

The Boys' Realm 1d

Football Series

A BRIGHT AND UP-TO-DATE PAPER FOR ALL BRITISH BOYS AND YOUNG MEN.

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EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, JANUARY 13TH, 1906.

OUR GRAND NEW STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE.

YOU CAN COMMENCE IT TO-DAY.

(The preceding chapters of this fine tale will
be found on the next page.

Prospects of a Heavy Winter—Bouncer Shows the People the Way to Toboggan.

NOTWITHSTANDING the airy manner of Mr. Achilles Chopps, the boys took a very serious view of the ghost question. There was something very peculiar in the story told by Noddy's father being confirmed before their eyes.

There was a difference in the exact spot of its appearance, it is true, but it was there, and its movements were certainly peculiar.

Now, John McLara, known in the school as Cautious Johnny, was of the party, and his opinion of the apparition was as follows:

"If it's a ghost, it's very like a man; and if it's a man, he's as strange a one as ever I saw."

"There's snow enough to show footmarks," said Noddy Berrill to Tom, as they were parting. "I'll be up as soon as it's light, and be off to see if I can find any, and, if there are, what they are like. I can tell in a minute if it's any of our people playing tricks; we all get our boots at the same shop."

But, alas! for Noddy's arrangement. It was upset by Dame Nature, who that night favoured the valley of the Tarn with one of the heaviest falls of snow known within the memory of that played-out old party—the oldest inhabitant.

About ten o'clock the sky became overcast, and shortly after the first flake fell. In five minutes it was heavily snowing, and on the sleeping village and the schools and all around untold millions of flakes fell silently. Hour after hour the fall continued, the flakes increasing in size. At dawn the air was so thick with them that the landscape fifty yards away was blotted out.

"Oh, here's a lark!" said Sam Smith, as he pushed aside the blind and peeped out.

"What's the matter?" asked Tom sleepily.

"Everything is buried under the snow," replied Sam, "and it's coming down still. It's drifting up against the house, and Jerry is cutting a gangway to the gate."

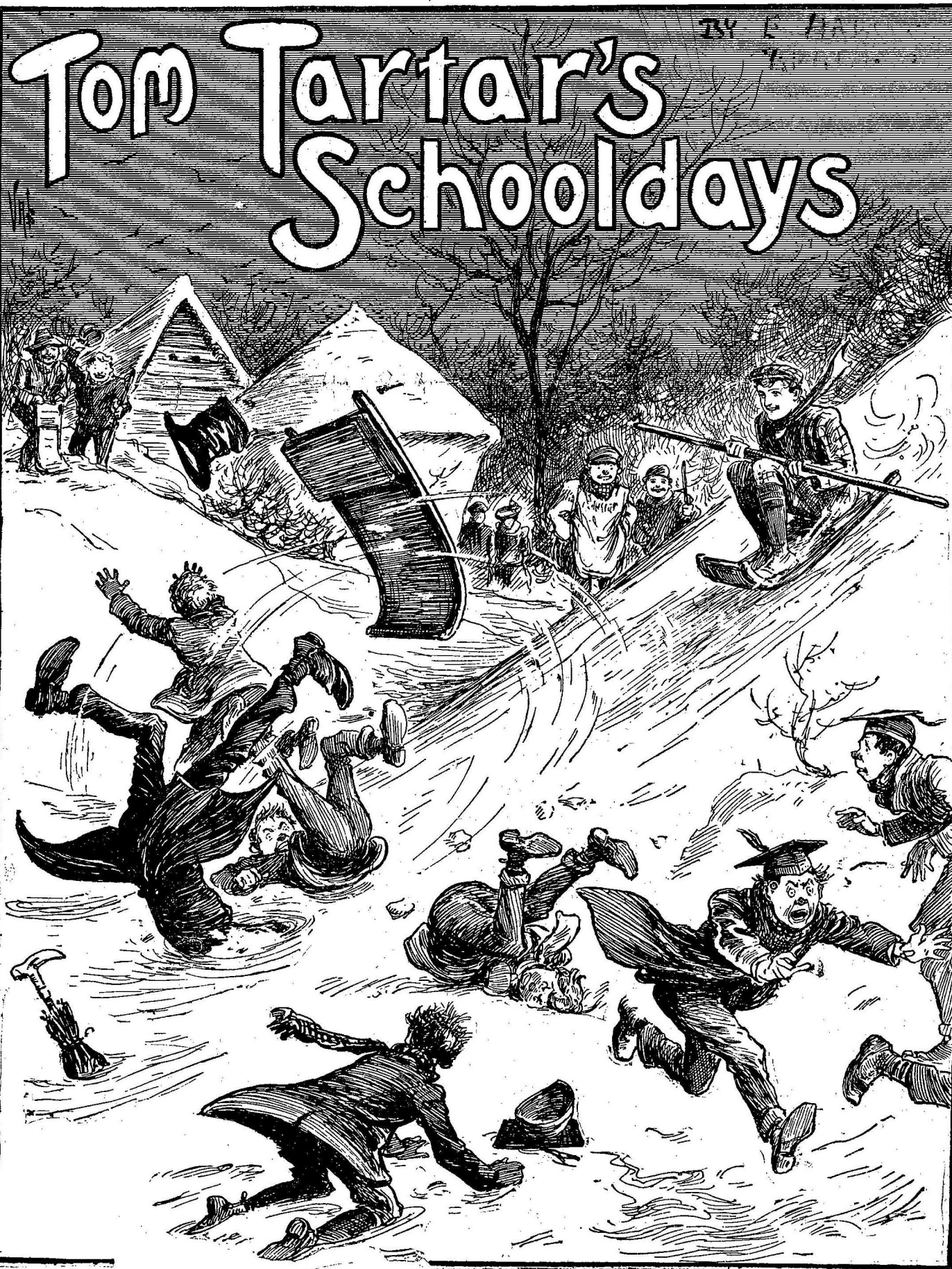
Everything was not quite buried; but the snow had fallen so fast that it was very deep. Moreover, it had drifted against the house, and was lying half-way up the lower windows. Wooden Jerry was clearing a path under the direction of Perks, whose beak-like nose was peering over his comforter.

The boys were all out of bed sharp, and, after a wash in water so cold that it made them think of the North Pole, they went downstairs. The other boys were also up and stirring now. As no orders as yet had been issued against their going out, they walked forth.

Wooden Jerry was speedily made aware of their arrival by his receiving a splendidly made snowball in the nape of the neck. Perks had heard the boys coming, and, with consummate generalship, beat a retreat.

"Here, what are you doing?" cried Jerry. He made a face-shield of the shovel and ran for shelter. The only way into the house available was that by which the boys came out, and Jerry had to run the gauntlet of a cross fire. He dashed into the house, looking like one of those figures we see on twelfth-cakes. Perks, awaiting him within, welcomed him with a burst of laughter.

(Continued on the next page.)



THE BOYS SCATTERED RIGHT AND LEFT AS MR. BOUNCER TURNED A VIOLENT SOMERSAULT AND CAME DOWN HEAD FIRST IN THE SNOW.

