HE GREAT SATURDAY SPORTS PAPER.



Diffuses I

FLYING STORY



best fatt fit has forgotted never to some indirect. The incite fit one lottery in connection with be loal cattle show had been on and a good man before, and Bayne, a steepy-headed penth-Forner, and one of Coliford's cronics, a med moment had poid a shilling for one. He had suffered a cleal of thaff over the transition, specially from Noble and his merry seed the Third, but the laugh would be on

ls side now. Clifford's brain fairly creaked as he tried to

them.
A chuckle-headed ass like that has no right
ba spire!" he decided. "I—I must get that
beed ticket!"

Tollary School his

Beed icket!"

Is the time he reached Pelham School his
belt magination had formed a plan. It
belt magination had formed a plan. It
belt particularly clever one; but the
blad wan't a particularly clever chap.

Ell fisth him all right," the bully thought.
blanshow, if it doesn't, I'll jolly well take
blat from him!"

the whore, if it doesn't, I'll jolly wen take the whore, if it doesn't, I'll jolly wen take the lose into the Lower School. A series of Third Formers, lounging beneath and the lose into the Lower School. A series of Third Formers, lounging beneath and the state of the lose of the l

A Fine, Complete Tale of Jack Noble and Pelham School.

then, leaning against it. waited for the coming

waited for the coming of Bayne.

He hadn't long to wait. Ten minutes later the sound of heavy breathing came to him, and he heard Bayne tramping along the corridor.

tramping along the corridor.

"Now for it!" Clifford thought, bending down and applying his eye to the keyhole.

Bayne came right down the passage, and,

unsuspicious of evil

Turning the knob, he banged the door in.

Crash!

Crash!
The slender table went toppling over, and to gorgeous vase shot off and landed on the coor, bursting like a miniature bomb into a

floor, bursting like a minimate to the hundred fragments.
"Well, I'm dashed.—" Bayne began.
From behind him there sounded a roar of wrath, and Clifford, fire flashing in his eyes, tore out of the room opposite, and into his

tore out of the room opposite, and into his own.

"You clumsy ase!" he howled. "I'!I-I'll kneck your fat head off!"

A quick leap carried Barne round Clifford's desk, and he turned a pair of anxious eyes towards his bullying leader.

"I-I don't know how it happened, old chap!" he stammered. "I-I only just pushed."

"Pushed—pushed?" bawled Clifford, working up a really creditable display of virtuous rage. "You went barging in there like a bull in a china shop! Dash it, man, look what you've done!"

Barne directed his gaze towards the heap of

Bayne directed his gate towards the many fragments on the floor.
"It's a good job it was only that tuppeny vace!" he hazarded:
"Wh-what's that?" yelled Cliffy, taking a

Whenhat's that? "yelled Chily, taking a pace forward.
His toady backed away against the wall.
"I-I only said that it was a good job I didn't break anything really va-valuable!" he stammered.
Clifford's howl of fury made its hearer

Clifford's howl of fury made its heare shiver.

"Why, you—you frabjons ass!" bellowed the captain, "that vase was—was one of my best things! It—it came from Egypt, or—or some other place like that. I wouldn't take five shillings for it!"

"I don't believe you would," Bayne said, half to himself, "because no one would be fool enough to offer it!"

Clifford was kneeling on the floor gathering the fragments together with painful care, or the same to the fact of the same that the same was a tinkle of large want to," Bayne murmured. "Chuck it in the dustbin!"

There was a tinkle of glass, and Clifford leaped to his feet.

"Yes," he roand, "I will chuck it in the dusthin; but you'll have to pay for a new one." shiver. "Why,

dustin; but you'll nave to pay for a new one."

Bayne began to protest loudly.
"It wean's my fault!" he cried. "I only just fouched your rotten door. The table must have been leaning against it."
"That be hanged for a yarn!" Clifford snapped. "You've broken the vase, and you'll folly well have to pay for it!
Ho looked so menacing, and Bayne had felt the power of his fists so, often, that he capitulated at once. Diving his hand Jato his pocket, he withdrew three coppers, and placed them on the desk. on the desk.
"All right," he said, with a sign; "there you are. You can buy a couple of em with

the manifed was safely inside his study, the stages have as he was safely inside his study, the stages have all table close to the door, and it has too like the local table close to the door, and it has too like the local table close to the door, and it has too like the local table to be an ornament for same as to be a manifer than the local table table to be an ornament for the same as to the had been something to the last table tabl you are. You can buy a couple of 'em with that!'

