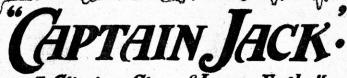
"THE BLUE HUSSARS"-NEW ARMY SPORTS TALE.

IBOSS Real Contraction of Sport & Adventure.

GRAND WEEK
GRAND WEEK
CHRISTMAS WEEK
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· A Stirring Story of League Football · By A.S. HARDY:



A Stirring New Tale of League Football. By Popular A. S. HARDY.

BEGIN THE STORY HERE.

JACK PENTON, a handsome, strapping lad, is the son of SHR JOHN PENTON, of Blackmers Hall, who is the head of the greatest industry in Weisby, and is the head of the greatest industry in Weisby, and so had been supported by the strain of the continuous strains of the continuous

We have a strike. We have been a superior to see that the superior to see the superior to become their leader, but the young footballer refused to become their leader, but the young footballer refused to be seen to see the superior to see the seen of the seens of powerly and want that he witnesses as the water see a possible, for the heart is touch the seense of powerly and want that he witnesses as the water see the superior to see the seen of the seense to see that the seense to see the seense to

westy altered is about to commence Jack way, as the game is about to commence Jack receives a telegram, which sends every drop of blood from his face. It informs him that the striker have attacked Blackmere Hall, and that his mother has

ow read this week's instalment.)

HEN Manager Barry had in turn read the fateful telegram, his face grew troubled. He stroked his chin thoughtfully, and then looked

st Jack.

The had known Jack Penion a long time, but never before had he seen the lad look so troubled as he looked then.

"It's strange, my boy," said the manager, my lipst buggit a newspaper whilst your to the football-ground by moto-bugger, may not be the coball-ground by moto-bugger, my lipst bugger, but the strikers getting out of hand at Welshy."

He took the afternoon edition of the Liverpool paper out of his pocked as he spoke, and opening it so that if showed the stop press "There you are," he said, "read that."

Jack read, and this is what he saw:

"THE GREAT STRIKE-LATEST NEWS FROM WELSBY.

"All quiet. Koppell held meeting, at which he denounced the militant attitude of strikers. Threatened to resign leadership if any further acts of violence were committed. Situation otherwise unchanged. No hope of immediate arbitration."

That is more hopeful-eh, Jack?" com-

"That is more hopeful—eh, Jack?" commonated the manager.

Jack's face brightened, and the colour returned to his cheeke.

"Yes, Barry," he said; "but, all the same, I can't go on with this match if I am wanted at Welsby, If my mother has been injured I may be a common to any go to be the said; "but, all the same, I can't go to be common to any the said; "but, all the same, I said the said have to play ten men if you refuse to play," answered Jack firmly. "But I must know the truth about the said to be said to said the sai

white checked shirts, who seemed so reluctant to turn out.
"Mr. Barry," said Jack Fenton firmly, "I'm sorry to have to say that I cannot play until I have discovered whether the information conveyed in this telogram is true or false, but I mean it. You will have to start the game without me."

Manager Barry looked Jack Fenton in the eyes. Some managers would have ordered the lad on to the field. Barry did have ordered to be lad on to the field. Barry did fifth, take your lads on to the field, while the lad of the lad of

manager and their crack centre-forward coming towards him. "What's the matter?" he cried. "Aren't you going to play, Flenton? Not hurt, are you?"

you?"

"No." answered Jack.

"We have heard bad news from Welsby."

"Ceplained Manager Barry. "They say that
Blackmere Hall has been burnt down, and
Blackmere Hall bas been burnt down, and
that Lady Fenton has been dangerously hurt.

We want to use your telephone and find out
if there is any truth in the rumour. Fenton
can't play until his mind is at rest."

The director grasped the situation in a

fleeh

flash.

"Come along!" he cried.

They followed the man, who led them to the manager's office, where a telephone rested on the manager's office, where a telephone rested on the manager's office, where a telephone rested on "Here you are!" cried the director.

"Ring up one of the newspaper offices in Welsby. That is the surest way of learning the trath."

the train."

Manager Barry had all the telephonenumbers safely stowed away in the cells of his
memory, and he took off the receiver.

"Put me through to 5,059, Wesby, will
you?" he cried. "Train. It's important.
Rush me through as soon as you can."
Then he wairing-field totide there came
a never-ceasing roar, which only charged in
depth and strength according to the varying
incidents of the game which was in progress
there.

incidents or one game.

The referee had evidently forced the teams to play, and the game had been started with only ten men on the visiting side, to the no millide astonishment of the excursionists from Weisby, who had come over in support of

their cracks.

Jack, clad in his football things, waited with arms folded, and a face heavy with gloom and doubt by the side of the desk. It seemed to him as the clock on the wall ticked loudly, and the cries and shouts rang out from the football-ground, that that call would never come.

Manager Barry had replaced the receiver, and had lit a cigar, which he puffed at ner-vously as he waited for the exchange to call

im up.

Handelapping and wild shouting came from re ground, and the stand presently rocked s some dashing bit of play thrilled the onthe groun

"We are evidently getting the better of it.

"We are evidently getting the better of it.

Barry," said the Liverpool director. "I footble advise Fenton to hurry up if you wish to have a look in in this game. I know our boys. Often impotent if they are kept at bay, there is no team in the country can be a seried that the series of the se

keep them out once they get in a scoring mood."

Still the telephone bell did not ring. Then of a sudden one deafening roar, which taity split the air, went up, and then range the rearries of the second second rearries are successful to the second second rearries are successful to the second rearries and the second rearries are successful to the second rearries are succes

wire. "I say, is that 0.006, vessy; "Yes, We're the 'Record' office. Who as "My mame is Fenton—Jack Fenton, of the Welsby Albion. I am speaking from the Liverpool football-ground—"". Not playing—eh?" "Not yest. Liverpool are a goal up. I want to get on the field as soon as I can if the news you'll give me is right. I have "want to get on the field as soon as I can if the news you'll give me is right. I have "a labour leader. He says that the striped, the attacked and burnt Blackmere Hall, and that my mother, Lady Fenton"—Jack's voice broke under the stress of his pent-up motion—"has been dangerously hurt; that her life is in danger. They sak me to come Jack waited expectantly for the answer. Something seemed to buzz on the line, and the voice of the man speaking from the Welsby "Record" office was blurred and smothered by the sound.

"Exchange!" he cried. "There's some terruption on the line. Have you cut

ferription on the line. Late your off.".
"No," was the onewer. "Wait a minute." Jack waited, and Manager Barry noticed that his cheeks had blauched, and his eyes were dull with pain. The tension was almost more than the lad could stand. It was almost more than the lad could stand. It was almost more than the lad mould stand. It was almost more than the standard. The was almost more no less than a passenger.

see as well ne had not turned out with the sound for worried as he was he would have een nothing more nor less than a passenger. And now the tolephone line cleared again. "Hallo!" cried Jack. "Are you "Welby Leoyd?"!

"Hallo" cried Jack. "Are you Welaby Record?"

"Yes. Is that Fenton speaking?"

"Yes."

"There is not an atom of trath in the rumour, Fenton. All is quiet in the town. Blackmere Hall is safe. One of our special reporters had just come down from there after provings had just come down from there after the state of the same of the safe. The same is a safe of the same in the office five minutes. The strikers are quiet. The telegram was evidently sent to you to put you off your game."

"Thanks!" cried Jack. And his eyes grew bright.

bright.
I'll verify everything, Fenton, and send a

message through to you ready for when you leave the field at half-time."
"Thanks, awfully!" said Jack, relieved.

Good-bye!"

He put up the receiver, and leapt to his

feet.
"Barry," he cried—and his voice throbbed
with a note of joy—"Barry, that telegram was
a forgery! Blackmere Hall is safe. My
mother is all right. There's nothing wrong
in Welsby."

mother is all right. There's nothing wrong in Welsby."

Manager Barry tossed his cigar away in his excitement, and gripped Jack by the hand.

"And now on to the field with the continuous way to the continuous care turn the tide of the game in our favour. Livertool are pressing. Can't wou hear the roar? We are being overplayed. We need you there to steady up the game." We need you there to be the game of the continuous care turns the large more but thanking the director as he had game, but thanking the director as he had game, but thanking the director as the had game, but thanking the director as the stard, and made his way as quickly as you way to be a support of the stephone, he rushed down the stairs to the stand, and made his way as quickly as you. Not a soul colied him until he had reached the touchline. Then a mighty rear of welcome went up. Jack Featon, the missing link, the man who held the line of forwards tegether, had come out to play at last, wards to the stard as he went striding and again his ears as he went striding and again his ears as he went striding and the property of the play of the property of

progress of the game that they had not noticed that Jack Fenton had turned out after all. Most of the players were gathered either inside or just outside the penalty area.

Most of the player were gathered either misside or just outside the penalty area. Hardy, the Liverpool goalkeeper, had followed up, and was standing near the half-way line, where the two backs, Chorlton and Crawfoord, waited, ready to return the half if either of any advance of the Welsby forwards should the luck turn the ball their way.

Shot after shot was sent in, but the 'ball struck the bodies of first one player and there another. The Liverpool inside dorwards, passed the ball, or tried to break through on their own, but without avail.

The two outside wing men, Goddard and MacDonald, waited on the wings for the ball to come out.

At times the valiant Sturgess was unsighted,

At times the valuant Sturgess was uneighted, and it was good hek alone, and the way fix which Criffith had picked the good, which Jack Fenton stared in amezonein as he ran, and then a roar went up as the ball was seen to sear high above the cressbar and find a lodgment amongst the crowd on the terraced bank behind.

lodgment amongst the crowd on the terraced bank hebind.

The ball was sent back, placed by Starges, and kicked off by Grant, and down the field and kicked off by Grant, and down the field the start of the start of the start of the backs the moment he saw that the Liverpool attack had ended in faither.

Jack trapped the ball is it fell, and as he saw Chorlton make a movement to tackle him, he kicked the ball him hadve the head of the back, swerved round him like a Rugby player, and went after it as hard as he could run.

Hardy had gone back to his goal the momentum that he was the ball him had he could run.

Hardy had gone back to his goal the momentum that he was the ball him had he could run. I have he was the ball him had been placed by Stargess for the ball he had he had he was a ball worry now, for the goal, Hardy made as if we come out of the start of the ball before Jack to come out, but in a second he realized that he could not get to the ball before Jack had hence.

Crawford now came for Jack, but he hed

mained at home.

**Crawford now came for Jack, but He had to cross the field, and Fenton had the speed of him. Jack fastened on to the hall, the monitor he reached it, and, dribbling it enamed to be a second with the consummate skill, never letting it be more than a yard or so has do film, and thing his strides and his tooches to a nicely, he kept should of the back until he had almost reached the possibly area.

Then Hardy, realising that it was neck of nothing, came out with one of those magnificent rushes of his. Straight at Jack he came with the speed of an avaluache, intending to smother the ball, or floor the forward.

smother the ball, of floor the forward.
Jack took one book at the not, and then short the ball as hard as he could drive towards the goal. It were searing onward, rising as if it would go above the has, but as the lass moment it took a curve downward and inward, and the people gave vent to one frantic yell of dismay. Harly rushed on. So did Jack. Neither could stop, owing to the momentum of their bodies. Jack's effort in kelking the ball, however, had thrown, him out of his stride, and each, and the International goal keeper feel headlong over him.

Both new weer down but the ball had been

beadlong over him. Both men were down, but the ball had been rammed home by one of the most brilliam canaples of opportunism that had ever been seen upon the historic Antield ground.

Seen upon the historic Antield ground.

And he had equalised the scores in the most thrilling and sensational manner. Hardy picked himself up, gazed ruefully at his fine white playing shirt patched with much mow, and then smiled grainly. He was sportsman chough to appreciate good play, even the proposing team.

"Well done, Fenton." In cried.
What nattered the tremendous pressure and
overwhelming balance of the play in the factor
of Liverpool may "The seems stood at one
goal all, and the invincible Albion still had a
chance of winning the match.

Even the home spectators applieded that magnificent goal.

As for the excursionists from Welsby, they As for the excursionists from Welsby, they roared and shouted until they could shout no

longer.

The ball was sent back to the middle of the field, and to the tune of the refered's whistle the game started again.

held, and to five une of the refereor's whistle the game started again to the was in his demeanour of the visiting players now. Gloomy, anxious faces had been seen from the very start of the match, and without their leader the forwards had played in a half-hearted way, the started that the started way was to be supported by the started that the

hands.
It came at the goalkeeper high and true, and

Jack Noble's Compliments, and He'll Be Glad to Meet 46 B.R." Football Library. Now on Sale td. he was forced to tip it over the bar for a

he was forced to tip it over the bar tor a committee of the control of the contro

The crowd never ceased to discuss use points of the game during the eight minutes the players were absent from the field, and when they came out again the reception accorded them testified to the full the appreciation their

other end, and four hard, fast, low shots were directed at Hardy, any one of which might have meant an increase of the Albion score. But the goalkeeper had a safe pair of hands, and the ball was sent down the field again, and with the mist growing every moment thicker and thicker, the game neared its close with the visitors still in possession of the lead; although it would have been hard for even the most ardent particularly in the visiting team.

True, Albion had this much in the reason of the lead; although it would have been hard for even the most ardent particularly in the visiting team.

True, Albion had this much in the fact that Liverpool had scored their goal when Welsby's finest forward was off the fold, and might suggest that but for that they might never have scored at all.

The mist which had gathered thick over the hard an field was convoided in the deri-

The mist which had gatheres three over use Mersoy was now enveloping the city, on every hand, and Anfield was enshrouded in the dark, clinigin yeal long before the finish. Still, the referee could follow the various incidents of the play, and he felt that there was no justification yet for him to abandon the match.

was no justinearon, yet a match.

If thee tans had been foul they might have included in illegal acts and reprisals which the referree could never have scen; but they conducted themselves like men, and in the gathering gloom the game petered out towards in link.

its finish.

Despairing of their side's success, many of the people on the banks commenced to make their way towards the exits from the ground. The game looked as good as over, and the win for the Ablion assured as the state of their way towards the exit watch.

The referee glamod at his makes to time, and was kicked into touch, thrown ifto play, and kicked into touch again, and so on, and in this way Liverpool made their way from their own half of the field into that belonging to the Ablion.

One minute and a half to time, and no Suddenly Robinson threw in the ball, and Goddard, getting to it, tricked Dunlop, and

The truth of the matter was that this street had been included in an improvements exhems for Weisby which had been approved of five years before, but which had been only partially carried out, the corporation being hardyrich enough to pag compensation to the land-tred—compensation which they would have to remain the property of the permission to sweep this dirty, dilapidated since away.

cross—compensation, which they would have bemission to sweep this dirty, dilapidated street
away.

Sound business men would not take premises
in a street which was to be pulled down shortly
their property unless they could see their way
to gotting their money back, and as the oorporation would not pay them the compensation
saked for as it was, they would be hardlynerty which had been improved. And so the
street remained dirty, gloomy, only useful as a
near out to certain quarters of the town.

The drill-hall had been in a mouldering state
taken the street of the town
and the street of the town

The drill-hall had been in a mouldering state
taken the street of the town

Alfachievant of the street of the town

Mischievous youths and boys had smashed
all the windows, which had been protected with
beards aftor the mischief had been done.

Slates had fallen from the root. The iron

Mischievous youths and boys had smashed
all the windows, which had been manshed.

And this was the place which Jack had
secured wherein to carry on the charitable
work he had conceived.

He sought out a builder, a man named Jones

He sought out a builder, a man named Jones

on the Monday after the match with Liver-

and comtortable.

He sought out a builder, a man named Jones, on the Monday after the match with Liverpool—a builder who did a number of odd jobs for the Albion, and who had an interest in the

It did not take them long to come to terms.

The builder was willing to help and for the sake of the charity he agreed to do the work at

cost price.
On the Monday he sent a dozen men down to the drill-hall, and these started at once to clean up the interior, to put in new panes of glass, to

the street, in the vicinity of the drill-hall. They were evidently watching the progress of the building which was to be devoted to their

needs.

Poor souls, thought Jack, as he shivered in
the biting wind which came sweeping along the
gloomy thoroughfare, their need must be
great if they anticipated a bowl of soup with
such hungry cagerness.

As the workmen moved away, some of these
women, with shawls tightly clutched about
their heads, came nearer to the drill-hall,
where Jack stood unobserved in the shadow of

where Jack stood understanding the doorway.

How bent and feeble they seemed, thought
Jack. How the strike had altered them!

What interests in life could these poor souls

Jack. How the strike had altered them!
What interests in life could these poor souls have now?
It was terrible, terrible!
What interests in life could these poor souls have now?
It was terrible, terrible!
Why would not his fathe last farthing of the bargain he offered them? Why could be not give way a little, and put an end to all the nisery and suffering and sordiness?
What had Sir John lost by this strike be computed. It must have runs could not be computed. It must have runs record now the country thousands of pounds, and so long as the mills were working there would always be a profit for Sir John, even if he gave the strikers all And what was it they asked? Merely that their wages should not be cut down, but should be allowed to remain at what had been a recognised rate of pay for many years.
And what was it they asked? Merely that their wages should not be cut down, but should be allowed to remain at what had been a recognised rate of pay for many years.

Eithard Fenton, his raceally cousin, was at fint, and embittered and soured into the bargain—embittered and soured into the bargain an

He was thinking thus when the women, and some girls who accompanied them, and one or two old and broken men, came quite close to



ed the shoute and laughter of the amused with the shoute and laughter of "The Boys' Friend," Now on sale,

brilliant exposition of soccer had met with on the part of the men who had paid their money to see the game.

on the service of the message of the service of the "Record" had been as good as his word, and a tolephoned message at half-time verified all that he had told Jack. There had been no attack on Blackmere Hall, and Lady Fenton was enjoying the best of health. The telegram had been sent by some malicious busploody who had evidently hoped malicious busploody who had evidently hoped sentiled to think of this fellow's feelings when the read the half-time score in Welsby after the news had been flashed thirtherwards along the wires.

the wires.

