Hurry Up and Join Our Football League!

Boys Ralm.19

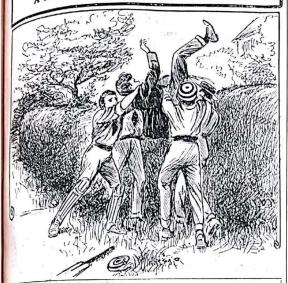


SMUGGLEDS

OF THE ATTENSON

PLAYING THE GAME.

A Railling Complete Tale of Pelham School.



public by arms, legs, and walst, Cliffy was lifted, heaved, and thrust over-the hedge into the Head's garden.

test Ball.

Test ball.

SN, you fellows "—and Bob Russell pired the half-dozen Third-Formers who were accompanying Jack Noble to the practice nets for balf an hour mit and ball, tea being over—" Clifford's pic code properly "
In dishlar it's noe for the first time,"

The matter now, Bob?" inquired it look. "What's upset his Royal High-

The licking our eleven gave his Form last

leider, "And Drake burst into laughter. 'king!" And Drake burst into laughter. Said ay we did lick 'em—annihilated 'em, say. All out for 25 and 18, while we made lies know what more you want!" 'l'ant; but Clifford does," replied to "He's telling everybody he's going to " with us."

state of the control of the control

was the second, the unkindest cut of all was that Clifford had baged a brace of "ducks," having had bowled in each innings by the first had to play. And Jack Noble had been

Poder Clifford had got the needle. As Noble had told him more than once, he Potten sportsman."

hardy. It was a pretty mean one when it

who took it.

Whe at the nets, batting, as Clifford
upon the ground, and, getting well
from Russell, drove it hard all
stoad Clifford.

By chance, it went straight
wang Up.

awaing Russell, saw Clifford and the

sutpred; for the beast won't field it!" the lowler's surprise, Clifford, did als Squarely be got it in his palms, et duny the state of the palms, et duny the ball with all his force in a species.

The process of the ball with an operation of the process of the pr

he shouted, as he passed

Russell; and Bob, with Mac and Drake behind him, joined in the chase. Clifford hurried; to run away was beyond his dignity, and he suffered from a lot of that. Before he could reach his pals, Jack Noble was alongside him, and brought him to a hat. "That was our ball you checked away," he

Was it?" Clifford said, a bit nervously.

"Was it? Ciniord said, a bit net course.

He had never seen quite so angry an expression in Jack's open countenance as it wore now.

"You know it was, you dirty ead!" cried the hero of the Shell wrathfully. "You deserve a good hiding, and I've a jolly good mind to give

good hiding, and the sit to you!" sneered Clifford, "You couldn't

"You can't; and, if you could, you wouldn't get the ball."

'No; you're going to get that."
Me?"
Yes."

Jack flashed a glance at his chums, who had now come up, and they jumped at Clifford. He backed, crying:

"That's like Jack Noble! Four to one!
Here! Hi!"

That's like Jack Robbe: Four to do the Here! Hi!"

The "Hi!" was for Bayne and Prince; but before these reached the spot, Jack had eleverly tripped Clifford, and was sitting astride upon

his back.
"Jolly, good of you to fall on your face, Cliffy!" he cried, pressing Clifford's forehead on the turf, "Perhaps you'll get up more handsome, when you do get up. You're in a fine position. I'm quite comfortable. Ah, would

you!"
For Clifford, inarticulate, and his arms pinned to the ground, was striving to reach Jack Noble with his heels.
"Le-le-lem—me—up!" gasped Clifford, screwing round his head to the disadvantage of his nose.

serewing round his head to the disadvantage of his nose.

"You'll get up, sonny, when I want you, right enough," Jack replied. "You've got to get up, for you've to fetch our ball that you will be seen to see the series of the

or "Don't worry yourself, old cock!" the Third Form here interrupted cheerfully. "I'm going to get up, and so's he. He's got to!" "Kneek 'em down, you cowards! Ugh! Oh! Pouff!".

Poull!"
Clifford took in a mouthful of grass, and sub-sided. Princa looked at Bayne, as much as to say: "Shall we?" Their minds were made up for them.

say: "Shall we?" Their minds were made up for them.
"Now, then, you two," sung out Jack, "you'd better bunk—scoot—hook it, unless you want to

get, into trouble with poor old Cliffy, when we've done with him. He'll be mad that you should stand by and see what we do to him, and do nothing to help, as you are going to do. Clear, unless you're looking for trouble, though we sha'n't hurt you unless you get too gay and gibly!"

"You're a rotten beast, Noble!" Prince said viciously.

"You're a rotten uses, "voire as the cleared, and Bayne went with him."
"Now, then, Clifty, you're going to see alout that ball." Noble cried pleasantly, as he got off Clifford's back, though keeping a grip of one arm, and signing to Mae to take hold of the other.

