatways glad to hear from you about yourself or your favourite pages.

Write to him if you are in trouble, if you wallone stamped addressed postcard or embige.

Write to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, 23, Bouver's Street, Fleet 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 freet to any part of the world on the following terms: 12 months, 12, 66.1; 3 months, 13, 64.1; 3 months, 15, 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1; 67.1

"Jack Noble's Strike."

THE new number of "THE Boys Razax " Footbell Libeary, which is now on sale, is certainly the best yet, and the string of the strings "Jack Noble's Strike."

"HE new number of "The Bove"
REAR" Football Library, which is now on sale, is certainly the best yet. This week's long, complete story is entitled "Jak Noble's Strike." and from beginning of the complete story is entitled "Jak Noble, strike." and from beginning of the complete story is entitled "Jak Noble, and the long captain of the Peland munics, and his toadies, have a bad time in their efforts to score of Jack Noble, and at the finish begin to wish tave had determined by the strike the popular skipper of the third elsevan and the proposed of the strike sean and the strike sean and the proposed of the strike sean and the strike

Short-winded, and Suffers From Stitch.

From Stitch.

J. P., of Canning Town, tells me that whenever he is playing football, he experiences asherp pain in his sides, and asks me if I can suggest a cure. He also informs me that he is very shortwinded.

Stitch is largely due to want of condition J. P. must not only take regular exercise, but he nust, to a certain extent, det himself Nosavy or midgigathle could be a continuated to the state of the

satisfies the control of the pair in the side, or stitch, as it is called, is that in the side, or stitch, as it is called, is that instead of breathing through his most, as he should, my chum breathes through his mouth thus allowing the impurities in the air to find their way to his lungs.

J. P.'s short-windedness may also be due to want of condition. My reader should pay great attention to improving his lung capacity, and this can be done by practising breathing exercises night and morning.

Tobacco Stains on His
Fingers.

Conditions who signs himself**

Conditions wants me to tell him to his fingers. I am very giad to notice that my own friend has decided to give up the bad habit of smoking cigarettes. It is a pity he ever commenced doing so, and I sincerely hope he will stick so his resolve. If of the greatest curses of our land.

To remove the tobacco stains from his fingers, my chum should invest in a lemon or two and a penny piece of pumico-stone. Then let him get a basin of hot water and a piece of soap.

Afterwards he should rub them well with he pumice-stone. This will probably remove a good deal of the stains. Then let him cut one of the lemons in halves, and rub the juice on his fingers. He will find that the

Leagrave
Tredegar Hotspurs
Pear Tree
East Side
St. Mary's
St. Michael's
St. Giles Cresent

acid will speedily efface the remaining traces of his cigarette-smoking.

The only thing he then has to do to keep his fingers clean is to let cigarette-smoking

A Home-made Set of Boxinggloves.

A Home-made Set of Boxinggloves.

D., who has been a reader of The Boye'

Really for four years, and thinks
it the best boys' paper published, asks
pair of boxing-gloves at a moderate cost.
Below, my chus well find full finate home
for just over a shilling a pair—a very small
aum when the ordinary price of boxing-gloves
is taken into account.
First of all, he should secure about one and
three-quarter yards of swandown cloth; this
will probably cost him one shilling and threesight good-sized, square pieces.
Next. lay two pieces together on a table, or
some other flat surface, place the left hand
hem, and get a triend to draw a line round the
hand, keeping about two and a half inches off
Having done this with two pieces, my friend
should lay two more on the table, and get
his chum to mark the size of his right hand
in the same way.
Next, cut the shapes marked, and sew round
with a stout neede and thread, leaving a good
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the gloves.
Now, look round and see if you can find
some old thrown-aside artiele of furniture,

Open groves.

Now, look round and see if you can find some old thrown-aside article of furniture, some old thrown-aside article of furniture, and the see of the see

wrist.

Then my chum must get half a yard of broad elastic—which he can purchase cheaply from any draper's shop—and put four straps of clustic on each glove, one at almost an inch and a half from the wrist, one in the centre, and one near the top of each glove, and one of the thumb. Turn the swing inside before stuffing the glove. Thus the first glove will be finished, and my reader can start on the next.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.). Prize Football Awards for Week Ending September 18th. MANCHESTER SALFORD DISTRICTS AMATRUE LFAGUE

Being a Weekly Record of THE BOYS' REALM Football and Cricket League

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SOUTH LONDON SECTION. SOUTH LOYDON SECTION.

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Barham, 292, Barking Road, Plaiatow, E.

SENIOR.

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I' The Blue Crusaders," A s. Hardy's Great Football '' The Boys' Realm " Football Library—id.

By CAPTAIN MALCOLM ARNOLD. SPLENDID LONG INSTALMENT OF A NEW ARMY SPORTS TALE.

THE CHIEF CHARACTERS ARE: RON and VAL BRANDON, two popular young rporals attached to the Anshire Regiment. The makines have lately been transferred from Blacktown, the Midlauds, to Aldershot. Ron and Val are both rtified gynunsium instructors.

in the Mullaudis, to Abdersions. From and val are soon, and SIR PALL MARKIGGT-DVIKUS, a young lad of eightent, who is heir to large creates. Paul quarrels with his much, Lord Wildersion, and Paul Markinston, and Carlon Markinston, and Carlon Markinston, MAJOR GILBERT MARKIGGT, Paul's reseally counts. Knowing that Paul stands between thimself lad. He sams Paul's confidence, and leafs the lad to look upon him as a true triting.

lad. He simin Paul's confidence, and leads the lad of look input him as a frue tire.

Our story opens of North Camp, Aldershed, where Val and Eon Arman and Camp.

Aldershed, where Val and Eon Arman and Camp.

Aldershed, and the similar team, which has been entered for the Armay Cup Competition. The Brandons, beached in ply the Camp. determine to make a bodd brid Whale drilling a squad of recruits floor consessations. The Brandons, and its impression of the Armay Cup Competition. The Brandons, and its impression of the Armay Camp.

All Marricel, and its impression of the Armay Camp.

All Marricel, and its impression of the Camp.

All the Armay Service Corps, and after a tremedual training the Armay Service Corps, and after a tremendous tustes they win by three goods to fill. Paul Marricel is injured during the Armay Service Corps, and after a tremendous tustes they win by three goods to fill. Paul Marricel is injured during the Armay Service Corps, and after a tremendous tustes they win by three goods to fill. Paul Marricel is injured during the Armay Service Corps, and after a tremendous tustes they win by three goods to fill. Paul Marricel is injured during the Armay Service Corps, and after a tremendous tustes they win by three goods to fill. Paul Marricel is four on, plausible Carakeman who has a spite azainst Ron and Val Mandon. Major on his Conder Paul's life.

Val. who is training for a combina Marchine race, on his Conder Paul's life.

Val. who is training for a combina Marchine race, on the Carakeman of the site of the Carakeman of the String adventure in store for them.

(Nor road this work's instalment.)

(Now read this week's instalment.)

Man v. Horse—A Long Chase.

OUR trap is ready, sir," said the groom at the Royal, touching his groom at the hat.
The Chairman rose to his feet and modded. "All right," he said; "I'll be with you in

a minute."
When the man had vanished, the master-ruselsman crossed the hed-chamber, and lifted a long dusteend from the peg hehind the door. Then, one by one, he placed a jemmy, a bunch of keys, a small lantern, and a revolver in the various prokets of the cloak. Finally, he shipped ha arms through the sleeves, and gained round.

with a quick entire since I had the pleasure of following my trade, he thought, an evil smile following my trade, he thought, an evil smile filokering across his cruel face. "I hope I sha'nt make any mistakes."

He pulled a soft cap out of his pocket and put it on, drawing it well down over his ears. Then he left the room, and made his way to the front of the botel. The lamps of the tarm were shiming brightly in their brackets and the big horse pawed imposed in the control of the soft of the s

groom said, as he passed the reins up to the fohairman; "you'll 'are to 'old 'im in for a bit."

"He won't be so spry by the time we reach the won't be so spry by the time we reach the won't be so spry by the time we reach the won't be so spry by the time we reach the won't be so spry by the time we reach the won't be so spry by the time we reach the won't be so spry the won't be so s

"Shut up!" he whispered. "That man in the trap—didn't you recognise him?" Val turned his head towards the vehicle, but the darkness only allowed him to see the black outlines of the man as he swept towards them. The two corporals erouched down and waited until the trap passed. The horse, with the surrequicker instincts of the brute, shied a list he passed them; but the Charlest and the control of the brute, and the control of the brute, and the surrequicker instincts of the brute, all the surrequired to the surrequired t

notice the two lads.

When he was about fifty yards ahead, Ron rose to his feet.

"We must follow that trap," he whispered quietly. "There is some mischief afoot, and I mean to see what it is."

He started to trot along the quiet lane, and Val dropped into place by his side.

"I'm hanged if I know what game you're on!" he said. "You might give me a hint or on!" he said. "You might give me a hint or

"I caught sight of the driver of that trap," said Ron, "and if he isn't the Chairman, then my eyes must be failing me."
"The Chairman! You mean that fellow who

"The Chairman! You mean that fellow who was burned!"
"Who was supposed to be burned." his brother amended. "I'm sorry you didn't have a chance to recognise him. It would have seited the soap buriness at once."
Val gave vent to a low murmur of anger.
"We'll hang on util I do get a aguint at the best; and, if it is the same one, I'll have him out of that in a jify! I digree anything to have a good drive in between his evil cypt." The Chairman is a dangerous sor to forture."
The Chairman is a dangerous sor to go very confurnate to the control of the product of the product of the confurnation of the product of the product of the confurnation of the product of th

caretuly. He is bound to be armed."
"Thank goodness, we are in running kit,"
the younger brother said. "If he stops anywhere within the next fifteen miles, I'll-bet I
slan't be far behind."

where within tim heat. Inteen mices, a lower within the heat. They had no difficulty in following the trap. The sound of its wheels on the roadway came plainly to their ears. They always kept at least fifty yards behind it, and their soft running boots made no noise on the wet grass by the reading the sound of the same of the sound of the reading the sound of the sound of the two plains and the sound of the two plains and the sound of the two runners found themselves droping further and further to the rear as the two runners found themselves droping further and further to the rear as the two runners found themselves droping further and further to the rear as the two runners found themselves droping further under the microsoft of the two plant increased the pace enough to keep the sound of the trap in their ears.

We've a long way to go, old chap," he

"We've a long way to go, old chap," he would murmur, "and it will come back to us at the next hill."

His Marathon running had taught him that it

was the steady pace which tells, and he was con-

was the steady pace which tells, and he was content to bide his time.

At every hill, however, the corporals found that they could make up such distance as they had lost on the level. The horse, with the trap to hamper him, could not take the rase as easily as the tend of the fifth mile. Ron had his bad time—that period which swoops down on all runners, and requires a mighty heart and high courage to resist. Val heard the labouring heads and the heavy thud of the feet, and checked his pace algically. In the standard was the second of the feet, and drew closer to his brother's side.

Stick it, old chap! The murraued.

Too set his teeth bard, and adomed on, and drew closer to his brother's side.

Stick it, old chap! The murraued.

Too set his teeth bard, and rack him from head to foot. His arms felt as heavy as lead, and his head dropped forward on his breast; wet during the whole of the strengle his cars still held the rumble of the whole a lead. It was the only thing he could think of. All abover happened, that sound must remain. All the was the only thing he could think of. All abover happened, that sound must remain, in that one thing.

A long, steep lill gave him the rest he neefed. The Chairman allowed his pensure beats to drop.

in that one thing.

A long, steep hill gave him the rest he needed.
The Chairman allowed his parting beast to drop the control of the sow-moving vehicle.

Then Val with a steep of the control of the co

the slow-moving vehicle.

Then Val, with a glance at his brother,
dropped into a walk.

"Take—a—spell, now," he gasped.

The rest of that hill was taken at a walk, and
when they reached the top, and felt the cool
rush of the night winds against their checks.

they felt fit to take up their work again.

they folt fit to take up their work again.
The spin downhill effectively cleared away the lingering traces of latigue, and, with their butted through the darkness like deer.
On the level again the lights on the two were seen bobbing and swaying in front, like two phantom lanterns, to guide them.
"How do you feel now, old chap?" Val

Ron laughed softly.

"Fit to run all night, Val," he replied.
"We'll track that beggar down now all right."

"We'll track that beggar down now all right." Milo after mile—mile after mile they seed along the quiet road. Now and again they would swing past some quiet house or cottage, and occasionally a dog would come suffing and mulning hoarse challenges to them; but they kept steadily on their way.

At last sharp rise in the ground brought them to a bridge, and Val caught the glint of water beneath it.

"We are crossing the canal now," he mut-tered. "Odiham cannot be very far away."

As they had oyeled out to Odiham House as few weeks provious, they knew the road.

Ron fixed his eyes on the lights ahead.

"If he turns up to the left, we will know where he is going—." He stopped, and an exclanation of annoyance escaped his lips. "We are a pair of thundering asset?" he said. "Don't you recognise that trap, Val?"

Val followed his meaning at once.

Val followed his meaning at once.

"By Jore," he said, "of course I do! It is
the one that Paul's seoundedly reusin was in
when the traction-engine tipped him over."

"And it proves that the Chairman must know
have the proves that the Chairman must know
have the proves that the Chairman must know
working for the solution of the own that
working for the solution of the opposite the
traction of the solution of the solution
"The murderous ruffians!" his brother said,
clenching his fists.

A sharper sound from the front drew their

A sharper sound from the front drew their attention in time to see the trap wheel round the road to the left—the road which led to Odham House.

"We are nearing the end of our run, old chap," said Ron, "and we'll have to go easy

thow. They turned after the trap, and jogged on for about a half mile or so. Then the sounds creased suddenly, and, on turning a sharp bend, they saw the lights of the little inn shining on the road. The trap was standing by the hedgerow, and was unoccupied.

"This is their rendezvous," Ron murmured.
"We must try to locate them. Keep well in to

"We must try to locate them. Reep wen in see the hedge."

The brothers were wet and streaming with sweat, but the work in froft of them was too important for them to think of their own wants. They reached the trap, and found that the horse was tethered to a gatepost. The Chairman had warm smell which came to Ron's novertile stell him that it, also, had had enough of the long observed.

chase.

"You are a goor, old chap!" the corporal thought, as he slid over the gate. "But we suck to you, all the same," all the same," all the same, "they yard at the rear of the same property of th

scenc.

At the opposite ends of a small, bare table
Major Marriott and the Chairman were seated.
Their heads were bent forward over a sheet of
white paper. Paul's scoundrelly cousin was
ratking rapidly in a low rone, and now and then
his finger would roint out some spot on the
paper in front of h.m.

paper in front of him.
Moving his head out of the shaft of light, Ron laid his head against the bottom of the window. The murranting wices came to his ears.

"And the dogs!" said the Chairman.
"I have seen to that," he heard the harsh voice of Marriott reply. "You need not fear them."

A low, brutal chuckle sounded.
"It will be the soft-

est crib ever you cracked," the major went on; "and the Wildermiss diamonds are worth having !" A chair creaked, and the listoner heard the

shuffling of feet as the Chairman stood up.

"And I'll have 'embefore another hour has passed!" he cried.

One bound drew Ron clear from the windo Val was by his side an instant.

an instant.

"You heard—" began the older brown.

"Everything," Val
put in quickly. "What
are you going to do?"

"Make for Odiham." House as quickly as we can," said his brother; "and when these secondrels come—"

scoundrels come—"

He never finished his remark. There was a low growl close to where they were standing, and from his kennel a huge yard dog came bounding towards them.

The noise it made startled the two con-spirators. Marriott leaped to the window and threw it up.

and threw it up.

The light rested on
the white running
clothes of the two gymnasts. With a furious
oath, the big scoundrel
whipped out a revolver
and lired.



With one swift ewing Val sent the square mass hurtling through the air. The cushion caught the Chairman fairly between the eyes, and the astonished man was lifted clean off his feet, and wonthead were the lift of the hedge.