It is a many and a round of hand-daying greated the resumption of play.

A mist was curling over the ground now, and the light was getting bad, although there was no fear that the game would not be finished.

Eor a while the play was of a disjointed and desultory character, with a great deal of kicking into touch. Neither side were taking any chances, particularly the Albion, who had gained the lead.

There was not so much of combination, but

chances, particularly the Albion, who had gained the lead so much of combination, but a great deal more individuality shown in the movements of the players now. The game, was not so much to cheer and shout about. The thousands looked on with strained attention. They seemed to come under a spell. It was as if the great moment of the struggle had come and their nerves were strained to breaking-point. The other would emerge the strained to the struggle on the context of mind and muscle—but which hade would it be?

Of a sudden there was a Liverpool break-away, and with transitible dash, balves and forwards took charge of the game. The pace increased to the fire and fury of the first half.

forwards took charge on the game. Any principaned to the fire and furly of the first half. The ball was kept on the move, passed, rempessed, swan out to the wings, and sent crashing back to the centre again, but still the Liverpool eleven could not add to their score. Fastimon was watchind, alert, ready to map the constitution of the secring that he was the man who wanted watching. For some minutes the pressure lasted, and then the Albion forwards took the ball to the

swerved towards the Albion goal. He saw two of the black-and-white checked defenders roming at him, and then down the centre of the field flashed a quick, active figure in a red

the Field flashed a quick, active figure in a red
sire.

Parkines, the deadly goal-accorr.

"To you!" cried Goddard, as he slipped the
sell to the foot of the centre-forward, and,
realising that it was the last chance. Parkinson won on.

One, two, three men he tricked, and then
bard and true he shot, and so fast travelled
see it until it was right on to him, and then
stretched out his lengthy arms too late.

The ball wont by, and as the referee blew
his whistle Parkinson was amothered by his
comrades, who had realed to congratulate him.
game by equalising the scores by the very last
kick of the match.

For a moment the spectators did not quite
For a moment the spectators did not quite

kick of the match.

For a noutes the specialors did not quite realize whosten the specialors did not quite realize whosten did happened, and then, as they saw Parkinson's delighted comrades hegge the centre-forward; towards the exit from the field, and saw some of the others awaying their arms in triumph, they knew that the game had been saved, and a last frantic roar went up to and one of the best games Anfield had ever seen.

Cutside the Drift-Rail.

Orts HE place which Jack Fenton had secured for his soup-kitchen, where the rations of soup and bread were to be deled for his soup-kitchen, where the rations of Soup and bread were to be deled of Welst to the starving women and children Renfrew Street, a narrow and somewhat dirty thoroughfare near to George Street, where Jack Fenton lived.

Ronfrew Street, an aarrow and somewhat dirty thoroughfare near to George Street, where Jack Fenton lived.

Ronfrew Street was situated in the oldest, and many of the buildings which were not being used as workshops, minor factories, and warehouses had been permitted to fall into a state of dilapidation and decay.

Very to be spent upon them to bring them into a proper state of repair, and landlords into a proper state of repair, and landlords the low and somewhat speculative rests they would secure by handing them over to small-traders in Welsby.

overhaul the gazpipes and ges-fittings, and to see that the place was put in therough order. They worked with a will. Many of them came into very close contact with the sufferers from the strike, and most of them loved Jack Fencion, and were staunch adherents of the When Jack turned up at the drill-hall at five o'clock on the Monday afternoon, after a swinging walk through the town, he found a bage fire glowing in the big grate at the end bage fire glowing in the big grate at the end place look fairly one grate at the end was a superised to the state of the

or you by to-morrow night."
"I'm having the boilers and the ovens sent in in the morning; they will be got ready for me overnight. I can start my soup-kitchen on Wednesday," said \$s.ck. "That is fairly satisfactory. I'll have bills stack up outside to to that effect. I don't want to lose another minute."

to that effect. I don't want to lose another minute."

"Did you pay much for the use of the place might 1 sak; sir? asked the foreman.

Jack Fouton smiled.

"The owner of the property is a self-made man. He was tilling use that when he was a lad his father was a victim of a Welshy strike, and he has never forgotten the terrible times they went through the most of the self-made man. He was tillittle rice boiled in water, and without milk or sagar, whenever they could manage to gain a copper or two, that was all they had to live upon; and he told me, besides, that his sater the privation also sake lose in as a rocal did not charge me much. He gave me the did not charge me much. He gave me the did not charge me much. He gave me the did not charge me much. He gave me the did not charge me much. He gave me the did not charge me much. He gave me the did not charge me much the gave me the did not charge me much the gave me the did not charge me much, the gave me the did not charge me much, the gave me the

cause."

Jack went outside when the men left, and
saw the doors padlocked.
The 'foreman wished him a cheerful goodnight, and then hurried off with the men on his
way home.

Jack noticed men and women standing about

him. They started as they saw him there, merging with the shadows. At of them stepped up to Jack, and pe his face. m standing At last one

"It's Mr. Fenton!" she cried.

"His Mr. Fenton" said a hard, cold voice at Juck's elbow; and, turning, Juck aw a fence-eyed, mad-looking woman standing by his side, with her first elenched as if she would strike him. Harted gleamed in her eyes. She seemed scarcely human. "His Mr. John Fenton, old Sir John's son," said the first speaker.

"In a momant the fierce look upon the

and the first speaker.

In a moment the fierce look upon the coman's face vanished, and a kindlier expression took its place.

"Jack Fenton!" she said. "Heapen blees

Then she looked into his eyes with a haunted, hungry look.
"When do you open the soup-kitchen, sir?" she asked, and the words came in a halting

she saked, and the words came in a halting whisper.

"On Wednesday," answered Jack, as he stepped forward amongst them. "To-morrow, if I can."

"I can."

"On Wednesday," answered Jack, as he stepped forward amongst them. "To-morrow, if I can."

"I would be a state of the women. "Yes," said another of the women. "Yes," said Jack, feeling in his pockets for all the loose change he had upon him; "I can be to open the kitchen to-morrow. I shall hope to open the kitchen to-morrow. I shall you all look tired and houself. Meanwhile, you all look tired and houself. Weanwhile, and share it amongst you, and get what relief you can."

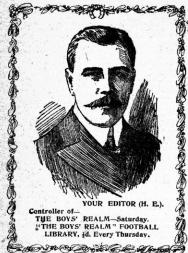
relief you can."
And he handed the money to the woman who had at first threatened him. She made a motion as if to refuse it, but he insisted.
"No, no!" he said. "Take it. Your need is far greater than mime. It is nothing to me, it means everything to you. And I can afford the means everything to you. And I can afford from."

from."

He pushed his way through their ranks before they could say another word.

"Good-night?" he said, as he strode onward
into the darkness, and their answering cries
and sobs of gratitude followed him as he strode
along, the most generous payment, he felt, that
were he had carried in all his life.

(Another stirring long instalment west week)



YOUR EDITORS X MAS GREETING

To my Chuns - A Right Merry Umas

of giving my loyal readers the hearty old-fashioned greeting: Christmas," In these unsentimental days I am afraid that the words cound rather formal, eap when they are only expressed in cold, hard print. But from the bottom of my heart I mean the and it would give me the greatest pleasure to heartily grip every reader of the old REALM by the hand, and in person convey my sincere good wishes for the festal ecason.

Of course, that cannot be; I have many thousands of loyal supporters living hundreds and hundred f miles distant from these offices whom I can never hope to know personally, whilst the readers who reside in the great metropolis from which THE BOYS' REALM emanates make a mighty band. I fear my arm would be tired ere I had clasped one-twentieth of their number by the hand and given them the old, old greeting. It only remains for me, therefore, to convey to all my chame my hearty good wishes through se columns. Gladly do I avail myself of the opportunity of so doing. It is my sincore wish that Christm 1909, may be the happiest, the jolilest, the brightest, and the best Yuletide my readers have ever had, and the new year which will shortly dawn may be for them a time of good health, wealth, and prosperity. God bless you, my chums, one and all. YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

Don't Be a Prig.

Don't Bo a Prig.

EFORE mo lies a letter from a Pendleton reader, whose initials are W. B.,

"Years of age, and employed asjunior clerk. He says that he has no chun,
having discarded all the chaps he was friendly
with because they snoke, absent themselves
from Sunday-school and church, frequent musicany chum, W. B., has got acquainted with a
young lady, of hic own age, whom he describes
as "a really nies girl," and he wants to know
whether he is doing right in taking her out. It
where he is doing right in taking her out.
Now, the first thing that occurred to ne when
I read W. B's letter was that it was written
y a young prig. Mind you, I am not saying
anything against church-going or attending
Sunday-school, because, to my mind issea are
Sunday-school, because, to my mind issea are
Nor do I agree with lads smoking, or constantly
attending music-halls. Further, no one
abominates more than I do the use of bad
language on the part of youths and young men,

Nor do, I agree with lads smoking, or constantly attending music-halls. Further, no one abominates more than I do the use of bad language on the part of youths and young men, or, indeed, older people.

B. is rather inclined to pat himself of the part of youths and young men, or, indeed, older people.

B. is rather inclined to pat himself on the back and say, "I'm better than they are. I go to church every Sunday, I'm better than they are. I go to church every Sunday. I'm a jolly good sort, if you only knew." That is what leads me to think thigh to is a young prig, and I want to warn him against it. The earth than a goody-good, flably youth, the bus prices himself on being better than everyone elso.

eise.

I don't advise W. B. to go with bad companions. Shun them, by all means. But do come off your perch, and be a little more of a healthy British boy, and a little less of a sanctimonious prig. Fear God, live uprightly,

do good, but don's go round bragging about it. Now, with regard to W. B. e grid companion, the transport of the grid to the gr

He is Not Tall Enough.

G. lives in Manchester, and he says he is considered very small for his beautiful or his beautiful or his seems of the says he had been been to be something to the head of the says he had been the head of the says he had been the head of the says he had been to be says he ha

sensible hving can give towards expanding your frame will be yours.

Don't forget, R. G., plenty of food, a moderate amount of exercise, clean liabits, and plenty of fresh air. This is the secret of improving the growth.

Letters From Girl Readers.

Tis with great pleasure that I note the remarkable increasing from my girl readers. I am receiving from my girl readers. I am receiving from my girl so many supporters amongst the gentler sex, and I can assure my young lady friends that their letters are always welcome.

The following is a communication I have their letters are always welcome.

The following is a communication I have very kind letter, falled in Nockport It is a very kind letter, falled and you will be a support of the property of the prop

excellent.

"Captain Jack' is our favourite serial, but we certainly thought? Redforn Minor' very good. We are very giad to see a sequel to it, which I am quite sure we shall like.

"We wish you all success with your new paper, 'The Boys' Realm Football Library,' and also a mery Christmas.

"We are,

"Your sincerely.

"G. AND E. C."

ELOW I publish a letter from one of my Plaistow chuns, who signs himself "A Grateful Reader." It is a letter which speaks for itself, and which

"Dear Editor,—It is my desire to thank you for publishing, some months ago, as warning for publishing, some months ago, as warning at school I fell in a certain bad habit. When at school I fell in a certain bad habit. When it is a condition that I could hardly cell my soul my own. However, thanks to your spicedid paper, which I have taken in regularly for some years now. I have been able to overcrone this cell, and I also weel lis and well stable. The contained here is now to say now pleased he is a contained here. Beating and with that stories contained here. Beating and with this stories contained beginning to the same production of the same production of the same production of the same production. The same production is a same production of the same production of the same production of the same production. The same plants of the same production of the same production of the same production of the same production. The same plants of the same production of the same production of the same production of the same plants of the same production of the same production of the same production of the same plants of the same

Thank you very much, "Grateful Reader." I am glad to know that through my advice and help you have been able to break yourself of the terrible habit you mention.

"Jack Noble's Christmas

Tour."

HE above is the title of the landhable complete football story in this week's issue of "The Boys" Reals Football Library," price jd. The warn is cream full of the landhable football library, price jd. The warn is cream full of the landhable football library, in the football library, in the football library, in the current issue of our Thursday companion paper is most exciting and fiftilling, companion paper is most exciting and fiftilling.

If you want to give your changes, little Boys Reals Football Library. The quite certain hell appectant it, and be "Gosply certain left appectate it, and be "Gosply child notice of you for introducing the paper to his notice. Your EDITOR (H. E.)

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

PICTURE-CAN YOU

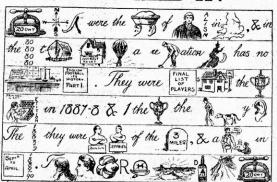
First Prize

Handsome "Olympic" Match Football, Bearing the Signatures of PRESTON NORTH END Team

(Manufactured by F. H. Ayres, the Famous London Athletic Outfitters).

Twenty-five Special Consolation Prizes.

Next Week the History of SOUTHAMPTON F.C. will be Publish



WHAT YOU MUST DO

All you have to do as no CUT OUT THE PUTULE here piven, PARTS I to A SELECT OF AUTHOR, and WHITE SELOW with you have been considered the CORRECT WORDING.

ORRECT WORDING.

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, and foregard its reach us not later than by the first post on Sendar reach us not later than by the first post on Sendar And Sel (18). Any solutions serving affect shade sill not a control of the service of the s

			No. 5
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of	 		

(Insert name and address in full) enter this Football Picture Competition on the understanding that the decision of the Educe of THE BOYS' REALM on all points respecting it shall be unal legally binding.

The Editor's decision on all points respecting the com-petition shall be find and becally binding. No fessions billity can be accepted for the delay or loss of solutions— the peat; and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition.

Jack Noble's Compliments, You in This Week's " B.R." Football Library. Now on Sale-td.



THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

undergraduslo, shampion amateur middle-coxer of Regiand, and Rugger Blue for his is a sturely amoneted bad, douged, indomit-ial and the state of the state of the state playing at Blackheath against a crack Loudon sets receives a telegram from his mother, in the come as soon as possible to a certain a Bethand Green, where she and her daughter ing. Feter sets out immediately after the not of the match, only stopping to have a few

Oato Carfax, manning man member of the Runger team, and what move as the Variety as a "Blood." Teter, though dilibes Carfax, is at samely drawn towards the man-late Carfax is in love with Feter's sister Sellie, and sworm to make the gift his own, by feel means or means of the man late Carfax is in love with Feter's sister Sellie, and

in arriving at Bothnal Green, Peter finds his sister mother in a humble lodging, and learns to his ing that they have lost all their money. Mr. ison on his death was supposed to be insured to the sun of twelve thousand pounds, but since it has I discovered that all this has been eaten up by serous claims and mortgages.

'discovered that all this has been eaten up by vogo claims and mortgages.

**Pater Arrives at "Fairyland."

**pate this stunning blow, Peter puts on a smiling and vows to pull things together spin. After only meal, and talk in with Jean Boyd, a once as pugilist, who has opened a boxing saloon in strict.

sangue poetins, who has opened a boxing should an Boyd, Ruswing what a clever boxer Peter is, persades him to turn professional, offering to train him, and the professional control of the professional contr

Rider removes his mother and sister from Bethnal Green, and instals them in a little cottage, near Lister, the little state of the little state of the little state of the little state. It was a little state of the little state

a become of him.

Bryd and a man named Finch search for the Kestrel

Bryd shot a man named Finch search for the Kestrel

Broder-boat, while File and Phospher, who are
nor; send them an urgent message by means of the

settingsed, who signal to the motor-boat.

Boyd raises his glasses to his eyes, and with madiy
sting, heart reads the signal. Is it news of the
suing Poter?

ne read this week's instalment.)

The Consenguard's Message.

The HE message that Jum Boyd read from the flag signalling at the constguard-station, was ample cause for his extension and exultation.

"Shanking picked going on aboard Keetrol." Shanking picked going on aboard Keetrol. Bound man stacked going on aboard Keetrol. Bound man staken there this morning. Chine look-out reports free fight going on forecastle-head; one man against lot. The one man after knocking out most with revolvers by least proportion of the picked specific proportion. The picked proportion of the p

morning, putting boat's crew and sick man sahore, then shood out seaward. Ends, "Great Jamest" he shouted, turning to Finch, hi see ruddy with pleasure. Did you boat's crew at the same of the same o

Etc. if he could get a fair show to keep is back out of danger."
You've got as much jew as an old woman, "You've got as much jew as an old woman, and the state of the state o

Commanded. "In must seed a telegram to commanded." In must seed a telegram to the decision of the decision of

said Boyd, with a kindly grin at the engineer's slight frame and weedy arms and logs. "That's true," said Finch, unmoved; "but though my arms are a poor sort of weapon. Te not got seeds a bad headjineer, and, with all for granted."
"What are you driving at?" snapped Boyd. "Give is a name, man; I'm full up of mys-teries!"

"Give is a name, man; I'm full up of mys-teries!"
"Well, seeing that this roan Peter of years seeme to have laid out the Kestrel's crew," said Finch, "it's just as likely as not that the sick man they vep put ashore is one of the crew. If his head fell on an iron stanchion, for example, he might be in a bad way, and they'd need a coctor. I don't see why they should go all the way round the island to bring the man

dector. I don't see why they should go all the way round the island to bring the man here."