I'll see you in Jericho first!" snarled the

"I'll see you in Jericho first!" snariest line
And he refused to get on his feet, but was
lugged thereto by the miried strength of Jack
and Mae. Once there, he gave a sudden twiswrenched himself free from Mac's grin, and,
swinging round his arm, dealt a blow at Noble's
head. But Jack was too smart. His close of list
came smartly against the selection of the come of the come

"Now we'll march him off to find the ball,"
Jack said.
But to walk Clifford flatly declined. He
slackened his knees, hanging inert between his
two captors.

"Not have been been walk if I don't want
"hos herted, with definant caulation.
"No; no we'll have to carry you," Jack
replied. "Drop him down, Mac, and let
Russell and Murphy get a hold of his ankles.
He's not to garder that ball. I believe it went
into the Head's garden."

"Ye'll go there for it?" asked Murphy.
"Cliffy will," he said. "Now, one—two—
tree, and up he goes?"
And across the breadth of the practice-field,
Clifford, helpless in that position known as the
frog's march, was carried towards the stout
hedge that formed the boundary separating the
Head's private garden from the playingfrontils. unds.

foot's march, was carried towards the stout hedge that formed the boundary separating the Head's private garden from the plajing-grounds.

"Now, Cliffy," observed Jack, when the hedge was reached, "the ball's somewhere inside; I saw it go. In you go and recover inside; I saw it go. In you go and recover inside; I saw it go. In you go and recover inside; I saw it go. In you go and recover and the plajing that he was a saw in the plajing and play and the plajing and play and the plajing and play and the plajing and plajing and

"Getting warm, Cliffy?" inquired Jack's Noblo anxiously.

Warm! The perspiration begotten of exertion and nervousness was streaming down Clifford's whole body. He muttered to himself terrible threats of what he'd do to Jack Noblo once hed get out of the gardene.

And, strango to say, how that feat was to be did get out of the garden.

And, strango to say, how that feat was to be accomplished had not occurred to him. To clarafter over a thick whitethern hedge, almost three feet in wilth and four feet miles to the hold of, and practically nothing on which to rest hold of, and practically nothing on which to rest hold of, and practically nothing on which to rest and the healt and get back again, first attracted Clifford's attention to the difficulties attending a return over the hedge.

Secremed by a thick hedge, and the leaft branches of many fruit-trees, from the observation of anyone at the top and open carried the strong of anyone at the top and open carried them, and they had stolen usingly and a return over the hedge.

"Bunked!"

"Then we'll go in 'and find' him," Jack and granged its peasing the was to be all the proportion of the proportion

the Head who's coming. We can see his head. He's coming down to gather some strawberries,

the Head, who's coming. We can see his head. He's coming down to gather some strawberries, leaper."
Chifford utered a low groan, hesitated, shut sees and then made a desperate leap and he sees and then made a desperate leap and he sees and then made a desperate leap and he sees and then made a desperate leap and serated his hands. Then the thorna found more than one inlet through his breeches, and scratched his hands. Then the grasping groon, he fell to the ground with a hump. Flat on his back he lay, half buried in a dense patch of thriving dwarf nasturtiums. Suddenly, to his unbounded herror, a huge, whitsh body came hurtling over the hedge, interposed between him and the servers his cheet.
Clifford let out an ear-piercing yell—at least, it would have been such and his presence in the garden detected by the doctor to a dead certainty, for it would have reached a hundred yards—but, lockilly, the hydrogen described his describ

hedge.

For a few seconds he stood still, heedless of
the whispered remarks of the juniors. Mac,
panting with his exertions, said nothing.

"How's Noble going to get back?" suddenly
cjaculated the Irish lad, and the others looked

ejaculated the trial was, at him.

But Clifford did not intend waiting to see. It was enough for him he was rescued, and at a shambling trot he darted across the practice

"Sweep! Rotter! Beast! Cad!" cried, low-toned, Russell and the others, as they watched him depart.

Inside, Jack stood, considering, and he knew he had not much time. The impulse to save Clifford had possessed him, and he had acted on it. How to get back himself he had not considered. The doctor's slow and soleum footstep on the gravel path was plainly to be heard.

Jack wasted no time.

Noiselessly—and he was glad he was wearing cricket shoes—he gained the shed. Soiring the edge of the door, he put his toes on the lowest wooden ledger of the door, and drew himself up. Holding with one haud, he reached to the top edge of the door, that swung back with his weight, and found a higher foothold. As he did so he heard a loud and angry exclamation.

The Head had discovered the havee and wreekage committed by Clifford. There was a creak and a hang from the door; There was a creak and a hang from the cloor; and the short of the short of the short of the short of the short on the short of the short of the short of the should be raise his eyes to the level of the shed roof.

But the Head was concerned with what lay at

roof.

But the Head was concerned with what lay at his feet. Storming to himself, he wrathfully surveyed the damage his garden had suffered.

Then he shouted for the gardener. The man came, staring blankly at the crushed and broken plants, and scratching his head as he listened to his master's angry questions, to which he could only reply he knew naught.

And all the while Jack Noble lay stretched not be considered, and not referred to be detected, and not referred to be considered, and not referred to list onestly half an hour afterwards did his opportunity come for the jump which brought him to safety.