

The Boys' Realm

of Sport & Adventure.

1

THE TRELOAR CHALLENGE SHIELD.

A Complete Cycling Story. By A. S. Hardy



Moore came along to a fine tune,
and won all out by three lengths.
The crowd cheered gallantly.

YOUR EDITORS.



Your Editor is always glad to hear from you about yourself or your favorite paper. He will answer you by post if you enclose a stamped addressed postcard or envelope. Write to him if you are in trouble, if you want information, or if you have any ideas for our paper. All letters to be addressed to the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM, 23, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. Your letter is not replied to here, it may be answered in "The Boys' Friend" next Tuesday. THE BOYS' REALM will be sent post free by any part of the world on the following terms: 12 months, 7s.; 6 months, 3s. 6d.; 3 months, 1s. 3d.—payable in advance by British stamps. Postal Orders or Money Orders to be sent to the Publisher, 23, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

Are you in Trouble, Mr. Lad?

AMONG the many thousands of lads who read THE BOYS' REALM there are certain to be some who would give anything for friendly counsel and advice. Perhaps in some rash moment they have committed some act, said some unkind word, for which they are now ashamed, and they only like to remedy the wrong, if they had some friend to whom they could appeal for advice.

Are you in trouble, my lad? You will find me a friendly ready to help you in everything within my power, and to respect your confidence. I do not know, of course, if you have ever done anything of which you are ashamed; I say it without boasting, I have been able

ON

on innumerable occasions to save a boy from ruin and lifelong wretchedness by a kindly little chat with him. Can I help you now? I can, of course, reply to readers who omit to send their names or addresses, but every communication I receive shall have my own personal attention.

I am prompted to make this appeal to my friends who read this paper by the letter of a deeply grateful reader, who has been turned aside from a path of wrongdoing by a few friendly hints I was able to give him. The letter referred to runs as follows:

"Dear Editor, I send you this letter with great pleasure, and I also want to let you know that I am still following your advice; but I am proud to say that I am a different lad today than I was two years ago."

"I have only one to thank for this, and that is you, and if I can't repay you for your services, for I hope that God will, then I do not know what a change you have made in me. At that particular time when you gave me your advice my wrong-doing seemed my darling, and two of the greatest pains I have, and they are my home and the girl I love; but, thanks to you, this has been altered."

"Sir, you will see the heading of this letter that I have written my name and address in full, because I think it would be a cowardly action on my part if I kept it from you after the service you have done me; so if you would like to communicate with me I shall be greatly pleased."

"I think I will close this letter now, hoping you will reply, and also wishing you the very best of luck."

"May God's guiding hand ever be with you. Yours truly, 'R. Y.'"

To Settle an Argument.

R. E. F. are the initials of one of my London chums who writes to ask me to settle an argument he has had with his brother as to in which paper "Nelson Lee's Pupil," our new "Boys' Friend" or Threepenny Library, first appeared.

OUR CRICKET LEAGUE.

The following table shows the position of the top ten of Section II, up to and including Saturday, July 13th:

JUNIOR.					
Club.	P.	W.	D.	F.	A.
Garfield Street	11	11	0	0	0
Barclay	10	10	0	0	0
Primitive Juniors	9	9	0	0	0
Highfield Juniors	10	9	1	0	0
Laty	10	8	0	0	0
The Realm	8	8	0	0	0
Malvern	8	8	0	0	0
Technique	8	8	0	0	0
Uxley Cattle	10	1	0	0	0

SENIOR.					
Club.	P.	W.	D.	F.	A.
Camden	11	10	0	0	0
Norfolk	10	9	0	0	0
Sankey	10	8	0	0	0
Lowly Lane	8	8	0	0	0
Laty	11	6	0	0	0
Brockley Hill	8	6	0	0	0
Highfield Juniors	8	6	0	0	0
St. Jude's	8	6	0	0	0

Prices of Boys' Realm Cricket Match have been awarded to the following clubs, for the best performances on Saturday, July 13th:

ST. CLARE CRICKET LEAGUE.	
St. Peter's United	£1.0.0
St. Peter's United	£1.0.0
NORTH LONDON CRICKET LEAGUE.	
Thames Valley	£1.0.0
Thames Valley	£1.0.0
HARLESFORD CRICKET LEAGUE.	
Harlesford	£1.0.0
Harlesford	£1.0.0

Remember! New Slapton School Story in a Fortnight's Time!

Well, then, to put an end—a pleasant one, I hope—to this brotherly difference of opinion, I say tell F. E. F. that the splendid story he refers to appeared originally in the first volume of "The Boys' Herald."

By the way, a new tale of the exploits of the famous detective Nelson Lee, entitled "The Iron Hand," is just commencing in "The Boys' Herald," and so far is proving a great success. Another item of news to admirers of detective stories is that "The Great Unknown" is now

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included amongst the volumes of our Threepenny Library. Really, it seems as if there is going to be quite a boom in Nelson Lee stories.

Training for Running.

WOULD you kindly tell me the best diet, and what hours to take same, in training for running. I write one of my Bridge of Allan chums who signs himself "Sprint." I have much pleasure in complying with my chum's request, for I feel sure that it will interest reading also to many others of my athletic readers.

As regards diet, breakfast, which should be taken about an hour after rising, should consist of stale bread with only a little butter. Watercress, lettuce, onion, jam, or preserves may be added. Well-cooked oatmeal porridge should be taken on alternate mornings with bacon—not too fat—and eggs. For beverages, coffee, or weak tea, are best. Cocoa, which is rather fattening, should be left alone.

IRON BRIDGE CRICKET ASSOCIATION.
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35, Haddington Road, Blackburn.

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JUNIOR DIVISION.
ST. BARNABAS C.C.—Secretary, V. Taylor, Glodmore, 27, Blenheim Road, Southfields.

ELBOW VALE AND DISTRICT JUNIOR CRICKET LEAGUE.
LEAGUE TABLE TO JULY 13th.

Club.	P.	W.	L.	P.
Victoria	4	3	1	0
Elbow Vale Juniors	4	3	1	0
St. Barnabas	4	3	1	0
St. Barnabas	4	3	1	0
St. Barnabas	4	3	1	0
St. Barnabas	4	3	1	0
St. Barnabas	4	3	1	0
St. Barnabas	4	3	1	0

Boef, lamb, and mutton may be eaten for dinner, together with small portions of well-cooked vegetables. If the athlete has a tendency to stoutness, it would be better if he had no potatoes, but ate stale bread in their place. Fish, such as cod, soles, and whiting, cooked without flavoured sauces, are good; but except for a little steamed fruit, sweet puddings and pies should be rigorously avoided. So long as dinner is taken from about mid-day to about two o'clock, time does not matter so much.

Tea, consisting of a small chop, with bread or dry toast, or good wholemeal bread-and-butter if cheese cannot be afforded, should have been taken about an hour before the athletic commences serious work.

You will see that I am supposing that "Sprint" and my athletic friends are engaged during the day in their evening, in practising running and other vigorous pursuits. My Badge of Allan chum asks me whether he should take his weight down as far as possible, or whether merely to a certain weight. Personally, I do not believe in holding to hard and fast rules. The chief thing, in my mind, is to rid oneself of superfluous fat, and to get the muscles and body generally into as fit a condition as possible without going to the trouble of getting the weight down to any specific figure, but to be content with the gradual diminution that is brought about by constant exercise and adherence to training rules.

If "Sprint" would like further information upon any particular point in training, I shall be pleased to do my best to satisfy him.

To Shorthand Writers.

I AM sure that I will interest all my chums who write shorthand to know that the Editor of "Good Words" has sent me to the senders of the twelve best, short, transcribed extracts from a sermon preached by any living minister of the Gospel at Sunday or weekday services.

Now, there are many ways in which a shorthand writer can keep himself in practice; but I think that this offer of "Good Words" is quite the best opportunity I have seen for young stenographers to gain practice, and to add to their money income the same time.

The rules which govern the offer of the Editor of "Good Words" are simple enough. Extracts should not exceed 222 words. You must write clearly, and give the name of the preacher and the place where you heard the sermon, and to their money income the same time.

Address your communications to "Sermon-Notes," "Good Words" Office, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

DAILY MAIL.

HANLEY AND DISTRICT CRICKET LEAGUE.
Club. P. W. L. D. P.

