

COMPLETE RUNNING STORY!

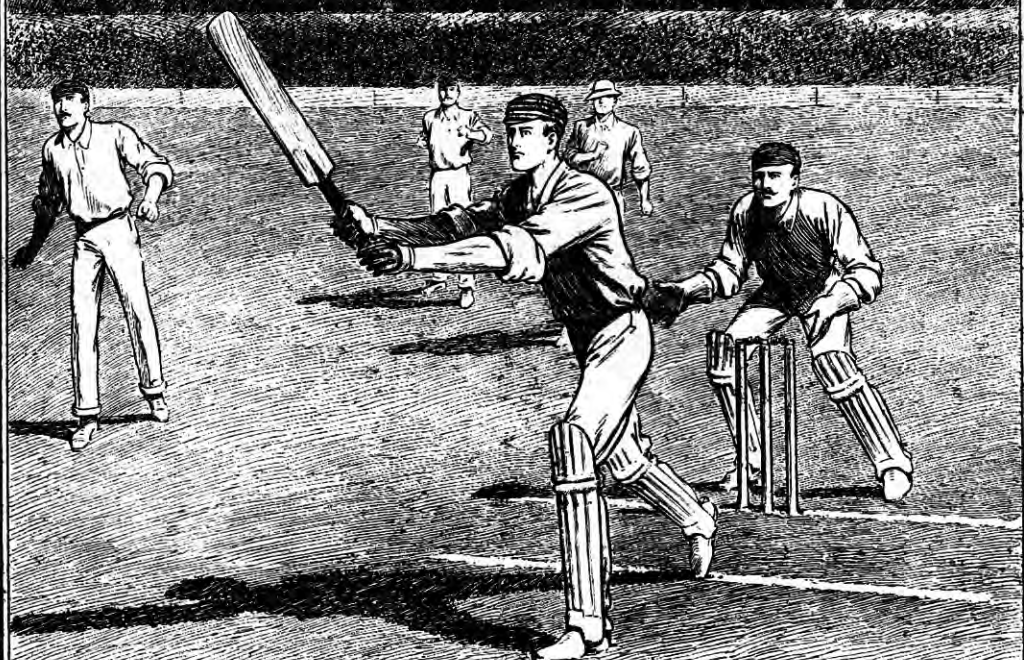
GREAT NEW SERIAL!

THE BOYS' REALM

of SPORT & ADVENTURE.

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KING CRICKET! By Charles Hamilton.



THE WINNING HIT!
Arthur Lovell saves his side.

You Must Read This Grand Athletic Tale!

CRICKET!

A Fascinating New Story of County Cricket.

Specially Written for THE BOYS' REALM by One of Our Most Popular Authors.

The Chief Characters in this Fine Story.

ARTHUR LOVELL, Loamshire's champion batsman. He is a professional. But he is ruined by James Lagden.

KIT VALANCE, Loamshire's best bowler. He is a professional. He is the only man who has taken Arthur Lovell's wicket. Later he becomes Arthur's firm enemy.

GEOFFREY LAGDEN, an amateur and a good batsman. He is bitterly jealous of Arthur Lovell, who he hates and endures to injure. He is Arthur's rival for the hand of Miss Hilton. A doubtful character.

JAMES LAGDEN, who has ruined Arthur's career. Captain of Loamshire, and the steady friend of Arthur and Kit. He is Miss Hilton's cousin.

PONSONBY, Geoffrey Lagden's friend, and a man of similar character—wretched to a degree.

The first incident took place when Arthur Lovell distinguished himself in the "Cotts" match, in spite of the efforts which Geoffrey Lagden made to keep him in the shade. In the second innings, he was Arthur's first to take the place of the wicket. Lagden felt him the same as a rival man, and he was not to be out of his turn. At the earliest possible moment he leaves the field, and speeds towards London to learn exactly the cause of his ruin.

From that time on he can no longer retain his position as amateur cricketer for Loamshire, and sends in his resignation; but his friend Kit Valance suggests he should make a professional. This suggestion is accepted. Kit Valance has a twin brother who is not a credit to the county. For he is a failure for money, and because of the distance which publicity would bring, Kit left him out. But being in a rather better corner than most, Len Valance had come to bat for Loamshire, and asks his brother to let down the ball, and release him from the field. In the first innings takes no less than three wickets.

Loamshire get the best of the first day's play, Arthur Lovell his first wicket. In the second day, in a desperate Len, with the aid of a confederate, Kit Valance, and a partner, he is able to get the result is demoralizing for Loamshire, for Len plays as badly as he can. Seeing that it is still possible for Somerset to draw, he makes doubly sure Arthur Lovell is also kidnapped and kept prisoner.

The following day Loamshire seem doomed to defeat. Their wickets fall rapidly. Arthur and Kit are both out. Len Valance is in the field. They are looked, and arrive in the nick of time at the cricket ground. Len Valance is a sixty-four to get in half an hour! Can Arthur do it?

(Now read this week's instalment.)

How Arthur Lovell Saved His Side.

ARTHUR LOVELL came out of the pavilion with his hat under his arm. But a very few minutes had elapsed since his arrival, and he was back in the field.

Blane, overjoyed by the reappearance of the best Loamshire batsman in the nick of time, had helped him to change and had changed his own. Now, in spiffy whites, with pads and batting-gloves, Arthur came out to take his place at the wicket. He had greeted a cheering. Few of the spectators had seen him arrive; none knew the strange adventure he had gone through, or how he had escaped from really being lost just in time to bat for Loamshire. Or rather, only one there knew: a man in a white hat, who stared in amazement and dismay at the young batsman as he walked to the wicket, scarcely believing his eyes.

"Lovell! He is going to bat!"

And then, in a savage undertone, as he realised that his carefully-laid scheme was crumbling to pieces after all.

But the rest of the crowded spectators on the Taunton ground only remembered Arthur as the fine Loamshire batsman who had done so well for his side in the first Loamshire innings, and he had never felt more fit to do his best.

Arthur's face was flushed, his eyes were bright, as he took up his position. The strain of his rough and ready life in the land of the kidnappers had told upon him. Yet the thought of foiling the plotters, of winning for Loamshire on the stroke of time, nerve him, and he had never felt more fit to do his best.

And his best was needed. With sixty-four to his fall, he had to make a run. He was putting all they knew into the work, the young batsman's task was not an easy one. Very strange, but, and his wicket was in danger from every ball bowled by Braund, Lewis, or Robson for Somerset. When he failed, the last man in would be Kit Valance.

And at that thought, Blane turned his glance into the pavilion again.

Now that he had seen Arthur Lovell when he first arrived, and had been struck with the wicket he had lent to attend to Kit.

"Where is Valance?" he asked.

"Which one do you mean?" said Ponsonby. "There seem to be two of them. One sort of a game has that bouncer been playing. I wonder—the chap who came in with Lovell. I mean."

"He's gone to change. The other slipped out just now, and goodness only knows where he is by this time."

Blane did not wait to hear what Ponsonby wondered. He walked away quickly to the professional's room. Kit Valance had almost finished changing, ready to take his turn at the wicket.

Blane stared at him hard.

"I suppose you are Kit Valance?" he said abruptly.

"Yes, I should think you know me, sir."

"Then who is the fellow who has been playing in your name to-day?"

"A sounder—though he is my brother."

"Your brother?" ejaculated Blane, in amazement.

"Yes, my twin brother Len. Where is he now?"

He has cleared out before we could think of stopping him. What does this mean, Valance? Where have you been?"

"I have been and have been prisoner; we escaped by a trick of a fortune, and I, a motorist was generous enough to bring us to the ground in time."

"I suppose you say," said the Loamshire skipper, passing his hand over his brow. "It is a puzzling business. Do you know that the previous brother of yours has nearly lost us the game? He bowled to lose, and if we lose, or make it a draw, it will be his doing."

"I know it, sir, and I am sorry. But there is a chance yet. Lovell can do wonders at the wicket. He is a fast bowler, and I go in to join him. I shall strain every nerve to keep my end up. We may pull the game out of the fire yet."

"I hope so," said Blane, knitting his brow. "I shall have to speak to Palmeret, and explain to him. Not that the Somerset men would care the difference between you and your brother if you went on now, for that matter; I don't think I should myself. Now I come to think of it, your wicket is a little different. The bound! He has escaped now, but the police will lay him by the heels before long. I hope!"

A look of suffering passed over Kit's troubled face. "While he was kidnapped, he had the thought in his mind that the match was being sold in his absence, his anger against his brother was broken, and he had felt that when he was free, he would be the last to think of sparing Len the punishment he deserved. But now that he was free his point of view was considerably changed."

There was a chance of winning the game yet, and Len—well, he was a rival, but he was his brother. He was a partner in the crime, and his promise to his mother she died, to look after Len and keep him from the ruin his brother had brought upon him.

"I suppose I have no right to ask you to show him mercy, sir," Kit said, in a halting voice. "He deserves the work you can do, I know that."

Blane looked at him sharply.

"You would not like to see what you want him to escape punishment for this soundly action, Valance?" he cried.

"Kit was silent."

"I don't know what you feel about the matter, Valance," went on the Loamshire skipper, "but I will tell you this, that if you show the least sign of weakness, or if you show any sign of being a partner in the crime, I will see to it that you are suspected of abetting his escapade. I don't mean that I should think you would do so, but I don't want to see the lad's face, 'but many would, and you cannot afford to give ground for such a suspicion. You must be as steady as a rock, your position in the Loamshire Club already, I assure you."

A loud shout penetrated into the room.

"The bowler, Braund!"

Blane snapped his teeth.

"That must be Chichester's wicket. Are you ready, Valance?"

"Quite," said Kit.

Blane hurried away. He was right; it was Chichester's wicket that had fallen, and now the Loamshire bowler was in the field. He carried out his bat. The crowd looked on excitedly for the last Loamshire batsman to come in. There was a buzz of interest as the

Loamshire captain was seen to cross over to Lionel Palmet and enter into a quick talk with him.

What could Blane have to say to the Somersetshire captain just then? There was a good deal of surmise on the subject, as to whether the two captains were discussing the state of the wickets, or the fitness of light for play.

What Blane was actually saying would have astounded the spectators on the Taunton ground if they could have heard it.

That was all that Blane had to say to the Somerset captain, of course, had no objection to raise to Kit Valance resuming his place in the team. Kit Valance benefited by the play of the unpermitted substitute, the case would have been different. But the reverse, of course, was the case.

With the exception of Lionel Palmet and the Loamshire men, nobody on the ground knew that the batsman who now came on was Kit Valance, and that the bowler who had done so ill for his side the previous day. Even the red-faced man in the white hat was doubtful.

That Lovell had escaped from the Red Cottage he knew, because he saw him at the wicket, but so exactly like was Kit Valance's appearance to Len's, that it seemed impossible to tell the difference between the two.

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in good style. A two, a four, a two again, then a six. Loamshire stood at 148. Sixteen more wanted!

The colonel looked at his watch. Sixteen runs wanted in exactly eight minutes, and now he was stopping the last ball of the over without attempting a run. He was stonewalling, the best thing possible to be done, under the circumstances, but the moments were flying.

Now they were bowling from the other end, and again. Again the colonel's eyes sought his watch. Six minutes more!

Sixteen runs in six minutes! It was evidently to be the last over, and all depended upon Arthur Lovell. Could he save his side?

But the Somerset men are good sportsmen. There is no desire to dawdle out the match. Lionel Palmet is too keen a cricketer for that. Len Valance is too keen to go on to the end of the match in spite of the thrilling excitement of the moment, are not in the slightest degree faster or slower than usual.

Down comes the ball, and Arthur Lovell stops it dead. The colonel clicks his teeth. It was a ball that only a good batsman could even have stopped. But runs are wanted now—runs, runs, runs!

Ab, now he is hitting out! Away goes the ball, and the batsman runs. Heavens, how they run! The Somerset men are good sportsmen.

Again, again, again—yes, and a fourth time! Loamshire is 158. Now Braund bowls again, and he is too keen to go on to the end of the match. No need to run; it is a boundary. The game shall be saved yet!

Blane wanted to wait. Will they do it? Wool meets leather again with a staccato click, and the leather-batsmen are busy again.

And the batsmen are running—running as if for their lives. The Somerset men are good sportsmen. The batsmen run after the cluvie ball. Thrice across the pitch, amid cheers growing ever louder, the batsmen run.

That the home side is losing its grip on what seemed a certain victory, in their keen appreciation of splendid cricket!

At last, at last, at last! Will they do it? The nearest of time urges them to the attempt, and they are shouting like lightning.

But now the ball is coming in, whizzing to the ready hands of the wicket-keeper. Lovell feels rather than sees the ball. He puts on his bat. The ball is coming in, whizzing to the ready hands of the wicket-keeper. Lovell feels rather than sees the ball. He puts on his bat.

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After the Taunton victory, and the return of the winners to the county, Kit had been called before the committee to give an explanation of what had occurred. He told his story plainly and straightforwardly. That was true, that the young bowler's double really existed and was not a figment of his imagination, was proved by the fact that half a dozen of the club members had been at the same time, blame among the rest.

Unfortunately as the matter was, it could hardly be said to be Kit's fault in any way, and the successful ground in the county match—a success largely due to Kit's steady backing up of Lovell—had put the committee in a good humor.

The young bowler was exonerated from all blame. But the matter of Len Valance received careful consideration.

The young bowler's evident desire that his scapegrace brother should escape punishment counted for very little with the county committee. But there were other points to consider.

One of the county committee had been destined to have the name of the Loamshire Cricket Club bandied about in the daily papers in connection with a scandalous case.

The plot had been baffled, and it was pretty certain that Abel Sharp, the principal in it, had been severely reprimanded. To avoid a cricket scandal, it was deemed best in the end to allow the matter to rest where it was.

