

NEW STORY OF THE RACING STABLES. (See Your Editor's Chat.)

The Boys' Realm Ltd.

of Sport and Adventure.

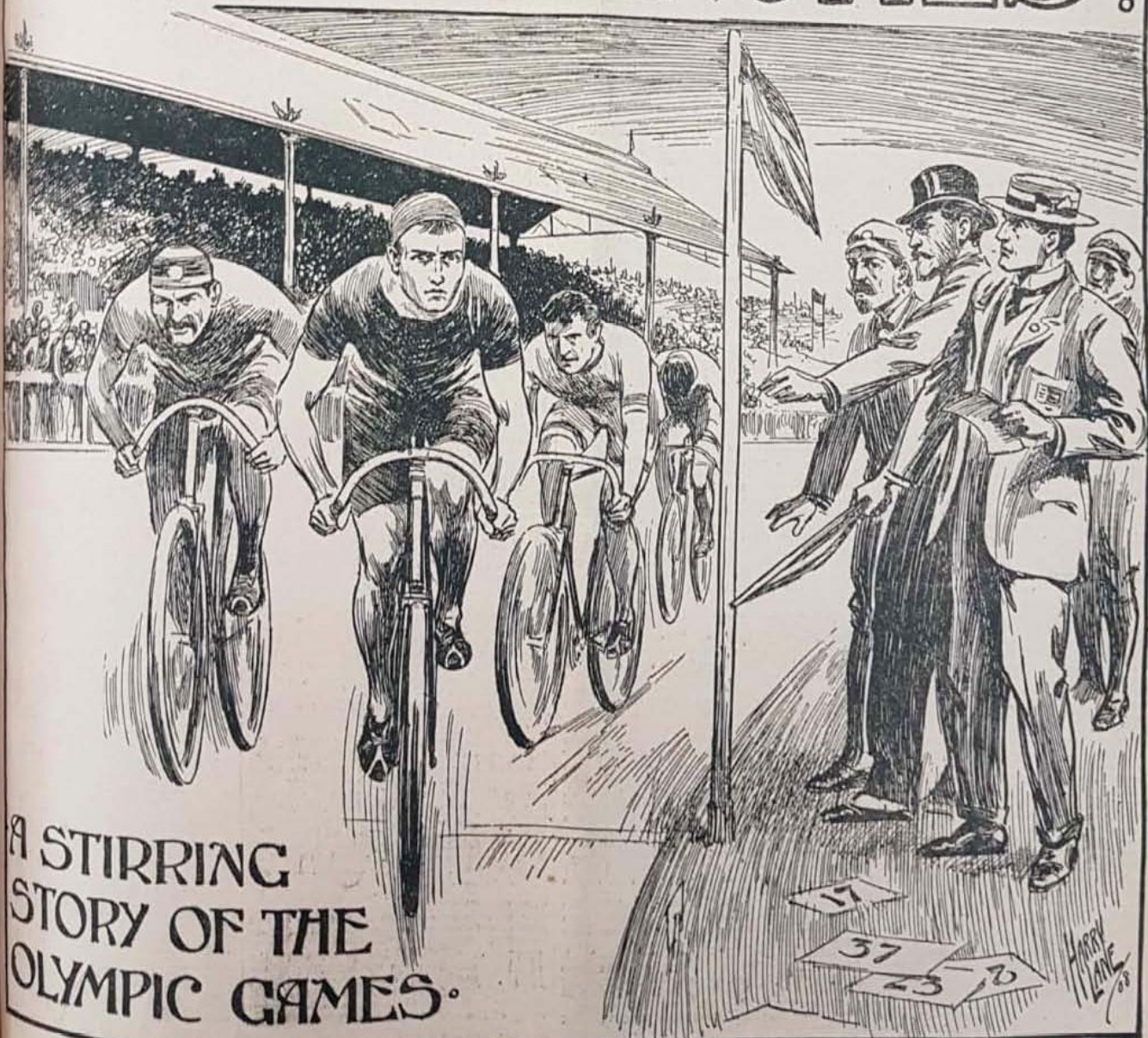


No. 518. Vol. VII.]

EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1908.

WON BY INCHES!



A STIRRING
STORY OF THE
OLYMPIC GAMES.

HARRY LANE '08



THE BULLY of PARCHESTER. A Fine Long, Complete School Tale. BY A POPULAR AUTHOR.

THE 1st CHAPTER. The School Champion.

A GROUP of small boys were in deep and earnest conversation outside the gates of Parchester College. "Yes," said one of them, a short, stout lad named Evans, "I think I've done the trick pretty neatly. I doubt if he'll run thirty yards."