"The Blue Crusaders," A.S. Hardy's Great Football "The Boys' Realm" Football Library—2d. THE BOYS' REALM, Oct. 16, 1809.

Thwarted Regues.

S the infuriated man raised his revolver Ron caught the glint of the steel circle. Short as the pause was enough free the same and the report, it was enough free the same and the report, it was enough free the same and the report, it was enough free the same and the report, it was enough free the same and the report in the same and the report in the same and the

Val. The orana of the bullet as it sung overness, remarks short.

"Keep in the shadow and make for the grate," Ron whispered; "these follows will stop heart," when their these follows will stop the contract of the contract

"Keep in the shadow and make for the gate." Row whispered; "these fellows will stop a nothing."

I nothing will be shadow and make for the shadow will not part of the shadow and the shadow and the shadow at the shadow and with a well-planted kick sent the furious arimal yelping into his kennon-warned Gilbert Marriott of what was happening.
"They are making for the gate!" he cried, turning to the Chairman. "Quick, get round to the front and stop them!"

The hawle-faced crackman from his pecies to the shadow and the shadow will be shadow and the shadow will be shadow and the shadow will be shadow and the shadow and tore off across the yard. Hearing the heavy feet petling behind him, Ron dropped back.
"Go arright, alone of the trap," he said

"Go straight ahead for the trap," he said Val; "I'll tackle this fellow!"

"But-"
"Don't argue just now! Get ahead!"
Val vaulted the gate and ran towards the
rap. Ron wheeled round. He was only just
a time. The huge fellow was almost on top

in time. Inc auge reliow was almost on top of "You confounded sneak and apy!" rasped Gilbert, leaping forward. "I'll break your neck for you, curse you!"

The figure in front of him was a good four inches shorter than the major, and he thought that he would have no difficulty in carrying Within a yard from Ron he reached out his huge fist and made a clutch at the lad's throat. A quick side-step carried the grimsats out of reach. Then his hard fist closed, and, drawing it back to his shoulder, he poised his body front of him with all his strength.

In the darkness it was impossible to make

tront ot him with all his strength.

In the darkness it was impossible to make sure of his aim, but the blow landed full on the thick nack of the enraged man with a thud which told of its terrible power.

Marriott gave vent to a bellow of anguish, and staggered forward a few paces, coming to reat seasons the gate.

est against the gate.

Holding the top bars with his left hand, he ried to reach the pocket where he had re-laced his revolver. The dim light from the amp in the roadway allowed Ron to catch the ction. With a panther-like spring he was at

action. With a painther-like spring ne was at the gate.

The neglection of the gradient of the gate.

The nasjor's hand still kept on its way; then, realising that stronger measures only would save him, Brandon closed with the follow.

A sharp, herd jab with his right fist into the thick sides made the huge body bend sharply;

Crack!
His left fist hooked fairly under the heavy

His left fist hooked fairty under the nearly jow!.

The major's head fell forward, and he collapsed against the wooden barrier without a word. Ron leaped back as the unconscious man aprayled at his feet: then, without troubling to glance at his prostrate enemy, because the gate and turned into the road, and the trap.

It is a sea of the property of

the bodge.

The Chairman, catching sight of the thin figure as he emerged from the inn, had crept steakhily forward, with the murderous jemmy clasped tightly in his hand. Within a few foot of the stooping lad he had paused and swung the iron bar above his head. Another instant and it would have descended with crushing force, but at that moment Ron's voice reached his brother.

Come along, then, sharp!" he called

"Come along, then, snarp!" he called, straightening up.

The heavy jenmy whizzed harmlessly past his shoulder, and the Chairman, carried away by the force of his blow, went ploughing into the hedge.

by the force of me now, were possing me the hedge.

With a cy of wrath Val sprang at the man. With a cy quick grab at the Chairman's arman antagonist to tackle.

One swift lunge froed him from Val's grip, a vicious kick, which caught the gymast on the abins, making him double up with pain, followed, and then a loud, crashing among the branches of the hedge told Ron that the other resoal had made good his escape.

Informance Val cried, hopping on one leg, while he carefully nursed the other. "He's all steel and whippood! Kick like a beauty mule, hang him!"

You're lucky he didn't do more than kick,"
"You're lucky he didn't do more than kick,"

mule, hang him!"
"You're lucky he didn't do more than kick."
Ron cried; "he's the most dangerous brute of
the two." He turned towards the tra"Jump up sharp!" he continued, swinging Jump up sharp!" he continued, swinging nto the seat as he spoke.

Val hopped forward and clambered pain

fully up the wheel, throwing himself on the cushioned seat with a grunt of pain. Ron lifted the reins and shook them slightly, a shout sounded from behind them, and, turning his head, he caught sight of a number of figures gathered in the lighted doorway.

"Stop them—stop them!" the voice of Mar-

riott bawled.

The horse was already on the move, and a cut from the whip sent it off down the road at a hard galloon recovered, old chap," Ron thought grimly; "but you'll have to whistle for your cart." Suddenly a crackling in the hedge in front of them sounded, and, just where a lampost cast a yellow gleam across the while road, and the sum of the mounted of the sum of the chairman appear.

The cracksman stretched out his arm, and both lads caught sight of the ring of steel wavering in front of them.

"Halt, or I fire!" came the cold, harsh

command.

Ron's reply was to stand up and lash at the willing beast between the shafts. The trap surged forward; then Val, stooping down, seized the hard leather cushion from his

scized the hard bleather cushion from his brother's sca. Ron !!' he yelled.

"Bob down. Ron!' he yelled.
Within five yards from the threatening figure Ron dropped suddanly on to his knees.
With one swift swing Val sent the square mans burlling through the sir.
"Stop that, you beast!" he yelled mock-

"Stop that, you coass."
ingly.
The cushion caught the Chairman fairly between the eyes. His revolver went off in the air, and, cursing savagely, the astonished man was litted clean off his toot, and went head over heels into the bedge from whence he

A peal of Jaughter went up as the swaying vehicle passed him, then Ron straightened up and sat down again.

"Brave, Val!" he said. "That was ripping!" Val clutched at the side of the rocking train looked back. About fifty yards being and looked back. About fifty yards being and looked back. About fifty yards being along the road. At the pursuers passed the lamp-post Val was able to distinguish Marchel lamp-post Val was able to distinguish Marchel saperging along in front. The Chairman joined his fellow-rogue, and then the darkmen blotted them out again.

'The tables are turned, my friends," he red in but I don't think gou'll bang on as Gradually the tran dress further and further Gradually the tran dress further and further Gradually the tran dress further and further

we did!"
Gradually the trap drew further and further
away from the yelling crowd, and when Ron
turned into the main road all sounds of the
pursuit had completely died away.
He kept the horse at its full speed for well
over twenty minutes, and then stopped
to listen.

over twenty minutes, and the to listen.
"They've chucked it all right," Val said;
"Marathon-running is not in their line, I sup-

"We are safe enough now." Ron roplied;
"Paul's ruffianly cousin is too wise to risk
tackling us on the high-road. There would be
too many awkward questions asked."
He shook the roins, and the tired animal
started off at a quise trot. Vial leaned back
bohnd the saes, and, feoling around, came
"We might as well be comfortable," he ramarked, throwing one over his brother's
shoulders; "and a thin jersey is not quite the
costume for driving in."

shoulders: "and a thin yearsy costume for driving in."
The reaction which always follows a time of excitement set in then, and for over an hour the brothers as quite still, watching the lights from the lamps flickering on the roadway."

"I suppose you understand what all their plotting and planning was about?" Ron said

plotting and planning was about?" Ron said at last.

"I wasn't sure until the major mentioned the hounds," Val replied; "it's not so long ago since we were introduced to the brates. They mean to break into Odham House.

They mean to break into Odham House of our boing at the window will scare them off it, as they won't know how much or how little we heard."

"I must admit that I heard nothing," the younger brother said; "I hadn't a chance. That beard," and go off the said, "I hadn't a chance. The beard," and go off the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said," and the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said," and the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said," and the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said," I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said," and the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said," and the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said," and the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said," and the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said," and the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chance the said," and the said, "I hadn't a chance the said, "I hadn't a chanc

"He looks an evil, vicious-tempered beggar," Val murmured. "I caught a glimpse of his eyes just as he fell backwards into the hedge, and there was real red murder

Ron thought for a moment before he re

Ron thougar tor a month of the property of the always."
"I think that they will lie low for a bit now," Val said, "and Paul should be out of hospital very shortly; then we can lay the whole business before him, and let him decide."

decide."
"That's the only thing we can do," his brother remarked; "but it seems a thundering weak reply to their murderous attack to

ing weak reply to their murderous attack tonight."

The lights of North Camp began to glimmer
and glow shead of them, and Ron quickened
the pace a trifle.

It was to be a trifle of the pace a trifle of the cavaliry barrades he stopped the trap and
jumped out.

"We'll have to finish our journey on foot,
Val." he said. "The mounted police patrol
here during the night, and they would be sure
to stop us and ask awkward questions."
"But what about the trap and geogen;
"But what about the trap and geogen;
and,
running by its side for a few paces, cut it
agalion along the road, disappearing around a
bend.

"Some wandoring tramp will have the pleasure of finding a light, serviceable vehicle," Val laughed.

"That haughed more was persisted as a persistence of the control o

His companion grinned.

"It keeps them out of mischief," was his philosophical response.

Harris Geta His Own Back.

Fig. 4 He Farnborough Athletic was a strong team, and commanded a fine following among the civilian element of team, and commanded a fine following among the civilian element of the strong team, and commanded a fine following among the civilian element of the strong team, and commanded a fine following among the civilian element of the strong team of

"Wait Thyon hear it after you've scored a "Wait Thyon hear it after you've scored a "Bar the seasing room was a shed with a corrugated roof. A primitive affair, but quite sufficient for their wants.

Harris was the first man dressed, and as he finished tying his boots on Ron turned to him. "You might go up to the gate and keep a look-out for Parsons." he said. "He forgot the embrocation, and wont back to fetch it.

Harris wont off on his errand, and as he reached the gate a quaint idea came to him. Parsons had been the leader in the Black Hussars' concert fiasco, which had ended so disastrously for Harris and his "Merry Ministrels." The pootical batman's soul still burned with hopes of revenge, and he thought that here was a chance.

burned with nopes or revenge, and he thought that here was a chance. He stopped up to the man at the gate. "How's bixiness?" he asked. "Pretty fair," said the collector. "Some of your chaps grumbled a bit at paying, but they did pay, and that's the main thing, ain't

it?"
Harris grinned. The man was playing up
to him beautifully.
"The Anshires sin't a bad lot," said the
footballer, "but some ov 'em are as mean as
misers." He stopped and gazed along the

fat fellow wot ain't turned up yet," he added. The gatekeeper collected several three-pences, then Harris continued.
"Es a swanter of the worst sort," he said, fairly gloating over his detailed description of Tassons personal failings. "Dyou know wow."
"Well, as you're a stranger, and seem a decent sort, I'll tell you. "E waits until the rath has passed, then 'e swaggers up to the gate, and kids 'e is one of the team!"
"Oh--bol. Is that 'is little gener!"
"It is," said Harris: "and, what's more, c'll argue with you shout it. If you ask 'im why 'e didn't come in along with the rest. "Il spin some fairy-tale about stoppin' back for bandages or lemons or embrocation! It The lock of stuff, e'il? The lock of stuff, e'il? The lock of stuff, e'il? "The lock of stuff, e'il?"
"He'll havo to be very hot before he can be me without paying his threepence!" the man snapped.
Harris could have yelled with delight at

pass me without paying mis turning the man sanaped.

Harris could have yelled with delight at this, but he succeeded in concealing his this, but he succeeded in concealing his "Of ourse, you won't give me away," he said, moving of. "I cally did it as a friendly act towards a docent chap."

The gateleseper noded gratefully,

"I'm much obliged to you, mate," he said.

"I'm much obliged to you, mate," he said.

"I'm much obliged to you, mate," he said the word opposite the gate. He had hardly secreted himsell before his eyes caught sight of the stout goalkeeper hurrying down the lane.

ianc. "Now, you hally old porcupina." he mattered, "you'll 'ave to stump up three beautiful
browns to see your-self keep roal! He, ha!"
Parsons reached the gate. The collector
looked up, and, noting the portly form, superior
losped into his ore. From the description
losped into his ore. From the description
losped into his ore. From the description
lought to be the villan with tried to swank his
way into football-grounds.
The goalkeeper swept through the gate, and
nodded in his friendly style to the man.
"Got a decent crowd, I see," he said,
stypping forward, "I'll have to hurry, I'
The gatekeeper's laugh wen cold, sarcastic
sound which made Parsons halt and stare at
him.

sound which made Parsons halt and stare at him. The admission into this field is three-him to consider the collector said slowly, holding out his hands agreed. In the crowd Harris asw the movement, and a thrill of absolute paran through him. The parson gasped. In the crowd Harris asw the movement, and a thrill of absolute paran through him. The part of the part of

he bogan.

The collector went off into a mort of laughter. The fat rogue was doing and saying exacely as his informant said he would.

Look here, my lad, he snapped. "I know the same of the tank of the same of the same of the same, You were sent back for are lean. You were sent back of the same of the same, You were sent back of the same of

"I full you I know all about you! Pay up!"
"Do you think that I'm goin' to pay and
then play?"
The collector began to look angry.
The collector began to look angry.
The sollector began to look angry.
The total care what you do once you're inide." for it care what you do once you're inide." for it care what you do none you're inide." but it care but in the way to the comknowing that time was short, the disquest
goalie put down his handhag, and bogan to
rummage through his pocker, one takes the bun
"""

"And your threepence," put in the waiting collector grimly. With a sigh almost as big as his stout frame, the goalkeeper fished out a sixpence, and handed

it over.

The collector's hand closed on the coin swiftly, and he held out the change.

"It's something new for you to be bowled over, I suppose?" he said.

Parsons picked up his bag and eyed his

"I suppose this is a football-ground all right?" he remarked. He pocketed the threepence, and then finished his comment.

his comment.

"Cos if one was to judge by you, old hos, it might be a bloomin' lunatic asylum?" his But the collector, with the threepence means, "That's all right, mate," he replied drill, "You go in and have a good time. It'll do you good to teel, that you've been honest for once in your life."

"And the meanest ov the whole lot is a big (Another rattling long instalment next week.)



Hamilton's Fascinating School Tale.

A Rattling Long Instalment of Charles

misery in the prefect's face without feel-for him.

ing for-him.

"You need not explain," said the Head quietly. "I know why you are here. You had better go, Redfern major. I will speak to you again presently."

Arthur's white face went white.

"You-you know, sir." Be stammered.

"I can guess, at all events."

"Oh!"
"You came, I suppose, to speak to your minor," said the Head, somewhat surprised by the despair in the face of the prefect. "I can understand how this disgrace of your younger brisher affects you." If you had asked me for permission to try the effect of your persuasion upon this obstimate boy, all show not have rollwed it. But have come here in this auterpititious manner." Arthur smiled in a ghastly way.

Arthur smiled in a ghastly way.

The Head way guessed. After all, how was he to guess? The precent and he had not guessed. After all, how was he to guess? The precent mind and his shaken nerves. It was not possible for the Head to guess the facts without a clue.

Arthur breathed more freely. The Head was watching him, and he was surprised by the changing expressions of the Sixth-Former's face. He had no clue to what was passing in Arthur's mind. it? said Arthur, more collectively mind. The way of the

"Yes, sir."
Arthur gave his brother a single glance as he left the room—a glance of dumb appeal.
But it was not needed. This was not the first ordeal Redfern minor had been through, and

he was not likely, to fail in courage at the eleventh hour. The courage and the Head was no gas in the punishment-room. The door closed upon the house-porter, and the Head was alone with the culprit. The dector did not speak at once. There are the courage that the dector of the courage that the dector of the the courage that the

commit petty and stealthy faults; the Head could not help thinking so as he looked at himselfern," said the Head at last—and his soice sounded strangely deep in the stillness of the room—"Redfern, you have had a day to think over your position. Have you come to any change in mind?"

