

The Captain of Cliveden

by Charles Hamilton

Another Laughable, Complete Story About Lincoln G. Poindexter and His Chums.

The 1st Chapter. A Strange Meeting.

LOOK there! Did you see him?"

"Who, Micky?"

"There he is again! No! He's down behind the hedge."

"But who is it, Micky?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Micky Flynn. "Whoever he is, he's been following us all along the lane, and dodging out of sight all the time."

Neville, Flynn, and Poindexter—known as the "Combine" in the Fourth Form at Cliveden College—were returning to the school after an evening sport. The dusk was deepening in Cliveden Lane, and the pace of the three runners had slackened as they came in sight of the school looming up blackly over the trees.

Several times Micky Flynn had looked about him uneasily, and at last he halted, and stared at a gap in the hedge along the lane. Dick Neville and Lincoln G. Poindexter looked at one another. They had seen no one, and they were inclined to believe that Micky had allowed his imagination to run away with him.

"I guess I didn't see anybody," Poindexter remarked. "What was he like, Micky?"

"I couldn't quite make out," replied Flynn. "But I've seen him three times at least, and I'll swear—"

"Don't! It's a bad habit to get into."

"Oh, don't rot now, Dicky darling! I'll swear I saw him dodge behind the hedge there. What can the spalpeen mane, tracking us down like a giddy red Indian on the warpath, and dodging out of sight like that!" exclaimed Micky Flynn indignantly.

"Off his giddy rocker I should say," Dick Neville remarked. "But are you sure it wasn't just a shadow, Micky?"

Micky Flynn growled.

"Don't I tell ye I saw him? I'm going to know what his little game is, too. Come on!"

And Flynn ran swiftly towards the gap in the hedge. Dick looked at Poindexter.

"What do you think, Poin?"

"I guess he saw a shadow move," replied the American chum. "No harm in looking into it, though. If anybody is following us we may as well know what he means by it."

"Come on, then."

Neville and Poindexter were after Flynn in a moment. They darted through the gap in the hedge, and the next moment there was a yell from Micky.

"Sure I've got the spalpeen!"

A dim form was crouching in the dusk behind the hedge. There was a cry of wild terror as Micky Flynn stumbled over it, and reached down and grasped it by the shoulder.

"Sure I've got ye! Come out into the light."

"I—I—"

"Oh, blow your I—I—!" said Flynn. "Come out! Ye can't get away! Lend a hand here, ye omadhans, can't ye? You always give me all the work."

The shrinking form was jerked out bodily into the lane. A lad of about sixteen was revealed to view in the dusk. He was well-clad, but his clothes were thick with mud and mire, his head was bare, his collar damp and soiled, and his whole aspect was one of fright and disquietude. His eyes rolled uneasily, and once or twice he tried to break from Micky's hold and run.

"You can't get away," remarked Flynn.

"Now, you young villain, what do you mean by following three highly respectable youths about like a giddy detective, eh?"

"I—I—"

"He's scared," said Dick Neville, taking pity on the white-faced stranger. "Don't rag him, Micky. I say, Kid"—this was rather cool, as Dick was a good year younger than the individual he addressed—"I say, Kid, what's the trouble? Were you following us?"

"Ye-e-es."

"Why?" demanded Dick.

"You—you—I thought by your caps that you belonged to Cliveden School."

"I guess we do," said Poindexter. "But what on earth has that got to do with it?"

"I wanted to speak to you, but I—I was afraid. I—will you take a note for me to

Trevelyan, the captain of your school, and not breathe a word to a soul about it?"

The three juniors of Cliveden stared at the stranger in speechless amazement.

"What's that?" exclaimed Neville at last.

"What are you driving at?"

The pale, scared face had become strangely earnest and eager. The trembling hand drew a note from inside his jacket. It was an odd sheet of paper, scribbled on in pencil, and folded down.

"Will you take that note to Trevelyan?"

"Who are you?"

"He—he will know. For mercy's sake do as I ask. It won't do any harm, and Trevelyan must—must have it. I—I followed you to speak to you, but I dared not." He seemed to collect himself with a great effort. "Will you take that note to Trevelyan?"

"I suppose there can't be any harm in that," Neville remarked, taking the note from the shaking hand. "Yes, I'll let him have it."

"Heaven bless you!"

"It's nothing much," said Neville. "But why on earth you couldn't post it—"

"I had no envelope, and I was afraid to— to— never mind. Trevelyan will understand. You promise to give him that note?"

"Honour bright."

"Heaven bless you!"

The strange, frightened figure disappeared through the gap in the hedge. Micky had let go his hold, and the fugitive was gone in a moment.

The Combine stared at one another, and at the crumpled note in Neville's hand, for a full minute, lost in amazement. The silence was broken by a voice from the dusk, as a thin, sawlow-complexioned youth came up from the direction of the village. He stopped and looked at the three with a grin upon his ill-favoured features.

"What have you got there, Neville?"

The 2nd Chapter. The Mysterious Letter!

DICK NEVILLE started, and turned his head. The sawlow youth grinned at him.

"What have you got there?"

"Hallo! is that you, Philpot?"

"Yes, it is. What's that note you've got for Trevelyan?"

Dick Neville's lip curled scornfully.

"So you've been listening?"

"I heard voices as I came up," said Philpot. Philpot was the meanest boy in the Fourth Form at Cliveden, and of an inquisitive, prying nature that made him especially obnoxious to frank, wholesome fellows like the chums of No. 4 Study. Nothing ever happened at Cliveden without Philpot knowing all about it, a fact upon which he prided himself.

"Come on, kids," said Dick Neville, turning away from Philpot.

"But I say, Neville, let's know what the note's about," said Philpot. "I heard the chap tell you to give it to Trevelyan. Who is he?"

"I don't know!"

"Honour?"

"I never saw him before," said Dick angrily.

"All right; don't get waxy. But I say, it's mighty strange this fellow sending a note to Trevelyan like that, ain't it?" said Philpot. "He's no class, you know. He's hiding from somebody—very likely from the police."

"Oh, draw it mild!"

"Well, what was he frightened about. Perhaps he's blackmailing Trevelyan."

"Shut it!"

"Sha'n't! I have read about things like that in the newspapers," said Philpot. "I always read the police reports."

"I should think you might find something more wholesome to read," said Dick, with a curl of the lip. "You're a silly, suspicious, confounded fool, Philpot, if you want to know my opinion!"

"I don't particularly," said Philpot. "But I want to know what's in that note."

"You can't. It's for Trevelyan."

"Yes; but it's not in an envelope, it's just folded, I saw it. And you could open it and read it, and then close it up again without anybody being the wiser. And—ow!"

Philpot broke off with that last exclamation, as Dick Neville's fist came out like lightning, and caught him on the nose.

He sat down on the hard ground with a shock that jarred every tooth in his head.

"What did you do that for, you beast?" he yelled furiously.

"That's my thanks for your advice," said Dick politely. "Give me some more, and I'll thank you again in the same way."