I curious, "said Boyd, with a wide grin, "how the moment you run your how shows you can you how shows you leave your senses at see. Don't you see that it's just that fiend Carfax's artituless to queer the trail. Didn't I tumble to it first thing. "You did, guy'nor, and that's a fact!" said Boyd. "Do you suppose we've nothing to both the said says, you matted windbag!" said Boyd. "Do you suppose we've nothing to both the said says, the said says you matted windbag!" said Boyd. "Do you suppose we've nothing to both the said says here. Finch, but just off the said of the stage. Pass us one of your extra lights. You might smooth your four what lights. You might smooth your four what anything through this blankety fog. It'll be a chance, if we don't walk into the water." They got away at leak. Boyd growing his anathemas as he dragged his feet through the saigning almost instructions and the said of th

them. Boyd stuck to this trail with the tenacity of a bloodhound, It led them presently to a low door in a stone wall some eight feet high. The door was looked, and as it was of, cak, and heavily strengthened with rino hars and great headed nails, it promised a strenuous and a noisy resistence to any onaleury strength of the more resistence to any onaleury curry. Whispeed Boyd, and was the wall. "I'll perfect Boyd, and "You've got to shin over and open that door."

give you s back. You've got to shin over and over you s back. You've got to shin over and you we got to shin over and you we got to shin over and you we will be a support of the you'll be a will be a well and billy, climbing on to his shoulders, got an elbow over the coping of the wall. At the same moment his leg was seized in a grip of iron, and a whisper hand of the well well and billy, climbing which we will be a will be a well and billy, which we will be a well and well and whisper hand of the well and well

"By James! To think that I give a back to a low-down, gutter-scraping ball-puncher like you, only to have one of my eyes nearly scooped out by your thumb, and my gizzard nearly torn into bearings by your heel first, and shen your beastly class. Our wait till I get you was to be to be a superior of the property of the

black, beaming face. "What have you found to "Come further from the door!" muttered Phospher. "This way, along the wall. If all goes well, Dickie will meet me kere presently, and Dickie's securing by that way. We know this is where their car ran after their set-tack last night. But Dickie's bean on finding out if Master Peter's misted the house or not. No one the village knows anything of them. They say the house belongs to a London gedileman, Mr. Richardt, but that's all day know, cept yach, the Kestrel."
"And we know," said Boyd. "that, Peter Yach, the Kestrel."
"And we know," said Boyd. "that, Peter Way, when the Kestrel."

yasht, the Kestrol."

"And we know," said Boyd, "that Peter was aboard the Kestrel when she sailed from Shanklin, and that the yacht put in intere, and sent ashore four men, carrying a fifth, Wantonew, we followed their tracks from the landing stage to that very gate. So there's precious little doubt that they veg out Peter tucked away inside there, sife enough, and intend to hold him till his future in the ring is fairly friezled. But that's just where they count without Jens Royd.—"

Detailed where they could without deli"And Dickie File!" squaked a ropice that
made the three men jump.
Dickie drew nearer, until he came into the
circle of wan light where the heads of Boyd
and Phospher and Billy were grouped closely
colored his question.
"I've seen him," said Dickie quietly. "He
there all right, wrapped up, and strapped up,
in blankets from head to foot. And what do
"Billing at his draps?" suggested Phoe
pher,

you think he's doing:

"Biting at his straps?" suggested Phoepher.

"Biting at his straps?" suggested Phoepher.

"e's not a fool, and le'd swell to it. And now he'll off-swell, and slide out of them blankels easy as shelling peak.

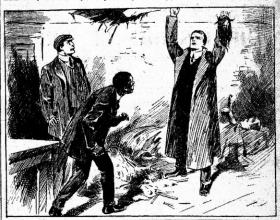
"He's asleep!" grunted Boyd.

"Bully for you, bos!" said Dickie, with a' little sneaky laugh. "That's just what he is doing—lying on his back, sound sleepe, and looking as happy as a kid after is battle. I we have been and looking as happy as a kid after is battle. I we have been and looking as happy as a kid after is battle. I we have been and looking as happy as a kid after is battle. I we have been and looking as happy as a kid after is battle. I we have been and looking as happy as a kid after is battle. I we have been and looking as happy as a kid after is battle. I we have been and looking as happy as a battle in the room, and I din't know but someone might be on guard over him. It was easy enough to get on in the state of the control of the state of the sta

didn's know but someone might be on guard over him. It was easy enough for get on the roof.

"It's only a two-storeyed building, and there are half a dozen trees with branches unroof the place, there's not much show of getting in. The lower windows are all guarded by close-shut iron shutters, and barred into the bargain. They told me at the post-office that the house was once a private road inmeelf, and the place was shut up. We may take it for granted that there's no getting in by way of the ground floor, unless we call (Continued on the next page.)

(Continued on the next page.)



fted his hands and the wig at the same time, and Phosp ok with a low cry of amazement, "It's Master Poter!"

up the police and make a formal matter of

"No police wanted!" snapped Boyd. "We can title about notice when we so Peter back. But if these scoundrels think they're safe to be mabbed, they may hurt the boy out of spite, and try and fight through. No, this is our little show. Our craft and strength against theirs. If they're the better men, they'le mit they'le with anyhow, I guess it stands to reason we're this better lot." "We shall have to be very, very careful, then," said Dickie. "Remember, those follows are playing a desperate game, and they'le worth. Have you boys caten!" "Now you, mettlion if, said Boyd, "I haven't had a bitte since I left London last night." No police wanted!" snapped Boyd. "We

havort had a bite since I left London last night."

"Nor I since supper." choose Billy, in a tone of the deepest melancholy. "I'm fainting it is to be a since in the deepest melancholy. "I'm fainting it is to be a since in the since it is to be a since in the since it is to be a since in the since it is to be a since in the since it is to be a since in the since it is to be a since in the since it is to be a since it is to

The Bearded Man.

DETER JACKSON awaks and from this deep of his testing a grant refreshed, warmth, an annoying sense of restraint, and a keen, clasmorous appetito. He had sleep little during the night, after the exciting experiences to which he had been subjected. So the sense for the exciting experiences to which he had been subjected. So the sense from that cabin and of his fight on the forecastle-head of the Kestral, the child and exhaustion of that top plungs, and sill more freezing swim, and then the swift cannot be to the linkers and a heavy does of the company of the sense of

devotared it ravenously, wondering the while more and more to what extraordinary oil of circumstance he ought to refer the good fortune of his treatment.

He was not the only one who wondered; but this, we have the only one who wondered; but this he would blessed, the others while he would earned. Jake and Price and Sharpe, who had all suffered grievous and most painful damage to their visages, were as easy ripe for mutiny against their leader on the matter as they dared to he will be more than a suffered grievous and most painful damage to their visages, were as ready ripe for mutiny against their leader on the matter and the matter of t

strode away up the stairs. Jake looked after him with an evil, cunning glance. Their master opened the door of Peter's prison, entered, and, closing the door after him, walked over to the bed, and looked down at 1 Feel harts? 'he will are the state of the state of

at Pets.

"Feel better?" he asked, in a cordial tone.
Peter nodded, and looked at him with a
resolute, curious stare. Despite the beard and
the glasses and the wig, there was something
hautningly, beffing familiar in the whole set
of the man; but, for the life of him, Peter
could not put a name to him, nor even a

or the man; but, for seal the or man; could not put a name to him, nor even a frame or atmosphere.
"Very much better," he said cheerfully.
"Good sleep! Good feed! Right as a trivet;

Good sleep. Good feed: Right as a trivet; and the control of the c

the back, peeled off hair and beard and mountaine.

"Cato Carlax!" said Peter, in a glacial tone. "I suspected as much. Yet I could not not be supported as much." Yet I could not not be supported by the support of th

other here to have a nice, quies, connected that with you."
"You could have lad that for the asking at Appaldecombe," said Peter, restraining his rising anger, "and yet you have chosen to expose me to the worst forms of outrage and indignity, Why?"

rising anger, "and yee you are sepose me to the worst forms of outrage and indignity. Why?"
"For the very simple reason, my dear Peter," asid Carfax suavely, "that it is extremely improbable that you would over, in the freedom of Appaldecombe, have listened to me with the same careful attention as you will listen to me now that your freedom and future in in my power to dispose of. I will be quite frank with you, Peter, and go even further."
"At larse, and aimost sure of a phenomenal

frank with you, Peter, and go even further.

"At large, and aimost sure of a phenomenal success in the rather brutal profession you have chosen, you would be a secious and constant menace, if not an insuperable obstacle, to a design that I have set my heart, my will, and my body, and all my force on achieving. And I was, "Therefore you had to be removed, my dear man, to leave my way in the will of my way. Therefore you had to be removed, my dear man, to leave my way in the will of my own making. And you are removed. You see, I could not be more frank with you. You are in my power, and until you subscribe to the conditions I shall presently name to you. In strength in the property of the proper

my power you shall remain, if you grow white-hard in fit; "aid Petra islowly, his stoady eyes scarching the burning gaze directed on him, that in my heart I always knew you to be a low-class blackguard, Cato Carfax. But I'm it hat in my heart I always knew you to be a low-class blackguard, Cato Carfax. But I'm not going to bandy words with you. I don't even want to bear them. The fact that they are yours is quite your form. I retuse them: "I am afraid you are a poor kind of strate-gist, Beter, my friend," succeed Carfax, whose snap-froid seemed to have boen a little ruffled at last by the withering contempt in his cap-tive's voice. The property of the con-trol of the content of the con-tent of the content of the con-tent of the content of the con-tent of the con-tent of the con-tent of the content of the con-tent of the con-

reach, and forewarned against any wile you might devise."

"My poor Feter," said Carfax, taking a step nearer the bed, "do you not yet understand my little parable of the ship and the treath of the parable of the ship and the treath of the ship of the ship and the treath of the ship o

much better give in."

He bent forward and peered at Peter.
Through his half-closed eyes, Peter saw
the face of Carfax bending over him, and he
realised that his enouny was given over to him.

that so flustered his ring courades, he shot out
his right, and, clutching Carfax by the throat,
dashed his head down on to his manaced left
hand, which, in turn, closed round the throat
of the obeding man.

And thus for a few grim seconds they lay, Carfax's contused, swelling face not a foot from Peter's livid visage, his tongue lolling, his eyes bulging, and injected with blood, his left arm pinioned under him, his right arm numb under the deadly pressure of Peter's

clbow. Then ruddenly he went limp. But Peter was taking no risks. And the game of possum was one he had played himself. He heaved Carlax's head up, and tapped the solid stone wall with his temple. There was no pretence about the jerk forward of the inert neck. Peter let him fail back on the bed. Then he searched him fail back on the bed. Then he searched him had been somethed to be the bed with another moment he stond creet, on the floor, free, and garbed only in blankets.

He locked down gloomily at the unconscious

free, and garbed only in blankets.

He looked down gloomily at the unconscious man. He was not over-squeamish; but he fall in in clothes taken from Cato Carfax. But common-sense carried the day. Any moment might bring up one of Carfax. But on the control of the

in a blanket.

Peter stripped his enemy, and donned his clothes. Then he looked Carfax to the rings on the wall, and threw the blankets over him, turning him sideways, and drawing the blankets over his face.

unances over me sace.

The sound of a step ascending the stair brought him to a lively sense of his danger. He sprang at the wig discarded by Carfax, and drew it on. Then he strode to the door, and opened it, standing with his back to the solitary candle, and looking into the cunning eyes of Jake.

of Jake.

"Well?" he snapped, in a voice as near to Carfax's as he could make it.

Jake gave him a circuous, suspicious glance.

But the eyes were in the shadow; height and build were about the same, and the face was completely hidden by the beard.

build were about the same; and the face was completely hidden by the beard.

"The men 'ave come from the said. "Came nearly art an hour age and the said. "Came nearly art and hour age was the said. "Came nearly art and hour age was the said. "Came nearly art and hour age was the said them up? They reported that a motoriausch was lying down by the landing-stage, but sheered off into the for ga the Kestral fellows 'anging about in the woods as they came up. Little enough it's Boyd and his crew. We've been lookin' round for 'em, or I'd 'ave come up carlier. But we saw no signs of any care, we'd better 'urry. And me and my males reckon we'd be safer if you'd upt us ashore somewhere on the mainland than if we'd in the said of the sai

dages some grub and liquor. I'll see them presently."

Again Jako looked at him doubtfully. The
voice was certainly different from his master's
usual snartly tone. But the suspicion scenned
to wild, and to the suspicion scenned
to wild, and the suspicion scenned
to wild, and the suspicion scenned
to wild, and the suspicion scenned
glance, hurridating it to the tost himself. He
adged away, and, with a furtive, backward
glance, hurridad down the staircase.

"I'm in a tight hole," murmured Peter, as
he re-entered the -room and closed the door.
"My voice doesn't work the cracle at all. I'
wonder what I'm I ruppess. And they may pile
in here, and one glance at Carfax will give the
whole show away. I must stop that."

He looked around for some means of
harricating the door. He had seen already
that the outside alone was furnished with bolls
the thin it will the two onds mes, and thrus the
heat into nalts used as a spring on the
cheaper sort of bedstead. He whisked it out,
hent it till the two onds mes, and thrust the
heat icon slate used as a spring on the
cheaper sort of bedstead. He whisked it out,
hent it till the two onds mes, and thrust the
hent in the two onds mes, and thrust the
hent in the two onds mes, and thrust the
hent in the two onds mes, and thrust the
hent is the two onds mes, and thrust wing
At the same moment a sudden fall of plaster

door. But it would not budge the eighth of an inch.

At the same moment a sudden fall of plaster at the far end of the room caused him to leap round. Then he stood as one petrified, staring across the ill-lit gloom.

For, one after the other, two marging down the barrel of the stood of the start and the stood of the

Carfax Gives the Alarm.

The Boy's Recaim.

The HERR was nothing of the laggard about Jonn Boyd, and as soon as he had epent forty-five minutes of hard were it in the property of the propert

forward. And someone had better warn Finch."
"I think it's you who want warning!" said
the low, phiegmatic tones of the engineer,
as he stepped out of the mise into their little
sirels. "And I'm just in time. The property of the said of the said of the said of the said of Cardiff.
I slipped away from her, but I stayed near
enough to hear what was going on. Eight
men were being selected to go ashore, in order
to bring aboard a dangerous manife. The
willows, made fast, and slipped up to pass
you the word. And if you don't want those
fellows to tumble over you, you'll up and fits
struight."

when the most hand if you foul what these reliebus to tumble over you, you'll up and fits straight."

The advice arrived none to soon, for they had scarcely scattered in a communicating the straight of the sound o

unrough the powdery dust.

But, to them, after what Dicky had reported, there could be no doubt that their address young champion was the being lying chained there on the bed, and that his cautor was the bearied, grinning ruffian standing there at his side.

It was Phornham who model the standing that the side.

there at his side.

It was Phospher who made the first acove.
Be sank on his haunches, and with the spring of a jaguar, landed within three feet of Peter, have been a proper or the trigger.

When the proper of the trigger, the head, crooked his finger to the trigger.

"Hands up!" he eaid, in a nasty tone.

"Good old Phospher!" eaid Peter edily, and he litted his hands and his wig in the eanne he litted his hands and his wig in the eanne

he lifted hie hands and his wig in the same gesture.

"It's the master!" cried Phospher, in's strangled voice, falling at Peter's feet.

"Well, I'm busted!" asid Boyd. Andwith the busted is asid begone and busted in the busted is asid by the busted in t

up the lot!"
They listened. Up the stairs came the sound of the tramp of many men, and then suddenly a thundering at the door, and as suddenly the voice of Carfax yelling:
"Break the door in, men! The prisener escapes by the roof. Half of you look to the garden!"

(Another enthralling, long lustaiment will appear in next week's "Boys' Realm.")



THE 1at CHAPTER.

Preparing for the Holidays—Loft Behind.

HRISTMAS was very near. Lesons
were at an end at Delebury House.

The score or two scholars, whose
The score or two scholars, whose
The score of two scholars, which
The score of two scholars

"To minutes to change, three to wash, twenty to feed. I'm going in for the lightning quick change artiste business after this!" laughed Lester Arnold as he made a dive into his trunk.

quink-change artiste business after this; "Has anyons seen my old footer-boots? If langhed Lester Arnoid as he made a dive into his trunk.

"Has anyons seen my old footer-boots? If I have a my lying about the cleaners are sure that the seen and the see

"The reach the rotter's jaw, whoever it all break the rotter's jaw on the rotter's jaw of the rotter's jaw of

nis abours.

Perkins was a trifle absent-minded. He was also abnormally lazy.

He had searedly packed away half a dozen articles before he wanted a rest. He sat down on to the klicky paper that had previously given him offence.

given him offence.
Explosive laughter came from all parts of
the dermitory. The rest, well acquainted with
the stout one's absent-minded ways, had fully
expected this to happen.
"What's the matter now?" he asked, glaring

"What's the matter now!" he asked, glaring around.

Beaving backe of his chums were visible. Everyone seemed to be particularly busy at that moment. Every head was buried in its owner's box. But the subterrancous. By fins time Per incident; he had also forgotten the face that he had on his best unmentionables. Being unable to discover a réason for their laughter, he slowly rose to resume his packing. "I never saw such a lof of idiotic rotters it "I never saw such a lof of idiotic rotters it is the work what saws you can sometimes be would imagine you were enjoying some huge joke!"

The MAN WITH THE MASK.

A Christmas School Tale. By JAMES HOWARTH.

commenced; the numero canasactor volume.

"All right!" muttered Perkins resignedly, as he gave up the puzzle. "You can go on laughing. Pray don't mind me!"

He litted up one of the more weightly packages and carefully placed it at the bottom of his box. To do this he had to stoop well over the receptacle.

Now. as has before been said, Perkins was

of his box. To do this he had to swop near over the receptacle.

Now, as has before been said, Perkins was svery stout. When he stooped, the breadth of person he exposed was extraordinary; and, with the paper still adhering to him, the sight he presented was a truly comical one. And the presented was a truly comical one for the presented was a truly comical one. By the stooper still adhering the fore Perkins could stand upright again.

By this time the muffled chuckles had coased. Every head was lifted, and every eye was directed to his corner of the dormitory.

Lester Arnold placed his fingers to his lips for silences. The rest, nodding a willing according to the standard of t

as they watened.

Simmins had uncarthed a piece of calico
from somewhere.

Stealing behind Perkins, he quickly rent this

Steams count in two.

The tearing sound it gave out had the desired effect. The stout one hurriedly sat down, both hands clasped to a remote part of his

think-I fancy-" he commenced to splutter.

"I think—I fancy—" he commenced to splutter.

Theu, catchin sight of the grinning Simmins with the torn fragment in his hands, he guessed what had happened. At the same moment he than the same in the control of the same in the s

to the few weeks of isolation with gloomy anticipation.

