



A. S. HARDY'S Powerful New Football Tale.

COMMENCE THE STORY HERE.

Westall Rovers have fallen on bad times. Open a prosperous First League team, they are now at the bottom of the league. Disaster has followed disaster, and the opening of our story finds them slowly but surely sinking to the bottom of the Second League. The club's players, led by Maxwell, and a small fraction of stout-hearted members remain, pitting heart and soul into one desperate attempt to place the old club on its legs again.

The most prominent among these are Jack Galloway, the centre half-back; Frank Butler, the outside-left; and Lockett, the captain and goalkeeper. There is also a line of five players, led by Maxwell, at the right back, who, disgusted with the lowly position of Westall Rovers in the football world, have no thought for the club's welfare, but stick to their available opportunity. Their participation in the League fixture was more harm to the club than good.

The club is deeply in debt to Mr. Beale, a building contractor, who has constructed a grand stand for them. He has never been paid for it, and upon making a final application, Mr. Hensall, the secretary-manager of Westall Rovers, gives him a cheque for a hundred pounds. This cheque is, however, worthless, there being no money in the bank.

On the following Monday, great consternation is caused by the discovery that Mr. Hensall has absconded with all the club funds.

Meanwhile, Frank Butler has got on friendly terms with a wealthy young man, who has recently arrived in the town. He has been injured in a motor accident on the outskirts of Westall. Anderson takes an unusual amount of interest in this young man, and interviews him with the view of securing money to pay off the club's debts, and give it a fresh start. Needless to say, this offer is accepted, and the young man becomes a member of the club on a business basis.

As the team is reorganised, and the numerous members are stood down for the time being, Anderson, in a series of victories over Seaton Brix and Tottenham York, secures a position of great prominence and a great amount of their lost popularity with the Westall folk.

The result is a decisive victory for Anderson, and the humiliation of Baxter.

The decision is a decisive victory for the Westall Rovers in their Cup-tie with Aston Villa, much to the surprise of all concerned.

(To read the next instalment.)

Anderson's First Practice.

His first attitude, copied by William Simmonds, Frank Kelly, and the directors of the Westall Rovers' Football Club had a marked effect upon the players. When William Simmonds came to the football-ground the following morning, after breakfast at the Three Feathers, he found the players in a state of dejection, and all of them cheery and eager for work.

Simmonds, the trainer, was smiling. He had never found the lads so willing. What a difference! He was in luck, indeed. Ford and Maxwell were not there, neither was Baxter. Baxter was sulken and defiant. He had expressed his intention of never kicking another football for the club, and had openly defied Simmonds.

"Baxter who says that to be the first team's centre-forward, was also a bit moody, and didn't look too fit."

"But, then, William Anderson had expressed his intention of playing on the Saturday in the Cup-tie, and, providing he was class enough, that settled the question of the position."

"You mean you need to do a great deal of preparation."

little at the neck. He looked absolutely built to play the game.

Broad of shoulder, strong of limb, with a high neck and a splendidly-shaped frame, Anderson loomed an ideal footballer.

The lads gathered together, and whispered to one another. They did not quite know what to make of this swell, who, evidently biased with plenty of money, had chosen for a mere whim to throw in his lot with a professional football club, and take over the un-congenial task of trying to raise the club once more to the proud position it had held in football years ago, when the League system was in its infancy, but which it had lost since then, some said, never to find again.

Frank nodded approvingly as he looked at Anderson.

"If appearance goes for anything, Jack," he whispered in Galloway's ear, "he ought to make an ideal centre."

"Ought to," growled Jack Galloway, "and we are indebted for all he has done for us; but still, his friendship might be dearly bought if he was to thrust himself into the team and let the side down on Saturday."

"You're right, Frank," cried Lockett, putting the question direct to the club's benefactor, "but have you any idea of the pace and determination which are required in first-class professional football?"

"I think I have," answered Anderson quietly.

"And you are willing to take on the responsibilities of the centre-forward position?"

"Yes," answered Anderson, not in the least daunted by the question.

"Then he swung round on Simmonds. "What is it to be, Simmonds?" he asked.

"I haven't played a good game of football for a year, and I'll let it play in me in the Argentine. What practice do you suggest?"

"A little ball practice, sir," answered Simmonds, "a bit of sprinting, and some shooting at goal."

William Anderson swung his arms.

"Right," he cried, "I feel that I should like to loosen my limbs with a sprint or two, and I should like to thoroughly test the foot I injured in the collision at Oak Tree Crossing."

"Very good, sir," answered Frank.

Anderson and Charles, the runner attached to the Westall Football Club, and Frank had never been so fast as he was in this session.

Frank went with Galloway and Anderson down to the football-ground, and the rest of the players followed them, taking a football with them for practice, but all in reality anxious to see how the "swell" shaped.

Not a few of the lads were inclined to look upon Anderson as a hotheaded, unwise, and over-baller who was urged to take Baxter's place for the sake of the personal gratification and which it would afford him.

Along one side of the ground, close in by the railings, ran a cinder-path. Its surface was a little loose, but it gave the men a sure foot and a grip. Frank and Anderson were to race.

frassional pedestrian. His long, raking stride and easy swing of the arms carried him over the ground as if he were gliding over its surface, and not running at all.

Galloway's running was far more strained. There was a sense of effort about it all ways, and yet he managed to move very quickly.

As for Anderson, the style of the man was ruction. Scarcely so pretty to watch as Frank, yet he moved with wonderful freedom, and it was soon evident that Frank would have nothing to hold the finish.

At fifty yards, to Frank's unbounded astonishment, he saw William Anderson loom alongside him, challenge him, and pass him, and it was only by a fierce and determined effort that he managed to hold his own, to plug in a dozen tremendous strides at the finish, and to beat his dauntless opponent by a yard.

Galloway this time was well beaten, being no less than three yards in the rear; and William Anderson, swinging on to the grass, and pulling himself up very cleverly, turned and grasped Frank by the hand.

"Well run, Frank," he cried. "Well run! I had it in my mind that you'd beat me but you were too good for me. No wonder you do such wonders on the wing. Why, with a lad with the pace you possess, to kick them, the Rovers forwards should be ever deadly."

"Smiling at what you say, sir," asked Frank, "and what about you, sir?"

"I'm a beginner, and I've never run forward! Why, you must be yards faster than either Baxter or Turner!"

"I was," answered Anderson, "with a smile. "I am always noted for my pace when I played amateur football abroad. But your League players will be ever so much faster than I have been in the habit of playing against."

Jack Galloway, panting and well pleased with Anderson's running, now kicked a ball towards him.

"There you are, sir!" he cried. "Just so!"

Anderson immediately trapped the ball as it fell, gave it a deft touch forward with his toe, and set off along the field at a good pace, but still in the rear.

Trainer Simmonds saw him coming. Simmonds in his day had been a magnificent wing forward, and he was now noted for his pace with either left or right foot. He purposely placed himself in Anderson's way, and looked on with interest to see how the amateur into him in a moment, he was shouldered aside, and the ball was taken cleverly onward.

Frank, smiling with delight at the way Anderson was shaping.

"That's the style, sir!" shouted the trainer. "For to beat the boys tackle you, and try your best to beat 'em!"

Anderson obeyed the order. Football was like war to him, and after his first great effort he ran like a race-horse, and was tackled by the stalwart, well-trained, and practiced lads who were employed by the Westall Rovers to train the amateur.

Then, finding that Anderson was eagerly receiving fair play, Frank and Jack Galloway turned to watch the pace. Corrie and Anderson helped the amateur to push the ball on.

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"Try your hand at a penalty-kick, sir!" he cried.

Anderson, smiling, put the ball on the penalty-spot, and the force with which he banged it into the net a moment later convinced all that he was a first-class player. He was a good shot and a proficient footballer.

Simmonds, the trainer, Jack Galloway, Jim Lockett, and Frank, all had watched the efforts of the amateur from the mid-field, gathered round the panting and delighted Anderson.

very well at centre-forward on Saturday; and you are so fit that you require very little training. "Does your injured foot hurt you now?" "No, it does not," answered the trainer, with a laugh. "I don't think it's going to trouble me at all."

The Rovers' New Mascot.

UST at that moment an interruption of a most unusual kind drew the attention of the players away from Anderson to the club's new mascot.

The screeching and screaming of a barrel-organ out of tune resounded on the air, and they saw an Italian, who had a barrel-organ slung across his shoulders, advancing on to the playing-pitch, swinging the organ away from him with each step he took, so that the wooden wheels of the organ, and the thing was at rest might be raised from the ground.

He had a funny-looking fellow, dark skinned, wild-eyed, and he showed his teeth in a ghastly grin, which seemed almost a grimace.

He had long, black, greasy-looking hair, which tumbled in a mass from beneath an ill-shaped cap to his very shoulders. His clothing was of the worst, and his boots were shabby. The top of his barrel-organ was protected by a piece of green-and-black cloth.

It was a funny-looking fellow, dark skinned, wild-eyed, and he showed his teeth in a ghastly grin, which seemed almost a grimace.

It's like his blowing clock, coming here and there, he cried. "How did he get in here? He's no one of our party, and it's too late. You, Mister Organ-grinder! Out of this! Out of this! Get out of here! You've got to go. We don't want that rotten music here! And you've no right to come cutting our playing-time!"

The players gathered round the Italian, who doffed his dirty cap, and bowed.

"What's he say?" growled the irate trainer. "He wants you to give him his monkey, bawled Frank, whilst the tears started to his eyes.

The Italian grinned, and nodded, and began to turn the handle of the barrel-organ once more.

The most unearthly sounds emanated from the cracked keys. There was a sort of volcanic rumbling, and the music, low and so sharp and flat were the notes that Frank, who had a sound musical ear, held his hands to his ears.

"Don't! Don't!" he cried.

"Tell us what you want; but for goodness' sake stop that hideous row!" cried Anderson, but the Italian only turned the handle more quickly.