Colonel Hilton, whose influence was great in the committee, thought that he had received an unexpected support from Mr. James Lagden, Geoffrey Lagden's father was on the committee, and was an influential member.

He was afraid that if Len were arrested, he would speak too freely of his—Lagden's—share in the kidnapping plot, and would not be able to prove his statement, a good many people would be found to believe it. It was safer to let sleeping dogs lie.

And Geoffrey Lagden drew a deep breath of relief when he learned from his father that the county committee had decided to let the matter rest. Lagden was usually as to his son's motive, but Geoffrey volunteered no explanation, and his father asked for none.

Kit's troubled face brightened when he was informed that no steps would be taken in the matter, and that Len Valance had nothing to fear if he kept clear of Loamshire in the future.

"I'm glad to hear of it, Kit," said Arthur, when Valance told him the news. "Knowing how you feel about the matter, I am glad Len Valance is let off. But—well, I am sorry that friend of a look-alike cannot be sent to prison; though, as a matter of fact, I think it would have been difficult to prove his complicity in the plot, and he would probably have escaped scot-free, even if he had been prosecuted. If this is a lesson to Len—"

"I don't hope for that," said Kit sadly. "He will be scared for a time, but he and his position will be worse now. I don't know what he will do."

"If the affair is hushed up—"

"It is not hushed up from Mr. Lagden, and he is Len's employer. It is likely to keep his brother in his service after this proof of his rascality."

"I had not thought of that. I suppose not."

"I am sure not. Mr. Lagden is not the kind of man to give a fellow a second chance. I admit that Len does not deserve one. Mr. Lagden will kick him out, and he will be without work and without a character."

"When you have not seen the last of him, Kit."

"I'm afraid not."

A dark look came into Lovell's eyes. Kit knew his trouble, and never spoke of it except to his chum, and seldom to him. But Arthur knew how it weighed upon his heart, and his indignation against the look-alike grew more bitter as the days went by. Kit felt himself bound to stand by his own flesh and blood, and Arthur sympathized with him.

But Kit, being, like his brother, not less his scornful dislike of Kit's brother, though he was careful never to allow an expression of his feelings to be known. He felt that, if he should come in contact with Len Valance, he would have hard work to keep his hands off the blackguard.

One day, at last, what happened a couple of days later. Loamshire had no other match on that week, but most of the team turned up to practice for the next day on the county ground in Loamshire. Arthur and Kit were required on the ground, of course. It was on Saturday, as Arthur was leaving the ground, that he saw a figure loomed against a tree at a short distance from the gate.

For a moment he started in amazement. He had left Kit bowling to Penmore, and Lagden, in practice at the nets. Yet here was Kit—or his double. In a moment the young betman realised that it was not Kit. He did not stop. He stopped, his brow contracted, his eyes gleamed. The ne'er-do-well was smoking a cigarette, and reading a pink-colored paper.

Of the face of the man he did not notice Lovell, though once or twice he raised

his eyes from the paper to glance across the road.

He was waiting there for someone, that was certain; and whom could he be waiting for, if not Kit Valance. Lovell, with his lips set hard, crossed the road. Len Valance looked up and saw him, and evidently recognised him at a glance, for he turned pale and stopped quickly back.

"What do you want here?" said Lovell.

Len made an attempt to recover his usual cynical coolness. He pushed back the cheap Panama hat and stared Lovell in the face.

"I really don't see how that concerns you, my friend," he drawled, "but I must be slow to do so."

"It does concern me, Mr. Len Valance. I have only to call a policeman to have you taken into custody, if I choose."

"Excuse my dropping into slang, but really that chicken won't fight," said Len Valance, with a laugh. "I happen to know that the Loamshire committee have decided to ignore altogether that little affair at Taunton."

"You seem to forget that I was one of the parties kidnapped, and that, if I choose to set upon my own responsibility, I am quite at liberty to do so."

Len started.

"But you won't," he said quickly. "You are Kit's friend, Mr. Lovell, and you won't. Besides, a man in your position can't afford to go against the opinion of the committee. I don't see what you want to meddle with me for."

"I was wondering whether you had any sense of shame or of decency," said Lovell, in a low voice. "Can't you be satisfied with the harm you have already done Kit? The committee have overruled this affair, but it has given Kit's enemies a handle to use against him, and they will use it. If he is found to be in communication with you, and that I choose to set upon my own responsibility, I am quite at liberty to do so."

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Len started.

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Len started.

Len started.

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Len started.

he observed, Lovell turned upon his heel and strode away.

The blue in Lovell's eyes had made Len start back, the colour wavered in his face. But the young cricketer strode away, he broke into a nervous laugh. He was afraid of Arthur Lovell, as a weak, cynical nature must always be afraid of a strong, manly one, and he hated Lovell because he was afraid.

"The—bully!" muttered Len Valance. It was the last word that Arthur Lovell would ever have deserved to have applied to him, but Len Valance was seldom just. "How I hate him! Perhaps I'll give him something really good for his threats one of these days—perhaps I'll make him sorry he made an enemy of me!"

He snapped his teeth viciously. "Perhaps my time will come, but here's my nut!"

At that moment, as it happened, Arthur Lovell glanced back. He saw Len Valance quickly cross the road to speak to someone who had just come out of the cricket ground. But it was not Kit.

To Lovell's amazement, he saw that the man Len Valance stopped, and spoke to familiarly was not his brother, the young Loamshire bowler, but Geoffrey Lagden!

That the two were well acquainted was clear, for Len's manner was calm and assured, and, although Lagden looked annoyed at the meeting, he stopped and talked with the blackguard.

What could there possibly be in common between Geoffrey Lagden, the wealthy amateur of the Loamshire County Club, and the dingy scapegrace from London?

Lovell was so used to play the spy; his glance rested upon the two only for a few moments, and then he strode on his way. But the incident in his mind, and he did as given him the remembrance. He had noticed that Lagden looked annoyed when Len Valance spoke to him. Lagden was extremely annoyed, as a matter of fact.

He had never wanted to see Len again, and



GROUP PORTRAIT OF RUABON RANGERS FOOTBALL CLUB.

your confederate, not your victim, and that you still have dealings together.

Len Valance blew out a little cloud of smoke. There was a smile about his lips that irritated Lovell almost past patience.

"I dare say you are right, Mr. Lovell," said the scapegrace, calmly watching the curling smoke. "I don't want to do Kit any harm. You have a worse opinion of me than I deserve. I like Kit, and would do anything for him."

"Then let him alone."

"My dear fellow, that is exactly what I intend to do for the present. Later, a scarcity in the money market may lead to a renewal of relations. For the present, to use your own forcible expression, I am going to let him alone."

"Then why are you here?"

"That, my excellent friend, is my own business."

"Do you deny that you are here to see Kit?"

"I will not take the trouble of denying anything that you choose to state. The weather is far too warm for argument."

Lovell's face contracted, and the veins stood out on his forehead with rage. He was keeping a stern control of himself, but the task was a hard one. He longed to give the insolent, sneering rascal the weight of his strong right arm, as he richly deserved. Only one thought restrained him—the thought of Kit.

Len Valance looked lightly.

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"Then let him alone."

"My dear fellow, that is exactly what I intend to do for the present. Later, a scarcity in the money market may lead to a renewal of relations. For the present, to use your own forcible expression, I am going to let him alone."

"Then why are you here?"

"That, my excellent friend, is my own business."

"Do you deny that you are here to see Kit?"

"I will not take the trouble of denying anything that you choose to state. The weather is far too warm for argument."

Lovell's face contracted, and the veins stood out on his forehead with rage. He was keeping a stern control of himself, but the task was a hard one. He longed to give the insolent, sneering rascal the weight of his strong right arm, as he richly deserved. Only one thought restrained him—the thought of Kit.

Len Valance looked lightly.

"I am not so sure of that. But I don't want to use threats. If Mr. Lagden turns me away without a challenge, and he has a chance of making an honest living again."

"I expect it will come easier to a fellow of your kind."

"Easier to say than to do. Will you speak to your father, and let him be given another chance. It isn't much to ask you, Mr. Lagden, considering everything."

Lagden really didn't see why I should do anything of the kind!" he exclaimed. "It's like your clerk to ask me."

Lagden glared at Len Valance, with a glint in his eyes. "Just before you came out, I was speaking to a fellow in your club—"

"Yes. The man you hate," Len sneered. "The man you are envious of. Well, I don't say I like him any more than you do, but I don't say he did anything to know who was at the bottom of that kidnapping business at Taunton."

Lagden gritted his teeth.

"Well, what do you say?" demanded Len, when Lagden had been silent for a full minute, his eyes on the ground, his brow wrinkled in thought.

Lagden's eyes were gleaming, as though some new and exciting idea had flashed into his mind.

Len looked at him curiously. Lagden raised his eyes, and fixed them on the rascal's face. He was as pale as a sheet.

"You say you dislike Lovell," said Lagden, in a low voice. "You hate him!"

"Yes, you are right; but that will make no difference if you—"

"Listen to me," you have blundered once. The wretched affair at Taunton was your fault. You were in the wrong. Are you willing to try again—nothing of that kind, kidnapping business—that is no good. Lagden hesitated. "Are you willing to do as I tell you, Len Valance, if I make it worth your while? Do so, and I will speak to my father, and let him be given another chance. It isn't much to ask you, Mr. Lagden, considering everything."

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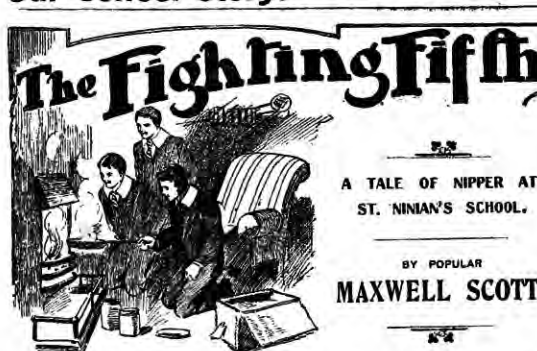
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A TALE OF NIPPER AT
ST. NINIAN'S SCHOOL.

BY POPULAR

MAXWELL SCOTT.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

At the commencement of the new term at St. Ninian's a new boy arrives. He is an Italian Prince, and is called the Count. He is a very handsome boy, and is the son of a nobleman. He is the only one of his name in the school. He is the only one of his name in the school. He is the only one of his name in the school.

Lal is robbed of the gold locket by a convict who has escaped from Greyfriars Prison. Nipper and his chums have a fight at the expense of Mr. St. Ninian's, the headmaster of the Grammar School, and are only saved from serious trouble by the intervention of Lal.

The boys persuade Mr. Trigg, one of the masters at St. Ninian's, to challenge Nipper, one of the Grammar School masters, to fight a duel in Coulter's Copple on the following day. The two are rivals for the hand of the German waitress at the girls' school in Cleveford, and the tale has prospects of great interest.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

The Duel.

THE Fighting Fifth hold many records at St. Ninian's, but the record for early rising was not one of them. It was a record, indeed, which they had never aspired to hold. So long as they managed to squeeze into chapel, as the door was being opened, on the last stroke of the second bell, their lofty ambition was achieved.

On the morning after the events described in "Old Jack" chapter, however, the Fighting Fifth broke all its previous records in the matter of early rising. The first bell did not ring until seven o'clock, but by half-past five the three Fifth-form dormitories were deserted, and every boy was dressed and downstairs. Half an hour later most of them were on their way to Coulter's Copple; Bob was knocking at Mr. Trigg's bedroom door; and Nipper was down in the village, holding converse with the proprietor of Wimple's Confectionery Establishment, who was sweeping the snow off the pavement in front of his shop.

"Morning, Pye," said Nipper, who was armed with an oblong mahogany cane, in which was a couple of old-fashioned pistols loaded with black powder. "You're at work early this morning."

"I've got to be, young gentleman," said Pye, passing and straightening his back. "If I don't get this one swept away afore it starts blawin', I'll never have time to do it after; an' then I'll be fined for disobeyin' the blessed bylaws! But what brings you down into the village so early? Nothin' wrong at the school, I s'pose?"

"Oh, la!" said Nipper. "I've come to fetch Mr. Wimple, that's all."

Mr. Wimple, it should be explained, lodged in the village, and occupied the two front rooms above the shop.

"Come to fetch Mr. Wimple?" repeated Pye, in a puzzled voice.

"Yes," said Nipper. "He has an appointment at half-past six, and I promised to call for him. Is he up yet?"

"Well, between you an' me, an' the broom," said Pye, "I don't believe he's ever been to bed this last night. He kep' me awake most of the night, trampin' up an' down in search of a grogram" something "or t'other. As soon as he eard me get up this mornin' he called out to me an' asked me to slip round to the Black Lion to fetch him two shillingsworth of brandy. Just fancy! Brandy at five o'clock in the mornin'! All the wags he's lodged here, I s'pose, know it."

Mr. Wimple appeared at the open shop door. His fiery locks were rumpled and disarranged, and his eyes were red. "What there was a wild look in his eye that was eloquently suggestive of two shillingsworth of brandy."

"Ha! Here you are!" he exclaimed, on catching sight of Nipper. "Mothought I recognised your voice! What news do you bring me from the enemy's camp? How do you repent of his rudeness at the eleventh hour? Do he crave for mercy? Do he beg that I should spare him? Hush he sent me the apology I demanded!"

He hatched," said Nipper. "He refuses to apologise, and will meet you as arranged."

Nipper said his chums have a fight at the expense of Mr. St. Ninian's, the headmaster of the Grammar School, and are only saved from serious trouble by the intervention of Lal.

