

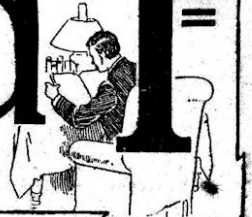
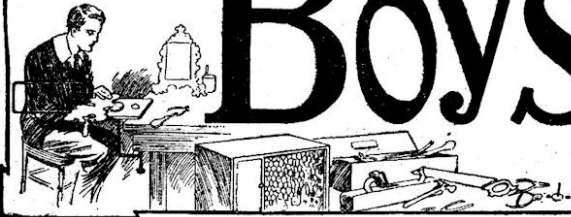
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# Boys' Herald 1<sup>d</sup>

EVERY BOY'S AND YOUNG MAN'S  
STORY AND HOBBY PAPER.



No. 235, Vol. V.

EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 18, 1908.

## THE KING OF THE CARAVANS.



There came the fierce battle-trumpet of Siren the elephant, and a crash of wood—torn like paper. The figure of a wretched, flying man burst into view, and behind him came the vast form of the elephant with rags of canvas hanging from his tusks.

# Champions on the Ice

A Story of the Chums of Cliveden College, of Fun on the Ice, and of a Most Exciting Skating Match.



## The 1st Chapter.

### A Collision on the Line.

**L**INCOLN G. POINDEXTER looked out of the window of the Fourth Form dormitory at Cliveden, and gave a crow of satisfaction.

"Freezing hard! By Jupiter!"  
 "Sure, and it feels like it," said Micky Flynn, as he sat up in bed and shivered. "How bawstly dark it is! Are ye sure that's the rising-bell, Pointhead?"  
 "Of course it is, lazybones! Get up!"  
 "Ow, it's cold!" grumbled Micky, as he gingerly put one leg out of bed. "Dick Neville, ye lazy boulder, that's the rising-bell going. Wake up!"

"Gr-r-r-r!" was all Dick Neville replied.  
 "Oh, I'll wake him," said Pankhurst, getting out of bed, and picking up the sponge off his washstand. "I say, Neville, it's time to get up."

"Gr-r-r-r!"  
 Pankhurst, with a grin, squeezed the sponge over the face of the sleepy Fourth Former. Dick's eyes opened wide enough then, and he gave a jump as if he had been electrified.

"Woohoo! Woohoo!"  
 "Time to get up," explained Pankhurst. "I couldn't let you, oversleep yourself, and get a wiggle, you know. As head of the Form, it's my duty—ow!"  
 Before Pankhurst could finish Dick Neville had seized his pillow, and, with a mighty swipe, he sent Pankhurst tumbling heels over head along the floor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Micky Flynn. "Sure, and that was what he was asking for intirely. Is that how you like it done, Panky!"

Pankhurst jumped up.  
 For a moment he seemed inclined to "go for" Dick Neville headlong, and Neville stood ready with the pillow to receive the charge.

But Panky altered his mind. His natural good-humour returned in a moment, and he grinned.

"I guess it's freezing as hard as it can," said Poindexter, coming back from the window. "The snow in the 'lose is as hard as a brick."

"Sure, and I'm freezing too," grumbled Micky Flynn. "I don't—"

"We shall get some skating, I guess," said the American chum. "The river will be frozen hard, I expect."

"Good!" exclaimed Dick Neville, as he broke the ice in his water-jug. "We haven't had much skating since you came to Cliveden. Puntdodger, and if the ice holds we can have a ripping afternoon on Wednesday."

"That's what I was thinking. We might get up a skating match, I guess, only there's nobody in the Form able to stand up to us—"

"What's that?" howled Pankhurst and Price together.

"The 'Old Firm' were up in arms at once at the suggestion that they, at all events, were not the equals of the 'Combine' in the skating line.

"Eh?" said Poindexter, turning round. "Did you speak, Panky?"

"Yes, I did," said Pankhurst wrathfully. "What the Dickens do you mean, you canned-beef fraud? There are fellows in this Form who could knock spots off you at skating, with their hands and legs tied and blindfolded."

