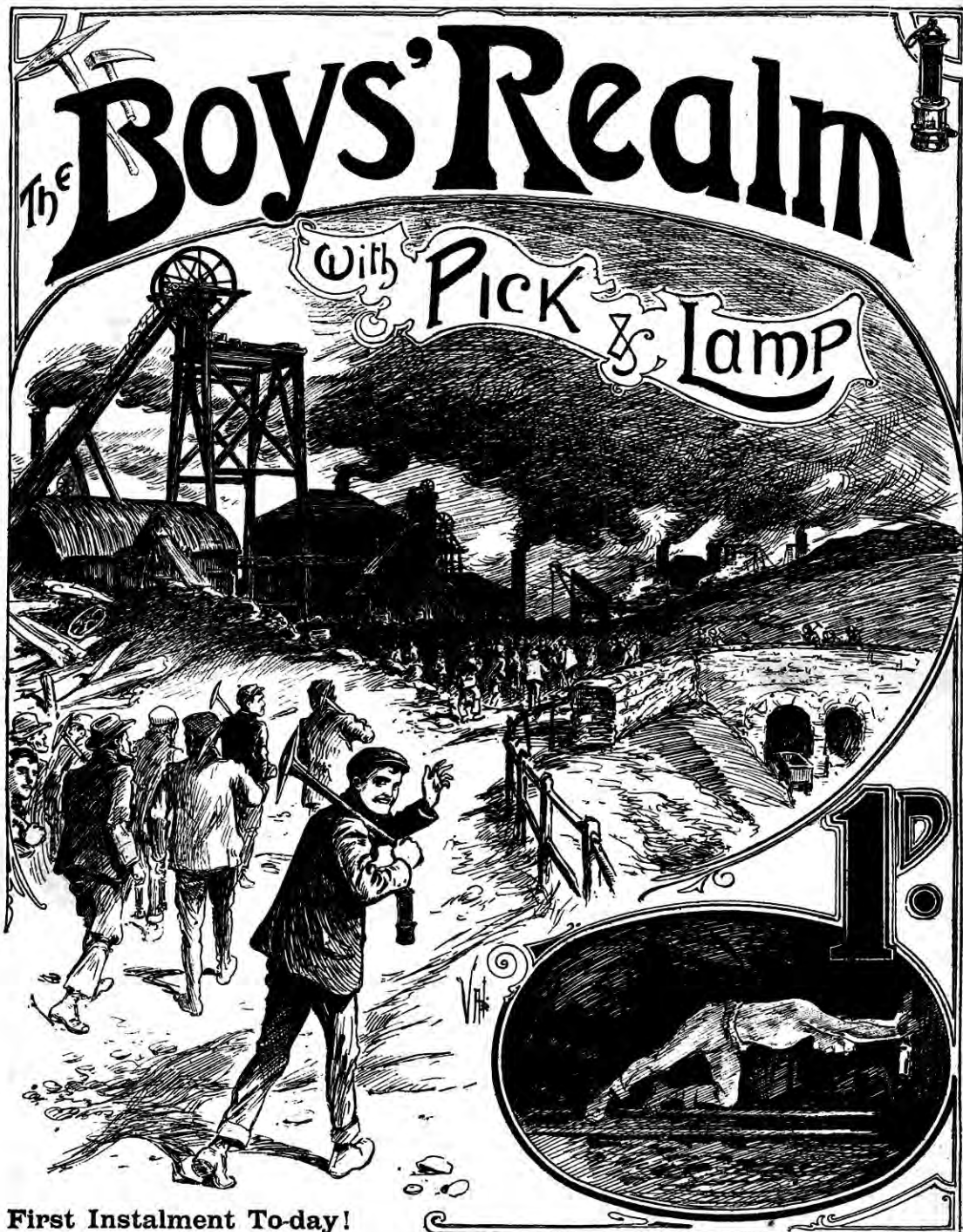


To Newsagents and Readers—Order No. 1 Of the new, complete Adventure Story Paper The "GEM" PRICE 1d Now!



First Instalment To-day!





# WITH PICK & LAMP.

(Continued from the previous page.)

Roddy had a busy time of it for the next few hours, for the two bowers he "putted" for now were quicker and better workers than himself. He kept on with his hoe, but never— which was a thing no other pitboy in the Aberford could have done—and a fine lot of coal was hauled. They went in the shaft before two o'clock. They worked in "shifts" at the Aberford, and when that time arrived, the hauling and putting at the top end ceased, and the men made their way back to the shaft. A slight accident to Roddy's sledge, just at the finish, made him stay back a minute or two so that if he came out at right times, he would find it would have to be taken to the sheds for repair, however, so he set off for the shaft, dragging it behind him.

This slight delay put him behind the rest, but he found Tom Hughes still waiting for him when he reached the gatekeeper's "place," and his good friend was glad to see him.

"What's up, Roddy? Why's Morgan gone? I saw him comin' down the road in a rare bad, cur's! an' swearin' worse'n ever."

"Was Glas with ye?" asked Tom.

"No; he'd been turned over to Fluelen, the overseer, who was herdin' him out. He's dead, is he? You're really chit of him at last."

"He's sacked, but I rather wish it wasn't so, but I'm not laughing. Well, I'd have given a day's pay to see his face when Glas turned up."

"Ye wouldn't have thought it so blessed funny if you'd had that match struck alongside ye?" growled Roddy. "I can't make out even now how it was we didn't have an explosion for the sudden light."

"I guess there wasn't the right quantity of air mixed with it. However, let's get up aloft an' take a look at the shaft. I want to see Sally before he leaves the office."

"Sally's a beast," opined Tom; "he'll only say—"

"Don't care a toss for that. I'm not going to let him think I sneaked to his deputy about one of the pitmen."

At the Aberford was half empty by the time they reached the cage, for many of the pitmen had gone out by the upcast shaft, and the men who remained were a large number of men at a time. Tom and Roddy were among the last loads. They stepped in with several other late-comers, and the cage working smoothly in the middle of the shaft, it started, lifted them up through the long dark tube till once more they found themselves at the earth's surface, and stepped out into the daylight.

Roddy stood for a minute blinking in the sunlight, for it had stopped raining—after his sojourn in the darkness of the pits, and turning down the miner's sledge as the empty cage ran down.

While he was thus engaged, a man came out from the back of the mine, and he turned, and through his way quickly among the miners towards Rodwell.

"Look up at Morgan," he had been seen of the premises, but had returned quickly, and hidden himself at the back of the sheds. He came forward, and when he caught sight of Roddy, he was so startled by the sight of the open pit, his face looked like the face of a devil.

"He's down rapid strides brought him within reach of the boy, and Tom Hughes, who caught sight of the man's face and read the threat in it, gave a word of warning, and ran back towards his chum.

"Look out, Roddy!"

Before Rodwell could turn, the heavier had caught him in his powerful grip and forced him backwards to the shaft's mouth.

"But!" You wares pay for it now!" cried Roddy thickly. And then, as he saw the look of Roddy's lips as he realized his danger. The pitman had been drinking deeply. There was more in his bloodshot eyes, and the boy felt that nothing but naked space was behind him, and a 600-foot drop down the gaping pit. In a couple of seconds Morgan had forced him to the brink, and was about to hurl him down.

Suddenly there was a roar like that of an angry bull. A couple of huge bare arms shot out from behind the struggling man, and grabbed them both. They were stretched back from the opening, and Rodwell, falling on the coal-strewn ground as his enemy's grasp was loosened, looked on and saw Morgan in the grip of Mad Matt, halless and wild-eyed, snorting with rage.

"You dog!" roared the huge pitman. "Would you dare lay hands on the boy? God! You shall go down instead of him! Go to your last shift, Morgan!"

With one heavy, tawny-bearded giant lifted the bower in his huge arms and swung the man above his head as high as he could reach. A wild shriek burst from Morgan's lips as he hung poised over the open shaft.

"The second instalment of this enthralling new tale of colliery life will appear on Saturday next. Please let your chums read this fine opening instalment."

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# THE AIRSHIP'S QUEST

A FINE ADVENTURE TALE

BY L. J. BEESTON.

Lepaul's frantic leap.

DOYLE had taken Lepaul's place, but Pettigrew was as fresh as ever.

"Where are we supposed to be going?" asked Tom; for the pursuing boat was slowly closing in.

"I was told that this river is the only way out of the country, save over the almost unclimbable mountains," answered Lepaul. "But no one attempts the passage willingly. I believe there are strange perils beyond a certain point lower down. I cannot tell you what they are; but we shall have to chance them. The river is our only hope. Ah, they are closing in!"

It was too evident. The fugitives were being rapidly overtaken. Lepaul shouted call to them to surrender. The distance between the boats was lessening each instant. A tall fellow was seen standing in the bow of the pursuing craft, holding a spear in readiness for a throw.

"Shall we try the shore?" gasped Doyle, the perspiration of great exertion streaming down his face.

"We cannot do it now," cried the engineer. "The current's fearful strong again, and we're like stones on a river."

He spoke truly. A swirling tide of black water was bearing the canoe along at a terrible speed. Deep and silent it ran—whether?

Which a spear man with an inch of Tom's ear. The thrower seized a second weapon, but before he could fling it a strange thing happened.

A dazzling light from the sky suddenly shone upon his face, and the report of a gun went rolling through the night sky.

A shout of frenzied delight burst from Doyle and Tom.

Their eyes rested on the Sirius, which was pouring a couple of hundred feet above them. The white glare of its form was bright, while the professor had turned upon their face, rendered him invisible where he stood behind it, but the long, black hull of the great airship, with its spreading appliances, shrouded as a huge shadow in the upper glow.

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and vainly beseeching eyes. Then he disappeared.

Horried though they were, they had not time to speak of it, for the canoe was being whirled on at even greater speed. Tom, snatching a moment for a glance abroad, suddenly cried out:

"What is coming?"

In the distance, down the far, straight bed of the canon, was what appeared to be a vast black bank of natural tumuli, into the heart of the mountains. It was no sooner discerned than they were in it.

"Straight ahead," said Tom, "night-filled, mysterious tumuli shot the boat. The noise of the river, confined overhead and on either side, broke with a thousand echoes. The tumult was terrific."

Down with ye!" bellowed Pettigrew, and set the example.

The wisdom of the proceeding was obvious. Tom, however, was not so sure. He told him it would narrow down? Or some jagged fragment of rock, pendant from the roof, might slip into the water, and the boat, where he lay face downwards, holding the paddle across the gunwales to protect the boat from being dashed against the sides of the shaft.

The darkness added to the horror of the situation, but as the fearful seconds passed the fact that the atmosphere was growing steadily hotter appeared to attest to all. This mad river appeared to be rushing into the heart of the earth. The trio felt the perspiration already trickling over their bodies. Breathing became more and more difficult.

But by slow degrees the violence of the subterranean river was decreasing, while the atmosphere was becoming cooler. The danger of the heat threatened to become intolerable. Though they could not see it, a hot vapour was rising from the water—a scalding steam that made breathing almost impossible.

Slower and slower! Hotter and hotter! Doyle felt his senses swim. He called out in a hoarse voice to the others to stop, and they did so.

He called to Pettigrew, and the faintest, mumbled response replied to him. Had Tom hesitated for a moment, he might have slipped from a foot, but he held himself steady, and hard surface, and he was struck down into the canoe.

Only a realisation that all depended on him kept him from losing consciousness. He felt a keenness, and, feeling upward, discovered that the roof of the tunnel was but a couple of feet above his head.

He shouted once more to Pettigrew, but this time not a sound answered him. He crawled forward, touched the roof, and was apparently stretched lifeless in the bottom of the boat.

For an instant the sheer terror of the position came to him, and he was struggling with Doyle's brain. He fought it off. Crawling over his brother's still form he reached Pettigrew, and found him stretched to be hanging over the side of the boat, and was either dead or less dead. Doyle pulled him in and felt for the remaining paddle.

It was gone. The engineer had no doubt dropped it. It had slipped overhead and was lost.