"He's done! Rawson's beaten!" cried several. The surprise of the onlookers, save only the little gang of plotters, was intense. Meanwhile, Herries was yards in front, and as Rawson stumbled, the other three runners rushed past him. A stride or two more, and Rawson's right shoe came off—stuck to the track. He fell forward on his hands and knees, and was out of the race, while several of the boys ran to his assistance.

no secret of his dislike for Rawson, as well as of his admiration for Herries, who was the bully's particular aversion. Taylor, on the other hand, carried favour with him as far as possible, and so avoided punishment. One day Evans and two or three of his chums were strolling across the cricket ground at the back of the college, when Rawson, coming out for some delinquency or other, spotted him. He was in a bad humour as a result of his slight punishment, and wanted an outlet for his aggrieved feelings.

THE 2nd CHAPTER. A Bully's Downfall.

HE found it no easy matter to detect the delinquents. None of the plotters was likely to sneak wilfully, though Taylor was not above turning "bully's evidence" to save his own skin, should it become necessary. Nevertheless, Rawson argued with himself, it must have been some of the lower boys, and if he thrashed the lot of them, as occasion offered, he would necessarily include the right ones.

"Come on, you chaps," he cried at the same time; "we've stood enough of his bullying! Let's go for him!" Rawson stood amazed. Never in the whole course of his bullying career had such a thing happened to him. What is more, he did not like the look of things at all. Singly, one after the other, he could have thrashed his adversaries with ease, but a simultaneous attack by three or four of them was quite a different matter.

The issue was generally thought to be between two boys, both nearly seventeen years of age, named Rawson and Herries. The former was the biggest boy in the school, the terror of all the younger boys, and generally unpopular. The latter was as much liked as Rawson was hated; and, naturally, most of the collegians hoped he would win.

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All save the competitors and a few others made straight for the drive, and lined up on either side of the measured course. Rawson, Herries, and the three other runners made for the gymnasium, where they changed into running clothes, and Rawson put on his shoes without inspecting them at all critically. The gymnasium was quite close to the starting-point, which he reached without any suspicion of his shoes having been tampered with; the paper, as Evans had thought would be the case, preventing the wax from sticking.

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same. Blows were simply showered on them, and if they were not down by the time they were hard enough to be sent to the hospital, they were sent to the hospital. On his part, Rawson let the other boys have very soon a terrific reprimand. He took the lead seat in the carriage, and when he could rejoin the attack, he did so with another opponent. Travers, the boy who had been so much the victim of Rawson's moaning, was the first to be sent to the hospital. "You coward!" shouted Evans, who was also, but missed, and then Wilson joined in. It was hot and hard work for those whose small assaults gave him such a good time as he vainly tried to defend himself with rapid blows. But already they recognized that their efforts as his became feeble, and they were then freely. "He's nearly done!" said Evans. "We'll give him a lesson this time!" And they did. Not till bruised and sore all over, yelling for mercy, did they give up their assault, and almost weeping, on the ground. The bully had had a lesson that was the end of the matter. It was not long for that. And unpardonable though he was, as Evans knew, he was not later than most of the school for that. He was a boy, and the thrashing he had received would be resented by others of whom he would not approve of the law into their own hands. So it turned out. That evening, Evans and his friends were summoned into the Fifth Form there to explain, first their refusal to assault and then their refusal to be assaulted, and then to explain the whole of the affair. Rawson was the head of the Fifth the judge. It was, who would defend the accused? Herries said he would. "I wouldn't stick up for kids who cheeky as a rule," he said; "but how Rawson's always been bullying, think they did quite right." There were several other present at this view, so Evans and the rest feel hopeful. They might get off if it were not for the prospect of a "Hiding" was not a pleasant one. Rawson gave anything but a treat of the affair. Having inadvertently hit the ball at a bird, he said, he had no Wilson to fetch it, as he had a perfect do. Whereupon, he said, all four of had set upon him, and taking him to had overpowered him. The version given by the accused, different, and it was the true one. It showed a badly bruised skin in support allegation that Rawson had kicked Wilson in, in answer to the question of put to him, contradicted himself as to the judge, a boy named Herries, in favour of the accused, and after a question of guilty, or not guilty—both hiding—was put to the vote. By a vote to eleven the Fifth Form decided in favour of Evans and his chums, and he got off scot-free, though with a warning judge not to be too cocky in company. Rawson was very angry indeed, and one or two more of the boys were these. Hubbard was before Rawson and the two showed that before Rawson would make Evans, whom they thought the wronged leader, suffer even more than verdict had gone against him. And Rawson also declared that he should be made to regret the part taken in the affair.

