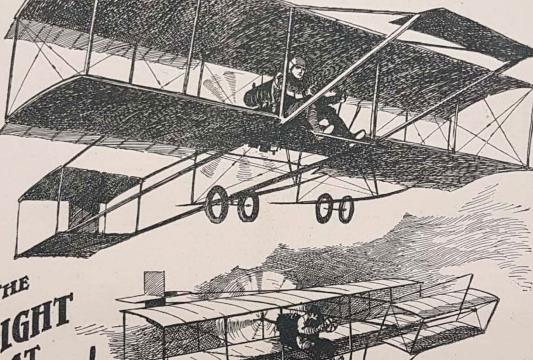
CRAND WOLVERHAMPTON FLYING STORY!





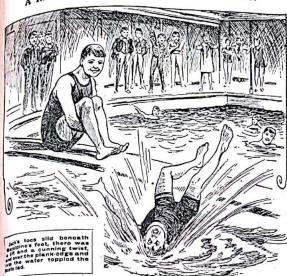
FLIGHT PAWN!



A POWERFUL SPORTS STORY

VESEY DEA

A Rattling Complete Tale of Jack Noble & Co.



SCH-SCIVIL igital

THE INTERPOLATION OF THE INTER pig on the handle of which he had been reuning, and moved across to where stood
(lifet, the bully of the Pelham School Shell,
at unpring enemy of Jack Noble, the leader
addering of the Third-Formers.
"Whi've you got to show mo—eh?" demeded Marker.
"Sake hand!"

What for !

Grails wondering, Marker held out his right had, which was immediately soized by Clif-less right in a grip of apparent hearty

leds nga whenders, and the state of the stat secuted round. His read and should be belowed, his feet slipped, and ho we

het lekwards, his rect suppose, the deventhe floor, and the words and floor, "Bit", shouted Bayne angrily.

Bit had been watching the performance intended, but as Marker vent over, one of his bug feet had caught Bayno full across the bag.

"You's broken my thumb! Oo-oo-ooh!"

"but Marker, from the Boor. "You beast!
head what's that for?"
"Gad, the who his mean and spiteful nature,
that being at his chum's cries of pain.
"Ley, Grilly a

Not a bit of it!"

Not a bit of

had it was it, only badly and painfully had it was it, only badly and painfully had it in the fore you cad?" demanded after agerily, when assured the joint was all was a state airy explanation of the foreign and the state of the foreign and the foreign a

In a constant collidays. It'll make wellwill ben, I don't see," put in Bayne.
The bener of makered Clifford. "Why,
will say to Noble, soered Clifford under the second of the second o

"But you'll break his thumb!" Bayne pro-

What of it?" Clifford demanded callously. "What of it?" Clifford definanded callously, "Hasn't he scored over me linne enough, the beast? I swear I'll get even with him someday, and this is the flodge. It's just ripping!" But Bayne-even though he'd given a hand in many of Clifford's ugly and foul dodges to hurt Jack Noble—shrank from the cold-blooded preposition to maim him. He said it was caddish.

Marker, sulkily going on with his be "You're funky, that's what it is," sneered Clifford. "All right, I don't want you to lend a hand. I can do the whole jolly thing myself. I didn't require you. But if you dare to sneak

And, bound by their scheolboy code of honour, neither Bayne nor Marker did say anything to the intended victim of the foul dodge by which their cluim was to get even with his enemy. Mean and despicable as he was, Clifford was well aware of the odium attached to sneaking.
"I'm not a sneak!" Bayne muttered.
And at that moment Jack Noble walked into the study, cool and confident. Clifford jumped up immediately.
"Itallo, who's a sneak!" inquired Jack, who had caught Bayne's last word. He looked round the room. "Everyons who was in the room, I shruld say," he added coolly.
"Get out of it, you dirty little cur!" Clifford shouted. "You've no business here! Get out!"

out!"
"Right for once!" Noble retorted. "I have
no business here!"
"Then clear out!" And Clifford made a
threatening gesture.
"I'm here for my own pleasure. Boo? And,
as for that, I've as much right here as you!"
"You havout!"
"I have! I lisn't your study!"