At that moment Doyle felt and heard a scolding voice through the canoe. He knew what it was. The gunwale had come into contact with the overhead rock, and so feeble was the boat that it was being crushed.

The perspiration of horror and suffocation streamed down Doyle's face. But he still managed to give in. There was but one means left to him of moving the canoe forward.

He had heard of the process of "legging," a barge through canal tunnels; it was the only method left.

He lay on his back in the bottom of the canoe, pressing his feet against the roof, and so propelled the boat by slow and painful efforts forward. It was a terrible position, and he knew that his strength was fast giving out.

Doyle set his teeth and toiled on. Every inch gained might mean so much. This frightful river must have an outlet. But could he reach it? The dull despair clouding his brain told him he could not.

He was now so exhausted that he was enervated by the heat that his legs trembled with weakness. The pitch gloom and utter silence appalled him, and he struggled with increasing feebleness. Wave after wave of impending unconsciousness kept drowning his thoughts, paralysing his ideas.

It was at this moment that there appeared to come to his ears the noise of a steady, tremendous roaring. The canoe was moving unaided. Doyle turned over. Surely that was a light ahead!

He crawled to his knees. Yes! The blessed light of day was streaming into the tunnel; and suddenly the boat, moving faster, emerged into the full daylight. But the light only served to show Doyle a new and unavoidable horror. Ahead, he appeared to see only the blue of the heaven; the river, the land, and the dropped away, while that deep roar developed into a thunderous volume of sound, the meaning of which he knew well.

The mysterious river terminated its course over the brink of a terrific precipice! It was all over, then, and the canoe had been unavailing. Here was the end of all!

The canoe shot forward. Doyle closed his eyes, gripped the sides of the boat, and the next moment shot out into a fathomless void. Down! down! he seemed to be falling. Would he never reach the bottom of this abyss? A scream broke from him; he struggled to the surface.

"Capital! He's coming round slowly!" said a voice that Doyle knew well.

(To be concluded on Saturday next.)



See Cecil Mayner's Enthralling Whaling Story "From Pole to Pole," now appearing in "The Boys' Herald," 1d, Every Thursday.

## FROM YOUR EDITOR'S CHAIR.

## Hobbies.

ANY of my readers who support me in buying "The Boys' Realm" week by week, ask me why I do not devote some of the space therein to hobbies. May I be allowed to draw their attention—and particularly the attention of W. J. S., who writes to me—to the subject? "The Boys' Herald" is exclusively devoted to hobbies.

In the number which will be on sale next Thursday, will be found the following most attractive features, in addition to a really splendid budget of powerful serial and complete stories:

Model Locomotives, how to make them, managed them, by the greatest authorities on the subject—Mr. H. Bassett-Lowe and Mr. Henry Greenly—and Fractal Locomotives, Photographed, by the Rev. F. C. Lamborn, M. S. Magic Lantern Slide Making, and many other authoritative works on photography.

There is possibly no greater authority or writer of practical experience on the subject of photography in the world than the Rev. F. C. Lamborn, M. S. He is the author of the articles for "The Boys' Herald" is surely the greatest proof I can advance of the efforts which are being made in this journal to supply the want of practical, and the best information by the greatest authorities it is possible to get on every topic connected with boys' hobbies.

Other articles are: Profitable Pigeon Keeping, Black and White Drawing, Fretwork on Up-to-date Lines, by clever H. S. C. is reader of Stamp Corner, our Workshop Corner, in which a number of very interesting articles are contributed especially by members of "The Boys' Herald" Hobby Club. Another most useful feature is an Exchange and Mart, in which advertisements of any articles which they wish to exchange, are accepted from the members of "The Boys' Herald" Hobby Club. "The Boys' Herald," with its splendid new spring programme, can at the present time be strongly recommended to any lad who takes an interest in hobbies.

## To Cure a Ricked Hip.

ROOM Mile End, London. I have received a letter from H. R., who tells me that he is a new reader. It appears that my new chum was taking a polo-hut at a gain a Saturday or two back when he felt a pain in his hip, and this pain has been with him

ever since. If R. asks me what he shall do to rid himself of this trouble,

There is little doubt that my friend has ricked his hip-point by taking a too powerful kick. I think the best advice I can give him is to stop football for a week or two, and rub the injured part two or three times a day with the following embrocation:

Obtain one egg, and well beat it—in a bowl, of course—add half a pint of vinegar, and a quarter of turpentine, a quart of an ounce of spirits of wine, and a quarter of an ounce of spirits of camphor. These ingredients must be beaten well together, then put into a bottle and shaken for ten minutes. Always keep this embrocation corked down tightly, to exclude the air.

My friend H. R. also inquires for some preparation with which he could clean his teeth, and specially desires to get rid of tartar from any kind of acid. The best preparation is carbamate of soda. Scrub the teeth with it on rising and on going to bed. And also, H. R., allow me to thank you for your kind remarks about "The Boys' Herald" to me again, if I can ever be of help to you.

## Electrical Engineer.

HAVE much pleasure in giving "Saxton Reader" the information he requires. There are three courses open to a lad desiring to become an electrical engineer. He may either proceed to technical school or be apprenticed, on leaving his ordinary day school, to a firm of engineers; or he may, if he is a keen reader, proceed to himself of the combination of these two courses.

The latter is the one most desired, and, when possible, the course at the technical school should precede the apprenticeship. It is most important in electrical engineering that the theory of the craft should be mastered—so important, in fact, that where the choice lies between apprenticeship and technical instruction the latter should be preferred at all hazards. A fair knowledge of mathematics, and a taste for them, is essential. Modern languages should also prove useful.

Undoubtedly the best school in the country is the Central Institution, South Kensington, where a three years' course—workshop, work in the dynamo-room, etc.—costs £25 per annum. Another good school is the Polytechnic School of Engineering, 208 Regent Street, W. Here a sound practical training is given, coupled with sufficient scientific training to render a young

man capable of employment for a firm. The course may be for two or three years. For apprenticeship the usual premium is £100 a year. The following are the firms who take apprentices: L. and N.W.R. (engine-fitting and turning), Boulton Works, Crewe; Kites & Co., Adelaide Foundry, Leeds; Messrs. Peckell & Sons, locomotive engineers, Atlas Engine Works, Bristol; Messrs. Crossley & Co., and W. G. Chisham, the Brush Electrical Engineering Company, 49, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; and Messrs. Scott & Mountain (electrical engineers), Close Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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## REALMS Wanted and for Sale.

LEWIS, 22, Anne Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, desires to purchase early numbers of THE BOYS' REALM.

Vincent Low, 32, Oates Street, Masbro' Rotherham, Yorks, wants to purchase an old volume of THE BOYS' REALM, or "Herald," either bound or unbound, or he would exchange two standard novels for them. E. KILGILL, 16, St. James' Street, Leeds, has a complete set of back numbers from 167, Vol. IV, to 219, Vol. V, for sale at first reasonable offer. A. J. Brown, 55, Hare Street, Plumstead, wishes to sell Nos. 40 to 150 "Marvel," Nos. 1 to 120 "Puck," Nos. 65 to 175 "Union Jack."

## My Brief Reply Corner.

R. D. Sheffield—Your William the Fourth shilling, dated 1854, is only worth its face value. If you wish to buy it for a collector it will be worth more, but only as a specimen of the period.

H. E. Cork—To make brilliantine for the hair, boil an ounce of quinine seed with a pint and a half of water till reduced to half that quantity; then strain off the liquor, scent it with any perfume that takes your fancy, and keep bottled for use.

Hull Reader—"A good book on meteorism is Albert Mull's Hypnotism," published at 2s. 6d. It would be cheaper, however, for you to obtain the back numbers of "The Boys' Herald" containing a splendid series of articles on this subject. Write to the Publisher, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C., for Nos. 178, 180, 182, 183, and 184, enclosing sixpence.

YOUR EDITOR (H.E.).

## DAILY MAIL.

This came as a total surprise to our team and myself, but believing our own exertions to be the cause of the success, we could not express our gratitude, and wishing the League every success and thanking you again, I remain,

Yours truly,

"A. ST. JULIEN, Secretary."

1 Summer A.F.C.,

1, Clarendon Avenue,

1, Beffon Park, Liverpool.

The Secretary, Boys' Realm Football League. "Dear Sir, I received your letter of the 10th inst. Saturday, which came as a pleasant surprise. The members of my club, with whom I had a meeting last evening, all join with me in conveying to you our very hearty and grateful thanks, and wishing your valuable work every success. I am sure that the League will all our members take your paper. Again thanking you for the paper, I remain, faithfully,

JOHN POOL, Hon. Secretary."

I want it clearly understood that the cups I am awarded are very valuable in this country as permanent trophies, and WILL BE RETAINED IN THE POSSESSION OF THE WINNING CLUBS FOR ALL TIME. There seems to be some doubt on this matter, and therefore I think this explanation is necessary. The cups are not to be given away, and I will therefore repeat my offer of solid silver challenge cups to the League, and these also will be permanent trophies, so that the League will be able to keep them with a cup this year, they will, all being well, have a chance to do so next season. Please remember this.

Any of the League in question having a branch in the country, and very few in this country, should keep their eyes on THE BOYS' REALM just now. I am giving you a special notice of the League for the summer season, full announcements concerning which will appear very shortly.

Dear Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your country, and I will answer you by post if you send a stamped addressed post-card or envelope.

Write to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

## The Varsity Boatrace.

SUPPOSE there must be few boys and young men in this country who are not interested in the Varsity Boatrace, the blue riband of the boating world. This event always causes great excitement, and for weeks previous everyone interested in sport keenly watches the papers for items of news concerning the progress of the rival eight which are to take part in the race on the eventful Saturday.

The time is now drawing very near when the great contest will be fought. To be exact, it occurs on Saturday next, March 16th, and in order that the occasion of this great race may be properly celebrated, I am, at the request of my customers in other years, issuing a Special Boatrace Number, containing a long, complete boatrace story, and some very interesting articles dealing with the most important rowing event throughout the world.

The long, complete story will be written by the "rowing" correspondent, Mr. Charles Hamilton, and will be entitled

## "THE WINNING BOAT."

In it will be cleverly described how Oxford boat Cambridge after a tremendous struggle. I can assure my readers that this story will be well worth the reading, and that the article is an interesting and interesting account of the great race will be most interesting.

My readers may also look forward to some special football article dealing with Ireland, and on Saturday next Scotland and Ireland will be pitted against each other, and on the following Monday England meet Wales in a similar contest. The price of this mammoth Boatrace and International Number will be one penny, as usual.

## Our New Programme.

FEEL that I must once again mention our great new programme for the spring and summer months. As already announced, this programme is going to make a great bid for popularity during the next few weeks, and many splendid schemes are being thought out for the benefit of those of our readers who are interested in sport of any kind whatsoever. There will be, in addition to cricket stories and articles, other special features dealing with every branch of athletics, and a new organisation, known as

THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES, will be formed. This will, I believe, be one of the greatest triumphs our paper has ever had. I have no space to give further details this time, but I shall give some more news about this scheme in future issues.

## Section I.

I notice that some of the secretaries in this section have been neglecting to send me their reports week by week. I am sorry that this should be so, as they may thereby lose their chance of gaining the handsome trophies offered for the early months of the football season. Will all secretaries please send me their reports to date, and I will have no objection to appear in the paper.

I have much pleasure in telling my friends that the President of the League has decided to award to the next ten clubs on the list in each division—that is, the ten next to the runners-up, the handsome trophies as offered in the programme. I think that this should be an additional incentive to the clubs concerned, and, if possible, at the very top. The list is now very keen, and it is interesting to watch the results week by week, and how the club climbs up the table and another descends.

Here is our League Table up to and including Saturday, February 9th.