The boys persuade Mr. Trigg, one of the masters at St. Ninian's, to challenge Nipper, one of the Grammar School masters, to fight a duel in Coulter's Copple on the following day. The two are rivals for the hand of the German waitress at the girls' school in Cleveford, and the tale has prospects of great interest.

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"Get the weapons ready, sir," said Nipper, as he took out one of the pistols.

"Be careful!" cried Mr. Wimple, holding up his hands to restrain his impetuous impetore you to be careful. The weapon might be loaded."

"It is!" said Nipper coolly.

Mr. Wimple sprang back with a cry of horror.

"Put it back in the case!" he cried. "I command you to put it back at once! It will not be needed. I feel sure it will not be needed. My opponent is not coming. It is half-past now. The weapon is half-past. I will wait no longer. I will return to my room."

Agitated as he turned on his heel, but never Nipper caught him by the arm.

"You're pointing the pistol at me!" screamed Mr. Wimple, in an agonised voice. "Let me go. The weapon may explode. I shall be murdered in cold blood! Oh, why did I ever—"

The sentence ended in a wail of despair, for at that moment Mr. Trigg was seen approaching, supported on each side by Bob and Lal, and closely followed by Wagstaffe and Dick. Mr. Trigg was quite as big as Nipper, and Nipper's teeth were chattering like castanets; and ever and anon he glanced behind him as he was meditating bolting back to St. Ninian's.

"Good-morning, gentlemen!" said Nipper, doing his cap. "I'm feared you were not coming. However, better late than never. We are at your service."

He beckoned to Wagstaffe and Dick. "The sentence ended in a wail of despair, for at that moment Mr. Trigg was seen approaching, supported on each side by Bob and Lal, and closely followed by Wagstaffe and Dick. Mr. Trigg was quite as big as Nipper, and Nipper's teeth were chattering like castanets; and ever and anon he glanced behind him as he was meditating bolting back to St. Ninian's."

"Why the dickens are you so late?" he growled, in the same low voice. "You nearly got me, but I'm not to be taken in. I can tell you, to keep the Pimple here."

"I'll bet you haven't had half as much hard work as I have," said Bob, as he hammered at Piggy's bedroom door for nearly ten minutes before he answered me. Then I had to help him down, and we've literally had to drag him out of the house."

And the Pimple would be only to glad to accept of the matter, and as soon as he had let him off without an apology if it came to that. But we must give 'em a chance of speaking to each other. Here's one of the pistols. Give it to Nipper, and as soon as he's marked out the ground, we'll make 'em take the line before they've time to come to terms."

"All right," said Nipper, as he presented it to Mr. Trigg; but Mr. Trigg put his hands behind his back and stared at the weapon with horror-dilated eyes.

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"Of course, it is!" said Bob. "People don't fight duels with unloaded weapons."

But when they do want to fight a duel," groaned Mr. Trigg. "Nothing farther from my desire. It is a barbarous practice which I have always condemned. Why should I seek to have it revived? It is because it has happened to have had a trifling difference of opinion? It is monstrous! It is unbecomingly!"

"Well, he challenged you," said Bob, "and you've either got to fight him, or be branded as a coward."

"But your arguments savour of the middle age," said Mr. Trigg. "We live in a more enlightened era now. I will be enlightened. I will be enlightened. I will be enlightened."

"And what will Fraulein Hoffman think if I do not?" asked Bob.

Mr. Trigg winced.

"But you must fight her," he said. "She will understand that I was actuated by the purest and loftiest motives."

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violently; if he will say—say—anything—I will spare him!"

"It's too late now," said Nipper brusquely. "The time has gone past for arbitration. Too the line!"

He dragged Mr. Wimple up to the line. Bob pushed Mr. Trigg up to the other line; and so it was that the two lines stood facing each other, each trembling like an aspen leaf, each fingering his weapon as if it were some venomous reptile which might suddenly turn and bite him.

A Tragic Interruption.

"I am going to count three," said Nipper. "One, two, three. Now you will raise your weapons and take aim. At the word 'Three' you will fire. Are you ready?"

Mr. Wimple shut his eyes, held up his right arm, and pointed his pistol at the sky. Mr. Trigg turned his head and looked behind him, whilst at the same time he stretched out his arm in one direction and aimed in the other. He kept his face fairly horizontal, and an arrow at the arm of a semaphore; but the muzzle of his pistol, instead of pointing at Mr. Wimple, pointed at the sky.

"Here, I say, look out, sir!" cried Dick. "You're aiming at me!"

Mr. Trigg numbed a hasty apology. Without a word he moved his arm through half a circle, and pointed his weapon at Lal. "Is that better?" he moaned.

"Two!" cried Nipper. "Three!"

Mr. Trigg shut his eyes and pulled the trigger. Mr. Wimple clenched his teeth and followed suit.

Bang! Bang!

At the same instant, as the two reports rang out, the two boys fell to the ground, their weapons flying. Dick's pea whistled on the end of Mr. Wimple's nose, whilst Lal's stung Mr. Trigg's forehead.

Both men believed that they had been shot. Never for an instant did they doubt it. With an ear-splitting yell, Mr. Trigg leaped into the air, and fell to the ground.

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THE FIGHTING FIFTH. (Continued from the previous page.)

The convict had swarmed up the railway embankment, and was running along the line in the direction of Saltwick. Perceiving that he had been discovered, he dashed down the other side of the embankment, and made for the cliffs. But the luck was against him, for shortly after he reached the path which skirted the cliff edge he caught sight of another party of warders coming in the opposite direction!

For a moment, but only for a moment, he hesitated how to act; then, with a ringing cry of defiance, he sprang to the edge of the cliff, and began to climb down towards the beach.

Only a madman, or a man who was crazy with despair, would have dared to attempt such a reckless feat; for the face of the cliff was almost as sheer as the side of a house, and there was hardly foothold for a goat. But the convict favoured the daring convict—for a time, at any rate—and by the time his pursuers reached the edge of the cliff, he was nearly half-way down the precipitous slope.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, one of the warders raised his rifle to his shoulder; but he lowered it again and shook his head.

"I suppose I ought to fire, but I can't do it," he said. "It seems too much like murder."

"Murder!" said another warder. "This ain't murder—it's suicide! He'll break his neck as sure as we're standing here!" There he roars: No! By Jove, that was a narrow squeak. The convict thought he was done for then!

The convict had slipped, but he saved himself from falling by clutching at a tuft of grass which grew in a crevice of the rock.

"He's plenty of pluck, even if he is a convict," said Nipper to Lal. "I wouldn't trade that climb for—"

The sentence ended in a cry of horror, for at that moment the tuft of grass came away, and the convict, as you hand. He began to slide down the face of the cliff with ever-increasing speed, and with a wild, despairing shriek, he rebounded off a projecting ledge and crashed down on to the rocks below!

Four hours later the chief warder of Greystones ordered the governor's office.

"The body has arrived, sir," he said. "We've taken it to the mortuary. By the way, we found this inside one of his stockings."

He handed the governor a small gold locket—the locket which had been stolen from Lal on the Friday evening.

"Ah, I'm glad this has been recovered!" said the governor. "I was afraid that the convict who had stolen it would have kept it. You know, that young Hindoo at St. Ninian's."

"Yes, sir," said the chief warder. "You will send it back to him, I suppose? I'm going to send it back to him. Shall I take the locket with me, and leave it at the school?"

The governor approved of this suggestion, and the chief warder, who had enclosed it and the locket in an envelope, and handed the latter to the chief warder.

What Gardner Overheard.

LIKE most public schools, St. Ninian's had its set and its set of boys who aspired to be looked upon as "men of the world," and who strove to gain this reputation by smoking surreptitious cigarettes, by holding exclusive bridge parties in their studies, and by "backing their fancy" with the landlord of the Black Lion, a retired bookmaker named Joe Fisher.

The leader of this set was Stephen Copley, and one of its most prominent members was Sydney Gardner. In the term before the one which we write, both these boys had been candidates for the vacant post of captain of St. Ninian's. During the course of the election Copley had learned that Gardner was deeply in debt to Joe Fisher, and that the latter was threatening to denounce him to

the Head, unless the money was paid at once. Taking advantage of this fact, Copley had offered to find the money on condition that Gardner retired from the contest. As Gardner was practically penniless at the time, and as ruin and expulsion would have followed the execution of the bookmaker's threat, he had swallowed his pride, had accepted Copley's offer, and had withdrawn his name from the list of candidates.

After such an experience as this, it might have been thought that Gardner would have eschewed letting for the rest of his school career, at any rate, if not for the rest of his life. But alas! when a boy has once contracted evil habits it requires more strength of mind than Gardner possessed to shake them off. For a week or two, it is true, he steered clear of the Black Lion; but at the end of that time his virtue recommenced, and at the time of which we write he found himself once more with expulsion staring him in the face.

In other words, he owed Joe Fisher five pounds-ten. His worldly possessions, in the matter of coin of the realm, amounted to exactly half-a-sovereign; and on the same morning as Mr. Trig and Mr. Wimpole fought their memorable duel, he received a curt note from the bookmaker, informing him that if the money were not paid by the following Wednesday afternoon, he should lay the matter before the Head.

In the interval between second school and dinner he sought an interview with Copley.

save my life! Ask Copley—his the chap with the money!"

"I've asked him," said Gardner; "but he says he's laid up himself just now. What am I to do? It means expulsion for me if Fisher goes to the Head."

"But he won't," said Trot confidently. "He's only trying to frighten you. He thinks you've got the money and won't pay. Go and see him, and tell him straight that you haven't the money, but you'll pay him as soon as you get your next remittance from home. Offer to give him an I.O.U., and promise to pay him five per cent. interest, and you'll hear no more about his going to the Head."

Gardner had not much faith in this prediction, but, as there seemed nothing better to do, he decided to take Trot's advice. Accordingly, as soon as tea was over, he donned his cap and trudged off to the village.

The were two entrances to the Black Lion—a front door, which opened on the main street, and a side door, which opened out of a broad, arched passage at the side of the house. For obvious reasons, Gardner did not choose to enter by the front door. After glancing up and down the street, to make sure that he was unobserved, he glided into the archway and slipped into the public-house by the side door.

"Mr. Fisher at home!" he asked, making his way into the kitchen and addressing the bookmaker's wife.

a telegram for Mr. Rant. On their way back to St. Ninian's, and as they were passing the front door of the Black Lion, they met the chief warder from Greystones.

"Good-evening, young gentlemen!" said the chief warder, pulling up and fumbling in his pocket. "This'll save me the walk to the school. I've got a surprise packet for one of you."

He produced an envelope and handed it to Lal.

"What is it?" asked Lal, in a puzzled voice. "It's that locket that No. 1246 stole from you on Saturday," replied the chief warder. "You've heard, I suppose, that he was killed this morning whilst trying to escape capture?"

"We saw him killed," said Lal, shuddering at the recollection.

"Well, when we came to search him, we found the locket inside his stocking," said the warder. "The governor asked me to leave it at the school; but, seeing as how I've met you, you might as well have it now."

He had scarcely finished speaking, ere the hallifortn already referred to burst over the little town.

"My! This is pretty hot, isn't it?" said Bob, putting up his hands to protect his ears.

"It's too hot for me," said the warder, with a laudable "in" to go to the wicker chair. "As he uttered these words he dived into the Black Lion, through the front door; whilst at the school, but, seeing as how I've met you, you might as well have it now."

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"My! This is pretty hot, isn't it?" said Bob, putting up his hands to protect his ears.

"It's too hot for me," said the warder, with a laudable "in" to go to the wicker chair. "As he uttered these words he dived into the Black Lion, through the front door; whilst at the school, but, seeing as how I've met you, you might as well have it now."

He had scarcely finished speaking, ere the hallifortn already referred to burst over the little town.



At that moment Mr. Trig was soon approaching, supported on either side by Bob and Lal. His teeth were chattering like castanets, and it was evident he was in quite as big a funk as Mr. Wimpole.

"I say, old man, I'm in a deuce of a fix," he began nervously. "That rotter Joe Fisher is dunning me for five-pound-ten, and he swears he'll appeal to the Head if the money isn't paid by the day after to-morrow."

"Well, say him," said Copley shortly. "I wish I could!" said Gardner, with a forced laugh. "But the fact is I'm stony-broke just now."

"You generally are," said Copley, in a sneering voice. "You shouldn't bet if you haven't the money to pay."

"It was a bit foolish, I admit," said Gardner. "However, I thought—er—perhaps—"

"You thought I'd lend you the money," said Copley. "Well, you thought wrong! I've quite enough to do to pay my own debts, without paying other people's. Besides, I'm hard up myself at present."

"But I shall be utterly ruined if I can't raise the money by Wednesday," pleaded Gardner.

"Well, you'll have to raise it somewhere else, sonny," said Copley. "I can't oblige you. Sorry. Ta-ta."

"Selfish beast!" muttered Gardner, as Copley strode away. "He was willing enough to lend me twice as much last term, when I wanted me to retire in his favour; but now, when he doesn't want anything out of me, he won't lend me a finger's worth! I wonder if Trot will lend me the money?"

He interviewed Trot—another member of the fast set. But Trot was hardly more generous than Copley had been.

"Lend you a fiver?" he exclaimed. "Great Scott, I couldn't lay my hands on a fiver to

He ain't," said Mrs. Fisher. "But if you've brought that money yer owes 'im, I can take it and give yer a receipt."

"But I haven't the money," said Gardner. "In fact, I haven't got it. That's what I came to see your husband about. Can you tell me when he will be back?"

"He won't be back till late to-night," said the woman.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to see him to-day, then," said Gardner. "Will he be in to-morrow about this time?"

"For anything I know, he will," said Mrs. Fisher. "But I don't think yer need trouble to call unles yer brings the money. He swears he won't wait no longer than Wednesday."

"Well, I'll call to see him, anyhow," said Gardner. "Will you tell him I'll be here about six o'clock to-morrow evening?"