Philpot did not give him any more. He rubbed his nose and growled as the three chums continued their way to the school. Then he rose to his feet and scowled after them blackly.

"I'll know what's in that note, all the same," he muttered. "I expect it's something dis-



Trevelyan took a coin from his pocket and dropped it into Philpot's hand. Then he strode away with a dark and moody brow. The whole transaction had been witnessed by the astonished Combine.

graceful. It all looks jolly suspicious, anyway. I never liked Trevelyan, and I'd be glad of a chance to show him up."

The Combine sprinted on in silence towards the school. They did not speak again till they had passed the gates. In the hall Dick parted with his comrades.

"I'll go to Trevelyan now," he said. "I'll join you in the study."

"Righto!"

Dick went on to the captain's study. Two forms loomed up in the passage, and two red-haired youths stopped and stared at Dick. They were Pankhurst and Price, the Combine's deadly rivals in the Fourth Form at Cliveden.

"Hallo, kid!" said Pankhurst, blocking the way. "wherefore this hurry, child?"

"Clear," said Dick tersely. "I've got a message for the captain."

"Oh, in that case you can pass!" said Pankhurst, and he stepped aside. "By the way, I want to speak to you. I'll come up to your study after tea. It's about that cad, Philpot."

"Right you are," said Dick.

He passed on and tapped at Trevelyan's door. The light underneath showed that the captain of Cliveden was at home.

"Come in!" came Trevelyan's strong, cheery voice from within.

Dick opened the door and went in.

Trevelyan was hard at work, with his books on the table before him, but he did not look annoyed at being interrupted. He was the best-tempered fellow in Cliveden.

"Hallo, Neville, what is it?"

"A chap gave me this note for you in the lane, Trevelyan," said Dick, holding it out.

Trevelyan took it, with a rather puzzled look.

"Who gave it to you, Neville?"

"A chap about sixteen. He didn't give me his name; and I'd never seen him before. I don't know him from Adam," said Dick frankly. "If it's a hoax, I can't help it; but he seemed so earnest that I thought I'd do as he asked."

"I daresay it's all right."

Trevelyan unfolded the paper. He glanced over it, and a startled cry left his lips. Apparently forgetting Dick's presence, he glued his eyes to the note, reading anxiously every one of the written words.

Dick looked at him in amazement. The captain of Cliveden had become pale as death.

"Good heavens!" Then Trevelyan looked up quickly, and coloured as he caught Dick's startled glance. "It's all right, Neville," he said hastily. "You can go."

"Yes, Trevelyan."

Neville turned to leave the study.

"You needn't say anything about this in the school, Neville."

"No, Trevelyan. Poindexter and Flynn saw the chap give me the note—"

"They will hold their tongues."

"Yes; but—but Philpot saw him too. I'm sorry."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Trevelyan, but he bit his lip. He knew Philpot. "Run along."

Neville left the captain's study. As he closed the door he heard a sharp exclamation from Trevelyan:

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur!"

The junior hurried up to No. 4. Flynn and Poindexter had already changed their things. Dick proceeded to give himself a rough towelling and to do likewise.

"You've given the note to Trev.?" asked Flynn.

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

Neville explained.

The chums whistled with amazement.

"Oh, I guess we'll keep it dark," said Poindexter. "That's not much to do. But Philpot will be talking."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

"Sure, and couldn't we see the spalpeen, and threaten to scalp him if he talks?" Micky Flynn suggested. "He knows we'd do it."

"That's a good idea! Hallo, here's Panky and Price!"

The Old Firm came into the study.

The Combine banished the worried looks from their faces, not caring to take the Old Firm into their confidence on the subject. Pankhurst and Price suspected nothing.

"I say, Neville, it's pax, you know!" Pankhurst exclaimed. "We're on a mission of peace."

"All right," said Neville suspiciously. "What's the little game? Have you come to borrow something, Panky?"

Pankhurst grinned.

"No. We don't want any of the canned beef that Pointpusher's popper sends you to feed on in this study."

"Oh, give it a rest!" growled the chum from Chicago. "If you've come for a thick ear, Panky, I guess you're on the right track."

"Peace, my tinned-beef comrade," said Pankhurst. "I've come to speak about a matter that concerns the honour of the Form."

"Have the Fifth been up to their tricks again—trying to fag you?" exclaimed Neville, looking warlike at once.

"No, it's not that. We've tamed the Fifth," said Pankhurst, with a chuckle. "It's that little beast Shylock!"

"Do you mean Philpot?"

"That's the rotter."

"What has he been doing?"

"You know some of the fellows have been ragged by the Head for going to the Dun Cow in the village? Well, we've found that Philpot goes there. The young rascal plays cards there with Gurney and his set."

"My hat, are you sure?"

"Quite sure," said Pankhurst. "I saw him go in last evening. It was raining, and we were having a sprint, and we stopped under the porch there for shelter. It was dusk, and we saw Philpot go in the side way, and after that we saw him, through the blind. He was in the room playing nap with that set of blacklegs."

The Combine looked serious.

"I say, he'd get expelled if the Head knew!"

"That's it; and the prefects would start watching and sniffing about the Fourth, as if we were all birds of the same feather," said Pankhurst. "Philpy has got to be stopped, for his own good and ours too. Shall we take the matter in hand between us?"

"Good wheeze."

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll collar Philpy and bring him here," said Pankhurst, "and then we'll all talk to him lovingly, an' point out the giddy error of his ways."

"Go it, then."

"Wait for us. Come on, Price!"

The Old Firm quitted the study. Dick finished changing his things, and by that time a commotion was heard in the passage outside.

"I won't come!"

It was Philpot's voice. He was evidently struggling in the grasp of the Old Firm, having a suspicion that nothing of a pleasant nature awaited him in No. 4.

The Captain of Cliveden.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Yes, you will, ducky," said Pankhurst. "You'll come; we want you."

"I—I won't—I—" "Nuff said! In you go!"

A dishevelled form was bundled headlong into the study. Pankhurst and Price followed.

"Stand up, child!" said Pankhurst. "We want to talk to you. Philpy, my son, you have been falling into bad habits lately."

"What's that got to do with you?" snarled Philpot.

"Much, my son. As head of the Fourth Form—"

"Hullo, what's that?" exclaimed Dick Neville. "I guess you're off the track, Panky," remarked Poindexter.

"Oh, for the sake of peace," said Pankhurst, "as one of the heads of the Fourth, I have viewed your depraved conduct with deep concern."

"Quite so," said Price, who was always a faithful echo of his chief.

"This concern is shared by the honourable Combine of this study."

"Hear, hear!" "We know you are in the habit of paying visits to a blackguardly hole called the Dun Cow in the village."

"If it gets out, you'll bring disgrace on the Form, and make the prefects suspicious of us, which will cause a lot of bother," went on Pankhurst.

"You'll have to mend your ways."

"Mind your own business."

"I guess this is our business," remarked Poindexter.