"My monkey climbed-a the gate-a," he explained, in a nasal, guttural tone. "It-a occurred to me to call-a my-a music-a play-a the music-a to call-a my-a Caruso-a."

The expression on the man's face was irresistible. Simmonds, the trainer, were by this time highly amused. As for Simmonds, he could hardly contain himself. "But the Italian only turned the handle more quickly."

"Here, stop that row, and clear off sharp, or I'll give you in charge!"

The organ-grinder took no notice, and made the din the worse by commencing to whistle in a shrill monotonous tone.

The organ-grinder cracked organ and the whistle merged into the most fiendish noise—a noise that evidently appealed to the missing monkey, Caruso, for of a sudden on to the playing-pitch ran a queer little monkey, with a blue forage-cap upon its head in which was stuck a feather, and a red skirt trimmed with white.

"The little bogger came hopping in the direction of its master with great bounds, and the players roared as they saw it race towards the organ-grinder, when it set up and commenced to make faces at him."

"Come-a here-a, my-a Caruso!" cried the organ-grinder, and the monkey, who had been organ with one hand, snapping the fingers of the other, and indulging in a whistle that was more shrill than any he had ever made.

"Shut that row!" bawled the irate Simmonds, who never could beard to listen to music out of tune.

Then Jack Galloway was seized with a sudden inspiration. Bidding his laughter with some difficulty, he crept silently up behind the monkey.

"Hello, Fairright!" said he. "Another prospect. What's his name, with his initials?"

"He's been shot, Sears. There's been a row at the quarries, as you probably know, and his boy's been killed. He's a splendid fellow."

The doctor's manner changed instantly. He was the quiet, iron-bered surgeon in a moment.

"Let me see you, lad. No, don't try and take off your coat. I can see it's giving you jip. I'll manage it."

With a sharp pair of surgical scissors, which he took from his pocket, he ripped up the bloodstained sleeve in a moment. Then, having laid away the flannel shirt, also he examined the wound carefully.

"It'm," said he, after a minute. "Not so bad as it might be. We'll get you to bed, and have that bullet out in no time. Then you'll lay up here for a week or so, and you'll be as right as ninny-pence."

"Ay, what's that? What's all this about?"

Doctor and chaplain both turned to behold Major Grimtree, the governor.

"This boy's been shot, major," said the doctor.

"Well, he brought it on himself. He's not going to make that an excuse for skulking in here for a week or so, and then getting out. It's it!" returned the doctor, rather nettled.

"Of course it is! He'll be all right by to-morrow. To suggest a week of lying in bed for a man who's been shot is the doctor, and I am responsible for everything that occurs here. Be so good, Major Grimtree, as to conduct your property; Noise is not good for some of my patients."

The governor went purple with rage.

"Patients!" he sneered. "A lot of dogs!"

"That's not a doctor," said a shrug of his shoulders; "but they're sick dogs, and they can't stand hearing others barking."

Major Grimtree glared at the doctor.

"That's a gross insultation!" he fumed. "You shall bear more of this later!"

"Very good! But please leave me; I have work."

"You'll regret this, Dr. Sears!"

"What? Looking after my patients? I don't think I shall."

"Mr. Fairright," said the governor, turning to the chaplain, "you have heard all that has passed here. Be so good as to remember it. It may be necessary."

"Necessary or not," returned the chaplain, looking fixedly at the governor, "I am not going to forget conduct which I so heartily approve."

"What, you approve it? Have a care, sir, or you may find yourself in the wrong box!"

"We're in the wrong place now, at all events," answered the chaplain, in an even tone. "Dr. Sears is a fine fellow, but he's no longer in the place, and the chaplain walked out."

The astounded Major Grimtree gazed after him. Then he turned to where Dr. Sears had been standing; but he had moved further along the ward, leading Frank Esterbrook to a room.

For a moment the governor stood where he was, biting his lips. Then, thinking it better to provoke no further row, he gave vent to a low curse, and, turning on his heel, left the place.

He was in a very angry frame of mind as he made his way to his study, which he situated some little distance from the prison.

It was a hard, ill-natured man at the best of times. Now, at the event of the day, the row at the quarries, and the escape of one of the prisoners, filled him with bitter resentment. He had heard the details of the outbreak from Principal-warder Rosmer, who had given him a highly-coloured version of the part played by Frank Esterbrook and Punch Milkins.

The latter had already been up for judgment, and had been awarded fourteen days in the solitary cell, with bread-and-water diet, and twelve strokes with the cat-o-nine-tails. In addition he would in future wear the parti-coloured dress.

In all penal prisons this parti-coloured dress is black and drab for a convict who has committed a violent assault on a warden, and yellow for a draft for a convict who has attempted to escape.

Had Major Grimtree been allowed to do it he would have treated the nine punishments upon Frank Esterbrook. But, as we have seen, Dr. Sears had interfered to prevent him. He had ordered his own house out of the convict orderlies, who was temporarily acting as a private servant, approached him, holding a small tray in his hand. Upon the tray was a card. The governor took it up with a slight start.

"When did this gentleman call?" he asked.

"Ten minutes ago, sir."

"Did he say he was coming back again, Berridge?"

"Yes, sir; in a quarter of an hour."

"I'm! Very well. Show him into the study when he calls."

About five minutes later there came a tap at the study door.

"Come in!" said the governor.

The door was opened by Berridge, the convict-orderly, who had his hands outstretched, and a leer in his narrow, shifty eyes, walked a youth, dressed in the height of fashion.

It was no other than Bernard Oates.

"My dear major," he burst out. "You didn't expect me, did you? Well, hardly so soon."

"No, I suppose not. You see, I wanted a few days' rest in the seaside, so I came down to Tarnmouth, which, of course, is only a few miles from here. But you don't seem over-pleased to see me? You don't offer me a chair, or a cigar?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Hoop yourself to both. If I'm forgetful, Mr. Oates, please excuse me. I'm rather worried today."

"Sorry to hear that. And so we've got the bird caged at last?"

"Bernard Oates rubbed his hands, and gave a broad grin.

Major Grimtree fidgeted in his chair, and looked anything but happy.

"You mean, of course, that I mean, except that good-for-nothing young cousin of mine, Esterbrook? Right, because they're turned out. How's he going on in his new home, major? How's he conducting himself in this overgrown cottage by the sea—oh?"

The governor's brows knit in a frown.

"Very badly," he answered. "He created a disturbance the very first night he was here, and to-day he's been nearly responsible for an outbreak in one of the quarries."

Bernard Oates's eyes glittered evilly.

"Why, that's all the better, isn't it, major?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, it gives you an opportunity of doing what I asked you in my letter, and making it as warm as you can for him."

The governor shifted in his chair again.

"I received that letter, of course, he answered a little tritely. It seems to me that you don't quite understand my position. Prisons are not what they were in the old days. The powers of officers are strictly limited. The State is like a grandmother to convicts nowadays. If I inflict a punishment, any dog of a convict has the right to complain to the visiting justices, or to petition the Home Secretary. Consequently, even if I were disposed to carry out your wishes in regard to young Esterbrook, I should find it difficult. I tell you my powers are very limited."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bernard Oates.

"That's very good, major. By Jove, what an actor you'd have made! But it's no use setting in front of me. Remember, I've heard too much about you and your methods, major, to be taken in by what you've just said. I know that a convict has the right of appeal to the visiting justices and to the Home Office. But what happens if he does complain? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the Home Secretary replies that he sees 'no grounds' for interfering with the ordinary prison discipline. As to the visiting justices, what attention do they ever pay to a convict's complaint? He's a young scoundrel that thing in black, but he stands no earthly chance of being believed when the governor and the other officials say that some thing is wrong. No, major, you can make it just as hot as you like for this murderous young cousin of mine."

The governor turned his eyes suddenly upon the speaker.

"You're quite sure, I suppose, that the word 'murderous' is justified?"

It was Bernard Oates's turn to start.

"What on earth do you mean by that?" he asked, turning pale. "Of course, I'm sure."

"H'm! I read the case, and it struck me that the evidence was purely circumstantial. 'By, of course it was. It always is circumstantial in murder cases. Nobody except a madman would kill another in the presence of witnesses."

"Remember the prosecuting counsel said as much," returned Major Grimtree drily; "but I must say that if I'd been on the jury I should have done me the favour of making There seems to be precious little love lost between you and your cousin."

"Love!" repeated Oates, with his face all working. "I hate him! Do you hear me? I hate and detest this Esterbrook!"

"You you oughtn't to, considering that he paved your way to a fortune. Had this thing not happened, had Sir Richard Esterbrook not died as he did, young Frank Esterbrook would have stood to-day in the position of heir to his estate."

"He would have been nothing of the kind!" hissed Oates. "Sir Richard made a new will in my favour before he died."

"Did he really? That was nice of him, wasn't it?"

"Why do you say it like that, major? Sarcasm seems to me a bit out of place."

Major Grimtree smiled.

"You seem to forget," said he, "that when your father was alive he and I were very close friends. We had known one another a great number of years, and there were many confidences between us."

"Yes, yes, I know that. It is because of your old friendship with my father that I asked you to do me the favour of making things as uncomfortable as you could for Frank Esterbrook."

"Yes, I know; and it is because of the confidence that existed between your father and me that I now say that, but for Sir Richard's sudden death, Frank Esterbrook would have been his heir."

Bernard Oates went ghastly white.

"I don't see what you mean," he muttered—

"I don't really," said he.

"Ah, if it's you who are acting now! Come, Bernard Oates, let's be plain with one another. Quite a long time ago your father, at a moment when he was under the influence of that particular drug, told me that he afterwards responsible for his death, told me that he would stop at nothing to oust Frank Esterbrook from the affections of his uncle, and to secure for you the inheritance of Sir Richard's estates."

"What? He told you that—my father told you that?"