"Oh, yea, I'll tell 'im," said the woman. "But I don't know as he'll stop in if he's anything better to do."

As Gardner turned to leave, a fusillade of hailstones rattled against the window-panes, and just as he opened the side door a couple of boys dashed into the archway, apparently for shelter.

Gardner recognised them at a glance. They were Bob and Lal.

"The young cubs mustn't see me here," he muttered, under his breath; and before the two boys caught sight of him, he drew back into the doorway and half closed the door.

"Jolly good idea!" said Bob. "I can prise up one end of the board, slip the locket underneath, and drop the board back into its place, and nobody will ever know the wicker chair."

"I shall tell Nipper and Dick and Wag, of course," said Lal.

"Of course," said Bob. "But nobody else."

"Not a soul," said Lal. "Not even Mr. Rant."

A few minutes later the hallifortn ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

"It's fine now," said Bob. "We'd better cut off back, or we'll be late for call-er."

Gardner waited until they had quitted the archway, then he pushed his door open and emerged.

He had heard every word of the above conversation, but it had not affected him very much; not a thousandth part as much as it would have done if he had known what was going to happen the following day.

(Another enthralling long instalment of this splendid school yarn will appear in next week's BOYS' REALM, when the second instalment of our grand new serial, "The School on the Cliff," will be presented. Draw your chums' attention to it.)

ANSWERS
ONE PENNY
EVERY THURSDAY

Bob and Lal had been to the post-office with

THE SCHOOL ON THE CLIFF.

A Magnificent New Story of Stirring Adventure.
By E. HARCOURT BURRAGE.

fully among these relics of a great disaster, hoping to find some sign of life or clue to the name of the wreck. But the men were all dead, and there was not a word left on any portion of the wreck to guide them to its identity.

"It was wrecked off the Bowl," said Bob, after careful consideration of the position of the main part of the wreck. "I reckon she struck on the Sorpent."

The Sorpent was a line of rocks on the eastern side of the isle, jutting out of the sea, with round surfaces, which gave them a resemblance to the upbaldings of a serpent's body. Bob's authority was not disputed. Anyone venturing to do that very speedily found himself heavily grazed, for Bob, as a rule, knew what he was talking about.

Confirmation of his opinion was soon received. The wind died quite away with the outgoing tide, and subsided in a manner which was really wonderful. Early in the evening it was a comparative calm. Then the yacht of the Stranger, as the lone inhabitant of the Bowl was always called, was seen to emerge from its hiding-place, a snug, little harbour cut out by the sea in the cliffs. As the mast-head fluttered a red flag, a prearranged signal that he wished to communicate with the shore. Bob at once put off in a small boat, and the yacht having been brought to a safe distance from the shore, he pulled up to it.

The fishermen watched him hold a short conversation with the Stranger, who gave him a small bundle, which Bob handled in a tender, not to say gingerly, manner.

"Back he came, pulling like a man in a hurry, and as soon as his boat touched the sands out he leapt with the bundle, and called to his friends to come and see the craft."

"Where there, Bob?" cried half a dozen voices.

Bob did not answer them, but raced as well as a heavy boat would permit up the zig-zag path towards his home. An hour later everybody in Sternacraig heard that the sole yacht having been brought to a safe distance from the shore, he pulled up to it.

"It was a baby boy, about ten months old."

"The man, later on at the Mornaid, the solitary inn of the place, 'not even hearing my own, who's a picture' in his way. He's to be took good care of, have anything he wants, and more if he likes to have it, and the Stranger will pay; also anything we likes to charge for our trouble."

"But how did the little creature get ashore, Bob?" asked one of his mates.

"He was bound to a lifeboat, and thrown up on the shore. A minute or two after the ship went to pieces, which she did about ten seconds after she struck on the Sorpent, as I told you. The Stranger was out a-lookin' at the storm, and grabbed the little one as he was thrown in, and saved him from being drawn back by the under tow. He was a poor little chap, but the Stranger, he took him home and got him round, and has been nursing and cuddling him ever since, until he got me to take him to my misiss."

"Lor! It was something to hear him say, with that nice smile of his. Perhaps he's better let him grow, and so save him from no end of trouble," continued Bob; "but all the time I could see he was glad he'd done it."

"And was that all he said?" asked Peter Pinnick, generally known as Old Crab, although he was still young, owing to his somewhat saturnine disposition.

"Nuthin' more," replied Bob.

"Wasn't there no jewels, or nuthin' of that sort, hang round his neck?" continued Peter.

"Like them 'ere kids I've heard tell on in story-books?"

"I didn't see none," replied Bob.

"But there might be," said Peter; "and if there was, it ought to be looked into. That 'ere Stranger ain't got any right to 'em any more than an."

While Peter was speaking, Bob was about to take a drink; but, abandoning his intention, he put down the mug and began to pull off his outer jacket.

"What are you doing on?" asked Peter, alarmed.

"I'm going to answer that 'ere insinuation of yours as the Stranger would do, I'll be bound," returned Bob. "I'll jowl you."

"I didn't mean nuthin'," said Peter hurriedly.

"Then don't say nuthin'," replied Bob.

"Do you draw it back again?"

"In course I do."

"All right," said Bob, "I've done." And then he drank his beer.

THE NEXT CHAPTER.

FOR FOURTEEN YEARS.

FOURTEEN YEARS change some places considerably. It is much so indeed that a former inhabitant who returns after a lengthened absence, hardly knows his native place; but the time space might not make much difference to Sternacraig. The only notable change in it was the establishment of a school, about seven years after the notable wreck, by Mr. Bonington,

who built a house just behind the little village sufficient to accommodate himself, family, and about thirty boarders.

He showed his artistic sense by selecting a most picturesque spot. It was the highest point of land, with a wood on its summit, and on one side of it a chine, which was quite fairly like in its beauty.

A chine, as everybody knows, is an opening in a cliff—a mere crack in the earth, in magnitude; but this craglike chine was, like many others, a place of great beauty, with steep, rugged peaks up its side, two little waterfalls, and ferns and wild flowers in profusion. If there were such things as fairies, Sternacraig Chine would be chosen by some of them for a home.

Attached to the school were two tutors and other persons of whom we shall have to say something by-and-by; but, as nothing bore in a young reader so much as a lot of preliminary description, we will get at once into the heart of our story.

It was noon, and as beautiful a summer day as it could long for—warm, with sunshine everywhere, and just sufficient breeze to keep the heat from being oppressive. From a door on the chine side of the schoolhouse the boys, released from educational labours, swarmed out like a hive of bees going forth in search of honey.

There was a garden at the back of the house, but that was for Mr. Bonington's delectation; playground there was none.

And what playground did the boys need when the broad expanse of cliff, the beach, with its rocks and caves, and the chine were as open as the air to them? Right and left, for fully two miles, they were free to spend their hours of leisure, the only restriction put upon them being the rule that they must get water to meals at the time appointed.

The mingled voices of the boys made very pretty music, but for all that every note was not harmonious.

"I tell you that you dare not do it!" cried a thickset lad with beetling brows and a sneer on his lip.

"I dare!" replied a fair-haired youth, with a sense of pride. "I am not afraid of anything."

"Then do it!" returned the other.

"That is like you, Callis," said a tall lad with his hands on his hips. "Egging on the youngsters to do what you dare not attempt yourself."

"Oh, you shut up, Jack Jaunty!" growled Dan Callis. "Ingis isn't a baby. He needs to do it unless he likes."

"It wants a sure eye and a strong nerve to descend the Seagull's Cliff," said Jack Jaunty; "and when it is done, what then? Only a foot risks his life without an object for any means. Jack Jaunty liked neither. Dan Callis nor Aaron Downey."

"Ingis said he would do it," eagerly replied the boy addressed, whose surname was Downey.

The main body of the boys had moved away in twos and threes, and were scattering off in various directions, leaving the four named to walk together. Not that they were exactly congenial companions, for they were not so by any means. Jack Jaunty liked neither. Dan Callis nor Aaron Downey, and they returned the compliment by disliking him.

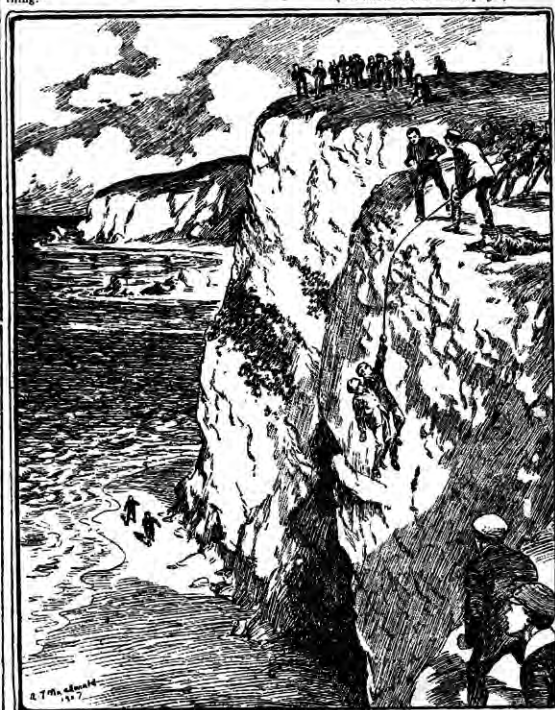
They were simply sticking to him out of sheer opposition, seeing that he disliked the idea of Gerard's attempting to descend the Seagull's Cliff. It was one of the most dangerous parts of the coast, although there were cliffs that were about as scaleable as a high hill, and to attempt to climb or descend them would result in the first case in failure, and the second in destruction. The danger of the Seagull's Cliff lay in the fact that it led comparatively easy to ascent or descent; but the task was in reality only so, as Jack Jaunty said, for one possessed of a sure foot and eye, and a strong nerve.

"I hate to hear bragging," said Dan Callis; "but, of course, I don't want Ingis to break his neck. It wouldn't do me any good."

"It might amuse you," replied Jack Jaunty. "Gerard, don't you be chafed into it. I'm just going to see dear old Bob, and will join you to the rocks for a bath."

He ran off with a light, springy step, indicative of his being endowed with speed when he had need of it, to the village, which was a

(Continued on the next page.)



Slowly Jack Jaunty, with his inanimate friend in his arms, was hoisted to the top of the cliff. Then strong hands were laid upon the two boys, and they were lifted to terra firma. A great sign of relief went up from all present now that the danger was passed.

PROLOGUE.
The Night of the Wreck.

THERE are some very rugged places around our seagirt isle, but few more so than the coast on either side of Sternacraig. The cliffs are high, and seaward many an ugly rock thrusts its head above the ocean, defying the ever-restless waves. In the offing there are a few scattered islands, very picturesque from an artist's point of view, and interesting to the tourist, but very little service to anybody else.

The most important in point of size of these isles was called the Bowl, owing to its having high, rugged cliffs all around it, and the island's being depressed. It was, by rough measurement, three and a half miles long and two broad; but, although it had trees and bushes dotted about its interior in groups, there was no depth of soil anywhere to make it worth the while of man to cultivate. For all that, it was a lovely place.

Here and there around it were chasms rent in the cliffs, which made the interior accessible without toiling over the tremendous rocks that reared their fantastic heads hundreds of feet in the air. And there were caves and crannies where fresh water lay all the year round. Lonely and beautiful it had been for centuries, visited only by fishermen in the colder days, or by the eager tourist, longing for something rich and rare for his caves. Until the year eighteen hundred and sixty, when a stranger arrived and proposed to settle on it alone.

He was young—not more than thirty—a well-built, handsome man, who spoke as educated people speak, in a manner, and clear.

He proposed to build a house and live there by himself, and all the people of Sternacraig said he was mad. But there was a method in his madness. He designed his own place, brought down the workmen to build it, arranged for supplies of provisions, bought a small yacht—light of draught and strong—suitable for that rugged seacoast. He engaged Bob Baxter, the most expert among the fishermen, to point out to him all the dangerous rocks and shoals, made a chart of the same, and showed himself, whether mud or not, to be a thoroughly practical man. When his house—a comfortable one of half a dozen rooms—was finished, he had it furnished with comfort, but without any attempt at elegance, even to a plentiful supply of books and pictures.

Fishing-rods, nets, guns, and other paraphernalia were likewise delivered to him, with a plentiful supply of rabbits and hares where-with to stock the island.

Then, without a companion, he entered on his solitary life. By arrangement, cases of necessities, which were periodically brought to Sternacraig, were delivered by Bob Baxter, who was so liberally paid for his services that he became a comparative millionaire among his fellows, who envied, in their simple, honest way, though they did not begrudge, Bob his good fortune.

A year passed, and the stranger was still there, unknown even by name. All the packages that came to him were simply addressed "A. H. P., Bowl Isle, Sternacraig," and man a spoke about his name was made, without any fruitful result.

One night—it has never been forgotten to this day—a terrible storm arose, and the full force of it fell upon the coast round Sternacraig. The wind, thunder, lightning, and rain were all of a phenomenal nature, and the sea rose white and bright with foam in the darkness. It was all foam, seemingly churned to its very depths between the island and the shore. So awful was the night, that neither the fishermen nor the other inhabitants of the villages scattered around, slept a wink. The whole world seemed to rock with the storm.

The morning came, the lightning, thunder, and rain had ceased, and the wind was going down. But the sea still churned and roared and beat upon the rocks, busy with the work of pounding to atoms the fragments of a wreck.

There was indubitable evidence of some tall vessel having gone down in the night. Broken spars, fragments of boats, portions of ruined cargo, and, saddest of all, bearded, manly seamen lay strewn along the shore.

Bob Baxter and his mate walked sorrow-

The School on the Cliff.