"Our tinned-beef friend is right," said Pankhurst. "It is our business to keep the Form we have the honour to belong to clean and unstained—ahem! Philpy, you have got to stop."

"Shan't!" "Ot'erwise, we shall lick you—a real old-fashioned study licking," said Pankhurst.

"And if that doesn't do any good, we'll report you to the captain of the school."

Philpot sneered. "I don't care!"

"Don't you?" said Pankhurst, rather puzzled by the unusual nerve shown by Philpot.

"We'll see. Are you going to give your word?"

"No, I'm not!" "Then it's a study licking. Collar him!"

Five justly indignant juniors closed round Philpot. He gave them a glare of half-fearful defiance.

"If you lay a finger on me," he said, "you'll be sorry. You know what I saw this evening, Neville—"

"Hold your tongue!" said Dick. "Shan't! If you touch me I'll tell it all over the school; and all Cliveden shall know that the captain—"

"Shut up!" "Let me alone, then."

Dick Neville hesitated. His fingers itched to be upon the young rascal. But would it do?

It was quite possible that Philpot had listened at the door while he was talking to the captain of Cliveden in the latter's study, and knew how anxious Trevelyan was to have the affair of the mysterious note kept secret.

Philpot held the whip hand. Pankhurst and Price were looming curious. They knew nothing about Trevelyan's mysterious letter as yet.

"What's all this?" exclaimed Pankhurst, looking from Philpot to Dick. "I don't see what you're getting at? Does that crawling rat know—some secret of yours, Neville?"

"Not of mine," said Dick hastily. "It's the captain's," said Philpot evilly.

"He—" "Shut up!" "Let me get out of this study, then."

"Go, you cowardly beast!" Dick threw open the study door.

"Here, I say, what are you up to?" exclaimed Pankhurst. "What about the licking?"

"It's off!" "Is it? If you're not going to give him a lesson, I am, I—"

"Hold on, Panky. It's—it's a favour." Pankhurst looked at Dick in amazement.

Combine and the Old Firm was in abeyance. The juniors were too troubled in their minds about the mysterious affair to think of ragging one another. Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, was idolised by the youngsters, and deservedly. There was not one of them who would not have done a great deal to help him out of his trouble, whatever it was. But what could it be?

The 3rd Chapter. On the Track of a Secret!

PHILPOT left No. 4 Study in haste. He had played a trump card, but there was danger that the juniors might change their minds, and bestow the study licking upon him after all.

He scuttled down the stairs and out into the dusky Quad. A tall, athletic figure in coat and cap passed him in the dusk, and strode on towards the gates.

Philpot gave a little gasp. He knew whom it was. It was Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, and he was evidently going out. For any of the boys to go out after locking up was so unusual that Philpot's interest would have been aroused in any case.

Now he felt that he was on the track of a mystery. "It's the note," he muttered to himself.

"He's gone to meet the chap who wrote to him—that skulking fellow who looked as if he were running away from the police. My hat! This is a chance, and no mistake. If I could only get a hold over Trevelyan, I should be safe, in case—in case of accidents, in many ways. I'm on."

It was certain that the captain of Cliveden was going out. He would not have put on a coat if he had intended merely to take a stroll round the Close. Philpot knew that the captain had a key to the gate, but he did not intend to attempt to follow him out there.

That would be impossible. The spy darted off to a spot well known to the more venturesome of the Cliveden juniors, where the thick ivy on the old grey wall offered foothold to a climber, and many a time had assisted venturesome youngsters to break bounds.

The thick dusk of the winter evening shrouded Philpot's movements. He was soon swinging up by the thick ivy, and, getting over the wall, he dropped into the lane, and ran along in the shadow towards the gates.

Click! He heard the shutting of the gate, and caught a glimpse of the athletic figure of the Cliveden captain striding away in the direction of the village.

In the thick dusk it was easy for Philpot to follow Trevelyan without danger of discovery. Not a thought of the meanness of the occupation crossed his mind. He followed on Trevelyan's track like a sleuth-hound.

The captain of Cliveden did not look once behind. He had not the slightest suspicion that he was being followed. "Where is he going?" muttered Philpot.

"To Clivedale?" It looked as if Trevelyan were going to the village. But about half-way he stopped at a stile which gave access to a footpath through a wood.

He crossed the stile and vanished into the black shadows of the trees. Philpot pressed on to the stile, and then hesitated. The trees looked so black and grim, and the darkness under their over-arching boughs was so dense, that his heart quailed within him.

After some hesitation he crossed the stile, but then he paused again. He dared not venture upon the black footpath under the trees. The shadows seemed peopled with threatening shapes to his nervous fancy. He listened intently. Perhaps the captain of Cliveden had stopped.

There was a faint murmur from the wood. It was the sound of voices—and he thought he could distinguish the tones of the Captain of the School. Trevelyan had met someone there under the trees. Whom?

Undoubtedly the fellow who had sent him the note by Dick Neville. Philpot trembled with eagerness. His curiosity to discover more was almost strong enough to overcome his fear of the darkness, and of running into the talkers.

He was still hesitating when he heard the sound of footsteps, and he crouched down among the bracken with a palpitating heart. Two forms came out of the dim footpath towards the stile. Crouching unseen, Philpot watched them. One was the captain of Cliveden, the other the frightened-looking fugitive he had seen before. They stopped, and Philpot strained his ears.

"I have very little," Trevelyan was saying. "You are welcome to all I have, Arthur. About a sovereign, I think."

He felt through his pockets. There was a jingle of coin, a glint of metal in the faint light of the stars. Philpot's heart beat faster. Was his first suspicion correct—was it a case of blackmail? Or was this some fugitive from justice, whom Trevelyan was helping to escape from the meshes of the law?

"Thanks, old man. I—I am grateful. I—I shall be able to dodge them, I think. I—" "Come along. You can't stay the night in the wood, anyway. It's going to rain."

"But—" "You can put up at the Red Lion for to-night, at all events."

"But if they track me out—" "They're not likely to, and you can give an assumed name. Then, to-morrow—"

Philpot heard no more. The two had crossed the stile, and were going down the lane towards Clivedale. The spy rose shivering to his feet. The bracken was dripping with the night dews, and he was wet from head to foot.

But his eyes were gleaming exultingly. He had heard enough to make him feel that Trevelyan was in his power. The fugitive was being hunted for by someone, and by whom?

Whom could it possibly be but the police? The mysterious meeting with the captain of Cliveden, the passing of money between them, and the suggestion of putting up at the Red Lion in Clivedale under an assumed name, all pointed to the same terrible conclusion. "Arthur" was a friend or a relation of Trevelyan's who was fleeing from justice!

Philpot gritted his teeth at the thought. "He's always been down on me," he muttered. "He licked me for lending money to the kids at interest—jolly moderate interest, too, considering. He first gave me the name of Shylock, and the juniors picked it up and stuck to it. I'll make him squirm."