May Bank	0	0	0	0
Clough Hall	0	0	0	0
Eastwood	7	4	1	2
Northwood	7	4	1	2
Berry Hill	7	4	1	2
Henry Richards' Tile Co.	7	4	1	2
Northwood	7	4	1	2

The table is made up to and including Saturday, July 13th.

PORTLAND NO. 2.
The following readers have been awarded five shillings apiece in accordance with the conditions laid down in the regulations of this competition:

A. Harrison, 25, Chesham Road, North Kensington; Ernest Connell, 10, Beech Terrace, Brompton; Braham; Donald Evans, 55, Venetian Terrace, Brompton; Leonard, 167, Chatterley Road, Addison; Lancashire; William Barrett, 22, Jubilee Street, London; Gifford; A. Madden, 27, Patterson Road, Hoxton Green, Nottingham.

The readers whose photos were published were members of the following clubs:

- Gregory Rangers.
- Luton Alliance.
- Anderson Rovers.
- Cathedral Juniors.
- Union Rangers.
- Fluoriana Swifts.

The Loamshire Captain Puts His Foot Down.

"Go!" In the deadly silence that had fallen upon the cricket-field and the enclosure, Arthur Lovell's voice rang out sharp and clear. His hand was raised to point to the pavilion, his flashing eyes were fixed upon Geoffrey Lagden.

"Go! I order you off the field!"

Lagden had turned deadly pale. For once in his life his coolness failed him, and he did not know what to do. He had roused the sleeping lion at last; he had provoked his captain until the provocation had been too great for Arthur Lovell's patience.

He had gone on his way recklessly, caring little what was the result of his action, only vaguely realizing that he was giving serious trouble to the new captain of Loamshire. But he had never expected that! To be ordered off the field, in the sight of his friends in the pavilion, in the full view of thousands of spectators!

He had gone too far, and the worm had turned at last—and turned with a vengeance! Lagden was pale as death, and his eyes dropped before Arthur's flashing glance.

"Lovell, are you mad?" he muttered hoarsely. "You—you order me off the field?"

"Yes; go!"

"You—you must be mad! I will not go!"

"Arthur's lips set in a tight line. His blood was up now, and he was fully determined and as hard as a rock. Whatever came of it, he resolved to uphold his authority as captain of Loamshire, and that could not be done while Geoffrey Lagden remained on the field.

He looked at the man on his side, and was determined to thwart him, and Lagden must go, if Loamshire were to have any chance against the men of Kent.

"You will go?"

"You have already done it sufficient to make a cricket scandal, and bring discredit upon Loamshire and the game itself. You had better not add to it."

Lagden cast an almost haggard glance round. If he hoped for support in the team he was disappointed. Whatever might be the feelings of the majority of the Loamshire players towards Arthur Lovell, they had no idea of revolting from the captain in the presence of the foe. If the greater part of the team had walked off the field on a guess with Geoffrey Lagden, he would have gained a sort of triumph. But that would have been to throw away the match to Kent. And, although more than one player on the Loamshire side would have gone far to bring Arthur Lovell down, not one of them had any thought of betraying his county for the purpose of effecting it.

Lagden's eyes came back to Lovell's face. The somewhat more than unpleasant scene must end—and now! It was useless to defy his captain. A cricket captain is an autocrat on the field. If Lagden refused to go, he would be removed. Nothing was to be gained by a display of foolishness.

"Is there an appeal to use? Could he bring down his spirit to appeal to the man he had defied and vilified and provoked from sheer wantonness. Yes, he could; for anything was possible, this being ordered off the field in disgrace.

"Lovell," he muttered huskily, "consider a moment."

"I have considered! You must go! There is no other way," said Arthur quietly. "You are keeping the game waiting! Get off the field!"

"Listen—"

"I will listen to nothing!"

Geoffrey Lagden ground his teeth in helpless rage. There was no help for it. It was useless to remonstrate; worse than useless to defy. He turned away. He had no right off the field under the gaze of thousands of curious eyes, with a score of field-glances turned full upon him.

His pale face flushed as he went. Never had the walk to the pavilion seemed such a long one. And, as it drew near, he saw that every eye in the field was fixed upon him, and his curiosity, and the flush in his face deepened to scarlet.

Red with shame and rage, turning with helpless fury, Lagden passed in, without a word or a glance on either side of him. But he was not to escape unquestioned. He had to pass the seat where Colonel Hilton was beside his daughter.

The colonel stopped him. The old cricketeer's face was dark and stern.

"What has happened, Lagden?"

Geoffrey Lagden looked at him with a bitter expression. The colour was fading out of his cheeks again.

"What had happened?" he reported.

"Nothing but what we might have anticipated when that outsider was made captain of Loamshire."

The colonel frowned darkly. Lagden was utterly reckless now, or he would never have allowed Geoffrey Lagden to be captain of the Loamshire County Club in such a manner.

"You forget Mr. Lagden, that I was chiefly instrumental in making Arthur Lovell county captain!" he replied.

"Yes, I know it, and I hope you are satisfied with the result!"

"Yes, it was what I wanted."

"You saw it. I have been ordered off the field."

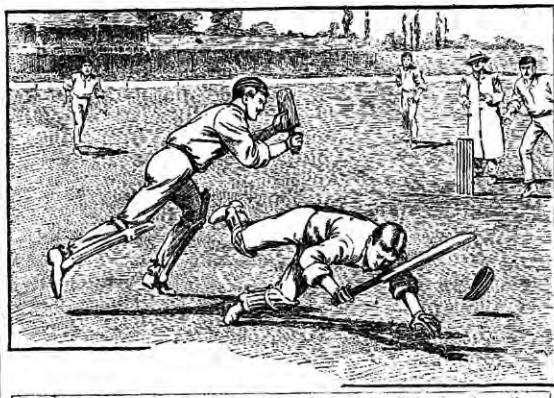
"For what reason?"

"Because my play was not up to the ideas of Arthur Lovell, I suppose. Because he muffed a catch and wishes to throw the blame on me."

KING CRICKET.

A Fascinating New Story of County Cricket.

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



The batsmen were running hard, but Lagden's foot slipped as they crossed, and he rolled on the turf—reeling against Lovell and sent him staggering.

"Nonsense!"

Lagden snapped his teeth. "Very well, if my explanation is nonsense, you cannot wish to hear it," he said. And would have passed on into the interior of the pavilion.

The colonel stopped him.

"I said it was nonsense to attribute such motives to Arthur Lovell," he said quietly, and I say so again. There has been friction; I know, but Lovell is incapable of meanness."

"Oh, of course, I am to blame!" said Lagden bitterly. "But I know how it would be when a professional was made captain of Loamshire. He has tried to make it a professional's game, and has been down on the amateurs all along."

"I cannot credit that to Arthur Lovell," said the colonel, trembling with rage.

"Very well; then I have no more to say."

"And he strode into the pavilion. The colonel's face was dark and worried.

"This is a most unfortunate occurrence," he said to Molly Hilton. "There will be an inquiry, of course, and no end of trouble. I suppose it is a case of insubordination. I begin to think that Lovell is right in desiring to avoid the captaincy after all."

"I am sure Mr. Lovell has not acted from the motives Mr. Lagden attributes to him," said Molly decisively.

"Yes, I am sure of that, Molly; but there was no love lost between them, and Lovell may have lost his temper for a trifle which any other captain would have passed over."

Molly said no more, but her expression showed pretty plainly that she did not believe that any blame was due to Arthur. But the colonel was troubled in his mind. He had overruled the objections of the young Loamshire professional, and caused him to accept the position of county captain against what the colonel now realized was his better judgment.

It was useless to regret things past; it was done, and could not be helped now, but how was the match to fare?

Loamshire were playing the champions of England, and with such deep dissension in

their ranks, how were they to fare at the hands of the men of Kent? That was a troublesome question.

The colonel turned his worried gaze to the field again. The game had been resumed the moment Lagden left the field. The Kent players, amazed as they were by the incident, of course regarded it as no business of theirs, and they had made a polite but incredible pretence of having noticed nothing out of the common.

Loamshire fielded a man short as Marsham and Seymour continued to bat; but the end of the Kent innings was at hand.

Arthur Lovell gave the follow-up stroke.

The new Loamshire captain, although, of course, disturbed by what had happened, and by the knowledge that further unpleasantness must necessarily follow off the field, was giving his full attention to the game.

He was watching for a chance of a catch off Sir Valance's bowling, and the chance came when Seymour was at 60.