"In here for my own pleasure. Soe? And, as for that, I've as much right here as you!"
"You haven't!"
"I have! It isn't your study!"
"Nor yours, you sweep! so clear!"
"All in good time!"
"Nor yours, you sweep! so clear!"
All in good time!"
"All in good time!"
"Don't worry to get up," Jack said tauntingly. "You'ro three to one; but you couldn't do it. I've seen some of your work before."
"And you'll see more before you're much older, my son," Clifford sneered.
Snatching the bat on which Marker was operating. Clifford jumped forward to carry out his threat. Holding it by the handle, he meant jabbing it into Jack Noble. But the latter was too quick. Grabbing Marker by the arm, he wrenched him round, caught at his other arm, and held him in front, as a shield, powerless to move.
"Kick his shins!" cried Clifford, and himself moved round to execute a flank attack.
Marker, angry because of his damaged thumb, and still more so because, in enatching the bat, Clifford had upset a bottle of liquid glue that had gone over his hands and coatsleeves, tried to revenge himself on Noble. But the leader of the Third anticipated his backward back. He raised his own call collided

violently with the edge of Jack's boot-sole, whereat the hacker howled dismally.

Offive a hand, Bayne, to turn the rotter of the hand hand, being the term of the hand hand, being the hand hand, being the hand hand, being and, grabbing Marker by the wrists—petting his hands all gluey in so doing—he tried to drag away Noble's shield, which was bad for the human shield.

"Jeggo, you silly owle!" he yelled.
"Jeggo, you silly owle!" he yelled.
"Jeggo, you silly owle!" he yelled.
"Jeggo, you silly owle!" he yelled, being the human shield.
"Jeggo, you silly owle!" he yelled, "Jeggo, you silly owle to to go! Does the bat to keep off the bang Marker this way and that to keep off the bang Marker this way and that to keep off the bang Marker this way and that to keep off the bang marker owledge.
"Thenk you! Same to you, an' many of 'em! Wo're going to have a swimming party in the bath to-morrow afternoon at Imp."." How does that cencern me?"
"Thenk you! Same to you don't, Marker. Keep in the band to here away!" Clifford yelled. "Who's going to keep away because of you beasts? "Keep away!" Clifford yelled. "Who's going to keep away because of you beasts? Have you bought the bath?"
"Not yet. But we thought you'd—sh, would you?—like to know, so that you wouldn't be poking your ugly nose into the show."
"The to know, so that you wouldn't be poking your ugly nose into the show."
"At this, reminder of his last unpleasant experience in 'the bath, when the Third-Formers had forced him to climb the rope, and afterwards take a cound ducking. Clifford drove the end of his bat viciously at Jack's legs. The next minute he was violently propelled. "The next minute he was violently propelled."

Constraints of Narker, it was his legs that constraints are possible to be and howed his disapproval. The next minute he was violently propelled forward, stumbled over Bayne, and both went to the floor. Bayne, for looked around Clifford's legs and uper him, so that he fell face downwards, his mouth in a fair-sixed pool of the liquid glue. So violent was the combined uproar from all three as they rolled in a squirming heap under the table, which, having a loose leg, collapsed, and fell on them. Mscalpine, Murphy, and Bob Russell came running up, fearful that their leader was in trouble. Hands in pockets, they yelled with laughter at the unfortunate three, over all of whom the liquid glue liberally plastered itself.

Sure, an' is it an airthquake?" gasped Murphy,

"Sure, an is it an airthquake," gasped
"Sure, an is the airthquake," gasped
"No! only our friend Clifford" way of enjoying himself, "Bob Russell enplained,
"But which is Clifford?" Macalpine, the
Highland chieftain, inquired gravely, stooping
down to examine the heap.
"You wait until I get out!" panted Clifford.
"I'll give—"Bayne sat down heavily on his face.
"Arrah, an' phaval'd Clifford be given' if it
wasn't an exhibition of himself!" cried the
Irishman; and he carefully replaced the table
that the strugglers had succeeded in throwing
asido.

aside.

"A lot," anawered Jack.

"Toth, an' phwat's that?"

"Trouble to his pals, and amusement to us."

"I'll amuse you, you rotten beasts!" came
stiffinely from the heap. "Wait till !—"

"Man, we'd be glad to; but I ken fine I've
felty lines still to be written, an' they'll no' get
done by watchin' ye, I'm thinkin', mare's the
pretty."