They had not been long enough at Dalesburg House to make any real friends. With the exception of frank, good-natured Lester Arnold, they had not got on very well with the rest of the dector's pupils. The new aurroundings and companions were se entirely different to what

The tumultuous heaving of the backs recommenced; the muffled chuckles increased in
olime.

"All right!" muttered Perkins resignedly,
as he gave up the puzzle. "You can go on
auxhing. Pray don't mind me!"
He lifted up one of the more weight;
ackages and carefully placed it at the bottom
this box. To do this he had to stoop will
the receptacle.

Now, as has before been said, Perkins was
the commenced where the commenced with the various his content of the various content of the

had not been will almost the last day of the term.

"Whatever will you two chaps do with your-selves!" he cried. "How will you manage to fill in the time? This old place is all O.K. when the chaps are all knocking about; without em it will be like—like living on Juan Chout even a Man Friday to Console you. Thou even a Man Friday to Head will shut himself up in that cond, the down of the console you. The console you will be all sense a whelk in its shell, and you'll be left entirely on your own."

Oh, we'll be all sense:" Jack answered, his lip quivering, avertheless. He was think-like lip quivering, avertheless. He was think-like lip quivering, avertheless the hard would be already gathe Christians party that would be already gathe Christians party that would be already gathe Christians for which we have a consequent and interest our times.

timber-station.
"We'll have to hop around and interest our

ment.
"To-morrow I expect an old friend—s Mr.
Nickolis. Although much older than yoursolves, he is in every way more fitted for the
task of entertaining you than I. It is on your
behalf that I have asked him here. We will
shut up the school, and resort to my private
establishment. The school housekeeper visite
to going, and Ricks wishes to pay his people a

"We'll have to hop around and interest our-selves as best we can."
It was not until fine coaches that were to take their schoolfollows to the station were drawn up at the door that they realised how com-pletely they were boing left in the cold.
They stood upon the steps of Dalesbury. House watching the scamble that took place for the front seats with moist eyes. Behind them, also interested in the departure, stood Dr. Jisson.

The Head'was a tall. cloomy-looking man.

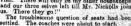
them, also interested in the departure, stood Dr. Jisson.

The Head was a tall, gloomy-looking man who did not enjoy the best of health. Lately best looking as bad that even the boys, but all years looking as bad that even the boys are all the best looking as bad that even the boys are all the look as if he had an old man of the sea "Looks as if he had an old man of the sea hanging on his back," Lester had said, when they were discussing the doctor's evident lilhealth. "The Head will be glad to get rid on the boys with a feeling of relief. But he was not unmindful of the two boys who would remain in his charge. He was perfectly aware how much his though the two boys must feel.

He patted both on the shouldors encouraging the start of the two boys must feel.

He patted both on the shouldors encouragingly.

"Cheer up, boys!" he said, "The time will soon pass. Before we know where we are they will be all back again once more, and then you can resume your comps together. In the meantime, I must form plans for your entertain-



visit. There will only be my other housekeepe, and our three selves left till Mr. Nickolls joins us. There they go!"

The troublesome question of seats had been settled. The coaches were about to start, which had arose as to where Perkins could be stowed had arose as to where Perkins could be stowed. Neither were the occupants of any of the coaches willing to have his unwisely person wedged up amongst them.

The end Perkins has the content himself the last coach. From this position he saluled the Head, and beamed benignly upon the brothers.

the Head, and beamed Denigmy arran-brothers. "Good-bye," yelied Lester Arnold. "Good-bye, sir! Good-bye, Jack and Frank!" A Bourish of white and Frank!" Good-bye as the Good-bye as the coaches wang down the road. It was not until the rumble of wheels had died away in the dissance that Jack and Frank turned sorrowfully away to follow the doctor inflorm.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

THE 2nd OHAPTER.

Lin their New Quarters.

ERY little distance separated the school from the doctor's other establishment. They were, in fact, two ancient dwelling the control of the con

why the Head should want to keep the two places on had always been a mystery to his

other.

Why the Head should want to keep the two places on had always been a mystery to him the places on had always been a mystery to him the private establishment was raised by an aged housekeeper, whom they rarely saw when questioned, the matron of the scholastic establishment was most reticent on the subject; neither did old Ricks appear willing to impart any information. All the boys knew was that they were forbriden, under any pretext and they had always religiously obeyed the doctor's stern mandate.

Therefore the present arrangement came as great surprise to the brobler.

Therefore the present arrangement came as a great surprise to the brobler.

Therefore the present arrangement came as great surprise to the brobler.

Thank followed Ricks, who was carrying their immediate wants into their new quarteer. You may do what you please, and, with the exception of the left wing, roun where you was the present of the left wing.

Both gave the required promise; though much puszled.

Probably, from being less used, the second house locked much older than the choof; but the architecture of both places as alike. Both and the presence of the persone, the same beavily-unilioned windows; the same vast, scantily-furnished rooms resounding with the asme uncamp echoes.

"This is a run whost?" grumbled Jack, as

si pearance; the same heavily-mullioned windows; the same vast, scantily-furnished rooms resounding with the same uncanny with the s

longer. "Anything will be better than stopjing heres." returned indoors the doctor was
nowhere visible, neither was his aged house,
keeper. In the dimig-room, however, they
found an appetising meal spread, a plentiful
apply of eandles and a few good books,
the property of the stopterm of the stop
"I have to, I suppose" with reluctance.



Perkins stooped, with the paper still adhering to him, the sight he was a truly comical one. A titter of laughter ran round the

"You are a sleepy old fathead! I daren't stay down here, with only those ghostly shadows the candles are making for company. I'd be howling with fright in netime. This is a dismal old hole, and no mistake!"
Frank yawned more widely than ever.
"I'm, off!" he said briefly, as he made for

the door.

By the time Jack reached their room Frank
was already between the blankets, far away in
the land of nod, entirely hidden from view beneath the pile of bedelothes.

nearn: the pile of boddothes.

For once Jack cuvied his brother his ability to fall asleep under any conditions. As far as he himself was concerned, he felt he worked to be to get a wink all the time they remained in their new quarters. It was rather too cold, however, to sit idly watching the candle burn itself out, so he therriedly fing of his things, blew out the light, and sprang into bed.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

The Face.

I HETHER due to his changed surroundings, or due to the depressing
from the moment Frank and he
antered the doorway, Jack's sleep, far from being
pascoful, was disturbed by a series of hidcous
ingitumares. Curiously enough, even in the
might of sleen drams, he was perfectly conmightmares. Curiously enough, even in the
might of sleen drams, he was perfectly condistinct the sleep of the sleep of the sleep
Although his body was at rest, his brain refused to remain inactive. And all the terrifying ordeals his sleep-warp mind was made
to pass through took place in his new, Tolycultinged belief-amber.

The slandows that have seemed to assume
more tangible form, energing from their retreat to hover near his bedside.

Only nothing was quite clear. The shadows

treat to hover near his bedside.

Only nothing was quite clear. The shadows were mare moving blurs of blackness, whose mutterings he sould hear, but whose faces he not definite outline step they had no faces, now definite outline shere over on the move, and ever changing.

But they would not leave him alone—now approaching quite close, now hurriedly retreating, but never very face away. Their presence that, but never very face away. Their presence here, but now with a feeling of indexerbable horror.

here and with a reeing of indescribede horror.
At last one of the indistinct shapes came quite near, and Jack thought he could feel claw-like fingers gripping his throat.
The pain was real enough, as was the sensation of choking.

tion of choking.

With a big effort he threw off the feeling of deadly stupor that had held him powerless to long. He fought with his heads, and lashed out with his feet. Suddenly he knew he was no longer drorating, that the merciles hands choking the life out of him were real hands, the dark form looming above him not a imaginary evention of his excited fancy, but a real assainant.

real assaiant.

Instantly Jack's brain grew clear, and he knew that a murderous attack was being made upon him. Already he could feel his strongth ebbing; the feeling of sufficiation increasing. The agony was intolerable. In another moment or so he knew he must succumb.

noment or so he know he must succumb.

Thrusting both feet against the dim form his staring syes could see, and using both hands to tear away those that were throttling him. Jack gave one mightly upheaval, and succeeded in wrenching himself free.

He heard the figure give cut a weird, uncamy cry as it crashed on to the floor—the orash telling Jack; it was real fished and blood profiled what the remaining the throughout the profiled what the remaining the through the profiled what the remaining the through the profiled what there are the cook his assailant to be—the was not afraid to tackle. Freed from the forerers, his mind once more sprang the former terrors, his mind once more sprang his mind once more sprang

ité former (erroys, lus mind once moro sprang into vigilant activity.

Without a moment's hesitation, he hurléd himselt apon the figure that, in the half-light, he could see writhing upon the foor. One of visitor pour cust have caught his midnight visitor pour could be caught his midnight visitor pour la caught his midnight visitor pour la caught his midnight oireles the broad-basket, disabling him unme-distalv.

oirclos the breau vasance, distally, Jack's attire was scanty. Its loose fold afforded a good grip to the one beneath him, whose only anxiety now seemed to be to get away as soon as possible. This was exactly what the first him was possible when the search of the seemed to be to get a grimps of the face the struggling figure was endeavouring to conceal.

Jack Smithson was an accomplished wrestler.

engeavouring to conceal.

Jack Smithson was an accomplished wrestler.

For that particular branch of physical culture

the held all the honours at Dalesbury Honse.

The one below him heing in an inviting position, Jack now applied a powerful arm-lock,
with the intention of bringing the hidden face
uppermost.

uppermost.

Excepting for the one crash, as his assailant had been juried to the floor, there had been very little noise made. Only their laboured breathing broke the silence. The tusel taking place was a grin, silent struggle for mastery, the figure striving to free itself from the powerful, young, pinioning arms, Jack equally determined to make secure his prisoner,

determined-to make secure his prisoner.

At last the lever he had applied began to tell. Another heave, and the concealed face tell. Applied began to tell. Applied began to tell. Applied began to tell. Applied began to tell. The tell began to the

beams that found their way through the tree's bare branches cast a flood of light into the

beams than fount near way through the tree room.

This light fell upon the struggling figures—
upon the face Jack had been struggling to see. What the monlight revealed made him relinquish his hold. The face that stared up into his own was too horrible for description. And looked, altogether too fundish to be that of a human being.

Jack gave a shiddering cry as he fell back, both hands clasped to his eyes to shut out the decading light. The face resembled nothing fured up. It was but a momentary glimpse had caught of the beast like courtenance, but it had been quite sufficient. Trembling all over, he shrank further and further away till at last his back was touching the wall, and he could get no further. Would the—the thing go, or could it never his eyes to see what was happening. Would sery arouse Frank?

Their united efforts might prove sufficient to drive sway whe awful being, if not from the house, at least from their room, which they could the nearer a gainst further intrusion.

"Frank, Frank" he screamed, after what seemed his name or a fact hand.

"Frank, Frank "he screamed, after what seemed his name or a fact hand."

Taking his hands away from his eyes, Jack

seemed like an hour's interval. "What's the matter?" is marker? What's the matter? White-clad figure clambering over the bed in his direction. "Take care, Frank!" he cried out. "Don't go near it! Don't make the properties of the matter of t

his own.

There was nothing there!

The patch of moonlight showed nothing
more dreadful than a crumpled rug—a heap
of twisted bedelothes; beyond was the bare

boards.

"You've been dreaming, that's what you've been doing!" exclaimed Frank disqustedly, as he followed Jack's terrified glance. "You've been indulging in too much fiction lately, and rour imagination has run away with you. Why don't you read the 'B. R., or sonie-thing sensible? I guess you'd be seeing bogies when I saw you prowling about the dark corners down, below. Jump into bed with me, if you've got' can as bed'as that: If anyone had headed idiot I would have pumbed his jaw'!"

And Frank hauled his unresisting brother into his own bed, is own bed.

his own bed.

Then he collected together the clothes
Jack had scattered about the floor, and,
having added them to the already ample supply,
curled himself up by his shaking brother's side,
his indignant grumbles gradually dying away as
sleep once more got the better of him.

THE 4th CHAPTER

Wr. Nickolls—Frank Disappears

HE following morning the boys met Dr. Jisson again at breakfast; they also met for the first time Mr. Nickolls, the gentleman whom the Head had told them he was expecting, who had arrived by a very early train.

The visitor was a great contrast to his

them he was expecting, who had arrived by a very early train. The visitor was a great contrast to his sholiarly fitned. He had a more mirth-loving, cheery disposition. Over breakfast he kept up cheery disposition. Over breakfast he kept up cheery disposition, and the cheer was an a contant rear. Jack did his best to join in the mirth, even the doctor smiling occasionally. The Head was looking far from well. The habitual nellor of his face had increased; he looked as if sleep and he had been two boys had passed the night in their new two boys had passed the night in their new quarters; and Frank, replying for both, ead not so bad. A slight kink on the ankle warned in that Jack did not wish to have the incident of the night alluded to.

Frank was unshaken in his belief that his rother had been dreaming. In vain Jack ointed to the blue marks encircling his threat, ruises that told how force had been the grip

orthose, that soic now nector had been the grip of the control of

have seen 'em?'
"It had time to escape before you were

aronsed."
"Had it? Well, what made you plant your-self in a corner like a dethroned mandarin?
Why didn't you jump up and prevent it—if you must call your imaginary visitor by that name?

And this is all the gratitude I receive for risking posumonia, and other healthy complaints, through going to your assistance! Dreams, my lad—nothing more!

But Jack could not be convinced. A close inspection of the bed-chamber in broad day-light failed to reveal more than one common outlet. At the far side of the room the wall gave out a hollow sound, but there was no door. Jack was much mystified.

During the whole of the day his handsome face never lost its worried look, that Frank's raillery and Mr. Nickolls's jokes could not

Chase away.

When retiring for the second night he to upstairs with him a stout cudgel. Fra laughed long and heartily at this precaution.

"I'll have to lie awake to watch you," he said. "If you have 'em bad again during the night you may make a mistake, and take your beloved brother for a spook!"

But he failed to keep this resolution. He as fast asleep long before Jack had summoned p enough courage to undress.

When he did get into bed, Jack found that he had not the former night's difficulty in getting to sleep. Assailants or no assailants, spooks or otherwise, he felt fearfully sleepy, and dropped

to sleep. Assailants or no assailants, processed to deep default of the way of the control of almost at once.

It seemed to him that he had not been asleep that the control of the contro

moonlight to dispel the etygian blackness.

Jack sprang out of bed with the intention of
lighting a fresh candle. This time he was
determined not to allow his foars to prevent him
determined not to allow his foars to prevent him
cudgel held lightly in his right hand, with his
elft be began to grope his way towards the side
table. A slight sound made him pause again.
Expecting an attack, he instantly placed himself
on the defonsive, with his weapon raised to
Nothing handled belowers. Moreover, Ind.

Nothing happened, however. Moreover, Jack know whatever was moving about the room was at the far end. He could hear shuffling footsteps quite distinctly, and the sound of heavy breathing that was not Frank's familiar nasal

Now was the time to convince his unbelieving prother. "Frank—Frank!" he breathed, in an intense whisper, reaching out to shake that sleepy in-dividual.

dividual.

But Jack was destined to get still another shock. His groping hand passed over the flat surface of the bed without meeting with resistance. Frank's bed was empty!

sufficient of the second secon

There no longer was any sound in the room.
The shuffling footsteps had ceased. Jack
thought be heard a faint cry—far away, it
seemed to him—then all was silent.

seamed to him—then all was silent. Feeling his way quickly back to the side-table, he struck a match, placed a fresh candle in the bolder; then, as the flame shot up, looked about him. The sounds he had heard on first awaken time that come from that part of the room that come from that part of the room that the structure of the

tener was a considerable area of empty space.

In the furthest corner of all lay their frunks, just as Ricks had pitched them down. There was nothing else to be seen. Apart from the cold, the dreary look of the place had made him shudder, the dreat place is the place had made him shudder.

The control of the dreat place is the control of the control

further investigations.

When he had accomplished this, the first thing he did was to make for that portion of the wall that had given out a hollow sound when he wall that had given out a hollow sound when he made him connect this wall with the otherwise unaccountable disappearance of their midney visitor. He suspected—if he could only discover in—there was a secret door at that side of the

ti-curen was a secret door at that side of the LB was whits subjecting like wall to a most minute examination that Jack's worst fears were confirmed. Frank had met with foul play; he had been ruthlessly murdered—his body dragged through this secret door, the method of opening the had been ruthlessly murdered—his body dragged through this secret door, the method of opening the had been grade in the first secret had been grade and the first secret had been grade and the first secret had been grade in the first secret had been grade in the first secret had been grade and the first secret had been grade

THE 5th CHAPTER.

THE 5th CHAPTER.

FIER uttering that one cry of slarm,
Jack stood motionless, with just
enough presence of mind left to make
him place his foot upon the sight
had let fall. Then, in a suddon fremy of
passion, he began to beat upon the wall with
both hands, abouting out incoherent threats into

passion, the logal to best upon the wast with the heart beaution of the darkness.

Ah, what was that?

Someone else was knocking, also. But this new sound was coming from behind him. Moreover, a voice accompanied the knocking—a voice that he recognised. The familiar sound as the recognised that he was the recognised that he was the recognised that he was the recognised that he charmed of his brief insane outbirst, Jackstoped and picked up the extinguished candle. This he relit with one of the matches he still carried about with him, then ran to unlock the dor. It was Mr. Nickolls who entered. But he did not look the same cheery, further than the waste of the matches he still carried about with him, then ran to unlock the dor. It was Mr. Nickolls who entered. But he did not look the same cheery, further than the did not look the same cheery, further than the did not look the same cheery, further than the did not look the same cheery, further than the did not did not look the same cheery, further than the chirac come and see for myself what had caused know. What has become of your brother?"