(Continued from the previous page.)

was roaming about the Bowl, he met its owner, who calmly told him that if he intruded again he would, without any preliminary conversation, be shot.

"And he looked exactly as if he meant it, too," said Peter, when he related the story at the Mermaid.

But why should Peter Pinnick hate Jack?

Well, it was the habit of Peter to hate most people, and especially those who to use his own words, "did him out of anything." Jack had not exactly done him out of anything, but, according to Peter's reasoning, he kept him out of something by refusing to allow anything to do with him.

Even now, as he followed Bob and Jack down to the shore, did he wonder how they were after a solution of the mystery of Jack's birth, which had haunted his slow, dogged mind for fourteen years.

The following then, however, no further than the village, where he turned aside and entered the Mermaid Inn. The recent exciting scene had worn all the life out of it, and he did not expect to find anybody there.

To his astonishment, there was one occupant of the tap-room—a stranger, who, as he entered, was engaged in making notes in a pocket-book. He was a short, dark, thick-set man, with a close-shaven head.

As he raised his head, disturbed by the entrance of Peter Pinnick, a pair of very keen eyes met the shifty ones of the fisherman.

THE 3rd CHAPTER. Jack and His Benefactor.

"NOW are you, my good fellow?" said the man cheerily.

Peter and his very well, and sat down, squaring his elbows upon the table to imply that he was as good as the other anybody else, and did not want any of his patronage.

The faintest indication of a smile passed across the visitor's face, and he understood the attitude, and from the attitude judged the man.

"I've got places this," he said.

"Oh, it's quiet enough," growled Peter; "too quiet now and then!"

"But you appear to have had something exciting on to-day."

"One of the little fiends from the school tumbled over the cliff, that's all," said Peter, and the visitor calmly, as he put up his pocket-book. "Another of the boys rescued him, and a nice-looking boy of his kind, and the son of some of your land proprietors here."

"No; he isn't," snarled Peter. "But you mean to know all about what took place with me being there, and I was there!" said the visitor seriously.

"I didn't see you," said Peter, opening his eyes.

"No; but I saw you," was the rejoinder.

"I saw it all, and I remarked on the appearance of the lad who risked his life to save another."

"I didn't much risk."

"Oh, yes, there was, my friend, so don't you try to take the gift off what the boy's done! Once again, who is he?"

"He's called Jack Jaunt," he replied.

"What do you mean by that? Isn't his name Jaunt?"

"No; he's got no name that I know of. He was wrecked off in a boat, and was rescued by Baxter. From the first he's had a style of don't-care-ness, a free-and-easy go about him, and they called him Jack Jaunt, as a kid, and as Jack Jaunt he's been known since."

"What was the name of the ship he was wrecked in?"

"I don't know."

"And what's the Bowl?"

"Look here, I—"

"Answer me, will you? What's the Bowl? And on it is the man who lives there?"

"I don't know."

"Eh—what?"

"He never gave me no name," said Peter, raising his voice, "and never sees or talks to nobody but Bob Baxter. Go and worry him about it, and he'll tell you."

"My friend," said the visitor smoothly, "my name is Terrapin, and I am a lawyer. I'll worry you, if you don't look out. I'm out of business, and I can't get through it without help. You will have to assist me."

"I ain't got any time for other people's business," replied Peter sulkily.

"Not if you are paid, and well paid, for it?"

"I'm on for any job," he said slowly. "If I'm well paid for it, and if it's not likely to get me into trouble."

Leaving Peter Pinnick with the stranger for a while, we will go on board the yacht Seaweed, where the stranger was awaiting the coming of Jack Jaunt and Bob Baxter.

There was nothing at all gloomy and misanthropic about that voluntary exile. On the contrary, he was a fine, handsome man, about forty, with a quietly cheerful countenance, and an air of repose about him which showed that he had made his life at rest. There was a few clear lines beneath the eyes, but they were not of recent production. A great sorrow plained there these years before, when once worn, it never comes back.

He was a man of a fine, open countenance. Nature rarely, if ever, takes the trouble to smudge them away.

The Seaweed was a perfectly-appointed little craft, with a miniature cabin. There was room enough for two or three to live on board at a time, but one good seaman could manage her, for there were several contrivances to lessen the labour of hoisting canvas and lowering it. She was a fine, sturdy, and well-known to possess great speed, although the stranger seldom put her to the test. Her anchor was down, and she was at rest. Her crew sat by the wheel upon a camp-stool smoking a cigar, and with his eyes fixed upon the approaching boat.

"He is a splendid boy," he murmured, "and so like them both. I wish the likeness had been confined to one—that is where the pinch comes. I would like to find a young man I'll stick to him, whoever comes to claim him. They will have to prove their claim up to the hilt before I part with the boy. Good-morning, Jack!"

The boy, with a beaming face, came nimbly over the side, and grasped the hand extended towards him.

"You sent for me, sir," he said. "I hope nothing is wrong?"

"Jack opened his eyes. It was the first time for you to get leave for the boys to come and spend a day on the Bowl!"

"I had writing letters to me. Was the first time such an invitation had been extended to the boys. Hitherto, he had been the only youngster who had been permitted to visit the curious little island."

"Don't stare so, Jack," said the stranger, laughing. "I do not purpose looking at you as a secret, that although I am not exactly tired of solitude, I begin to feel I should like it broken in upon now and then."

"Don't you think a letter to Mr. Bonington would help me?" hinted Jack.

"I had writing letters to me. Was the first time such an invitation had been extended to the boys. Hitherto, he had been the only youngster who had been permitted to visit the curious little island."

"Don't think there will be any objection on his part. You get a holiday now and then, and you'll be all right. I'll write to Mr. Bonington, Baxter, with his boat and the Seaweed, will run you all over in two trips. By the way, Jack, have you seen any strangers about here lately?"

"I have seen none," replied Jack.

"I dreamt the place was flooded with them," said the stranger, "and when one dreams of a hundred, one, at least, ought to turn up to make that dream have the element of truth in it. Now, if any should appear send Bob over at once and let me know."

Jack marvelled at the talk in this way, for of all people he had ever known, the stranger had shown the least inclination towards superstitious beliefs. Yet here he was talking about a dream to be verified.

"I won't forget, sir," he said; "and it is the least I can do for all your kindness to obey you in all things."

"Well, said Jack! What's been going on yonder?"

"Oh! A youngster slipped over the cliff, but he was not much hurt; he only fell half-way."

The stranger had seen the boy in this way, for the careless way Jack disposed of his gallant rescue.

"That's all right," he said. "If nobody is hurt there is nothing to grieve about. You must be running short of pocket-money. Here is a little to go with."

He pressed two sovereigns into the boy's hand. Jack looked at him with tears in his eyes.

"You quite spoil me," he said.

"You will take a lot of snoring," was the light answer. Now let Bob take you back, and don't forget to tell Mr. Bonington as soon as you come as soon as possible."

They shook hands again, and Jack, with a happy heart, went back to the boat below. Bob saluted the stranger, who peered over the side, and pulled for the shore.

When Jack landed he found that the boys had been waiting for him, and he went straight to the Seaweed, as soon as they were out of earshot.

"Was ever anyone so generous before?" said Bob.

"Well, I say one thing, 'Master Jack,' said Bob, 'he's a good man, and whoever he may be, or whatever may have sent him yonder to live a lonely life, he's a downright good sort. Call him a benefactor, and he won't go to sell me, or I'll sell him.'"

And carried away by his feelings, Bob pulled hard for the dock of the Seaweed, and the man who said he was in a state of great alarm.

"All right," replied Bob.

He was accustomed to all sorts of odd things in connection with the life of the Bowl, and never showed any undue curiosity. Very rarely did he exhibit the least surprise. Mr. Terrapin, the visitor, after a close inspection of Jack, devoted himself to his paper, and the boy, nimbly scaling the cliff, ran back to the Seaweed.

Standing at the door, he spied Nicky Hopkins, who feigned to be in a state of great alarm.

"Here," he said, "there's been no end of fuss about you. Somebody told Mr. Bonington that you were away to sea. He's gone off in a dead faint!"

"That will do, Nicky," replied Jack. "Is dinner ready?"

"It is," replied Nicky; "and we are all ready for it, including Gerard, who has got over his acrobatic performance. I say, that Dan Callis is a beast!"

"Which isn't news to me," said Jack.

They hung up their caps in the hall, and called the boys to the Seaweed, where they found all the boys seated at a big table, with a tutor at each end. The respective names of these gentlemen were Ferrula and Redditch, which the boys in private occasionally shortened to Mule and Radish.

Redditch was a tall, thin man, with a good stock of warm, auburn hair on his head, but none on his face. Mr. Ferrula was short and stout, with a high forehead, a liberal, sweeping, dark whisker, of which he was enormously proud.

"What are you boys so late?" asked Mr. Redditch sharply.

"I have been on board the Seaweed. I was sent for, sir," replied Jack, answering for both.

"You ought to have communicated with me before going," said Mr. Redditch severely.

"Will you have beef or mutton?"

"Jack took beef, and, being in excellent fettle after his recent exertions, he partook of a fair quantity of it before his gastronomical organs cried, 'Hold, enough!'"

The boys were fairly quivering during the meal. Before it was over a whisper of the coming visit to the Bowl had passed among them, and some of the younger ones were so excited that they had to struggle hard to get through the pudding that followed their dinner.

Half an hour's easy exercise was allowed before the resumption of studies, and the boys, having been sent to go to bed, were sent to bed, and some of the younger ones were so excited that they had to struggle hard to get through the pudding that followed their dinner.

Gerard, clasping his arm with both hands, was beginning to express his thanks, when Jack cut him short.

"Never mind that," he said; "tell me how you came to perform such a ridiculous trick?"

"I never saw it," said Gerard.

"I was standing just near the edge of the cliff, when somebody just touched me behind—it was the first thing in the way of a push I ever felt."

"Who was near you at the time?"

"I had just parted with the tutor, and Downey, and they both went they walked away from me."

"Nobody else near you?"

"No, sir, no one."

"In that case," said Jack, "nothing can be proved; but I fancy Callis did it. Anyway, I'll speak to him."

"Callis was coming along in front of the house with his hands in his pockets, alone, and when Jack went up to him he wheeled round to walk away from him."

"Just one moment, Callis," said Jack.

"Oh, don't bother me," growled Callis.

"I'll bother you if you don't stop!" said Jack.

Callis turned round again, and in a savage way he asked what he wanted.

"Only to give it to you straight," said Jack.

"If you don't mind what you are up to you will get into trouble!"

"Oh, that's all?"

"You know what I mean? You have had a narrow escape of having an awful sin upon your shoulders for nothing."

"I won't have it put upon me!" said Callis violently.

"I wasn't even near the little beggar."

"It can't be proved," said Jack; "but I have no doubt of your guilt. Now, I don't want to lick you, but if you're fighting, but as sure as eggs are eggs, if you interfere with Gerard in any way again I'll tan your hide for you."

He was very white, but it was mainly with rage, and he glanced at Jack like a young tiger. The look was entirely wasted, for Gerard was not there.

"You were thrown up like a starfish," he said, "then there would now be one bragging fool like me world."

"Look here, Callis," said Jack; "you know I'm not going to bragging. You and I have got quite fit to go together, and you don't improve as time goes on. I suppose it will come to a fight some day—the sooner the better, perhaps. Anyhow, whenever you feel that you are ready for me, only say the word, and you will find me prepared."

So saying, Jack who had been as cool as a cucumber, and as calm as a cucumber, leaving Callis with his face whiter than ever.

"You jaunty brat!" he muttered. "I hate you. Everybody thinks such a pile of you, while your masters are nothing? You sea-born brat! I hope you will before long go back to your mother!"

This was one way of wishing that Jack would be speedily drowned. Expressing bitter things in an original fashion was one of Dan Callis's specialties.

(The second long instalment of this splendid new serial will appear in next week's BOYS' REALM.)

THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

A Great New Organisation affiliated to "The Boys' Realm," banding together Junior Athletes who have shown Marked Ability in given Sports by performing certain Feats set by the President.

SECTION 1.—SWIMMING.

To any reader up to the age of 16 who can swim 100 yards will be awarded a handsome Diploma stating this fact and making him a member of the League of Young Athletes. In addition, a BOYS' REALM Standard Medal will be awarded to any reader who can perform one of the following tests up to and including 100 yards, in accordance with the conditions stated at foot.

Age 12-15.

APPLICANTS MUST SWIM—

40 yards in - - - 35 secs.

100 " " - - - 1 m. 35 secs.

220 " " - - - 4 m. 0 secs.

440 " " - - - 8 m. 0 secs.

Age 16-18.

APPLICANTS MUST SWIM—

40 yards in - - - 30 secs.

100 " " - - - 1 m. 30 secs.

220 " " - - - 3 m. 40 secs.

440 " " - - - 8 m. 0 secs.

SECTION 2.—RUNNING.

Age 12-15.

APPLICANTS MUST RUN—

100 yards in - - - 14 secs.

300 " " - - - 45 secs.

440 " " - - - 60 secs.

880 " " - - - 2 m. 35 secs.

One mile " - - - 5 m. 30 secs.

Age 16-18.

APPLICANTS MUST RUN—

100 yards in - - - 12 secs.

300 " " - - - 38 secs.

440 " " - - - 57 secs.

880 " " - - - 2 m. 15 secs.

One mile " - - - 5 m. 10 secs.

Application must be made on the Form below, and must be accompanied by details of the performance, vouches for by a headmaster, clergyman, trainer, or some responsible adult person approved by the President. A penny stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

(Name).....

(Address).....

desire to become a member of this Institution. Enclosed I send particulars of my performance.

To obtain a BOYS' REALM Standard Medal, in addition to the handsome Diploma awarded gratis, applicants should send Six of the above Forms cut from one issue of this paper. The necessary copies may be bought or obtained from friends.