"I guess I'd like to see them do it," Poindexter remarked. "If you two ginger-coloured scallywags think you can skate—"

"Think! I know we can skate you off your legs, and not half try."

"Then it's a go!" exclaimed the chum from Chicago. "We'll fix it up for Wednesday afternoon, and make a match of it."

"And we'll meet you willingly, and give you a lesson," said Pankhurst.

"Quite so," said Price.

"It's rather a good idea," Pankhurst remarked to his chum, as he towelled his face, glowing from the cold water. "Those kids have been thinking a lot of themselves since they beat us in the diabolio match, and it's time we put them in their place, you know. They're beginning to think they're the top of the Form."

boulder down a peg or two you can use my napper for a football."

And the boys of the Fourth Form at Cliveden trooped down to breakfast, and when that meal was over, poured out into the quad, where they found a good many fellows of the Shell and the Fifth already out sliding.

"I guess we'll slide," Poindexter remarked, glancing up at the clock in the school-tower. "We've got twenty minutes before chapel."

"Right!" said Dick Neville. "Hallo! Where are you coming to, Pankhurst?"

"Out of the way!" roared Pankhurst. "The chief of the Old Firm was careering along at a great rate, and the Combine were standing in the way."

Behind Pankhurst came Price, and a good many more of the Fourth Form.

But the Combine did not move.  
 "I guess we're not going to stand aside for any red-headed bouncers," drawled Lincoln G. Poindexter. "Not much."

"Hardly," assented Neville.  
 "Sure, and we—mother aw Moses!"

Right into the three chums came Pankhurst, and the impact was terrific.

The three stood firm, and Pankhurst might have been hurled back, but behind came on the long column of sliders, and the combined weight was irresistible.

Away went the three chums of the Fourth, simply flying.

Poindexter reeled in one direction, and sat down violently. Neville sprang away on the other side helplessly. But Micky Flynn fared the worst. Micky had a way of coming in for the hardest knocks upon all occasions. He hopped

upon the ground like a sack, and Pankhurst hopped over him, and in a moment the long column of sliders was missing itself up in a confused heap over Pankhurst and Micky.

"Arrah!" howled the unfortunate Irish junior. "Get off me neck! You're squashing me intirely! Gurrup!"

"You—you ass!" gasped Pankhurst, exclaiming himself with difficulty over the struggling mass. "You—you howling mannie!"

"Faith, and it was your own fault intirely!"

"What did you stand in the way for?" roared Pankhurst.

"What did you come this way for at all?"

"You—you fathead—"  
 "You—you red-head—"

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed Gatty. "No good rowing. I can see those Fifth Form bouncers making sheep's eyes at our slide. It's a better one than theirs. Let's get going."

It was good advice, and it was taken. The juniors sorted themselves out, and the Combine joined in the sliding, taking the head of the file with their usual coolness.

The making of slides in the Close was not permitted by the powers that were, but the juniors forgot all about that in the excitement of the game.

The Fourth Form slide was a long one, extending nearly the hundred yards, while the Fifth-Form fellows had not allowed themselves so much room.

The Fifth were sliding away, but when their slide had extended itself to a certain length it was blocked by the fountain, and Crane, the captain of the Fifth, was indeed casting his eyes upon the more convenient slide made by the Fourth Formers.

"I say, Cuffy," he remarked to his chum, "they've got a slide twice as long as ours, and it's merely rot, you know. We'd better change, as they're only kids."

Cuffy grinned.  
 "At it, them changing."

"Oh, I'm not going to ask them. It's no good arguing about the matter. We'll just take one end of it when they're at the other, and warn them off."

"And if they come on—"

"Then they'll get swept off the earth, that's all."

"Right!" said Cuffy. "It's like their cheek to have a better slide than ours, anyway."

"Of course it is. Come on."  
 The Fourth Formers had swept along their slide, and the last one had reached the end, and Poindexter was about to lead the return, when

Crane and Cuffy, and a dozen Fifth fellows, arrived at the opposite end.