Philpot stepped into the lane, and hesitated a minute or two there. The pair he had been spying upon were out of sight, but Philpot had learned enough, and was not inclined for further shadowing. He turned his face to the village, however, and walked on. He stopped where the lights of the Dun Cow gleamed out into the winter evening. Rain was beginning to fall in light drops.

Philpot passed down the alley beside the inn, then tapped at a door, and entered. He went along a passage, and opened a door into a room reeking with tobacco-smoke and the fumes of spirits. Three or four men were seated round a table, playing cards, and they all looked up with grins of welcome as Philpot entered.

"Hullo, it's our young friend again," exclaimed Gurney, the red-faced landlord of the Dun Cow. "He's come to 'ave his revenge, like the nervy sportsman he is, gents."

Philpot looked very pleased. He had lost several shillings on his last visit to the Dun Cow, and he had borrowed right and left at Cliveden to raise money to play again, and have his "revenge," as Mr. Gurney put it. He had usually lost; but then it was worth something to be called a nervy young sportsman, and to be looked at with such great respect by Mr. Gurney's sporting friends.

"Yes, I'm goin' to give you another tussle," said Philpot, assuming what he considered the manner of a man of the world. "Nothing like sticking it out."

"Nothing like it," said Mr. Gurney heartily. "You'll have something to drink."

"I—I think not, thank you." "Lemonade," said the landlord of the Dun Cow, "with a nip of something in it. It'll warm the cockles of your heart. You can't say no."

Philpot felt very much inclined to say "No," but he was terribly afraid of being thought a milksop by the sporting gents of the Dun Cow, so he swallowed the glass of vile stuff, which made him choke and splutter, and brought a strangely vague and uncertain feeling into his brain. Then he played nap, and the money he had borrowed of his schoolfellows joined the few shillings of the previous night. But the stuff he had swallowed prevented him from feeling depressed, and he was in high spirits when he left the Dun Cow and started on his homeward way, and he was feeling quite a man of the world. He would probably not have felt so pleased with himself could he have heard the derisive chuckle that went round the room as soon as he was out of it.

Philpot's steps were a little unsteady as he started down the lane. But the cold winter air and the rain upon his face revived him, and his brain cleared. He realised that he had lost his money, and that he was getting a headache. He was not quite so happy as he tramped down the wet muddy lane towards the school.

Nine o'clock was striking from the school tower as he came up to the gates. A feeling of terror seized him. Unless he was in time to go to bed with the Fourth Form, he would be missed and sought for. He ran along the wall towards the spot where the ivy hung, and grasped it. A voice rang from the gloom behind him.

"Who is that?" Philpot quaked with terror. It was the voice of the captain of Cliveden!

The wretched junior dragged himself up the

ivy. He realised that Trevelyan had returned now from seeing the mysterious "Arthur" to the village, and that he had caught sight of him near the school gates. With terrified haste Philpot dragged himself over the ivy. But the straining and creaking of the tough tendrils guided the captain of Cliveden to the spot.

Philpot heard him running up, and with a last desperate effort drew himself over the wall. A hand reached up from below and narrowly missed his ankle.

Trevelyan did not wait to speak again. He ran to the gate and let himself in, and came quickly along the inner side of the wall. Philpot was not prepared for such a swift movement. He had swung himself over the wall, drenched with water from the wet ivy, and he dropped into the Close, gasping for breath. He was trying to recover his breath, and shaking the water from his clothes, when a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. He gave a cry of terror.

The grasp on his shoulder swung him round, and he looked into the face of the captain of Cliveden!

The 4th Chapter. Philpot Makes Terms!

TREVELYAN looked sternly at the wet, shivering junior. His grasp tightened on Philpot's shoulder.

"Philpot! So it is you!" "Philpot made no reply. There was a desperate look in his eyes, which Trevelyan did not see.

"You have broken bounds—at night!" "Yes," said Philpot sullenly. "Where have you been?"

"To the village." "To the Dun Cow?" "Philpot did not reply.

"If you had broken bounds to go to the tuck shop," said Trevelyan quietly, "I could let you off with a licking, Philpot. A fellow might do that without being bad. But I am afraid your case is worse. There have been visits paid by Cliveden fellows to the Dun Cow, as I know. I hardly expected to find a culprit in the Fourth Form. But—"

"I—I haven't been there." "There is a smell of tobacco and spirits about you," said Trevelyan, with a sniff of contempt. "If you have not been there, Philpot, where have you been? Anywhere where I can obtain corroboration of your statement?"

The junior was silent. "Then I can only conclude that you are lying, Philpot," said Trevelyan sternly. "I cannot deal with this matter on my own responsibility. You must come before the Head in the morning."

Philpot gritted his teeth. "Better keep mum," he muttered. Trevelyan stared at him.

"What did you say, Philpot?" "You'd better keep mum, that's what I said," said Philpot desperately. "If you take me before the Head I shall tell him—"

Trevelyan's grasp tightened. "What will you tell him?"

"Things you wouldn't like him to know," said Philpot defiantly. "One good turn deserves another. I'll keep mum if you do."

In spite of his impudence, Philpot trembled as he said this. It was a desperate throw of the dice for him. If he had been mistaken—if Trevelyan had no guilty secret—But the next moment he drew a deep, quivering breath of relief.

For Trevelyan's grasp relaxed, and he stood a pace away from the junior, and his face had grown pale and startled.

"Have you been watching me, Philpot?" The captain's voice was very hard. "Have you been watching me? Answer me at once!"

"Yes, I have!" said Philpot defiantly. "You saw me meet my cousin?"

(Continued on the next page.)

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Philpot grinned. He had not known that the mysterious "Arthur" was Trevelyan's cousin; he was gaining information!

"Yes," he said; "and I heard you, too."

"Then you know—"

"Yes," said Philpot, gaining courage, "I know all about it."

"You spying little hound!"

"Hard words break no bones," said Philpot, quite himself now. "I know the whole business, from start to finish, Trevelyan. I saw you giving him money. I know your cousin is hiding from the police—"

Trevelyan gave a violent start.

"The police! Are you sure?"

Philpot was taken aback for a moment. But his impudence was seldom wanting. He saw that he was in rather deep waters now, but there was nothing for it but to brazen it out.

"Of course I am!" he replied coolly.

"You—you lie! You must be lying; the police cannot have been called in," muttered Trevelyan. "You—you cowardly little rascal! I've a good mind to give you the biggest hiding of your life!"

"I'll keep mum," said Philpot. "But one good turn deserves another. Keep my secret, and I'll keep yours."

Trevelyan was silent.

"Am I to come before the Head in the morning, Trevelyan?"

"Go!" said the captain of Cliveden, in a hard, strained voice. "Go, you—you cur! Come into my study in the morning, and I will speak to you."

Philpot cut across the Quadrangle and hurried in, in time to join the Fourth-Formers when they went up to bed. Mr. Lanyon, the master of the Fourth, glanced at him, but to his relief asked no questions. But in the Fourth Form dormitory questions were asked.

"Where have you been, Philpot?" asked Dick Neville.

"Find out!" said Philpot.