"You still refuse to explain your visit to the rublic-house in Wrndale?"
Redfern was silont.

"You still maintain that you went there with an innocent motive, and not for the purpose of associating with the men of low character who assemble there?"

The Head sighed.
"I would gladly believe you. Redfern. But you must see yourself how absurd this story is upon the face of it. If you have an explanation annot rell you, sur,"
"I shis the respect that is due to your head-master?" said the doctor, with great patience.
"I am sorry, sir," said Redfern earnesty." In pope you don't think I could be disrepentful to you, sir. I'd cut off my hand

first. But-but I can't tell you what you sak, sir! I-I can't!"

first. But—but I can't tell you what you sek, sir! I—I can't !"

Why not?"
Rodforn did not speak.
Rodforn did not speak approve the sea of the speak of the speak

"I wish I could believe so, Redfern."
The Head left the room, and Phipps came

in in trees in the see you to bed, Master Redfern, and take the light away."

"Right you are, Phippy!"

And five minutes later Redfern minor was in bed, the room in darkness, and the door once more locked upon him.

R. CRANSTON entered his study, and gave a slight start as he saw Redfern major standing by the desk. He had forgotten for the moment for him in his study.

"Ah, it is you, Redfern?"

"You told me to wait for you here, sir."

Arthur was still pale, but he was quite

"You told me to have a still pale, but he was still pale, but he was still collected now.
"Very good! I want to speak to you about your brother. Redfern." said Dr. Cranston, scating himself, and turning his glance upon the prefect. "About your visit to the punishment-room! will say no more. I will take the anxiety you feel for your brother's fate as a sufficient excuse."
"Thank you, sir." Deffare minor," went on

anxiety you feel for your brother's fate as a sufficient excuse."

"Thank you, sir."

"I have spoken to Redfern minor," went on the Head. "I can get nothing from him. He rotuses to explain his visit to the public-house so, Redfern, but it leaves nor have to eay so, Redfern, but it leaves nor to have to eay so, Redfern, but it leaves nor to have to eal with him severely. But it has occurred to me that you might be able to give me some clue to his strange conduct."

Arthur started.

"Yes. As his elder brother, you have naturally kept an eye on him to some extent since he has been at \$8. Dorothy's." Arthur wineed, but the Head did not notice it. "As a prefect, but the Head did not notice it. "As a prefect, bo, you should know something of the habits cho, you should know something of the habits ching of any flaves you seen or heard anything of the flaves you seen or heard anything of any flaves have been or heard to me that the work of the property of the property

Cranston. "It occurred to me that it might have been on your minor's account."
Arthur was silent.
"Come, Redforn! If you can tell me anything, you surely know that it is your duty to do so," said the Head kindly. "For your sake, if for no other reason, I should be glad minor."
say gently as possible with Redform minor."

Arthur licked his dry lips. If he could only have had some of Ransome's nerve and cynical coolness his part would have been easier to

play.

"I-I don't know what to say, sir. You know, this is a terrible blow to me. I know how up mutcher will feel it if Sidney is assahome. I-I feel that I haven't looked after him as I ought since he has been at the achol."

"I am sure you have done everything in your power, Redfern. You must not take your borther's faults too much to heart."

"Again the prefect winced.

"I-I don't, sir. But-but if you'll allow me to suggest." play.

"Go on."
"I—I know Sidney is innocent of any wrong-

"I—I know Sidney is innocent of any wrongdoing, sir—"
"You mean, you believe it?"
"You mean, you believe it?"
"Well, yes, sir. But—but I know him, sir.
He's always been straight as a 'dle,' said
Arthur. "Whovev has been doing wrong, it
wasn't Sidney. I—I can't explain everything,
wasn't Sidney. I—I can't explain everything,
wasn't Sidney. I—I can't explain everything
the bound of the sidney of the sidney of the
keeps my brother from speaking—"
"He is shielding somebody else, I think,
sir."

sir."
If was a bold stroke. If the Head had guessed whom Redfern minor was shielding—
But how could be, when the very suggestion oams from Arthur?
Dr. Cranston looked very grave.
"You mean that Redfern minor—"
"I think he's sticking up for somebody else, sir. Suppose—suppose another fellow—a fellow

IRE PRINCIPAL UNRAVALERS ARE:
BIDNEY REIDFERN, a invital, inn-loving ind, who
as now pupil at 8t. Dornthy's School.
ARTHUR REIDFERN, Sindows, older burdner, who is
inclined to be castly led, and is under the by-nomeans good influence of
RANSOME, another Sixth-Former, a slacker, and a
KRELTON and BRUWN. too Poorth-Formers. SKELTON and BROWN, two Fourth-Formers, and

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

TAFFY MORGAN, VERNON, and RAKE, the leaders of the Modern side at St. Dorothy's, deadly rivals of Skelton and Brown.

of Sketton and Brown.

A St. Dorothy's there is a deadly and everlasting fend existing between the Classical and Modern sides. Sideer Bedfern aliles himself to the Classicals, to the rage and humilation of the Modern control of the Modern sides. The sides of the Modern sides with the Modern sides of the M

7 to Wyndale, where it must be a bike, and it is danger. At that gets back to the relocd in time on a bike, arthur gets back to the relocd in time on a bike, for the returning is causel by his form-master, Ford. The latter cross-examines the boy, but ney, preferring to shield his brother, refuses to ware. The next day Mr. Ford takes Retfern before head-master, and Sidney sees expulsion looghing view.

the head-master, and Sidney sees expulsion longing in view.

In view. Cherch bears of his brother's terrible potential, and is a prey to asonsiting doubts. He knows not how to act. Shall he diagraen himself and thus clear his young brother, or sacrifice Sidney for his own state; 'He cannot make the solitary confinement. That night Arthur Redfern steals the key to the confinement common and creeps in to see his young brother. Soon after the proceedings down the certification of the solitary confinement of the solitary confinement of the solitary confinement. The solitary confinement may be a solitary to the solitary confinement of the solitary confinement. The solitary confinement of the solitary confinement of the solitary to the solitary confinement. The solitary confinement is solitary confinement. The solitary confinement is solitary confinement of the solitary confinement in the solitary confinement. The solitary confinement is solitary confinement. The solitary confinement is solitary confinement. The solitary confinement is solitary confinement.

EDFERN MAJOR!"

EDFERN MAJOR!"

Dr. Crauston uttered the name in wonder as his glance fixed upon Arthur Redfern. A frown gathered

upon his hrow was pale.

Arthur's face was pale.

It was the cruellest of ill-luck that the Head should have discovered him there, and for the moment it seemed to the prefect that all was up, that the Head must guess the truth, the revelation he had striven to avor, thus at last.

come at last.

His eyes sank before Dr. Cranston's searching glance, and he could not find his voice
to speak. Redfern minor looked on in silence.
He had not lost his wins, but there was nothing
he could say. If only his brother had not

I am surprised to see you here, Redfern

major.

Arthur did not speak.

"I gave orders that no one was to be admitted to the punishment-room. Someone has taken the key from Phipps's bunch. I presume it was you, as I find you here."

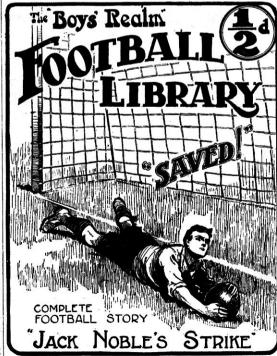
"Yes, sir."

Arthur's voice was very low.

"I can understand your concern for your brother," said the Head, his face relaxing a little. "But you are a prefect, Redfern, and you should know your duty better."

"I—I—"

Arthur's voice tailed away; he did not finish the sentence. What could he say? If the Head had known the torror that was in his heart at that moment, he would have pitied him. He did pity him; few could have seen



No. 5. NOW ON SALE! DON'T MISS IT! in his Form, sir-some Fourth-Former-had gone to that place. Sidney is just the aort of chap who'd cut off like a shot to fetch him back, sir, and save him from getting into trouble." The priefect's voice grew steadier as he proceeded, and as he marked the effect of without stopping to think of the consequences, to help a-a chum, sir. Now, he couldn't speak about it without giving the other fellow away. That's how I work it out, sir. Not he couldn't speak for a chim from a mistaken sense of honour l'smid the Head. "But-but are you sure of this, Roddern't".

this, Rodfern?"
"As sure as I can be of anything, sir."
"Has Redfern minor said anything to lead
"Well, yes air."
The dector pursed up his lips.
This was quite a new light to him, and,
indeed, it cleared up many points that had
been wrapped in mystery.

been wrapped in mysiery.

"But-"
"But-"
"But-"
"Su know. I place great reliance upon your
ungement. Redform," said the Head, after a
sayou know. But are you sure that your
natural anxiety for your brother has not do
you to take too favourable a view of his
conduct?"

conduct?"
"I am quite sure of that, sir. I am certain
of what I say—an certain as I could be if I
had been with Sidney that night."
Another long pause.
"Have you any idea what person he may
be shielding?" and the seemed much
Arthur writhed. He shrank from the lie
Arthur writhed. He shrank from the lie
are culpable to act a falsehood than to tell
less culpable to act a falsehood than to tell

less culpable to act a tassencon team to team.

I-I think I could guess, sir; but I should not eare to mention mention that a triffect, I—I could look into the matter late as in."

"You have disturbed me very much, Redfern, by telling me this. I am sure you would not speak without grounds. Leave me now, I will red, the state of the state of

in the corridor.

Had be succeeded? Was that danger to be escaped, after all?

The perspiration steed. The perspiration stood in thick drops on the efect's brow.

"I—I say. Redfern major—"
It was Skelton of the Fourth. He was in pyjamas, with his trousers on, and a jacket buttoned round his neck, and a pair of slippers on his feet.

ontoneer round no neck, and a part of suppers on his feet.

The prefere glated at him severely.

The prefere you doing out of hed, Skolton?"

"I couldn't sleep," said the saystan of the Fourth diamally.

"I round the saystan of the saystan of the Fourth diamally.

"I -I ve been thinking about Reddy. I -I was sure you'd do something for him, Redfern major. I tried to get to his room, but Phipps is looking out. I say, is there a chance for him?"

"I think on the prefere him the saystan of the word to be sacked?"

"I hope not."

"I hope not."

"I hope not."

"On't make a row here, you young ass!

Take twenty lines for being out of your dorner and the right sout," said Artar. "Oh, never mind! Don't do the lines; but get back to the said the preference of the said the sai

after lights out, mind! Don't do the lines; but get back to bed harp, or a real chance for Reddy?"
"Yes. Cut off!"
"Good egg!"
And Skelton cut off. But he did not go back to the Fourth-Form dormitory. He scouted to the Fourth-Form dormitory. He scouted to the point of the point

hole.
Reddern minor sat up in bed.
"Hallo! Is that you, Skelton?"
Hallo! Is that you, Skelton?"
Hallo! Is that you, Skelton?
"Hallo! Is that you with the Head; and he says there's a chance for you. He thinks you won't be sacked!"
Reddern minor sprang out of bed. In a second be was at the keyhole, trembling with amxity; and excitement.

"Skelon "
"He Arthur wand up? Is he—"
"I don't think so. He didn't look like it.
He's worked it somehow without giving himself away." said Skelton. "He's jolly deep, you some dodge, Ransome is full of dodges." Redfern felt a weight lifted from his mind. "Good-night!" whispered Skelton, through the keyhole.

Cood-might! "whispered Skelton, through the keyhole."

the keyhole.

"Good-night, old chap!"

And Skelton scuttled away. And Redfern minor went back to bed in a greatly relieved frame of mind.

EDFERN MINOR was out of bed in the punishment-room at the first gleam of daylight.

EDFERN MINOR was out of bed in the publishment-room at the first gleam of daylight.

Skelton's whippered words of encouragement had done more than anything else to keep him awake, as a matter of fact.

But he did not feel heavy from want of sleep. He was in too excited a state for that.

Upon the happenings of that morning his whole future depended.

Was he to be sacked, or had Arthur's inter-ession saved him? Was he to remain, after I, at St. Dolly's rest of St. Dolly's was Long before the up and dressed, and filling in the time by striding about the narrow limits the punishment-room.

of the punishment-room.

It seemed an age to him before he heard the sounds of the awakening household below. The key clicked in the lock at last, and Phipps looked into the room. There was a someware.

Phipps looked in the lock at last, and
There was a sombre expression upon the
hous-porter's face. Redforn's face fell a little
as he observed it. If there was hope for him
the porter evidently did not know it.
"Good-morning, Phipps II".
"Good-morning, Phipps II".
"Good-morning, Phipps II".
"I sain't come for that, Master Redforn'
"I sain't come for that, Master Redforn.
You're to foller me to the 'Ead's study !" said
Phipps sorrowfully.
"Oh!"
"Which I'm.

"Oh!"
"Which I'm sorry it's 'appened, Master Redfern,' said the house-porter, as he led the way. "If it was to be only a flogging I'd hoist you with pleasure."
"Thank you!" said the junior, with a faint

smile. Pour same as a sea we want to see a sea we want to be a sea of the Fourth-Former in. The Head was standing by the window, and he turned a severe face upon the boy.

"You may go, Phipps." with a last look of commiseration at Redifern minor, which did not give the junior much encouragement. Redifern waited. Dr. Cranston did not seen to be in a hurry to speak. Perhaps he did not easiles what was the property of the propert

torture the suspense was to the anxious lad. Redifern's eyes had time to note the anxious and thoughtful wrinkles on the doctor's face, and to observe, too, the cane lying on his writing-table. What was the cane placed there ready for? If he were going to be expelled the Head could not be going to expelled the Head could not be going to case him, too, It was not likely. The sight of the cane generally had been supported by the state of the sta

opposite effect upon Redfern.
His heart best quickly, more hopefully.
"Redfern," said the Head at last, "I have something to say to you which you will probably be glad to hear. Your brother has given me what explanation he could of your conduct, and he regards it in a more favourable light than I fid myself. I have trued to come to his way of thinking. I am so anxious the community of the property of the proper

pelled I".

Redfern's heart beat so hard that he felt almost sufficiated. He could not speak.

The Redfern anjor is the present whom runs or second to the second sufficient and the second sufficient and the second sufficient suffic

nanner for the purpose of shielding someon dise who is at fault; that not you but anothe really guilty!"

requern started.

In giving that explanation to the Head, arthur had been sailing very near to the wind underly near to the wind indeed.

Dr. Cranston read the boy's expression.

"Is this true, Redfern?"
Silence.

Si tass true, receiver.

Silence.

S

"Have you anything to say, Redfern?"
"Only that I thank you, sir, and that I am
rry I should seem to be disrespectful to orry I

"Very good! Hold out your hand!"
Dr. Cranston took up the cane. Redfern held out his hands in turn, and the cane descended upon each of them eight times. Dr. Cranston had a scientific way of laying the cane on, and the first blow made Redfern shiver. Before the last had been dolivered the junior's face was white and strained, and pair be tingling through every nerve in its body.

But he held his lips tightly shut; he held ack the tears that would fain have forced themselves into his eyes.
Redfern was "game" all through. Dr. Cranston laid down the cane.
"You may go, Redfern."
"Thank you, sir!"
"Thank you, sir!"
"Thank you, sir!"
The he boy left the study unsteadily, and closed the supposed to squeeze his hands under his arms. The pain was terrible; he had never fold anything like it before, except once, when he had an accidental kick on the shin at football.
The Head had said that the punishment was to see years, and it had been severe. But Redfern was to stey at St. Dolly's!

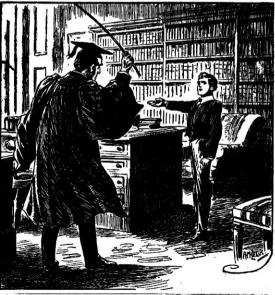
There was a pather of feet in the passage, Very good! Hold out your hand!"

to be severe, and it had been severe. Dut Redfern was to stay at St. Dolly's!

There was a patter of feet in the passage, and Skelbon and Brown ran up.

There was a patter of feet in the passage, and Skelbon and Brown ran up.