The intention of the Fifth was plain, and, as a meeting of two opposite parties in the centre of the slide would have been disastrous, Poindexter waved his hand across the Close, and shouted:

"Hallo, there!"  
 "Hallo to you, and many of 'em!" called back Crane.

"Keep off our slide."  
 "Whose slide?"  
 "Ours!" yelled Poindexter.

"Oh, yours! Haven't you made this slide for us?"  
 "No!" roared the Fourth, with one voice.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Crane, looking distressed. "I really thought you had made this slide for us, like good little boys, properly attentive to their elders."

"Keep off our slide, you rotters!"  
 "Can't be did. You can have ours. We've done with it."

And Crane prepared to start, and the other Fifth fellows, laughing and grinning, made ready to follow him.

The feelings of the Fourth Form at this act of sheer brigandage were too deep for words. They looked at each other.

"I guess we're not going to stand this!" exclaimed Pankhurst, at last.

"Sure, and we wouldn't stand it from the Fifth, let alone the Fifth!" exclaimed Micky Flynn, indignantly.

"Good for you, old Ireland!" cried Pankhurst. "Who's coming after me?"

And, without a moment's hesitation, he launched himself along the slide, just as Crane let himself go from the other end.

"I am!" shouted Neville.

And in a second he was speeding after Pankhurst. Poindexter was next, then Price, then Micky Flynn, and then the Fourth followed to the last fellow there.

Crane, with Cuffy behind him, was speeding along the slide. He had not dreamed that the Fourth would have the temerity to take this resolute step, but it was too late to step now. The Fifth fellows were streaming on behind him.

"Get off the track!" roared Crane.  
 "Get off yourself!" roared back Pankhurst.  
 "You'll get hurt!"

"We shall be the only ones!"  
 There was no time for more words.

The opposing parties rushed down upon each other at full speed, and met, Pankhurst and Crane chest to chest, about the centre of the slide.

The impact was terrific.

Pankhurst threw his arms round Crane to save himself, and Crane did likewise to Pankhurst, and they rolled over together, locked in a loving embrace.

Over them went sprawling the rest, in an inextinguishable mass of arms and legs, and hands, and caps, and scarves.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### Cyrus K. Poindexter Visits Cliveden.

"Zat is terrible!"

Monsieur Friquet looked out of his study window, and his eyes grew wide and round as he saw the impact of the rival parties of sliders.

"Mon bleu! Zey will be keel! Zey will be cripple!" exclaimed the little Frenchman. And he rushed out of his study in great alarm.

To reach the door and dash out into the Close was the work of a moment; but all he saw when he got out was the mass of waving arms and legs and scarves we have described. The little man gave a gasp.

"Zat is terrible!"

He dashed to the rescue. Monsieur Friquet was the best-hearted little man in the world, and he was sorely afraid that the juniors were hurt. Some of them undoubtedly were! And with the vague idea of rendering first aid to the injured, Monsieur Friquet dashed upon the scene.

He forgot all about the slide in his excitement. But he ran right on to it, and in a moment he was whizzing along at a terrific rate of speed.

This unexpected happening absolutely bewildered him, and he could not make the least effort to save himself.

His right leg came up into the air, and remained stuck out at right angles from his body, and his arms were outspread to their full extent, his mouth was wide open, and his eyes round with terror.

In this graceful attitude Monsieur Friquet shot along the slide. Shouts followed him in his wild career—shouts of encouragement and laughter.

"Go it, Mossoo!"  
 "Keep moving!"  
 "Bravo!"  
 "Other leg up!"

"Ciel!" gasped Monsieur Friquet. "Ciel! Zis is terrible!"

Then he went with a crash into the heap of sliders, who were trying to sort themselves out and scramble up.

The impact of Monsieur Friquet threw them into fresh confusion. Poindexter, who had just dragged himself off Cuffy's chest, was knocked down again, and the unfortunate Cuffy gave a fearful groan.

Monsieur Friquet sat down in the midst of the mixed sliders, and gazed about him with an expression of absolute bewilderment.

"Ciel! Vat has happen viz itself?"