Jack began to stammer an explanation, but alied miserably in his strengt to make things clear. To his miners surprise, Mr. Nickolls seemed to be expecting some such revelation as he was trying to make. With a suggested quickly made himself master of the little Jack know. "I feared as much," remarked Mr. Nickolls "I feared as much," remarked Mr. Nickolls ""I feared as much," remarked Mr. Nickolls

"I feared as much," remarked Mr. Nickolis diy, and the gravity of his face increased. We must not delay a moment in going to your

sady, and the gravity of the face increases. "We must not delay a moment in going to your brother's assistance." "ried Jack, in despair, "I will see the second of the sec

teer a trine easier in mind. At any rate, Frank was still alive. But he must be pretty bad, or his abductor unusually powerful. It would require very fittle resistence to prevent anyone being carried sway against their will through so small a space. Undoubtedly, after that one sharp cry, Frank must have Sank the new teeth of the sank of the into unconsciousne

into unconsciousness.

As near as Jack could judge, they had traversed about forty feet along the passage, when Mr. Nickolls came to a halt, and blew out both candles. Jack shut his eyes, so that he might more quickly grow accustomed to the both candles. Jack shut his eyes, so, that is night more quickly grow accustomed to the darkness. On opening them once more, he of him. This, he could see, was finding its vay through a thin crevios, to which Mr. Nickolls had placed his ear. Jack could hear no sound. Apparently satisfied, Mr. Nickolls stamped with his foot.

with his foot.
The sudden glare of light made them both blink. The passage had terminated in a door way similar to the one by which they had entered. Poising himself on his toss, Jack into the room beyond.

If the rest of the house was poorly furnished, in pains or expense had been spared to make the secluded left wing an abode of brauery linumerable candles, set in costly candelabra, lift up the room and its beautiful equipments, and the control of th This ample illumination reflected itself in the many mirrors set in massive brass frames, and in the polished woodwork of the quaint Louis XI furniture.

thany mirrors set in massive orass frames, and than a strain of the quates. Louis XI. Inminist of the quates and the strain of the place that riveted Jack's attention, however. There, almost as his fees, lay his brother Frank, with a thin stream of blood trickling over his white face, flowing from a small cut is the forehead. Beyond Frank again, with face hidden, lay Marking his way quickly towards where Frank Making his way quickly towards where Frank He's all right." He whispered, after a moment's pause. Slightly summed, that is more round again."

He's all right," he whispered, after a moment's pause was claiming. Greatly as he was attached to his brother, the second motionless figure was claiming all his attention just then, was the face that was hidden from view the Mass the face that was hidden from view the Timpelled as if by magnetism, he commonwed to walk across the room.

"Come back!" Mr. Nickolls heartely called out. "I forth'd you to go any nearer!"

But Jack did not heed the imperative call to walk across the room.

"Come back!" Mr. Nickolls heartely called out. "I forth'd you to go any nearer!"

But Jack did not heed the imperative call the last but afraid. Approaching and not the least toward and the last but afraid. Approaching and not the least how a many control of another face, Whose of the property of the property hideous features were but those of a mask! Undermost he could see the outline of another face, Whose of

Before he could satisfy his curiosity by plucking away the hideous contrivance that hid the real face below, he heard the click of a key did not be the contrivance of the room opened to admit Dr. Jisson.

The Head was even paler than usual. After carefully closing the door behind him, he looked hard at Jack, and at the inanimate form them the body of the From them his gave Frank's head upon his knee.

"Has hee—"he began, pointing a chaking finger at the figure wearing the mask; then the beautiful the state of the behind the first way to be supported by the first way the first way to be supported by the first way the first way to be supported by the first way the first way to be supported by the first way to be suppor

the only cure. He has had that, goodness knows!"

Then his troubled eyes caught sight of the open door leading into the secret passage. He flashed an intercogative look at his friend. Mr. Nickols nodded, be had been suited to the house. Years ago, Henry, I warned you not to leave it open. Had you saken my advice this sfrair would not have happened. Juckily it has not turned out as 'serious as I first magning the fright, coupled with a sharp knock, has be comes to he will accredit know what has happened."

The Head shuddered.

At that moment Frank opened his eyes. Then

pie comes to, he will carcely know what has heappened."

The Head shuddered.
At that moment Arank opened his eyes. Then head shuddered.
At that moment Arank opened his eyes. Then he had he ha here besides myself. From time to time symptoms of his homicidal manis have shown themselves. Mr. Nickolls and myself have both had airrow escapes. Strange to say, just when his focusy is at the single, he sails into sudden his focusy is at the single, he sails into sudden his focusy is at the single, he sails into sudden his focusy is at the single, he sails into sudden his focusy is at the sail to his disorder you owe your escape, Frank, my boy. Huss I believe he is coming to!"

The figure on the floor had given an uneasy writhe. The mark full saile, exposing a hand-currously at.

"Quick!" gaped Dr. Jisson. "I must be alone with him when he awakens. Go out through the passage."

"Quick!" gaped Dr. Jisson. "I must be alone with him when he awakens. Go out through the passage. The saile was the saile to the saile the saile that the

(Two more fine complete tales next Saturday.)

THE BLUE HUSSARS. By CAPTAIN MALCOLM ARNOLD.

Marching HAIVs the hurry for, Tony?"

Trooper "Tony" Moore, who had just clattered through the harry for marrow cantonment gates, pulled up his charger sharply;

"We're off, my son—off at last!" he replied.

"Got it first time, Tonn," Tony said; "Te just come from headquarters. The 'old man',"—there is no disrespect in this term used by Tomny Atkins to designate the colonel of his unit. Custom has set the seal on it—'last tog on pla clone."

"But, I say-"But, I say—"
"Can't stop now, Tom!" And the orderly
lifted his reins again. "Wait until I come
back from the mess. Then you'll hear all
about it!"

He trotted slowly across the square, making a handsome figure in his clean khaki and spot-less equipment.

less equipment.

Hammond, full of the news, hurried across
the square towards his troops bungalow.

Morning parade was
over, and the majority

the square was Morning practice was Morning practice with the morning of the troopers were builty engaged in clearing up their kit.

Tenshun!" yelled
Tenshun in the top the to

ingly. "Phwat the blazes do ye mane by bouncin' in on us loike that? I thought it was the generil come to pro-mote me at last!"

The idea of O'Keefo—Paty O'Keefo, the best rider and hardest nut in the Blue Hussars, with more "red ink" on his sheet than any three men in the corps—expecting promotion made the room grin. "Ha, ha, ha! Promote you, you old "sab" "landed Hussars" in his promote you, you old "sab" "landed Hamberd Hamb

mote you, you old tank?" laughed Ham-

tank?" laughed Ham-mond.
"All roight, ye bastes!" he grinned.
"Ut's a good job ye have somewan to laugh at! Ut's a poor set av miserable microbes ye'd be widout me, Oi'm thinkin'!" Farrier - Corporal Saunders turned to Hammond.
"Your face is as full

of news as a news-paper," he said; "let's have it!"

A Tale of Army Sports in India.

"Oh, I can't tell you much!" Tom said, dropping on to a bench. "But old Tony, who was regimental orderly to-day, has just come into barracks, and he says we're bound for Dalakim!"
"Hurro!"

Hurrah !"

"By gum, that's great!'!
"By gum, that's great!'!
"When do we go?"
"You'll have to wait until Tony comes—and here he is!"

bere ho it."

There was a musical jingle in the passage outside, and Moore swung through the door. A perfect storm of questions arose.

"Here! Whoa, whoa!" he cried. "Sigady on. Let's get my belt off, for goodnew's safe!"

He sweat over to his bed, slipped off his white the bed; then, running his fingers through his crisp, black ourls, he swung round.

"Now, then," he cried, "I'm ready!" on with your fed, my son!" on with your fed, my son!" and will be the set of the my son!" legs.

"You know that there's been trouble at the string his price of the set of

'Yes, yes; get on!"

"Yes, yes; get on!"
"Well, I was very close to the general's
door this morning, and, of course, couldn't
help hearing scraps of talk now and again.
Orders have come from Calcutta to send the
best cavalry corps in the Presidency District
into that town just to keep order for a bit."
"Many hear! Then we were bound to go,"
"Many hear! Then we were bound to go,"
"Many hear! Then we were bound to go,"
and the start of the start of the start of the side de-camps had the cheek to many
gust that the Scarlets were the most suitable
for a nice little job like that!"
A roar came from Patav.

A roar came from Patsy,

Sphwar is that "" he yelled, learning to his
feet. "The Scarlets better than the Blues,
the Owld and Bowld? Bad luck to the man
who sid it, whoiver he is;"

"Good on you, Patsy," cried Tom—" that's
te talk!"

the talk!"
"Why, we've beaten 'em three times at

"And at tent-pegging— "And heads and posts!"

"Besides capturing all their blessed trans-

port last manouvres. didn't take any notice of the silly jay!" Tony continued. "He said that there was only one corps in it—that was ours!" "Brave "

"Bless his heart for that!"

"Bloss his heart for that!"
"And so I was sent for our colonel; and he fairly jumped with delight when I delivered the message. You should have heard the champagne corks propring as I left. Captain Trangmar jolly near lungard me when I went down the steps again."
"Where is Delakim."

"Where is Dalakim?"
"Simewhere about a hundred and fifty
miles from here," Tany went on. "It's only a
sort of buffer state. It's wedged between
Nepal and Bhutan. As far as I can make
out, there's only one town worth talking about,
in the whole province, and that's the capital,
Glisann." in the w

in the whole province, and that's the capital, "Why the dickons don't we go and take the "Why the dickons don't we go and take the "Why the dickons of the corporal skeed." It would save us not provide the corporal skeed. "It would save us not provide the the the the trooper Moore was generally admitted by his chums to be of superior attainments. He never "swanked," nor tried to thrust his educational advantages forward, but most of advantage forward, but most of advantage forward, but most of advantage of the youngest men in the regiment, had already qualified as an interpreter. Apart from these advantages, he was represented from Hammond with the exception perhaps of from Hammond with the exception baller in the cantonment.

Naturally, his word carried weight, and the troop turned to him as the corporal voiced his query.

query.

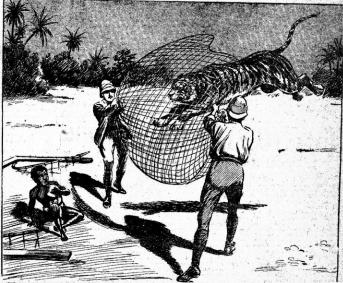
"Idame on, Tobe, ma on," Petry sill."

"Idame on, Tobe, ma on," Petry sill.

"Ida, have your obtions on the mather! Of ven nivir known you to be far out."

"Woll," said Tony, "it's easily understeed why our Government allows the rajah to stick who will be to be sill be silled to stick the silled state. The silled silled state of the silled state of the silled state. The silled state of the silled state of the silled state of the silled state.

(Continued on the next page.)



Poising the net between them, Tony and Tom leaped forward. One swing lifted the meshes ur. of the sitting oblid. Then, just as the tiger rose to spring, the hugo net was flung out we it. (In excising modelar from sect sections grand sustained).

on the other, keeps them apart, they can't com-bine and become dangerous. Now, do you

"Good!" Tom said. "Tony's cored a bulk as usual. And now, my son, can you give us any idea when we have to start?"

"It believe I can guess at it!" said the handsome young trooper. "The clerk in the supplies and transport office told me that our ratioschil had been altered from the usual way to the continuous control of the control of "Good!" Tom said. "Tony's scored a

"Rubbish!" Tony put in. "There wasn't bit of danger. However, old Hasan is a cent sort of chap, and has made quite a pal

decest sort of chap, and has made quite a pai of me in his way.

"I met him this morning on my way to Government House, and we chatted for a few moments. He told me then that he was a sative of Dalakim."

"No. Why, I always thought he was a Pathan."

Pathon. Why, I always thought he was a Pathon. Why. I always thought he was a bailed I." Moore went on; "but I believe that Balskin is a purely Mohammedan state—hardly a Hindu in it, you know."
"But the chief is called 'Rajah,' isn't he? That's a Hindu name."
"I'm not sure." said Tony: "but I believe his proper title is Rajiwar. However, it cold me that he was a very decent sort."
"Is he, by Jovo! Then why in the name of thunder doean't he look after his block-thirsty subjects?" Because he has a variety.

"Because he has a young fanatic for a next-ol-kin," Tony explained. "Prince Anned is the beauty's name, and it is he who is causing all the trauble. Are you ready for a wafk in town to-night?"

town to-night?" Tem said "Rather, my son!" Tem said "Then 1'll meet you at an oelock as soon of the meet of the son of th

at, you do beggat. he said. After may be promestion in this, and you went me to be in Tony nodded his head.

"Got it first time, Tom !" he replied. "I can see a bustling time ahead for us; and it you don't score a point or two over that bullying hound this time. I'll be blowed!"

Moore and Hammond were chains in the best some of the normal the contract of the best some of the man of the property of the said that he had been drafted out to the Blue Hussars, to join the same troop, "B."

Unfortunately, Tom had managed to incut he eamity of the farrier-sergeant-major of the squadron. When still a recruit, Burt, the camity of the farrier-sergeant-major of the squadron. When still a recruit, Burt, the dimpressed the farrier-sergeant-major favourably.

Tom, however, objected to the rather mental.

Tom, however, objected to the rather menial work which such a post entails. He was of good parentage, and was fairly well educated.

He had enlisted, hoping to rise, and he knew that to act as a servant would rather spoil his chance of becoming a corporal. Burt his Foolishy enough, he had told. Burt this And the warrant-officer promptly became embitioned towards the lad.

So Trougher Hammond found that he had had not exceedingly powerful enteny, and one had not exceedingly powerful enteny, and one than one recession.

and a deceasion. So the content of t

coming."

Tom looked up, and, catching sight of the heavy-lowled farrier-major, groaned.

It lies the beast has something to say to "It lies the beast has something to say to Burt, although an efficient soldier, was not of the beat type. He stopped as the youngsters swung past and scowled at Tom.

"What are you doin' round the stables?" he

snapped snapped.

It was certainly after stable hours, but there was no reason for the man to put such a ques-

Tom's hot temper was up at once.
"The stables are not out of bounds are

they?"
Burt took a pace forward. "Don't forget who you're speaking to!" he cried. "I'll keep my eye on you, my lad. We've been having funny reports about fodder lately." lately."
You dare to hint that I have been steal-

ing____, "I say, that's a bit thick!" Tony put in, for the first time, "I must be in it as well. I shall have to find out from the adjutant how the say of the say of

serious expresses a serious expresses and serious expresses and serious expresses and burried away.

"If I hear of you putting your nose anywhere near the orderly-room, look out!" relied Burt, as he swang round and burried away.

"On the best of him that time," he said.

"Eh-what!"

"Very van did," Tom agreed bitterly. "But word, and

"Eh-what?"
"Yes you did." Tom agreed bitterly. "But I feel that I shall some day lorget myself, and go for the sacering brate?"
"And get three months' imprisonment for your pains. Not if I can help it, old chap?"

THE 2nd CHAPTER. Prince Ahmed Vows Vengeance.

T was growing dusk when the young Tropers turned into the side-steet which led to Hasara's house. Haif-way down, Tom's spur-buckle became loose, and he stooped to fasten it. Just a soft footfall sounded behind from tight again a soft footfall sounded behind from "Out of the wax, you don?" a harsh sole-

"Out of the way, you dogs!" a harsh voice growled in Hindustani. Tony wheeled round indignantly. A tall, lean

growied in Hindustan.

Tony wheeled round indignantly. A tall, lean figure, in native dress, was advancing towards them.

Dog thyself, my friend!" he replied, in the same language. "There is room enough for all

The swinging figure came on, and then, when opposite Tony, thrust out a lean, wiry arm, sending the trooper reeling against the wall of

a house.

"Here, I say, that won't do!" Tom cried, springing forward.

He gripped the loose sleeve. With an angry

snarl, the stranger dropped his hand towards his broad cummerbund.

"Look oat, Tom." Tony yelled.

Tom saw the gleam of a thin blade of steel; then, desing with the man, he caught him account the waist and heaved.

and the next thing he knew be was lying ound, and the next thing he knew be was lying on the back in the roadway, blinking up at the sky above.

Tom was sprawling across his chest. A torrent of fierce words burst forth, and in a moment the young trooper was fighting for his life.

moment the young trooper was fighting for his life.

Three wild, vicious lunges of the knife were made before Tom's strong hand could fasten around the wirry wrist, then over and over on the silent roadway the two combatants rolled, withing and kinking like a pair of wild-cats, was taken also proposed to the cate of the was taken also will be a supported to the cate of the was only institution. The leave, rative

He was culm's danger, he darted forward. He was only lost in time. The long rative further than the long ration of the long ration and long the long ration and long than the long ration and long across his struggling body, yelled as he lifted his heavy blade.

But before the blade could descend Tony was on him. One less brought his knee against the murdeeous rufflan's beek; then, gripping at the long ration of the long ration and long long than the long ration and long long than the long ration that he long ration that he long ration that he long ration that he long ration are formy jumped back the fellow was dragged clear.

"Don't let him go-don't let him go?" Tom panted, scrambling to his feet. But, that was easier said than done. A catlike ewerve of the lithe holy sent Tony recling; then the man, with one bound, was on his feet. "By Allah, thou shalt suffer for this?" he yelled.

"At him, from shalt saffer for thist" he collected by the collected by the

waiting for him, and us, down there. We'd never come out alive?"

"The scoundrel—the murderous ruffian?" gasped Tom. "He must be mad. Fancy rushing into us like that! Til bet he's not a towns."

"He was too strong for a man of Darjiling." Tony agreed. "He must be a big pot, whoever

He must be a hig pot, whoever he is. A hi? "Something glittering in the roadway caught his eye. He stooped and picked up the knife. "Jewelled hilt, by Jove!" he said. "We'll keep this, Tom. It may come in handy some day."

day."

Tom grumhled as he began to rub the dirt and dust from his clean kinki.