Clifford grabbed up the coppers, and pocketed them swiftly.

'If you think that threepence will squaro me, he remarked, 'you're mistaken. I want two shillings, at the very the victim blankly.

'Great Scott! Are you goin' to furnish this place at my expense?' you goin' to furnish this place at my expense?

The sulfy's thick fast clenched and went out until it hovered here enough of your hanged jaw!' Clifford price. 'If you give me any more of your dashed sauce, I'll knock your head off!'
Bayne eyed the fist and the ugly face behind

Bayne eyed the fist and the ugly face behind

Bayne eyed the fist and the ugly face behind it, and surrendered.

If any survey the breathed, "I can't pay you any more. That threepence was all I had. "Then I'll have to get its value out of you, that's all." Clifford returned, dropping his fiet. "Turn out your pockets—sharp!"

The toady began to obey his orders, and a rare display of utterly unsalcable articles took

rare display of utterly unsaleable articles were place.

Clifford turned over the heap of rubbish with his finger, and snorted. There was a spring. The man and the strength of the strength o

Bayne comments 'em if you like Clifford

Clifford picked up the square of greasy paper, and began to unfold it. Bayne did not see the look of triumph which flashed into his leader's face.

"What's the lottery ticket for?" he asked.
Bayne, with a cry of surprise, leaned forward and made a quick grab at the paper; but, quick though his action was, Clifford was on the alert.

"Oh, no, you don't!" he cried, backing out of reach, and waving the ticket above his head. "Perhaps, after all, this may be worth while sticking to." "I-I forgot all about it!" Bayne cried.
"It's-it's a lottery ticket, and there are no end of ripping prizes. You give it back to me!"

"No jolly, fear!" said the bully. "You said that I could have it, and I'll take you at your word."

"No jolly, fear!" said the bully. "You said that I could have it, and I'll take you at your word."
"You're a heast if you do!" Bayne breathed. "It cost me a shilling, and your rotten vase never cost half that!"
"That's your look out!" commented the scheming Fourth-Former, folding the precious the property of the prop

person.
"It's only turned three o'clock," he mur-mured, glancing out of the study window to-wards the clock-tower opposite. "I think I'll

cut right back to the village at once, and claim

cut right back to the rings.

He stuck his cap on his head, and presently merged into the quad, again. As he made his way towards the bicycle shed, Bayne and Marker and Prince met him.

"Where are you off to, Clifford?" Marker asked.

Marker and Prince neet him.

Where are you off to, Clifford I' Marker asked,

Bayne grinned. He seemed to have quite forgotten his trials.

I'll bet a shilling to a piece of chalk that I'll bet a shilling to a piece of chalk that The Shell captain was in such fine humour that he would have jested with anyone.

"Right you are!" he cried. "I'll take you on, Bayne. Where and I going?"
Bayne eniggered.

Down to the village to see if that rotten titlet has won a prize. Ha, ha, ha!" ha!" how the word of the wor

would le: Chilord murinured, as he wheeled his bike away.

When he leaped into the saddle, a chorus of cries broke out from his watching chums.

"Send us a wire if you've won anything,

"Send us a wire if you've won anything, Cliffy!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"We-we'll wait up for you, old chap!"
"By-by, Cliffy! If you can't carry it yourself, we'll come down and give you a hand.
Ha, ha, ha!"
"By-by, cliffy! was the comforting thought of the Shell captain as he pedalled through the wide gates, and turned into the broad road which led to the village.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

THAT'S quite correct," Mr. Toomer, the town clerk, said, glancing over his spectacles at the Pelhamite. "I must congratulate you. You've won

the first prize."
Clifford's sigh of relief sounded like a small

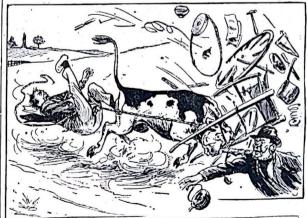
Clifford's sigh of relief sounded like a small tornado.

"Wh-where is it?" he asked eagerly.
"You will find it in the custody of Mr. Tubbs, the butcher," the town clerk continued.
"Just wait a moment, and I will write you out a note telling him to hand it over to you. The continued of the conti

to his thoughts.