The second of the second research research of the second research of th



"Hold out your hand!" Dr. Cranston took up the cane. Redfern held out his hands in turn, and the cane descended upon each of them eight times.

E shall have to celebrate this!"
said Brown III., after morning lessons.
A group of Classical juniors thered round Redfern minor in the hagle to congratulate him on his

had gathered rout quadrangle to o narrow escape.

narrow escape.

They wanted to ask him questions, too, and they asked them, but they received no astistation in the way of replies. Redfern simply wouldn't tell them what it had all been about, or what he had been breaking bounds for. When inquiries grow too pressing, he frankly davised the inquirers to mind their own business. Skelton and Brown knew; but as far as Redfern was concerned, nobody else would

as Kedfern was concerned, nobody else would know.

The juniors of St. Dolly's were beginning to know Redfern minor, and they soon gave up asking questions. Brown III. too, had was a great man in the Form now, and his perilous adventure and narrow escape should be fittingly celebrated in the Fourth. It was something for the Classicals to be in possession of a fellow who had been shut up in the punishment-room and nearly expelled; there was a coertain amount of celat about it. The Between Moderns and Classicals there had been a truce while Redfern's port listed the moment it was known that Redfern was afe the fruce was at one of the distance of the state of the

rest.

"Jolly good idea!" said Skelton. "Celebrate it, of course. Those Modern worms never have suppling to celebrate." Redfern laughed.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm jolly glad to get off, that's all. That's sufficient celebration for me."

"What form had it better take!" asked Desson. "What price parading the quad. in drums!" and blowing tin-whistles and beating drums!" "Jolly song get a prefer to the property of the prop

drums?"
"Jolly soon get a prefect on your neck if you start anything of the sort."
"My idea would be a feed," auggested Sprati. "As Refern is the founder of the Sprati. "As Refern is the founder of the "Good old Tubber,"
"I think it's a jolly good idea," persisted Spratt. "Refer nea borrow some tin from his major, and stand a big feed to all the Classicals in the Fourth."
"Ave.! We've got to colorate Reffern, and the solution of the solution

"It's all the same, so long-

as all the same, so long—" "So long as you get a free feed!" said.
Skelton, with a snort. "You rang off all rather think a feed's a good idea; you can't do better than stand a feed, when you come to think of it, especially now the cold weather's coming on. A feed for twenty is a good "Rename"."

good whees."
"Ripping!" said a dozen voices.
"But Reddy's not going to stand it."
"Couldn's," said Redforn cheerfully. "My
tin toesn't run to the extent of standing feeds
with sently at table."
suppose not. It's a question for subscription from the whole Form—with the exception of Reddy. "Hoar, hear!"

"Hoar, near!"
"All the Classical chaps will contribute, according to their means," said Skelton.
"Or according to their meanness!" said Benson, grinning.

"Dry up, Benson!" Skelton said. "Let's get to business." I'm going to put up a money-box in the passage, for every chap to put his contributions into."

"Why not pass round the hat?"
Phipps, a Fourth-Former who rejoiced same name as the house-porter, and was times jokingly called Phipps mit consequence.

consequence.

"Because the money-box is a better wheere. Some of the chaps have plenty of tin, and some of them have only a bit. Well. were considered to the them have only a bit. Well. were chaps ught to put in what he can. The word of the many ought to put in what he can. The will naturally put in a good deal, and the book ones needn't be ashamed of shoving in pennies and twopences. See the idea? Then a chap who shoves in half-acrown won't be able to wank about it, because nobedy'll know; and a chap who's only got a halpenny to spare needn't blush about it.

"Well, there's something in that," said Phipps doubtfully.
"Of course, there's something in it, ass: or I shouldn't suggest it!" said the captain of the Fourth.

the Fourth.

"What do you think, Reddy?" asked
Brown III., who saw a slight smile cross
Redfern's face as Skelton made his brilliant

rections a seem to make his printing proposition.

"Oh, I'm dead in this act, you know," said Redfern cheerfully. "It's all right! Skelton's doing this thing, and I don't want to try to improve upon his method,"

"Well, it seems to me a presty good idea,"

said Skelton.
"You go ahead, old chap!"
"What about the feed?" said Spratt
anxiously. "When is it to come off?"
"We can settle that later, Tubby."
And Skelton promptly carried out his

(Another rattling long instalment next



BEGIN THE STORY HERE.

Brayo, Welsby Albion! Well played, Jack

"Bravo, Webby Albon! Well played, Jack fenton i" A deafening volley of cheers rings across the Weblaghed and Albon playing-field as sturyd Jack Fenton slams Albon playing-field as sturyd Jack Fenton slams time. A few seconds later the whistle sounds for time, leaving the home team victorious by five souls to nil, four being scored by the new centre-forward, all is the sound students of the second students of the second students of the second students point, and the resourced and owns second students point, and has resourced the second students of the second students o

Aston 'Villa he wins the unstinted popularity of the townstella by his fautities, dashing play.

Returning to the dressing-room after the match, and ofter receiving a rousing receipto, Jack meet his rassally coustin, RICHA RID FEATURD, Richard is a fast receiving a rousing receipto, Jack meet his rassally coustin, RICHA RID FEATURD, Richard is at to blance for Jack's quarred with his autoratale father, and who has now eministly usurped Jack's position. Control of the country of the

(Now read this week's instalment.)

On Strike.

The HE newspaper report which Trainer Bill Shuter had shown to Jack Fenton after the match with Sanderland had not lied. The workers in the Red Mill at Welsby had gone out on strike, and had thus struck the first blow in the industrial war which was soon to shake Welsby to its foundations.

Jack Fennon tried to think of all that this was soon to shake Welsby. It had been back to the strike when the work of the

stepped on to the platform at Welsby, he was astonished to find himself almost instantly surrounded by a group of workmen. One of these, a big burly fellow, led off with

a cheer.
"Now then, boys!" he cried. "Altogether!
One, two, three! 'Hurrah!" cheered the

Then one of them struck up the customary refrain.

"For he's a jolly good fellow! He's a jolly good fellow! For-or he's a jolly good fel-ell-ow! And so say all of us!"

For-or ha's a jolly good fel-ell-ow!

And so say all of us."

"Hip, hip, hurnsh!"

The othering died sway, and Jack found himself a good twenty yards nearer the station exit, with a crowd of workmen swarming round him.

The othering died sway, and Jack found himself, and can be to be such that the state of the tought for elbow mon for himself, and faced the group of working men himself, and faced the group of working men himself, and faced the group of working men to the work when you deal with a crowd.

"Well," he asked. "And may, I ask what this demonstration means? It ask what this demonstration means? It all the work of you."

"I don't know what I've done to descree such praise," answered Jack."

"Stuff and nonsonse," reforted the big man. Taywest you been turned away from home Layers, you been turned away from home Jack well and him to the work of the well know that Sir John Fenton and you could never see eye to eye? And haven't we seen you play of a Saturday for the Welsby Albion, and prove yourself a man, which is Richard!" can be said for your cousin, Mr. Richard!"

Jack walked towards the street.

The orowd followed him. He found a group of a hundred or more me idling away their time outside. Perhaps they were waiting for than the provent of the process of the work of a boundred or more me idling away their time outside. Perhaps they were waiting for the means that the work of a hundred or more me idling away their time outside. Perhaps they were waiting for the means that the work of a hundred or more me idling away their time outside. Perhaps they were waiting for the wealth of the provent of the work of a hundred or more me idling away their time outside. Perhaps they were waiting for the way and the way as a immediate commotion amongst them.

them.

A moment later Jack found himself confronted by a mass of excited mill-hands. Some of them wore badges in their buttonholes, the badges which stamped them as Union men, and which they had been ordered to wear while on

which they had been ordered to wear while on strike.

"Are you strikers from the Red Mill?" asked Jack of the big man who walked by his side.

"Yee," answered the big man now. "We've bit talkin' things over the talkin' the talkin the talkin' the talkin the talkin the talkin the talkin to talk you to lead us in the atrike, to voice our claims, and to force a settlement with voice our claims, and to force a settlement with Sir John. You're the lad to do it, if you will. And we'll see—or rather the Union will see—that you don't suffer for it, either,"

Jack Fenton's lips outplated.

from pro-further. "Yes," answered the "We've

me. There are two sides to every question. Do you know what my father, Sir John Fenton.

***says—"

***we know!" cried the big man in a menacing voice. "We know! He says hat he's reducing wages because foreign competition is apoining the trade in Wesby. He says he's reducing the wages all round, instead of discharging lip per cent. of his employees to as to give 'em all a chance. He says he's study like! Lies! Do you hear?"

**But we workers of Welsby. Knowes mumber: But we workers of Welsby. Knowes mumber: But we workers of Welsby. Knowes the milder of the crowd, and the men taking off their caps burst. There were women workers and girl workers standing on the psyoment watching the scene with moist yes. Met of them wore the clog and shaw!. A poor, unhashiby lot they looked: Some of the strikers hoisted the big man up on their shoulders, and he caught sight of the women and the girls.

**Look at them!" he cried. "Look at the winner! In it it enough to make your heart them to!"

"Ay!" once more rang out in a menacing roar.

"And yet," shouled Jack Fepton, during a

roar.

"And yet," shouted Jack Fenton, during a lull in the storm, "before my father came to Weleby its trade was in ruins and its people starving. He, at least, has made the town what it is. And, though I dow't hold with the grinding down of the workers, I do hold with arbitration. Heat of Weleby, don't force Sir arbitration. Heat of Weleby, don't force Sir

The fellow nodded and grinned. But there seemed to be a threat voiled by the grin. "Yea" be cried. "And you have been waiting for me? Hove you anything to propose? If so, out with it." oried Jack. The young footballor was forced to a half bim prevented him from proceeding further. John's Fenton's hand. Meet him in an amicable spirit. He's stubborn, but he's reasonable it he's approached the right way, and he may give you concessions, if you'll only strive to meet him: "
"Have you ever found him reasonable, Jack" asked a workman in a heavy tweether with leering up into Jack's handsome but pale face.

to met time; over found him reasonable, Juck!" asked a workman in a heary tweed suit, leering up into Jack's handsome but pale face.

The crowd laughed at that.

Jack Featon, the outcast from Blackmers and the suit of the

he had passed the men he had the women to deal with.
Poor souls! They crowded round him closely, peering up into his handsome, serious face, and smiling at him as if he were a god, there was not one amongst them who did not recognise in him the son of Sir John Fenton, the capitalist, who was grinding them down—a son who had himself been crushed down beneath the iron heel of the tyrant barront.

It was our work, the labour of our hands, gained him title. And now he'd rob us of the right to live!"

"I tell you," cried a brutal-looking fellow, turning to George Keppell—"! tell you that that lad's a blackleg. I know him. You can't wash the taint out o' the blood in a generation. His sympathies are wi' the capitalists. He's a charlatan, that's what Jack Fonton.

"The way was the we'll we had a brutal-looking fellow, turning to George Keppell—"! tell you that that lad's a blackleg. I know him. You can't wash the taint out o' the blood in a generation. His sympathies are wi' the capitalists.

The man was the ruffian who had led the attack on Sir John Fenton's carriage.

George Keppell thrus thim rudely said:

The said of the sai

get him yet."

As for Jack, no sooner had he escaped from
the women than he was joined by his football

the women than ne was points.
"What's the game, Jack lad?" asked
Sturgess, the goalkoeper,
Jack Fenton smiled sadly.
"The game is, Sturgess," he cried, "that the
strikers wish to make a labour agilator of
ne, and offer me a seat in Parliament, but I
mean to keep out of his struggle if I can."

Jack Fonton's Appeal.

Jack Fonton's Appeal.

Support of the Appeal by arbitration.

by arbitration. Settle a strike by arbitration! It's a difficult matter, especially when the strike is in it in initial stages, when the workers have yet to initial stages, when the workers have yet to take the strike of the strike in the strike of the fighting spirit, backed by a strong sense of injustice.

The nir was for all the world as if it were uncharged with electricity.

The strike is an evil appearance at the foolball ground on Monday, and then went home.

On the way he found himself the centre of public attention. Jack Fenton, hitherto the despised footballer, the outcast from Blackmere

THE BOYS' REALM. Oct. 16, 1909.

Hall, had been the object of sneers and gibes. Now it had been reported-goodness knows how; news manages to get wind—that now how the same shows how; and the same shows how the same shows the same show

and the George Street Mills followed suit, and the strike was raging incredy.

The streets in the vicinity of the mills presented an extraordinary spectacle. Here men were to be seen on picket duty outside the gates, and every man or woman who approached the mills was subjected to a severe xamination.

Jack Fenton wont near on purpose to see and he was astonished at the activity and and he was astonished at the activity and with the second of the work of the

strike? he wondered. Who was responsible for the mismanagement which had brought it and the content of the mismanagement which had brought it and the content of the conten

night.

Rain was still falling, and not many people
were abroad. They were at home, enjoying
the warmth of a fire—maybe some of them
perhaps for the last time for many weary weeks

persaps to the last time for many weary weeks to come.

The monophere was glooms and oppressive in the the twn, and Jack telt thankful when he had made his way into the country lanes which isd up the hill to Blackmere Hall.

The water squelched heneath his boots as he tramped along the well-kept gavel drive. When he reached the Hall he found only when he reached the Hall he found only when he reached the Hall he found only up. Depression seemed to hold Blackmere Hall in its grip, too.

Jack mounted the steps of the house, and set the iron bell clanging fit to wake the dead. In answer to the summons a man came along In amount to the summons a man came along the monophysical states of the house, and the property of the summons of the property of the property

suspicion.

"Is old Benjamin here?" asked Jack.

"Is old senjamin here?" asked Jack.

"He has been superseded in the duties of the 'All, sir," answored the manservant.

"My business is with Sir John Fenton," said

Jack.
"What name, sir?" asked the man.
"John Fenton."

"Yolin Fenton."

"John Fenton."

"John Fenton."

"I have intructions from the beronet, sir,"

I have intructions from the beronet, sir,"

he asaid, "not to admit you."

"I respect your instructions," answered Jack
coolly. "But, at the same time, I must ask you
to take my name to my father, and bee him to
grant me an interview. You may tell him that
I shall not detain him long."

rant me an interview. You may tell him that shall not detain him long. The manservant hesitated. "Do as I command!" cried Jack impatiently, "Sir John's instructions were so explicit, sir

"I don't care how explicit they were. I have come on important business—business which does not admit of any delay. Take the message!" thundered Jack.

coca: not against of any delay. Take the message! 'thundered Jack.'

The manservant—creature of Richard The manservant—creature of Richard The manservant—creature of Richard The manservant—creature of Richard The manservant—creature of the manservant—creature of the manservant—creature of the door and locked it, so that Jack should not force his way into the house, and then went off core his way into the house, and then went off minutes. Then he came back again, unlocked the door, and thrust his grinning face out.

"Sir John says that he cannot see you, Mr. Fenton," he said. "He says that he desires to him by not troubling him again."

Then the follow would have shut the door in Jack's face; but, with a swift movement, Jack see his arm through the opening of the door. If the manser is not the same constitution of the door face of the minutes of the same constitution of the same const

door, the expostulating manservant treading at His father was within. Jack could hear his

door, the expostulating manservant treading at his hoels.

His father was within. Jack could hear his heels.

A moment later he had the door open, and had entered. He saw his father standing with his back to the fire, and his ceat-tail raised, whilst Richard Fenton was leaning lazily back his back to the fire, and his ceat-tail raised, whilst Richard Fenton was leaning lazily back his back to the fire, and his ceat-tail raised, whilst Richard Fenton was leaning lazily back his back to the fire, and his cate and his back to what the two men had to say.