The Kentish batsman cut away the ball in a way that would have baffled most fieldmen, but Arthur Lovell was equal to the occasion.

There was a click as the round red ball settled into his palm.

"Caught!"

"Well caught, sir!"

The Kent wicket was down for Kent.

Marsham, captain of Kent, was not out for 60. Seymour had been caught out at 60, and the total for the champion county was 190.

To Play, or Not To Play?

"I WANT to speak to you, Lovell."

Colonel Hilton's face was very grave.

The match was being talked preparatory to the commencement of the Loamshire innings, and the Loamshire were entering a brief and well-earned rest.

Arthur Lovell had said nothing so far. He had been quite within his rights as captain in ordering an insubordinate player off the field, but he knew that there was trouble to follow.

THE CHIEF CHARACTERS IN THIS FINE STORY.

ARTHUR LOVELL, Loamshire's champion batsman. He becomes a professional. His best bowler is ruined by a fall from a ladder.

KIT VALANCE, Loamshire's best bowler. He first comes to notice in the Colts' match, but loses Arthur's favour. Later he becomes Arthur's first choice.

LEN VALANCE, Kit's twin brother.

GEORGEY LAGDEN, an amateur, and a good batsman. He is bitterly jealous of Arthur Lovell, who has taken and endeavours to injure him. He is Arthur's rival for the hand of Molly Hilton.

JAMES LAGDEN, his twin brother.

BLANC LAGDEN, an amateur, and the steady friend of Arthur and Kit. He is Molly Hilton's cousin.

POHNSBY, Geoffrey Lagden's friend, and a man of great character.

The first instalment tells how Arthur Lovell distinguishes himself in the Colts' match, in spite of the efforts which Geoffrey Lagden puts forth to ruin him. It tells how Arthur's position as captain of Loamshire necessitates his forfeiting his status as an amateur and turning professional.

Arthur Lovell's bowler comes, has a twin brother named Len, who is not a credit to his family. Lagden bribes Len Valance to play in a certain manner so as to make it impossible for him to play in the next match against Yorkshire.

Len makes a bad blunder, and strikes down Blane, the captain of the Loamshire team, with a foul blow in the chest, making him for Arthur. Blane is unable to play in the coming match with Yorkshire, and Loamshire is appointed to play at home.

Loamshire is a success, and has to resign his captaincy. Arthur Lovell is offered the post, but loses it to Len Valance.

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"Caught!"

"Well caught, sir!"

Lagden had too powerful a backing in Loamshire county cricket for his ignominious dismissal from the field of play to pass unchallenged.

"That a storm would burst, Arthur knew, and he was quite ready for it."

Not only was he ready for it, but he was not put his foot down, and his patience was contrived into weakness.

From insubordination and covert opposition Lagden had proceeded to direct treachery to his side, and Arthur would not have been worth his salt if he had allowed him to remain upon the field after that.

And he was determined that, come what might, Lagden should not play again in the Kent match.

Either he was captain of the team, or he was not; he would have no half measures, and if he was captain there was no room in the side for his accused opponent.

That was his determination, from which he did not mean to waver.

He knew that the outbreak was coming, but he did not go to half-measures to meet it; it was not likely that the storm would pass over, but he was content to wait, and neither by word nor look did he give any indication of uneasiness of mind.

He turned respectfully towards Colonel Hilton when the latter spoke, but there was an expression upon his face that showed that he had seen there before; a look of grim resolve which was not to be mistaken.

"This is a very painful matter, Lovell," said Hilton.

"You are referring to the case of Lagden, sir?"

"Yes."

"I was sorry to have to order him off the field."

"Was there no alternative?"

"Should have taken it if it were had been, sir."

"Yes—yes, of course," said the colonel hastily. "I cannot imagine how you will be asked for an explanation."

"I am prepared to give it."

"You are referring to the old feeling of enmity between Lagden and you that has led to this decidedly unpleasant occurrence."

"That is a foolish idea, but the fault was on Lagden's side, not mine. He showed me nothing but insolence and opposition from the start of the Kent innings, but so long as my personal feelings only were concerned, I took no notice."

"But—"

"When he proceeded to act treacherously, and play into the hands of our opponents, it was time to put my foot down."

Colonel Hilton looked agitated.

"Do you accuse him of doing that, Lovell?"

"Yes."

"It is incredible."

"On several occasions, and in the last instance he deliberately prevented me from making a catch."

"My dear Lovell, I have no doubt that it appeared so to you, and that you have very good reason to resent Lagden's manner towards you, but that he was deliberately guilty of treachery I cannot imagine. Mind, I am not doubting your word, but I think you judge Lagden too harshly."

"I did not come to a conclusion hastily, or without consulting Arthur."

"I know. I can trust my own judgment, and I know what happened under my own eyes."

"You are afraid of an unfair prejudice against Lagden coloured your judgment."

"I am prepared for that view to be taken by the committee, and I am ready to hand in my resignation as captain of Loamshire—yes, and as member of the team, if necessary."

"Don't do anything of the kind, my dear Lovell. You are not the man to desert your team. Think, when your services are so greatly needed."

"Arthur was silent."

"I am afraid, that, what may have been a mistake," said the colonel. "I did not think there was so strong a feeling upon the subject of the match, and you must explain the perhaps you were right. But it's an old proverb that it is bad policy to swap horses while crossing a river."

"I am willing to do so. I did not resign unless I am asked to do so. I did not seek the resignation of the captain, and my resignation on my part would look as if I considered myself not wholly without blame. I cannot admit that. If I have erred, it is in the direction of showing too much patience, and enduring too many insults at the hands of Lagden."

"But—"

"I shall not resign of my own accord. But if I am asked to do so, I suppose will be the case now, I shall do so cheerfully, and without bearing malice. I hope you understand me, sir."

KING CRICKET.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"I do understand you, Lovell. I know the difference of your position, and I am only sorry that it has not worked better. I still believe that you are the ideal captain for Looamshire." Arthur smiled faintly.

"You will not persuade the team to believe that."

"I am sorry that I believe that you judge Looamshire unworthy."

"I am sorry that I cannot agree with you."

"The old county cricketer seemed to bristle up a little."

"There was an entirely new tone for Arthur Lovell, the professional, to take with Colonel Hilton, the big gun of Looamshire county cricket."

"It was evident that the young professional's back was up at last in deadly earnest."

"Am I to understand from your words, Lovell, that you do not intend to play Lagden again in this match?"

"Yes."

"And a answer was crisp and to the point."

"But reflect—"

"I have crossed his name off the going-in card. I have reflected, and I am the captain of the team, Lagden stays out of it."

"It is impossible to make a change in the captaincy at this time of day." The colonial captain at his elbow, Colonel Hilton, reflected.

"Lovell. We want Lagden to bat. What chance have we against Kent if we play a bat short?" Under these circumstances, it was hardly to be expected that Lovell would give a substitute; even if we were to wait our dirty linen out of doors, which we do not, I suppose.

"I was not thinking of asking for a substitute."

"Then you are thinking of playing a team of five men against the champions of England?"

"I have no other course to take."

"Lovell, I ask a personal favour to reconsider this. Even if Lagden has been guilty of what you accuse him of, still there is no chance of his repeating the offence."

"Any reflection on the character of Lovell, would in the nature of things try to keep his wicket up as long as possible."

"I am sending up my mind, sir."

"The old adviser knitted his brows. He was getting angry himself, and anger from Colonel Hilton meant a bad time for Lovell, but Arthur Lovell was not daunted."

"And as he looked at the pale, so face of the professional, Colonel Hilton realised that he was useless to dictate to him."

"He had dictated to Ponsonby, when the latter captained Looamshire for a brief season, but that was with a different result."

"Lovell was made of sterner stuff. Ponsonby had hoped to cling to the captaincy in spite of his reluctance. He had not counted on his own people to oppose the wishes of the colonel."

"That was not the case with Lovell. He was quite willing to give up the captaincy, and he was not an effort, but he was not a man to be determined to resign on the spot if he were dictated to, even the greatest man in Looamshire county cricket circles could do nothing."

"Arthur Lovell had infinitely more to lose by a break with the colonel than Ponsonby had, but he was willing to risk it; it was his duty to do so."

"He was willing to be the captain of Looamshire but not dared. That was the difference."

"The colonel realised it, and, though it cost him an effort, he was not a man to be determined to resign on the spot if he were dictated to, even the greatest man in Looamshire county cricket circles could do nothing."