## JUNIOR.

|                      | P. | W. | L. | D. | F. | A. | Pts. |
|----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|------|
| Sidney A.F.C.        | 19 | 16 | 0  | 1  | 89 | 19 | 24   |
| Newhall St. Edward's | 19 | 16 | 0  | 2  | 97 | 21 | 24   |
| St. John's F.C.      | 19 | 16 | 0  | 2  | 97 | 21 | 24   |
| Deaf Hill F.C.       | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |
| St. Mary's United    | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |
| St. John's Juniors   | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |
| Deaf Hill Juniors    | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |
| Baywater Albion      | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |
| Durant United        | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |
| Deaf Hill United     | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |
| Weston Grove         | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |
| Blackburn Albion     | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |
| Blackburn Crusaders  | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |
| Kingsdale Athletic   | 18 | 14 | 0  | 2  | 86 | 18 | 24   |

## SENIOR.

|                      | P. | W. | L. | D. | F. | A. | Pts. |
|----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|------|
| Dunstable St. James' | 17 | 17 | 0  | 0  | 62 | 31 | 24   |
| St. John's Juniors   | 16 | 15 | 0  | 1  | 69 | 12 | 24   |
| Blackburn Albion     | 16 | 15 | 0  | 1  | 69 | 12 | 24   |
| Blackburn Juniors    | 16 | 15 | 0  | 1  | 69 | 12 | 24   |



Latest Portrait of YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

## Controller of

THE BOYS' REALM—Saturday.

THE BOYS' FRIEND—Tuesday.

THE BOYS' HERALD—Thursday.

## To Cure a Ricked Hip.

ROOM Mile End, London. I have received a letter from H. R., who tells me that he is a new reader. It appears that my new chum was taking a polo-hut at a gain a Saturday or two back when he felt a pain in his hip, and this pain has been with him

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## THE LEAGUE CORNER.

## Bognor and District League.

St. John's F.C.—Sec. Mr. F. W. Bannock, Waterloo Square, Bognor.

## MONTROSE FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

Madets Corpse F.C.—Sec. Mr. H. Littlejohn, 123, Murray Street, Montrose.

## EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE F.A.

Earl Carlton F.C.—Sec. Mr. G. H. Roberts, 32, Roland Street, Hull.

## MORE LETTERS OF THANKS.

The following are further specimens of the many letters of thanks received from the secretaries of clubs to which Boys' REALM football have been awarded. I think that they will prove of great interest to all readers.

"Tandish Lea." "Tandish Lea, B.S.O.

"Dear Sir,—Accept our heartiest thanks for the ball you have sent. It is lasting and splendid, and we have had many a game with it."

"Yours truly,"

"Tandish Lea Bovers."

"St. Davids' F.C."

"159, Kilburn Park Road, N.W."

"Re Boys' REALM Paper Received."

"Dear Sir and President,—On behalf of the above club I heartily thank you for awarding us one of your handsome balls, which reached us safely on our journey. We are all very pleased with this ball, but the opposing goalkeeper had a dozen times

## Bognor and District League.

St. John's F.C.—Sec. Mr. F. W. Bannock, Waterloo Square, Bognor.

## MONTROSE FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

Madets Corpse F.C.—Sec. Mr. H. Littlejohn, 123, Murray Street, Montrose.

## EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE F.A.

Earl Carlton F.C.—Sec. Mr. G. H. Roberts, 32, Roland Street, Hull.

## MORE LETTERS OF THANKS.

The following are further specimens of the many letters of thanks received from the secretaries of clubs to which Boys' REALM football have been awarded. I think that they will prove of great interest to all readers.

"Tandish Lea." "Tandish Lea, B.S.O.

"Dear Sir,—Accept our heartiest thanks for the ball you have sent. It is lasting and splendid, and we have had many a game with it."

"Yours truly,"

"Tandish Lea Bovers."

"St. Davids' F.C."

"159, Kilburn Park Road, N.W."

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THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Poor Ginger—A Rapid Cure—More Hard Luck.

"LARKINS, my poor fellow, here comes your change," said young "Dannie," "Meanin' Dannie, of course?" "Yes! I can see him crossing the parade-ground," replied Sam Mixon, the hospital attendant.

"Good old Dannie!" murmured Ginger. "Oh, yes it is, when one is overtaken by misfortune and laid out on a bed of illness, to feel that 'a ain't forgotten by his pals'."

"I like that!" said Sam. "Overtaken by misfortune! Bed of sickness! Poor old Larkins!"

Ginger scowled at him, and he turned his head with a snarl, as if that was suspiciously like another laughter.

It may seem rather queer that at this time of bustle and activity in anticipation, when the soldiers were preparing for a visit of inspection from the Victory, our hero's robust health should have failed him.

Yet so it was. In the previous afternoon Ginger had been taken suddenly ill in the ranks, and now he found him, with his head propped up on a white pillow, lying snugly in his bed, the mild, restful atmosphere of the room cooled the atmosphere and shut out the burning glare of the sun.

Dannie presently entered the room, in full uniform, looking flushed and hot. He walked quietly to his chum's bed and exchanged friendly words.

"How is the patient this morning, Sam?" he inquired.

"About the same," the attendant answered. "He don't improve fast."

"Poor fellow!" murmured the lad. "We all missed him at parade, which is just—"

"Dannie, present!" he heard the doctor say, with a faint groan. "It's 'ard to be knocked out like this, in the bloom of 'calth; but I'll be bound, so 's I hear, to see you 'ere again."

"Ow was the colonel?" As waxy as ever!

"He seemed sort of sad, Ginger, as if he had got on his mind."

"Ow was the boys' 'ard, Dannie?"

"Till we were ready to drop. You may be glad you weren't 'ere. I can tell you. But you're a son of a gun."

"Was I smiling, my son?" Ginger asked loudly. "It must have been because I 'ad my 'ead in a ringin' mood, and was 'avin' golden 'arps. But don't be frightened. I ain't goin' to peg out yet."

"That's the doctor say?"

"Ah, 's the right sort, 'e is. Now, if it 'ad been Old Sawbones, 'ot 'as a grudge against me, 'e might 'ave been mean enough to order me back to duty, and sufferin' though I am. But this young medical chap 'ot 'as a 'in for 'im durin' 'is absence, 'e 'as been a good deal kinder."

"I hope Dr. Slammers will call it the same," broke in Dannie. "He's back, Ginger. I heard somebody say he had returned suddenly from Lucknow."

"That's what I 'eard," claimed Ginger, raising himself on his elbow. "Wot's that, eh? Old Sawbones wasn't to be back for another week. He must mean to 'ave 'imself 'ere."

"Shut up, and lie down!" bade Mixon. "Here he is, now."

Dr. Slammers had entered the room, and after glancing at several other patients, who were asleep, he stepped over to Ginger's bed. He nodded gravely to Dannie and the attendant.

"I was sorry to hear of your illness, Larkins," he said. "How are you getting on?"

"Slowly, sir—slowly," Ginger whispered, in a weak voice. "I'm a very sick man, and it is shakin' 'apen to come to the worst. I 'ope you'll visit my dear old Uncle Bill at Whitechapel, and tell 'im 'ow I died 'appy."

"You are not going to die, my poor fellow," replied the doctor. "We'll soon have you on your feet again. I'm afraid it won't be for another week. You'll miss the Victory's inspection."

"That's bitterly 'ard, sir."

"I am glad you look at it in that way; but this trial must be endured, hard as it is. I have your pulse, and your temperature. All wrong—all wrong! This won't do. I have had a report of your case from young Wilson, and I agree with his diagnosis. You are run down, and what you need is nourishing food. Have you any appetite?"

"That hasn't quite left me, sir."

"Then we'll try you with beef-broth and champagne."

"I might be able to get them down, sir," said Ginger, with a smile that he could not hide.

"You must. I insist upon it. My poor fellow, but don't give me any long—something to stimulate your jaded appetite."

"Wot's it made of, sir? It won't be nasty, will it?"

"Not a bit. It will be three-parts brandy."

With that Dr. Slammers left the room, and several minutes later he returned with a tall, thin glass, filled up, sniffed at it with a draught, and poured it down his throat.

He smacked his lips, and then an anxious look came into his eyes. He suddenly turned three different colours, clapped his hands to his stomach, and hopped nimbly out of bed.

"Wot is it?" he gasped. "I'm all on fire! It must be poison! Give me a dandy-dye, for the love of 'Eaven!"

"It's all right," declared the doctor. "The stuff will do you good. Don't be frightened, Larkins."

# THE LIFE OF DANNIE LARKINS

## OR, THE DIVERSIONS OF DANNIE AND GINGER.

An Enthralling Series of Complete Humorous Military Stories by W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

### HOW GINGER GOT EVEN WITH THE DOCTOR.

"I'm dying!" howled Ginger, as he danced along in agony. "Ouch! It burns! My goodness! You've made a mistake. Save me, sir, for the sake of my poor Uncle Bill! Where's the nannagot?"

"You don't want an antidote. Aren't you feeling better now?"

"A—s little bit," moaned Ginger. "Yes, sir, the fire pains are sort of passin' off, and it you'll give me a bit of dry stuff."

"I'll give you a sound kicking if I have any more of your nonsense!" cried Dr. Slammers. "You scoundrel! Do you suppose I don't know you've been shamming?"

"Shamming? Me, sir, wot's been 'overin' at the point of death?"

"You do as well as I am. There was nothing the matter with you but laziness. Get out of this, and go back to duty, if you don't want to be reported."

There was a burst of laughter from the doctor, in which Dannie and Sam Mixon joined. Ginger shook his fist and raved incoherently.

Then he fled from the room and down the staircase, with his calico wrapper flapping about his legs; and just outside the hospital, as ill-humoured as he felt, he collided with Colonel Podgers, and hurled him on his back.

"What the deuce?" roared the colonel, as he rose up, purple with rage. "Bless my soul, it's that fellow Larkins again! Down, discharged, have you? Go to your quarters, you ruffian, take off that rag, and report yourself under arrest. I order you five days of extra drill and confinement to barracks!"

"Just my luck!" muttered poor Ginger, as he trudged away in this broiling sunshine.

### THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Plotting Mischief—Bannan Visits the Doctor—Back to Hospital.

A FORTNIGHT had elapsed, the Victory had come and gone, and one sunny evening our two heroes were sitting in Uncle Larkins's little shop, which was dark and cool. Out in the bazaar the natives were passing to and fro in bright-coloured garments, and under a peepal-tree, backing in the sunset glow, lay a little red bull that belonged to nobody in particular, for his father had been a Brahmin bull, and therefore he was held to be sacred.

He was known as Bashan—one of the contentment officers had given him the name—and his horns had been partly sawed off, since his temper was too violent.

"What's wrong with you this evening?" asked Dannie. "Don't the beer taste good?"

"Colin's tastes good," muttered Ginger, as he opened another bottle, and nothing ever will until I've got even with Old Sawbones. F was bad enough of 'im to turn me out of 'quart, without pourin' red-hot stuff down my throat; and it was through 'im that I swel-

tered like a nigger for five days, doin' extra drill."

"It was a burning shame," assented Dannie; "but it was awfully funny, too, Ginger. If you could have seen yourself hopping about like a sick frog, and holding your hands to your stomach!"

"Funny, was it?" snapped Ginger. "Take that, my son!"

The lad received a clout on the ear, and narrowly missed a second one. He retreated as far as the door, and for a moment he gazed thoughtfully at the sleeping bull. There, with a twinkle in his eye, he stepped back into the shop and pointed to a huge tiger-skin, old and mussy, that was hanging on the wall.

"There's your revenge," he said.

"Wot do you mean?" growled Ginger.

"Just what I said. We gave Old Sawbones a shot at a stuffed tiger once, and now we'll give him a chance at a real, living one—leastwise, he'll think it to be that. He's always home at night, and on such a hot night as this the door of his bungalow is sure to be open, so what's the matter with rigging Bashan up in this tiger-skin, and sending him in to pay the doctor a visit?"

"Glorious! That's a jewel of an idea," exclaimed Ginger. "Wot a fright it would give Old Sawbones!"