"Your clothes are all wet," said Pankhurst.

"Mind your own business!"

"I guess that pesky rotter wants scragging," said Poindexter. "Better look out, Philpy. You'll get your neck wrung before you know where you are."

"Rats!"

And with that Philpot tumbled into bed. The juniors yearned to drag him out and give him the hiding of his life, but for Trevelyan's sake they dared not.

The next morning Dick Neville glanced at Trevelyan at breakfast-time with a curious eye, and noted how pale and worn the captain of Cliveden looked. It was evident that there was something worrying him, and undoubtedly it had a connection with the mysterious letter of the previous evening. Philpot caught Dick's look and grinned.

Philpot did not trouble to report himself in the captain's study that morning. Trevelyan had told him to do so, but the junior did not intend to obey. He felt sure enough of his ground now to take no notice of the captain's order.

Yet he trembled a little when, after morning school, Trevelyan passed him in the Quad. Was he about to be called to account?

The captain of Cliveden passed on, apparently unaware of his existence, and Philpot breathed again!

The affair of the previous night was not to be mentioned again, then! His disobedience of the captain's order was to pass unnoted and unpunished! Philpot's heart swelled with exultation. The captain of Cliveden was in his power, and great possibilities opened before the unscrupulous junior.

Philpot's curious manner during the day did not escape the notice of Dick Neville and his chums. The junior's swagger rather puzzled them.

"He's got something on his chest," Poindexter remarked. "I guess it's his getting over us as he did, by threatening to split on the captain. Little beast!"

"Little rotter!" agreed Dick Neville. "He was out last evening, and I'm pretty certain where he went to. Lucky for him Lanyon didn't smell a mouse."

"There goes the little basto now," remarked Flynn. "He's going to spake to the captain."

Trevelyan had come out of the gymnasium, when Philpot sidled up to him. The captain of the school looked down at the junior with a steely expression.

"Do you want to speak to me, Philpot?"

"Yes, if you please, Trevelyan."

"Be quick, then!"

"I—I'm short of money, Trevelyan."

"What has that to do with me?"

"I—I thought you might lend me half-a-sovereign, Trevelyan."

Their eyes met. In Trevelyan's was scorn and contempt and hard-held rage; in Philpot's was cunning and the consciousness of power.

"You want me to give you half-a-sovereign, Philpot?"

"Lend it to me, I mean, Trevelyan."

"Don't tell lies! Why should I give you half-a-sovereign, Philpot?"

"Well, I'm keeping your secret, you know."

"Do you know what this amounts to, Philpot?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to say that this amounts to blackmail."

Philpot grinned.

"I don't see why you can't tip me a half sovereign if you want to, Trevelyan. I'm doing you a good turn. If certain parties knew who you was staying at the Red Lion under an assumed name—"

"Hold your tongue, confound you!"

"Certainly, but—"

Trevelyan took a coin from his pocket and dropped it into Philpot's hand. Then he strode away with a dark and moody brow.

The whole transaction had been witnessed by the astonished Combine, and they caught the gleam of gold as the coin dropped into Philpot's palm. The young rascal turned away, and found himself face to face with the chums of No. 4 Study.

He shrank a little, and thrust the coin into his pocket.

"Why did Trev. give you that half-sov., Philpot?" asked Dick Neville.

"Because he wanted to, I suppose."

"I've a good mind to—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Philpot.

He walked away. The Combine looked at one another uncomfortably. The mystery was deepening, and mystery was decidedly unpleasant to them. What did it all mean?

The 5th Chapter.
The Combine Step In.

POINDEXTER gave a sudden start. Night had fallen again upon Cliveden, and the three chums of the Fourth were doing a little sprint round the Close for exercise. Poindexter suddenly pulled his companions to a halt with an exclamation.

"Look there!"

Dick and Micky looked. They were near the gate of the school, and they saw the tall figure of Trevelyan stop at the gate. He had his overcoat on, and a key in his hand, and was evidently going out.

But it was not only Trevelyan whom they saw. A smaller figure was stealing through the dusk, in the Close, evidently watching the captain of Cliveden. As Trevelyan unlocked the gate, the figure ran along the wall towards a spot well-known to the juniors, and ran right into the arms of the Combine.

It was Philpot!

Dick Neville grasped him at once, and in a moment he was down on the ground, with the Combine sitting on him. He gasped and struggled furiously.

"Let me get up, you beasts!"

"Not just now," said Dick Neville. "We spotted you, you see. You were watching Trevelyan, and you were going to break bounds to follow him."

"I shall do as I like!"

"No, you won't! You're not going to disgrace the Form if we can help it. We don't permit spying in the Form we belong to, Philpy."

"I guess not."

"Sure and the spalpeen wants boiling!" said Micky Flynn. "Hould him tight, the basto! Sure he wriggles like an eel!"

"Leggo! Lemme go! I—I'll tell Trevelyan!"

"Will you?"

Neville chuckled. "Lot of good that will do you!"

"You don't understand! I'll make him lick you! I know something! I tell you I'll get you into a row! Let me go!"

Dick's face grew very stern.

"I don't know exactly what you're getting at," he said, "but you're a howling young cad, and you're not going. Understand that!"

"I will go! I—"

"Let him get up," said Dick Neville, in measured tones. "Now, Philpot, listen to me. You'll go straight back into the house!"

"I won't!"

"Or I'll go straight to Mr. Lanyon and tell him you're breaking bounds."

"Sneak!"

Dick flushed red at the word, but he did not falter.

"Sneak or not, you're going to stop that black-guardism, Philpot, before you've brought disgrace on all of us. You understand?"

Philpot panted as he looked at the chums of the Fourth. He saw that Dick Neville meant what he said.

"You'll—you'll sneak to the form-master, will you?" he hissed.

"I won't discuss that with you, Philpot. You're not going to the Dun Cow again, and you're not going to spy on Trevelyan. We're going to stop you."

"I guess we are."

"Go into the house. And, mind, I could lick you with one hand, Philpot, and if you say another word I'll do it, too."

"You—you cad! I'll—"

Dick Neville's right came out, and Philpot measured his length on the ground. Dick stood over him with flashing eyes.

"Now get up, you cur, and take some more!" he said, between his teeth. "Get up! You've been asking for a hiding for a long time, and now you're going to have it."

"You—you hit me when I wasn't looking!"

whimpered Philpot.

"That's a lie!" said Dick. "But get up, and I'll hit you when you are looking."

"I—I won't! I don't want to fight you!"

"No, you don't want to do anything, except act like a dirty blackguard!" said Dick scornfully. "Get up and go into the house. I shall keep an eye on you, Philpot."

"I'll make you smart for this!" said Philpot, as he staggered to his feet, rubbing his mouth. "I can twist Trevelyan round my finger. I'll make him lick you!"

"You're dotty, I suppose," said Dick.

"You'll see."

And, with a black scowl upon his face, Philpot took himself off, and went indoors. He left the Combine feeling very uncomfortable.