As the door opened Sir John Fenton turned, and the phrase he was uttering ded away on his say. John the phrase he was uttering ded away on his man his ages. The next they had assumed the relembes atter which Jack knew only too well, in in the same with his his part of the relembes atter which Jack knew only too well, in in it to a same the his Jack knew only too well, in in the too was a same which Jack knew only too well, in in the same with Jack knew only too well, in it had been added to the same with Jack knew only too well, in it of the same and the same with Jack knew only too well, in the same with Jack knew only too well, and the same with Jack knew on his dark with Jack his part of the same with Jack his part of the same with Jack knew on any, and I think I can say with authority that, if you will have been much about the way, it is this. I have been much about the town, listening to what the strikers have to say, and I think I can say with authority that, if you will be the same will be same and the same will be same of the same will be same will be same of the same will be same will be same of the same will be well be war, it is the workers who have asked for it, and who will get it. If there is to be distress, it is these fools who John has money. He could sell his mills, and retire from the business, to live a life of case, whenever he chose, and the his policy, cost what it m

whenever be chose, and that he will do rather than have his hands forced by these low-horn scoundrels!"

Jack ignored his cousin. It was to him as if Richard Fenton had not spoken. He looked "Father", he said, "I have come to you in a friendly spirit, because I can foresee all the misery of the future. Meet these people half-way, Make them a concession, however slight-way, Make them a concession, however slight-way, Make them a concession, however slight-way. Bit John Fenton langhed. Once again he had contrasted his atrong, manly son with his again the contrast had been to the latter's disadvantage. But he had taken up an attitude years ago from which he did not intend to recede now. Sir John Fenton was one of those men who was the standard of the control of my business affairs over into his hands, and whatever he decides shall be done. "You have heard what my nephew has had to say," he said, in icy tones. "I have handed to say," he said, in icy tones. "I have handed to say," he said, in icy tones. "I have handed to say, he said, in icy tones. "I have handed to say, he said, in icy tones." It is to Richard Fenton its that this errice, is due! It is at my cousin that the people will be able to point and say: It is Richard Fenton who has done this monter at the strike of the said of

in this strike? "No, Jack, my brave boy, my dear son!" she cried, as the tears coursed down her cheeks. "Oh, if only he had you to lead him, there would be hope yet. But I see none as it is—

Would be the second of the sec

Was he weak, same the first time in his life his faith in manusche first time in his life his faith in manusche shaken.

Then he slowly raised his head, and looked his nephew in the eyes.

"What were you saying, Richard?" he asked; and the scheming nephew took up the discussion at the point he had left off, as if the interruption had never been.

He believed that he had his uncle completely in his nower.

door flying wide, and the servant staggering before him. All the servant staggering before him. All the servant staggering before him. All the servant server had been server

Saturday's match was against Everton, the leaders of the League, a team that were very hard to beat, sepecially, strange though it may seem, away from home.

The strike by that time was raging flercely. Three other mills had gone out on strike. The strike had gone out on strike. The might casily have been avoided, as at high might casily have been avoided, as at high might casily have been avoided, as a strike the strike of the stri

to identify himself with a demonstration against his father.

On the Saturday morning Jack found himself wondering what the gate would be like for the month of the saturday and the saturday and the saturday and to be full to overflowing. But the club's patrons had to be careful with the airpeness now. They couldn't afford to go to the football match every course, when money was flush. And yet it is attonishing what men will do in order to witness their beloved game of football.

When Jack went down to the ground in the early afternoon, he found the usual crowds their beloved game of football.

When Jack went down to the ground in the early afternoon, he found the usual crowds conditioned the saturday and the sa

wenty thousand peope amongs, te us ear, wenty thousand peope amongs, the under discussion in the dressing-room that aftermon was the strike, and the players cast meaning glances in Jack's direction as the lad entered.

"Jack's the boy who can tell you all about the strike," said Griffith.

Jack had become a hero in the eyes of his comrades, who saw in him something else than comrades, who saw in him something else than controlled the strike," and Griffith.

Jack, for his part, undressed very quietly, Jack, for his part, undressed very quietly donned his playing things.

He was too busy thinking about his father He was too busy thinking about his father himself about trivialities, mere Hall to worry himself about trivialities, mere than to deal of the "You"[I] blay the game today, laddiet."

and his mother at Blackmere Hall to worry minself about trivialities.

"You'll play the game to-day, laddiet" said Griffith, coming up to Jack.

Bill Shuter, the trainer, gave the centre-half an indignant glance.

"Flav the game?" he cried. "Can you said Griffith and the game and the game and the game all right the memont we get on the game all right the memont we get on the game all right the memont we get on the move, and I shan't forget that the team is Everton. Do you look to it that you watch precenant. There's mobody can score goals like the game and t

of the crowd.

There was a pleasant snap in the air which would render the game most enjoyable. Jack longed to get out on the playing pitch and kick the ball about. His mind had been too week that it had begun to get upon his nerves. The game would be a welcome relief. Everton, always quick to turn out, were the first team to be dressed for the game, and they made their way out on to the playing pitch to a roar of welcome, which had a decidedly Several excussions had brought atthusiant.

Several excursions had brought enthusiasts from Liverpool to see Everton lick the Albion, and they didn't forget to let the Welsby folk know it.

know it.

Sturgess, all impatience, went to the door of the dressing room, and then opened his mouth with a gasp of surprel. Here's someone to see you!

"Show him in." said Jack.

The next moment old Benjamin, looking more venerable than ever, stood before Jack, with a kindly smile in his twinkling eyes. He frame.

"admiration at Jack's stellart frame.

Trans." he cried "tou're the bonnie man,
Manter Jack! Bah! What's Mr. Richard!"
Then his face grew berious.
"Master Jack." he said—and his voice
trembled—"I came here for to tell you that
Lady Fenton's come down to the ground in an
open carriage to see the match, and I'm
aleared for her. She's Sir John's wife, and
they hate Sir John just now."
Jack started to his feet.
"Jeck started to his feet.
"We, Mistar Fenton. She's come to see you
play." "On the ground?"

"Yes, Mister Fenton. one a company."
Jack stared at Benjamin aghast, and the colour rushed to his forehead in a crimson flush. Then he spoke.

Benjamin he spoke.

Ben

But t even as he spoke a howl from the crowd ad Jack to rush to the door. He ran down to the players' gate, and, looking towards the grand stand, he saw his mother, looking beautiful, but, oh, so pale, about to take a seat in the front of the stand amongst the directors, and he saw the energy crowd surging and swaying, whilst first were shaken at her. "There she is!" cried one angry man. "That's her! That's the wife of the capitalist, Down with Sir John Fortons." Then Jack, whose heart was swelling fit to burst, found his comrades crowding upon him, and mechanically he ran out on to the playing pitch.

lands, toutes need to the playing pitch.

No sconer did the crowd catch sight of his pitch.

No sconer did the crowd catch sight of his well-set and manly figure than a cheer burst forth which must have startled the town. How they cheered? It hand-clapping and shouting was universal. It never ceased whilst half was the startled the startled the startled that had been successful that had been s

Jack looked at Griffith, smiled, and then obeyed. Up went the coin into the air, and down it came again, and the Everton skipper having called, looked down to find that he had

having called, socket terms and the case decided to stay where he was, and the team did not cross over, which gave Everton a vory slight advantage from the wind.

Then the ball was placed in position, the windte low, and the game began.

The teams were composed as four and Macronachie, backs; Harris, Taylor, and Make peace, half-backs; Sharp, Coleman, Freeman, Young, and Mountford, Growards.

Welsby Abion: Sturges, goal: Bailey and half-backs; Riley, Hughes, I ack Funton, Andrews, and Jamisson, forwards.

The game began at a terrific pace, and thrice the home forwards almost broke through.

through.

Then Everton had a turn, and Freeman, with a dashing run and a show of pace which was electrifying, broke through the middle, and with the goal at his mercy, let fly at ten yards' range a shot which seemed bound to

score.

A thrill of hreathless excitement was felt by
the crowd, and then, miracle of miracles as it
seemed. Starges just managed to get his fist
to the ball, and sent it flying on to the crossbar, whence it went over the top of the net
for a corner-kick. The crowd gave vent to a
great shout.

From the corner-kick a scramble took place in which the ball seemed to bounce about the tops of the players' heads for quite a minute, and then, with a long kick, Griffith sent the ball into touch well beyond the half-way line, and the pressure was relieved.

Lall into touch well beyond the halt-way line, and the pressure was relieved to rest. Sharp made play from the threw in, and Sturges by a daring dash out of goal only just manged to pull down the ball from the top of Freeman's heed. He had just line to hurt it to a man the state of the stat

tell.

A roar of laughter went up, but it was instantly changed into a cry of horror which is the control of th

move.
The next moment a piercing shriek came from the grand stand.
"My boy! My Jack! My son! My poorboy!"

boy!"

Lady Fenton was standing on her feet, with her hands tightly clasped, and with a look of agony on her face, and there want one man is all that was concourse of people who had not some show of pity for her now.

The mother was distraught. She thought her son was dead!

(Another powerful long instalment next week. Don't forget to buy No. 5 of "THE BOYS REALM" POOT. BALL LIBRARY. Now on sale-id.)

THE ATHLETIC CORNER

Conducted by W. G. GEORGE, Holder of the World's One Mile Champlonship.

The Action for Long-Distance Running.

If PROMISED in, last week's article to describe to you the corresponding to the control of the control for Long-Distance Re

wearmess
Unfortunately, this trouble comes to all at some time or another, and it is therefore advisable that a light but by no means too low a heel should be attached to all long-distance running-shoes, so that the right position of the foot may be maintained throughout a run.

foot may be maintained throughout a run.
The actual action will be immediately apparent to anyone who tries to accomplish the
foregoing instructions, and after that, all the
pupil will have to do is to swing the arms,
which must be held low, forward as each
stride is taken, just far enough to compel the
body and head to follow them and so foce
body and head to follow them and so foce
possible forced exertion, in support of the unbalanced falling forward motion of the body.

This action will naturally

and therefore the athlete must make a point of striding out as far as possible, but never to the extent of disturbing his even carriage and steady balance.

the extent of disturbing his even carriage and steady balance.

When the pupil has once discovered and corrected his imperfections, and has "cottoned on" to the best way of accomplishing his desire to do the thing properly, all he will desire to do the thing properly, all he will on practising until it has become just as natural and more easy for him to run, or "fall forward," than to walk. Then he will be fit and ready to run a "Marsthon."

Great Britain in the past had prided herself on her stamina and staying power, but her some appear to be very complete the some appear of the stay of of th

As it turned out, we were ignominiously saten and outclassed, not one of our boaster alampions occupying a single prominent posi on at the finish.

We may well ask, "What happened?" and "Why were we beaten?"

The answer is simple. We have been pre-eminent so long in this class of contest that we became too cocksure of ourselves, and in con-sequence neglected our training, and put off the necessary preparation for the event in question until too late, and thus permitted other countries to oust us from our proper

place.

It is, however, a very good thing for this country that it was athletics, and not war, that gave us our lesson. But now it has been given, we must see to it that we make amends, and we must strive to re-establish ourselves in the eyes of the world, and to our own satisfaction.

We certainly have the material and the knowledge, but we have lacked the discipline, and neglected our old national habits of taking a sufficiency of practice and exercise.

a sunciency or practice and exercise.

Our transcars, motor buses, tubes, lifts, etc., have had a great deal to do with this; but my young readers will, I trust, see to it that they at least will not develop into drones by the too great a use of all such conveniences.

great a use of all such conveniences.

Let them one and all climb a few flights of stairs, run or walk to school or work, and always play, the game, my boys, at whatever you are doing; and don't forget the "handwou will not only make athletes, but men of yourselves. More than that, you will quickly restore to Great Britain her prestige and pride of place.

(To be continued mext week. No. 5 of THE "BOYS' REALM" FOOTBALL LIBRARY IS now on sale j. Dog't fall to buy a copy.)

THE YOUNG FOOTBALLER.

A Fine New Series of Instructive Articles by J. W. Robinson, the Famous International Player.

GOALKEEPING (continued).

THINK the best and casiest way to tackle this subject, so that you will get the most out of it, will be to give you four guiding rules right off, and enlarge upon them afterwards:

1. A goalkeeper should never kick if he has time to use his hands.
2. Always throw or kick the ball to the wings, and not to the centre of the ground.
3. Never leave the goal vanishing out the onlookers.
Now, regarding my first rule, you will, I

unless it is absolutely necessary.

4. Don't endeavour to gain the applause of the onlookers.

Now, regarding my first rule, you will, I am sure, know that when a shot is taken at an are, know that when a shot is taken at a state of the sure of t

your opponents will score

from it.

My rule No. 2 is a most important one, because if a goalkeeper sends the ball to the centre of the ground it is far more likely that centre of the ground it is far more likely that addition to the fact that such a movement will not give much time for the defence to collect itself and get into position. Kieking or throwing the ball to the centre of the ground is sure to result in another attack, because the opposing players, having already attacked, will be more or test massed well

with the continued.

up in the centre; consequently, the only asfe way to bring relief is to send out to the wings. In this way it doesn't matter so very much if the wing player is robbed of the ball, because the defence will have had time to get into position and be ready to care. The continue of the

it a goalcoper or meaning botween the poets to incoving way a find head of eaving, as it however a sign of the control of the

who risks his side for the sake of his own pleasure. This kind of play is bad enough in other positions of the field, but it is ten times worse play the real, solid game you are worthy of far more applase than you would be by playing in bursts of brilliance. It may be very tempting to make a forward look poor by some risky movement of yours, but it is mot football.

W. Robinson

LOST MATCHES.

By G. L. B. COVERDALE, Hon. Sec. East Riding County F.A.

Y the time this appears in print.

Realmites will no doubt have placed to or two matches. Now, my remarks this week are chiefly directed.

Those clubs that have won or drawn will be full of enthusiasm, and will play all the harder to keep an unbeaten record.

to keep an unbeaten record.

My sympathy always goes out to the clubs
that lose their first few matches, especially list
that club is a new junior organisation. Should
a new club lose its first two or three contests,
then comes perhaps the most critical time in
its career. Lott games, unfortunately, invariably bring dissatifaction, and when this
element makes itself apparent, it needs careful
management and fact to weather the storm.

management and tact to weather the storm. Furthermore, the officials will have to use their persuasive powers to retain the dangiers. By this term, I mean those at the first lost states and the state of the state

piayers.
You may say don't have "danglers" in your club. Well, I agree, certainly; but a club is had to get together without them, and very often it occurs that circumstances render it imperative to include some of these luke-warm individuals in a team.

individuals in a team.

Captains, secretaries, and officials should never lose sight of the fact that when one team wins its opponents must lose; we all can't win. There is much more credit due to a team that keeps together, although losing match after match, than there is to a team that is always

match, than there is to a team that is always winning. Should your club have lost its first few matches, I recommend that yo call a general your non-success. Let the captain express his views on the situation, and then let any member of the team speak and give his advice. Consider where your weak youring are, whether in the defence or the attack, and how the It may be that the club has been dozend

It may be that the club has been dogged with ill luck, and matches have been lost by the odd goal only. If this be the case, then

Sec. East Riding County F.A.

the team does not need very much reconstructions, and it only requires a little of the "We
are going to win." spirit, and the next match
will see your team come out with flying colours,
and confidence will again spring up in the
hearts of players and supporters.
With respect to the club that has lost badly,
say, by four or five goals, then something more
than mere talk is essential. Probably new
players are required, and these are hard to
its more, parall! by a losing team; and, with
y now have got fixed
by no many the profile is the players with
y now have got fixed.

is more, nearly all players worth anything will by now have got fixed up.

A general meeting is certainly the place for a junior club to discuss the question of new players, as those members present will doubtless. What is better, they may now join a team. What is better, they may now join a team, which is the players of the players you want. Perhaps the whole of a player of one or two of such will change the whole of the players of the players of the players of the players.

Map out some defined method of attack, and try to arouse the enthusian of one or two of such will change will again come your way.

Map out some defined method of attack, and try to arouse the enthusian of one or try or the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; and the worst outprits go; your club will certain of the worst outprits go; in the players go on the field in the "I know we shall lose; we do last week" spirit. It is natchen.

Good fellowship and unselfshness are other

oscermination, as well as good play, that wins Good fellowship and unselfahness are other essentials. Cultivate these traits, and your club is bound to be a success.