At eleven o'clock that night, as Potte Stubbs was on sentry duty at the edge of the cantonment, he received the greatest fright of his life. His attention was first attracted by a muffled noise, and then, to his horror, a monstrous tiger turned into the road close by, and advanced towards him at a shambling trot.

The sentry's knees knocked together, and his heart seemed to jump into his throat. With trembling hands he lifted his rifle to his shoulder, and as he was about to fire a familiar voice hailed him.

"It's all right," said Dannie, as he hurried forward. "It's only me and Ginger—and Toddy Binks and Bashan dressed up in a tiger's skin. We want you to let us through the lines."

Potte Stubbs was angry at first, until the joke had been explained to him, and then he nearly choked with suppressed laughter.

"We'll tell you all about it to-morrow," said Dannie. "Mind you keep mum, Potte, and we'll do the same."

The little procession melted into the gloom, leaving the sentry still slaking with wrath. There was little danger of discovery, for at this hour the soldiers were in bed, and the officers were at their evening amusements. The three escarpments should also have been in barracks, but they were not in the mood to borrow trouble with such rare spirit before them.

At twelve o'clock, when the doctor's bungalow was reached,

"And all's well," whispered Ginger. "The door is open, glory be! And there sits Old Sawbones and his mate. We couldn't have done for a better chance." He waited for a moment, and then cautiously opened the gate of the compound, and told and told the rest of the rope, he added, "and when I give the word, Dannie, you prick old Bashan up and start to whackin' 'im. That'll make 'em go like a shot."

Within the bungalow, in blissful ignorance, Dr. Slammers and three of his friends were seated at a card-table, beside which was a large pile of ice, and half a dozen bottles of champagne. The party had recently finished a game, and the conversation had turned, strangely enough, on the subject of tigers.

"It was a terrible moment," said Colonel Podgers, who was describing an adventure that probably only existed in his imagination.

"There stood that huge brute, within six paces, crouching for a spring and roaring with fury; but I never flinched, gentlemen. I took hasty arms, and, and shot the monster through the heart."

"Just the way I killed my last one," murmured Ferguson of the Engineers.

"You must have had a rather nice experience up in Nepal," put in Matthews of the Civil Service.

"I envy you fellows," said Dr. Slammers. "It is the desire of my life to have a tiger."

"And the nearest you have come to it was to fire two barrels into a stuffed animal," murmured Colonel Podgers. "Is, is, ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, Slammers!"

"It's not a bit funny," the doctor answered stiffly. "I admit that I was badly hurt once by a real ruffian, coming from the jungle with a verandah; and then, in less than time it takes to tell, what appeared to be a gigantic tiger was coming, and shot me through the bungalow."

"Somebody shoot him!" cried Dr. Slammers, as he bounded off his chair. "We're lost!"

"Help—murder—help!" screeched Colonel Podgers.

Over went the table with a crash, and Ferguson dived headlong out of the back window, with the Civil Service man after him. The doctor fled into an adjoining room, and the colonel, after falling into the compound and upsetting it, sprang up dripping wet. As the supposed tiger rushed at him, he jumped aside, and ran into the verandah, where he shouted for help in muffled tones.

Bashan had things all his own way, and for a few seconds, following with rage, he stamped about, scattering Ginger and his pals right and left; and just then, as he happened across Major Mumbles, who was coming to join the card-party, he turned and bolted, with the tiger's head bill close at his heels.

"A tiger!" he yelled. "Help, help! I'm a dead man! Podgers, Slammers, save me!"

The three brave fellows had taken to their heels in the opposite direction, but Ginger took after his stationery by Dr. Slammers, who hugely enjoyed the operation; and the next morning Toddy Binks and Dannie were arrested and sent up to the guard-house, where they were to spend the next month.

In the course of a week they were joined by Ginger, who was able to be out of hospital, though it was another week before he could sit down with any comfort. As for Bashan, it may be said that he got safely back to the bungalow that night, little the worse for his adventure.

THE END.

(One of these fine tales very shortly.)



What appeared to be a gigantic tiger with blazing eyes came bursting into the bungalow, "Somebody shoot him!" cried Dr. Slammers, as he bounded off his chair. "We're lost!"

Your Brother, Your Father, Your Cousin, Your Uncle Should All Read "With Pick and Lamp."

## For League and Cup

How the famous Blue Crusaders fared in the First Division of the League and in their Fight for the greatest of all Football Trophies—the English Cup.

### A Summary of the Opening Chapters.

**D**ICK GREEN, an international footballer, is transferred from Newcastle United F.C. to the Blue Crusaders. But on the eve of his departure he meets with an accident on Sandhill, Newcastle, and being found by a man named Dick Dopyl, who happens to be his double, is taken to the hospital. Dopyl then changes place with Green, goes to Harton, and joins the Blue Crusaders. The management are surprised at the poor show he puts up, for they have paid £300 for Green's transfer.

Green's sweetheart, Lucy Weston, pained at her lover's having left her without saying good-bye, comes to Browton, seeks out Boyd, and discovers him to be an impostor. Boyd takes flight. Some of the Crusaders' team go to Newcastle, and bring Dick Green to Browton.

**Next Week!**

# FOR LEAGUE AND CUP!

(Continued from the previous page.)

The managerial office was a smaller room than that which he had just left. The floor was of bare boards, with the exception of a clean rug which protected the manager's feet as he sat at his desk. This desk, of rough-fumed oak, was set so that the light of the window fell full upon it. Some letter-files hung from brass nails on the wooden walls. There were several small wooden chairs, and a large armchair behind the manager's desk. The manager sat. Piles of papers crowded the top of the desk. In a corner was a wash-hand basin, a towel-rack upon which rested a dirty towel, and by the opposite wall a heavy iron safe.

The manager, "Stephen Yorke," whose changed name hid the identity of Edgar Wilson, the late manager for the Blue Crusaders, was seated at his desk smoking a foul murelbaum pipe that had been badly broken some time and mended by a band of silver.

In a small chair set facing the manager loomed an over-dressed individual whose flaming side of his head bespoke male vulgarity.

The manager stared hard at his visitor, frowning male.

"I looked anything but pleased to see him," said the manager, "my dear sir," he said, with an effort, "and what can I do for you?"

Crane jerked a finger at the business man.

"I've come on the business, private and confidential," he said.

"You can speak out before me," said the man with the red tie, placing his thumbs beneath the arches of his vest and puffing his chest out.

"My name is David Wiley, and I'm a managing director of this ere club."

"Glad to hear it!" grinned Crane. "By the look of you I reckon you're a man of some."

Well, Wilson, old chap, how are you?" he added, turning his eyes upon the Crusaders' late manager with a familiar nod of the head.

Edgar Wilson flushed hotly.

"Crane is in York here," he said. "I wish to forget my other name. I have no reason to remember it with anything like a feeling of gratitude. A dishonoured name is best forgotten."

"Cher up, old man!" said Crane familiarly, taking a cheap cigar out of his pocket and lighting it without removing the band. "You're not the only man who's directed his fingers."

Look at me. You remember me, I dare say?"

"Yes, as a scamp and a blackguard," retorted Edgar Wilson.

"Just so," said Crane easily. "The 'tecs are looking for me now. All the same, I don't care how they look for me. I'll try and arrange a friendly bit of business with Borden Athletic, I ought to be treated as a friend, oughtn't I?"

David Wiley nodded, his masculine little eyes were searching Crane through and through. Mention of Borden had interested him. What had this man Crane come for?

"I've no excuse to boast," Crane went on. "I went the wrong road years ago. And you made free with your club's money, Wilson, so don't be a superior snob, mister. They won't go down with me."

"I don't for anything you have to say," said Crane. Wiley nodded, his head humbled.

"Before the position of manager was given me by the Borden Athletic directors I was made a clean sheet of everything. They trust me."

"Very well," remarked Crane. "That is as it should be. You've got another chance. I'm glad to hear it."

"And now tell me why you have come all the way from Brixton to see me," the manager went on.

Crane got up, opened the door, and glanced into the player's room. The lads had departed. Satisfied, he closed the door again, and came back to place before the manager a small envelope.

"After putting up a decent show in the Second Round of the Cup," he said, "you have

been drawn against the Blue Crusaders. Well, then, what chance do you think you have got of getting through—eh?"

"None," said the manager, glancing straight into Crane's eyes.

"None," repeated the managing director, dolefully shaking his evil-looking head.

"Very well, then, what are you going to get out of it?"

"The half of a big gate," said the manager. "Perhaps of two, if we are lucky enough to draw, and a considerable amount of kudos beside."

"Kudos! What's kudos?" said Crane, banging his hand on the top of the desk. "Kudos is what you want—money, hard gold, cash down on the nail. Think what it would mean if you looked the Crusaders, got into the Fourth Round, and were drawn against Everton? You'd make your fortune. The club would be played on a sound financial basis for the rest of its existence."

"But it is not possible," said the manager. "Everything is possible," said Crane meaningly.

"Explain yourself."

"Well, then, who is winning the matches for the Blue Crusaders at the present time? Why is it they have ascended to the topmost position in the League, and kept their place there—eh? It's because of their forwards. The Crusaders' forwards are being constantly whacked. They haven't got many decent forwards in the second team. Think what it would mean if we'll say, for sake of argument, Ewing, Silward, and

rivalry is so hot up here. People would suspect your club's followers of the devil; they would sever across the club. The police might follow up the can red-hot, but I'll swear they'll never find a clue. I'll manage too cleverly for that."

"That's your plan?"

"That's my business. Pay me the money, that's all you've got to do."

"It could be paid out of a private purse," said Managing-director Wiley, "and could not be traced that way."

"Just so," said Crane.

There was a half-minute's silence.

"Well," cried the villain, confident of having gained his point, "what do you say, old Wilson? Will the club support me in this? It will make you, you know."

Wilson's reply took Crane entirely by surprise. With a howl of rage he leapt to his feet. His cheeks were scarlet; his eyes flaming. His hands trembled with the intensity of his feelings. He set to work himself. The effort he had made to keep himself calm throughout the interview only accentuated his rage when at length he let himself go. He barked himself at the assemed Crane with a rush that bore him, strong as he was, to the wall. Wilson's fingers closed about his windpipe, almost throttling him. The manager's right fist, which he had thrown at Crane's face in fury, and the gasping, terrified wretch was dragged to the door. Out through the players' room he was dragged, whilst dining and the consumptive-looking snuff, so he both came back, looked out in wonderment, and out upon the staircase.

Peter Simple, genial, jovial, and the best of good fellows, had himself set to give the Corinthian the best dinner the famous old hustler had ever provided. The good-hearted landlord could never forget that he owed his success in life to the football club. Before the Blue Crusaders came to play at Moor Field Ground he was on the verge of bankruptcy. Now he had amassed thousands of pounds in hard cash, he had bought lots of property in Brixton town, he owned acres of land about Moor Field, and he had a fine house at the Half-Way Inn, at one time threatened by the housebreakers, a very valuable property. It was famed throughout all London for the best advertisements of any railway guide.

Realising, therefore, how much he owed to football in general, and to the Blue Crusaders in particular, Peter Simple, as a faithful chief from Liverpool for the occasion, and he served up such a dinner as twice the Corinthian's fifteen pounds could not have paid for.

To this dinner came Manager Wentworth, Sir Geoffrey Harborough, Mr. Langworth, and, in particular, Peter Simple, a famous man in the town. Sir Geoffrey himself inviting them as his guests.

The club was decorated for the occasion. Fine branch candelabra, of real Sheffield plate, each carrying a half-dozen candles, lit up the dining-tables.

The Corinthian's health was drunk in an enthusiastic bumper at the end of the dinner—

not of wine, excepting on the part of the older tables.

The tables were cleared, cigars, pipes, and a cigar case were lit up by those who fancied them, a piano was run out at the end of the room, and the fun waxed fast and furious.

Rowles, the giant goalkeeper, astonished his comrades by notoriously singing "The Four Jolly Postboys."

He possessed a sympathetic but not very powerful voice, and rang the chorus at the end of each verse.