THE LEAGUE OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

RUNNING:

Mr. A. A. ELSON, winner of over 200 prizes, gives readers the benefit of valuable experience gained during his long career on the cinder-path.

(Continued from last week.)

A FURTHER word or two respecting starting. Over half a mile, it is not infrequent that the starter is obliged to stand in sight of the competitor when firing his pistol. Due immediately the flash from the pistol is seen, as this will mean the gain of a yard or two before the runner can get away.

All watches are struck by the flash in timing a race, so this wrinkle is not a sharp practice. Also remember in distances involving the start, or part circuit, of a track that the course is measured one foot from the inner edge of the track, and therefore, the competitor should start close to the edge as comfort and opportunity will permit, to avoid unnecessarily covering more than the distance.

For the somewhat rare races over 1,000 yards and three-quarters of a mile, the train-work being slightly lengthened out to enable the runner to stay the extra distance. Watch carefully your running in practice any middle distance, and wherever you find a weak spot, train to overcome it, either by speed-work or practice for staying power, as already indicated.

Long-Distance Events.

Long-distance races are those of a mile and upwards. To be successful in these events, the runner must possess natural stamina. Like the sprinter, the long-distance runner is usually a specialist—that is to say, he rarely competes at distances less than those he is built for.

Much practice is required for distance running, for both wind and muscular power need to be brought to the point of perfection. A month or six weeks is none too little for a preparation. The training practice should be of a nature calculated to strengthen the muscles most needed in lengthy journeys, and to develop staying power.

Another, and an important requisite, is correct style. The ungainly runner will wear himself out much sooner in this class of race than he whose stride is easy and natural, and whose combined steady and leg action is a picture of rhythmic grace. It is a pleasure to watch a good long-distance runner. A man of class invariably possesses a good style. His style may be cultivated and improved by assiduous practice, which practice, if the rules are followed carefully, will concurrently develop speed and staying power.

The method of training for

a one-mile race.

In standing events in school sports, and a favourite item in a sports programme—is as follows:

The first day's track practice, taking a typical week, should extend over 1,000 yards. This should be covered at a steady pace. On the second day run half a mile at fair pace. Cover the rest of the day at half distance on the third day; and on succeeding days run half a mile, and so on.

Gentle walking exercise should be indulged in on the seventh day.

Training should be continued throughout the preparation on the lines of alternating the longer distances with the shorter ones, the former being run with slight exertion, at a steady pace, and the latter at fast pace, care, however, being taken to conserve energy.

When running the full mile, it is a good plan for the young runner to note his style at two-thirds of the distance has been covered. At this period, effort must be made to retain run half of the stride, and not to drop it, as is so often done when tiring.

This is an important period in a mile, and the due retention of style and form will tend towards ultimate success. It is the "bad time" with many competitors, but if at this part of the race the runner feels that he is out of gear, he should not stop, but push on with most of his powers, for hereabouts a race may frequently be put beyond doubt. Judgment, however, must be exercised, and the young runner should not rush to the head of affairs without reasonable belief in his ability to stay there.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

SWIMMING:

Mr. WILLIAM HENRY, Secretary of the Royal Life-Saving Society, coaches readers in the important arts of Swimming and Life-Saving.

Outdoor Bathing.

A S I have not the least doubt that a great many results of "THE BOYS' REALM" will shortly be indulging in a swim in the open—in ponds, lakes, rivers, and the sea—the subject of express apprehension will be appreciated and may be helpful to many when taking their dips.

In the first place, the art of catching cold is a very important and prevalent objection. There is nothing more common in conversation than to hear persons, who only know a little of the subject, express apprehension as to dangers likely to follow the rapid transition of the body from heat to cold. To those unacquainted with the action of cold water upon the system, such an objection may seem reasonable at first sight, but, in my opinion, if proper precautions are taken, there is absolutely nothing to fear.

The established popular maxim is: "Never venture into cold water when in a heat; cool the first impression of the mind." This is too severely deprecated as most detrimental to health and the enjoyment of the swim.

In a paper on baths, Dr. Leared observes: "It was generally supposed that the best way of getting rid of profuse perspiration, into water the temperature of the air in winter, must be injurious or even highly dangerous. But it is now known that cold water to the heated skin was sometimes carried to a ludicrous extent. I will venture to say that schoolboys having been taken to bathe with the other boys, and, if heated by some exercise, being plunged into the water, and then, to semi-rigidity until the point of regulation coolness was attained before the skin of the body is cooled by refrigeration was, of course, the best possible foundation for bad results from bathing."

To cold-water bathing, it is a safe rule not to cool first, as popular prejudice objects, because a sudden change of temperature is to the vigour of the circulation in general, and when the body is warm, it is in a better position for resisting the water.

The habitual bather is never annoyed by fears of cold.

Take special precautions.

because his skin has been strengthened and hardened. By being exposed to air, it has, so to speak, been made all fast; but to novice swimmers, it is a matter of great importance, and must be done with caution.

The swimmer, at the commencement of the season, should not remain more than five minutes in the water; and if the bath is not followed by a healthy glow, he will recognize that even this time should be gradually extended, but it should always be remembered that the undressing should be done quickly, and that there should be no hanging about before the plunge is taken.

After the swim, the drying process may be slowly performed, the friction with the towel should be vigorous, and, if the sun is shining brightly, the swimmer may gradually indulge in the practice of making the skin of his body like that of his face. Such exposure of the body to the sun is largely practised on the Continent, as well as in Australia. In Sweden, the custom is to allow the children of the elders, and devote the whole of their spare time to swimming, diving, and sun-baths, with the result that they are the best swimmers and divers, benefiting in health by the exercise and by exposing the skin to the air, but also get as brown as the proverbial berry during the summer.

The mere mention of open-air bathing sends a thrill of delight through all true swimmers; and the delightful as it must be indulged in with caution. In the first place, avoid bathing in quiet spots, for, should an accident occur, a very obvious sign of danger will follow.

In most rivers and lakes there are

recognized spots for bathing.

Some care has also to be exercised on account of weeds and currents. If the swimmer is to be removed, so that the swimmer may leave and enter the boat at the shore.

If the swimmer is to be removed, he should be accompanied by a boat when taking a swim in the sea or river some distance from shore.

If taken with cramp, keep calm; turn on the back; rub and stretch the affected limb. If the cramp be in the leg, put the foot on the ground, and stretch the muscles. This may be very painful at the time, but it will help to get rid of the trouble. In any case, the swimmer should not panic. If the cramp is taken with cramp, it is a sign that either the circulation is not acting, or the swimmer is getting tired. Therefore, he should leave the water at once.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

Mr. ALBERT TROTT, the famous County Cricketer and Coach, gives some very valuable instruction to Ambitious Cricketers.

(Continued from last week.)

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Albert Trott, at his benefit at Lord's recently, took seven wickets for 20 runs, thereby surpassing even his own magnificent record. This performance proves how little he is to instruct our readers in the art of playing cricket.]

Capitancy.

REMEMBER that, if you have won the toss, the wicket should not be rolled until ten minutes before the innings starts, and you have the choice between the light and the heavy roller, you will choose which you require. In fine weather in a dry season it does not matter which is used. If the ground is wet, then the heavy roller may be used.

Sometimes you will get a wicket that is not likely to last, and has already begun to give away; in that case, you must put on a light roller, for a heavy one may cause any cracks to become deeper.

The Order of Batting.

Do not forget that the captain should arrange the order of going in of his side, and even when he has done this will keep an eye on the batsmen, and if any of the side should be retained, I think, when once you have found out the ability of the side. Your first pair of batsmen should be strong and fast hitters; Hayward and Hobbs, at the Oval, are examples of what I mean. Your second pair were another pair; while C. B. Fry and J. Vine, of Sussex, are a fine example.

Always keep your men to go in three wicket down; or if you have only one or two men on the side that has been bowled out, make runs quickly. I should say let them go in fourth or fifth wicket. There are many instances of a batsman of going in should be altered, as when you have to make a certain number of runs, you may give them a chance to win the match, and to do it, you must send in the man who can take plenty of risks, and is a fearless batsman.

Bowling.
The bowling must only be changed at the option of the captain, and his most responsible duty is to know when to change the bowler. The bowler does not get wickets is not a sufficient reason; he may be bowling so well that he will get wickets. The ball may beat the bat, but not hit the wicket. Unless you have another to take his place, keep him on, at any rate, avoid the common mistake of taking him off and never putting him on again.

It is possible that the best bowlers on the side caused to bowl a match. The bowler does not get wickets is not a sufficient reason; he may be bowling so well that he will get wickets. The ball may beat the bat, but not hit the wicket. Unless you have another to take his place, keep him on, at any rate, avoid the common mistake of taking him off and never putting him on again.

The placing of the field is important, and depends on the batsman and the way he hits; while the state of the wicket also must be taken into account. If the ground is a right-hand batsman, a good bowler, and a left-hand medium pace at the other to start. When I deal with this subject fully, I shall have more to say about it; but if you go in for a change, let it be a real difference to what has already been given.

As early as possible in May have the team out in fielding order. Put each member in a certain place, and observe their performance—the way they pick up the ball and return it—before the allotted day position to a particular person. The first fortnight will soon show the men who will do the best close in, and those who will be better far out. Establish the position for the members of the eleven, however much practice they may have, take care that you do not get into a habit of doing that, their fielding may reach a high standard, although they are almost sure to take their cue from the captain.

Finally, the captain must watch the practice very carefully indeed, pointing out defects of style, errors of judgment, and the way to remedy them. He should insist on the regularity of the side, and to allot each man a certain period of time. The same thing applies to bowling; only let the bowler bow regularly, and let him, never allow slowness or anything of that sort. If the captain is a bowler, he should not keep on too long; and, if not a bowler, he should not keep on too long, where it is easy to direct the side.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)

A FAMOUS OARSMAN, and member of a well-known London Rowing Club, tells our readers how to excel at this Grand Pastime.

(Continued from last week.)

THE beginner will discover the proper depth at which the oar blade should be in the water when the stroke is made, by squaring the blade and letting it sink to its natural depth, when a balance will be made. Having convinced himself of this point, he should next endeavour to make the same effort without letting go the handle of his oar.

Let him next try and swing forward with the arms held out straight in front of him; and when he has accustomed himself to this let him try the same swing while grasping the handle of the oar.

The next step is to learn to disengage the oar from the water at the top of the fore-arm from the elbow. Then he must try the motions of the recovery which follow, and practice until he can execute various motions in their proper sequence and without jerk or unevenness.

In this preliminary practice it will not be necessary for the boat to be moved from the landing-stage or the bank by the practice being made. As soon, however, as the novice has mastered the points of the stroke, the boat can be moved, and it will be then that he will find difficulty in connecting the putting of the blade in the water with its disengagement therefrom.

It will be best for the beginner at first to use a little exertion as soon as he begins to swing the body much; let him devote his attention to the putting of his blade into the water properly, allowing it to flow through the water exactly, and to the motions of the recovery.

As he finds himself mastering the various motions, he can begin to swing more freely, and to exert greater pressure

on the water at the same time, watching his blade to see that it is pulled through evenly, and not jerkily, with fluctuating depths by which it is altered.

It will take some days before he has mastered these details, but he must not on account begin to use his strength until he has performed them with some approach towards correctness.

New acts of muscles will have been brought into play, and it is not until the stiffness wears off and they begin to perform their functions naturally, without incessant commands from the brain, that he ought to begin to let himself go.

When it will come the time when he will have to devote more attention to body swing and the use of the oar. He must not learn to swing with his arms, and it will be well for him if he does not apply this extra pressure to the stretcher for more than a dozen strokes at a time. During this time of extra pressure he will, of course, have also to devote his attention to the keeping of an even blade in the water.

Nor must he exert his full power until he has got a fair idea of how to use his hands and wrists without making frequent mistakes.

Having finally mastered the pulling of his blade with his arms, and the recovery, and the pressure on the stretcher, next will come the all-important point—the use of the body. The beginner must now learn to swing his body forward, right down between the thighs. Having swung the body forward thus, it must be brought back to its original position, the hip being the pivot on which the swing is made.

When he has mastered the swing properly, the novice must turn his attention to the stretcher, and must keep his feet firmly planted on the stretcher during the swing forward, and bring the stretcher slowly into play with the springing of the body in order to catch the beginning.

Then, when he is sure of himself, he can begin to let his arms swing more freely, and be careful all the time to watch the depth of the blade in the water. As he becomes more and more proficient, so he will strengthen in his rowing, until he will at last be able to keep his form for a course, and begin to think of taking places in a racing-squad as a member of a crew.

(To be continued on Saturday next.)



A Magnificent Tale of Colliery Life. By DAVID GOODWIN.

THE FIRST CHAPTER IN BRIEF.

Roddy Owen and Tom Hughes, two Welsh colliers, are the heirs of a certain Matthew Mathews, who is the rightful owner of the Aberford and Coalbrook Pits. But these collieries are in the hands of a man named Kenyon Price, who, by foul means, has destroyed the latter owner's claim, and now stands determined to wrest them from his grasp.

The only other person left them by the late Matthew Mathews is a place known as Starve-Crump Farm. The boys, having been sacked from Kenyon Price's employ, go and take up residence at the little wooden shelter on the farm. Here they meet a wonderful little Welsh mountain boy named Dylod, who, with whom they become firm friends.

Whilst exploring their property they come across an old mine-shaft, and this they descend. They are astonished at the richness of the seam of coal beneath, and realise that with the necessary capital they could easily become rich men. They decide that they will set to work and save sufficient to start mining operations.

Roddy applies for a job at the Coalbrook Colliery, and is taken on, and Tom Hughes with him. The boys are at once set to work as hewers, and come to little surprise at the large amount of coal called in from their day. In the evenings they return to Starve-Crump Farm.