"There was a short silence."

"Lovell waited for the colonel to speak, and he did not let him make a movement to turn away, as if there was nothing more to be said."

"Colonel Hilton made a hasty gesture to detain him."

"Wait a minute, Lovell. I am not finished yet. You are in no hurry. The groundmen will not be done for some time yet."

"Arthur Lovell waited and waited."

"I am going to make an appeal to you," said the colonel, with rather a strained look.

"You have looked at the matter from the point of view of a captain, and from that point of view I suppose you are right. I ask you now to consider me, not as an authority in Looamshire cricket, but as a man, I hope, from your county—who is placed in a difficulty by your line of action."

"Arthur Lovell did not speak, but his expression changed like this, and he was not quite forced to it. To any attempt at dictation or overruling he would have been ready to oppose."

"Mr. Lagden is down here," resumed the colonel, and he was not slow to see his son as he hopes, distinguish himself in the match with the county champions. He is furious at Geoffrey being ordered off the field."

"I should."

"He has spoken to me about it, and I am not without discretion, and I need not

repeat to you the demands he has made, mostly impossible ones. But the fact remains that unless he is reconciled in some way he will withdraw his support from Looamshire county cricket. He has said so in no many words."

Arthur's lip curled a little.

"It was the old, old story, as old as county cricket itself, of efficiency and the game itself being sacrificed to propitiate the backers of a team."

"We are passing through a critical phase in county cricket history in Looamshire now, as you can see as well as I do," went on the colonel.

"This season we have received a heavy financial loss in consequence. This season we have started so well—thanks largely to you and to Kit Valence—that we have every hope of pulling out ahead of the close, especially if we win the championship. But the present state of affairs is critical, as I said, and we cannot afford to quarrel with the close, especially if we win the championship."

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"Lovell crossed your name out after that little breeze over the fielding."

"He's had to climb down, you see."

"You, I see. But I hardly expected it of him. He's not the kind of chap to climb down, he's not got his back up, is he?"

"Well, he's done it."

"I suppose the colonel had to sit out with him."

"Something of the sort," Lagden sneered.

"He used to run up his high knee, you see; but it wouldn't work. He's had to climb down."

"I'm going in eighth."

"He said he'd sit out to the last."

"He didn't venture to, you see. He would have been glad to make me last man in, so that that ass, (highest) could run me out for two or three hours."

Ponsonby laughed.

"Well, I'm glad it's blown over. It would have been a better pill to be kept out of the rest of the match."

"Yes," said Lagden, snapping his teeth.

"That was what he intended at first, and I should not forget it."

"I'm in fifth," remarked Ponsonby, "and Lovell himself is fourth. You won't bat to-day."

"I don't know. Fielder seems to be out on the warpath to-day," Lagden said, as there was a crash of hard leather on wood, and a wicket fell.

Ponsonby gave an expressive whistle.

"Two down for 11. This looks lively."

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laid his wicket in ruins, when he had in the significant total of 10 runs to his credit."

"At the same time, Lovell's score had gone up greatly and had reached a total of 80 runs for Looamshire, he had bagged 60."

"The crowd had their eyes fastened upon Arthur Lovell."

"They realised that here was a batsman of no common order, and that they had an opportunity of seeing a display such as seldom fell to the lot of a batsman."

Fortescue came in to replace Ponsonby."

"He gave Lovell a cheery nod across the pitch."

"The success of Simpson, and the fact that he was the only amateur in the Looamshire team who heartily backed up the new captain."

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With Rocky and Lamp.

A Magnificent Tale of Colliery Life.

By DAVID GOODWIN.

THE FIRST CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

Roddy Owen and Tom Hughes, two Welsh colliery lads, are the heirs of a certain Matthew Matthews, who was the rightful owner of the Aberford and Coal Creek pits. These collieries are in the hands of a man named Kenyon Price, who, by foul means, defrauded the late owner of them, and Roddy and Tom are determined to wrest them from his grasp.

The only other property left them by the late Matthew Matthews is a place known as Starve-Good Farm. The boys, having been asked from Kenyon Price's employ, and to take up residence at the little wooden shelter on this farm. Here they meet a wonderful little Welsh mountain boy named Dafydd, with whom they become firm friends.

While 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 set to work and save sufficient to start mining operations.

Roddy applies for a job at the Coal Creek Colliery. He is taken on, and Tom Hughes with him. The boys are at once set to work as hewers, and make no little surprise at the large amount of coal yielded to them each day. In the evenings they return to Starve-Good Farm.

At last, after many thrilling adventures and numerous narrow escapes from death at the hands of Kenyon Price's minions, the lads consider that they have accumulated sufficient capital to commence operations upon their own seam of coal, which they accordingly do. A few days later they are visited by the chief of a famous lawyer, by the name of Mr. Adams, who informs them that he brings them a letter from the attorney-general, who is a certain Mr. Vaughan holds over Bryn y Garth. Tom doubts the veracity of Mr. Adams's statements, and swings him out over the pit-shaft, and demands to have a look at the mortgage deeds.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

How Tom Adams with the Mortgage Deeds.

Mr. Adams with the lawyer, and Roddy scoured with fear and awe. His thin face grew red as beetroot, and after staring helplessly at the text, which was sticking out of the basket on a level with his nose, he began to struggle frantically.

"Let me out! Pull me back!" he shrieked.

"You young villain! You don't know your purpose!" How dare you?"

"On purpose!" said Tom, in shocked tones.

"Don't say that!"

"Will you pull me back or not?" yelled the lawyer.

"I forget how the crane works!" said Tom.

"At least, I think I shall have to do a lot of thinking before I can pull you back."

"I'll prosecute you for assault—in the criminal courts! I will have you!"

"It's no good finding fault with me!" Tom replied, seating himself beside Roddy, who was still laughing till his sides shook.

"Never asked you to sit in my basket! An! I shouldn't kick an' struggle like that, if I were you. You've a long way to go, if Iicker work breaks!"

The lawyer's face changed, and he screwed his head round till he could look over the basket's edge, and saw the shaft gapping beneath him. Till now he had not quite realised where he was. He gave a violent start, and his top-hat rolled off and fell down the chasm, presently reaching the bottom with a hollow plunk. Mr. Adams turned very pale, and at once became as a mouse.

"Pull me in! Take me out!" he gasped, in a hoarse whisper. Do you want to murder me?"

"Not a bit!" said Tom cheerfully.

"You're all right, and you know you are. I shouldn't climb about, if I were you, though."

Mr. Adams, in fact, was not in the least danger; the basket, which was banded with steel, could have held six of him. But he thought he was, and such adventures were not in his line.

"I heard her creak a bit, didn't you, Tom?" said Roddy, with interest.

Mr. Adams shivered.

"Why did I come here, among these mountain ruffians?" he moaned. "Why didn't I send my clerk?"

"Selfish brute! I suppose your clerk's got a neck to break, the same as yourself!" said Roddy.

"I should think it'd be a happy release for any clerk of yours to fall down a mine-shaft," added Tom.

"It's an easy death!" Roddy put in. "One short rush through the air, a whack an' a thump at the bottom, an' it's all over. I see a case open."

"What shall I do?" gurgled Mr. Adams, who looked as if he were going to be ill.

"What shall I do? How dare you do it, you young villain!" What do you mean by it?"

"Why, I told you just now, only you were too excited to listen," said Tom. "I want that paper you've got in your pocket—this deed, or mortgage, or whatever you call it."

The lawyer almost forgot about the shaft in his indignation.

"You atrocious little scoundrel!" he snarled.

"Do you know this is highway robbery?"

"Highway grandmother!" said Tom contemptuously. "There ain't a highway within miles of us!"

"Decide!" said Roddy blandly. "we ain't goin' to rob you of anything. We won't have the deed unless you give it us of your own free will!"

"Then you'll never as much as set eyes on it!" cried Adams viciously. "Bryn y Garth is over under the deed, and all be!"

"All right!" said Tom, raising. "Only it seems to me you're buyin' a pig in a poke! How d'you know the place is worth here?"

"You've not seen it yet?"

"I'll see all of it, if I want to, and without your leave!" barked the lawyer.

"Certain! No time like the present!"

"I'll show you the shaft, an' you can have a good look at it," said Tom, walking over to the windlass, "though there ain't much to see yet!"