Mr. Whitwell, a famous funny football story, Mr. Whitwell gave them. "When Other light tenor voice, and then Silward sang."

Then Silward sang, "The Heart Bowed Down," in a fine, cultured, baritone voice, which rang through the room, and startled the break, can parties in the coffee-room below.

It was when Silward finished his magnificent song, that Sir Geoffrey, who had heard all about the destined professional footballer, who had ever since Newcastle.

On Saturday evening an inmate of the Half-Way Inn, under the special care of Dr. Marjoribanks.

Oh, responded the Crusaders' manager, "you mean that poor fellow Evans, who used to play with Bordesley?"

"I discovered a good deal about him by writing to him about his being in the club. Poor fellow, his is a sad story. Marjoribanks had heard his job to pull him round. For better like dying, but I am glad to say he is better now. He has been out of bed all this week, can parties in the coffee-room below."

Now, and is rapidly regaining strength. He has lost me a good deal of money, though, Harborough."

"Still, it was a good deed, and good deeds render up their own happiness. You don't regret it, I suppose, Wentworth?"

"Oh, no! From what I have heard of the poor lad's story he has suffered a great deal, and has been all through the victim of misfortune. I shall certainly find him a job as soon as he is able to work."

"He will never play football again?" I suppose."

"No. That is impossible. His right leg is twisted. He will be a cripple for the rest of his life."

"Poor lad!" mused Sir Geoffrey, blowing a cloud of blue smoke from between his parted lips as he smoked his cigar. "Poor chap! I feel for him. Why didn't he come to the dinner?" He would have appreciated it, I am sure."

"I never struck me," answered the manager. "Still, it isn't too late. There will be plenty of fun before we break up to-night."

Not moment Ewing was despatched to the room of the victim of misfortune, with a cordial invitation to join the merry party below.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)



Silward put forth all his strength and lifted Ashcroft's prostrate body, ball and all, into the net. The Crusaders had equalised!

Green the International were unable to play in the Cup tie against you."

"That give me a hundred pounds down in hard cash, with promise of another couple of hundred when the job is done, and I'll undertake to see that Ewing, Green, and Silward are put here—comat. Give me the money, and I'll give you my word those three men don't play."

Manager Wilson uttered a sharp cry, and his right hand crashed the leather arm of his chair.

The man in the red tie got up and walked slowly to the wall and look again. His cunning eyes grew vicious. He waited breathlessly for Crane's next words.

"So," said the manager slowly, "if we paid you, you'd be that three lads were put out of the game. How would you do to me? You would not injure them?"

"You'd have to leave that to me," responded Crane. "I've no cause to love either of 'em. I wouldn't spare them. What you've got to do is to agree to find the money. Pay it over to me, and these three shall not play against Borden Athletic in the Cup tie, I give you my word."

"And while," said the manager slowly, "do you think we could get the money to pay you? It could not come out of the club funds. Suspicion would be naturally directed towards us if anything happened to the Blue Crusaders' forwards."

"Not necessarily," grinned Crane. "Club

"You bound! You despicable cur!" cried the manager, peeling for the first time, and a kick in the seat of Crane's breeches, he sent the villain heading down the stairs.

His body flung round the corner, and fell over and over until the spring-door was reached. Against this life body humped, and the next moment Crane lay in the street, gasping, half smothered by his hand, his brain whirling round as in a confused dream.

When he had got over the shock he got up and limped away.

"Hand him," he muttered, "I'll have his life for that!"

Meanwhile, Director Wiley, the man with the red tie, had walked to the window of the office, and was staring out into the street.

It was an amazing offer that of Crane's, he thought. It was also a pity Manager Wilson, in his righteousness, had been so hasty. Did Crane really mean what he offered: the director wondered.

**Silward Gives a Dinner at the Half-Way Inn—Fun and Jollity—The Club's Talent—Crane Invited Down—His Attack upon Green, and the Result.**

SILWARD was as good as his word, and on the Thursday evening prior to the visit of the Blue Crusaders, he summoned to play the return match with the Wreccles in the League, he ordered a dinner for Peter Simple, for the members of the club intending to use the three five-pound notes he had won from his father for the purpose.

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(To be continued on Saturday next.)

## 454

2008





# THE BOYS' REALM'S ATHLETIC MAGAZINE

**Bassett's Corner.**

A Chat with the Juniors, by W. T. Bassett.

## THE INDOOR GYMNASIUM.

THOSE who have read my notes regularly will have guessed that I am not great on the subject of rigid training for football. I think that, generally speaking, the idea of training is one that men and lads want, is to lead a sensible life. But sensible training has a most valuable disciplinary effect, for the lad who can overcome his natural desires in one direction can conquer them in another. The lad who has the grit to make sacrifices for his Saturday game of football, has sufficient grit to make other and more important sacrifices.

But I have dealt with the subject of ordinary training here this; what I am concerned about now is the question of what the youth who plays football can do when he has the privilege of spending two or three times a week in a gymnasium; and most lads have that privilege nowadays, if they will only use it. I am no theorist, but a great deal can be done in a gymnasium to fit you for Saturday's game. Some of the best players I have ever met have not been men who have devoted their whole time to

### Professional Football.

They have worked at their ordinary calling, and their football has been their recreation. They have been paid for it, but it has never absorbed their whole energies. Incidentally, I may say that these are the men who play the longest and play the most consistently. I am prepared to defend that position against all answers and more particularly in regard to consistency of play.

I will merely cite two cases now—Howard Spencer and Charles Fox—two of the most professional and most consistent performers I have ever known. But then, other men who are professional players have been equally clever and equally consistent. They have lasted abnormally well at the game. These men are contented themselves with

a few nights' exercise a week in the gym. The first Scottish Counties football match that I saw was played at the Birmingham Football Association—this was before I was old enough to take interest in the best type of football, but I have heard all about it—were the delightful players, the famous W. W. Beveridge, now a most popular minister in Scotland, and he was amongst them. They gave a delightful show of football, and it was explained to the Birmingham players that there was no selection until after the match none of the team smoked; while they had long walks every night, and on the night before the great event, and also on the morning of the contest, they went to a large room at the hotel in Birmingham at which they stopped and there they rehearsed their game. Both of the forwards explained to his fellow what he might expect him to do under certain well-defined circumstances, and this rehearsal contributed to the success which the side met with.

And that was in remote 1880, let me say, and I dare say we think we have learned a great deal since then. Probably we have, but we have not improved upon

### the fine sporting spirit

which those amateur footballers possessed.

It was the same with the famous Newport football outfit, in the days when they were led by Tim C. Graham and Arthur Gould. They met twice a week in the gym, and practiced the formation of the pack, and heeling out, and every other device which they imagined would help them against their various rivals. And, believe me, the side which will do this and do it consistently will beat any undisciplined team; the possession of reasonable ability being assumed, of course.

It is possible for a club to devise many little schemes for outwitting the opposition, and these little schemes can be favourably prepared in the gym. There is often a great deal of waste of effort among the members of a football team, owing to there being a state of uncertainty as to which player should mark a certain man on the opposite side. Now such a point as that can be advantageously settled in the indoor enclosure. The New Zealanders taught us conclusively that we British do not think out our pastimes sufficiently carefully. The American athletes taught our runners the same lesson. Let us learn them.

(Another fine article on Saturday next.)

## FINE NEW SERIES OF INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES.

### LEADS AND FEINTING.

It is sometimes advisable, instead of leading straight off to your opponent's mark, to feint, to induce him to guard the spot "feinted at" in order to enable you, before he can recover his position, to get your blow home. Naturally, then, a "feint" is not to be regarded as a blow; in fact, it is not a hit at all, it is a pretence at one. So very useful is this method of breaking open an opponent's guard, that it is right and proper some attention should be paid to it. Of course, the pretended hit or feint can be made so rapidly that even your adversary's eyes can be deceived, and before he knows what is going to happen you have landed your hit.

To feint is to do one of the first things a lad should learn to do if he has mastered the left lead thoroughly. When making a pretence of a hit don't let your arm out too far; rather suggest your intention by an almost involuntary movement of the hand, which, as soon as your opponent gives way, can be swiftly drawn back to the hit—out following instantaneously. It is not always wise to hit at the same place as your "feint" at. On the other hand, to land a left-handed head blow, you should feint at the body, and vice-versa.

But "feint" should not be limited to the left alone. One with the right, quickly and neatly executed, will often provide an opening for a lead with the left.

### Ducking.

Although the practice lays one open to the possibility of being hit, and again being the recipient of an unpleasant uppercut, was explained last week; yet it is a dodge which should be well known, because not infrequently it happens that you can dodge a blow by ducking, and, simultaneously with the forward movement of the head, get in a telling hit. You must bear in mind, however, the fact that when you are "ducking" you are not guarding—that you are naturally open, as it were, to receive punishment.

You should regard "ducking" and "slipping" always in the light of speculations; they may give you a very good return in the way of enabling you to land home on some part of your opponent's anatomy. On the other hand, they may not be smartly enough done, and punishment to yourself will be the result. "Slipping," in a way, has even more use than "ducking," in that it often enables a man to get out of a very tight corner; but immediately after "slipping" to one side or position, you must make a rapid regain of position, and be prepared immediately to attack with either a body or a head blow.

From this it will be understood that you have several methods of defending yourself or of avoiding a blow, and all these are as

important as the methods of delivering blows. By guarding—

1. By guarding.
2. By the side-step.
3. By slipping.
4. By ducking.

5. By retreating. All these methods of defence should be practiced and brought into play whenever opportunities occur. Don't favour one more than another. Give each one its proper attention, so that you can vary your modes of defence as much as possible. The next point which must claim your attention is

### Countering.

In brief, this means landing home a blow on your adversary while he is hitting at you. Each important lead has its equivalent "counter"; but as we have not yet dealt with the right-handed lead, we shall have at present to content ourselves with studying the "counter" for a left-handed lead.

Pressing you are both in position, and your opponent commences with a left lead at your head, to avoid his blow you must either make a swift and decided head movement to the right, or a short side-step to the right, in which event his left arm will pass over your left shoulder, giving you an opportunity of counter-

ing, or landing out with your right on the left side of his head or the point of his jaw. It is hardly likely you will achieve the latter without considerable practice; as a matter of fact, the tendency will be to hit his left shoulder, and to miss the head altogether.

This possibility, however, you must carefully guard against by frequent practice. Should you, in "slipping," slip too far to the right, you must attempt to retrieve your error by aiming a hit at your opponent's left side a little to the left of the spine and just below the short ribs. This is known as a "kidney" hit.

### The Right Lead and the "Counter"—Using the Shoulders.

For the right-handed lead several hits may be brought into play, but only one of them warrants attention at this stage of our work. The right-handed lead, unlike a counter, in which you retain your position and give a return hit, necessarily is a decided forward movement. Advance the right foot forward somewhat, and then, when the opportunity occurs, hit straight forward with the right arm, at the same time adding force to the blow by turning the right shoulder forward.

Shoulder work is always important. A judicious use of the shoulder will come in handy as much as five inches on to the length of your reach—a valuable factor when boxing with a man much taller than yourself.

(Another fine article of this series will appear on Saturday next.)

## CLUBS IN "THE BOYS' REALM" LEAGUE.



DEAF HILL JUNIORS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

Secretary—R. H. Hackworth, 16, Railway Row, Trimdon Colliery, co. Durham.

**Six-a-Side Tournaments.**

An interesting Phase of Football Dealt With.

By G. L. B. COVERDALE.

SOME readers will be familiar with "six-a-side" contests, but others probably will only have some vague ideas as to what is meant by the term—perhaps as much about it as they do of the American national game of baseball. For an afternoon of enjoyment, fun, and excitement, give the Society "six-a-side" contests.

The best time of the year for holding these tournaments is as near the end of the season as possible; this for two reasons—it is sufficiently light to continue play until eight o'clock, if necessary, and the other and more important reason is that interest in football after March is on the wane, because the winners of our local leagues will be known, and probably the only important matches in the district are one or two

contests. Therefore, these contests give a desired fillip to football, and what is more, they bring together a large number of representatives and players from all your local clubs, thus commencing good feeling and comradeship. A good time for the tournament, when Easter falls in April, is Easter Saturday, or, better still, Easter Monday, as the latter day will give your midweek half-holiday teams an opportunity of entering.