Rhys is badly injured by some runaway teams, and is taken to Starve-Crump Farm. The accident is due to the work of Mr. Sully, the overseer of the mine, who is in Kenyon Price's pay. Rhys, a friend of the boys, is discharged from the mine by Mr. Hughes, and the overseer, Mr. Sully, and Tom is put on a successful train grease on a hand crane in such a manner that when Mr. Sully walks beneath it, it falls and crushes the overseer. A shout of laughing goes up from the pitmen who witness his disgraceful end.

(We read the next's instalment.)

Mr. Kenyon Price Shoots a New Claimant.

MR. SULLY'S rage and dismay were terrible. He flamed and raged with fury, covered from head to foot with the clinging, black grease. It confused him to such a degree that he fell into the crane, and then, slipping on the greasy ground, he came down with a thump.

"How, how, how!" laughed the pitmen. The overseer was Kenyon Price's favourite with them, nor did the heavy hewers care whom they laughed at, provided it struck them some money. Rhys, who was standing nearby, certainly did. The spectacle of the viewer flourishing and kicking in a canopy of coaling grease had a disconcerting effect on him. "I'll be the death of you for this!" gasped Mr. Sully, trying to grope in the direction of Rhys Evans. But so obscuring was the grease that he could not be sure which way he was going.

Tom, the moment he had overturned the bucket, gave the command that had been taken at the knot. Two or three steps took him away from the crane, and he made a quick sign to Rhys.

"Hook it while you've time!" he said, in a rapid voice.

Rhys did not need telling twice. With one last grinning glance at the viewer he darted away, round an engine-shed, back by the coal screens, and out of the colliery for good. When Mr. Sully had finally got the grease out of his eyes and was able to take the situation, Tom was leaning curiously against a post, his hands in his pockets, and Rhys was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is he?" gasped Mr. Sully, spinning round and glaring in every direction. "Where is he?" he cried furiously, turning to Tom.

"He's in the air," answered Tom, laughing. "Who? Don't try to play with me, sir; you know what I mean!" shouted the infuriated man. "I'm not a ruffian of a putter!"

"I'm not a ruffian of a putter, sir; I'm a hewer," said Tom.

"I didn't ask you what you were, you fool!" roared Mr. Sully, dancing with rage. "Where is Rhys Evans?"

"Made his lucky to 'tether side o' Aberford by now," said one of the pitmen; and another chuckled arose.

The viewer began to realise that his youthful enemy had fled. He felt scarcely underwhelmed by the escape, and he gazed up open-mouthed at the crane, saw the reversed bucket still dripping grease, and the situation slowly dawned on him. "It did it!" he cried. "That villain! I'll have him looked up!" said Mr. Sully, stamping.

"Why didn't some of you stop him?" he asked, turning towards the hewers.

"What are you standing there for like dumplings?"

"We was not see him do no anything," said one of the hewers, trying to hide a grin.

Those who had observed the affair early enough, knew it was Tom who had actually kicked the coal. "I'll have him!" said Mr. Sully, that Tom's presence was suspicious, and he glared more angrily.

"What do you know about this?" he cried. "Speak up, or I'll make you!" You must have

seen it done! Who put that grease in the crane-bucket!"

Tom, with a perfectly solemn face, replied never a word. His silence put the finishing touch on Mr. Sully's temper, and the viewer strode up to him with clenched fist. The boy did not move an inch.

"You must keep your hands off me, please," he said quietly. "There's too many witnesses for you to do the business here."

There is not much doubt that the viewer would have thrown himself on the boy at any other moment, for his rage was now beyond control. But Roddy stepped forward, and

Terry Lloyd, seeing what was happening, came quickly out of the crowd. The sight of them was enough for Mr. Sully, and he turned away. "I can stand no more of this," he said to himself thickly. "It's beyond a man's limit. Price can take his own share of it; I've had enough."

He was trembling with rage as he walked towards the office, but the sight of Terry Lloyd's big form was too much for him. As he went, a voice was heard amid the crowd:

"That's it, viewer! Get out of this, an' tell 'em to play the engine-room boss on yer!"

Who said that? exclaimed Sully, turning as if he had been stung. "Let him stop out. He is dismissed on the spot!"

Mr. Sully's anger was on the other side now awake, behind him still.

"Go on! get a wash, Sully. You sacked the kid for notin' an' then tried to bully him, an' you've got the wash on 'em all up, an' that's all they'll work the better."

What would have happened next it is hard to say, such a frenzy was the viewer in. But at that moment a clerk appeared at the office, and, putting his hand through Sully's arm, drew him quietly away and into the buildings. The viewer yielded to the peace-maker's touch, realising what a wretched figure he was cutting, and departed amid an ironical cheer from the pitmen.

After this little interlude, let's get down to the work. Mr. Sully, moving off with his chin, and avoiding the grinning engineers who wanted to question him. "I hope the little fellow in one of his buckets will all up, an' that they'll work the better."

"Great scions! What a bail he was in!" said Roddy, who had laughed more than any body in it. "But I didn't think you'd take any hand in it, Tom."

"I thought Rhys," exclaimed a friend in need. We should have had to try an' rescue the kid if Sully had started knockin' him about, an' that'd have been a much worse rumspa. The crowd looked on tamely.

"It's greased Sully's wheels, anyhow," said Roddy. "He don't actually know I did it, you see. We owed Sully one, as I said before. Only his was real Rhys's joke. I say, we must make sure Rhys don't get into any trouble through what I did. Do you think—"

"Took! Sully can't do anything else," said Roddy. "He looked up it all rot; Rhys was sacked, anyhow. We'll put that right for him; he shall have the first job in Bryn y Garth Pit, an' it won't be long now."

"Right! He's a handy kid. Don't tell him too much, though. I'll take Sully's day to clear his name."

"He'll get hauled over the coals by Kenyon Price for lovin' his temper an' makin' an ass of himself before the men," grumbled Roddy.

"Shobbin' bad business!" said Roddy. "I almost feel sorry for the chap."

"Considerin' he's done his best to murder you by proxy, an' did his best to murder me, I should say he's got it well. I'd rather bathe in grease than be run over by trains, for my part. There's the ease ready to go down."

They settled to work, and did so. They managed to "buck him up," as Tom put it, considerably, and the shift was a busy one. After hours were over, the one topic in the Coalbrook was the accident. It had killed one of the train-grease, and there were some extraordinary reports circulating as to the cause of it. Some said it was the fault of the one to "take Sully down a peg."

Others believed it was Rhys Evans's work, several ascribed it to Tom, and there were even some who believed it was an accident. But there was hardly anybody who considered it bad news. More laughter was heard in the Coalbrook than for many a day past.

When the boys came up the shaft and were about to leave, however, a messenger stopped them and accented Tom.

"You're wanted at the office at once," Hughes, he said.

"Now for the blessed result," said Roddy, with a shrill, excited rather grave.

Tom, however, went to the office with perfect cheerfulness, nor did he feel at all apprehensive. It was a surprise to him, all the same, to find himself in the presence of Mr. Kenyon Price, looking like the monarch of all he surveyed, and Mr. Sully looking very gloomy and repentful. He was clean, but still smelt slightly of train-grease.

"Hughes," said Mr. Kenyon Price, in his most pompous voice. "I hear a serious complaint you from Mr. Sully. It seems you wound a bucket of train-grease up the hand-crane, and so caused this abominable outrage whereby my head-viewer was drenched with the filthy substance. What have you to say?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I did nothing of the sort," replied Tom. It was, in fact, Rhys Evans who had wound the bucket up, and Mr. Price's question was unfortunate.

"Do you mean to deny it?" cried Mr. Sully. "No deny it," said Tom, and I'm not in the habit of telling lies."

Who did it, then? said Mr. Price sharply. Tom answered. The pit-overser insisted on an answer, and the boy replied, quite politely, that he didn't feel called upon to give any information about it. Mr. Sully, perhaps, had better settle the affair himself.

"Had you no hand in it?" said Mr. Price loudly.

"No, the grease, sir? No."

"Humbly, sir! I don't ask if you put your hand in the grease, but if you had any share in it," said Mr. Sully. "I know very well you had."

"If you know, what's the good of askin' me?" said Tom, with a weary air.

After a moment or two, during which the viewer grew more and more excited, and was finally suppressed by Mr. Price, who declared that he was not going to ask of Tom, the mine-overser took the floor again.

"Just understand this, Hughes!" he said sharply. "I will have no tricks played on my premises, and I'm not going to stand during which the viewer grew more and more excited, and was finally suppressed by Mr. Price, who declared that he was not going to ask of Tom, the mine-overser took the floor again."

"You are very lucky to be a hewer at your age, and there are some pits who could be so enterprising as to let youngsters try to earn such pay. As there seems some doubt as to who did this thing, I shall have to pass it over. But remember of your own's mind, an' you'll behave yourself, so choose by your conduct. Do you want to stay, or am I to dismiss you?"

The colliery-overser's voice was very stern, but Tom was not impressed.

"Yes," he said, "I think we understand each other, sir. I want to stay. I'm stoppin' for the sake of my own name, an' you'll keep me on account of yours, and Roddy Owen, too. You can sack me if you like, but you know I do my work well. I don't so much care, either way."

Mr. Kenyon Price looked at the boy with an inscrutable face.

"If you really feel like sackin' anybody," added Tom, pointing to the astounded and indignant Mr. Sully. "I should think it ought to be your head-viewer. He's been a real whole thing shockingly, so far, an' it's cost you a lot of money. I've no doubt. However, you want to sack some of the men, an' I suppose, you mean excited, and not yourself; but I don't wish to be harsh with you, so I send you just a word or two, and you'll be all right. Stick to your trade, my boy, work your hardest, and let us have no more of these troubles. They interfere with business."

"That's what Rodwell always says," replied Tom; "thank you, sir. I'm sure nobody's more anxious for peace an' quiet than we are. Good-bye, an' I'll be back in a minute."

Tom made his exit politely but swiftly before any more could be said, and, joining Roddy by the coal-screens, told him what had passed in the office.

"Phew!" said Roddy, with great relief. "That's all right. I was afraid K. P. might put me away for some of his affairs. So he's just made Sully swallow it."

"Yes; but the nerve o' the man!" exclaimed Tom. "To stand there and talk to me like a Dutch uncle, an' go about lookin' after an' encouragin' me in my work, as if we didn't know how things are! He just unloaded all his stuff on to me, an' then he says he's a Suesday-school class, an' there was Sully

turnin' all the colours of the rainbow. He didn't get much change out of it."

"It seems to me you've got a decent share of change, sir, to take it all," said Roddy, who, many of 'em care to have any words with the boss."

"It's rum, but I never feel in the least sorry for Kenyon Price himself," Tom answered. "We have to face some precious ugly affairs down underground, an' after that there's nothin' to be nervous of in a capitalist with diamond rings and a kid-latherer on the floor. He don't look dangerous in the least."

"But he is," said Roddy. "It's he who's the real danger of the lot. Who's, this comin'?"

He turned as a man came striding up to the chums in a determined way. It was Vaughan Jenkins, a big, heavily-built pitman, with his pick over his shoulder. He was no particular favourite of the boys, and was avoided by most as a turbulent, fractious fellow, always causing fights and squabbles. His face was flushed, either with excitement or beer.

"Here!" They tell me you got twenty pounds damage for not lettin' your rotti in that bit of an accident!" he said excitedly to Tom.

"Is that true?"

"That's what I said," said Tom, with annoyance, which Roddy shared, for neither of them had any idea the fact was known.

"It's true, then!" cried the pitman violently. "Then, by Jove, you've got to have my bit of the boss, too! What they mean by payin' you an' not me! Didn't I break two o' my fingers last month at a 'foul play'?"

An' you'd nothin' but a shoulder put out, an' was back at work in four days! I'll have it out of 'em, or raise Cain!"

The boys were both surprised at the man's violence, and felt rather embarrassed, too. They could not explain to Jenkins why Tom had been fined, and the twenty pounds, even if he could have been made to understand.

"Well, we've nothin' to do with it," said Roddy. "You'd better ask the boss, an' he'll tell you."

By Jupiter, I will!" shouted the man, his eyes red and angry. "An' there he comes!"

Mr. Kenyon Price's big motor-car came right through into the yard, which it did not stop to, to pick him up at the door of the office. The chauffeur was at the wheel, and the colliery manager stepped out of the building and into the car.

Roddy and Tom were perfectly stupefied to see the overseer's pitman rush right up and place himself in front of the motor, waving his arms.

"Old on!" he shouted, in a determined voice. "I want something out of you before I'm done!"

(Continued on the next page.)

BALNEO-CESS YIELDS TO

Proper treatment; and proper treatment is that which restores the liver to a healthy condition and regulates the flow of bile. Mother Seigel's Syrup acts directly on the liver, and strengthens it for the important work it has to do. Biliousness becomes impossible, and as the Syrup stimulates also the stomach and bowels, it frees you from indigestion and constipation.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"I have had as many as three bilious attacks in a fortnight. They came on with headache and dizziness, and ended in vomiting. I tried to have till I could hardly stand. At all times I was plagued with constipation, and felt thoroughly wretched. Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me." From Mr. Herbert Shipley, Bowcourt Farm, Epworth, by Doncaster, January 3rd, 1907.

AND SO DOES CONSTIPATION

The 144 tablets contain three times as much as the 1904 pills.

"You go, gu'n'or! Wot about them fingers I broke an' never got paid for, eh?"

"By the w'holes you are, an' what do you mean by pried the w'holes out?"

"Get out of the way, man!"

"You don't leave this yard till I get sh'it! If you can't pay that there bid twenty shillings for a rickied elbow, you can pay me fifty shillings for broken fingers, an' cheap at the price!"