Poindexter chuckled. He was considerably shaken up, but the American chum did not care for a few hard knocks. He gave a helping hand to Mossoo, as soon as he was on his feet, and helped the little Frenchman up.

"Hope you're not hurt, Mossoo!" he exclaimed.  
 "Hurt! I am fearfully hurt viz myself! My



The last stroke had carried Poindexter ahead like an arrow, and he breasted the tape a good couple of feet ahead of Pankhurst. The next moment the cheering was changed to a shout of alarm. Poindexter, in the excitement, had forgotten all about the ice being thin further down the river, and with a crack and a splash he was in the water.



dashing into the study. "You knew I was there. You have been smoking!"  
The Combine were silent.  
They exchanged one startled glance, which to Grahame's eyes was as good as an open confession of guilt, and then looked at the floor.

The prefect seemed to expand with satisfaction as he looked at them.  
Often enough he had been "down" upon the Cliveden Combine, but never once had he had a real excuse for finding fault with them. Boyish tricks and practical jokes he could lay to their account, by the score, but any real unmanly action he had never been able to trace to them.

There was not the slightest doubt about it. The study simply reeked with smoke, and not merely cigarette smoke, either, but the smoke of a strong cigar. On the table, where the inkstand had apparently been used as an ash-tray, could be seen the ash of a cigar where it had been carelessly knocked.

The evidence was complete.  
Grahame had come there to inflict corporal punishment, but a better vengeance was in his power now. The Cliveden chums were caught at last.

"You have been smoking!"  
Still the Fourth Formers were silent.  
The prefect looked round the study. He sniffed with satisfaction. Then he gazed again at the three guilty faces.

"Smoking!"  
"Oh, Grahame," said Micky Flynn, in a broken voice, "sure and ye'll say nothing about it, like a good body as ye are."  
"I guess you'll do the nice thing, Grahame," said Poindexter coaxingly.

"Please—please don't report us to the doctor!" whined Dick Neville. "You'll be sorry for it afterwards if you do, Grahame!"  
Grahame smiled grimly.

"I must do my duty as a prefect," he replied. "This is too serious a matter for me to deal with myself. I must take it before the Head."

"Oh, Grahame!"  
"Please don't!"  
"Have mercy!"  
"Come, follow me!"  
"Grahame, you'll be sorry—"  
"Follow me!"

Grahame stalked from the study. The three juniors exchanged a smiling glance, but as Grahame looked round their faces became long and sorrowful again.

"Are you coming, you young scoundrels?"  
"Ye-e-o-s, Grahame, but please—"  
"Oh, sure and ye won't be hard on us, Grahame!"

"Let us off this time!"  
Grahame declined to make no reply to these appeals. He marched on, and the juniors followed. As they went along the passage a score or more of eyes were fixed upon them in amazement. Pankhurst and Price looked out of No. 10 study.

"Hello, what's the matter?" exclaimed Pankhurst.  
"It's—it's all up with us!" sobbed Micky. "Grahame has discovered that there's been smokin' in our study, and we—we're being taken before the Head."

Pankhurst snored, and then grinned. As it happened, he had seen Mr. Poindexter in No. 4, and guessed the truth, and knew that the Combine were pulling the prefect's leg.

"You'll be sacked!" he exclaimed, looking solemn the next moment, for Grahame's benefit. "You'll be sacked as sure as a gun!"

"Quite so!" grinned Price. "Expelled, and no mistake!"  
"How can you grin at their misfortunes, Price?" demanded Pankhurst. "I am going to weep. Get me a soapdish to weep into immediately."

"Look at Grahame!" whimpered Price. "See, he's doing his duty like a Roman father, but his heart is breaking for pity of those misguided youths!"

"Oh, oh! Boo-hoo-boo-hoo!" came from Pankhurst.  
Grahame scowled and marched on angrily. The Combine followed, with preternaturally solemn and dismayed faces, and the prefect knocked at the door of the doctor's study.

The 4th Chapter.  
Rough on the Prefect.