He began to wind the lawyer down into the shaft. Mr. Adams gave a startled whoop, and gripped the sides of the basket convulsively. The guide-rope which steadied the affair was not there, so that, as they descended, the basket and lawyer twirled slowly round like a meat-jack. Down he went out of sight.

"Hail me up!" bellowed Adams frantically. "Help! Help!"

"Have a good look at the seam while you're about it!" said Tom unsympathetically, lowering away.

The outskirts of the visitor became hollower and more muffled as he descended. Tom stopped the basket about two-thirds of the way down, and let it stay there in mid-space for a time. Then he wound it up again. The lawyer's eyes were starting out of his head when he appeared above the shaft's edge once more.

"What d'you think of the seam?" said Tom, while Roddy wiped away tears of mirth.

"Fine, rich one, ain't it?"

Mr. Adams could find no words to reply in. Tom began lowering and winding him up again rapidly, a few yards each way.

"You're making me sick!" gasped the lawyer.

"What an ungrateful beggar it is!" said Tom. "Nothin' seems to please him! I'm only showin' you round, same as we always do visitors to a coal-mine! By the way, I don't suppose you can spare that mortgage deed, can you?"

"Do you know you are behaving criminally?" wheezed Mr. Adams. "This is dishonest!"

"Rot!" said Roddy sharply. "You think we don't know the whole thing's a put-up swindle, an' that you an' Kenyon Price ain't to do us! We're treatin' you as you deserve, or a good deal less. You ought to be thrown into a horse-pond! If we can get that paper, it's perfectly fair on our part. It's you that is the robber—even if you're inside the law."

"Do you feel like handin' over that deed?" said Tom.

"Will you give it me back?" said Adams haltingly.

"Not likely! What d'you take us for?"

"Then I refuse!"

"All right," said Roddy, turning away.

"Come on, Tom!"

"Where are you going?" cried the lawyer.

"To dinner, first of all. But we shall be back in a few hours possibly."

"But what am I to do?" cried Adams, aghast, his feet wriggling above the basket.

"I can't stay here over this awful preposter!"

"Can't you? Well, just as you like!" Tom replied, following Roddy.

"Come back!" yelled the lawyer. "I'll give you the deed! Only let me out first!"

"On the contrary, we'd like the deed

beforehand, if it's all the same to you!" said Tom, waving back for ever.

"Don't you trust me?" bawled the lawyer, with great indignation.

"No!" said Tom simply. "Not an inch!"

Mr. Adams said no more. He wriggled his head round to take one more look down the pit. Then, in silence, he drew the folded paper from his breast-pocket.

Tom slowly swung the crane till the basket was within reach, and, leaning over, took the paper from the lawyer's hand. The boys looked at each other.

"They did not know much of law, but it was pretty plain that they had the mortgage deed in their hands. It was proved, drawn up, and stated that Matthew Matthews, of Aberford, hereby executed the mortgage upon Bryn y Garth's Colliery, John Vaughan, Esq., of Cardiff, the sum borrowed being £500."

To read the mortgage through, and then tore across the puddle. He doubled it up and sent it into little hills, which he flung down upon the coaly ground.

"You're making me sick!" said to Mr. Adams.

"That's settled. Now you can come out of it, if you choose."

Next morning, early, the crane away from the pit and over solid ground once more. The lawyer twisted himself out of the basket, and stood looking at the boys with a dark, wrathful face.

"You will pay for this!" he said thickly.

"Do you think you have beaten us?"

"As to that, I don't know. I don't stop to make speeches, but I should not come to the moors any more if I were you. It takes a man to hold his own here."

"I better mean it to kiss us good-bye," said Tom; "there's a bulldog of one on my way. He'll be here soon, an' he don't like strangers."

Mr. Adams choked and departed. He said not a word, and was not away from the hill-side a good deal quicker than he had arrived.

Dafydd and Gripe came to the shaft just afterwards, and the four men, that he had seen the visitor suspended over the shaft, from Pen Mawr Hill. He had hurried to the spot, and was waiting to see what had happened. Roddy related the little adventure, and Dafydd's face became wreathed in delighted grins.

"That you missed something, old cock," said Tom; "you ought to have been here."

"I wonder if we've settled the thing. That's what I marked," said Roddy thoughtfully.

"There might be something in it."

"Why, we must turn up the mortgage. What force of you want? We may as well burn up these papers and start a new adventure, an' Dafydd's face became wreathed in delighted grins."

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"I think we'd better go an' see Mr. Wynne Williams in the morning. We don't know what our deal is. It ain't sure we've done the best thing."

Tom poot-pooted the idea, and Dafydd took no interest in law of any kind. Roddy, feeling sure, followed up the bits of paper, which were all that remained of the mortgage, and put them in his pocket.

Next morning he marched Tom off, as soon as there was any chance of finding Mr. Williams at his office in Aberford. The solicitor received them in his sanctum.

"What devilry have you two youngsters been up to now?" he said. "You wouldn't come here unless you'd been dealing with the powers of darkness?"

"That's so, sir," said Roddy; "we've been mixed up with a lawyer."

"That's one for you," said Mr. Williams, laughing. "And you got the worst of it, of course!"

"That's what you aren't sure about, sir, an' we'd like your opinion on it," said Tom.

"Roddy ain't sure; but I'll bet if you'd seen that lawyer yesterday you'd have said it was our win!" And he detailed the story of Adams's visit.

Mr. Williams pulled a long face at first, but finally he could not contain himself, and he roared with laughter.

"You young devils!" he said. "I must say, if I had any evil designs on your property, I'd as soon walk off with a couple of pounds as show my nose at Bryn y Garth. There ought to have been known better. But it's a serious thing, you know," he added, becoming grave again, "about this mortgage."

"Is there such a mortgage, sir?" cried Roddy.

"I can't believe it! How could there be without our knowing it? And who on earth would have lent poor old Matt Matthews £500 on Bryn y Garth? It's outrageous!"

"Precious fish!" said Tom, though.

"Who's John Vaughan, of Cardiff?"

"Never heard of him," said Mr. Williams.

"But this man Adams, who calls himself a partner, is a solicitor, and rather a well, rather famous for sharp practice."

"It's Kenyon Price who's at the bottom of it, I'll swear!" put Tom.

"Very possibly. He seems to have raked up some old mortgage that's lain dormant for years. Perhaps the mortgage had given up all hopes of seeing his money, and didn't think it worth while to claim Bryn y Garth and have to pay the land-tax. Now coal is found there, it's quite another thing."

"But Price would have bought the mortgage up himself, you'd think!" urged Roddy.

"Very likely he has done so," said Tom impatiently, "only he prefers to keep his name

"The Boys' Realm" Football League Map.



The Fifth



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

BY POPULAR
MAXWELL SCOTT.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS IN BRIEF.

CHOTA LAL NATE CHANDRA, D.A.S., an Indian prince, and a new boy at St. Ninian's school, who is placed in the Fifth Form. He is in possession of a certain gold locket, around which centres a mystery.

OTTO HEINRICH, a mysterious German, who strives by foul means to obtain possession of the gold locket.

ROBERT HAMILTON, Nipper, Nelson Lee's ward.
DICK STANLEY, Gardner, Proctor, Russell, Arkle, pupils at St. Ninian's school.

Otto Heinrich, the mysterious German, becomes acquainted with Fraulein Hoffmann, a mistress at a girls' school in the village. Being of the same nationality she sides with him. Heinrich disguises himself as an old man, and stays with Fraulein Hoffmann as her uncle. He decides to take her into his confidence, and when he has the mystery surrounding the gold locket which is in La's possession.

Fraulein Hoffmann is compelled by her measure to meet her brother, from whom she thought to be captive in a German prison on a charge of treachery to his country. He elicits the secret of the gold locket which contains a minute plan of a German treaty which is being sold to the British Government.

He breaks into St. Ninian's the same night, and endeavours to steal the locket, but is prevented in the nick of time by the appearance of Nipper and Dick. Dr. Shuttleworth now places the locket in the hands of the police, and before it is time for the guests to arrive four boys from the Grammar School take possession of the place, and create havoc with the law. However, Nipper and Dick get the upper hand of them, and compel them to quietly retreat by way of the back entrance.

(See end of this week's installment.)

Followed by Nipper and Dick, Mr. Boswell and Sergeant Quiggin, and half a dozen others, the constable led the way into the building and up the stairs.

"Hit the name of the lor— I commands yer to hopen this door!" he thundered, seizing the handle and giving it a vigorous twist to emphasise his demand.