"I don't quite get the hang of this, I guess," Poindexter remarked. "Do you think he was talking out of his hat, or has he got some hold over Trevelyan?"

"He must have, I think," said Dick gloomily. "Poor old Trev, if he has to knuckle under to a rotten little cad like that! It's—it's beastly!"

"Sure, and can't we do anythin' to help?" said Flynn anxiously. "I'd do anythin' for old Trev, Dicky darling!"

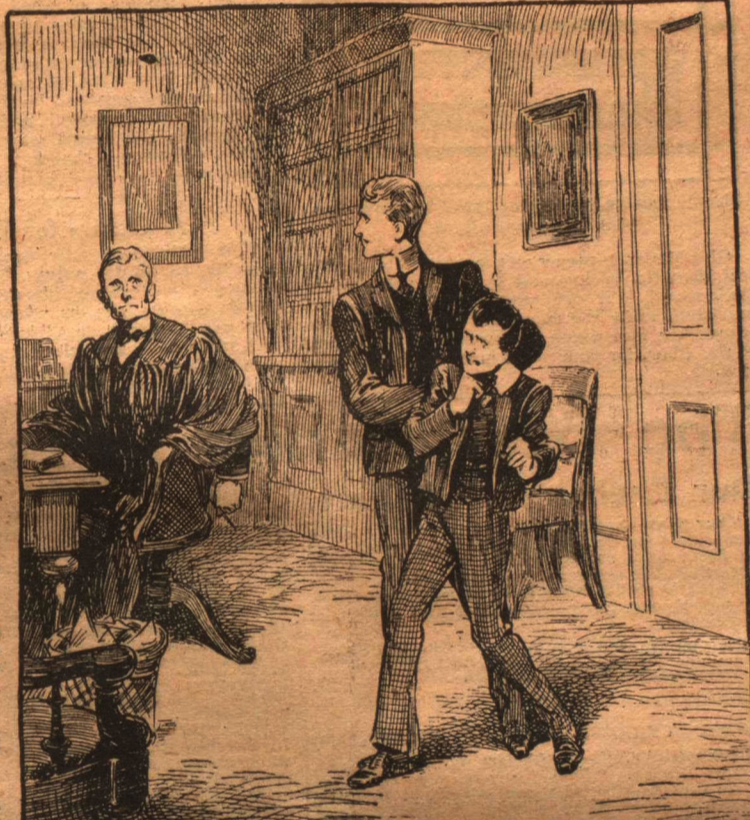
"Well, we can keep that cad from watching him about, Micky. We'll do that."

"I guess we will, and I guess it's all we can do."

The chums returned to the school-house in a depressed mood. They changed their things, and when they came down into the common-room they found Philpot there. The cad of the Fourth had not ventured to leave after Dick Neville's threat.

It would have fallen to the captain of Cliveden to see lights out in the Fourth Form dormitory that night, but he did not come in. It was evident that he was still absent from the school, and Grahame the prefect took his place.

Philpot gave Dick Neville an evil look as he undressed.



"Come in!" cried the Head. The captain of Cliveden entered, forcing the junior to go in with him. Philpot was trembling now, and fervently wishing the floor would open and swallow him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow," he muttered, "I'll make you sit up!"

Neville replied only with a glance of contempt. But it was evident that Philpot was in earnest, and meant every word he said. Was it possible that he would try to carry out his threat, to put his mysterious influence over the captain of Cliveden to such a use, Dick wondered?

The Combine saw Trevelyan in the morning at breakfast at the Sixth Form table. He still wore a worried look, and was unusually silent. After morning school a letter arrived for Trevelyan, and Dick Neville took it to his study.

He met Philpot near the door, evidently bound for the captain's room. The cad of the Fourth glanced at the letter in his hand.

"What have you got there, Neville?" he asked.

"A letter for Trev."

"I'll take it in. I'm going in to speak to him."

"No, you won't!"

"Give it to me!" said Philpot threateningly.

"Do you hear?"

He stood in Dick Neville's path and the junior paused.

"Get aside!" said Dick quietly.

Philpot scowled fiercely.

"Give me that letter!"

Dick strode on, and brushed Philpot aside, as if he had been a fly. Philpot staggered and fell against the wall, and slid to the floor.

Dick, without another glance, passed him and knocked at the captain's door and entered. Trevelyan was standing by the window.

"What is it, Neville?"

"Letter for you, Trevelyan."

Trevelyan took it and uttered an exclamation. He opened it quickly, and gave a sigh of deep relief, as his eye ran over the contents.

"Thank you, Neville!" he said quietly.

Dick quitted the study. He passed Philpot coming in, and the glance of hatred Philpot gave him showed that the cad of the Fourth was about to put his threat into execution. Dick wondered what the result would be, but he had a suspicion that it would be more painful for Philpot than for himself.

The 6th Chapter.

Philpot Goes a Step Too Far, and Catches It.

WHAT do you want, Philpot?"

Philpot had entered the study without even knocking. Trevelyan looked at him sharply, the letter still in his hand.

Philpot smiled insolently. The captain's face was turned from the light, and the cad of the Fourth could not see its expression very clearly.

"I want to speak to you, Trevelyan."

"Go on."

"One good turn deserves another, as I said before. You go out of Cliveden at all hours to suit yourself. You've got a key, and I haven't. I usually get over the wall."

"You are very frank, Philpot."

"No reason to keep it dark now," said Philpot. "But some of those cads—I mean Neville and his lot—have set themselves up to watch me, and see that I don't break bounds."

"Very right and proper of them."

"Perhaps so," said Philpot, with a sneer. "But it does not suit me, you see. I want to go out at all times, and I mean to."

"Is that so?"

The captain's voice was very quiet, so quiet that it deceived Philpot. The swagger in his manner became more pronounced.

"Exactly. I want you to give me a perpetual pass, you see, so that I can go out when I like. Then these rotters can't interfere with me."

"Indeed?"

"And I want you to give Neville a licking for going for me last night," said Philpot savagely. "The brutes set on me in the Quad—"

"You were going out, I presume?"

"Yes, I was," said Philpot defiantly. "I'll go out when I like."

Trevelyan breathed hard.

"And Neville and the others stopped you?"

"Yes, they did."

"Quite right. I shall speak to Neville, and direct him to keep an eye on you in the future, Philpot, and see that you do not commit any of these backguardly actions again."

Philpot stared.

"Will you?" he said, between his teeth.

"Do you understand what you are saying, Trevelyan? You are in my power."

"Do you think so?"

"Hang you! You know you are!" cried Philpot angrily. "You know very well you've been aiding a fugitive from justice, and giving him money, and helping him to pass under an assumed name. The Head would be glad to hear what I could tell him."

"Then you had better go and tell him."

"You can't bluff me like that," said Philpot, though he felt an inward tremor of uneasiness at the captain's tone. "You wouldn't have given in so easily yesterday if you hadn't had something to be afraid of."

"Circumstances may have changed," said Trevelyan. "It might have been in your power to injure me yesterday, but not to-day, Philpot."