"It jolly nearly same in handy to-night!" he muttered. "I hope I meet that beggar sgain. He won'! get off so easy next time, I'll bet!"
Tony looked up and down the descred street, "Wo'll better get along to where, he remarked. "Wo'd better get along to did Hasan's, while we're safe."

"Perhaps he'll be able to explain."

"We won't mention this business, Tom. It has nothing to do with him, and it would only were the old desp to think that his guests were were the old desp to think that his guests were don't mid.

"I say, what a ripping place!" Tom gasped.
Tony smiled. It was not the first time that
had been inside the luxuriously-furnished

room.

"You wouldn't think that old Hasan owned such a place, would you?" he remarked.

Tom did not reply. He was gazing round at the heavy, shimmering tapestries on the wall,

the heaps of silken cushions, and the jewelled lamps which lighted the interior.

"It's a corker!" he muttered. "Why, the old stall outside doesn't look as though it was worth tuppence?"

"You can't judge by exteriors in his country, old chap, "Tony stid. "Some of thore dirty hovels are absolute palaces inside."

A velved currain swayed back from the doorway, and the fall silk merchant glided in. He wore when attending to customers, and was now arrayed in a wonderful garment of figured silk. The strong brown hand which he thrust out to welcome the lads was covered with glittering range.

welcome the lade was covered with glittering rags.

"I am pledeed to see you," he said, in alow the perfectly pronounced English.

He waved towards one corner of the same results of the same results are said to the same results are said to the same results are said to the same results with the said to the same results with the said to the news.

"So the Bine Hussars go to Dalakim' of Saturday—oh! I suppose you are pleased!" They we can't did you know that?" Tony and the said the said

asked.

Hasan waved his hand.

"There are no secrets in the bazaar, my friend," he said. You Beitish talk in front of servants."

Tom and Tony laughpd.

"Well," said Tony... and what do you think about it?

Hasan boked at the lad who had plunged into the icy river to rescue him from drowning, and

Hasan boked at the led who had plunged into the iey river to resone him from drowning, and shook his head gravely. "I am gad that Dalakim is to be honoured by the presence of such an illustrious corps, but "Why?" for the corps."

"Why?"

Because those:

"Why?"
"Because there is much trouble and bitterness before you," continued the merchant,
"Gilapur is a nest of conspiracy and corruption,
The task you have undertaken is bigger than abyone imagines."
"Oh, if it comes to fighting—" hot-headed

"Oh, if it comes to fighting—" hot-headed Tom put in eagerly.
Hasan shrugged his shoulders.
"That's just what it never will come to," he explained; "not at any rate, while the old to the more discovered ones freedy, it will be the more days the early the companion. The stab in the dark and away. The—the doe you say it?"

the disk and away. The—the—how do you any it?"

"Hooligans?" auggested Tony.
"Yes, yes! The booligans of the streets who will work up cases against you. The see are the enemies you will have to feet.?

"That a a cheerful prospect, I don't think!"

muttered Ton.
"What about Prince Ahmed!" Tony asked.
"Hat a bout Prince Ahmed!" Tony asked. The see the see the see the see that the s

little birth-place."
The arrival of the meal checked their convesation for some time; but when the lads he caten heartly of the fare—native diabets, he beautifully cooked—Hasan had three narghil propared, and they returned to the divant amount to smoke the mild fragrant tobacco.

"I bar the ordinary cigarettes and plug om remarked to Tony; "but this style ooking is extra good." Tom

"It's the scented water through which the smoke passes that makes it taste so ripping, old chap," Tony replied, drawing blissfully at the silver mouthpiece.

Hasan sat very quiet for a moment, his keen eyes half-closed. Then he turned to Tony. "You have always refused to accept any-thing from me." ho began, "and so I am still thing from me,

"I say, do change the subject!" the young Hussar put in; "you've repaid me a dozen times for the little thing I did. Hang it all, it was only a case of getting wet for a few minutes."

(Continued on the next page.)

HOW TO PLAY

By STEVE BLOOMER, the Great International Player.

A Further Chat on Goalkeeping.

REMEMBER a case of a goalkeeper coning out which ended in the simplest of
goals-being scored. The match in which
final tie for the Association Cup between
the mistake took place was the semifinal tie for the Association Cup between
Satcliffe was keeping for the London
team. The incident had its origin in Warren,
the Dorby half-back, ballooning the ball to a
tremendous height and distance, but although
the sphere went in the direction of the Millwall
goal, there was naver any real danger of its
goal, there was naver any real danger of the
between the posts.

But for some reason or other Sutcliffe rushed

bounced just behind him, and kept bouncing along the ground until it trickled into the net. I do not mention this to point out any mistake of Sutchiffe's, but merely as an extra-ordinary interest.

mistake of Sutcliffe's, but merely as an extra-ordinary incident.

I wonder how many of you know that between a first-class goalkeeper and his two backs there is always a perfect understanding? Probably you have noticed in a big match the casy and machinelike manner in which a back will allow the ball to go to the goalkeeper and, by a half-circular and graceful run, intercept the on-coming forward.

goal, there was never any real danger of its creaching the net so long as a man stood between the posts.

But for some reason or other Sutcliffe rushed out to meet the ball, and just then the sun burst out from behind a cloud and shone like the certainty had a perfect understanding with burst out from behind a cloud and shone like the certainty had a perfect understanding with burst out from behind a cloud and shone like the certainty had a perfect understanding with burst out from behind a cloud and shone like the certainty had a perfect understanding with burst out of the ball, which is backs, but I am altimeted to think that he level was the properties of making him lose sight of the ball, which

there have been times when he has come from a heap of struggling forwards

triumphant but absolutely unrecognisable.

I don't think I am I ar wrong in saying Robinson has broken nearly every bone in his body during his eareer, in addition to partially bedy suring his eareer, in addition to partially a suring the saying and the saying the saying and the saying and the saying a suring the saying and the saying and the saying and the saying and the saying a saying

(Continued on the next page.)

a ball in a manner which will help his forwards, unless he is very lucky.

The state of the

ame.
A goalkeeper should be a strong kick, have
good reach and height, an active and clear
rain, nerve, and unhesitating confidence.

Steve Bloomer

Jack Noble's Compliments, You in This woods " B.R." Football Library. Now on Sale-td.

THE BLUE HUSSARS.

The merchant looked at the handsome face in front of him admirringly.*

In front of him admirringly.*

"That is your way of putting it. However, I have thought of something which will be very larger to the source of the source

thera."
"But-"Ach! You are not going to refuse again,
I hope. It is such a small thing this time."
Tony saw that the man was really troubled,
"I don't suppose that we'll have much opportunity of using the house," he said; "but, atill,
accept your offer."
"I don't suppose that we'll have much opportunity of using the house," he said; "but, atill,
accept your offer."
Haśan withdrew a heavy ring from his
finger, and handed it across the divan.
"You will show this to the servant," he said;
"he will know then that you have authority,"
Moore took the ring, alid slipped it into the
cose pocket of his khaki juchen, you give us
any hints, I mean, do you know of any way
by which we can bring those beggars round to
cur side?"
Their native host smiled.

our side?"
Their native hoat smiled.
"I do," he said. "The native of Dalakim is a regue, but he is also a sportsman. You will are going to the he is also a sportsman. You will smore spaceful means."
"What are they?"
"Go in for every sport you can. Tackle the native troops at their own game. They are native troops at their own game. They are them. Get your officers to arrange gymknams, get your best ent-poggers and swordsmen to enter, and the men of the town will judge you by your successes."

entor, and the man, by your successes."
"I'd like to play them a game at football,"
said Tony, with a grin.
"How would a wrestling-match go?" Tom

Hasan shrugged his shoulders

Hasan shrugged his shoulders.

"Football is not known there yet. But you will find plenty of good wrestlers to face."

"Well, we'll just have to do our best!" Hammond murmured, "Foom what I can make will be to be to be to be the same became to the plent we'll pull through."

"I hope you do," said the merchant gravely. "I will be able to go back to Gilapur then. I became I was one of those who favoured the British rule."

It was late when the two troopers left the hegalizable house, and made their, way back means the plant was a stated, and the two lade rather enjoyed the idea of having a private residence to themselves.

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IN A SIMPLE NEW COMPETITION I SEE THIS WEEK'S

"PLUCK." NOW ON SALE. ONE PENNY. "We'll be big pots, old chap," Tom said.
"I don't suppose that it will be a very swagger
place; but, still, it will sound very "O.T." when
we say, "Come and see us at our town house!" we say, 'Con Eh? What?

we say. 'Come and see us at our town house!'
He's 'What'?'
As they turned out of the baxaar, two figures in native dress came out of a side alley and glided past them. The troopers did not pay much attention to the men. Had they done as the way in which the taller of the two peered at them as they passed.

"Thou art sure that there is no mistake?" the tall man muttered, when the troopers had.

"On my head be it, O Protector," the other replied, with the slow, whining treble of the social inferior. "Thy servant has often seen the dark one's friend."

In the dark one's friend." "It was the tall man murred, half to himself. "By Allah, I wish I lad killed the dog when I had the chance, have been we replaned?"

His sinewy hash clocked, and a dell fire. His sinewy hash.

Who knows what plots those two Feringhees have planned?"
His sinewy hands clenched, and a dull fire hazed in his dark eyes. Standing well over six feet, with the sinewy grace and alert focus of the six of the

them?"
In his rage he stopped, and, lifting one loosesleeved arm, shook his fist menacingly in the
direction which the unconscious soldiers had

gone. "Allah helping me, I will drive thee and thy masters like sheep from our land!" he

THE 3rd CHAPTER. At Glapur - The House of Has

Clear and crisp the colone's Clear and crisp the colone's Clear and crisp the colone's Clear and Clear the colone's Clear troopers moved, then a forest of five hundred blades flashed in the sun. The carrious throng rathered cutside the high walls What were the Farinate Clear Clear

currous turoug gathered outside the high walls of Giapur shivered.

What were the Beringhees, about to do? Since daybreak the ragged horder hid been for the beautiful the shift of the

Colonel Vialoux's orders had been short and

the "welk."

Colonel Vialoux's orders had been short and to the point.

"The Blue Hussars will ride into Gilapur with drawn swords."

gallant regiment, passed beneath the wide arch of the gate and into the narrow streets. The bared sword at each nan's side was a symbol which most of the watchers quickly understood.

It meant that the Hussars came there in peace, but were prepared choors, but it is usual to hear some slight numurus of greeting as troops pass them. Gilapur, however, was ominously silent. During their mile ride to the wide square in front of the palace, there was only one voter raised in greeting.

at them as they passed.

The appearance of the vicious old beldame made one or two of the troopers grin. But Tony Moore shrugged his shoulders as he glanced at Ton.

"Nice sort of welcome that—eh?"

"Nice sort of welcome that—eh?"

"Nice sort of welcome that—eh?"

"Didn't quite catch it, old chap," Hammond replied.

"Well, she wants Allah, through the kindly assistance of Mahomet, to wither us all ere the coming of the moon," Tony explained.

"Well as the moon," Tony explained.

"Tony explained.

"Tony one in the same four as the two chums—glanced back at the hag.
"Bad luck to yo." he muttered. "If we git as withered as you are, ould dear, wid bad timpir and spoite, whin we're as culd as you.

Across the wide square the colonel led him nen. Then, haling them, they formed incline and advanced steadily towards the gates of the palace, where a hig pavilion had been exceted.

The palace where a hig pavilion had been exceted.

erected.

Beneath it, on a raised dais, a group of native officers stood, and in the centre of them, chatting to the British Commissioner, was the stout rajah.

When the troops bales.

stout rajah.
When the troops halted, and the colonel had saluted, the old ruler stepped forward, and lifted his bejewelled hand to his turban.
"Welcome to Gilspur," he said, in a quaver-

Colonel Visioux acknowledged the greeting, but his grey eye, wandering around the data faces behind the ruler, saw nothing but eamity in the glances directed at him and his men. What might have been an awkward moment was skilfully avoided by Captain Henry, the British Commissioner.

He stepped forward, saluted, and then pointed over to the far side of the square for your coming, etc. he said. "I hope you will find the quarters confortable."

The colonel took the hint, and, wheeling round on his charger, he galloped back to the head of his men.

The whole regiment filed past, the ruler,

head of his men.

The whole regiment filed past the ruler, each squadron coming to the Carry' as they passed the dais. The whole state of the common common

horse were moulded together, the rours rowe past.

Captain Henry heard a ruetle, and, glancing round, saw that Prince Ahmed had suddenly thrust his dark face forward, and was glaring approaching the saluting point.

The commissioner glanced at the troopers. Tom and Tony, although handsome enough lads, had nothing about them to justify the long, steady securiny which this known ensure to the commissioner glanced at the control of the commission of the commissioner what one entire the commissioner what one arth does that mean? "It he keen-brained officer thought." I could have understood it had that young beast glared at an officer. But these lads

"I could have understood it had that young beast glared at an officer. But these lads were ordinary troopers. I must remember this."

Half an hour later Tony and Tom were mail an nour later lony and Tom were busily engaged in attending to their mounts in the long, rambling outbuilding which had been transformed into a stable. Their seven days' march through the hills had made them very glad to find a roof above their heads once more.

once more.

The place fairly hummed as the troopers rushed to and fro, some carrying fodder, others swinging pails of water in their strong hands.

others swinging pails or water than the hands.

If I be this place has never seen so much life before, "Tony said, glancing around at the control of the hands of the control of the hands of the control of the hands of the hand barracke

barracks."
"It strikes me that it has been a monastery
of some sort," his chums wont on; "those little
niches in the walls were where the idols used
to stand, I fancy. Rather a come-down, you
know, from temple to barracks—eh?"
Tom reached up and patted the neck of his
mans.

nare. "Come-down, be hanged!" he said. "I think hat old Sally here is better than any dirty vooden god. What do you say, old girl!" The tired animal nozaled its soft nose into its pain, then turned again to the feed in

front of her.

"She says." Bother the gods, as long as I have corn!" Tony put in, with a smile. And it's a jolly good answer, too."

A hersh voice broke in on them suddenly. "Come along, Hammond!" It was the farrier-sergeant-major's voice. "Losfing again—ch! Get on with your work, do you again—eh?

again—en? Get on with your work, do you hear?"
He fairly barked the words at the lad. Tony saw Ton's face tighten, and, knowing that his chum was tired and hot from the long march, was afraid that he might lose his

emper.

He turned to Burt at once.

"I'm afraid that it's my fault, sir," he aid. "I should be in my own stall, but e've both finished work, and were just jaw-

said. "I should be in my own fail, the we've both finished work, and were just jaw."

Tony was a universal favourite, and even the vindictive warrant-officer softened as the steady eyes met his. "That's just what you would say," he muttered, turning on his beel., "Pity you don't colocust for a better chim." aling eyes. But'was already on his way down the long line, examining the borses as he went.

"The beast! The cad!" Hammond broke out. "By Heaven, I'll not stand much more of his bullying!"

He threw down the leather bucket he had in his hand, and looked at Tony.

"He takes to me as though I we went! I tell you, Tony, I shall go for him some day. I tell you, Tony, I shall go for him some day. I wish you badht: interfered. It gave him the chance of a parting sneer, and he took it. As if I wanted anyone to stand between me and trouble!"

"On, met wow, you old fathead!" said."

As if I wanted anyone to stand between me and trouble?"

"Ob, rets to you, you old fathead!" said Tony. "He didn't mean anything of the trop. "He didn't mean anything of the trop. "He has the said it."

"He hates me, I tell you," Tom went on. Fatigue made him short-tempered, and Tony stood ready to stop the lad-did his rage tempt show the said it."

"Some day you will laugh at him," said Moore. Then, inking his arm in his chum's, he commenced to drag him toward the wide doors." "And, in the meanwhile, we'll go and see if there isn't a decent meal to be had any see if there isn't a decent meal to be had any continues the said in the sa

(This powerful new military parn will be continued

BRADFORD CITY F.C.

An Interesting Article Giving the History of the "Citizens" since the Formation of

A BRIEF SUMMARY.

Campbell, who is a native of Ayrshire, plays at right-back. His height is 5th Tgim, and he weight 13st. 2tb. He has previously been identified with Craigaton Strollers, Partick Thistic, Glasgow Rangers, and Millwall. He has played in both Divisions of the Scottish and English Leagues and in the Southern League, and has represented the Scottish Leagues. He is a powerful kick, and a robust

George Chaplin

Chaplin is the City's left-back, and, like Campbell, he halls from across the Border. His native place is Dunde, and he is a Sectish International, having represented his country against Wales. He joined the City in 1908. His auburn locks make him easily distinguishable on the Seld of play.

John Comrie. The Bradford City team is rich in Scotsmen. Comrie is another, and comes of a family of footballers. He plays at ceutre-half, weight 15st. 7lb., and stands 5ft. 10in. He has pre-viously played for 3rd Lanark, Reading, and

Frank O'Rourke

Still they come. O'Rourke is also a Scottish International, late of the Airdriconaus. He joined Bradford in April, 1907. His position is centre-forward, and he is 5ft. 9in. in height, and weighs 12st. 6lb.

James Speirs.

Speirs is a Glasgow laddie, and learned his football in the great Scottish capital. He has played for Glasgow Annandale, Maryhill, Glasgow Rangers, and Clyde, and has been capped for Scotland against Wales. His age is 24, he stands 5ft. 19jim, and weighs 12st. He occupies the position of inside-left.

Pater Logan

Logan, Spoirs's partner on the left wing, hails from Edinburgh. His height is 5ft. Tajin, and he weighe 5st. He first played outside left against Leeds University, and speedily proved that Nature inflemed him for that position, although he proviously took the inside place. He learned how to control the inside place. He learned how to control the clusive leather with Alva Rangers and Edinburgh St. Bernards.

George Robinson

Robinson is a veteran who joined Bradford City in 1903, when the club was formed, having previously won his laurels with Notts Forest. His height is 5ft. 11in., and he weighs 12st. 11b. He plays at right-half.