Now, suppose that your district league has never had such a contest, bring the idea before the notice of the officials, and if they decide to have a tournament, they should bear in mind the following hints: Allow each club to enter as many teams as it likes. As there will be a direct competition between the teams, it is desirable that there should be junior and senior divisions. The entrance fee should be 2s. 6d. Each Saturday, two sets of medals will be required, but this will not be an expensive item, as six constitutes a set.

The draw for the contest should take place a few days before the actual tournament, and the ties should be drawn right through the programmes should be printed and circulated among the teams entering, giving the draw and time of the various kick-offs. On the official programme a note should be printed, special instructions and a slip allowing of a "kidney" hit.

After this style:

"1. The laws of the game shall be strictly adhered to, except that 2 shall be substituted for 3." The referee's rule.

"2. Scoring shall be by points, a goal to count four points, and a corner kick one point. The duration of each game shall be twenty minutes, ten minutes each way. In the case of a tie, five minutes extra each way shall be played.

"4. The times given on the programme must be strictly adhered to, and a team not ready to start at the time stated shall forfeit the match."

Now for the actual game.

The ground, to begin with, should be only about half the size, and, of course, the different areas, etc., smaller, excepting the goalposts. It is necessary to have a couple of grounds, which can easily be obtained by playing across an ordinary football ground, having goalposts fixed on the touch-lines, and the grounds marked out like an ordinary football field, only smaller. They will be little difficulty in managing this.

With only six players on each side, play is naturally very fast and exciting, and the styles of play, especially the forward play, are different from the matches I have seen have been: Goalkeeper, two full-backs (who do the work of halves as well), and three forwards; or, goalkeeper, one full-back, three forwards, and a "Rover," who should be the fastest man in the team, and should take up his place just behind the forwards, and when an opportunity offers itself, "take a dash for his opponents' goal. Players should remember that only ten minutes each way is played, and that a corner kick counts a point, and ties are very often decided on corner kicks alone.

Every team has an equal chance, and some very surprising results are always seen. All the contests should be finished on one afternoon. Any league taking up a tournament of this character can rest assured that it will be an immense success both socially and financially.

THE EDIT.



If it could be done without exciting suspicion, so that it would appear that Valance had found the matter, it would be splendid!

Could it be contrived?

Stephen Blane's brain was busy as he walked home to Hilton in the spring twilight. It had always been a honorable man, and a good sportsman. The latent capacity for evil in his heart had never been called forth. Now the temptation came, and he succumbed to it. He told himself he had the prior right, that the course of true love would have run smoothly for him but for the coming of this girl from the distant city. He could not quite satisfy his conscience. Yet he did not hesitate long. He loved Molly, and her love was as strong as his. He had arrived home that evening Stephen Blane had made up his mind.

#### THE 4th CHAPTER.

##### Kidnapped—And a Stroke of Luck.

**S**ATURDAY MORNING! Jack Valance stepped out of the train at Weatherhill, the nearest station to Moleford. He passed the barrier and came out of the little station. A heavy-looking man touched his cap to him.

"Mr. Valance?"

"Yes," said Jack.

"Mr. Meredith sent me to meet you here, sir," said the man, with a nod towards a waiting trap.

Jack looked puzzled for a moment. It was only a mile to Meredith Farm by the footpath round the fields, and the morning was a fine one. He was five miles. It had been understood that he was to walk from the station.

"Sure there is no mistake?" he asked the man steadily.

"I did not expect to be met here; and, as a matter of fact, I'd just as soon walk."

"I would be quicker."

"Don't know anything about that, sir," said the man steadily.

"Mr. Meredith, he gave me the order to come here and meet the train for you."

"Oh, very well: I suppose it's all right."

Jack jumped into the trap, and the man took his seat and drove off. The young footballer was looking and feeling very fit. The trap was a close, a lane, while Jack's thoughts dwelt upon the match of the afternoon, and the reward that was to follow a victory.

Presently he was out of a pleasant reverie with a start.

"Where are you going, my man? This is not the road to Moleford."

"Short, cut, sir," said the man.

The trap had entered a narrow lane, and the man drove below the level of the fields, with clay banks on either side.

Jack looked dubiously about him. He did not know the country very well, and it might be a short cut.

Owen Meredith's man ought to know.

The lane divided to a mere track. The driver pulled up his horse and Jack began to look annoyed.

"You've misheard the man," he exclaimed.

"Yes," the man admitted. "I'm a stranger in these parts myself. I must have taken the wrong turning."

Jack pointed with his whip to a spire visible in the distance, beyond a belt of trees—"That's Moleford Church, and you like to cut across the fields, it won't be twenty minutes' walk."

"I think I'd better," said Jack ungraciously.

He stepped out of the trap. The man turned his horse. There was a lurking grin on his face as he drove away. Jack observed it, and felt a momentary uneasiness. For a moment he thought that he had been made the victim of a practical joke. But the idea was absurd.

The man certainly did not look like a humorist, and he should have made his time in leaving a stranger? Jack turned to pass through a gap in the hedge, to reach the footpath across the fields to the distant church. He climbed with some difficulty the rugged bank of the lane, and passed the hedge, and the next moment he was cutting on the ground with two men on top of him.

The attack had been so sudden, so unexpected, that he had no chance of resistance. He caught a brief glimpse of two dirty, bearded faces, and then a cloth saturated with chloroform was pressed upon his face. His senses went. One terrible effort he made to break

loose, but it was in vain. He sank back helplessly. His strength was gone, though a glimmering consciousness lingered yet.

The cloth was gone from his face. Two men glared down at him, and the beard of one of them, torn away by the brief but terrible struggle, was hanging by a single wire. It was a false beard, but it no longer disguised the face, and as the last vestige of consciousness faded Jack Valance knew that one of his assailants was Stephen Blane. Then he knew no more.

How long that insensibility lasted he did not know. Consciousness began to return fitfully; he struggled from the influence of the drug as one struggles in a nightmare. He had a dull ache in the head, a curious sensation of tightness and pain in his limbs, and his hands seemed frozen. With a start at last he came to himself.

He was lying on his back on bare ground. There was a roof above him, but through gaps in the roof he saw patches of blue sky. Round him were entering walls. He knew that he was in some ruined shed, in some solitary spot. His mouth was numb; a gag was fastened between his teeth by means of a cord passing round the back of his head. The tightness in his limbs was accounted for by the fact that his feet were bound together, and his wrists were secured behind him. They were under him as he lay, and his hands were immersed in a puddle of water. He had been thrown caplessly into the shed by his captors, and they had evidently not cared for his health or comfort.

What did it all mean?

The glimpse he had had of Stephen Blane's

crack. Pluck and endurance gave their reward.

With every effort round came the fastening.

At every effort thrilled Jack's breast. Soon he would be free. Fortune had strangely favoured him. Then, if he could only get to Moleford in time for the match—if he could only be there in time to play and battle Stephen Blane's cunning plot!

The thought strengthened and nerved him. He strained harder and harder, exerting every ounce of strength he possessed to the task. At last one hand slipped out, aching, numb, but free.

The rest was the work of minutes. His hands free, he soon removed the gag, and tore the cord from his legs. For a few minutes he exerted to restore the circulation in his cramped limbs. Then he quit the shed.

Where he he did not know. A stretch of moorland was round him, but in the distance rose the spire of the church. He made that his goal, and set off at a steady tramp; then, as the effects of his ill-usage wore off, his pace increased to a trot. He was running well when he came out into a lane, and kept on to a village square. As he had begun to suspect, it was not Moleford Church. Moleford was two miles away, as he learned on inquiry, and there was no vehicle available for the journey.

Jack set his teeth.

There was nothing but to walk for it, and he started off. It was ten minutes past two. A kick off at Moleford was at half-past two. He went along the road with a swinging trot. His pace increased from moment to moment; quavered in amusement at the sprinter who passed them like a flash of lightning.

could have told her where Jack Valance was—or he thought he could.

There was a buzz in the crowd—it swelled to a roar.

"Here he is!"

"Hurray!"

Molly gave a cry of joy.

Stephen Blane turned white.

Amulo Bign was bounding madly towards the pavilion. It paused for a second to wave a hand to Molly, and disappeared inside. It burst into the house dressing-room.

"What does this mean?" said Owen Meredith sturdily.

Jack Valance reeled against the wall.

"Yes, but—"

"I've been kidnapped!" gasped Jack hurriedly.

"No time for talk," explain afterwards. Give me a rub down, somebody, and help me out my things."

There was a general exclamation of amazement, and Owen Meredith was away from the field for talk. He had a rub down, and rapidly donned the Moleford white and blue. There was a cheer as he came out into the field with Joe Miles.

It was time. The toss was made, and Stephen Blane won it. Owen noticed his white, drawn face, and wondered. Though he caught Jack Valance's look of fierce contempt cast at the Wanderers' captain, and understood.

His brow grew stern.

Stephen Blane pulled himself together. His plot had failed. But though he had not been able to deprive the Moles of their flank quarter-back, he might have won the match hard play. And with a grim determination to win, he commenced the game.

Moleford kicked off, and the game was a tussle from the start.

The Wanderers were heavier men upon the whole, and their weight and strength were in the scrum.

Early in the game they drove the home pack right over their own goal-line and scored a try, and it was a first blood to Hilton.

Stephen Blane's eyes gleamed. This was a good beginning. If they could only keep it up!

It was a big "it," Owen Meredith thought. He rapped out orders to his men. Again a scrum came round on the home twenty-five.

But this time the Moles stood it better. Their weight was not up to that of the Wanderers.

But they won the scrum, and they were fairly into the heart of the opposing pack, and scattered it, and came through.

The ball went to a half, who dropped it into Jack Valance's hands.

The splendid three-quarter was away on a flash of lightning.

Three forwards clutched at him in vain as he flew.

A three-quarter's tackle slipped from him helplessly. Stephen Blane came at him like a shot, and the next thing he knew was that he was sitting down.

Without knowing how he got into that painful position.

Stephen Blane was still going strong, but a three-quarter was hot on his heels, and the full-back was sprinting across to bar his path.

By some subtle instinct, Jack put on a spurt, and glided away from the clutching fingers.

The full-back was ready for the ball. Jack staggered and fell under the full-back, but Owen had a clear path before him, and amid a roar of cheering he ran on and touched down right under the bar.

Try! Try!

Such a kick was his play, and the ball went right over the centre of the bar when it was taken. Moleford roared its hoarse over the first goal.

"Mark that confounded Londoner!" muttered Blane to his men; and he muttered to himself—"How did he get away? He has come here to win—I'll fix it to him, as I hang him. I'll give him the sight of his life before he does it."

The consideration of the first half was hard and fast, but there was no further scoring. It ended with the Moles five points to their opponents' none.

In the interval, Jack explained his adventure to his comrades. They listened with dark brows.

"You are sure it was Blane?" asked Owen Meredith.



#### THE 5th CHAPTER.

##### The Rugger Match—Gallantly Won!

"HERE is Jack Valance!"

That was the question asked right and left at the Moleford ground.

Owen Meredith and Molly were anxious and alarmed. Where could he be? He had failed to arrive at the farm in the morning.

Yet he had not arrived at Moleford. When he had wired to his diggings in London, and had received a reply to the effect that Mr. Valance had left by the earliest train as arranged.

He had not arrived at Moleford. When the hour of the match drew nigh, Meredith went down to the ground with many misgivings.

His men were equally dismayed more so was Molly. Surely Jack could not have failed in his faith? He must have been the victim of an accident. Yet there had been an accident, surely news would have come of it.

At the hand of the clock creak towards the half-hour, Meredith looked gloomily at his comrades.

"I don't understand it," he said. "But if Valance isn't here in five minutes more, I shall decide to play a substitute."