"Yes, and more. He told me that Stephen Whittle, Sir Richard's solicitor, was completely under his thumb, that Sir Richard trusted Whittle completely and implicitly, and that it would not be a very difficult matter for Whittle to draft a will and get Sir Richard to sign it, that would make you the heir, and

"Hush, major—hush! Not another word, for Heaven's sake!"

"Ah, you don't like my reminiscences, do you?"

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"Ah, you don't like my reminiscences, do you?"

Bernard! The memories of your dead father are too touching, eh? Well, well! I won't dwell there, into the whole details now; but everything that turns out well, eh, Bernard? Everything that Sir Richard had is yours—money, property, land, estates?"

"Yes."

"H'm! A nice fat fortune for a young fellow of your age. Enough and to spare, I could imagine. Sufficient to warrant you in expending a good deal of it, eh, Bernard? Sufficient to procure a pair of ten thousand pounds, to safeguard the rest, eh?"

The jaw of Bernard Oates dropped. Only with an effort did he move it.

"What do you mean, major? For goodness' sake, tell me: Why should the property need safeguarding?"

"Do you really need to be told that?"

"Yes, very well, then. Listen! Your cousin, Frank Esterbrook, has been sentenced to penal servitude for life. That means twenty years, or possibly, if he gain all the remission marks, fifteen years. Frank Esterbrook will work a few years, and then he'll be free to go. When he comes out of prison he'll get set about proving his innocence. He may even get some of the good feelings of Stephen Whittle, and then—then—"

"Well, what then?"

"Sir Richard Esterbrook's will may be proved."

"Bernard Oates collapsed in his chair.

"Great Scott!" he gasped out. "I have never seen that. What can I do, major—what can I do?"

"You can do nothing without my aid."

"With your aid, major?"

The governor gave an unsteady nod.

"With my aid," he said slowly and deliberately, "might be done. With my aid I might be able to get Frank Esterbrook might never come out of prison."

"You mean that—?"

"I mean that he might die. Why not? Broke down, what is a man, what is a man, than that, deprived of his liberty, broken in heart and spirit, doomed to the dreary round of a life of penitence, and a hard discipline, and to be fed on the coarsest fare, what more natural than that he should give up the ghost?"

"Major—major—may I say all this could be done with your aid?"

"Yes, I do say so."

"But you will lend me your assistance?"

"A blunt question, Bernard. I will be equally blunt in my reply. I will assist you as a price."

"What is the price?"

"I have mentioned it already. Ten thousand pounds!"

"It's a lot of money."

"It is. But not more to you who are so rich. Do you agree, or not?"

"Yes, I agree."

"Very well, then. I will draw up a paper which you shall sign."

Major Grimtree went to his desk, and began to write. He wrote three or four lines; then he suddenly threw himself back in his chair, and

"It's awkward," he murmured, "very awkward to frame a document of this sort. I'll try again."

He took up another sheet of paper, and again began to write. But once more he failed to satisfy himself, and attempted and a fourth were equally unsuccessful.

At last, however, the draft was to his liking. He finished it, and held out a pen to Bernard Oates.

"Read that," said he, "and then sign."

With his face and set lips, Oates read the paper. Then with a hand that shook he signed his name at the foot.

Major Grimtree doubled the paper, and thrust it into his pocket. As he did so, there came a sudden noise from without—a noise of the tramping of many feet, and the sound of voices as they came back in the close.

"What's that, I wonder?" he exclaimed, and dashed to the bell.

The door opened. Convict-orderly Berridge appeared, and stood at attention.

"What's all that row outside?" demanded the governor.

"The half-parties have returned, sir."

"Ah, have they captured the man who escaped?"

"I don't know, sir, but there seems to be no end of excitement outside. Shall I go and see, sir?"

"No, the governor, hurrying towards the door, "I'll go myself. Come on, Bernard."

"One moment," he gasped out. "Those papers?"

"Great Heaven! I'd nearly forgotten!" exclaimed the governor, and darted to the desk.

Quickly he gathered up the four or five sheets of paper. Crumpling them into a ball, he stepped towards the fireplace, and threw the papers into the flame. Then he hurried from the room, with Bernard Oates at his heels.

Convict-orderly Berridge stood in the passage outside. He watched Major Grimtree hurry into his house.

Then, as if possessed with a sudden purpose, he dashed straight to the fireplace, stooped, and had nearly snatched from the flames the half-burnt papers.

Crushing the fire out of them, he thrust them into the breast of his convict-coat!

Crushing the fire out of them, he thrust them into the breast of his convict-coat!

(Another powerful, long instalment next week.)



The door was opened by Berridge, the convict-orderly. Past him, with hand outstretched, walked a youth dressed in the height of fashion. It was, Bernard Oates!



A Fine Story of the 'Varsity Boatrace.
By DOUGLAS COX.

Suddenly a fork of fire was seen to shoot out as though from Burgoyne's oar. This was followed by a loud explosion, and Burgoyne was seen to fall back in the boat, and in a moment the rest of the crew were in confusion.

THE 1st CHAPTER.
The Oxford Stroke.

"GIVE him another chance, uncle. Paul can't be altogether bad." And Harry Burgoyne waited anxiously for his uncle, Sir Arthur Burgoyne, to reply.

"No, Harry, I will not," replied Sir Arthur emphatically, bringing his hand down sharply on the table as though to give weight to his words. "He's had too many chances already, but instead of improving he grows steadily worse and worse. And this is the climax, and I'll have no more of it. I'll pay his passage to one of the Colonies, and give him a start with a couple of hundred pounds, but I'll do no more. He's a disgrace—a perfect—"

"But, uncle," Harry began. "But he was cut short by the now irascible elderly gentleman.

"I know what you would urge, Harry," he broke in; "but I cannot, and will not, in fairness to you, do anything more for your cousin, Paul Deatern, and so I told him less than an hour ago. He has had the same chances as yourself, and what has he done with them? He was 'cut down' from Oxford for drunkenness, riotous conduct, and an unprovoked, brutal assault on the authorities. As you know, he was heavily in debt, and these debts I said. Three times since then have I cleared off his debts, because he is my sister's son, and to do this has cost a considerable sum of money. I have offered him a handsome allowance if he will take up a profession. But no, he seems to prefer the company of card-sharps, racing-outs, and such like. A man who will choose such companions, in spite of everything, will come to no good, and I have frankly made up my mind that I will do nothing for him so long as he persists in his present way of living, except pay his passage out to some country where he will have to work, and work hard, to live. Thank Heaven it is you who will inherit the title and property, and not he!" added Sir Arthur fervently.

"Don't talk like that, uncle," said Harry, with a smile. "You are just in the prime of life, and have, I hope, many, many years to live. I am young and strong, and have a fair amount of brains, and look forward to making a name for myself in the world. Besides, you ought to get married, and then perhaps you would have a son of your own."

"No, Harry, I shall never marry," said Sir Arthur softly. "The only woman I ever cared to ask became my wife preferred my brother, and your father, to me, and when he met his death in the hunting-field—you were a little toddler of two years—I registered a

vow that you should be like a son to me, and your mother a dearly beloved sister, nor have I had cause to regret my choice. But enough of this," he added briskly. "Tell me something of yourself. How are your crew shaping now they are at Henley?"

"Oh, we're going great guns, uncle," replied Harry enthusiastically. "You wouldn't believe the improvement shown in the last few days, and I already begin to feel quite sanguine about the result, barring accidents, of course, and good as the Cambridge crew are reputed to be this year."

"That's good news indeed, Harry, lad," replied Sir Arthur, as he allowed his eyes to wander over Harry's six feet of sturdy manhood. "I'm just about as anxious as you are that you should win; but don't hurry your men to get fit too soon, or you'll have them getting stale, and that would be a bit worse than not being tuned quite up to concert pitch."

"Never fear, uncle," replied Harry, with a laugh. "I don't believe in working my men too hard at this time of year. It's when we get to Putney that the real 'tuning up' will come, and I don't feel a bit nervous about any man in the boat. By Jove, though, he added, as he glanced at his watch, "I must be getting along, or I shall be late for the afternoon practice."

"Ah, you mustn't be late for that," said Sir Arthur smilingly. "Well, good-bye, Harry, and good luck! I'll come over and see the practice to-morrow."

"Do, uncle," replied Harry; "and I think you'll agree with me that our crew this year will take a lot of beating. And—ah, uncle, will you, to please me, give Paul another chance to relieve himself?"

"We won't talk about that subject any more, please," said Sir Arthur, somewhat coldly. "My mind is thoroughly made up with regard to him, and nothing will alter it. And now good-bye!"

In a few moments Harry Burgoyne, the Oxford stroke, seated in a fast motor-car, was being borne away from Kingsmuir, his uncle's country residence, in the direction of Henley.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.
Anthony Conyers's Cunning Plan.

"DETERN, striding up and down his friend's room with uneven steps. "My uncle absolutely and entirely refuses to give me any more money, and here am I very near stranded. Can you advise me what to do?"

Conyers shrugged his shoulders.

"Why not try your cousin?" he asked jaconically.

Deatern stopped his walk, and looked at Conyers.

"And do you think I'd go and cringe to that pric?" he demanded. "I—I might perhaps you would lend me a little to go on with until I can pull round a bit."

"My dear chap," replied Conyers languidly. "I'm as badly hit as you are, although I don't make a fuss about it, so it's no good expecting anything from me."

"On bearing this Deatern's face lengthened. His one great hope was gone."

"If you'll take my advice," Conyers continued in the same languid fashion, "you'll take advantage of your uncle's offer; let him pay your passage out somewhere, then collar the two hundred quid, and do as you like about going."

"No good," said Deatern dismayed. "He'd take jolly good care I didn't touch the money until I reached Australia, or Timbuctoo, or wherever it is he wants me to go. I wish I were dead!" he added, in a burst of childish passion.

"If you talk like that I shall begin to think you are a kid of sixteen instead of about twenty-two," remarked Conyers. "It would be a deal better to wish your cousin was dead. That would be a little more useful!"