When you lose a match don't blame the reference; he may have made a mirake, but more often he doesn't. Players are too apt to more often he doesn't. Players are too apt to consult reference that much chosed official—the tooball reference to the players who are absolutely ignorant of the official rule, and the laws of the being discussed by players who are absolutely ignorant of the official rule, and the laws of the game generally. If players would only study the rules a little trace, we should bear much lose of this disaster.

ASTON VILLA.

The History of the Famous Midland Club Briefly Retold.

N the year 1874 a band of young men connected with Aston Villa Wesleyan Church, Lozella, Birmingham, decided to form a humble of the property of the property

somewhat crude shooting and dribbling of the players with great interest.

George Ramsey was a footballer of no mean repute. He have year a footballer of no mean repute. He have seen a footballer of the control of th

endeavoured to rob him of the leather seemed almost uncamp.

Quick to seize their opportunity, George Ramsey was asked to become a permanent member of the club; and within a very short time he was, willy-nilly, elected captain of the Villa team. Under his splendid leadorship they of the members improved marvellously.

Of course, it took a long time to lick the talens of the course, it took a long time to lick the talens of the course of the cours

organisations. Two More New Recruits

Presently, however, there came on the scene
hose two wonderful players, Archie and Andy
Hunter, and the brothers helped considerably to
further improve the play of the Villa team.
Graph of the property of the Villa team, and the property of the Villa team.
In the state of the Villa team of the Villa team, and the state of the Villa team.
In the Aston Villa Club to a very, high point of the Aston Villa Club to a very, high point of the Aston Villa Club to a very, high point of the Aston Villa Club to a very high point of the Aston Villa Club was formerly connected with Ayr
Thisde, whils his brother Andy had previously will be the Villa Club was due to Goorge Ramsey, it was Archie Hunter who actually laid the foundations of its fortunes. It was a lacky chance that brought the redoubtable Archie into touch with the Vival organisation of the Aston of the Aston of the Vival organisation of the Aston of the Vival organisation of the V

Improved the play

of the team beyond recognition.

It is sad to relate that the brothers Hones both died prematurely from that deadly accurge consumption, as did John Hunter, a three brother, who played for Third Lanark. Archib Hunter captained the Aston Villa team for nine years, (4corge Ramsey having been skipper the four seasons previous to his occupying that resistion.

the four seasons previous to his occupying thes position.

Soon after Archie Hunter arrived on the scene, the Aston Vills Ulub obtained a ground scene, the Aston Vills Ulub obtained a ground season the Aston Vills Ulub obtained a ground season that the William Season that the William Season that the William Season that the season that the William Season the Season that the Season that the William Season the Season the Season that the William Season the Season the Season that the William Season the Seaso

(This splendid article will be continued out

A. S. Hardy's Great Football 44 The Boys' Realm " Football Library-1d. THE BOYS' REALM. Yern is New Starting in Get, 16, 1908. "The Blue Crusaders."



OU'RE done, Jack; let's stop it!"

"Yes, old man, do. It'll be
draw, and no shame to either o

The speaks were Frank Tyrrell and Gooff Deane, two Corainpham College boys. On the former's knee sat Jack Playfair, breathing beavily, but with the flame of fight still as bright as ever in his eyes. "Sponge away!" was his curt response. "I'm not caving in yet. I'm jolly well keeping on as long as I can see!" "Time!"

Times? As long as I can see!"

Times?

Times!

Times!

Times!

Times!

Times!

Times as the call Playfair rose to face his oppound, Hardwick, for the sleventh round.

Yes, the cleventh round. Not often that a school fight gots into double figures, but another with the tusted which was waged on the greensward among the becches of Downsford Park, two miles from Corsingham.

"Wonder how long they'll keep on?" muttered Layley, one of Hardwick's supporters.

"Till they jolly well drop!" replied Hardwick's supporters.

"Till they jolly well drop!" replied Hardwick's supporters.

"Till they jolly well drop!" replied Hardwick's supporters.

"Till they jolly well drop!" for man isn't going to give Playfair best faction. Though the hard-drawn breath of the fighters came sobbingly through their nostrils.

Playfair was hitting out with the force of a kicking mule.

"No end to the beggar's strength," sighed

"No end to the beggar's strength," sighed "Toughest chap in Corsingham, I'll bot,"

"Toughest chap in Corsingham, I'll bet," said Tyrrell.
"Wonder how it will end?"
"Time enough for the end when it comes; and that won't be for a bit wet. Jack's going "Ugh!" A queer-sounding grunt that of Playfair's, an expression of mingled pain and satisfaction. Parrying a lunge of Hardwick's with his left, he had just got in a heavy body blow, which made his opponent gasp and real. Recovering, he pressed Playfair hard, and a the dull thudding of each blow was marked by the grating breaths of giver and receiver. Rousing all his flagging forces, Playfair managed to best Hardwick off, and a nonment later landed home a whizing right-hander on the point of the chin, which sent his antagonist his horain was recking in a sickening fit of dissiness. The time-keeper's voice, trembling with sherial was recking in a sickening fit of dissiness. The time-keeper's voice, trembling with kericiment, began to count out the seconds. Hardwick made an effort to rise, but failed.

Hardwick made an effort to rise, but failed. He lay still for two seconds, then tried again, for though every nerve and sinew of his bruised body was calling for rest, the lust of battle was still raging fiercely in mind and heart. His second attempt was successful, though he was a pitilable sight as he staggered to his feet. Again Frank Tyrrell said that the fight should be stopped, but Hardwick's second only smiled in reply.

ngms mound on supples, out listedwicks second only smiled in reply.

"You can stop it a sering your classifier of the divines the fight. But short of that—well—Go on, Hardwick. Well hir, sir !"

Tit, tat! Thud, thud! It might have been a second round inseed of the twelfth; but the pace was too furious to last long. Hardspeed with equally overpowering effects, and the two went down just as the timekeeper called the end of the round. And when time was called again, neither of the combatant could respond to it, neither had strength out, and they were too well matched to be able to fight to a finish; and it was with very evident relief that Langley, the timekeeper, declared the match drawn.

The relief essembi to be shared by all present.

ectarce the matter drawn.

The relief seemed to be shared by all present goopt Carby. H; was heard to say that his han was quite willing to go on, and that there was no sense in having the thing declared a

draw; there was no satisfaction in such a result. He would rather have lost, he said. "All right, Carby," came the quiet voice of Geoff Deane, a resolute-looking, grey-eye fellow, who was helping Tyrell to attend to Playfair; "I'm glad you look at it that way, and if you want a definite result, you'd bester try to win it yoursell. Hardwick and Playfair can do no more, so suppose you and start in? I'm quite ready, if you are."

"Oh," he stattered, "that's nothing to do with it! There was to be a fight between Hardwick and Playfair, because Playfair called Hardwick and Playfair, because Playfair called Hardwick al lar, and—" "Yes," said Deane cuttingty; "and Hard-

caired Hardwick a liar, and—"
"Yes," and Deane cuttingly; "and Hardwick had only spoken what he thought was the truth; because he repeated what he had heard on the word of honour of his precious friend Carby, Hardwick has fought for what Carby did, as Carby's too clover a coward to fight for himself!" Oh. hold on there!" blustered Carby. "I

for himself!"

"Oh, hold on there!" blustered Carby. "I can't stand that, you know!"

"I don't want you to." said Deane; "I'm trying to stir you up. I want you to answer me in the only possible way. There's bad fellows to fight your battles for you leng enough. And now I'm saking you to do a little for yourself—to fight for your own hand."

"But why should I fight with you!" said Carby, glanding at Geoff Deane through half-dored eyes. We've no quarrel. "I'm the word of the said carby, glanding at Geoff Deane through half-dored eyes. We've no quarrel. "I'm the said carby should be said to the said carby should be said to the said of th

Carby, will you fight now?"

There was no help for it now. Carby knew that if he refused his influence over Hardwick, Langlee, and the rest would be gone. Largley acted as his second, while Tyrrell officiated for Gooff Dead, while Tyrrell officiated. This second his hit for halfway through the second, Carby was knocked clean off his feet and on to his back, and failed to come up within the prescribed time.

"I understand now," thought Playfair, "why the beggar gets other fellows to fight his battles for him. Very good reason; can't half his bast of the control of the co

The School House Match.

[That great day in Downsford Park had marked the close of the summer term. Since then the holidays had passed, and now Corsingham Station was echoing once again to the should so the boys returning to the old school on the hill. As Geoff Deane stood apart watching the tumult, his tanned face grew grave as Carby passed him with a sneeding remark to his companion,

tanned face grew grave as Carby passed him with a sacering remark to his companion, Donnelly.

Little wonder that Geoff's thoughts went back to the day of the great fight, and that he felt vaguely anxious about what the coming weeks would bring. Hardwick and Playfair weeks would bring. Hardwick and Playfair and the company of the company of the head of the company of the company of the know that Carby's eamity against him burned all the more intensely since the short, harp lesson given on the greensward among the beeches.

beeches.
The junior skipper was roused from his

reverie by the touch of a firm hand upon his arm. Turning, he was greeted by Bradley, of the Sixth, the captain of the Corsingham Col-lege first eleven.

sign first eleven.

"Look here, Deane," said the prefect, "I've got some news for you. The date of the inter-flowse match for the Alberley Cup has been fixed. It's much earlier than usual this year. On Wednesday week in fact. But there's a special reason for it."

special reason for it."
Deane looked up inquiringly.
"Mr. Alberley himself," continued Bradley,
"Mr. Alberley himself," continued Bradley,
"is paying a visit to the Head next week, and
the match has been fixed so that he may winess it. He has never been able to do so before, so I hope you will put up a specially good
fight. Ramember what's depending on it. If
Milner's goes down this time—well, you know
what that will mean."

what that will mean."

Geoff Deane nodded rather blankly. He knew what it would mean only too well. In the early days of Corsingham College that Iamous school had comprised two Houses only, known as the School Houses and Milner's. Though the number had since been added to, the two old Houses regarded themselves being in a time spart, and between themselves cholarship had always been carried on with unflagging vigour.

This rivelry had been encouraged when a

undlagging vigour.

This rivisty had been encouraged when a former master, Mr. Albertey—a most entitudiation attended to the season of the season representing the two original Houses of course representing the two original Houses of the season of the sea

Gooff Datase's uneasiness will be accounted for when it is added that the School House had already been successful two years in succession, so that another win would give them the coveted trophy for their own. The junior captain knew that it would be a hard job for his own House-Milner's-to put up an eleven the order that the contract of the contra

outside matter—stand in the way."

Deane knew very well to what these concluding words of the prefect referred, and they close the college. Arriving there, he made his way along the corridor upon which the Fourth-Form studies opned. But passing by the door of his own special domain, Study No. 5, henceked at that belonging to Study No. 5.

knocknd at that belonging to Study No. 5.
Now, Study No. 5 was occupied by Carby, and his friends, Hardwick, Langley, and Doniely. These four were all good footballers, and, in order to give Milner's a chance in the coming contest, they would have to be included in the eleven. And Geoff Deane would have to ak them to play. That was what Bradley had meant by not letting anything personal. After what had happened at the end of the summer term, it was a very hard thing for the junior captain to do; but Geoff Deane wo the fellow to the fellow to shirk his plain duty, and when a very hard thing lay in the path of it he usually tackled the hard thing right away.

His pulse guickened a little as he knocked

tackled the hard thing right away.
His pulse quickened a little as he knocked at the portal of the enemy's camp; then, in answer to Carty's drawing summons, he had been as the control of the control of the control of the study, together with Douglas Hope, Ton Langley's consin, who was lounging by the manteloisee. Hope had come to Cersingham

only a few weeks before the end of last term, and very little was known about him yet.

"I want to have a few words with you fellows," began Geoff, "if you don't mind."

"Oh, no, "travked Carby, "I don't think we mind—very much. You see, we always make allowances. A few words, I think you said? allowances A few words, I think you said?

"Allowances A rew words, I think you said? We will not be and to game." I would not be a few and the words. The words were the said to said.

The sneering words touched Deane on the raw, and he had a hard struggle to keep back an angry reply. But he was there to speak for the House, not for himself, and he managed to smother his irritation.

"I suppose you know," he said, fixing his grey eyes straight on Carby's, "that the inter-House match for the Alberley Cup takes place on Wednesday week?"

THE 2nd CHAPTER

E did hear something of it,"
returned Carby; "but, of course,
we weren't much interested. It
be a very tame affair, I expect
Last year we had the pleasure of watching
Milner's get jolly well licked; and, of course,
we shall have the same pleasure again on Wednesday week; only this time, of course, School
House will win the cup for 'kepes."

House will win the cup for 'keeps.'"
"And you seem very pleased with the notion," said Deane indigrantly. "But it's just to prevent the School House winning the cup for 'keeps' that I've come here now. Instead of sitting up gloating over the defeat of your own House, Carby, it would suit you better if you came on the field to play the game, and help Milner's to win. That's just what I'm asking you fellows to do. I don't want our bickering to be the means of Milner's losing the Alberloy Cap, and so I ask you to put it saids for the old House a clim with the rost of us, to give the old House a clim with the rost of us, to give the

Langley, Hardwick, and Donnelly started, and exchanged glances. Deane could see that all three were inclined to accept his proposal. But they left Carby to not as their spokesman, and Carby did not exactly see eye to eye with his chums.

churas.

"Ah," he drawled, "very interesting position! The noble captain is at his wits end to
find a team; so, for his oredit's sake, he doesn't
mind putting his pride in his pocket a bit.
Geoffrey Doane, Essr., eating humble pic
Study No. 51 Good thing it's not generally
known, or the whole school would be crowding
in to see the show. I'm sure that

"The Color whose of the property." He saw that

in to see the snow. I'm sure that—
But Carby stopped abruptly. He saw that
Deane was roused, and, though brave enough
with his tongue, he did not care to provoke
anything physical.

Deane was roused, and, though brave enough with his tongue, he did not care to provoke as the provide with the provide with the provide and the provide with th

wind out of his sails.

"Well," he said, with a poor attempt at cheerfulness, "I suppose I'll have to follow the majority. But it's understood, of course, that this arrangement only affects the cup match, we're not coming into the eleven for good, and when Wednesday's contest is over we go back to the old terms."

"You mean it's only a truce, not an alliance," said Hardwick. "Well, let it go at (Continued on the next page.)

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that, for the present. Perhaps, when Wed-baseday's contest is over, we'll have something more to say about it."

Carby darted a venomous look at the speaker, and be seemed to have the check to entertain, and he seemed to have the check to entertain, and he seemed to have the check to entertain, and he already threshed out and settled. Hardwick would have to be put back in his placemon just then, however, for Geoff Deane had his toan-book out, and was entering the names. Carby's was put down last, its owner remarking entertain the contra-forward, but that he leared he was rather out of practice.

team-book out, and was entering the names, team-book out, and was entering the names, that he would be glad to play in his old place, entre-forward, but that he feared he was rather out of practice. "Well," said Deane, "as soon as I take the team-list to Bradley, he will arrange several ground the said that the said the said that the said the said that the said that the said that the said that the said the said that the said the said that the sai

What purpose do you mean?" queried

Deane.
"Why, to cheer on Milner's to the fray, of course, on the great day of the Alberley Cup match."
then, that'll do, Grasshopper,"

course, on the great asy of the Alberley Cup "Now, then, that"ll do, Grasshopper," laughed Geoff. "There'll be no chance for you go blowing "there'll be no chance for you do go blowing into mergaphones on the match day, You'll want all your breath for those dashing right wing russes of yours." "Neell," explained Morton. "I'm going to lend it or preddy Ward; and if he doen't keep on shouting the old war-cry. "Mop 'em up, Milner's "Mop'em up, Milner's "Mop'em up, Milner's "Mop'em up, Milner's "Mop'em up, Milner's "Linke jolly well bed with it, good and hard."

"Well," said Geoff, "I hope Milner's will be ole to mop 'em up on Wednesday week, and bre's the little list of those I'm depending on

to do it."

The little list was eagerly scanned, and soon there were exclamations of surprise.