Wondering conjectures were buzzing round the ground. There was a huge bowd in attendance. All Moleford and half Hilton were there. The Hilton men were now in the football field, punting about with a practice ball. Five minutes more.

Owen gave up hope. Molly still looked eagerly anxious, for a sign of the missing footballer. Stephen Blane, the Wanderers' captain, glanced towards her and smiled. He

face explained the mystery. The Hilton captain had kidnapped him to keep him out of the match that afternoon. It had been the freak of the imagination. He had really seen Blane's face as his senses faded. He was kidnapped and thrown here so that Hilton Wanderers would win the football match, and there he would lie till one of his kidnappers chose to come and release him.

He shuddered. What would Owen Meredith think of him if he did not turn up for the match? What would Molly think?

He saw what he had chosen to let him go. Then he would not be able to prove who had kidnapped him. Even if he could, that would not undo the Wanderers' victory. He gazed through the nearest gap in the shattered roof of the shed. The sun was at the zenith. It could not be two hours to the kick-off. In a couple of hours at the furthest Moles and Wanderers would meet in strife, while he lay there helpless as a fox.

His eyes blazed, and he struggled furiously with his bonds. A thrill went through him.

He felt a relaxation of the fastenings on his wrists. He understood at once what caused it. The puddle beneath him, in which his hands and wrists were chilled to the bone, had soaked through the rope and softened it. He had been bound too tightly to hope to release himself, but for this fortunate chance. His heart beat hard. He strained at the bonds. Joy, they were giving!

Strong as the young footballer, and unafraid of him. He strained at the bonds till the bones of his wrists seemed as if they must

NY, SAVOY HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.



### A Magnificent Tale of Peril and Adventure—By the Author of "Handsome Harry," "Tom Tartar's Schooldays," &c.

**THE mysterious disappearance of a certain vessel, aboard which were a number of his friends, caused Gallant Hal to collect a number of faithful followers around him, and in his ship the Silver Star go out to learn the fate of the missing vessel.**

**He arrives at Valdivia, which he finds to be a hot-bed of piracy, and from a conversation with the governor's daughter, Inez de Biado, he learns that his friends, amongst whom is his sweetheart, are prisoners in the town. He falls into the hands of a pirate named Caroli de Livana, who keeps him prisoner. Two of the men of the Silver Star, named Mittens and Trim, come ashore in disguise to learn what has become of their chief.**

#### THE 18th CHAPTER (continued). Mittens and Trim Find Their Disguises Fails in Hiding Their Identity.

A NUMBER of people were abroad in Valdivia as usual, but in the ill-lighted streets, it was not easy to make out faces. Mittens and Trim were therefore able to go about without exciting much attention so long as they kept moving.

The best-lighted places were, of course, the drinking-saloons, which were well patronized, and, as on Hal's first visit, music and dancing were going on. The two adventurers walked up and down half a score streets, and neither saw nor heard anything to help them in their quest.

Many a fragment of conversation was overheard, but nothing was of use. At last they came to a small, quiet square, with a huge stone seat in the centre, and here they sat down.

"Well," said Mittens, "we haven't done much good as yet."

"No," replied Trim dolefully; "and I can't make it out."

"We have heard a lot about the Spifire."

"Yes, and that is old news. Do you think I ought light up a cigarette? Spanish women smoke."

"Do what you like," replied Mittens, "if you think it right. I'll have one, too."

So they lit up cigarettes and sat smoking awhile, and listening to the various sounds in the streets around. There was some loud talking here and there, but nothing like hawling.

Presently a young fellow, with a long clear between his teeth, came swaggering by.

He stopped and looked at the seated pair, whom he could not distinguish from the rest in the gloom. For one of Spanish blood, he appeared to be very jealous, for in a few moments he began to chaff Mittens.

"Señor," he said, "you appear to be enjoying yourself."

Mittens said nothing, but his hand tightened on the handle of his umbrella.

"Is the senorita at home aware of the way you go on when you are out?" continued the swaggerer.

"By the saints, but you have good taste—better than the lovely senorita has. Surely she would like you younger for a companion?"

As he spoke he drew up to Trim with the intention of shaking him with the chin with the usual vulgar familiarity. But Mittens was on the alert. First he dealt him a blow across the face that knocked his cigar out of his mouth, and then he dealt him a second blow in the forehead, in addition to scattering sparks all over his face. Then he hit him, first on the right side of the head and then on the left.

Finally, he dexterously tripped him up, and laid the Spaniard, bewildered and knocked out of time, upon his back.

"We will now retire," said Mittens, offering Little Trim his arm; and at an easy pace they strolled away.

Whether the would-be Lothario was really knocked out of time, or whether he decided to abstain from pursuit, is uncertain. He did not follow them, and so far all was well.

On arriving into a broad street, Mittens, with the aid of a very heavy dancing-master, conducted his companion down to a saloon, out of which a girl was singing and playing on a guitar. She had a sweet voice and a pretty touch, so that it was no marvel a knot of admirers had assembled.

On the outside of the saloon a little crowd Mittens being kept within the shadow, so as to hide his face. Little Trim, who was not so indifferent to a pretty face as he sometimes used to be, was rather taken by the singer, and listened intently to her song.

A minute or more might have elapsed when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and a low, dark voice spoke in his ear.

"You are a stranger, and not a woman! What are you doing here?"

#### THE 19th CHAPTER. Beneath the Citadel—Hal in Peril—A Big Fight.

THE citadel of Valdivia, was constructed at a time when there was need for the confinement of many prisoners. The cells were there in great numbers, some on a level with the ground, others below. Of the latter the garrison as a body knew little. The innumerable passages were not tempting to explore, and for a long time had not been used, therefore neither the governor nor the citadel guard knew much of them.

Velasco was the exception. He had always been a strange old man, much given to prowling about alone. There was no nook or corner of the citadel, above or below, that he was not familiar with. After the death of his son he became stranger than ever, passing nearly all his time in the unfrequented parts of the large building.

Now, when Gallant Hal was led from the roof, the man of his age kept looking at him with question with the guard. Then Velasco, with joy in his heart, stepped forth.

"Sleat bold, safe find," he said. "I will put him in the cell of the lower tower."

He was allowed to have his way; and Hal was taken below, through intricate ways, to a cell lighted by one solitary lamp. The light did not come through direct, but by a slanting shaft from above. It was a damp, barren, desolate dungeon, not fit to be made into a kennel for a dog. Into this cell was thrust, and the guard retired. Velasco lingered for a moment.

"You killed my son," he hissed, "and now my turn has come! I'll try you back, son—pay you back! Do you hear?"

"Your son, old man," said Hal coldly, "brought his end upon himself! You urged him on to kill me, and he fell a victim to his own imprudence and yours. Begone! You are not man here!"

"We shall see," said Velasco. "Don Tarva may give you to me. Then I will kill you by inches—by inches—inches!"

Death-like menace and threats, Hal felt sorry for the old man. It was hard to lose his only son.

"Go away," he said gently. "You waste your breath in threatening me. Whatever my fate may be, I do not let it."

"Ah, you are brave," returned Velasco, "but we shall see by-and-by. A spirit can be broken. Strong men can be made as children. By-and-by you may sing a different song. You who sing now—"

Hal turned away, and the old man, claving the air in the bitterness of his anger, left the cell. The door clanged, the lock was turned, bolts drawn, and Hal was alone in the prison, upon a stony bench that formed the only seat in the place, and reflected on his position. Brave men did not foolishly let a few words with him plainly before them, and Hal was perfectly conscious of the danger he was in. For aught he knew he might be hanged or shot within an hour.

Caroli de Livana would, if left to himself, assuredly show him no mercy. Nor was any to be expected from the governor, and Velasco would only be too glad of an opportunity to gratify his private hatred.

For two sources of help he could look for help—his friends of the Silver Star and Inez.

The former, being ignorant of his exact whereabouts, would not be able to give him any assistance, but the other knew of his incarceration and had to attack the citadel, it was not a place to be easily carried by storm. That course was not to be considered.

Inez was his main hope. During their interview that morning she had given him proofs of her love, and she had not been forthcoming. She produced nothing to show that Alma had been faithful to her lover. He could see that the promise had been broken, and he was ready to sacrifice all things if he would only return her love. That thought, however, he did not dwell upon, but entirely inensible to her influence as a beautiful girl, but there it ended with him.

The current of his thoughts may be imagined. They brought him little hope, and yet he was not to be despair. He had been some time by himself without food, when Velasco returned, bringing some bread and water.

"We do not fatten the animal you kill to-morrow," he said mockingly.

Why should he be so kind with this half-demented old man? He was left to himself for about two hours more, and then again footsteps were heard. This time it was Caroli de Livana, accompanied by a forbidding-looking ruffian, evidently one of his pirate crew.

The latter came to a noose at one end, dangling in his hand. Hal had now good reason to believe that his last hour had come, and he prepared himself to die bravely.

The pirate chief's face was lighted up with triumph as he cheerfully asked Hal if he had any complaints to make against his well-earned lot, he said, "and he is careful in his duties."

"Why do you play the fool with me?" demanded Hal. "Do your worst, ruffian!"

"My word," said Caroli de Livana, pointing to the rope, "is this. It is a dog's death I design for you."

Turning to the man behind him, he pointed to the roof of the cell. Hal involuntarily looked up, and saw, for the first time, a large ring fixed into the stone above. Thence a use for which it was designed was too apparent.

Hal's face underwent no change. Bitterly as he felt the prospect of the death, and the very springtime of his life, he was not going to show the white feather to his foe. The ruffian with the rope leaped upon the bench and fully passed the bolt through the ring. Then he drew it up until the noose was at a convenient height, and stood back, awaiting his victim's orders.

Caroli de Livana, who had been waiting to get all the enjoyment he could out of the sight of triumph. Hal's arms had been bound by the man behind him, and he was unable to do anything practically helpless. But, for all that, he was determined upon not yielding without a struggle.

"Hal, you nothing to say to me?" demanded the pirate chief.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Can't you beg for your life?"

"No."

Caroli signalled to his subordinate to get ready. The man stepped out of the cord, and prepared to haul Hal up to the ceiling.

"I may tell you," said Caroli de Livana, "that I run a risk in what I am doing. It is against the wishes of my darling Inez, but I have sworn to have your life."

"Cease your prating, man," said Hal; "or, if you are a man, you will not waste my time with the sword, like men!"

Caroli drew his dagger and flourished it before Hal's eyes.

"Can't you fight with this weapon?" he demanded.

"I would try," replied Hal, "with that or any other weapon. But you're not mocking me."

"I am," the pirate answered.

"Hear me one moment."

Hal was quickly coming at his words, hoping to loosen or break them. The pirate looked at him curiously.

"You are yielding," he said.

Hal, as an assumption of fear, turned his head away.

"Will you not show me a little mercy?" he asked.

"Ha, ha! It is good!" laughed Caroli de Livana. "That's a music, senor. Sing it again!"

With a sudden movement he freed his right arm from his bonds, and dealt the ruffian a blow in the face that sent him staggering towards the door of his cell. Then he rushed at the other ruffian, who dropped the rope and fled. Hal freed his other arm, dragged down the rope, and coiled it quickly, made for himself an effective weapon. The pirate had nothing but his dagger, and that he raised with a fierce, venomous hiss.

"A curse upon you British!" he said. "Are you never conquered?"

He stood, barring the exit from the cell, a dagger in his right hand, and a sword in his left, the rope. There they stood facing each other, as strangely matched as ever were foes in this world. The pirate, of course, had no more advantage, for one blow of his weapon might be fatal, while that of Hal would only deal a blow possibly of no great moment to the receiver.

But, notwithstanding the disparity of weapons, Caroli de Livana was in no hurry to attack. He felt that his antagonist was a man, at least, made him wary. He designed to back out of the cell, and by closing the door again secure the prisoner.

His intention was promptly discovered by Hal, who suddenly rushed at him, with his novel weapon raised in the air. The pirate quickly stepped back, and did not time to deliver a blow across the face that blinded him for a moment. Then his arm was seized, and his dagger was wrested from him. He uttered a cry for help.