"Hang him; so I do!"

He caught Conyers's eyes fixed on him in a curious fashion, and stopped abruptly.

"What do you mean?" he demanded shortly.

"I was thinking," was the reply, "that if anything was to happen to Burgoyne, your cousin, it would mean a great difference to you; but there, it was only a thought, and—"

He shrugged his shoulders without finishing.

"And such a thing is not at all likely to happen," said Deatern irritably; "so try and think of something sensible, if you can. It seems to me that my luck is dead out."

Conyers stretched himself lazily in his chair, and surveyed his companion thoughtfully for a few moments.

"It seems to me," he at length remarked, in a casual voice, "that you have about as much initiative as you have pluck."

"I've got as much pluck as you, anyway!" was the heated reply.

Conyers smiled indulgently, irritating Deatern more and more.

"I tell you, Conyers," Deatern went on, and frowning his brow, "I tell you I'm in desperate straits, and have enough 'pluck,' as you call it, to carry out anything that you can suggest, that would put money in my pocket."

"Even to murder?" whispered Conyers harshly, suddenly leaning forward in his chair. Deatern started, then looked at him all back again in his chair, pale and frightened.

Conyers gave vent to a low, chuckling laugh. "So I was right," he said, sneeringly. "You haven't the pluck to—"

"Tell me your plan," said Deatern, in a whisper, recovering himself, and musing on his lips with his tongue. "I'm not afraid of that, if it is safe."

For a time Conyers did not speak, but gazed earnestly at his companion as though he would read his very soul. But Deatern would not meet his eye, and looked straight at the fire in front of him. He was terrified, but unflinched at the word "murder," and his nerves were in a state of panic. Still, as he had said, he was desperate, and the sneering look from Conyers, that he was deficient in pluck, nerved him to go on with whatever was proposed, always providing the chances of detection being very remote.

While such thoughts as these were flashing through his brain, which seemed to be near to bursting, Conyers had made up his mind that Deatern had sufficient resolution to carry out the scheme that had entered his head, whereby he could not only help the man in front of him, but in time help himself liberally as well.

"Listen to me, Deatern," he said, suddenly plunging into the subject, without any preamble. "Here are you down on your luck with a rich, old, titled, and best of all, unmarried uncle, but unfortunately this cousin of his is a very rich man, and stands between you and your hopes of inheriting."

Having got thus far, Conyers crossed over to where Deatern was sitting, and drawing a chair close to him, he continued in a low, concentrated voice, as though the very walls had ears, though he knew perfectly well they were, with the occupation of his dead old housekeeper, alone in the house.

"With Burgoyne out of the way—dead—you would be your uncle's heir; and with such expectations, it is not to be wondered at that you over whatever difficulties you are now in."

"And who do you think would lend me money on such expectations? For my uncle is not a man to be hurried. And he would do, for I tell you he hates me. He never really forgave his sister for marrying my father. He has been infinitely more socially, and though he gave me a home when they both died, he has always hated me as much as I hate him. If he thought I would like to come into his title and money, the one thing he would do would be to get married just to spite me. Who do you think would lend me money on that?"

"I would arrange that for you," said Conyers quietly. "And as my security" would be that Sir Arthur Burgoyne died unmarried, and that my uncle's title matter in my hands," he added grimly.

Deatern did not pursue the subject, being a man of a certain amount of common sense. As a matter of fact, the cold-blooded atrocity of his companion sickened him somewhat, but he felt more and more inclined to go on with it, the more so as it promised him a revenging of a sort as well as a means of procuring a sum of money necessary for his mode of life.

"And how do you intend to—er—to deal with my cousin?" he asked, in a low, hurried tone, as he felt it difficult to say just now.

"For I suppose you know he is stroke in the Oxford boat this year? Which means that we shall have to be in the boat for some little time to come; and I hardly suppose you mean to break into his room in the night like some common burglar, and—"

"It's just the fact of his being in the boat which has given me an idea, which I believe we shall be able to carry out, and not a soul would be the wiser for it."

He lowered his voice still more, until he spoke in little more than a whisper:

"You know you know his good his in chemistry, and some time ago I hit upon a new form of explosive—an explosive which is so powerful that almost though one might call it a dynamite, it is so fragile that my plan is to blow young Burgoyne up when the 'Varsity Boatrace' is actually being rowed. As you know, the boat is made of wood, and late, and, in addition, have been howling threats to the four corners of the globe. No one in the world will touch it, and it is mixed up in the matter, but will immediately jump to the conclusion that these Anarchists have put one of their threats into execution."

"I don't know how you are going to get into the boat? And if you get it there, how are you going to explode it? Besides, it is almost impossible to be found in Deatern, not at all convinced."

"Look here," said Conyers, crossing the room and using a small glass phial, no thicker than a pencil, and about three inches long. "The explosive I speak of is formed by two liquids—nitro-glycerine and sulphuric acid—when thrown together, their power is terrific. This little glass phial here is what we might call the fuse, and it is so arranged that when the tube is filled with the different substances, with that thickness of wax between them—it will go



Special Details of To-Day's Great Rowing Contest.

A Clever and Interesting Article About the 'Varsity Boatrace.

ONCE again Boatrace Day is here, and the sports-loving youths and men throughout the country are anxiously awaiting the time when the great rowing event shall have taken place...

a mile upstream. You can see nothing, just because there's nothing to see. ... Here they come! Instantly you stand up and stretch your neck again, and, if you are lucky, you can just discern the flash of the oars in the distance...



A College Four Hard at Work.

tinguish your voice amidst the huge roar of cheering and yelling that is going up from those seats of lusty throats. ... But you are recalled to your senses by the cry of the proprietor of the race...

No Prize but Honour. Some may ask: Is all this excitement over the Boatrace a healthy sport? Would it not be better for some of the sightseers to be themselves engaged in athletics? Well, it must be remembered that the Boatrace is the most sporting event of the year.

with his sound right hand. His mind was made up in a moment. "Set us going quickly, Thunder," he cried, "but you hold dear! We'll win this race yet if it kills me!"

Corriegan gave him a short, sharp, penetrating glance, and the next moment his voice boomed out: "Forward all! Paddle!"

They were off again; but whereas before they had a commanding lead, their opponent now had the advantage of about half a length. ... Burgoyne's car was but little use as far as helping the boat along went, for he could not do much more than dip it in the water and pull it out again.

The ideal silence which had fallen on the crowd immediately after the explosion, was broken by a terrific cheer when it was seen that the Oxford boat was again on the move, but a greater cheer of admiration rose when they discovered Burgoyne's plucky effort to finish with one hand.

honour. Money, which unfortunately takes such an important part in most of our athletic contests does not appear in this. All the training and the labours of the race itself are gone through for the joy of victory only. There is not, and never has been, a suggestion of unfairness. It provides nearly always a good and hard-fought tussle, and a most remarkable feature of the reports of the race is the fact that they always have to devote attention to the pluck of the losers.

Probably most of those who go and watch the race are themselves athletes, and are, by that witnessing the battle of the Blues, learning the importance of pluck and determination when competing against odds. They are also taught the great lesson that honour is never to be coveted than reward, and that if one must win access to anything in this world, one must win it on his own merits.

That the men who row in the race are benefited by their athletic training is proved beyond a shadow of doubt by the number of old Blues who to-day occupy prominent positions in the life of this country.



All Ready for the Great Race.

powers and wills were developed by training for and rowing in the University Boatrace. Judges, soldiers, statesmen, members of the great Indian Government—many of them have been through the exciting experience of pulling from their oars to Mortlake.

Choosing the Crews. The method of choosing the crews for the Boatrace is slow and exhaustive. In the first place, the men of the University are chosen because a number of the boat-club. If he

any moment, for they were straining hard to keep the lead they had now gained. He looked at Burgoyne, and noticed the look of grim determination on his dead-white face, and a prayer rose in his brain that he would lose.

Burgoyne himself kept his eyes fixed straight in front of him, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. His mind was fixed entirely on the race in hand, and he swore to himself that they would not win it, even if he killed himself in the effort.

The pain from his shattered hand was horrible, causing great beads of sweat to stand out on his forehead, and his face grew ashen. Gradually but surely the ship of the Light Blues had come back to them, and now, with barely fifty yards to go, the famous course and neck, and Corriegan, looking at Burgoyne's face, drawn as it was with pain, shuddered inwardly, for it was not a good sign to look upon.

Simultaneously both crews made their effort. Harry felt himself groggy, weaker, weaker, feeling that every stroke cost him his last.

"Would they never reach the winning-post?" he wondered. His teeth were set in grim determination as he fought against his growing weakness. His mind was now almost a blank, yet he automatically dipped his oar in and out of the water, and kept the men behind him in their swing.

Boom! The sound of the finishing-gun pierced the constant roar from the crowded bank, and it flashed into Harry's mind that the race was done. Then he fell forward over his oar—irresponsible.

They had won! In the case of the Great Boatrace ever since in inter-Varsity rowing—in inches.

knows nothing of rowing he is handed over to an experienced oarsman for the first stage. This is termed "tubbing" and means a careful selection of the men for rowing by an experienced college oar, in a pair, familiarly called a "tub." Should his shipow well, the novice is not put into the tub. Then some weeks later, he is then far rower is put into an eight, and licked into shape.

Towards the end of October the eights appear on the river; and then, in the Lent term, the teams are selected to represent their colleges in a rowing event. These are the eights, the eights are known as the "Torpedos" at Oxford, and the "Lents" at Cambridge. The best of these men who row in these races are chosen for the more important races at the end of the summer term known as the Oxford "Eights" and the Cambridge "Mays." It is from those that the University eights are selected.

In October, when the term begins, the captains of the various colleges send in a list of those whom they think worthy of a trial, with the object of filling the vacancies in the eight for the big race. From among these a sufficient number are selected to form two trial eights—each as near as possible of equal merit. In December three eights meet in trial races, and about half of the men who row in them are selected for further consideration.