"There you are," said the town clerk, handing the envelope across; "and I wish you joy of your prize. It is worth forty pounds, if it is "Clifford walked out of the office feeling as Though he was treading on air. He had certainly scored this time. Forty pounds for amiserable vase was the sort of transaction that

(Continued on the next page.)



a whiriwing of pots and pans and kettles seemed to break close around Clifford's head. His chins came into violent contact with the outstretched shafts, and he was thrown forward on to his face. A whirlwind of pots and pans and kettles seemed to break clos

of puds for Noble," the fag comcited hads a quick dart forward, and
is users by the ear.

The public had been depended by the public had been depended by the control of the public had been depended by the public had been The Jolly Bargees," a Merry gank Holldey See The "B.R." Football and Sports Library—2d. The Boys Realm August 6, 1990.

he wouldn't mind entering into every mome of his life.

When he entered the butcher's shop, he we told by the assistant that Mr. Tubbs was out.

"Holl be back by voice a-clack, nor," as

man. he Shell captain grunted impatiently. Oh, I can't wait!" he snapped. "I

The Shell captain grunted impatiently.

"Oh, I can't wait," he ampsed. "I want my prize a tone. Here, you'd better open this, and look sharped the less way to tackle the man as Chilord was to discover to his cent.

When he had opened and read it, however, a slow smile apread across his face.
"All right, ror," he said slowly, with a meaning plance at the prize-winner. "Oi can do this job for "ee."

"I thought it wouldn't be beyond your intelligence," the cynical Shell captain remarked.

telligence." the cynical Shell captain remarked.

Again the butcher's assistant glared, but he

this temper.
Oi ruppose you be going to taske it away

wi' 'ee now!'
"Great Scott, what a question! Of course I am. Just fork it out, and don't waste my

"Received to out, and don't waste my time"

"Recight! Coom this way, zor."
Clifford followed the man through the back of the shop and out into the yard.

"It must be a bicycle, or something," the Pelhamite thought, as the butcher went up to a low shed and began to unlock the pacific with the property of the recipient of the property of the property

heart, bearing we are the first state of the cord into Clifford's limp palm. "Taske it away pi' ce."
"Wh-what do you—" Clifford began. There was a ruistle of straw and another loud snort, then there shot out of the door of the shod a young, frisky-looking call!
"That be the virst proize, zor!" the assistant cried, with a bellow of laughter; "and you'd

"That be the virst prouse, zor!" the assistant ied, with a bellow of laughter; "and you'd efter take 'un away at once."
"But, hore, dash it, I-I and the man, darting ross the yard, and vanishing into his shop. You can't zay as how Oi ain't been sharp out it!"

about it!"

For a long, awful moment, Clifford stood stock-still, gazing into the wide, beautiful eyes

of his prize.

The horror of his position was slowly dawn

of his prize.

The horror of his position was slowly dawning on him.

The calf was certainly his property, and, no doubt, was worth the sum mentioned, but he would have cheerfully swapped it for a less valuable but more portable prize.

What the dickens are I to do with the life was the calf that answered him. It was the calf that answered him, It suddenly saw that the gates of the butcher's yard were open, and, turning like an cel, it botted straight for the road.

By some unfortunate means, Clifford had managed to get the cord twisted around his hand. The first plunge of the skittish animal nearly dragged the bully's arm out of its seeket, and he sent up a quick yelp of pain.

"Ow! I leip! Wow!"

The seek the bull was been and the life of the road, moving with quick jumps and beaunds, came a lively two-year-old calf, and behind it, clutching firmly to the rope, puffing like a grampus, capless and sishevelled, came the stumbling form of Clifford. Unfortunately for the sighteers, this entertainment was a very flecting one. The call was moving at a pace which would not have shamed a Derly winner, and in less time than it takes to tell Clifford found himself the other than the takes to tell Clifford found himself who had to a life of the could go, "Stop! Whoa! Shoo!"

"Ho-bow on earth does one st-stop a bessily call."

Stop! Whoa! Shoe!"
Ho-how on earth does one st-stop a beastly
"he breathed, the sweat pouring down

call." be breathed, the sweat pouring down his face.

The type around his wrist was drawn so tightly that he had no hope of releasing himself.

Wherever that fool calf intended to go, Clifford would have to follow.