"What! Carby at centre-forward!" oried

Tyrrell:
"Donnelly, Deanc, and Langley, half-backs."
read Morton, in amazement.
But the big surprise was reserved for Playfair.
"Backs, Playfair, liardwick," he stuttered,
"Backs, Playfair, liardwick," he stuttered,
but the big surprise was reserved for Playfair,
"Backs, Playfair, liardwick," he stuttered,
but the was reserved for Playfair,
"Backs, Playfair, Liardwick," Well, what
shall be, shall be."
He sat down, ado, putting on the fogbornvoice he often assumed, said, slowly and im-

voronically and the School House for-"Wall. I hope that the School House for-wards will be frequently giving us look-up; for, if left to ourselves, H. and I will be sure to get putting our dukes up!"

"No, no!" said Deane. "All that's barred till after the match. We've sworn a truce, and they to giving in to halp deep up. Miner's them in the same spirit as they're offering them-selves."

es." Right you are, Geoff," said Tyrrell. "You

"Right you are, Good," and Tyrrell. "You ought to go in for the diplomatic service, old man. When you went in to Study No. 5, we sat waiting for you to be thrown out."

"Dare say I would have been," said Deane, "if I had let Carby's talk affect me." "Queer lot, Carby!" muttered Playfair. "Spite of my mill with Hardwiok. I'm sure we'll play all right together, and Langley and Donnelly are both decent chiaps. But, between ourselves. I wish we could have had another contents. What about that counts of Langley's: I "Quite so," and Gooff; "but when Carby offered, I couldn't refue bim in favour of a new chap whom we'd never seen play."

With a sair snow, was bracied's verdict.

With a sair snow, was bracied as verdice, well, Deame, seed's practice, you should do very well, Deame, seed's practice, you should do very well, and, though Carby grumbled that he was boing overtrained, the others all seemed the botter for it. In their week the strangely-assembled eleven bucked up wonderfully, seeming to be inspired throughout with Geoff Deame's eventful Wednesday came round the prospects of School House carrying off the cup as their own were not quite so rosy as they had been. The great day broke bright and clear, with just enough of a nip in the sit to nerve the own of Corsingham were simmering with excitement, and the field was lined with eager spectators a good hour before the time of starting play. Perohed on the roof of the paylion was Freddy Ward, tightly grasping Morton's patched mega good hour before the time of starting play. Perohed on the roof of the paylion was Freddy ward, tightly grasping Morton's patched mega for the cheering that was to come, kept feeding him with black-currant jujubes. However, the jujubes had begun to pall, and Ward was all impatient to begin; so when a burst of hearty cheering ran round the field, Freddy hurriedly swallowed the jujube have see engaged on, and raised the megaphone to his lips.

THE 4th CHAPTER Entente Cordiale.

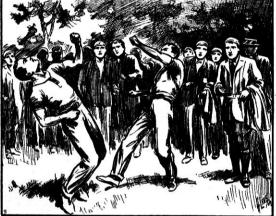
Entente Cordiate.

Thalf-time they changed over without either side having scored. It was soon made plain that Milner's attack had lost a lot of its sting; in fact, their centre-forward seemed to have eracked up altogether. He muffed his shots, foorled his passes, and let the School House player romp round him generally. The deplay was pitting, after the dashing show he had made in the first strength of the str Good thing there's no score up!" muttered

after the dashing show he had makes in the arish.

"Good thing there's no score up!" muttered Hardwick, preparing to meet a rush.

He cleared, and then settled down with Playfair to defend their goal. They were grimly resolved that, whether their own forwards according to the settled down with Playfair to defend their goal. They were grimly resolved that, whether their own forwards according to the settled down with the settled down and the settl



Hardwick's right and Playfair's left got home together with equally powering effects, and the two went down just as the timekseper called end of the round.

"Good old Milner's!" he bellowed. "Play
up, boys! Go it-go it! Mop em up, Milner's!
Maw-wa-p' em up!"
"Steady on, juggins!" shrieked Dyce, trying
to play up the megaphone with the jujub-box.
"You can't expect our chaps to start mopping
up in the dressing-room. The teams aren't

"You can't expect our chaps to start mopping ean up in the dressing-room. The teams aren't our grant was a start of the st

hope. So buck up, old man! Here, have another jujube!"

another jujube!"
There was only one subject of talk in Milner's
House that evening. The replay had been fixed
for the Saturday, so that Mr. Alberley, who had
been highly pleased with the keanness shown
in that day's contest, might see the matter

been highly pleased with the keenness shown in that day's contest, might see the matter decided.

"Welf, Jack," said Denne to Playfair, after tea, in Study No. 3. "Hardwick and you played up like brothers, I must say! If it hadn't been for your defence, it wouldn't have been a draw."

for your defence, it wouldn't have been a draw."

"Oh," said Playfair, with a sly wink, "it's not the first time Hardwok and I have been very busy together, and ended duy with a draw.— Hallow at the door, and, in answer to Deane's "Come in!" Hardwick and Langley presented themselves.

"Sit down, you chaps," said Goff, "You haven't come to tell us that the truce is ended, have you? You aren't going to leave us in the burch with the replay on Saturday.—h?"

"Of course not," said Langley, "The truce of course, the course of course, the doesn't court—not now."

"How do you mean," asked Deane, "doesn't count—not now."

"He way of the said Langley." He's

"He has drawn out," said Langley. "He's not playing again."

"Oh! Doesn't feel fit, I suppose," said Gooff, "I was very sorry to ce him crack up the way he did after the innerval."

"Ituh!" said Hardwick. "I dare say you'll be sorrier still when you know that he cracked up on purpose. He did his best to give the match awoy."

"Ant?" exclaimed the occupants of Study Yatar."

"Fact," said Ilardwick, "We know Carby, and we twigged what he was after. Of sourse, for it. When we taxed him with it just now, he idd't deap; it, but said we were soft-headed fools for not doing the saus. In fact, he said no much that we got fed up with Carby; and the trault is, he's seeing about a shift to mother to much that we got fed up with Carby; and the trault is, he's seeing about a shift to mother to much that he got fed up with Carby; and the reduction of the saus in the same that we will be a low-down trick!" asked Deane.
"Why!" replied Hardwick. "Broause he couldn't stand us broaking away from him the other night when you came out of Carby." dirty thumb too long, and hen under Carby dirty thumb too long, and hen under Carby dirty thumb too long, and the carby done with. That's one good turn you've done us. Deane."

After a little more talk about Carby, Geoff said;

the beants."

After a little more talk about Carby, Gooff said:

But who can we put in his place?"

Well," suggested Langiey, "if you've got to the Carby's place in Study No. 5, and I dare say he'll be able to the Carby, a try. He's going to the Carby's place in Study No. 5, and I dare say he'll be able to take his place in the field as well."

Gooff Deano interviewed Hope at once, and cousin certainly had all the outward signs of a speedy forward. The deep cheat, the alim beins, the well-kind limbs, every curve of the lithe figure suggested pace and agility. Deane the fact was that Hope, who was by on means a duffer, had seen what a hold the unworthy carby had gained over his cousin and clums, and had not been able to take much interest in the fact was that Hope, who was by on means a duffer, had seen what a hold the unworthy carby had gained over his cousin and clums, and had not been able to take much interest in the fact was of the fact was that Hope, and hope was all cagerness to take a part in defending the record of Miner's House. That night, Gooff Doano retired to rest well content, and full of the fact of the fact was a part in defending the record of Miner's House. That night, Gooff Doano retired to rest well content, and full of the fact, Gooff know, would give his chuma a lot of confidence, and norve them to still more vigorous fact, Gooff know, would give his chuma a lot of confidence, and norve them to still more vigorous fact, Gooff know, would give his chuma a lot of confidence, and norve them to still more vigorous that the seen that the temporary trace between the rival factions might it would be time enough to see about that when the great match had been lost and won.

The eagerly-warited Saturday afternoon came round. Again the Head and his guest, Mr. Alberley, took their places on the parallon roof. Again Dyon ministered to his friend with jujubes. But Freddy was very much out of spirits

appearing as centre-forward.

Never as we he beggar kick a ball yet," he ready to the control of the control of

if the Alberley Cup were already as good as gained. They were just a trille previous, howagained. They were just a trille previous, howLangley, rising after being charged down, seemed to be in difficulties with his ankle. When the next rush came, he shrew himself into is with good heart, but went down heavily again, and this time he was compelled to leave Fredey Ward groamed.

"Only ten men! We never had much chance, where they were not got a ghost of one now."

"Other up, old grouner" said Dyca. "We're "Scher up, old grouner" said Dyca. "We're "See that?"

"Playfair had just cleared with a splendid return to mid-field. Douglas Hope, as if determined to make up for his cousin's absence, was a that made the spectators hold their hreath On bounded, the ball, with Hope just behind it, keeping it moving with light touches given in his stride. Whitman moved out, charging the to the Grashopper on hie extreme right to the Grashopper on her extreme right work of the description of the work of the country of the country of the country of the country of the work of the work of the country o

"Near thing!" chuckled Dyce. "Better luck

Near-time," chuckled Dyce. "Better luck Near-time was not long in coming. The School House seemed powerless to hold Hope back, and down he came again. This time he twisted the leather over to the light-hearted. It is to be a seemed by the considerable of the control of the co

The Boys' Realm.

presence and example of this agile youth, whose warthy cheeks were only slightly flushed, and whose big black eyes were all agient with the spirit of the grand old game.

"Are we down-hoarted!" chuckled Dyco. men'ty tumbling off the root in its excitement. Go it, my hearty!" Again the new centre-forward was charging down the field, dodging and dribbling and passing in a wonderful way ext. sec. where is her? and Dyco. "My word it's Doughe Hope first, and grassed lightning as an opportunity of acting in his way. He dodged Whitman, and before Brand could tackle, he sent the leather goalwards like a roundshot from an old English. Stephens, the School House goalkeeper, made a bold attempt to save. He staggered, then stood with raised arms, gazing vucantly. He did not seem to understand where the ball was. Well, the cowd soon let him know.

"Goal—goal!" they shouted. "Bravo, Milner's! Mop 'em up, Milner's!" they yelled, while from the pavilion roof the megaphone boomed and squeaked like a whole menagerie

gone mad. Yes, it was a goal for Milner's. As the ball was centred, Playfair looked meaningly at his old foe, Hardwick, and Hardwick returned the

old rice, flatravies, and Flatravies, resultine is all old. The property of th

Tom Langley was grinning, in spite of his ankle.

Tom Langley was grinning, in spite of his ankin.

"I had a notion!" chuckled he, "that when I was knocked out my presions cousin would play tup quite enough for any ordinary two."

The Milnetries were jubilant, the School House guns had been spiked, and to gain the three councies with the second of the second

this has meant a lot for us. Gotting away from
that waster, Carby, for one thing; and then
having the chance to play up side by side with
you of the old House. I feel like living again
and so, if you like—and I speak for my chums
here, too—we won't end the truce, but will
make it a permanent alliane.
"An entente cordiale, in fact," said Douglas
Hope.

"An catente cordiale, in taos, san accepting the per leaves of the study, "And why can't you ask the first of the study, "And why can't you ask the first of the study, "And why can't you ask the first of the study, "And why can't you ask the first of the study, and the peckish just now. Grashopper has made a regular Ben Nevis of toast, and I're got the brew stewed to a turn." Once the door. Tyrrell Gooff Deano pushes the per the door. Tyrrell careed in the study of the

(A splendid long, complete football yarn appears in this week's issue of "THE BOYS" REALM" FOOTBALL LIBRARY. Now on sale-ld.)



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E.C:



Opening Chapters of a Grand Sporting Serial. By T. C. BRIDGES.

FOR THE NEW READER.

SNIDE, the brow of the sphenida new sporting yarm, a poor, ragged lad, is presumably the son of DUTCH DAY, a noticous speaker.

Shipe, inconsed at Dan's cruelities, leaves the Shipe, inconsed at Dan's cruelities, leaves the ADAM RUDMAY. a samekeeper on a certain Colonal Heathcotte setate. Adam and Shipe get our will income the control of the control of the colonial power of the colonial power

a step to his names. It seems that the law cannot concell slade.

Mortou Lascelles, a rich local magnate, receives with from Dutch Jun, who seem to the hope and the received by the form of the local slade and paid Dan a large sum of money in the past to get a certain child not out of the way. In an startle Morton by suddenly amonomicing that he day. Then shartle Morton by suddenly amonomicing that he day. The shartle Morton by suddenly amonomicing that he day is not a startle shartle startle shartle shart

several occasion: may on a visit, and Snipe learns that a gang of navview who are working close by infered making a raid on Colonel Heathbooks overtain that a gang of navview who are working close by infered making a raid on Colonel Heathbooks overtain the same of the passeline that workly will not believe him.

A fow night laler Snipe cropps out to await the approach of the puscline different hands—the Crowless of the property of the passeline, but hides at the sound of many leavy feet. It is the contract of the sound of many leavy feet. It is the raid of the sound of many leavy feet. It is the raid of the sound of many leavy feet. It is the raid of the sound of many leavy feet. It is the raid of the sound of the property of the proper

(Now read this week's instalment.)

THE 18th CHAPTER

OR a moment Snipe was panic-stricken. There was no way out. If he jumped up and holted, a hundred to one a charge of shot would bring him down. here was nothing for it but to stay where he as, and be kicked out like a hard-lying rabbit.

was, and be kicked out like a nard-lying raw.
What would happen then he had no idea. The least would be that they would tie him to tree, gag, and leave him.

tree, gag, and leave him.

In an emergency like this some people go stupid. Others find their wits stimulated. Shipe was one of the latter. In the few seconds that was left him he did some pretty hard thinking, and just as the nearest navry was within ten yards a brilliant inspiration came to him.

He put his hand into his big inside pocket. h, he had some wire snares! What luck! It was the work of a moment to pull them at, drop his stick, and spring to his feet.

The nearest man gave a hoarse cry of alarm, and pointed his gun straight at Snipe's head.

and pointed his unn straight at Shipe's head.
"Don't shoot!" cried Shipe, in tones of extreme terror. "My, you did give me a start! I thought you was some more keepers."
"What d'yo mean?" growled the navvy, a hard-faced ruffian.

hard-faced rullian.

"Why, I've as to run once," whined Snipe.

"Why, I've as to run once," whined Snipe.

They nose cought me in beyond there. I are to run once, and they come and the state of the word, when I come on you. Gave me a proper start, it did, till I seed you was the chaps they was waiting for?"

"Waiting for us, you say?" growled the leader of the gang, seizing Snipe roughly by the collar.

"I reckon so, from what I 'eard 'em say," replied Snipe, in the same whining tones.
"Don't you go for to 'urt me, an' I'll show you where they be."

"How many are there?" asked the navvy sus-piciously.
"There and only two," replied Snipe—" at least, that's all I seed."

"And 'oo are you?"
"My name's Jim West. I be son o' James
Yest, o' Fallerron." Snipe's ready replies seemed to quell the

navy's suspicions. Plainly, he took him for the poaching youngster he pretended to be.
"All right," he said. "You come along wi' us, an 'show where them dratted keepers be. But you let me catch you up to any tricks, an' look out!"

look out!"

He emphasised his threat by giving the boy
an ugly shake—a shake which banished Snipe's
last scruples at the trick he meant to play on

list scruples at the trick he meant to play on the gaug.
"Go soft," he said. "They ain't far off."
"They won't ear us in this wind," put in a far off."
It was blowing great guns, a fact for which snipe was truly grateful. The one thing he was really afraid of was that some of the navies —well, he hardly eared to think what it meant for him.

Holding his fruly by the arm, the big navy walked sharply onwards.

"I seed 'ern over among them larch-trees," said Snipe, as they approached the spot where the Crowles had been at work of his mouth before there came two shots in rapid succession. Even now Snipe's with did not fail him.

"Eny sees you' The muttered sharply," Lie
"Eny sees you' The muttered sharply," Lie

down!"
To his intense relief, the big navvy let go his arm.
"Let 'em 'ave it!" he roared furiously.
"Shootin' at us afore they knows what we're

There was a crash as half a dozen gurs were fired all together. Snipe seized the opportunity to make a wild dive for a bramble-thicket close at hand.