Then a look of stupefied amazement crossed his face, for, as he turned the handle, the door swung open an inch or two.

"Why, it ain't even locked!" he gasped. Whipping out his truncheon, he flung the door wide open and strode majestically into the room.

"Hit the name of the lor—" he began; then his voice failed him, and he gazed round the deserted room in speechless bewilderment.

"Ave they gone, or han I dreamin'?" he murmured.

"They've gone, sure enough!" said Nipper, winking at Dick; and then, as he gazed at the wreckage around them, he added in a stage whisper: "Complimentary tea! I'll be all compliments and no tea, I'm thinking."

But he was wrong. It is true there were no tea, but it is equally true that in Mr. Bos-

well's subsequent remarks there were no compliments!

It has already been described how Mr. Trigg sent Mr. Wimple to "Uncle Fritz," alias Otto Heinrich, that they had seen Fraulein Hoffmann walking arm in arm with her "lover."

It has also been related how Otto Heinrich, suspecting that the "lover" might be Fraulein Hoffmann's brother Karl, hurried off to Hampton Heath, and witnessed the meeting between Karl Hoffmann and his sister in the ravine.

It must now be added that when they parted, Heinrich absconded Karl and discovered that he was lodging at one of the farmhouses at Hampton Wintgarva.

Now, Heinrich had known for some days that Karl had escaped from his German prison, though it is hardly necessary to add that he had not communicated this news to Fraulein Hoffmann.

Knowing that Karl had escaped, he was not at all surprised to find that he had come to England, for he realised that it was only natural that Karl should seek out his only living relative. Neither was he surprised that Fraulein Hoffmann had got told him that Karl was in England, and that she had met him.

He had no doubt that Fraulein Hoffmann had told her brother that he, Heinrich, was staying at the house; and he had equally no doubt that she had told him that he, Heinrich, was trying to secure the locket which was now in the safe at St. Ninian's. And Heinrich, of course, was well aware that Karl Hoffmann knew, as well as he did, that the locket contained a photograph of the secret treaty between Germany and Russia.

But had Karl also come to the neighbourhood of Clevedon with the intention of trying to get the locket? Had his sister promised to help him to secure it? Was she playing him, Otto Heinrich, false? Was she pretending to help Heinrich, in reality helping Karl?

Such were a few of the questions which Otto Heinrich asked himself, and he had little doubt in his own mind that the answer to all of them was in the affirmative.

At any rate, he decided to keep a strict watch on Fraulein Hoffmann's movements, and especially on her correspondence.

His watching, however, yielded no result until the Wednesday after her meeting with Karl. On that day, as he was passing the house, he overheard her sister, Fraulein Hoffmann, spent the afternoon with the wife of the headmaster of St. Ninian's, and accidentally discovered that the key-

word of the message was "Dust." And when she returned to her cottage, as previously mentioned, she scribbled a hasty note to Karl, telling him what she had discovered.

Heinrich was in the room when she wrote this note, and after she had blotted it, and sealed it up in an envelope, and addressed it to her brother, and had gone down to the village to post it, Heinrich took possession of the sheet of blotting-paper, and examined it by the familiar method of holding it in front of a mirror.

The first part of the note, owing to the fact that the ink had dried before Fraulein Hoffmann had blotted it, had left no impression on

the sheet. Many of the words in the concluding portion of the note had also left no impression, so that all Otto Heinrich was able to read in German, of course—was this:

"So now you know—word—safe—lose—no time—tomorrow or Friday, as the word—changed every Saturday. Unless you—promptly—chance—lost—affectionate sister,

"EMMA."

Now, it was Heinrich himself, as the reader may remember, who had instructed Fraulein Hoffmann to keep up her visits to St. Ninian's, and try to find out from the headmaster's wife what the key-word of the safe was.

He knew she had been to St. Ninian's that afternoon, to take tea with Mrs. Shuttleworth, and when she had returned to the cottage he had asked her what success she had had.

"None whatever," she had answered.

"Neither the locket nor the safe were ever mentioned."

And then, after taking off her gloves, but without taking off her hat, she had scribbled this note to her brother, and taken it down to the village to post.

Heinrich was not a fool, and the moment he read the above words on the sheet of blotting-paper, he divined in an instant what had happened.

His suspicions were well-founded. Fraulein Hoffmann was playing him false. Karl was intent on securing the locket, and his sister was in league with him.

She had discovered the key-word of the safe—had doubtless discovered it that very afternoon. She had written to Karl and told him what the word was. (Unluckily for Heinrich, that part of the note had left no impression on the blotter.) She had also informed Karl that the word was changed every Saturday. As it was then Wednesday, and he would not get her note until Thursday morning, this meant that there were only two days left during which the information she had given him would be of any value.

As it was obviously impossible for Karl to break into St. Ninian's and rifle the safe in the day, this meant that he had but only two nights in which to accomplish his purpose. In other words, unless he acted promptly and secured the locket either on Thursday night or Friday night, the golden chance would be lost and might never return.

As Heinrich stared at the words on the blotting-paper, and realised their meaning, his eyes lit up with a gleam of malignant fury at Fraulein Hoffmann's treachery to himself. Presently, however, the angry light died out of his eyes, and a grim smile flitted across his face.

"So I've only to keep watch on St. Ninian's to-morrow night and Friday night," he muttered to himself. "I've only to wait until Herr Karl has broken into the big dining hall and opened the safe and secured the locket. And then—"

He chuckled softly to himself, and replaced the sheet of blotting-paper on Fraulein Hoffmann's writing-table.

Mr. Trigg's Farewell.

A GOOD deal of fun has been poked at Mr. Trigg in the preceding pages, and he must be admitted that the mathematical master at St. Ninian's deserved a fair target for the shafts of the boys.

At the same time, one must not lose sight of the fact that Mr. Trigg was, after all, a human being, with a human heart; and there is no doubt whatever that his love for Fraulein Hoffmann was very real and very sincere.

Now, Fraulein Hoffmann, as the reader knows, had never given a serious thought to Mr. Trigg. She had merely cultivated his friendship with the sole object of facilitating her dealings with regard to the whereabouts of the locket.

It is needless to say that poor deluded Mr. Trigg had no suspicion of the German girl's object. It is equally unnecessary to add that when he witnessed that meeting between Fraulein Hoffmann and her brother in the ravine on Hampton Heath, he was utterly mistaken in thinking that Karl was her lover. But although Mr. Trigg was wrong in his facts, he was nevertheless arrived at the correct conclusion—namely, that Fraulein Hoffmann didn't care a brass button for him, and had only been pretending to be in love with him.

Oh, yes! Undoubtedly there was something very comical in the idea of a caricature like Montague Trigg flattering himself that a pretty girl like Fraulein Hoffmann was in love with him, and willing to become his wife. But there was also something very pathetic.

For Mr. Trigg, absurd and ludicrous figure as he might be, was as capable of feeling pain as you or I, dear reader. And the discovery that the girl he loved had been making a fool of him came very near to breaking his heart.

So much did he feel the blow, in fact, that he felt he could no longer remain in the same neighbourhood as the girl who had deceived him—could no longer suffer the torments of seeing her, meeting her, hearing her voice. In a word, he decided he must leave St. Ninian's, and seek employment elsewhere.

He came to this decision on the morning after that night he had forgotten afternoon when he and Mr. Wimple had tried to drown themselves in the sea. And the same evening he interviewed Dr. Shuttleworth, the headmaster of St. Ninian's, and expressed his desire to be relieved of his duties at the end of the present term.

"I am aware," he said, "that it is customary to give a term's notice; but certain counts have happened recently that make it advisable, for many reasons, that I should leave this neighbourhood as soon as possible. I shall try to give a very great personal favour, therefore, if you will consent to dispense with the usual notice, and permit me to leave at the end of this term."

The Head, who had heard vague rumours of the unidentified xenon on the bench on the previous afternoon, was rather glad than otherwise that Mr. Trigg had decided to leave. He readily agreed, therefore, to waive his legal rights, and allow Mr. Trigg to depart at the end of the term.

On the following Sunday, however, the sight of Fraulein Hoffmann at church renewed the wound in Mr. Trigg's heart, and made him feel that he could not stay in Clevedon another day. He tried to conquer the feeling, but in vain; and on Monday morning he interviewed the Head again, and with tears in his eyes, begged to be released from his duties at once—that very day.

(Continued on the next page.)