Suddenly a shout from the roadway aliend made Clifford look forward. A travelling tinker, wheeling his barrow of nondescript utensils in front of him, was beckoning at him.

"Hi! Look out! You'll be into me in a minit!" be weld the tinker, dropping his burden.

"Clifford's voice, thin and screechy, came up to him:

to him: "Ca-ca-can't stop! Lo-lo-look out your

The old hundred yards between calf and arrow seemed to be covered in about two

harrow seemed to be covered in about the seconds.
Thud!
The old barrow was only a miserable structure, and ill-adapted to reast such a charge as the headstrong little beast gave it.
A whirlwind of kettles and pots and pans seemed to suddenly break close around Clifford's head. His shins came into violent contact with the outstretched shafts, and he was thrown forward on to his face.
"Ang yer? Bust yer!" came a thick voice from the hedgerow, where the tinker had up for this."
The bully was now playing the part of a sleigh, hunping and gliding over the amouth

up for this!"

The bully was now playing the part of a sleigh, humping and gliding over the smooth roadway behind the flashing hoofs of his prize, and two pillars of dust arose from each side of

him.

The tinker came out of the hedge, cast one despairing glance at his wrecked vehicle, then

began to tear off over the utensilstrewn readway in the wake of the Pethamite.

"Yer won't seeps me!" he yelled. "You'll
'are to stop and pay me!

By a wonderful trick of strength, Clifford
If ya wonderful trick of strength, Clifford in getting on his feet again. He
cast one clance behand him, and saw the ragefilled face of the limit he felt that it would be a
follow the off, but he felt that it would be a
follow the stifes brought him up to the flanks
of the little animal, and, resting one hand on
the heaving body, he began to urge it forward.

"G-go on, o o old son!" Clifford panted.

"H you statistop now it's all up with me!"

His action made the sturdle beast put on
them and their study beast put on
them and their study asking age between
them and their study asking age between
"Stop theching his first, and fairly butting along the
For the better nart of half a mile the foreion.

reaching his according to the furious feats of the better part of half a mile the furious chase continued. Then gradually Clifford and the calf began to wear down the older runner behind. The tinker dropped further and further to the rear, until, on topping a slight ries, the Shell captain found that there was now a couple of hundred yards between them.

The calk, however, was beginning to give

of hundred yards between them.

The call, however, was beginning to give signs that its superfluous energy had evaporated, and that it was now quite content to amble along like a call, and not a racehorse.

"Go on! Gee up, you brute!" Clifford yelled, slapping the panting flanks.

But the beast had had enough of it, and its pace became slower and slower.

"That beggar will get us, after all," the Shell captain breathed, tugging at the rope around his wrists.

a wrists.

The flesh had swollen under the strain, and a found it quite hopeless to attempt to loosen

The flesh had swotter under the scan, awn be found it quite hopeless to attempt to loosen it.

I.—I wish I had never seen you, but it!" he continued sawaerly, glaring at his prize. "That beggar will half kill me if he catches me!" Suddenly he caucht sight of an open gate in the hedgerow. Beyond it stood a small shed, Without a moment's heustation he swung the call round and dashed through the opening. Reaching the shed, he found, to his delight, that the door was open, and in another second he had not been supported by the call to the same state of the second of the same state of the second of the

on down the road.

A cold shiver ran down Clifford's spine at the

A cold shiver ran down Clifford's spine at the nearness of his cost of the cos

I'll sell you to the first butcher I can find, you see if I don't!"
Clifford had to stand in the damp shed for the-best part of an hour before he heard the tinker returning from his fruitless chase. The man stopped at the gateway, sending the Shell captain's heart into his mouth; but he did not enter the field, and presently his shuffling footsteps died away down the hill.
Clifford tiptoed to the door of the shed. As he did so the calf moved forward.
"Oh, no, you don't' said the Pelhamite, stopping, and turning round. "You've got to stay here until you're made into veal!"
He stooped and unfastened the catch of the door. It was one of these doors one meets in the country, made in two halves. Clifford had just pulled the both back, and was straightening. It lunged forward, got its thick, sturdy head Cosh!
The Shell cards in made a wild raph at the

It larged torware, got its times, surely mean between Chifford's lanky legs, and heaved. Oosh! The Shell captain made a wild grab at the door, but he was too late. His fingers alipped, and he shot clean over the top of the closed half, turning a somersault as he went. The shock with which his flying body struck the turf outside almost knocked the wind out of his body, and as he sat up, wondering what had happened, a crash sounded from behind him, and had been as the structure of the structure o

lash.