Testing the Crews. Early in January the two trial eights and the Blues—men who have already taken part in the great race—are put into the crew, and the remainder of the seats are occupied by the new men. They are then rowed on the river for a day after day, the new men constantly changing places in the boat, until at last each man's exact position on the water is known, and the best of the men are selected to fill the vacancies in the big eight, and as soon as a final decision has been arrived at, the reserve boat is set to be sent out on the water every day, a crowd of enthusiastic collegiates watching their work with the keenest interest.

By the 15th or 20th of February, a light racing-boat, probably the one used in the previous year's race, is brought into use, and the men are rowed on the water every day over and over again shifted from place to place in the boat, until at last the position which each man shall occupy is definitely settled. On the 25th of February the rowing is over, and the men are over and over again shifted from place to place in the boat, until at last the position which each man shall occupy is definitely settled.

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At last the eventful day of the race arrives, and amidst the plaudits of thousands of spectators the two crews start the race. The greatest boatrace of the year is rowed. Each member of the winning crew is entitled to keep a trophy, the other has used in the race. The maximum is entered on the rudder.

"You perhaps owe your life to an oversight on the part of the perpetrators of that dastardly act, for an examination of the oar you used shows that, had they heretically sealed the hole they bored in the handle after they had inserted the bomb, the explosion would have been ten times more powerful, and of course fatal."

"As it happened, the full force was expended more or less in the air, the explosive gases, brushing through the soft substance they had used, were blown into the air, and the force of the air as though expelled from the barrel of a gun. Yes; it was a lucky escape for you," he said, "but the miscreants will be brought to justice."

Harry and his uncle exchanged a meaning glance, but did not think it necessary to tell them of the matter. The matter was, however, had been done, and that the perpetrator would never, as far as they were concerned, fall into their hands.

For Paul Destern, overcome with remorse, had made a full confession of his share in the crime, and it was only on the earnest pleadings of his mother that the court was induced to forgo his natural inclinations and hand him over to the police.

Sir Arthur, however, gave way at last, and consented to let Harry go. The man was a good fellow, gave him every help to start a new life in the Colonies, where he, in a later years, repaid this debt of gratitude to his life to save Harry. But that is another story.

Anthony Conyers received a very strong hint that London would not prove very beneficial to him, and that he should go to the country, and on his own haunts, nor could it be found that he ever returned, to trade on, and live by, his imagined misfortunes of misguided youth.

FIRST PAST THE POST.

(Continued from the previous page.)

What had happened? None could tell, and for a moment a dead silence reigned on the crowd lining the banks. The next moment a roar of execration burst out as someone shouted the word "Anarchy!"

The Cambridge cox, seeing that something was wrong with the Dark Blue boat, urged his men on by shouting "Forward! Forward!" and settled themselves down to row right out.

"But little" "Thunder" had quivered from stem to stern, he had not lost his quiver. "Easy all!" he shouted, his voice sounding like the boom of a gun.

The sound of his voice seemed to restore the rest of the crew to their senses, and No. 7, responded immediately behind Burgoyne, leaning over to give him a helping hand, as he was now seen struggling to get up into his seat again, and though the boat Corriegan abruptly.

"Left hand. Badly, I think," answered Burgoyne, who was in an agony of pain, making a mighty effort to save himself from showing it. He glowered down at the handle of his oar swiftly. Best part of it had been blown away, but there was still enough left to get a grip

Whatever the result of the match, the gate would be a good one; but the footballers were thinking much more of the cup than of the gate. Lennox was sympathetic about Lawrence. He would have been better pleased to fight the match with equal numbers from the start, but his expression showed that he considered the result a regional question.

"The substitute may arrive at any time," Lowther reminded him; "and we're expecting a goal."

"Good!" said Lennox. "It was time for the visitors to change. They were in their quarters, and came out into the field shortly after the goal. The Fernbrook were already on the ground, in blue knickerbockers and shirts, putting a goal down."

"The two captains looked for their goal. There was a keen wind blowing, and the point was an important one. Lowther won the toss, and, of course, the goal for the home team. March wind was blowing. It would be a little to get off his loss of a forward."

There was unbounded confidence in the looks of the Oldbury men as they lined up for the kick-off. They felt themselves every bit as good as the home team, if not better—and with only four men more front line, they expected quite a walk-over.

The lord-lieutenant—a keen sportsman, though his playing days were long since over—his seat in the grand stand, and the enclosures were crammed as full as they would hold. The referee, his assistants and the officials of both teams.

The wind was against Oldbury, and a determined team were against them, but Lennox's anticipations seemed to be on the way to being realized.

The man short was a fatal handicap to Fernbrook. The very start showed that Oldbury, more than man, would win the match, and with a winger gone, what could they expect?

What they might have expected, happened. In spite of the referee's fight pit up by the home team, the Oldburians broke through them again and again.

In the first ten minutes a goal came to Lennox, and five minutes later another was headed into the net by his inside-right.

Two up for the visitors—all for the home team. The chances of the cup seemed to be away into nothingness, and the faces of the Fernbrook men on the ground grew long and downcast while the chorists of Oldbury cheered and cheered again.

Lowther did the only thing that was left to do. He pitched in, and the game turned into a defensive game till the wanted man should arrive to fill up his ranks.

But Fernbrook were a fighting team, better in attack than in defence, and their new role did not seem to suit them.

The defence, stubborn as it was, was broken through by the referee's fight, and again the leather whizzed into the net.

Three up for Oldbury!

It was a relief to Fernbrook when the whistle went for the interval. The lord-lieutenant went for the field for the brief rest, and numerous cheerers from their balconies followed Oldbury off. But the Fernbrook crowd were silent.

THE 5th CHAPTER.

The Man From Manchester.

HARRY LOWTHER uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise, stepped forward and shook with a look of alarm.

"Hallo, Lowther!"

"Hallo!" said Lowther mechanically.

"Sorry," he muttered, "but I'm a bit calm. I was rather late in hearing from Lawrence that he couldn't play. Still, I shall be in time for the second half. And I'll do my best to help you pull up."

"I'm sorry I couldn't get 'Mr. Jones' here before," said Lawrence, with a quick look at Lowther.

"I'm jolly glad to see you, Jones," said Harry, taking his cue. "I say, chaps, this is an old friend of mine—'Mr. Jones, from Manchester'—the old and substitute for Lawrence in the second half."

"Good!" said half a dozen voices. "If he's anything like Lorry's form, we may pull up yet."

"I don't know about that, gentlemen," said Mr. Jones, "but I've played in some good games, and I'll put my best into it."

"If you play as I have seen you play at Manchester, we've got the game won," said Harry Lowther. "Here, let me help you change!"

The escaped convict of Hill-bank donned the football-gear. Harry considered that the Fernbrook cap should be placed upon his head in time to conceal the cropped hair as the bat was changed.

Harry looked at the man, and he noticed nobody had the slightest suspicion. Why should they have? To the Fernbrook foot-

ballers he was the substitute who was playing instead of Lawrence, and they could not be suspicious that he had any connection with Hill-bank Prison.

Harry Lowther was eager for half-time to end. Now that Clare was there, he was in momentary fear of a visit from the warders. Clare would be safer in the football-field if they came.

He could hear—his hearing unusually acute in his disguise—the sound of horse hoofs in the line that ran behind the enclosures.

"Just at time, chaps! By the way, there's a trouble going on outside—warders looking for an escaped convict."

"By Jove," said Mr. Jones, "an escaped convict! Is there a convict prison near here?"

"Oh, yes; it's a well-known landmark hereabouts," said the secretary. "A convict escaped about a couple of hours ago, judging by the time the gun was fired. I've spoken to a policeman, who says they're certain the fellow came this way."

"Wanted to see the football, perhaps," suggested Mr. Jones humorously.

There was a general laugh in the dressing-room.

"Yes, perhaps," grinned the secretary. "Anyway, they're sure he's about here, and there's an idea, you know, that he may have been able to get some clothes, and has shoved himself into the crowd to escape notice."

"That might be done, too."

"So there are warders mingling in the crowd, and all the gates are guarded by police. There are over a dozen mounted police riding

But the whistle for the second half drove the escaped convict from the minds of all except the hunters.

The teams were in the field again, lined up for the second half of the struggle for the Lord-Lieutenant's Cup.

And the home nags were full now. Eagerly the spectators scanned the new recruit. They knew nothing of him but that his name was Jones, and that he had arrived in time to take Lawrence's place in the second half.

They only hoped that he was a good player, and that his coming might mean equal score, if not a win, for the Fernbrook men. And as Harry Lowther kicked off against the wind, every eye was keenly bent on the opposing blue-and-red shirts.

THE 5th CHAPTER. A Splendid Victory.

"GOAL!"

"Goal! Hurrah!"

It was a tremendous shout that rang far and wide over the enclosures of the Fernbrook Athletic ground. The crowd could scarcely believe their eyes.

They rubbed them, and looked again—and yelled. It was true! The second half of that eventful game was exactly three minutes old—and the ball was in the Oldbury goal. And the new winger had placed it there!

"Goal!"

"Bravo, Jones!"

"Hurrah!"

The Fernbrook crowd roared themselves hoarse over it. Three to nil had been the score



Harry stripped off his coat and cap, and threw them to the convict. Clare seized them with alacrity, and hurriedly donned them, glancing around him furtively.

round the walls, too, so as to cut him off. I have been asked to see if there's any sign of him here."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mr. Jones, who was really a wonderful actor. "The police are going to search the pavilion to make sure. Hallo, time for you fellows to be on the field!"

"High time, I should think!" murmured Lowther, thinking of the disguised convict.

The players poured out into the ground, and a minute later the warders were searching the dressing-rooms.

The crowd were eagerly awaiting the commencement of the second half. There was some excitement apart from the cup match.