E. A. Lintott.

Lintott is an all-round athlete, and excels at football, cricket, and tennis. He plays at left-half, and is 5ft. 10in. In height, He is 25 years of age, and has played footer practically all his life. He has represented England against Scotland, Ireland, and Waley, and was formerly identified with Deven, Promouth Argyle, and Queen's Park Rangers. He is a native of Godalming.

Robert Whittingham

Whittingham plays at insideright, is 5ft. 7sin. in height, and weight 12st. 6lb. He joined Bradford last season, and is a prolific goal-scorer. Experts attribute much of Bradford's success this year to the fact that he is included in the team. He previously played for Blackpool and Burshem Port Vale.

Richard Bond.

This is Bond's first season with Bradford City. He plays outside-right. His beight is 5ft. 5in., and he weighs 10st. 10lb. He is a native of Freston, and an International. He has played in League football for seven seasons.

(See this week's "BOYS REALM" FOOTBALL LIBRARY for a styling group portrait of the Brad-ford City team. New on sale, One Halfpenny.)

THE ARMY CHAMPIONS

By CAPTAIN MALCOLM ARNOLD.

Splendid Instalment of a Fine Army Sports' Tale.

Exit the Chairman.

the consuman.

HE man gave Ron the desired information, then shuffled his feet for a moment.

"We sain't said anythin' about oof," he murmured incinuatingly; "but I'm a pore

mywa an saw awyum wa man mister man mister dissinatingly; "buil I'm a pose man, mister with the man mister of the mister of the

him.
"I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find that he has been 'having' us." said the baronet; it has been 'having' us." said the baronet; it he charoe.
Ron shook his head.
"Oh, 'hink he's gennine enough!" he said. "He has a real grudge against that cold-blooded hoast."

cold-blooded beast!"

The policeman on duty in the wide porch
was rather surprised to see the three redcoated lads. But when Paul mentioned his
name and business, the surprised look changed
to one of deforential attention.

"Sir Robert is in his room at the present moment. If you will come this way, sir—"
"You can go, Paul," Ron said; "we will wait for you here."

wait for you here."

The young bacenet was not long absent, and when he returned there were a couple of keenfaced men with him.

"Inspectors Hervey and Prince!" Paul seid, introducing the officers.

The corporals shook hands, and ther Harvey plunged jine the business before them as once, of tendbe," he said, "if will either be a fair surprise apture, or either we wilk first that he has vanished altogether."

"And he's such a lucky hound," said Val.

has vanished allogether."

"And ho's such a lucky bound," said Val,
"that I'm beginning to fear that your last
suggestion will be correct."

"The luckiest of hounds reach their last
run some day, corporal," the inspector put in
grimly; "and this raceal may find himself
collared at last."

collared at last."

In order to avoid suspicion, the party separated, and made for the private hotel in the quiet side sirect by different routes. The two impectors were the first to arrive, and, when Pau! and the two Brandons entered the small hall, they found the police-officers awaiting them. ing them.
"He is in his room," Inspector Harvey

said. The proprietor of the hotel, a little, red-faced man, was rubbing his hands nervously. "M. Brown."—the name by which the Chairman had registered himself—had been one of hest patrons, quiet, unassuming, and retiring. He could hardly believe that, in reality, the man was a desporate criminal.

"I do hope that there is no mistake con-

tlemen," he said. "Mr. Brown has stayel with me before."

Ron turned to the man.

tlemen." he said. "Mr. Brown has staye with me before. Ron turned to the man. Ron turned to the detective, "Yes." said the proprietor; "he stayed with a stout, military-looking gentleman." That was the time of my fight at the National," Ron explained to the detective, and practically settles the matter. I am sure be is the Chairman."

He motional to the proprietor, who, with obvious reluctance, led the way upstain. He motioned to the proprietor, who, with obvious reluctance, led the way upstain. On the second landing he stopped, and pointed to a door half-way down the certifor. Harvey and Prince went forward, the three lads at their heels. Val felt his heart beginning to beat rapidly. There was a moment's pause, and then Harvey rapped leudly on the door.

Yan beat forward sagetly.
"All right, inspector," he said; "I recognise the voice."
"Right!" said Harvey.
"All right, inspector," he said; "I recognise the voice."
"Right!" said Harvey.

A tall figure leoped up from a chair and backed against the window.
"What is the meaning of this—" the Chairman began.
Then, behind the feed the wayse effects.

"What is the meaning of this—" the Chairman began.
Then, behind the bulky forms of the detectives, he saw the face of his young enemy.
His breath was drawn through his clenched the in a faint, hissing sound. Then, recovering his composure, he laughed.
"Aha! So you have found me—eb? You've taken a long limms over it.
Her vay first you have from the contract of the

reply.

"And I warn you, that anything you say now will be taken as evidence against you."

now will be taken as evidence against you."

"Thanks!"
There was something so cool and composed about the man's bearing that Val found himelf again admiring the courage of the rogue efore them.

"He's a plucky scoundrel," he whispered to Paul. "He might have—"

to rau! He might have—
The two detectives had almost reached the Chairman's side. Suddenly the long figure stood up, his hand was raised swiftly to his lips, and a tiny phile crashed on the foor.
"Quick, he has poisoned himself!" Harvey cried.
The youlhed at the beaten rogue, but they me too late.

They rushed at the beaten regue, but usey were too lake, we would be gone!" the cold with the minimum of the matter-crassians notlapsed into a chair by the window. "Not all the power on earth can save me! Ha, ha, ha! Don't look so infernally disappointed!". "Go for a doctor; see if there is a sleephone. Opicie." ordel Harvey. The three lats, giad to excape from that we'll chamber of feests, rushed out said down we'll chamber or feests, rushed out said down

They found the proprietor waiting for them, and explained their mission. The alarmed

man rushed to the telephone, and within a few minutes a doctor had arrived.

The three soldiers were in the hall when the medical man appeared, and they field the promise of the second of the second

dashed down the steps of the hotel and out into the open street.

Preparing for the Final.

THE its weeks which had to pase before the great final day were fraught with much importance to Ron and Valenthat their Colonel Armytage informed that their Colonel Armytage in the most object to the prepare for subjects "A" and "B" of the military examinations. Training, however, was by no means regicted. Morning and wening associated with the colonel armytage in the most object to the prepared to the most of the colonel armytage in the final was the galant STM Hoyal Irish Fusiliers. A fine team, and one that would make a rate. "Win or lowe, I'm content, you know," Sergeant Major Knowles said to Ron; "but, y imminy, I'd give the last few hairs on my head to see us just pull it off for your and the property was in the Asmittage of the prepared to the great day. The old out of "good soldiers, but no sportanen," which the unit had laboured under, had been killed for ever. No matter what happened in the year of the Army Cup.

And if they managed to win it—well, that

And if they managed to win it—well, that would set the seal on their great season. Somehow or other, Parsons got it into his head that Härris was weakoning. As a matter of fact, the rhyming private was as strong as a bull, but the goalie thought otherwise.

One morning, Parsons came puffing into the

One morning, Parsons came patting into the beam-room just as the players sat down to breakfast.

I was a huge steaming bowl in his hands, and he made straight for Harris.

The you are, towny, he said, placing the distinction of the right-half. "Get this into you. It'll do you a lot ov good. You'll feel an eman arterwards.

Harris minifed at the thing, and pushed it in the property of the said of the

Harris looked around him in despair. He could not help feeling touched at the generosity of his big friend. One-and-sixpence meant more than a day's pay gone. "Look' ere, Parsons," he said, "it's very nice of you to look after me like this; but—but SOUTH LONDON SECTION.

I don't need it. I'm all kiff, old chap. There sin't anything the matter with me.

The goalic drew himself up. There, was a gitter in his blue eye.

'Are you agoin' to refuse this 'ere soup!' he demanded showly, waving a fat flager.

Harris knew that a refusal was could be

towards the bowl. *
Harris knew that a refusal was equal to a
declaration of war. With a loud sigh, be
picked up a spoon and drew the bowl towards
him.

"Oh, Pil 'ave it, seein' you brought it, old

"Oh, ?!! 'ave it, seem you source, chap," he began.
He put a generous spoonful into his nisouth, then stared to his feet, coughing and spluttering libe à drowning ham.
The whole room went off into a root of laughter. Parsons glared at his pal indig-

anally.

"Wot are you doin", you chump?" he yelled, grabbing at the bowl. "You'll spill it in a minit."

"Take it away—take it away! Chuck it in the bloomin' dutabin!" ried the right-helf, wiring, his lips carefully. "It's muck, that's writ it's!"

"Muck be blowed!" Parsons cried. "It's muck hown it held to blowed!" Parsons cried. The bloom of the blowed of the bl

old head? " See the lift I be more more than turile, I'll beit. Taste is for yoursel," Parsons thrust the spoon into the whitish fluid and sipped cautiously. The quick look of dismay which crossed his lace made his chums how again. Well, I'm 'anged?' he said, dropping the spoon. Leaning down, he snifed at the steaming fluid.

Leaning down, he annuce as fluid.

"It does smell like dish-water," he muttered. There was a rattle at the door, and a white-clad figure rushed in. "Where Parsonns."

"Where Parsonns."

"Hore!" he cried.
"The cook hurried to the table, caught eight of the bowl, glanced at it, and threw up his fathered.

"Blest if I didn's think so!" he cried.
"Blest if I didn's think so!" he cried.
Wish an awful suspicion rising in him, Harris
turned to the man.
"Out with it, mate! Let's know the 'orrible
truth!" he said.
""Out with it, mate! Let's know the 'orrible
truth!" he said.

"Out with it, mater Leve since an except truth!" he soulkeeper.
"Yoo gave you this?" the cook asket, turning to the goalkeeper.
"Nobody," said Farson, in a faint roice.
"Nobody," said Farson, in a faint roice.
"You did, did you!" the man cried. "Then consider yourself bloomin' lucky you sain't poisoned! That's the water I used to clean the conners with!"

(To be concluded on Saturday next.)

Being a Weekly Record of THE BOYS' REALM Football League. Tables (Top Clubs only) and Prize-winners for Week ending November

"THE BOYS' REALM" FOOTBALL LEAGUE. A. Pts. 5 28 6 26 12 24 1 23 5 22 11 21 12 20 18 20 22 20 Winwick Juniors
High Street Juniors
Culcheth Juniors
Orierd Albions
Oxhill
Warwick Juniors
Birstall B.P.
Mariborough
Greenside SECTION W. 12 11 .11 .9 9 1 6 1 F. 88 69 67 32 41 tter Rovers... tockton Heath lunslet Westwood t. Mark's Il Saints SOUTHERN SECTION. nnfield Plain

P. W. 12 12 11 11 12 10 11 11 12 11 10 10 12 10 St. Giles' Athletic... Pear Trée A... St. Aldheim's East Side Leagrave Eastleigh New Locos Ferndale NORTH LONDON SECTION. W. L. D. F. 9 0 1 39 9 0 0 28 9 0 0 61 8 1 1 49 8 0 0 60 8 0 0 76 8 0 0 31 Cheshunt Juniors.
Blundell Old Boys
St. Thomas' 2nd XI.
St. Lake's
St. John's
St. Martin's
Bruce Hall 17

| JUNION SECTION | SECTION ENTOR SECTION.

P. W. L. D. F.

12 9 0 3 72

11 7 3 1 33

1 8 6 0 2 31

2 9 6 2 1 29

2 9 5 3 1 35

6 5 0 1 4 Pts 21 15 14 13 11 SCOTS AND IRISH SECTION. P. W.
12 12 12 12 10 10 10 9 10 9 8 8 8 8 8 SENTIOR SECTION P. W. 10 10 10 9 9 9 9 9 7 7 7 Albion Vies ... Prize Football Winners for Wook Ending Revember 27th.

Rovember 27th.

SOUTH LONDON CHURCH OF ENGLAND
HOLY TRINITY J.C.-C.O. League Secretary, W.
Hudson, 50, Halstow Road, Westcomb Park, S.E.

Richard Secretary, W.
Hudson, 50, Halstow Road, Westcomb Park, S.E.

18, York Steet, Justin, Steet, Justin,

NONCONFORMIST LEAGUE.
RHODES STREET WESLEYAN F.C.—C.O. Long
coretary, F. Nicholson, 161, Warley Boad, Halifax. CROXDALE AMATEUR LEAGUE.
CORNEURTH LANE F.C.—C.o. League Secret
E. Manders, 50, Croxdale Colliery, Durham. tary. W BESWICK JUNIOR LEAGUE.

ONWARD HALL F.C.—C.o. League Secretary, J.
rowther, 10, Peel Street, Ancosts, Manchester.

FERRYHILL AND DISTRICT LEAGUE, BOWEARN F.C.—Hon. Secretary, G. Atlan, 11, Wylam Street, Bowbarn Colliery, co. Durham. MANCHESTER SOUTHERN LEAGUE. Sr. Jude's F.C.—C.o. League Secretary, G. Slater, 36, Dryden Street, C.-on-M. Manchester.

"THE BOYS' REALM" FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

**ORTHERN SECTION.

**CRAPEL JUNIOSS F.C.—Hon. Secretary. W. Smith,

Bast View, Hayfield Boad, Chapel-in-le-Frith, Derby-

SOUTHERN SECTION.

PEAR TREE UNITED F.C.—Hon. Secretary, F. Watte,
48, Mortimer Road, Itchen, Southampton.

BRUNSWICE ARGYLE F.C.—Hon Secretary, A. Walker, 50, Southampton Street, Pentonville, N. SOUTH LONDON SECTION,
St. GEORGE'S F.C.—Hon. Secretary, H. White,
Lynton Cottage, Clarens Street, Perry Hill.

Jack Noble's Compliments, and Hell's Glad to Meet 41 B.R." Football Library. Now on Sale-td.

"But it can't be helped. Unless Knowles apologies—which he won't do—I shall have to meet him."
Redfern minor looked dismayed.
"Well, it can't be helped!" said Arthur, more briskly. "What was it you wanted to see me about, Sid ""
"Oh only about our junior football slub!"

"Oh, only about our junior football club!"
said Redfern minor. "It doesn't matter; I
won't bother you about it now."
"All right. Will you look for Courtney and
the first was to epack to him?"
And Redfern minor quitted the study with
a very troubled look on his face. He had
worked hard to secure his brother's election
as captain of St. Dolly's; but it was evident
that the captaincy was not to be a bed of
roses for Redlern major.

tin!"
"By Jove," said Vornon, "I haven't, chappy! My last sixpence went for the acrdines."

acrdines."

To acrdines, but he turned his trouser-pockets inside out as his contribution to the discussion. Taffy granted.

"Well, there's an old box we can get," he tremarked—"the one the tuke came in from your pater, Rakey. Run and fetch it out of the "I" making toast."



THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

ARTHUR REDFERN, a Sixth-Former and a prefect

as St. Delly's School.

SIDNEY REDPKEN, or "Redfern minor," Arthur's brother. A bright, francioning lad. St. Delly's is brother. A bright, francioning lad. St. Delly's is Classical. Sidney is a disessed, and firm chume with SKELTON and BROWN, of the Fourth. A deadly fend exists between the Classicals and the Moderns, the latter being led by TAFFY MORGAN, VERNON, and RAKE of the Fourth.

FORTIO.

RANSOME, a Sixth-Former. A shacker and a good-for-nothing, who, excrising a strong influence over arthur Rediern, gets the prefect mixed up with a betting gaing. Thanks to his younger brother, Arthur gets clear of this unsavoury crowd, and prombers Stansy that he will have nothing further to do with Ransome's shady transactions.

Ransome, resenting this, vows vengeance, and seeks to draw other St. Dollyites under his wing.

to draw other St. Dollytics under his wing.
The opening of a new term flush the school captainship vasant, and Arthur Reifern and another has
manel Knowless are proposed for election. Additional
interest is added to the election by the fact that Arthur
Barrowne, though at Chesical himself, intends voting
for Knowles, the Modern candidate, and endeavours
for personal order Classicals to do likewise; but with
The day of the election comes, and their personal
months offers. Arthur Reifern heads the polity.
The day of the election comes, and their Reifern
Arthur Reifern heads the polity of
For Ranone, who lures him into his clatches, and
encourages him to set at maught Arthur Reifern's
Ranone, gives a little tex-party in his study, and

authority.

Ransone gives a little tea-party in his study, and Arthur suddenly steps in, to find Knowles and several offers annohis. The new captain orders then to step, Knowles, egged on by Mansome, refuses, and ultimately, his anger gotting the better of his discretion, be sends Arthur reeling hapk with a heavy blow.

(Now read this use's instalment.)

A Bad Seginning.

RTHUR REDFERN staggered towards the door of the study, with the strong grasp of the Modern profect upon the modern profess upon the

school.

Back to the door Arthur Redforn staggored;

Back to the door Arthur Redforn staggored; Back to the door Arthur Redform staggored; but there ho collected himself. Then he made an effort, threw himself forward, and Knowles repoled back in his term. The formation is the stage of the stage

back." The sound of the stringle had already attracted attention. There was already a pattern of feet in the corridor.

When it became known that the captain of St. Dolly's was fighting with the head Modern preface, all the edited would be there. Facult the captain, flushed and canting.

panting.
"Get out, then!" he said.
"I will go," said Arthur, controlling his

ARTHUR REDFERN'S VOW.

CHARLES HAMILTON.

temper with a mighty effort.
"I will go, to save a disgraceful
scene before all St. Dolly \$!"
Knowles clicked his toeth.
"Go, then, That's all, I ask!"
"Go, then, That's all, I ask!"
"Knowles all expect an
apology from you," said the
captain of St. Dolly's sternly.
Knowles gave a bitter luigh.
"You will not gave a bitter luigh.
"You will not gave a bitter luigh.
"You will not gave be the funder
tool. At present I'll leave you to
think it over." And Arthur
Redfern stepped out of the study
and closed there allered you the
spot, and they looked curiously
at the flushed lace of the captain.
"What's happened, Redfern "

"What's happened, Redfern?"
exclaimed Plimsoll, of the Fifth. exclaimed Plimsoll, of the Fifth,
Arthur passed on without
replying. Plimsoll opened the
study door, and looked in.
"Hallo, you chaps! What's happened?
Been a row?"
"Yes," said Ransome.
"Oh, "one of the passes of

"Yes," said Ransome.
"Oh, mind your own business!" said
Knowles irritably. "Get out!"
"Keep your wool on!" said Plimsoll, in surprise. "I was only asking a civil question!" "Well don't bother !"