"Rot! You know the police would be after you too if they knew, and I can tell them where that chap is, too. If you dare to—"

"Dare!" thundered Trevelyan. "Do you know you are talking to your captain? Get out of the room at once! Go!"

Philpot gave a snarl like a spiteful dog.

"If I go, I go straight to the Head!" he shouted. "Now, then!"

He opened the door, and stood with his hand on it.

"Now, then, shall I go?"

Trevelyan strode towards him.

"Yes, Philpot, you shall go, and I will come with you—to the Head," he said abruptly.

His grasp closed on the junior's shoulder, and Philpot was marched along the passage, and the wretched junior tried to think that the captain was bluffing, that he would stop and turn back.

But Trevelyan's face was hard and set, his eyes gleaming.

Straight to the Head's study he marched the hapless amateur blackmailer.

The Combine were in the passage, and they stared as they passed.

Pankhurst and Price came down the staircase and they stared too. Then the five juniors burst into a chuckle.

"He's got what he's been asking for," said Dick Neville, "and a jolly good thing too."

"If—if you please, Trevelyan, I'd rather not go to the Head," whined Philpot. "I—I won't say a word. I—I'd rather not."

"You've no choice now," said Trevelyan grimly, as he knocked at the Head's door.

"Come in!"

The captain of Cliveden entered, forcing the junior to go in with him.

Philpot was trembling now, and fervently wishing that the floor would open and swallow him up.

Dr. Rayne looked at them in amazement.

"What does this mean, Trevelyan?"

"I have something to tell you, sir," said Trevelyan, "if you will kindly give me a few minutes."

"Go on, Trevelyan."

"I have a cousin named Arthur Trevelyan, sir. He is—or rather was—in the Fifth Form at St. Freda's. I have been rather worried about him lately, as he was—well, a little wild, and frequently got into trouble with his form-master. The day before yesterday, sir, I had a note brought

me by a junior. It was from my cousin. He told me that there had been a terrible row at St. Freda's, and he had struck the form-master and run away from school."

The Head looked very grave. "He asked me to meet him, and help him out of his difficulty," went on Trevelyan. "I went to meet him that night, sir, and talked to him. Last night I visited him again, and succeeded in persuading him to return home, and throw himself upon his father's mercy."

"Very right of you, Trevelyan," said the Head. "I am sincerely glad that the unfortunate boy had so kind and sensible an adviser at such a time."

"Thank you, sir," said Trevelyan. "Arthur is a good fellow, but wilful and—a little wild, but I think his father will be able to make his peace at St. Freda's, and the lesson will not be lost upon him. He has gone home, and I wrote to the head-master at St. Freda's last night, and I have just had a reply to the effect that Arthur's fault will be overlooked, and he will be taken back, if he will apologise to the head-master, and take his punishment, as I know he will cheerfully do, after what has happened."

The captain of Cliveden paused. "But you will wonder what Philpot has to do with all this, sir," he went on. "The first night I went to meet my cousin this boy followed me. He knew that Arthur was hiding from someone, and saw me give him money, and jumped to the preposterous conclusion that I was helping a fugitive from justice to escape from the police."

Philpot trembled. "He has endeavoured to make use of that knowledge in a rascally way," went on Trevelyan. "It would have been awkward if Arthur had been taken back to St. Freda's before going home to his father, and so to keep Philpot from speaking, although he was far from knowing the real facts, I gave him half-a-sovereign yesterday when he demanded it. To-day he has renewed his demands, so I have explained the whole matter to you, sir."

The Head's brow was like a thundercloud. "You have done quite right, Trevelyan," he said. "I cannot blame you. As for this wretched boy, there is only one course to be taken. He shall not stay at Cliveden to contaminate honest lads by his presence. You will pack your box to-day, Philpot, and leave Cliveden to-morrow morning. I will write to your father and explain."

The wretched boy fell upon his knees. "Oh, sir, don't expel me! I—I— Think of my father, sir—and I will be flogged—only don't expel me! Speak for me, Trevelyan!"

"Have you the impertinence to appeal to Trevelyan, after—"

The captain's face softened a little. "May I say a word for him, sir?" he said. "I should be sorry to be the means of getting any lad expelled from Cliveden. He has had his lesson. A flogging—"

"It shall be as you wish, Trevelyan. It is generous of you to speak for him after the way he has treated you. Philpot, take off your jacket." And the captain of Cliveden quitted the study. Five minutes later wails of anguish were heard proceeding from that apartment. The flogging that Philpot received then was one he was not likely to forget in a hurry. It was his first and last experiment in the blackmail line, and, after that painful experience, no boy in the Fourth was so respectful as Philpot to the captain of Cliveden.

THE END.

("The Cliveden Paperchase" next week.)

A Quick Route to Strength

By EUGEN SANDOW.

XI.
One of England's most famous statesmen once asked the question, "Shall we take it lying down?" when referring to the strenuous business competition of foreign countries, and I ask a similar question of those who are weak and delicate, but who cannot make up their minds to better their physical condition by the aid of systematic exercise.

Many young men who do not possess the health and strength which Nature intended they should have could easily recover their health and greatly increase their strength if only they would follow my advice, and make Physical Culture a part of their daily life.

My own perfect health and strength shows to what an extent a delicate lad may develop himself, if he only will do his utmost to gain those benefits which exercise will give, instead of "taking it lying down," and letting himself go from bad to worse.

If you are one of these tired persons, shake off the feeling of helplessness, determine that your will shall be master of your body, make up your mind that you will gain health and strength, exercise regularly, and you will bless the day you followed my advice.

You will not have to wait long before you feel the good effects of your labour, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that every day adds to the store of energy and vitality you are creating.



EXERCISE 10.—READY POSITION.

Lie on the back, arms stretched above the head.

MOVEMENT.

Raise the body slowly, keeping the arms pointed towards the feet, and continue the movement until the bells pass a few inches beyond the toes. Return slowly to position. This movement should be done without swing. Muscles: Upper Abdominals.

Every reader may obtain a free copy of the new edition of "Sandow's Way to Strength," by writing to No. 6, Sandow Hall, Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C.

This book shows how I obtained my great strength, and how readers can make themselves physically perfect.

OUR WORKSHOP CORNER.

A Collection of Instructive Articles Written by Members of the Hobby Club.

Ghosts in Photography.

Much genuine sport can be got by those who have cameras by making "fake" photos, a form of which, able to be procured by the veriest beginner, I am now going to try and describe.

In these stale, unromantic days we don't have any opportunities of snapping ghostly visitors to the earth, as these gentlemen are only seen by very imaginative people in a light in which snapshotting would be impossible. Nevertheless, we can manufacture "ghost-photos" in broad daylight in the back garden, or any other suitable place.

To proceed, choose a day when the light is not too strong, and, having chosen your spot, set to work in forming the background. To get the proper effect, you must not have a flat, solid background, but framework things, or a paling, on which the single panings are separated a bit from each other.

A dark background gives best results, and is easier to work with.