The news had spread that an escaped convict was supposed to be lurking in disguise in the crowd, and naturally it caused excitement.

That the news was correct was proved by the presence of the warders, and by the anxious groundsmen who were moving about with them, keen to get on the track of the hapless intruder.

To mix in a large football crowd, and escape with them when they poured in a huge stream from the gates after the match. It was a clever idea for the fugitive if he had procured a change of clothes.

But it would not be carried into effect if the warders and police could help it. There seemed to be warders everywhere, and police too; and the hoof-beats could be heard from the gates after the match. It was a clever idea for the fugitive if he had procured a change of clothes.

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when the second half started, and it had taken the new winger three minutes to alter it. High rose the hopes of the Fernbrookers. There was a chance of the cup, after all! Lawrence—who, his chap was worth a dozen Lawrences! He had streaked through the Oldbury men and taken that goal almost unaided, with a run up the field as on his lonehome, that reminded one of a three-quarter in the Rugeley game, under Mr. Jones—where was he from, Jones—Manchester! No one had ever heard of that particular Jones of Manchester. But whoever he was, there was no doubt that he was the finest forward that had ever won the Fernbrook colours.

The Oldbury men hoped that it was a fluke. They kicked off in that hope; but they soon found that it was fallacious.

It was no fluke; it was splendid play—the play of a man who had made football a study in the old days, and who had not lost his skill, and who was in splendid physical condition. For more of the same play followed.

The next goal, it is true, was not taken by Mr. Jones. It came to Lowther, but it was from a centre by Jones—a centre made under great difficulties, which left Harry an easy goal to kick.

Two for Fernbrook in a quarter of an hour! No wonder the crowd roared. There was a chance of the cup yet. The very warders who were mixing in the crowd in search of the fugitive convict suspended their search to watch the game.

Mr. Jones was playing up well, apparently unconscious of warders and of spectators equally, thinking only of the play. It was not had a curious look, emerged with mud from

a fall at the very commencement of play—but no one assumed that the fall was on purpose—the muddy suez arranged to hide as much as possible of his features.

"Give up the game, you're not going, are you?"

"Give us another goal!"

But now the Oldbury men were fighting the hardest. They were not going, and the home team equalise if they could help it. The change of ends had brought the wind in their favour, and the cheerers had encouraged them. They put up a splendid game. But the home defence was too hard a nut to crack.

The new forward had changed the whole aspect of the game.

Every man in line seemed to be inspired by new energy in emulation of Mr. Jones, and the way that new forward played was wonderful. He seemed to go through the best defence like a knife through butter. His kicking was accurate, unflinching, his dribbling masterly, his passing like clockwork. He always seemed to know just what to do, and to whom to pass to, and very thing that most baffled his adversaries.

Again a roar rang over the football-field.

Beating the backs and the goalie, the new winger had sent in a difficult shot, but difficult to the goalkeeper, and it was easier than anybody else. The ball was in the net.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

Harry Lowther's eyes blazed.

The score was equal now, and there was yet a quarter of an hour to play. Oldbury had now scored six goals.

Harder now and faster was the play. There was a great deal of kick and rush, but at the same time a splendid sound of foot.

The lord-lieutenant had his eyes glued on the field. The warders were watching as keenly as the crowd, and mounted policemen were looking over the fence.

Oldbury were putting their best into that last struggle. Both sides felt that one more goal would settle the matter.

Was it to come?

Slowly but surely the Fernbrook men won ground, more and more, and visitors were seen in their own half. The tackle was soon wholly in the visitors' half, and all the Oldbury men's desperate attempts to clear and get a score futile.

The referee looked at his watch.

Men were on their feet now, shouting or calling in silent protest. Excitement. And there were yells to the new winger.

"Play up, Jones!"

"Give us another!"

The ball came out of the press like a pip from a squeezed orange. An Oldbury back cleared, the press broke up, but then there was a shout. The new winger was on the ball.

"Kick!"

It was almost a shriek from the Fernbrook folk.

But the new winger did not need telling; he was kicking, with three feet close upon him were rushing down.

The leather flew, and then the winger was bowled over by a charge, and rolled on the ground, gasping.

But no one had eyes for that.

For the leather was in the net. It had baffled the frantic clutch of the Oldbury goalie, and was racing safe and sound, and the air was rent with cheering.

"Goal! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The whistle rang out.

The final was over, and Fernbrook had won—four goals to three. No wonder the crowd cheered and yelled and stamped, and threw their hats into the air, careless whether they were found then there.

No wonder the Fernbrook team raised the new winger off the ground upon their shoulders, and marched him away to the pavilion in a veritable triumph.

Right under the noses of warders and police great sums of money and pocket, who were cheering as loudly as anybody. In the dressing-room they set him down gasping, and were wrapping safe and sound, and the air was rent with cheering.

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OUR LEAGUE CORNER.

Tables Showing the Positions of the Top Clubs in connection with THE BOYS' REALM Football League.

THE BOYS' REALM NORTHERN LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Welford, Elton Athletic, etc.

THE BOYS' REALM SOUTH LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Marlborough, Woolwich Celtic, etc.

THE BOYS' REALM SCOTTS LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Denhamton, Eastwood, etc.

THE BOYS' REALM IRISH LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Avondale, Bushfield, etc.

THE BOYS' REALM NORTH LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Haswood, Gifford United, etc.

THE BOYS' REALM SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Fulham Carlyle, Granville, etc.

THE BOYS' REALM NORTH LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Chatham, Clyde Juniors, etc.

THE BOYS' REALM SOUTH LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Elmwood, Plympton Crusaders, etc.

THE BOYS' REALM SCOTTS LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Denhamton, Eastwood, etc.

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FENTON AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Fenton Amateurs, Boston Victoria, etc.

CAMBERWELL AND DISTRICT LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Canterbury Ind., Newland B., etc.

EDGE HILL AND DISTRICT ALLIANCE LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Fenwick, Albion Vic., etc.

EDGE HILL AND DISTRICT COMBINATION LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Glynneath, Eastwood, etc.

MANCHESTER UNION LEAGUE.

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, P, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Lists clubs like Deyne, Southens & Newport, etc.

PRIZE FOOTBALL WINNERS FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 6TH.

THE BOYS' REALM NORTHERN LEAGUE. B. W. C.—Hon. Secretary, T. Reddy, 14, Fiar Street, Everton.

THE BOYS' REALM SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Luton Invicta F.C.—Hon. Secretary, F. W. Clark, 14, Union Street, Luton.

THE BOYS' REALM NORTH LEAGUE. Chesham Juniors F.C.—Hon. Secretary, J. Clewning, 136, High Street, Watlington Guss.

MANCHESTER UNION LEAGUE. Loughborough Juniors F.C.—Hon. Secretary, A. Young, 62, Everton Road, C-0-31, Manchester.

MERSEY FOOTBALL LEAGUE. Wymond F.C.—Hon. Secretary, T. S. Roberts, 25, Chis Road, Edge Hill, Liverpool.

BRISBANE ROVERS F.C. (average age 17-18, medium) require away matches in April. Suitable ground, in reply, if desiring accommodation.

FRANKLAE F.C. (average age 15) want matches at home. Ground and dressing, Highams Park, Fulby Road, Woodford, Essex.

ALTA SWITHS F.C. (average age 16) would like to arrange a match in Southend, or district within twenty miles of London, on Easter Monday.

ST. THOMAS'S F.C. (average age 16) match for Easter Monday within twenty miles radius of Luton. Small guarantee required.

WANTED, for season 1909-10, a few gentlemen ready to form an A.F. in Cardiff (Ganton district preferred). Age, 16 to 25 years.

WANTED, five or six lads from 15 to 17 years of age, for football practice, in the range of Luton.

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Rudge-Whitworth Britain's Best Bicycle. The Vote of the Majority is cast for Rudge-Whitworth of which twice as many are sold every year as any other machine.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd. (Dept. 31) COVENTRY. LONDON: 227 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W. 1. 100 Regent St., W. 1.

PRIZES FREE. WE TRUST YOU, at once. We give you 12 Penny Prizes for every 12 Penny Packet of our... (Image of a bicycle)

REAL LEVER WATCH FREE. FOR POSTAL ORDER 12s we will forward a handsome 14ct. Hamilton Gold Chain (Ladies or Gents), together with our generous offer of a REAL LEVER WATCH (guaranteed 10 Years) free by return.

F.R.E.E. As an advertisement we give you a fine silver watch... (Image of a watch)

1/3 WEEKLY. We send late High Quality Free Wheel CYCLES... (Image of a bicycle)

ANNUM SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES. We give you with each Hamilton SILVER KEYLESS WATCH a perfect timekeeper... (Image of a watch)

MONEY MADE QUICKLY. FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS. Largest Penny Packets in the World. Send No Money. We Trust You.

FOR 2/6. EDWARD O'BRIEN, Ltd. Sole Importers of the 'Duck' Brand SILVER WATCHES.

FOR 2/6. Masters, Ltd. will supply you with one of their World-famed 26/6 Lever Watches on Easy Terms.

BLUSHING. FREE! In all quarters, customers of a general bank... (Image of a watch)

£1,000 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. In Prize Watches to all clever readers who can solve this puzzle... (Image of a watch)

LEVER WATCHES FREE. We will give you a magnificent 14ct. Hamilton Gold Chain... (Image of a watch)

100 FOREIGN STAMPS FREE. GATEWAY EXHIBITION POSTCARDS. We have a magnificent collection of 100 foreign stamps...

A SILVER WATCH FREE. For Postal Order 12s (or 15s) we will give you a magnificent 14ct. Hamilton Gold Chain...

JUVENILE GUARANTEED 10 YEARS. BICYCLES. Gents, with Lamp, etc. 20 1/2 0. Gents, with Speeds, 25 1/2 0.

OPEN UP A FREE STAMP COLLECTION. THE FINEST OPPORTUNITY OF THE YEAR. We are offering you a magnificent collection of 100 foreign stamps...