Pins and Counterparts.
NIPPER and Dick returned to the street, where Mr. Boswell, Sergeant Quiggin, and Peter Wragg were holding a council of war.

"Climb up to the window again!" the constable was saying. "Not me! They've only gone away from the windows to lure me in! When I was 'arf-way up the ladder, you'd see wot wot would happen!"

"Is it absolutely certain that the door is barricaded?" asked Nipper, addressing Mr. Boswell.

"They say so," replied the chemist. "How would it be to go upstairs and make sure?" suggested Nipper.

"Oh, it's barricaded right enough!" said Withshaw, who was standing hard by.

"Well, there's no harm in making sure," said Nipper. "Let's go up and see."

"It's not a bad idea!" said the constable. "Anyhow, it's all things at us through the door, an' mebbe I could terrify 'em into submission. It's worth trying, anyhow. Come on."

Followed by Nipper and Dick, Mr. Boswell and Sergeant Quiggin, and half a dozen others, the constable led the way into the building and up the stairs.

"Hit the name of the lor. I commands yer to hopen this door!" he thundered, seizing the handle and giving it a vigorous twist to emphasise his demand.

Then a look of stupefied amazement crossed his face, for, as he turned the handle, the door swung open an inch or two.

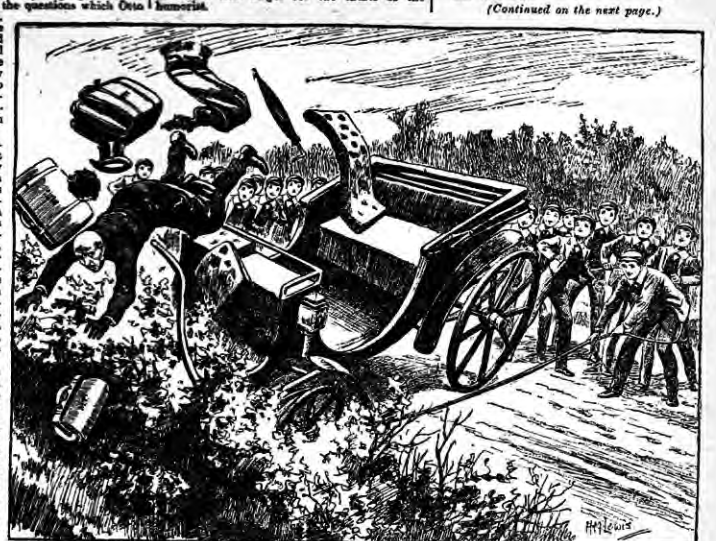
"Why, it ain't even locked!" he gasped. Whipping out his truncheon, he flung the door wide open and strode majestically into the room.

"Hit the name of the lor—" he began; then his voice failed him, and he gazed round the deserted room in speechless bewilderment.

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"They've gone, sure enough!" said Nipper, winking at Dick; and then, as he gazed at the wreckage around them, he added in a stage whisper: "Complimentary tea! I'll be all compliments and no tea, I'm thinking."

But he was wrong. It is true there were no tea, but it is equally true that in Mr. Bos-



The carriage, after slowing half round, ran full tilt into the hedge, with the result that Mr. Trigg was flung out into the ditch, with most of his baggage on top of him.

THE BOYS' REALM FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

First Announcement Concerning our STARTLING NEW PROGRAMME for 1907-8.

SOLID SILVER CUPS, SILVER MEDALS, AND HUNDREDS OF MATCH FOOTBALLS TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

Your Editor is prepared to present a Large Number of Solid Silver Challenge Cups to Certain Bona-fide Football Leagues throughout the country. Secretaries of Leagues desirous to possess some of these handsome Trophies should make application now. Form of application will be found below.

The following are the Conditions under which the Cups will be given:

- I. Each League must play the game according to the Rules laid down by the Football Association.
- II. Each League must be a properly constituted League in which the clubs engage in a genuine competition.
- III. Each form of entry must be accompanied by full particulars of the competition, which must be of one season's standing, or if formed this season must be accompanied by proof that it is a genuine competition.

LEAGUE RESULTS.
In connection with these great League Competitions for The Boys' REALM Challenge Cups we intend to publish records of the positions of the clubs in the various Leagues as the season progresses, and to award weekly prizes of footballs for good performances.
Football Club Secretaries are requested to draw the attention of their League Secretaries to this announcement of Your Editor's splendid offer.

THIS FORM FOR FOOTBALL LEAGUES ONLY.

Name of League
Year of Formation
Number of Clubs in League
Secretary's Name and Address

This form, together with full particulars of the League, to be addressed to the Secretary, The Boys' REALM League, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

The following Leagues are being formed for the benefit of Unattached Clubs throughout the country—

Section 1. "THE BOYS' REALM" LONDON LEAGUE.

TWO HANDSOME SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition.

Division ONE—SOUTH. Division TWO—SOUTH.

Finalists (Senior and Junior) in each Division to play each other at Close of Season for the Cups. The losing teams in the Finals to receive Solid Silver Medals.

Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.

Section 2. "THE BOYS' REALM" SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Open to any football club in the South of England, excluding Greater London.

TWO HANDSOME SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition.

Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.

Section 3. "THE BOYS' REALM" NORTHERN LEAGUE.

Open to any football club in the North of England.

TWO HANDSOME SILVER CUPS (Senior and Junior) for open competition.

Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.

Section 4. "THE BOYS' REALM" SCOTS LEAGUE.

Open to any football club in Scotland.

TWO HANDSOME SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition.

Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.

Section 5. "THE BOYS' REALM" IRISH LEAGUE.

Open to any football club in Ireland.

TWO HANDSOME SILVER TROPHIES (Senior and Junior) for open competition.

Average age of teams in Junior Division not to exceed fifteen. Average age of teams in Senior Division not to exceed eighteen.

NOTE—These Trophies are only to be put up for competition on condition that a certain number of clubs must actually compete for them, each number to be decided by Your Editor at an early date.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- (a) Only clubs which have been established at least one season (exclusive of 1907-8) are eligible for entry, and the respectability and standing of each club must be vouched for by some responsible person.
- (b) Clubs desirous of entering one of the above contests must fill in the form below, and send the same, together with a list of their engagements, with the average age of members of the opposing clubs, and letter from the president of the club, to the Secretary, Boys' REALM Football League, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C., as soon as possible.
- (c) The cups will be presented at the end of the football season to the clubs in each section in the first twenty-four matches actually played. It does not matter on what date the first match is played. Wednesday and Thursday clubs may compete. Points to be awarded as follows: Two for a win, one for a draw; the points to be contested as in the First and Second Divisions.
- (d) The number of points, the goal average shall decide the winners. The decision of the referee (Your Editor, the Secretary, and another) on any question of dispute in this competition shall be final.
- (e) After the contest has started we shall, from time to time, publish tables showing the positions of the clubs at the time of going to press. Secretaries must, therefore, send in each week the full result of their matches. Each result must also be accompanied by a notification from the Captain of the opposing team certifying that the report is a quite correct. These results must reach the Secretary of The Boys' REALM League at the above address not later than the Tuesday morning following the match.
- (f) Strict investigation will be made by the controllers of the League into the bona-fides of the entering clubs and their fixtures.
- (g) All matches to be played under the Rules of the Football Association.
- (h) The above club is desirous of entering The Boys' REALM League (Section), and the members agree to conform to the conditions governing the contest, and to abide by the decision of Your Editor, the Secretary, and a referee in any case of dispute.
- (i) Opposing teams must, in every case, be of the same average age.

THIS FORM FOR SINGLE UNATTACHED CLUBS ONLY.

Date Club
Playing Ground
Average Age of Members

The above club is desirous of entering The Boys' REALM League (Section), and the members agree to conform to the conditions governing the contest, and to abide by the decision of Your Editor, the Secretary, and a referee in any case of dispute.
Secretary's Name
Address

THE SCHOOL OF THE CLIFF.

A Magnificent New Story of Stirring Adventure.

By E. HARCOURT BURRAGE.

THESE ARE THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THIS FINE NEW STORY.

JACK JAUNTY, a lad of unknown parentage, who, as a baby, was cast up on the shores of an island off the village of Sterning.

THE STRANGER, a curious character who resides alone on an island called the Bowl. It is he that rescued Jack Jaunty from a watery grave. Fourteen years have since passed away.