with a view of giving a thorough trial to his... Unfortunately, however, it was not... he took a wicket with his... he met with no further success, and... was badly punished by several of the rival bats-

So Hayes had no difficulty in making up his mind about the final place against Exford. Rawson was given the mortification of seeing him... with the college eleven colours... about it, and hoped... would at the last... his enemy's play... would if he would... Nothing happened, however... the morning of the match, for which, of... had elaborated a little... might even yet secure... in fannels, and his new... walking past the college... to the cricket ground, when... of the collegians, and... said:

"Dr. Hargreave says you will go and speak to him, and not even struck by... Quite unsuspecting, and not even struck by... the doctor had chosen a strange... in fact, who had no right... in the college precincts—Herries... to the library, and... from the rest of... farthest from the... on the side farthest from the... a little what the headmaster... he had done nothing to... he felt no anxiety in the... to follow the boy... have been rather... sharply... went straight... who was waiting for him.

"All right," he said: "he's going there."

"Thanks," replied Rawson. "Here's your... Now, cut away, and don't come... again!"

The boy departed, and Rawson, keeping a... out as he went, followed Herries... the library. He saw his rival pass... through the big gateway, and heard him... the stone steps, and finally go into... which was on the first floor.

Quick as thought, he sprang up the steps, and, quite without the knowledge of the... Herries, closed and locked the door... him.

Then he quietly descended, and after a... round the empty square, made his way... to the cricket ground. Everybody was there... by this time, the precincts of the college itself... apparently, quite deserted.

To return to Herries.

On entering the library, a huge and handsome chamber with a vaulted roof and... windows, he made straight for a... at the far end, which was reserved for... where he naturally expected... Hargreave.

No one was there; but, after all, he had... at once on receiving the message, and... him to wait. He hoped it would not be... long, though, as he wanted to have a little... at one of the nets before the match... began.

He took up a book, and tried to read. But... mind was too full of the cricket match, and... soon tossed the volume away. Glancing... at the clock, he saw it was already a... to eleven, and the game was to begin... sharp. He wished the doctor would... hurry.

Slowly the clock-hands moved, and Herries... gradually impatient and anxious. He... was late, and though his reason would... an adequate one, still, to be late on so... important an occasion would be distinctly annoy-

Heaven struck, and still there was no sign... of the headmaster. It was too bad of him, Herries thought. He need not have kept him... waiting at such a time.

"He's forgotten all about it!" ejaculated the... at length.

So it seemed. Anyhow, Herries could wait... no longer, not even for the headmaster. What... would Hayes and all the rest think of his not... to time?"

He would wait no longer. It was past... and the match had doubtless begun. If... had won the toss? he wondered. If

Exford, then his side was probably fielding, and they would have had to find a substitute for him. Probably Rawson. The thought spurred him to action. He crossed to the library door, and turned the handle.

Good heavens, it was locked!

And yet he had heard no one come. What could have happened? No doubt, while he was in the masters' recess, Dr. Hargreave had come, and, not seeing him, had locked the door and gone away again. What awful luck!

He was still, indeed, quite unsuspecting of any treachery in the matter.

What was to be done? He was a prisoner, that was certain. He rushed to the nearest window, opened it, and looked out. It was, at least, twenty feet above the ground. He did not funk the drop exactly, but he realised that from such a height, on to hard flagstones, it was dangerous.

Putting his head out of the window, he shouted lustily.

No one came. Not a soul was about. Everyone, of course, was on the cricket ground.

However, there was nothing for it, apparently, but to wait and call out at intervals. Someone might hear him.

Meanwhile, the clock sped on. A quarter-past, half-past, a quarter to, and the boom of twelve, and still not an answer to his cries.

The drop—yes, that was the only chance. He looked in vain for a friendly pipe down which to climb. There wasn't one in reach of

claimed the fall of yet another wicket. Eighty-four for eight.

He was just in time to save the situation, if he could.

There was no time for explanations then. "Shore on your pads—quick!" cried Hayes. "You're in now!"

"What about me, then?" queried an angry voice.

It was Rawson, padded and gloved, ready to take his turn with the bat, as Herries's substitute.

"Sha'n't want you, now," said Hayes curtly. Rawson's face became demonic with anger. So, after all, he had plotted for nothing. Once more his rival had supplanted him. He flung his bat into a corner, tore off his pads, and hurried farthest from the ground.

Had he stayed to see what happened he would have been angrier still, if possible. For, despite his late arrival, and the shock of the drop from the library window, Herries batted his best. Getting most of the bowling, he hit finely to all parts of the ground, and, when the innings closed, an hour later, the total had reached 156, and he was not out with 48 to his credit.