Now, having placed your camera, expose the plate to this background only, giving an under-exposure according to the light you are working in. I say under-exposure because the same plate has again to be exposed to the background, with the addition of the ghost.

Again, without moving or meddling with the camera in any way, get your "sperit" into position. He should wear the recognised uniform of his tribe, viz., a white table-cover, or the like, and you can decide yourself as to whether his features are to be revealed or not.

Of course, he should be reading the Boys' HERALD (what right-minded ghost would miss that once he had a chance to get back to earth), or drawing the attention of ordinary mortals to the fact that he recommends it.



Simple Design for Top of Jewel or Glove Box. (See "Inlaying on Wood.")

Give him an exposure on the same plate, slightly less than the background had. In this way the background will get pretty nearly a normal exposure, while the ghost will be a little under-exposed, a fact which contributes to the success of the affair, for your ghost must not be too solid looking.

On developing and printing the plate, you will find that the ghost seems to be transparent, the whole of the background being visible through his shadowy form. Sometimes the background will get over-exposed, but that is not serious, for you can take a good many risks, and still produce a ghost picture which will delight yourself and surprise your friends. Develop the plate as a normal exposure.—John E. Stewart, 19, Kildonan Street, Coatbridge, who is awarded a special prize of five shillings.

Inlaying on Wood.

Inlaying is a hobby which in itself is very interesting, but needs very careful measurement.

There are many designs to choose from, and many kinds of woods to work with; but to start, I would advise one to pick a simple design, with good big pieces, but not with too many of them, as small pieces are apt to get lost, until you get thoroughly accustomed to the work. Another thing to notice is that all wood that is procured is thoroughly dry, for if it is damp, it shrinks and spoils your work.

If the work is to be circular or octagonal, or anything in the form of a circle, the first thing to be done is to find the centre, and, after laying the centre-piece, begin by placing the other pieces round this, and gradually working towards the edge, giving each piece a lick of glue before placing.

Any cheap kind of wood, such as "canary," should be used for inlaying upon, and the woods with which the inlaying is done should not be more than one-sixteenth of an inch thick. After the work is finished, it should be rubbed well with fine glass-paper to level it, and then a coat of varnish will improve it greatly. For rectangular articles, the design may change to suit the maker.—Thomas Johnstone, 139, Skene Street, Aberdeen.



Simple Design for Octagonal Table-top.

A Camera for Drawing.

This instrument only requires an outlay of from 1s. to 4s. for a lens, unless the reader is fortunate enough to already possess one. A double convex lens, or what is known amongst boys as a "burning glass," is best. A small mirror or a piece of looking-glass, a small pane of common window-glass, and an old soap or candle-box, is all the material required.

Let the box be about 18 in. long, 9 in. deep, and 12 in. wide. Fasten the lens in a hole cut for that purpose at one end of the box. A piece of looking-glass must be fixed at an angle of 45 deg. at the opposite end of the box.

Grind the surface of one side of the pane of glass by rubbing it upon a flat stone or sand-paper. Make a lid to the top of the box, as shown in the drawing, and under the lid fasten the ground glass. Paint or blacken the inside of the box, and adjust the parts by experiment, so that when the lens is turned towards any object, it will be immediately reflected upon the piece of ground glass.

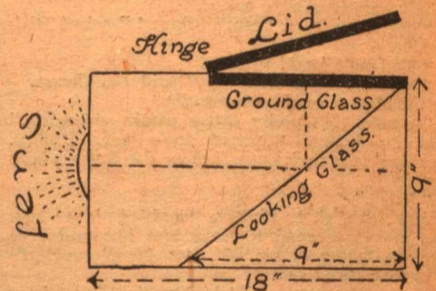
If a piece of paper be placed over the ground glass, and the lens towards some object, that object will be reflected upon the glass and shown through the paper in all its natural colours, strong enough to be accurately traced and reproduced.

If one of these instruments be taken into a darkened room and the lens allowed to point out through the window, everyone who passes the house will be reflected upon the ground glass, making a sort of moving, coloured, puppet show.—F. Routley, New Buildings, near Hall Place, Cranleigh, Guildford, Surrey.

To Cut Glass Without a Diamond.

Few boys possess a diamond—the ordinary instrument for cutting glass; but the following method of obtaining the same results will be found very useful.

The process requires a hot iron (a common poker answers very well), and this should be



A Camera for Drawing. (See article on this page.)

somewhat pointed. A line along which the cut is to be made should be marked with chalk on the glass. Then make a file mark to commence the cut. Apply the iron, and a crack will start which will follow the iron wherever the person chooses to lead it.—H. J. Bishop, 25, Pollard Street, W. Hendon.

The Best Market to Buy or Sell Anything.

Our Exchange and Mart.

These advertisements are free to members of the Hobby Club only upon sending the necessary Coupons, and the Editor takes no responsibility with regard to any transactions that may result therefrom. He also reserves to himself the right to refuse to insert any advertisement. No advertisement can appear until at least three weeks have elapsed.

No advertisement may contain more than twenty words.

For Sale.

(THREE CURRENT COUPONS NECESSARY.)

PHOTOGRAPHY.—H. Oldham, 20 Disraeli Road, Putney, London. "Pilot" camera, cost 5s. Take 3s., or exchange for birds' eggs.—W. S. Hawkins, 4, Ashford Street, Stoke-on-Trent. "Ticka" camera and view finder, cost 10s. 6d. Sell for 5s., or exchange for Grip dumb-bells or Sandow's developer.—G. Sim, Post Office, Carr Bridge, N.B. "Briton" Hand camera, new, with developing and printing outfit, cost 14s. Take 8s., or offers.—W. G. Aldridge, 62, St. Ervan's Road, Westbourne Park, London, W. "Seymour" Camera and outfit, cost 8s. What offers? Sea fishing-rod. Cost 4s. What offers?

MISCELLANEOUS.—P. J. Brown, 104, York Avenue, Gillingham, Kent. Pair of steel skates, cost 2s. Take 1s. 1d.; tennis-racket, cost 21s. Take 6s.; magic lantern, with slides, cost 10s. 6d. Take 5s. 6d.—M. Foster, 24, Cinderhill Lane, Suddal, Halifax. No. 236-303 "Boys' Friend" wild birds' eggs, shorthand books. What offers?—J. Whitehead, 17, Long Street, Swinton, Lancs. "Klito" camera, 12 plates, hand or stand, 25s. Zither, cost 30s. Take 27s.; good German concertina, cost 18s. 6d. Take 15s., or £3 the lot.—B. Holloway, 354, West Derby Road, Liverpool.—How to make small electric lamps, 3d.; electric telegraph, 3d.; bookcase desk, 3d.; picture frames, 21d.; model screw steamship, 3d.

MODEL LOCO.—Harold, Gough Road, Edgbaston. Engine, rails, points, trucks, and turntable. Take 30s. the lot.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—E. Theys, 159, Praed Street, Paddington, W. Cards printed with name and address. Write for particulars.

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