D. RAYNE looked in amazement at the prefect as he ushered the three juniors into the study. The prefect's manner told of a coming communication of unusual importance and gravity, and the Head was puzzled. He could not quite make out the looks of the Combine, either. The three juniors were looking very serious indeed, but there was a glimmer in their eyes the doctor did not quite understand.

"I am very busy, Grahame," the Head said, rather pointedly. "If you have not come to me to make some trifling complaint."  
Grahame coloured.

The Head had come to know that he had made a set against the chums of No. 4 study, and was, consequently, inclined not to attach too much weight to his report beforehand.

But the prefect did not hesitate. He had so strong a case that, whatever the Head's opinion so far, he could not fail to be shocked and horrified. The Head was apt to come down severely on a solitary instance of any foolish boy smoking a cigarette in the box-room or behind the football pavilion. The story of a study turned into a smoking den, reeking with the scent of strong cigars, was certain to bring down the heaviest thunders of his wrath upon the heads of the hapless offenders.

"I have a most serious matter to report to you, sir," said Grahame, "but if you are busy I can wait—"

"Oh, no, pray get it dealt with, as you are here!" said the Head. "What is it? Some complaint against Poindexter, Neville, and Flynn, I presume!"

"Yes, sir. They have been smoking in their study."  
The Head started.  
"Impossible!"  
Grahame turned very red.

"Very well, sir, if you say that, I can only—"  
"Wait a moment. I mean to say that I can scarcely credit such an accusation against these boys. Mischievous and sometimes unruly I know them to be, but that they have fallen into bad and disreputable habits I can hardly believe. But since the accusation is made, I shall look into it thoroughly. You say that they have been smoking in their study?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Do you deny it, boys?"  
"Certainly, sir," said three voices in unison. The doctor drew a breath of relief.

"You hear that, Grahame?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"I hear them, sir, and I must say that I never expected so bold a lie even from them," said the prefect. "I went to their study by chance a few minutes ago, and found it simply reeking with tobacco-fumes."

"You are quite sure of what you say, Grahame?" asked the Head, beginning to look very distressed.

the audacity to tell me that you have not been smoking, when the study is simply sickening with the smell of tobacco."  
"We haven't been smoking, sir."  
"Then how comes it," thundered the Head—"how comes it, that your room is reeking like a tap-room, sir?"

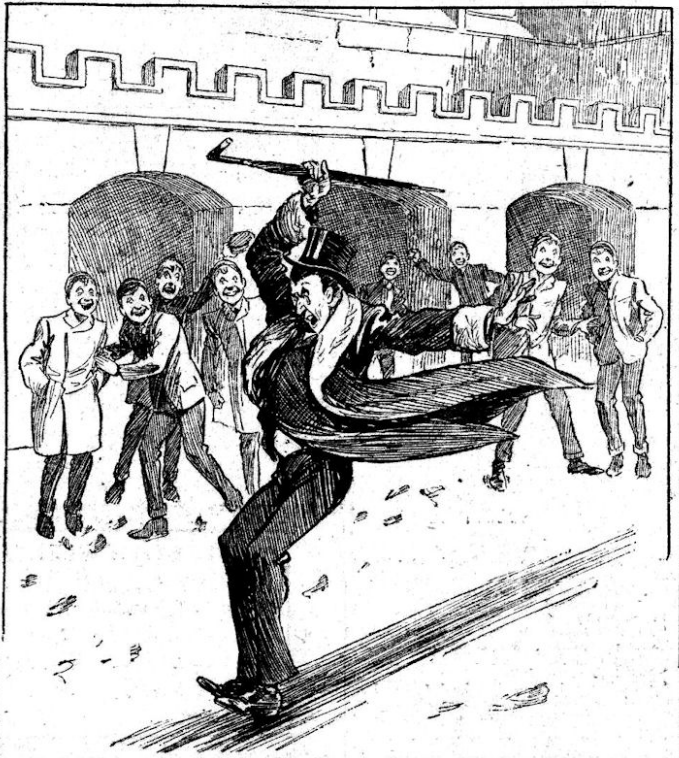
"I think somebody else has been smoking here, sir," said Poindexter demurely.  
Grahame gave a sneer.  
"It is like that boy to lay the blame upon another," he said.