Parchester's chance of winning was quite good again. As a matter of fact, Parchester won, and the first to congratulate Herries on his prowess was Dr. Hargreave.

Then our hero learnt the truth. He had been tricked, treacherously tricked, by an enemy. There was no doubt as to who that enemy was.

Rawson that a revival of the practice might be agreeable in the twentieth century, and he determined that Master Evans should be ducked in the well, like the youngsters of old.

Hubbard thought the idea a capital one. It did not occur to him that there was any very serious risk. He and Rawson were quite strong enough to lower and raise the weight of a boy like Evans. That the rope might break never occurred to him.

In any case, the kid deserved a lesson, and he should have one.

"Evans," said Taylor, one afternoon, "Hubbard wants you down by the woodsheds."

Taylor did not think it necessary to mention that Rawson was waiting there, too. He was afraid Evans might not go, if he did.

"What for?" asked Evans.

"Help him mend a bat, or something," answered Taylor untruthfully. "I'm to go, too. Come along!"

Not suspecting treachery, Evans went, and on reaching the sheds, found Hubbard waiting, on his arrival.

"Come on," he said, turning the corner of the building to the side where the well was.

As they rounded this, Evans caught sight of Rawson, and, at once foaring a trap, began to run.

But he was soon caught, and only got his arms twisted by Hubbard for his pains. Then Rawson grabbed him, too; and, despite his wild struggles, he was dragged towards the well head. He was now genuinely alarmed, and yelled lustily, till Rawson's hand closed his mouth roughly.

Then, while Hubbard held him, Taylor, at Rawson's bidding, wound a long piece of string tightly round his legs, keeping them close together.

"We must leave his arms free; he'll want them to hold the rope with," said Rawson.

There was a big wooden bucket, to which the well-rope was attached, and on the bottom of this there was just room for Evans's feet, which were now forced into it. Evans again shouted loudly for help.

This time his cries were heard. Suddenly there appeared round the corner of the shed three boys, who gazed in wonder at the scene before them. They were Hayes, the captain of the eleven, Wilkins, and Herries.

"What the dickens are you up to?" demanded Hayes, as Evans, realising that he was saved, got out of the bucket as well as he could.

"They were going to duck me," he said, gasping.

"Well," said Rawson doggedly, "he deserves it. He's the kid who put that wax on my shoes, and—"

"I see, and you thought a ducking would do him good? Well, it's not a bad idea—only I don't think he's the chap who ought to be ducked."

"What do you mean?" asked Rawson.

"What I say, I believe in a ducking—for the right cause."

Hayes spoke quite seriously, and Rawson didn't like the look of things at all.

"I've had enough of this rot," he said sullenly. "I'm off!"

"Not so fast," said Herries. "Just catch hold of him, will you, Taylor!"

Herries's arms were round him in an instant, and he was held in an iron grip.

"Now, that cord!" said Hayes. "I'll hold his legs while you run it down, Wilkins."

A minute later Rawson was trussed and standing in the bucket, as Evans had been just previously.

In vain he howled, and in vain he called upon Hubbard for help. The latter was only watching for an opportunity to escape.

The bucket was pushed to the well edge, and Herries and Wilkins each held, on opposite sides, a handle of the pulley.

"You'd better hold tight," said Hayes. "Lower about three feet or so," he added, as Rawson tried to grasp him instead of the rope.

"A little more."

He disengaged Rawson's grip, which now instinctively sought the rope. And then came the final order:

"Lower away!"