"Spare your howling!" said Hal contemptuously, and with a assassin. Caroli de Livana, we shall meet again!"

He twisted the half-blinded pirate round, seized him round the waist, and tossed him into the air. Then he closed the door, and drawing the bolts, made him a prisoner. So far, so well.

Hal's pulse was throbbing with joy. The tables had been turned in a way he had hardly dared to hope for. A carelessly-tied knot and

his indomitable courage had temporarily saved him from a most frightful fate. The passage was very dark, and he knew that it was but one of many he would have to traverse ere he reached the light of day.

"Safe find, safe find," Velasco said; and he had placed his prisoner in one of the cells with some food, and he was guarded by those who knew the route. And while he was passing, only for a moment, to settle who was to go, he and all the voices of men, the clanking of arms and tramping of feet. It was the pirate who had fled returning with the guard.

In a moment or two they appeared at the far end of the passage, two or three carrying lanterns, and all with drawn swords. Hal could see nothing against such odds, and he looked around for some means of escape. The only means of hiding was in a cell close by, the door of which was open.

Into this he darted, and the guard rushed by to the cell he recently occupied, where Caroli de Livana was leaving the door and lantern.

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## FIVE MINUTES WITH SANDOW.

### VI.—FOOTBALL.

In order to be a good football player, a youth must possess a sound constitution, and keep himself in proper trim. The only way to keep in condition is by exercising regularly and well.

Those who are not fortunate enough to live an active open-air life the following hints will be valuable.

First, rise in the morning, have ten or fifteen minutes' dumb-bell exercise, followed by a bath or sponge-down. This will get you a brisk start for the day's work.

Pay particular attention to breathing for ten minutes, and then do some of the exercises for strengthening the staying power.

As well as much and as often as possible. If you cannot walk all the way from your room to the office, walk part of the way, and use the stairs for the rest.

Partake of a mixed diet—plenty of vegetables (not fried), and a little meat, and do not eat within two hours of going to bed.

Before you "turn in" for the night, have five or ten minutes' work with the dumb-bells, and keep your breathing regular and strong.

These simple directions will enable anyone to remain in proper trim the whole year round, and go a long way towards ensuring success in the football field.

The dumb-bell exercises will keep all the muscles active and strong, and prevent the fear of making them grow—the one thing a footballer dreads when practicing physical culture.

The following exercise is specially recommended for development of the legs.

Exercise 17.—Ready Position.

Arms by sides, heels together, toes pointing outward, rise on tip-toes.

Slank slowly down, knees apart, body upright. Heels must not touch floor. Then the heels must not touch floor. Then the heels must not touch floor.

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## GALLANT HAL.

(Continued from the previous page.)

Little Trin had a revolver beneath the light shawl, he was wearing, and instinctively his hand moved towards it.

"Don't be silly!" continued the speaker boldly. "Turn and look at me. I am a woman."

Little Trin did as he was told, and saw before him a decidedly pretty party with a laughing face. She put her hand upon her lips as a sign of caution.

"Come with me," she said.

The wretched, cowardly creature, who was absorbed in the song of the girl with the guitar, rolling his head and eyes about, and accompanying her with a very soft, "Trala-lala-trala-lala."

"Never mind him," said the girl, still speaking low. "Don't waste any time, for your captain."

"What do you know of him?" asked Trin.

"Much. He is captive, and has need of help," was the answer.

She took him by the arm, and was dragging him away, half resisting, when Mittens fell down and saw what was being done. The girl, with a gasp, started to turn to him.

"If it must be, it must," she softly sighed, "although it would have been so much better to have gone alone."

"You had better be quiet," replied Trin; "and this is no time to know what I am, and it is no use fussing."

"I am your friend," the girl answered. "I was coming in search of you, for you are not of the Silver Star? But I see you are. Who in Valdivia is so fair? I could see you were not a woman. The way you stood with your hands on your hips betrayed you."

Trin began to feel that he had not played his part to perfection. A faint blush passed over his face, but it was not perceptible in the gloom. The girl had drawn them away some distance from the crowd, and she now stopped in a dark archway.

"Come under here," she said. "We can talk now, but speak low. What are you here for? To find your noble, handsome captain?"

"Well, really," said Mittens, "you are a very charming young lady, but as you don't know who you are—"

"I am Mena, the maid, companion, and confidante of Inez de Rialdo."

"When," she whispered, "did Little Trin, 'If the maid is so pretty, what must the mistress be?'"

"No prettier than the maid, young air, perhaps," replied Trin, "but it is not of course, it is a matter of taste. Now, tell me who you are?"

"My name is Trin, and this is Mr. Achilles Mittens."

"Both of the Silver Star?"

"Yes."

"And you are ashore in search of your captain?"

"We are. We want to find out what has become of him."

"He is a prisoner," said Mena, now speaking rapidly, "and his life is in peril!"

"Where?" asked Trin.

"In the citadel," said Trin. "He is in the hands of the governor, and he is to be subject to the torture. If no aid is sent him he will be long in coming back. There is no more in Caroli."

"Why do you tell me this?" said Little Trin.

"I have been with my mistress to your ship. I have found you," replied Mena. "She is a prisoner, too. Her father has shut her within her room and placed a guard by her door. They do not suspect me. There is no time to be lost. You must come to the aid of your captain as you can."

"We can do nothing—or little more than nothing—of ourselves," said Mittens.

"You are," said Trin, "a very brave man. Get them; bring them—bring them all ashore. I will aid you through the postern-gate."

"There is now getting on of the night," said Mena, who seized his arm, and drew him from the archway.

"You, and I, can go through the streets unnoticed," she said. "Your friend can follow. If he is suspected he must accept his fate. Have you any friends ashore?"

"There are sure to be some hovering about the harbour."

"To them—do them at once!" said Mena impatiently. "It is no time to be idle. If the Spanish work should be carried out ere help can reach him, come!"

"You are hurried," said Mena, who knew the city better than Trin, hastened through by way to the harbour. She travelled at such speed that Little Trin, hampered by the dress he wore, could not keep up with her.

Mittens, too, felt the severity of the pace, being a heavy man, and just a trifle short, when he and his friend reached the harbour. On reaching the quay, the harbour seemed to be deserted, but Little Trin uttered a peculiar cry, and a boat came to the pier.

"Look!" said Trin, pointing to the boat. "A half a dozen men. Quick as words could be said, Little Trin leaped into the boat, and half a dozen men, quick as words could be said, followed him.

"Let us go," said Trin, "and we'll let the pirate fellows know what a clobber."

"You are not enough," said Mena; "you will want more men."

Mena men were hanged," said Manly; "we'll fight the whole lot on our own."

That was all very well, but plucky as a man may be he cannot always stand up against a boat. Little Trin felt it was so, and another half a dozen men from the Silver Star would have been of immense service.

Then there was the question of time. There was none to spare.

"I will send one man back with the boat," Derry, he said, "and he can tell Mr. Warrington where we have gone. He will take steps to help us if we should get into trouble."

"You are not enough!" said Mena, wringing her hands. "There are five or six times your number in the citadel."

"Enough or not," said Little Trin, "we will risk it. Lead the way."

"Do not talk or make more noise than you can help," replied Mena; "you must do as you wish, but you are not enough. They will capture you, and put you all to the torture."

She hurried on ahead, and they followed, every man grim and silent, and carrying his cutlass in his hand ready for use.

The postern-door, as she called it, by which Mena intended to admit them, was that by which Hal, guided by Inez, had entered the citadel.

To reach it they would have to pass through the southern part of the town, which, happily, was the least populated. Many of the streets were in ruins, and others were very quiet at night, being without cafes, or any house that by any possible stretch of imagination could be called a place of entertainment.

As before, Mena led through ways where

to tumble about the bolts. But they seemed to be of peculiar construction, and he could not pull them back.

"I'm hanged if I can work them," he said. "There's some trick in the job."

"Perhaps the whole thing is a trick," muttered Mittens.

"We won't think that just yet, at least, not awhile," said Little Trin. "Let me come, Derry, and see what I can do."

He was groping his way to the door when he was suddenly pulled up to the cry of a woman. It was loud and clear, and seemingly about a score of yards away. It was supplemented by a fierce Spanish yell, uttered by a deep-voiced man.

"The girl is in trouble," said Dan Derry.

"Come, lads, let us go to her assistance," said Little Trin. "Follow me as well as you can in the dark. Lay hold of each other by the jacket arm."

"And beware of pitfalls," muttered Mittens, "for I'm a Dutchman if I don't think we've come into a trap. I've read of men being led into all sorts of places, to tumble into wells and all sorts of things. If ever I get to old Britain again I—b—b—b, it's no use howling now. Trala-lala, trala-lala!"

## THE 21st CHAPTER.

## CAROLI DE LIVANA'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

NONE respect, at least, Mena had not deceived the men of the Silver Star. Gallant Hal's attempt to regain his liberty had failed. The precaution that by any possible stretch of imagination could be called a place of entertainment.

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Hal took no notice of the old man's ravellings, and, bitterly disappointed, Velasquez left the citadel. The door clanged, the lock was turned, bolts drawn, and Hal was alone.

the chances of being seen were reduced to a minimum, and without interruption they reached the back of the citadel. Two or three intervening mounds of ruins were clambered over, and the postern-door was before them.

"Tread softly over the bridge," said Mena. "It is old and decayed. At any time it may fall."

"A precious sort of place this," muttered Manly, "stove in my twilight if it isn't!"

Mena crossed the bridge and threw open the door. Inside the darkness was impenetrable.

"Do not fear," she said, "but enter. As soon as you are all in I will get a light."

"Keep still there," said Little Trin; "we must have patience. It is all right—if—"

"Only for a minute," she said, "and then the light."

They heard the rustle of her dress as she moved away, every man stood so still, and when the sound ceased only the breathing of the men could be heard. A minute elapsed, and Mena did not return. The time lagged. Impatient movements were heard in the dark.

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After a struggle—it could not be called a fight, for the men were not armed—it was overpowered and bound hand and foot.

Again was Caroli de Livana triumphant. The pirate's first impulse was to kill him, but he had bound at his feet, but the more cruel instincts of his nature prevailed.

Within the citadel there was an old torture-chamber, fitted up with the ghastly instruments used in the old days. It was a long time since they had been used, and the pirate chief, looking over them when sleeping at the citadel, had often longed to test their merits.

He originally intended to use them on the first traitor he discovered in his band, but either discoveries were rare, or his men unusually faithful, for no opportunity had arisen.

Now there was a chance of using them, not only experimentally, but with pleasure.

Caroli de Livana had more than one cause for hating Hal. The captain of the Silver Star had not only deprived him of a prize and put his life in peril, but had robbed him of all chance of winning the heart of Inez de Rialdo. It was the latter he felt the more keenly.

He had taken Hal to a cell, and laid him bound as he was upon the stone floor. There, with his own hands, he barred and locked him in, putting the key into his pocket. Velasquez was so much upon him while this was being done, taking a weird interest in it all.

"But why did you not kill him?" the old man asked.

"I shall suffer torture first," said the pirate chief; "come with me, and let us look over the instruments and get them in order."

"Let us have the light," the old man said, and the building on the upper floor. It was a

strong room, with two small skylights in the roof, each about large enough to admit the body of a man. They were in the centre of the chamber, and about four feet apart.

Around the walls hung the horrible instruments of the Dark Ages, most of them for a use that was not to be discovered. A small number of them could describe the fiendish appliances.

At one end of the room was a large oak table, and at the other a wide enough for four or five men to sit upon. No doubt this had been the seat of those who used to direct the process of torture. A furnace of brickwork, with a blackened top, stood in the room, and with the bellows used for blowing up the fire, bore some resemblance to the forge-furnace of a blacksmith's shop.

This place Caroli de Livana and Velasquez went to work in, overhauling the stock of the citadel, and to test the merits of the various instruments of torture.

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