"You was in the w'holes, an' you're excited an' indignation that nothing could hold him."

"Drive on!" said Kenyon Price sharply to the driver, and he began to start.

"What, you won't listen to reason, won't yer?" shouted the infuriated pitman. "Then take that!"

The young man swung up his pick, and brought it down with all his force on to the bonnet of the motor; it pierced the shield and drove deep into the cylinder.

There was a loud, rending bang, shaking the whole car, and making Mr. Kenyon Price jump in his seat like a kipper, nearly losing the chauffeur out as the car stopped dead.

Kenyon Price's Salmons.

THE whole yard full of colliers gaped in astonishment at the extraordinary scene, and Mr. Kenyon Price, after a moment's first wild staring, fairly flew out of the now stationary car in a tremendous rage.

"That man!" he shouted, pointing at the quivering finger at Jenkins. "Send for the police, and look him up! Do quick!"

"I'll go in to look for him, my first—yes, I can do whatever like them!" bawled Jenkins valiantly. "Out with fifty quid, or I'll bug you old smug into scrap-iron!"

At the same time the motor's bonnet again, half wrenching it off, though there was no explosion this time. The cylinders were already just graving for Mr. Kenyon Price was beside himself with fury. A police whistle was blown at the gates, and the whole yard was in commotion.

"Now, will yer pay up!" yelled Jenkins, wrenching the garage clean off.

"I'll give you an amount for this, my shomin' ruffian!" cried Kenyon Price, choking with anger.

"Will yer! We'll see about that!" snorted Jenkins, running towards him, pick in hand. Mr. Glass, who came running up, sprang at the man and seized him. Two or three pitmen instantly helped to disarm Jenkins, and there was no doubt he meant serious mischief. A short struggle ensued. A brawny policeman came in the middle of it, and Jenkins was soon safe in custody.

"Take him away!" exclaimed Mr. Price. "Look him up, officer! I charge him with assault and violence, and I will see the ruffian gets his deserts! Off with him!"

"I want my compensation—fifty pounds!" protested Jenkins loudly, as the constable hauled him away. A laugh broke out, and went round the yard. Kenyon Price, having seen his captive removed from the premises, told Mr. Glass to telephone for a carriage at once—the motor was useless—and went to the side gate. As he did so his glance met that of the boys, who were both grinning. The collier officer walked straight on.

"That compensation o' yours is worth both ways, Tom," chuckled the constable, and gave a day's pay to know what the boss thinks!"

"But I say, ain't it a bit rough on Jenkins?" said Tom, and the direction of the distant pitman on his way to the police-station. "Can't we do something?"

"I don't see why. Jenkins has fairly earned what he's got, an' now he's a bit lunkum about his wantin' compensation. He broke those two fingers in a drunken fight, just outside the pits, an' one while at work at all in bad spirit, and at best o' times. If he likes to get an' snash up the motor for nothin', he's got to pay the penalty."

"He thought he'd got a grievance, I s'pose." "Grievance your grandmother! We've got a lot on ourselves here, an' we've got to go an' smash all the windows at Plas Rhyll on the strength of it, we'd be locked up, shouldn't we? An' serve us right! Don't worry about Jenkins; the ruffian's got a p'ntin' new to him. I'll allow it was funny."

"Funny, yes! Well, let's get back to Bryn, then."

They made their way out of the yard, and just at the top of the town they saw Rhys Evans, and hastened to meet him. The young pitman did not seem at all in bad spirit, despite his dismissal.

"I'm a gentleman at large!" he said, grinning. "I was sent home, an' I was sent home to see Sully all in the middle of yer brain-eggs. You bawled me up yer well in that way, an' I am a gentleman. When you're standing by yer string, I knew it was all right."

"Not at all! I was sacked, anyhow, and I was sent home off a rabbit-hole. You were sent to Sully all in the middle of yer brain-eggs. You bawled me up yer well in that way, an' I am a gentleman. When you're standing by yer string, I knew it was all right."

"I was a little rascal of it, you mean," said Rhys. "What you're out of work, Rhys, you're no mistake about that. What are your plans?"

"I'll take a holiday. My uncle is rather glad I work no more in the Coed Coch—he does not like Sully. Then I look for a place in the colliers' office. Rhys, I am a gentleman, as he added: "I was rather afraid Sully will make it hard for you to get work."

"That's a certainty!" replied Tom. "He'll

get you barred out at every pit in South Wales. We know that, don't we Roddy?"

"It will be serious if I cannot get work," said Rhys gloomily. "I do not want to live on my uncle for nothing—he has no much money for him, Rhys."

"Look here, Rhys," said Roddy. "Can you hang on an hold your tongue for a bit? If so, we'll see you get work; provided you'll wait a little. Only you must say nothing about it. Will you?"

"I will do it if you tell me," said Rhys, in surprise. "What work and for whom?"

"For us. Start as a putter, an' climb as high as you are able. You to a good 'un, an' we'll give you every chance. It may be a month first. Only mind the word, mind!"

"I never talk about an' affairs, or other people's. But how can you get me work?"

"You'll learn that, soon, if you'll trust us," he said.

"I would like fine to work for you. You have something up your sleeves, eh, you two? There is an old farm you had got, I hear. No, I ask no questions, whatever. I will wait for you."

"That's a bet then," said Roddy. "Take old jobs, or anything to keep yourself going, an' if you really get in a fix, an' find yourself broken, come to us, an' we'll help you."

The matter on the basis of terms, and Tom and Roddy went on to Bryn y Garth.

"We shall want some good help as soon as we start," said Roddy; "but it won't do to fill up places with men who are not fit to be there. I must get ahead with my reading, an' cram up some more engineering work. With we could get a real good colliery expert, that you can trust."

"You'll be as good as any after a bit of experience," said Tom. "We've got to begin at

thing for money. I thought you would like lamb, and rest of him hangs in the shed. But if you think—"

"Dafydd, my buck, I beg you a hundred pardons," said Roddy, seizing the joint by the knuckle-bone. "I abuse myself, an' crawl for money. I was quite wrong; but, you know, you had runny ways of gettin' things sometimes. Don't you? Remember the old lady's chicken?"

"You said you did not like it, so I did it no more."

"I know you wouldn't tell a whopper, old chap. You'll admit it was a bit of a shock to see you with lamb. I was afraid we might have to pay for a blessed sheep, which we can't afford just yet, not being colliery magnates. Have a bit off the parcel, now—I mean the knuckle!"

Dafydd was easily mollified; in fact, the suggestion that he might have stolen the lamb did not really offend him at all. For he still considered, in his own mind, that animals loose on the moors belonged to anybody who could get hold of them. He explained that the farmer's wife had given him the new potatoes and the mint. At any time he was a born cook, and to-day he had surpassed himself.

"Been seen any more visions?" said Tom lazily, as he stretched himself out in the sun after the meal.

"I never see visions after roast lamb," said Dafydd, lolling out a couple of holes in his teeth.

"No; at any time, I mean. In the still night, or when the mist's creeps in over the moor. Haven't you seen anything fresh?"

"It was in the heart of the first last time," observed Roddy. Things had been going smoothly the last week, and he did not feel

workin' in the pit. They can't be union men, an' it's a wonder the pitmen haven't made a row about it."

"The union don't hold quite so much here in South Wales as it does in the North or Taff Vale," said Tom. "Our chaps do more as they like. They're a ratty-coloured crew, those Belgians, though!"

"I s'pose the pitmen are too busy to bother just now."

"Oh, never mind the Belgians! They're nothin' to do with us. It's Whitman week, an' we've two or three half-days back before us now on Monday. I mean to have a holiday."

"Yes; there's plenty to do at Bryn y Garth." "I'm not going to ferret about in the bottom of that shaft all the time, Roddy, I warn you. I shall like to be a better man than I am."

There's been enough underground work for a spell, an' we mustn't get stale. I vote we have an' day, an' then, an' then, an' then."

Roddy was nothing loth, for they had done very well; and a good amount to their credit, and all was going smoothly. They went home to the farm, and themselves in Dafydd's hands for an expedition.

All the Saturday afternoon they fished for trout in the stream, and they were in good time all round. Dafydd led them to another river a mile or two away, where Tom and Roddy were fishing with a long willow-wand line, an' a sippetty gut cast in a long willow-branch, and he tied himself from poultry hawks and the like.

On the Sunday they took it easy, and just before dark it began to rain heavily. The boys were rather surprised to find that Tom and Dafydd, who was out before the others, returned with the news that a roaring flood was running down the brook.

"She sure make her salmon run up like anything," he said. "We will try and get one in for afternoon. What is left of the lamb has been rather nice whatever, and we want some fresh food."

Salmon! What, in the brook there?" said Tom.

"Yes, indeed; below the waterfalls. On a flood like this they run up from the sea by way of the Aberford River, and so up the brook. They cannot get above for a mile or two, but in those pools below 'em haf taken them up to two pounds' weight."

"What a lot!" said Roddy.

"We've got no tackle that'll hold a salmon."

"With this," said Dafydd, taking a large stick, and a cork, and the sharp point, out of the lining of his coat. He spent some time bending it firmly on to a stout mountain-ash staff.

"Now I will show you," he said, "though we may not get a fish till the water fines down a little. We must go to the pools just below the waterfall."

He led the way to the first big pool beyond the waterfall. The morning sun was shining on the rocks and young bracken, and the water was clear and crystal as a swimming-bath the day before, with a small cascade falling into it over the steep rock, was a perfect cauldron of foaming, coffee-coloured water.

The boys had not been there long before a boulder, which had been washed down with a lousing roll, and disappeared again.

"There he is!" cried Tom. "You were right. A big one!"

"I would bet there are two or three in the pool," said Dafydd. "They are angry because they can get no higher. Perhaps you may see them shortly leap the fall, but it is too high. They never get above here. We must wait till the water's gone."

"I suppose you saw some the flood run down. Four hours later the volume of water had dropped by one half, for it does not take long to a mountain stream to rise or fall, and the water was clear and crystal as a swimming-bath, as it had been. Dafydd announced that there was now a good chance of seeing the salmon."

Eager to see how the young moorman expected to get a salmon with nothing more than a cork and a stick, he followed him to the pool. He walked straight into the water up to his waist, and, standing beside a boulder, supported himself on it. He was a perfect cauldron of foaming, coffee-coloured water. The two others took their places behind a rock on the bank and watched.

It was a long time still Dafydd remained there, motionless as a heron that watches for its dinner. For nearly half an hour he stood in the water, his eyes fixed on the dark, stubby boulder, and his thumbs wondered how he could stand the chill of the mountain stream so long. But he did not seem to mind.

"I suppose you saw some the flood run down. Four hours later the volume of water had dropped by one half, for it does not take long to a mountain stream to rise or fall, and the water was clear and crystal as a swimming-bath, as it had been. Dafydd announced that there was now a good chance of seeing the salmon."

"Well!" said a deep, sonorous voice behind them. "So you are poaching my salmon, you?"

The boys jumped round as if they had been shot, and there, behind them, stood all people in the world, Lord Mr. Kenyon Price.

(Another fine long instalment next week.)



Down came the pick with a resounding crash into the bonnet of the car. Immediately all was confusion.

at the beginin', an' work up. All short labour at first. But we'll want hands, at you say. Dafydd can't be counted in."

"No, he's at his best above ground—after trout an' rabbit an' keepin' off spics!" chuckled Roddy. "Besides, I don't believe all the money in Wales'd bribe him to spend his time in what he calls holes in the ground. He's the most useful chap in his way that we've ever struck, though."

"You didn't mean it out of a rabbit-hole, an' he thought so more than ever when, on arriving at the cottage, they found Dafydd had ready for them a well-roasted chicken, young lamb cooked to turn in the old brick baking-oven, and—wonder of wonders!—new potatoes and mint-sauce. The meal was suspiciously good. It roused Roddy's suspicions, in spite of himself."

"I say, Dafydd, what have you been up to?" he said warningly, as he looked at the fishy.

"There was nothing fishy about lamb," said Dafydd innocently. "small him!"

"Sneaky rascal!" said Tom. "Give us a plate, old chap!"

"But look here, it's no use your pretendin' the lamb was a wild one, pursued Roddy. He said my eye, but those new potatoes are prime! The 'un taught you to make misapprehensions of all things!"

"I feel it," said Roddy, consoling himself. "I had this week broken in two colts for ter farmer at Bryn Coed, and he was just me ter lamb in payment, for I do not care any-

superstitious just then. "It must be three weeks since you saw the last lot, Dafydd."

"Those haf not yet come off," said Dafydd quietly. "There is time yet. I should not mind it at all, if I was you."

"I don't, old boy; but can't you give us a date?" said Roddy, with a wink at Tom.

"There was that dark cell in the ground, you know, with a dead body in it."

"P'raps that means you when I see Selby cut at you with the pick," suggested Tom.

"There wasn't any dead body, as it happens, but he didn't miss you by much."

"No; it was not that," said Dafydd quietly. "The time has yet to come. Perhaps it is close; perhaps far off. But it will come."

Both the boys felt a little chilled, and changed the subject. Roddy got out his engineering and colliery books, and began to read hard. He spent the latter part of the evening counting a model of an improved shaft-lifting and head-gear, with a winder and chain. He worked excellently, and looked promising enough. Roddy resolved to try the model, and it kind of safety clip-hook on it that had occurred to him, but there was not time that night.

The day was pay-day, and Roddy had a little less to draw, owing to his lost day. Tom, however, had full pay to take, and they did not quarrel well between them. They saw the new Belgian hands drawing their money at another office, and the sight made Roddy thoughtful.

"I'm a believer in leavin' every chap have a chance to make a bit of a fortune," but still, charity begins at home. It beats me how our men put up with those foreign fellows