A Real Lever Simulation TO ALL CLOCKS. GOLD WATCH FREE. The first line of letters in this message read for two... (Image of a watch)

THE WAIF OF THE WAVES. A BRIGHT BREEZY TALE OF THE SEA.



Deverill Again Eludes the Law. ONRAD saw that the light was carried by a woman.

In a few seconds he contrived to turn himself round. Then he saw that the man who had thus seized him was the man who acted as door-keeper, the same that had refused him and Mr. King admission.

The woman, however, was too much alarmed to come close. As last the Waif got the man by the throat.

The man fell senseless to the floor. The struggle between Mr. King and Cosmo continued; but Conrad, seeing that the former had the upper hand, and required no help, rushed up the stairs.

Room after room he burst open, but without success. To the very top of the house he went, but no, nothing was to be seen of Deverill.

As he looked out the shouts were repeated, and he saw a number of men running towards the river. It was at once struck him that Deverill had managed to get out of one of the windows.

A thousand pounds to whoever captures him," he shouted again and again. The detectives, who were led by Mr. Hunt, redoubled their energies. But they were too late.

Deverill, in the first place, had got an excellent start, and he maintained it. He reached the edge of the river, leapt into the boat, severed the rope with a knife, and pushed off.

When Conrad reached the river he was a couple of hundred yards away. He drew another pistol, and taking aim, fired. Whether the ball had struck Deverill or not was not ascertained. At any rate, he did not fall. Then his voice was heard.

"Good-bye for the present, Conrad," he said derisively; "we shall meet again soon!"

"I would to Heaven I had a boat," said Conrad, "for he should not escape me. The coward—the brutal coward! But I will never rest, day or night, until I have him."

Conrad re-entered the house, and found Cosmo lying insensible upon the floor.

"Have you killed him?" asked Conrad. "No, quite; though the scoundrel deserved death."

"You recognised him?" "Yes, though he is much altered. And what of Captain Deverill?"

"I am again unlucky. He managed to reach our boat and has got away."

"Truly sorry am I to hear it. You are badly injured, I am afraid."

"No; it is nothing."

"Come, follow me, for we must secure the child."

"Down the stairs both went, and they were met by the housekeeper.

"The child," said Conrad. "Quick!" "The child? What child?"

"The child you have here."

"You are mistaken; there is no child here."

"And I again defy you to pass me."

Conrad, with the speed of lightning, seized her by the waist, lifted her from her feet, thrust her into an opposite cooler, and locked the door upon her, where her shrieks and yells were almost lost.

Mr. King walked into the opposite apartment, and there, fast asleep upon the bed, lay the child. Certainly it looked none the worse for its extraordinary adventures. Mr. King was overjoyed.

Again and again he seized Conrad's hands, and, with tears running down his cheeks, thanked him with all his heart and soul for being the means of replacing his firstborn in his arms.

"Do not disturb it yet," said the Waif. "Presently we will secure it in a safe sort. The principal thing to be done is to see that this Captain Rosso is secured."

"The detectives are in the house; you can hear them."

Ascending, they found Cosmo in charge of Mr. Hunt and his men. He had recovered his senses, and was looking about in what seemed like a dazed fashion. But Conrad's experience of such men had been extensive.

"Be careful of him," he said, "and at once secure his hands behind his back."

Mr. Hunt and a couple of men as once seized his arms. The first arms were tied behind his back, and he was led into one of the rooms.

As he entered he caught sight of his reflection in an opposite mirror, and a deep groan escaped his lips. Never before—though he had been in many a fight—had he presented so terrible a spectacle.

"Mr. Hunt," said Mr. King. "I give this rogue into your charge—firstly, for child-stealing; secondly, for forgery."

"Forgery!" gasped Cosmo, now trembling violently, for he was well aware what heavy

punishments were awarded in this country for forgery.

"A forgery committed four years ago on a certain bank not a hundred miles from the City of London, Captain Rosso. You must remember the whole of the details, and you are, I am sure, well aware of the fact that I shall be one of the prosecutors."

"At your trial I will take care that the whole of your history, and your connection with this notorious pirate, (Captain Deverill, is placed before the jury. I can assure you that I will show you no mercy whatever."

"Am I to be taken to the police-office in this condition?"

"I am sorry only with it were daylight, so that you could see me."

"You are dangerously wounded."

"I hope not. I should be sorry to see you tell through the fingers of the law. At the police-office I will see that you are attended to by a doctor. Now, my man, away with him!"

So, just as he was, with his clothing torn to shreds, Cosmo was escorted from the house.

Then it was found that the shots had attracted the attention of the neighbours. Quite a crowd of persons of both sexes were assembled in front of the house. Mr. Hunt undertook to take charge of the premises.

After some consultation the doorkeeper was allowed to go, while the woman was detained.

"She will make an excellent witness against this scoundrel," said Mr. Hunt; "for if you threaten her, she is safe to offer to give evidence. She, of course, is the one to prove that she saw me in the act of carrying off the child."

Mr. Hunt now left the house in search of a carriage.

He managed to secure one despite the hour, and Mr. King, with his child in his arms, was the first to enter it.

"In a few hours," said Conrad, "I will return."

The coachman was then directed to drive to the hotel at Guildford Street, Russell Square.

The Escape to Greenwich—Deverill Tries to Secure a Crew, and Falls.

THE reader, during the course of this story, has seen that Captain Deverill was at heart a coward. But he has found the best proof of his cowardice in upon his soul. It was Mr. Hunt, in that danger was nigh, he totally ignored his companion.

His chief thought was for his own safety. But he also thought where could he go if he escaped without money?

His valuables were upstairs in a leather case. More—Cosmo's money, including a sum of no less than two thousand pounds, which he had won of Dickey, was in the same room.

He hastily unlocked upon it, crammed notes and gold into the case, and into his pockets, and then fastened the door. He then stripped the bed of his sheets, and his expensive fingers soon manufactured a rope, which was strong enough to descend from the window by.

In but a few minutes he reached the ground.

But not until he commenced to run was he overboard. And then, as we have seen, it was too late.

Yet, had the detectives obeyed to the letter the orders of Mr. Hunt, Deverill must have been captured in a few days.

Safely in the centre of the river, Deverill seated himself, and, sooting the oars, pulled with all his might. In half an hour he had put two or three miles between himself and the Lodge.

Then he rested, and considered what he was to do. He quickly arrived at a conclusion.

"Since detectives are employed," he thought, "the best thing I can do is to re-engage a boat, and to go to the safe place I can go to is Greenwich."

"Greenwich, yes, that is my destination. But Walter Deverill," he said, "I must risk it. After all, who may be dead—or married. I hope it may be one or the other."

Having waited some minutes, and attentively scanning the river, he again took the oars, and went on.

Arrival, after two hours, at Greenwich, he landed unobserved, and made his way to what, at the period of our story, was a well-known tavern—namely, the Anchor.

Of course, it was closed, he noticing a light in the parlour, and a pair of upper rooms, he knocked upon the door. No answer being returned, he repeated the knock. Still receiving no reply, he burst in, a pair of stones, and hurled them at the window.

It was at once thrown up, and a woman's face was seen.

"Well, well, who is it? What do you want?" "By thunder!" muttered Deverill. "It is Nancy here, sitting in the parlour, and I must risk it. After all, who may be dead—or married. I hope it may be one or the other."

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GREAT NEW PICTURE-STORY COMPETITION. Eighth Week. ONLY FOUR WEEKS MORE. A SEXTON BLAKE ADVENTURE (Continued). 15,000 Prizes! READ THIS CAREFULLY. Every one of my readers is invited to take part in this great new Picture-Story Competition. If you have not yet done so, to enter this picture-story, paste it on a sheet of paper, and write below it what you think should be the correct wording of the story which we give in the form of a Picture-Story. Do you wish to address me? I will send the solution by you until Your Editor writes me a date for sending it to him. The Picture-Story sends pictures accompany each set. Not more than one prize, however, can be awarded to any one competitor. Your Editor's decision on all points respecting this competition will be final, and he cannot enter into any correspondence whatever in connection therewith. Note.—This Competition is run in connection with "The Boy Hero" and "The Boy's Friend," as well as "The Boys' Realm." THE BOYS' REALM, April 5, 1908.

aware of the fact that I should never engage in so desperate a game. No, no. I was always an honest man. I may be a wild and erratic character, but never a liar. Do you believe me, what I say is true. Nay, Nancy, since I last saw you I have suffered deeply."

"I have been a prisoner in a French prison. It was only six days ago that, assisted by another prisoner, I contrived to escape."

"Indeed?"

"Ay, you believe me, Nancy? Did I ever lie to you?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Then she thought—"

"Infamous liar that he is. But let me control myself, and I may discover the reason he is here."

Around she said:

"I am not for you, look weary."

"Weary! That is scarcely the word for it. I beg of you to bring me some brandy."

"This was quickly supplied, and Deverill swallowed two measures of it, as if it were no stronger than water."

"You, then," said Nancy, "are penitents."

"To tell the truth, I am not far off it. A few pounds, which I borrowed from a sailor, is all I have."

"That's one that one?"

"This! Oh, that contains what little linen I am possessed of, and that, like the money, is not much."

"I will take it. I will see that—"

"No, no," interrupted Deverill hastily, "not for the world. You see—it is blood for some of it, Nancy, where I injured myself while getting out of prison. But tell me—how is it that you are up at this hour?"

"My father is here."

"Indeed! How long has that been?"

"Some few days now. It is the last illness he will ever have."

"It is a sad business," replied Deverill. "But if he dies, Nancy, see what will fall to you. Your father, during the twenty years he has been here, must have amassed an immense sum."

Nancy smiled bitterly as she replied:

"He is correct. He has a good fortune. Unknown to me, he kept his gold buried in a cellar. But a few days ago his secret was discovered. Half a dozen rogues made an attack, and my father got his wounds in endeavouring to defend his property."