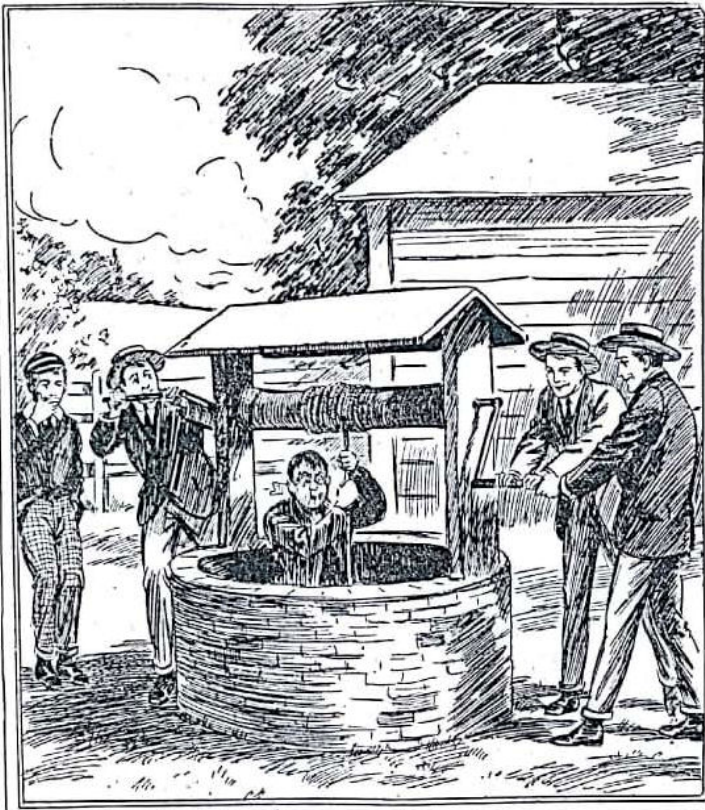
Down, down Rawson went, yelling lustily, till, with a splash, he went soused into the slimy water. His cries were muffled into a gurgle.

Three or four times he was well ducked, and then, by a strong effort on the part of his three tormentors, he was hauled up again—a pitiable object, dripping and muddy, and ornamented copiously with green slime.

The string was cut from his legs, and he was left to make the best of his way to college; for his friend Hubbard as well as Taylor had already disappeared.

Luckily, the weather was warm, and the ducking brought with it no ill-effects, except that he got greatly annoyed and ragged as a consequence for some time afterwards.

He made no further attempt, for that term, at any rate, to molest any of our friends, and, as it happened, he did not return to the college after the holidays. But he still cherishes a deep vengeance against Evans, Hayes, and Herries, and, doubtless, if ever he is afforded an opportunity, he will not be above wreaking it. But their paths in life will probably be so divergent that the opportunity is not likely to be forthcoming. Besides, time, let us hope, may soften his heart, and his failure to gain his own ends at Parchester College become, as the owners roll by, little more than a vague, if unpleasant, memory.



Three or four times Rawson was well ducked, and then, by a strong effort on the part of his three tormentors, he was hauled up again—a pitiable object, dripping and muddy, and ornamented copiously with green slime.

any of the windows. No; the drop it must be, unless he was to stay in the library at least another hour and a half, when the boys would be coming collegewards for dinner.

There was no means of lessening the decent. No friendly bell-rope he could use; no sheet he could twist into a rope. No; it was the drop, and only the drop. And, supposing he broke his leg, or sprained his ankle? No cricket for him, then! But, still, he must risk it, for the college's sake, as well as his own. He was counted on to make runs; he might be too late to have the chance.

He made up his mind to drop.

Climbing carefully out of the window, feet first, he clung to the middle bar and the stone ledge. Below all was smooth; there was nothing to grasp.

Then, toes down, knees slightly bent, to avoid jar as much as possible, he let go.

Bump!

He tottered backwards as his toes reached the flagstones, and fell, finally, straight on his back.

Was he hurt?

No! Thank Heaven, no! Shaken, naturally, a little, but sound in mind and limb. Shaking himself together, he hurried off to the cricket ground at the double. The board caught his eye as he reached it. Eighty for seven, last man side was batting. Not enough to win by half. And as he arrived, out of breath, at the pavilion, the shouts of the Exford boys pro-

THE 4th CHAPTER.
Turning the Tables.

It was Taylor who finally told Rawson the truth about the cobbler's wax episode. He had quarrelled with Evans, who had asked him to fight in consequence; an offer which he declined. He got chipped a lot owing to his refusal, for he was quite as big as Evans, and in consequence vowed vengeance. He soon made an opportunity to let Rawson know the truth.

Rawson discussed the matter with his friend Hubbard, and got the latter to promise his assistance in reading the cheeky kid, as he called Evans, a severe lesson.

Evans was quite unsuspecting of the fate awaiting him, for Taylor still pretended to be friendly, and Rawson made no difference in his usual conduct. But he had effected a plan for punishing him, as he thought, effective plan for punishing him.

Evans.

In a far corner of the playground, behind some sheds used for storing lumber, was an old well. It was about twenty feet from the ground to the water surface, and the water itself, black and slimy, was perhaps six to eight feet deep.

There was a tradition in the college that in former days, when bullying, as at most of the public schools, was very rampant, the big boys used, for amusement, to duck the smaller ones in this well, till one day a fatal accident happened, and the practice was stopped. Whether this story was true or not, it occurred to

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THE END.
(More splendid complete yarns will appear in next week's BOYS' REALM.)
THE BOYS' REALM, July 4, 1908.