Poindexter's eyes flashed.  
"I guess you've never known me do anything of the sort, Grahame!" he exclaimed. "And only a cad would dare to say that!"

"You must not speak to a prefect like that, Poindexter. But you were wrong to taunt him, Grahame, very wrong. Leave this matter to me, please. If these boys are guilty of such flagrant, bad conduct and of deliberate untruthfulness, they will be expelled from the college. But the matter will be thoroughly sifted first. Poindexter, you say that some other person has been smoking here?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Give me the name of the boy?"  
"It wasn't a boy, sir, it was a man."

The Head started.  
"What! One of the masters smoking in a junior study?"  
"No, sir. It was a visitor to the school."  
"What visitor? Tell me at once!"  
"My father, sir."



Mr. Poindexter had a clear slide before him—and he slid. With his coat trailing behind, and his silk hat on the back of his head, he did not look a bit like the Beef King and a millionaire, and it was no wonder the spectators laughed.

His faith in the Combine had been great, but now it was rudely shaken. The prefect's assertion was so positive that he was fairly staggered.

"I am quite sure, sir, if you would take the trouble to walk to No. 4 study you would be able to ascertain the fact for yourself."  
The Head looked at the juniors sternly.

"Do you still deny that this accusation is true?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"You have never smoked in your study?"  
"Never, sir."

"I cannot understand this," said the Head. "I have never known one of these three boys to lie before. Let us go to the study."  
The Head led the way from the room. Grahame, with triumph in his face, followed. The three juniors brought up the rear.

A crowd was waiting for them in the passage. There was a general gasp at sight of the doctor. The Fourth Form had all caught on to the joke now, and were enjoying the coming surprise for the prefect. They scattered as the doctor came down the passage with stately tread, but as soon as the study was reached, a crowd of juniors gathered again outside, eager to see what transpired.

Dr. Rayne sniffed as he came to the door, and sniffed again as he entered. Grahame looked at him. There was no need for words. The study was still simply reeking with the scent of strong cigars. As a matter of fact, the millionaire had smoked three while he was waiting there for his son.

Dr. Rayne fixed his eyes sternly on the three chums.  
"Poindexter! Neville! Flynn! You have

Grahame changed colour. The doctor drew a deep breath.  
"Your father, Poindexter?"  
"Yes, sir," said the American chum calmly. "He waited here some time, sir, to speak to us after morning school; and he smoked some cigars to pass the time, I suppose."

"It is untrue!" exclaimed Grahame furiously.  
"It is only—"  
The Head stepped him with a gesture.

"On the contrary, Grahame, I am convinced that this is true, and that you have made a serious mistake. The fault I have to find with these boys is not that they have been smoking, for I know they have not; but that they allowed a prefect to fall into such a ridiculous error, and waste my time reporting it."

The Combine looked very penitent.  
"Why did you not tell Grahame the facts?"  
"He didn't ask us, sir," said Poindexter. "He said we had been smoking, and as he seemed to know best, we thought we'd better give him his head in the matter. If he had asked us we should have told him."

"I did tell him that he'd be sorry afterwards if he reported us, sir," said Neville demurely.  
And I begged of him to love the matter alone, said Flynn.

The doctor tried not to smile. He was angry; but he could understand fully why the Combine had allowed the prefect to fall into the trap. The neat way in which they had given Grahame just sufficient rope to hang himself with appealed to the doctor's sense of humour. Just for a moment a smile dawned upon his face. But his brow grew stern again as he turned to the prefect.

"It all turns out to be a mare's nest, as I expected," he said coldly. "You will kindly

follow me to my study, Grahame. I have something to say to you."

Anxious to be stalked off majestically, Grahame followed him with evident reluctance. The Combine looked at one another with seraphic smiles.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Pankhurst and Price, looking in at the door. "It was great!"  
Poindexter bowed.