"And the gold?"

"Every piece has been taken."

"By Davy Jones, it was indeed a misfortune!"

"How?"

"He obtained it from thieves, and by thence it was taken."

"It would be sorry to hear you speak thus."

"He has often heard me speak in this way."

"Well, we will talk of this to-morrow. I hope you have a spare bed here."

"Yes; you will find one on the second landing."

"Many guests here?"

"Nay, one only. He is on the second floor."

"A sailor?"

"Ay, he calls himself a sailor, but he should add, and smuggler."

"His name?"

"Seth Beckett. If you look out of the bedroom window, you will see his vessel. It is lying right opposite to the house."

"Deverill rose and made the easiest thing Nancy ever got retired. But she shrank back.

"I cannot bear the smell of brandy!" she said, forcing a laugh.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Deverill, as he ascended the stairs. "I thought I should have a hard job with her, but you see here the easiest thing in the world. If there is any man who can throw dust in a girl's eye, it is Walter Deverill."

He was utterly mistaken as to Nancy Turner, however.

Deverill ascended to the bedroom, and opening the window, looked on in the distance, to the right and left, was a mass of shipping, but in, as it seemed, the very centre of all was the white hull of a man-of-war.

"Seth Beckett's ship," muttered Deverill. "I wonder if he would remember me? He must have got on wonderfully well to be in command of that vessel. Can he be the owner? I will tackle him in the morning. By Jove, she's a pretty little craft! I wonder whether she'd be firm enough to make the first of a second set of Firebrands! I'll overhaul her to-morrow."

In the morning, Deverill had a private interview with Seth Beckett, and the result was that both set off on a visit to the brig. They remained aboard for her short hours; in fact, they did not return to the inn.

By that time Seth Beckett had received two thousand pounds deposit on the sale of his vessel. So once again Deverill was captain and party owner.

"Another and a last cruise," he thought, "and then, when I am rolling in riches, and I may pay right and left, and with a liberal hand my vengeance is certain. To-night I will get a crow from the Rat."

"At the back"

Nancy made a great deal when she muttered these words. At the back of the inn ran a long lane, with a dozen narrow turnings on the left, leading to the river. The lane was called the "Rat," though why was not exactly known.

On either side were a number of low wooden houses, the majority of them not larger than a fair-sized cabin. These rotten shanties had been owned for twenty years by James Turner, the landlord of the Anchor.

One of these, however, over from an impoverished landlord, to whom he paid only one-third their value, they were what we may call the "franchise" of respectable boat-menders and net-makers.

But James Turner, who, "on the other side of the water," had had an extensive and lucrative connection among the smugglers, turned out the places to his own use.

Upon many of whom the law would have given something to have laid its hands.

As may be supposed, these precious quarters were turned the whole place into a dangerous quarter.

Neighbours were too far off to hear the fearful quarrels or to witness the many murderous fights.

They were so full of the raffish crew, and so no complaint was made.

"What cared James Turner for all this noise or fights? Nothing at all. The smugglers had made plenty of money, and he compelled them to pay him double the value for articles with which he supplied them; in fact, he coined money."

If in consequence of a dress of either the men could not proceed on their dangerous expeditions, he advanced them their money at outrageous interest, and he employed tools of precious good care.

Deverill was repaired, and it was to their advantage to collect it, for James gave them a certain commission out of what was returned him.

Occasionally, when the smugglers had been more successful than usual, James entertained them in the wooden shed at the back of the house, and which communicated with the inn by a covered passage. This rude building, built of brick, and placed in the centre, and several rough sideboards, he called the "banqueting room."

Two long days previous to Deverill's arrival the smugglers had been very successful. They had reaped a rich harvest of spirits, tobacco, and silks.

"A banquet of the property to a few of the hawks who were ever ready to prey upon their ignorance, they decided to have a banquet; and therefore, they consulted, not their leader exactly, but a man they usually consulted on such matters. That was Seth Beckett, the man who had disposed of the brig to Deverill."

Despite the fact that James Turner was sick unto death, it was decided that a banquet should be given, not at Turner's expense, since he was ill, but that each should contribute.

Poor Nancy, worn out with her constant attendance upon her father, and with having the whole responsibility of the inn thrown upon her shoulders, could not refuse to order the servants to prepare it. So it was got ready.

Soon after his return to the inn, Deverill was joined by Beckett, a huge, ungainly specimen of what we may call the "sailor shark."

"What's all this row?" Deverill asked.

"How?"

"The shouting."

"Did I not tell you that the men are about to have a banquet?"

"Ay, so you did."

"And you said, that you had joined them more than once?"

"True. But that was a few years ago."

"Well, if you want a crew, the time will be two hours from when the banquet commences. But I warn you as to what you say. The majority of the men you know a few years ago have met their deaths, and those who remain, like me, will not know you."

"You will have to pitch some yarn—say something about a buried treasure, and say you are going to weigh anchor with the first stroke of dawn. But utter one word of piracy, and it is all over."

"I am not likely to prove myself such a fool."

"Very good, for you are well aware that these men, though they risk their lives on the sea, would not care to risk them under a pirate's flag. And if by any chance they found they were being deceived—well, you may guess the result."

"Leave it to me. But will you not support me if I pay you well?"

"I will support you right enough. In fact, if you agree—and sign, to that effect—that I shall have a fair haul, I would join you myself."

"You would?"

"I would—here's my hand on it. I know that you have captured many a thousand pounds' worth of cargo, and I know that you

farly purposes was great indeed. Her face betrayed neither astonishment nor agitation, however, as she left the room, and descended to see how the "banquet" was going forward. She did not, however, see one of the servants, as they were called, and then said that she would visit her father.

The doctor had just arrived, and she met him on the stairs. He was a clever, honest, and straightforward man, but the want of money and friends had compelled him to accept a privateer's commission.

"Dr. Hunt!" whispered Nancy, "go at once to Will's for me, will you?"

"Anything in the world I would do for you, my dear."

"Say that I have something of importance to tell him, and that he must come here without delay."

"He won't need much urging," smiled the doctor, as he left the house.

In less than a quarter of an hour he returned, accompanied by a young fellow of about five-and-twenty. This was Will Wright, a boat-builder, and one of the best sailors Greenwich had known. He was well-to-do, powerful, man, and liked everywhere. Even the smugglers respected him—say, and feared him, too.

There were three or four blackes Savage butlers they looked—those who might have just leapt from a privateer court.

At the head of the table sat Seth Beckett. He had proposed in that manner, at least, what had been drunk with enthusiasm, though the principal—"Confusion to the Coastguardsmen! have been drunk with wine three times over. When he saw that the men were well on, he got up, and stood upon his chair.

"Boys," he said, "listen to me. What I have to say is little, but you will be pleased with it."

"Silence! Silence!" was the hoarse cry on all sides.

Seth continued:

"The fact of it is, I have sold my smart little brig, the Will-o'-the-Wisp."

"Fact," snorted Seth, "and I will tell you to whom—a man who is honest to the backbone. He is called Richard Overton, one of the greatest travellers living. Now, what do you think he has bought in for?"

"The men shook their heads, while one yelled: 'To find the tortoise!'"

"My friends," continued Seth, now in serious tones, "I will tell you two years ago, I had proposed on a certain desolate coast—a well, I must not tell you where it was—how I came across a buried treasure."

All these words the men became breathless with excitement.

"A buried treasure?"

It was the constant dream of the sailor, the smuggler, and the landman.

"The gentleman, Richard Overton," continued Seth, "is in the inn at this moment, and here—But here he is."

As he spoke, Deverill passed through the doorway. He was instantaneously greeted with a ringing cheer.

The discoverer of a buried treasure was a god among such men.

The cheers having subsided, Beckett handed Deverill a glass of spirits. He raised it on high.

"Success to all of you!" he said, a toast which, of course, was much approved.

"Now, my friends, I am about to speak so that all had no difficulty in hearing him, "has told you a little about a buried treasure. Well, my friends, I want to say to you only one more thing. The treasure is still there where I found it."

"Your pardon, your honour," said an old man, rising, "how was it you didn't clear it?"

Deverill smiled.

"A very natural question," he said, "and I will answer it. It was when I made the discovery—entirely alone on the island."

"But the vessel—the ship you sailed in?"

"It was the Will-o'-the-Wisp. A month after the discovery, I was picked up by the crew of a vessel which had put off in search of me. We went to the island, and I saw nothing of my discovery there."

The men were apparently perfectly satisfied with this explanation.

Deverill continued:

"I have purchased the Will-o'-the-Wisp from Beckett. He will sail with me."

As the men opened their eyes very wide indeed.

There must be something in it, or Seth Beckett would never have agreed to sail.

(Another thrilling instalment next week.)



Deverill picked up a number of stones and hurled them at the window. It was at once thrown up, and a woman's head was pushed out.

are good for more. But not a word, for I alone know that you are Captain Deverill, the pirate, and the landman."

"But you would not have known it had I not revealed myself."

"I have already said so. Now, order what you require. I must see the men, who are now arriving. I will send for you when the time comes. Meanwhile, I will send for the captain, so that the men you manage to secure can be sent to the brig the instant they agree to join."

Two long hours did Deverill wait in his room. He thought Nancy would pay him a visit. But no, she came not near him. However, he did not think much of this; he concluded that she was too busy.

"Little did he dream that, while he was conversing with Seth Beckett, Nancy had been very close to him."

At the top of the partition on the left was a small hole. This communicated with the other apartment, and, at one time, it had been used to place a thin rod with the old-fashioned "workable," or movable lamps. They used to be hung by means of a chain from the rod, and could be pulled from one side to the other as required.

By means of this hole, then, Nancy had been enabled to look at that had been said. That Deverill was the notorious pirate was now fully confirmed.

But her astonishment at Deverill's impudence in making use of her and the inn for such da-

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