"Well don't bether?"

Plimsell withdrew his inquiring head.
Knowles kicked the door shut after him. The
profect's face was troubled. He was already
shanned of the outbreak?

"Look here, you chaps." he said roughly,
"don't say anything about this outside oursolves. It's not a thing to jaw all over St.
Dolly's?"

Vane nodded emphatically. You're right, Knowles!

You re right, Allowies!"
"Are you going to apologise to Redfern!"
asked Ransome, with a snoor.
"No!" said the prefect hotly. "But if he
doean't wish it to go any further, I don't. I'm
sorry I lost my temper, and that's a fact;
though I wouldn't tell Redfern so!".
"But it must so favilate to the

"But it must go farther unless you apolo-iso," said Fellowes. "Redforn can't take a

rise, "said fellowes, "Redtern can't take a bandling like that quietly,"
"Not likely!" said Ransome. "But why not have it out? You could stand up to Red-ern, and a real tussle would clear the air." fern, and a reat tussic would clear the air.

"Good heavens!" muttered Knowles. "What would the Head say if he heard? A fight between a head prefect and the captain of the school!"

"He would never hear.

"Besides, Redfern has forced it upon you," aid Ransome. "You are only standing up for said Ransome. "You your rights, and the rights of your friends. Sit down

friends. Sit and have smoke!" But Knowles shook his head and shock his head and quitted the study. One by one Ran-some's friends dropped away after him. They felt that there was trouble ahead, black trouble, and though they dis-liked interference from Arthur Redliked interference from Atthur Red-fern keenly enough, none of them could look to the future with the same cynical cool-ness displayed by Ransome.

Left alone, Ran-some shrugged his shoulders and settled down to settled oured a highly-coloured sporting a ner, lighting a paper, lighting a fresh cigarette to assist him in the

Meanwhile, Arthur Redfern had gone to his study. He had been on his way there when he had been drawn into the trap Ransome had laid for him. His minor was His minor was waiting for him in his study, to discuss some question dealing with junior football. Sidney looked at Arthur

position in the school.

Arthur Raffern closed the door. His face

"Yes, Sid," he said quietly.
"I thought I heard some row up the passage," said Redfern minor anxiously. "What
has happened when I got clear of those
row I made when I got clear of those
row I made when I got clear of those
row I made when I got clear of those
row I made when I got clear of those
row I made when I got clear of those
row I made when I got clear of those
row I made when I got clear of those
row I made when I got clear of those
sas that I was. I vowed I'd stamp out any
hing of the kind at St. Dolly's if I became
captain; that I'd see that no other follow was
ded into the same trouble that fell upon me?"

"Yes, Arthur; and I said I'd help you."

"Yes, Arthur; and I said I'd help you."

"Yes, Arthur; and I said I'd help you.

"Yes, Arthur; and I said I'd help you.

"Yes, Arthur, and I said I'd h

I've duly made an enemy of him."

"I was always your enemy, Arthur."

"I suppose he was, in a sense; at all events, he's an open enemy now. He's got Knowles under his thomb, just as he used to have mole and he is determined to make as much rough and he is determined to make as much rough and he is precious "Which you won't do?"

Arthur's cyes gleamed.
"Never"

"Which you Arthur's eyes gleamed.
"Never!"
"Good for you!"
"Only there's tee me "ow," said Arthur.
"Only there's tee me!"
"Struck you!" exclaimed Redfern minor, in astonishment. "The hound!"
"That's the beginning," said Arthur bit-terly. "Of course, there's only one thing for mot old, I can't bring the matter before the protection of the course, there's only one thing for the protection of the school—but it would make the fellows all look on me as a sneak and a coward. I must fight Knowles."
Redfern minor drew a deep breath.
"Fight him?"
"Fight him?"
"Fight im?"
"Struck you was a captain with a fight and to open my term as captain with a fight and to open my term as captain with a fight.

res. Of course, that is Ransomo's ga I am to open my term as captain with a f with the bead prefect of the Modern side. it gots to the doctor's ears—"
"Phase"



as he came in, and noted at once the expression upon his face.
"Anything wrong, Arthur, old chap?"
The quick, affectionate question was very different from the way Redfern minor would have spoken not so very long ago. There had different from the way Redfern minor would have spoken not so very long ago. There had been distrust on Arthur's part, glorally on the minor, till at last, when Sidney had saved folly, the clouds between them had cleared away. Now, there were not two firmer friends at St. Dorothy's than the major and the minor, in spite of the differences in their age, and their position in the about

box-room."
"In making tosst."
"So you are. Run and fetch it out of the box-room, Verny."
"I'm doing my impot."
"I'm doing my impot."
"I'nok you, we can't have the fire going out in this weather!" exclaimed Taffy severely."
"Well, you go and fetch the box."
"Woll, you go and fetch the box."
Kotten sakeners!" said Taffy, and he rose.

"Rotten slackers: rean annual reasons of so.

It was cold in the passage, and dark on the stairs. The particular box-room in which the box Toffy wanted was deposited was on the same floor as the dormitories. Taffy wint up the stairs, and groped along to the box-goom. The gas-jet in the passage did not cast its light thus far.

The description. Taffy suddenly discorned a

thus far.

To his surprise, Taffy suddenly discorned a streak of light shining from under the door of the for-room.

My hat?" he murmured. "What's up?"

The hear town as the mark towned to

the fox-room.

"My lat!" he murmured. "What's up?"

"My lat!" he murmured. "What's up?"

"In box-room, as a rule, was tenanted by how box-room, as a rule, was tenanted by the late of the

"Name!"
Eh-whatt I'm Morgan, of the Fourth,"
Go and sat coke, Morgan, of the Fourth,"
Open this door!"
Rate!"
Rate!"
Rate!"
Who provided the provide

"Both!"

Taffy breathed hard through his nose, He could hear a murrour of voices within the box-room now, and the sound of a subdued chicks. What did it mean? He had evidently surprised a secret meeting of the Classical juniors of the Fourth Form. What was on? Some plot against the Modern party, that was certain.

Taffy was extremely curious. He kicked at the door seals. r again. Hallo!" said a voice near him. "Who's

Atthor: said a voice near him. "Who's
Hallo, Beson's said Taffy, turning round
as the Classical came up. "Are you going into
the box-room". "Are you going into
the box-room." "
"Yes, rather!" said Benson.
"Is it a meeting!"
"On the said the said

"Benson!"
The door was unlocked, and it swung open.
The light streamed out in the passage.
A group of Classical juniors were revealed.
"Come in, Benson," said Redfern minor.
Benson entered. Taffy made a desperate rush
to enter, too, but there was a shout from Red-

to enter, too, but there was a shout from Ret-fern minor:

"Line up;"
And the Classicals lined up, and Taffy was received with open arms, so to speak-grasped, and hurled forth into the passage again, where he slighted with what a novelist would call "a sickening thud."



Spratt whirled right into Taffy, and the two of them wont to the floor with a crash. Then the door was slammed and looked again.

Tafly was on his feet again in a second; but the door of the box-room was abut with a slam. The Moders juntor hammered as it furiously, but his hammering was only answered by loud classical chuckles from within. "You reders!" reared Tafly. "What's it all "Manual and the state of the state o

about, anyway." roply to that duestion. Having considerably burt his hands on the door, Taffy gave up harmering and retired. He was soing downstairs, when Spratt, of the Fourth, came puffing up. Spratt was fat, and short of breath, and when he was going upstairs he could generally be heard at quite a distance.

Taffy stopped as he are Spratt. It proved to the control of the cont

saked 'fany', in honeyed tones, see Blessed 'box-room'; grunted Spratt.

Blessed 'box-room'; grunted 'Bratt.

But 'box 'box 'com'; 'so 'box 'box 'com'; 'so 'box'; 's

climbing up an according to the depth of the

No. Modern rotters—shem:—no Modern unspallowed."

"Look here, Spratt, I'll make you a sporting offer. I want to see what's going on in the box-room. I know they're up to something. I'll stand you a dozen tarts at the tuckshep."

"Well, that's a good offer," asid Spratt. "After all, I haven's promised not to let any Moderns in. Red'iy never mentioned it."

"Come on," said Spratt. "Keep behind me, and dodge iff when I enter. Of course, you know they will chuke you out again."

"I don't care, after I've seen what's going on."

"I don't care, after I're seen what's going on."

"All right, then."

And Taffy, chucking softly, followed Spratt for the control of the cont

Becom's voice came through the keyhole in "Who's there!"
"Who's there!"

"Me!" said Spratt, promptly and ungrammatically.
"Who's me!"

Spratt!" Enter, Spratt!"

"Brute, Spratt!"
The proof of t

agains is wanted to the season of the season

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whirled right into Taffy, and the two of them went to the floor together with a crash. Then the door was slammed and locked.

"You witter as I what did you do that for?" craced the Modern.

"They've chucked me out!" said Spratt feebly. "Reddy said I was trying to get you in to the meeting. Rotten, wasn't it? I've witter the said spratt feebly. "Reddy said I was trying to get you in to the meeting. Rotten, wasn't it? I've was come to the west was the said of the said of

Captale Against Prefect.

OUMENEY, of the Sixth, tapped at Monviews study door and survey to the New York of the Sixth tapped at the New York of the New York

time."

"I really don't see how you could have fancied that, Knowles. It is impossible for Redfern to pass over a thing like that. He has been giving you time."

"Time for what?" asked the prefect disagreeably.

"Time for what" asked the prefect disagreeably.
"To think it over, You ought to apologies."
I don't think so. Redfern was only doing his duly as captain of the school in interfering in what was captain of the school in interfering in what was going on in Ransome's study, ought to have interfered, without waiting for Redfern.
"I don't want lessons from you.

don't want lessons from you,

Rettern.

"Wall, the long and short of it is that will be a seen that the long and short of it is that Retforn han't heard from you, and so he has sent me," said Courtney abruptly. "What do you intend to do to" "Nothing."

"Something will have to be done. The matter can't romain where it is. Already the school is whippering that you have struck the captain, and that he has taken no step in the captain, and that me has taken no step in the captain, and that me has taken no step in the captain, and that miposeible for Arthur to lot it go at that," impossible for Arthur to lot it. "He can do as he likes."

"He can do as he likes."

"If you refuse to apologise there is only one thing to be done."
"I suppose you mean a fight. Well, I am

one thing to be done."
"I suppose you mean a fight. Well, I am ready, if Redfert major is."
"I suppose you know what a rotten affair a fight between the captain of the school and came to the dector's ear; it would be enough to less Redfern the captaincy. Do you want that?"

that!"

Knowles flushed crimson.

"If you think so, Courtney—"
"I don't think so, but you must think of it.

If Redfern losses his position through this
affair, I know what all the follows will say
about you."

about you."

Knowles shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Well, I can't help it," he said at last.

"Well, I can't help it," he said at last.

"Well, I can't help it," he said at last.

"These things, that's flat. As for the Head getting to hear of it, why should he! I shall and our esconde will keep the screet,"

"These things have a way of getting out,"

"Well, I don't see what's to be done."

"Very well; it's to be a fight, then. Who's your second!"

your second?"
"Ransome."
"What time and place will suit you?"
"What time and place will suit you?"
"Any. Settles it with Ransome."
"Very well."
"Very well."
"There will."

"Nery well with Ransome."
Very well mitted the study. Ten minutes later Ransome entered it. There was a sabdued gitter of triumph in the eyes of the cad of the Sixth. Matters were working out exactly as he had anticipated, and exactly as the had anticipated, and exactly as the had not supported, and exactly as the same of the sa

who was routed out of the tucksnop at the Sandham Court of the Court o

eyes. "It's among us four, unless Redfern lets his minor know. He seems to tell his minor everything. He chums with him more than with anybody in the Sirth. I think."
"Possibly That's Redfern's look-out As a matter of fact, Knowles, if there is any interference from the masters, it will be because the Redfern party have talked. I don't believe Arthur Redfern, palite the fight to be stopped before it ends in his getting a licking."

ing. I don't know about that," said Knowles, with a short laugh. "I shall try my best, of course; but I don't feel very certain about

of course; but I don't feel very certain about the result."

"I think you'll win."

The two seniors remained in talk till the time for the seniors, and then they left the house together. Ransoom had packed a fow requisites for the fight in a bag. The sarring that had long set ind. a bag. The sarring the same that the same

there was little cuases we have a state of the term of the monlight made it aimoss bright as by day.

Arthur Reddern and Courtney were already on the ground when Knowles and his second arrived. Arthur's brow court and his coordinatived of the state of

comers.
"I sappose you haven't changed your decision?" he asked, in a last faint hope that the contest might be avoided.
"Certainly not," said Ransome.
"Certainly not," said Ransome.
"Certainly not," said Ransome.
I he will be two principals stripped off their jackets. Ransome opened his bag, and produced sponge and towel, and a can which he filled at a tap in the garden. Then all was ready for the conflict.
"Three minute rounds and minute reets," said Courtney, taking out his watch. "Is that agreeable?"
"Yea."

that agreeable?"
"Time"
The soniors stopped up. They shook hands in a mechanical way, and immediately the sparring commenced.
Both of them were half hearted at the start. The weight of his responsibility estat. The weight of his responsibility and the start. The weight of his responsibility and the start. The weight of his responsibility and the start. The weight of his responsibility and with a prefect. Yet what other course had been open to him? Knowles was worrind; any means, though obstinate and psessionate. As a prefect he was in sin unpleasant position himself; and he felt too, that he had placed Arthur at an unfair disadvantage. But the unstanding the start of the countries, from his point of view.

But as the round proceeded both of them home on Knowles's chin, and Knowles put in Then both faces flushed a little, and the fighting grew more earnest.
"Time!" asid Courtney.
They parted, both panting a little, toth with sparting over Ransome clapped his production of the start of the sta

cione in, and hammer him. That's your cue."

"Right-ho!"

The second round commenced. Knowles pressed the fighting now, and Arthur Redierer gave ground a little.

But his guard was perfect, and hardly one of Knowles's alegging blows got home, and the second redience of the second round round the second round ro

Dolly's.

Arthur Reddern gave ground again, guarding skillully; but Knowles received, without heeding, two smart taps on the jaw, and came on, elogging farciously. He broke through Reddern's guard, and dealt him a heavy right hander, which Arthur partially guarded. The blow missed he foce, but grassed his sar, and dealth in the start of the partial control of the force in his left, catching him on the eide of Arthur dropped like a log. "Time!"

If was the end of the second.

"Time!"
It was the end of the second round.
Courtney helped up his dazed chum, and sponged his face, giving him a seat upon his knee. His face was serious and quiet.
Arthur did not speak a word. His head was ringing, his jew aching; but his brows were knitted with determination.
"Time!"

"Time!"
They stepped up to the line again. Again Knowles tried his rushing factics, which had proved so auccessful once. But this time they were not so successful. Arthur Redern was more on his mettle than ever, and he was putting all he knew into that

round. Knowles came on like a bull, but reeled back panting from a defence he could not penetrate, and as he receded, Redfern

ot penetrate, and as he receded, Redfern asjor came on. His fists seemed to move like lightning. His fist came through Knowles's guard, and wight him under the chin, and Knowles stag-

right came through knowes a wear ware another in under the chin, and knowles stagger and the stage of the sta

Then he came in again, hitting hard, and Knowles staggered, and crashed on the grass once more. Courtney was looking at his

watch.

"Time!"

It was fortunate for Knowles, for he would never have risen again in ten seconds. Ransoppe lifted him, and made a knee for him. There was a slightly anticus look upon Ransoppe lifted him, and made a knee for him. There was a slightly articus look upon Ransoppe lifted him, and had be a look of the second of the second of the fight was not caused by the events of the fight. He had hardly been looking on at the last round as if in expectation of something, or somebody; but the clear moonlight, shining by the chapel railings, and the dim buildings shutting off the view towards the school. Knowles gasped painfully as he rested on Ransome's knee.

Ransom's knee.

"Time!"

"Time!"

"Time!"

"Time!"

"Time!"

"Time!"

"Time!"

"At keep it up. Hang if out as long as you can, and don't get to close quarters for a hit."

"Time!"

"Time!"

"Time!"

"Time!"

"At keep it up. Hang if out as long as you can, and don't get to close quarters for a hit."

"Time!"

"Time!"

"At the head of the proper in the last from the start. Blows were given and taken almost unbeeded, and the two combatants advanced, and recoded, swayed and hammered, as if unconscious of pain. Their eyes were gleaming now. They had forgotten alcoholing the head of the

neetile issee before him, and had forgetten sill electricity to be considered to be conside

orused.

Arthur Redfern's nose was streaming red, but he never even noticed it. There were cuts on his face, a lump on his chin. But he was carcless of all as he pressed his enemy harder and harder.

carouss of an as no pressed his enomy narder and harder. Knowles was weakening. Twice—thrice Arthur's blows came heavily in, and he could not stop them. He recled, and recled, still fighting. Arthur gathered all his energy for a final effort.

final effort.

Knowles' guard was swept helplessly away, and Arthur Redierris right crashed on his with the left fairly on the more than the with ha left fairly on the most fairly with a sound ike air seaping from a punctured tyre, and dropped. Courtney counted.

'One-woo-three-four-five-

"One-two-three-tour-hve-Knowles did not even move. The moonlight hone on his white, bruised face; only his eyes eree wide open, glittering with rage and help-ess chagrin. But he was done. "Six-seven-eight--" "Boys! Redfern! Knowles! What does his mean?"

It was a deep, stern voice. Courtney stoppe counting, the words frozen on his lips. The Sixth-Formers syung round towards the new comer in utter dismay. It was the Head! (Another rattling long instalment next week.)

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