"Ere stop that kid!" he heard a shout.

One man made a dash at him, but gra-ped cupty air. Snipe was already in the depths of the thicket, worming along like a snake, flat in his stomach.

on his atomach.

The thorns were thick as a hedge, but Snipe went through them like a shot. Now the Crowles were shooting in earnest. He heard their guns banging away. The man who was chasing him gave a yell. Some shot had peppered him. Snipe heard him turn and rush

Above the shriek of the gale rose wild shouts, and heavy boots crashed through the undergrowth. The navvies were charging. In aptro of his fright, Snipe could have shouted with edight at the success of his stratagem.

Another moment, and he found himself on the far side of the thicket. He crawled out, and custiously raising his head, glanced back over the top of the bashes.

autiously raising his head, glanced back over the top of the bushes.

Down among the larch-trees there was a tremendous din. The navvies had charged right on top of the Crowker. They were all mixed up, fighting like mad. There was no shooting now. Snipe saw dark figures. The short of the control of the co

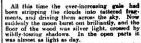
Hole.

"Give it 'cm, lads!" shouted the leader of the navvies. "Let 'cm ave it!" over another. And, letting drive, he bowlet over another. And, letting drive, he bowlet over small front of him, and Bill Crowle simed a blow that would have cracked his skull like a best-cup if the navvy had not flung up his gun just in time.

in time.

Bill's gun struck the other by the lock, and snapped it in two like a rotten stok. Bill flung his gun down, and sprang at the navy with open arms. The two closed, and, locked in afteree grip, went reeling and stamping up and down among the close-set tree-trunks.

Three men were on the ground. As far as Snipe could see in the moonlight, two were Crowles and one a navy. The naview were getting the best of it. Down went a third country of the co



floor of the wood was silver light, crossed by wildly-tossing shadows. In the open parts it was almost as light as day.

But Snipe had forgotted his danger in the But Snipe had forgotted when the light as wildly and the state of the light shadow of the top of the bushes.

There was little to choose between the two the tops of the bushes.

There was little to choose between the two. The navey was a bit the taller, but Crowle was the heavier. Round and cound they was the leavier. Would be the state of the Crowles were sone.

Now that the rest of the Crowles were gone.

Now that the rest of the Crowles were gone, the navvy's friends stood round, shouting encouragement, but not otherwise interfering.

encouragement, our not oncervine interrenting.

In the end it was chance settled it.

Bill Crowle made a mighty effort, and, exerting all his vast attength, littled his opponent clean off his feet, and tried to dash him down backwards. In the act, his foot caught in a root. He tripped, and both went does not have the heavy, not bill, was on topour the the navy, not bill, was on topour the contract of the properties. together. But the navy, not Bill, was on top. Snipe saw the navy's great hand close on Bill's throat. Bill still struggled furiously, his great body leaping and bouncing under the other's weight. But the choking grip somestited him. All of a sudden he went out flat and limp, and the spectators roarde with glee. The navy held him another minute, to make sure, then got stilly to his feet.

"'E's got 'is gruel," he said, giving the body a contemptuous kick.

One of the others spoke up?
"What's the little gyme? 'E sin't no keeper.
Look at 'is gun!"

As he spoke he picked up Bill's gun, and pointed to the cut-off barrels.

ponned to the cut-off narress.

The others crowded round, talking excitedly.
Snipe could only catch a word or two through
the roar of the gale.

"It was that lying kid?" the big navy
shouted auddelny. "I'll flay the young beggar,
if I catches 'im'."

if I catches 'im'?

The words made Snipe realise the danger of his position. He ducked sharply, and made off, Uniuckily for him, the moon was now shining brilliandy in a cloudless sky. Next moment about told him he had been viewed, and at once the whole gang were crashing through the wood behind him.

shout told him he had been viewed, and at once the whole gang were crashing through the wood behind him.

As they came they apread out fanwise, and Snipe's heart ank to his boots. He had never the state of the state of the heart of the heart and to he had never the state of the heart and to he had none.

There was no chance to double. He was forced to run straight ahead, a course which took him right into the heart of the wood. A brook ran through the middle of the coverth was not hance to double the wood and heart of the wood. A brook ran through the middle of the coverth wamp. He did not thin he could possibly cross it. That was where they would catch him. But there was no choice; he had to run on. Presently he was tearing down a grassy alope among alder and heard bashes. At the bottom are described in the state of the brook the ground rose steeply, covered closely with young oaks.

He glanced back. Three of the navview were in sight. He could hear the other two behind. The big fellow was leading.

"Got 'un now!" shouted the latter triamphantly. "E can't cross the brook." Con the behind. The big fellow was leading.

"Got 'un now!" shouted the latter triamphantly. "E can't cross the brook." He had along the bank.

If he could only find a place to cross! The oak wood opposite was so thick he might dodge the banks. If the was the hanks above him. He was cutting off the corner. Another fifty yards would finish. But Ships would not give in. With sobbing breath and achinz legs he still tore along up the first the brook grew narrower, and on the far side the oaks overhung the deep, black, and thered not try it.

The voice came keen and clear out of the thick scrub opposite.

oaks, bu The voice came keen and clear out of the

The voice came keen and crear out or the thick scrub opposite.

Shipe paused, unable to believe his ears. The nearest navy was pounding downhill through the alder and hazel, not fifty parks away.

Jump!' came the voice again, aharp and

insistent.

Suipe could see no one. He glanced at the brook. Certainly this was the narrowest part, and opposite was a clear space to land on, Like lightning he took his decesion, and ran back a few paces. Then he rushed forward. He was the country of the part of the pa

bake-off.

He made a frantic sprine, just reached the farside, clutched at an oak hough, missed it, and
was in the act of falling back into the deep
channel below, when a long, lean arm shot out,
seized him, and, with amazing strength and
quickness, pulled him bodily right into the thick
of the bubber,
the description of the bubber,
the description of the bubber of the bubber of the
house of the bubber of the bubber of the bubber
and himself pushed head foremest
small that it was hardly larger than a budger's
earth.

earth.

Too much amazed to do anything but obey, he shuffled along on hands and knees, bumping his head against the rocky roof of the tunnel.



et reached the far side, clutched at an the act of falling back into the deep rm shot out and seized him.

Of course, it was pitch dark, and he had not the remotost idea where he had got to, where he was going, or who had suddenly come to his rescue in this amazing fashion.

Straight on!" came it was proved the sum of the sum

in the unspoken words.

For quite five minutes more the roughs tramped up and down close overhead. Then, growling and swearing, they moved on, and their heavy steps passed up the linker behind Simpe, and the little flame shone in the rocky walls of a narrow tunnel. Snipe swung round, the was face to face with Captain Crackbot!

THE 19th CHAPTER.

Capabain Orackhede at Home.

Sylvan Colline Caclaimed Snipe. "You!"

What's brought—" He stopped.

"What's brought you here! you were going to say," said the other, with a smile beneath his heavy mountache. "Well hat I'm not going to tell you just at present. But I'm not going to tell you just at present. But move on before the match burns my langer. You can't go bome till these ruthans have lost the statement of the said that the said the said

cleared out."
Lost in astonishment, Snips moved forward.
The passage ran deep into the hillaide. A few yards further in was a curp of the count the corner Snips get the smouldering glean the corner Snips for the smouldering glean and a small chamber about fourteen the state of the snips of

been cut by the man of man in the seasons rock.

The floor was stream with dry rushes; in one of the control of

Shipe stood staring,
"Like my Robinson Crusoe abode?" inquired his host pleasantly, "It may be
rough, but I assure you I've lived in worse."
"I've ripping," replied Shipe energetically.
"Then sit down. I'm sure you're hungy.
I'm going to cook a little supper."
He stirred the fire, and a pleasant blaze

He stirred the hre, and a pressan base prang up. Opened a tin of longue, and put it Then bed and butter on the table. The cup-bod's supplied sugar and strawberry-jaun-bod's managed sugar and strawberry-jaun-the capatin, as he put a tin of condensed milk on the table. "I don't run to the real article."

article."

Presently the kettle boiled, and the captain made too in a big brown pot. Meantime, since we fill of wonder. What on earth me brought this man to live in an unknown cave in a place like this? It was quite beyond him. He could make no guees to fit the case. "Sit down and help yourself," said the captain hospitably, handing a cup of bot tea to "He's away, sir," said Snipe.
"Yes, I know. But you've heard from him?"

him?"
"Yes; he's much better."

"Ah, those were nasty wounds! A fish-pear is an ugly weapon. Lucky you scared Bill rowle as you did."

spear is an ugly weapon. Lucky you scared bit.
Corole as you dish. 20d. How did this man.
Snipo stared, a wivid recollection of that night on the river swept across his mind, and all of a sudden he cried out:
"Was that your flask!"
Captain Crackshot's grey eyes twinkled.
"I soo I've given myself away. Yas, it was "I soo I've given myself away. Yas, it was

mine."
Then it was you who saved me from

Captain Crackshot's grey eyes twinkled.

"I aco I've given myself away. Yes, it was mino," in it was you who saved me from Dan?"

"The brute! I'd a mind to put a bullet through him!" said the other, his face darkening. "It would have saved the hangman a job." He broke off. "I a spologise. The fellow is your fat," epilied Snipe between set tips. "But I don't believe it. I believe he bought me when I was a kid."

"Who from?" demanded the other.
"I don't know," said Snipe sady. "I wish "Why do you think so, then?"

"Because once, when he was drank, I heard him say to his pal Luke: 'He sin't no kid o' mine.' And to sin't you're quit of the brute now. You like Rudman, don't you!" "I should think as good a sort as you ever saw. And so's his wife, and so's Dave. They've been wonderful kind to me."

"I like to hear that you're grade.' And to you son't his mide. And to you shind to me. Was it you sent the message by Nigger that I was in the Dene Hole?"

The captain nodded.

"Yes, I'dd ii. I couldn't pull you uny you are grateful. Will you do something to prove it?"

"Anything I can,' declared Snipe fervently." "Then, as you've stumbled on my hdings of the side. "And to you say you are grateful."

"On second thoughts, there is one person'you may tell. Fuldman. Tell him where I and you've stumbled on my hdings with me. Will he object, do you think?"

"On second thoughts, there is one person'you may tell."

was one thing with the captain helpeu with herry-jam. The captain helpeu with and filled his cup again. "You must come and have supper with me again," he said hospitably. "I'm shockingly lonely here. You see, I can't go out except lonely here. You see, I can't go out except with of Snipa's

know it. Colonel Heathcole, in peritcular, must not know that I am here. It might spoil examine to the colone of t

THE 20th CHAPTER

The Burglary at Kirton

The Burgiary at Kirton.

""" UR, set I rote befor, the kid is alive and well. You send that hunderd und, for I'm burst, and havn't got nuthin to go on with. You know were to send it. No checks. Notes or cash by reggister. Send it by Sattorday. If you don't, I'll blow the gaff. I sware it! I don't care wet appear. This is final, so mind me!"

The letter, which was unsigned, had come by the last post. It was written on a dirty scrap to the set of th

Then, sitting down, he unlocked a drawer, took out a fat bundle of notices, selected covered to the control of the control of

the lock of the crawer where he made a letter.

Jetter and the first time the gave the handle a jerk. The drawer came open. With a shock that sent the blood from his beart, Morton saw that the lock had been forced. With shaking hands he felt for Dan's letter. It was gone!

For a moment he sat there quite belpiese, the mind was a blank. Then, pulling himself together with a strong effort, he tried the other drawers. All williout except where he had presented the strong the same than the properties of the propert

untouched!

Five minutes investigation showed him that, so far as he could make out, Dan's letter was the only thing that had been taken.

Sorely puzzled, and badly frightened, he began to search the room. There were many articles of value—miniatures, medals, ornamons, all easily portable—yet none had been

touched.
"Then it's not Dan," he muttered. "He'd have taken money."

"Then it's not Dan," he mutered. "Lee of have taken mone,"
This knowledge, instead of reassuring, seemed to frighten him worse than ever. In the morning sunlight, which streamed through the great mullioned east windows, his face was the colour of lead. He staggered over to a cellerating, opened it, and the staggered over to a cellerating, opened it, and it unbleful brought an atom of output to the colour to this blue lijs. Then he went to the

colour to shis time ups. Then he went to the window.

Ah, one of the leaded panes had been cut with a diamond, and the catch opened from inside. The window had been closed again, and everything left as nearly as possible as before.

Morion staggered back to his chair, and sank

Morton staggeres or into it.

"He's dead." he muttered. "Dead these cleven years. Who has done it, then? The boy! Can Dan have told the boy!" Taking a studen resolution, he pressed the electric bell. The butler appeared. His well-trained face showed no surprise at seeing his master at his desk at this early hour, and in has drassing.gown. trained face nowmater at his desk at this early nown, master at his desk at this early nown, in "Tell Wike and have the motor at the door in "Tell wike at hour," said Morton in Yes, sir, Breakfast at once, sir," "I said the motor, not breakfast," snapped "I said the motor, not breakfast," snapped "Section."

"arm, sir. Breakfast at once, sir!" sapped back Morton, not breakfast!" snapped back Morton, not breakfast!" snapped back Morton, warton!" ordered Morton curtly, fibrie to Warton!" ordered Morton curtly, fibrie to be later, as he got into his big. luxuriout hirty, horse power car. "The Green Dragon Hotel."
Warton was a bi-

luxurious thirty-horse power car. The urees bragon Horsel. Big. usely manufacturing town, thirty miles away. The car spun along the smooth roads through the soft autumn morning, but Morton never wasted a glance on the lovely seener, or the beautiful this of the dying foliage. He sai among his rugs and the summer of the said among his rugs and sinkings—thinking! Inso thing he had been and the said among his part of the said among his part of the said among his part of the said and leaving main streets, bugged his of and leaving main streets, bugged his of any with slime, and the tall bouses were black with smooke.

alley, where two per lime and the tall houses were unsections a moke. More than once he glanced round, but no one followed, and presently he stopped at a door, from which the dirty paint was cracking in opened. Morton spoke to her, and with a nod as beckoned him inside, and led the way up the narrow, filthy, uncarpeted stairs. She opened a door. "Ere's a gent to see you, Dan," she said. "Talkead his great, rough.

She opened a door.

"Ere's a gent to see you. Dan," she said.
Dan was in bed. He lifted his great, rough,
unshaven head, and stared in amazement at
his visitor. Then his thin lips parted in a

his visitor. Thou his thin lips parted in a malicious grin, who expositive exclaimed. 'I thought as 'ow' I should fetch you; but I 'ardly reckoned it he reek of bad spirits and worse tobacco which filled the stuffy little room made Morton feel absolutely faint. He realised he had had no breakfast, and cursed himself for a fool. If

ever a man needed all his wits he did now. He braced himself to meet Dan's eyes, and ventured a bold stroke.

What came to tell you was thin' he will be a considered as the constant of the c

eyes.
"'Ave you brought the rhino?" asked Dan,

""'Ave you brought the rhino?" asked Dan, at last.
Morton was on the point of bursting out diricularly, but some instinct of prudence checked him.
"I've brought nothing," he said coldly-"nothing. And understand me, once for all the cold of the co

bound, he was out of bed, and had sprung at Lascelles. But Morton was too quick for him, and Dan found himself looking down the plated barrel of a small, but serviceable, revolver. Borron's for the certainty of discovery, he would not have scrupled to kill his enemy there and then. Gibbering with baffled fury, the gipsy pausod. "Move an inch," said Morton coolly, "and by the Heaven above us, I'll shoot you as you stand!" You'll be 'ung if you do!" anarled Dan.

stand!" You'll be 'ung if you do!" snarled Dan.
"You'll be 'ung if you do!" snarled Dan.
"You quite understand!"
'You quite understand!"
'Dan's despect oves admand on the 'ung of the 'ung of

recent introad on my preserves. You've statacked me, and I was forced to shoot in self-defence. That's a good enough story from my force of the control of t

the shelf. the shell.
"I'm ready!" he snapped out. "Where
your car! I'll soon show ye whether I'm lying

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