"I guess we've succeeded in pulling the august leg of his serenity this time," he remarked. "I don't envy Grahame the next five minutes. Perhaps he'll be a little more careful next time before he accuses us of smoking in the study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Grahame was looking quite pale when he came out of the Head's study. Nobody knew what Dr. Rayne had said to him, but it was certainly something very much to the point. And for some considerable time afterwards Grahame showed a strong desire to avoid further skirmishes with the Cliveden Combine.

The 5th Chapter.  
On the Ice.

"WOULD the frost last?"  
That was the question that was chiefly troubling the Fourth Form at Cliveden the next couple of days.

The river was as hard as iron on Tuesday, where it bordered the grounds of Cliveden College, and to the great satisfaction of the skaters, it was still freezing on Wednesday, a half-holiday at the school.

Poindexter looked out in the morning, and grinned cheerfully. The ice would be harder than ever. The day was bright and cold, the sky like steel—an ideal day for a skating-match.

Poindexter had been selected as the champion of No. 4 study. Each member of the Combine was secretly convinced that what he didn't know about skating was worth knowing. But, after some practice on the ice, they had decided upon Lincoln G. as the champion.

And well-fitted was Poindexter to uphold the honour of the Combine. He was a splendid skater, and more than one admiring eye had watched him at practice on the frozen surface of the Combie.

Pankhurst was the champion of the Old Firm, and he had as many backers in the Fourth Form as Poindexter had. Philpot, the Slybook of the Fourth, was tempted to make a "book" on the match, as he had on the diabolio match the previous week, but he thought better of it. The eyes of the Combine were upon him, and those dutiful regulators of Fourth Form morals were heavily down on betting in any shape or form.

"The ice will hold to-day," said Poindexter; "the weather's splendid. It will be a ripping match!"

"Sure, and I hope ye won't rip the ice," said Micky Flynn, looking alarmed. "Don't forget that the Combie is mighty deep, Poindbuster."

"Oh, rats!" said Poindexter. "It's thick enough where we shall be; though further down towards the willows it's very thin, and there's a danger-point there."

"You won't want to go as far as that, though. The match will take place just opposite the school ground."

"I guess so."  
Shortly after morning school on that eventful Wednesday, Mr. Poindexter arrived at Cliveden. The Fourth Form turned out to welcome him with a cheer as he drove up in the station cab. The man who was offering a five-pound note as a prize to the champions of the Fourth was a man to be made much of. And the Cliveden juniors made much of him accordingly.

The skating match was attracting a great deal of attention at Cliveden, partly from the known qualities of the two skaters, and partly from the fact that the sum of five pounds was the prize to be won. Trevelyan, the captain of the school, had willingly consented to act as starter.

After dinner there was a general movement to the bank of the frozen Combie. The deep stream that sang through the rushes in the summer-time was frozen now as hard as a rock, and opposite the school grounds there was a wide, hard expanse of ice. A finer spot could not have been chosen. Further down the stream were dangerous shallows, coated with thin ice; but there the juniors had no intention of straying.

There was a cheer as Mr. Poindexter and Trevelyan were seen walking down to the river with the doctor. It was a great honour for the Head to come down to see the match, and the juniors appreciated it keenly.

The honours spectators were accommodated with seats, while the rest stood about on the banks or on the ice, and prepared to watch the start.

"Here they come!"  
"The cry was raised as Pankhurst and Price were seen approaching. Pankhurst was in a Norfolk suit and cap, and carried his skates in his hand. The Combine were not long in following. They sat down on the bank to don their skates."

Mr. Poindexter beamed on the competitors. The crisp five-pound note had been handed to Trevelyan to be awarded to the successful champion.

Trevelyan looked at his watch.  
Poindexter slid out on the ice, and Pankhurst was on his feet—no, rather, on his skates—a moment later.

Every fit and fine the two juniors looked as they stood waiting for the signal. The deep stream of Cliveden waved his hand for the course to be cleared, and Micky Flynn jangled a bell in the old Fen fashion.

The spectators crowded back from the ice. The course lay up the river, and Trevelyan had been over it himself before the race. It was a course similar to those used for racing in the Fens. It lay for a quarter of a mile up the river, when the competitors were to turn round a flag and come