"Do you hear me?" the Shell captain cried.
"You can go. I don't want you. You're the rottenest prize that ever was!"

He turned his back on the animal, and began to stalk towards the gate. A rustle in the grass behind him made him halt,

The calf had turned the tables on him with a

The calf had turned the tables on him with a veneence. It was now following him life, he Had Clifford known anything of farm life, he would have undersoon this action on the part of the beast. Cown, horses, and sheep all dread the darkness, and will follow any human being they claunce to make ignorant of this fact, and a quick thrill of fear shot through him. Quick thrill of fear shot through him. The—the beggar means to gore me!" he thought blankly. "It's—it's just waiting for a

thought blankly. "It's—it's just wanning for a good opening."

He tiptoed to the gate; then, as he heard the rustling commence again, his lips opened, and he gave vent to a yell of dread.

"Help—help!" he bawled.

Then, in a wild, panicky safety of Pelham School; while behind him, its tall frisking in the air, galloped the sportive calf.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

illiam Has a New Visitor.

ELP-help!"

The traceible old gatekeeper at Pellam's, in the act of swinging the huge gates to, straightened his back and listened.
"Wot the dickens is that?" he murmured

aloud.

To his ears there came the sounds of heavy panting, and along the road he caught sight of a figure tearing towards him.

There was a lamp above the gateway, and its beam rested on the face of the runner.

"It's that young 'ound Clifford!" the man thought, stepping back.

"Come on! Come in!" he continued.

"You needn't rush like that. There's plenty ov time."

time."
The Shell captain staggered up to the gates at hurled himself inside.
"Qui-quick—quick!" he breathed, "Close

"Qui-quick-spoon.
the gates' The gatekeeper snotted.
"I don't take my horders from you," he commented.
"If you don't like the way Hi close them gates, you can do the other thing-

see !"
Clifford almost wailed. He hadn't sufficient breath left to tell of the stern pursuer now so close behind him. But the gatekeeper was to find out for himself. A black shadow butted out of the darkness, caught him fairly on the chest, sent him recling back a dozen paces, until he sat down in a clump of roses, and the calf was in Pelham School.

"Hi hil Ston it—stern it!"

calf was in Pelham School.

"Hi, hi! Stop it-stop it!"

The loud yells of the gatekeeper fairly rang through the old school. Windows went up, and heads were thrust forth, while a chorus of questions began to round:

"What is it?"

"What is it?"

"What is it?"
"What's on?"
Bewildered by the sudden outburst of noise, the calf lost its head. It charged down the walk and into the trees bordering the Close. Clifford collapsed limply on the gravel in front of the gates, and watched its black shadow dis-

"I-I'll go and get into the tower or-or somewhere," he gasped —"so-somewhere where

appear.

"1-Till go and get into the tower or—or somewhere," he gasped —"so-somowhere where it to the somewhere he gasped —"so-somowhere where it to traveled to his feet, feeling as limp as a rag, and began to make his way to the other side of the school. He was enesking nest the wide hall which led into the Third-Formers' dorms, when a stream of youngsters aprang out, fairly carrying him with them.

"What's the row, Chifford!" Noble asked eagerly, recognising the Shell captain, and gripping him by the sleeve.

"I-I don't know. Let me go, hang you!" snarled Chifford, shaking the hand away.

"All right, old chap; don't get so beastly shirty," Jack replied quietly. "I saw you snesking across here, and thought you might know something about it. That's all. The awarm of Third-Formers around Clifford the decet of quietening the bully's feers.

"I don't want to the dew's long breath. I'll don't want to the way out of the press. "You go and ask one of your low-mem," he said loftily, edging his say out of the press. "You go and ask one of your low-down equals what the row is."

"Oh, rate to you!"

"Get off your perch!"

"Oh, rats to you!"
"Get off your perch!"
"Rotter!"

"Rotter!"
The chorus of indignant cries which broke out made Clifford scowl.
"Beastly cubs!" he hissed. "I'll-I'll-"
"Order, gentlemen!" called Russell. "The lordly Clifford is about to describe the painful death he will inflict upon us!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Goo, Cliffy, let's hear—"

A ripping noise sounding from the far end of the quad. came to their ears. "What's on—"

Crash!
Another shock, louder than the first.
"It's—it's an earthquake, or something," one brilliant listener quavered. "We'll all be swallowed.