"Alah, we die glad fo; but I ken ine I've felty lines still to be written, an' they'll no' get done by watchin' ye. I'm thinkin', maro's the lead of the still be still get it hot from Slaney if our lines aren't written, and I don't want to stay in to-morrow afternoon. Come on, my sone, advised the darling of the Third. 'Leave 'em to their own amusement. Don't forget, you down there—three p.m. to-morrow. We'll be the still be still be still be still be still be the still be still be still be still be the still be still b

but the skill as much as weight and strength and size that counts.

"Heave out the plank, sonny!" cried Jack to Russell, she he and Macalpino began the process of discribing.

The strength of the strength of the strength across the bath, and on which the cockfighters were to sit.

"There is no more laughable and interusting sport, for the onlookers, than creck-fighting strength of the strength across of their feet almost touching. At the word "Go!" each oock-fighter endeavours, by pressure of their feet almost touching. At the word "Go!" each oock-fighter endeavours, by pressure that the sole of their feet almost touching. At the word "Go!" each oock-fighter endeavours, by pressure that the strength of the st

ing and shoving on his opponent's feet with his own, to shove him off the plank and into the water.

own, to show him oil the page.

The contest between Noble and the Highland laddie provoked roars of language. If the latter

The contest between Noble and the Highland Incorporated roars of laughter. If the latter we have been also as the second of the The latter with the latter was the latter with latter with

Nobb.
Nobb. Vour'e running a big risk, you know."
"Sauer young sweep!" retorted Chifford.
"Sauer young sweep!" retorted Chifford.
"Didn't want me to see you making a worse cas of yourself than you re!" making a worse cas of yourself than you re!" in the couldn't happen to you." replied Jack.
There was a roar of laughter from the Third-Formers, and Jack, nothing disconcerted, resamed his contest with Macalpine.
This time fortune was against him. He was upset, and Chifford, from the further side of the balt, suggest, said Jack good-humouredly.
"But I'll you'l liek you twice out of three times at the ton." I flek you twice out of three times at the scenering reliance to the sceneral reliance of the sceneral relianc

"Any of us could, anyway."
"Sure, wid wan fut only," Murphy put in

"Sure, wid wan fut only," Murphy put in sconnfully, sconnfully, Try?" invited Jack.

Try?" invited Jack.

Try?" invited Jack then he looked at his friends, and something in their faces made him accept the challenge, accept the challenge, accept the thine I've done with you," he sneered, and preaced to see into swimming costume.

"Now we will see some fun," Russell said loudly.

"Now we was see some loudy.

And Poddles, Macalpine, and Marphy laughingly agreed, for they knew Clifford's humiliation was once more assured.

Their confidence was not unfounded. Four times in quick succession the bully was fairly bowled over, and fell with a splash into the lasth.

times in quick succession the bully was fairly bowled over, and fell with a splash into the bath.
But there was something at the back et Clifford's mind—something that compensated for the gibes and jeers with which his defeats with the property of the said, with an affectation of good sportsmanthip, after his fourth immersion. You've won fairly. Shake hands, if we have the said with a manager of the said with a said with a

and causin.

"Trying a ju-jitsu dodge," shouted Jack;
"and it didn't coinc off!"

A shout of auger broke from Jack's chums,
"I knew something'd happen," faltered

"I know something'd happen," faltered Bayne.
"So ye kenned it was coming off, this tryis' to hurt our frien!" eried Macslpine, turning on him like lightning. "Into the watter wi' them a', lads! They're a' in it, I ken wee!.

And he grabbed Bayne, and fairly hurled him into the bath. Russell and Poddles soited Marker, and treated him likewise. Chifford, too much upset by the damaging blow he had received, offered a feeble resistance to similar treatment.

received, offered a feeblo resistance to similar received.

"Keep them fra gettin' oot while we'ra drossing," saki Macalpine. Noble were resuming their clothes, Russell, Feddles, and the Irishman did as requested, pushing back into the beth after of the control of the control

THE END.

(Another splendid Jack Noble yarn next week.)

Don't Miss "The Boys of St. Basil's" in "The Boys' Herald." It Gets Better Every Week.