Boom!
The ...

Boom!
This time the whole school fairly rocked to
the sound, then a broad shaft of hight struck
arross from the right corner of the qued.
"By Jove," cried Noble, "someone has
knocked down the door of the Head's house!"
A tide of running youngsters swept forward,
leaving only one of their number behind. That
one was Chifford.

one was Clifford.
"It's that blessed calf again," he thought,
his knoes fairly knocking together. "The

Head's house, ch! My hat! That has it! I'll get out of thus "". I'll had had he will be the third had had he will be the third had had he had

the apparation, had believe activities house, which chanced to be the sanctuary.

He had managed to get inside the document of the had managed to get inside the document of the cell, but that did not sate him a beautiful of the cell, but that did not sate him a beautiful of the cell of the cel

the astonisms the Head exclaimed by the Head.

"A calf" the Head exclaimed become the glossy hale of the animal by codes.

"What an extraordinary thing bed get here?"

"It it followed me, sir, I'm strait, when the glossy hale of the get here?"

"It is followed me, sir, I'm strait, when the get here?"

"It is followed me, sir, I'm strait, when the get here?"

"It—it followed me, air, I'm straig's samuel stancy stammered. I neet it prevailed to the stance of the study, and, going my to the animal, the amount its neck. The case of stance of the study and going my to the same of the stance of the s

a long deep breats, its lungs, its lungs, it's quite a docile creature," be to which the control of the creation of the creati

boys had better go for the ledge-kerer." There was no necessity of obth a porter was already in the circle. "I'm' even, sir." he said, pushing hi wet the front, "and H. le said, pushing hi wet scandilous affair." "Indeed?" said the Head.
"Yessir. It was Clifford, of the Fouri Far woot deliber tely hegged the brute box a to him in."

who the tree tely negged the brute hos a him in !"

This was certainly a distorted according to the certainly and rush for safety, but the

Clifford's mad rush for safety, but the Bas acted upon it at once.

"Well, take this poor creature are, as send Clifford to me," he said. "I may in into this most unprecedented affair."

The calf took a deal of shifting, Wall he seemed to have developed impelie tenders and it looked as though the cosy hall wells wrecked before it was removed. The shifting the case the shifting the case the shifting the case the shifting the case to take the shifting the case to take the shifting the case the shifting the case to take Noble. He she off towards the kitchen, and returned pecuricarrying a lunge turnip.

carrying a huge turnip.
"Stand clear, you chaps!" he cried three

"Stand clear, you chaps!" he cried thruch his way through the crowd of party oungsters. "Let's see what a hid gen persuasion will do."

The Head glanced across and smilet.
"Quite an excellent idea, Noble!" he ord.
"Now, then, just stand back and gire Noble chance."

The leader of the Third Form cut the turns half, then held out one piece toward in

in half, then held out one piece toward is stubborn animal.

The calf anified, opened its eyes wide, the stubborn animal.

The calf anified, opened its eyes wide, the hungry creature followed him. Sorn able to breathe, the rest of the watcher possible, their eyes glued on the scene.

"He's got him! Good old Jack!" Rad murmured.

The calf was now on the steps, and heither for a moment. Nobbe allowed it to taken huge bits out of the turnip. That step huge bits out of the turnip. That step out into the quad. The patcheeper cusple trailing rope, and a cheer work up.

"That's settled," the Head said grink, is ing back into his study. "And now I will go back into his study." And now I will be the study of the turnip that when the Shell captain faced the Head When the Shell captain faced the Head.

Clifford!"

When the Shell cuptain faced the Hold by made one wild effort to excape the conservation of his deed.

"I—I only went to get the prize forter to kins," he stammered. "The call least to him! It was his ticket that won it. He was hoping Bayne would have to be upunishment which seemed about to fall as itself.

punishment which seemed about to make self.

The bully over-reached himsell in this be ever. For the Head insisted upon tending the inquiry and telling his sort.

One hour late? sorrowful and degree of the control of

(Anoth r Grand Pelham Yarn Next Work Jack Noble and Co. also appear every Ter day in the "B R. Football and Library." Now on Sale-price (d.)