BOB BAXTER, an old laborer, in whose charge the stranger put Jack Jaunty until he was old enough to be sent to the School on the Cliff.

PETER PINNICK, a narrow, unsavory fisherman, who nurses an imaginary grudge against the stranger and against Jack Jaunty.

DAN CALLIS, **AARON DOWNEY**, **GERARD INGLIS**, and **NICKY HOPKINS**, pupils at the School on the Cliff.

Our story opens on a warm sunny day. Dan Callis, a pupil at the School on the Cliff, and a bully, is teasing another lad, Gerard Inglis, by name, to descend the Bowl's Cliff. Jack Jaunty had not to do so, but it was his lot that he should do so.

It was his lot that he should do so. He was to descend the face of the cliff, invisible from this position. The lad is named Jack Jaunty.

Soon after a new boy arrived at the school. His name is Mark Ricketts, and he makes a bad impression on the other boys.

Jack Jaunty and his chums say a joke on Peter Pinnick, who swears revenge. Jack makes friends with some new arrivals at the school. He has two brothers, two daughters, Ivo and Laura.

Later, Peter Pinnick is discovered half dead, having been struck on the head with some iron instrument. The doctor tells the Mr. Terrapin. Some examinations are made at Sterning, accompanied by a brass band.

The drummer of the band is a boy named Dan. He is in the cliff. Jack Jaunty descends to rescue him, and at the bottom discovers a stone slab covered with letters. He recognizes it as being the property of his father, a man named Jim. The mystery surrounding him, and his connection with the letter at his discovery, is a full story.

Jack Jaunty is a boy of no ordinary abilities. He is a boy of no ordinary abilities. He is a boy of no ordinary abilities.

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and things found on him when the boy, as a baby, was cast ashore was bunkum—bunkum!

"Steady, then," said Peter Pinnick; "you're saying things you can't prove."

"Your failure to find those jewels," said Terrapin, "shows that you're lying."

"Steady, I say!" returned Pinnick, holding up a warning forefinger. "I've done my duty to you, and you've got to do your duty to me!"

"And what may that be?"

"Pay me for what I've done."

"You've been paid well for your services," said Terrapin, curtly, "and will get no more."

"All right," replied Pinnick, "wait a moment. There was another job you gave me, and that was to get rid of the boy."

"I did nothing of the sort," said Terrapin.

"What! Do you deny it?"

"Certainly I do."

"You ask me to look out for a good change, and put an end to him?"

"No."

"And didn't you tell me that I made a mess of the job at the Bowl by having young Jim Baxter in it?"

"And didn't you tell me not to fail the next time?"

"I did not," said Terrapin, who had now recovered his coolness, "hint or suggest that you should do the slightest injury to any living being."

Peter Pinnick stared at him in heavy-eyed astonishment.

He was far from being prepared for this denial in toto.

"I am a miserable worm of a lawyer," he said, "what do you mean by shuffling out of the job in that way?"

"I only do as you tell me to do. If you try to levy blackmail on me," replied Mr. Terrapin.

"Do what?"

"I am in charge, my friend. I am a respectable solicitor, with a good practice in every court. Take any advice and try your little tricks on somebody else."

"Then you don't mean to pay me anything more?"

"Not a penny!"

"I'll have it out of you somehow!" cried Terrapin, control of himself. "Here, you thief, you don't crow over me!"

He dashed forward, upset the table, and, seizing the lawyer by the throat, pushed him violently against the wall.

"Now, then," he said, "own up; you promised me twenty pounds, in any case. You've only paid me five, and you owe me fifteen!"

Out with it!

A gurgling sound came from the lawyer's throat. He was too hard pressed for utterance, and Peter Pinnick, in his blind fury, did not see.

It would have ended seriously but for the door's opening, and Jack Jaunty, with some of the other boys in his train, appearing.

His astonishment at the scene he looked upon was undoubtedly great; but ere he could do anything to help the lawyer, or make any comment, Pinnick let go, and suddenly dropped into a seat.

"It seems to me," he said, "that them 'ere boys are turning up when they ain't exactly wanted!"

"I've come from Mr. Bonington with a message to you," said Jack, addressing the lawyer.

"He wants you to call upon him some time this evening."

"Tell him," said Mr. Terrapin, as he settled his coat and necktie. "That I will call upon him about seven."

"And tell him that I'll come, too," said Peter Pinnick.

Mr. Bonington expressed no desire to see you," said Jack.

"That don't matter," said Pinnick; "I've got something to say he will be glad to hear, and 'anyway you'll be glad to hear it, too!"

Jack and the other boys, among whom were Nicky Hopkins and Gerard Inglis, remained outside with the hope of hearing something interesting. But Mr. Terrapin intervened.

"You may take the double message, Jaunty," he said; "but let it be understood that I've nothing to do with the business of my friend here. He seems to be in an eccentric and somewhat violent mood."

As Peter Pinnick kept silent and made no further movement, there was no excuse for the other boys to stay longer; so he bowed and went his way. When they got outside the Mermaid, the boys began to talk of what they had seen, and to speculate on it.

It was his opinion that they had been quarrelling over cards, but the idea was somewhat dampened by Gerard pointing out that none of these remnants of gambling were visible.

"I suppose these two have been drinking

(Dept. 53), 115, Strand, London, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EDITION

THE BOYS' FRIEND

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

His first chapter.

"HILLY!" Billy Redwell, eighteen-year-old son of John Redwell, the worthy grocer, of Thorpewell, in the County of Eastshire, had burst into his father's shop, cheering at the top of his voice, and waving over his head a pink telegraph-form.

In his excitement he canonized into Mr. George Langstone, who stood at the counter buying cartridges. But there was no great harm done. George Langstone was a heavy-weight, and Billy at that time was no more than a slim slip of a fellow—"like two yards of jump-suit," his father would say some times when annoyed with him—though he gave promise of filling out later on.

"It's all right, Billy; no harm done, unless you're hurt," said Mr. Langstone, as the lad began to apologise. "But what's the excitement, if it isn't a secret?"

"A secret? My gracious, no, sir! The sooner all the village knows it, the better I shall like it! An' there's more than Thorpewell folk will know all about it to-morrow mornin'!"

"Bless you, Mr. Langstone. Billy never kept his secret in his life, an' that might killed him," said Billy, with a grin. "When he was about eight he went to my hat-box one Monday an' got out my best Sunday topper, or something or other he managed to drop it, an' to sit on it. Well—"

"Oh, I say, dad, Mr. Langstone don't want to hear of Billy or your topper, sir."

"No! I expect Mr. Langstone's fairly afeard to hear your news, boy! It's in all the dailies to-morrow, with big headlines, of course. 'Billy Redwell plays for Eastshire!'"

"There— Now you've been an' told him all about it! But how does your dad feel?"

"Wonderful, wasn't it? I'm counting that you'll be a great help to me, Billy. I don't know nothing about nothing and dreamed about nothing for the last three months except Mr. Sower's promise to give you a trial in the county team before the season was over, it's very strange that I should guess that that telegram's an invitation, isn't it?"

"Is that what it is, Billy?" asked George Langstone, himself a batsman fully up to county form, when the boy's enthusiasm had prevented from becoming a first-class cricketer.

"That's just what it is, sir!"

"Congratulations, my Billy, an' I hope you'll do credit to Thorpewell. I don't doubt that. Which match is it?"

"The one on Monday."

"That's a good thing," said John Redwell. "If Billy had to wait until Thursday next—that would be nearly six days—why, there'd be some little of Billy left to go over to Bedford to play; he'd have worn himself to rags before that!"

"Oh, you dry up, John! You're as proud as the boy is himself, only you're too awkward and obstinate to own it."

"None so sure of that. Cricket's a good game as a game. I used to like it myself; an' I wasn't such a bad hand at it, either, as you may remember, Mr. George. But I don't hold much with cricket for my son! Billy's my only son, such as he is; an' there's a good business here for him to drop into when I'm in the dailies, an' he can't get any more money as a professional cricketer as he would in the old shop; but he's mad as a proton, an' I suppose I shall have to resign myself to that. The only thing I can do is to let him do this. If he don't turn out county form, back he comes to the shop! If he can't be a first-class batsman, he'll have to be a first-class grocer! You understand that, Billy?"

"No ground bowler's job at a couple of pounds a week for such my boy's enthusiasm."

"Bye think I want it, dad?" asked Billy hopefully.

"Of course, I don't! What you want an' what you're counting on, is making yourself indispensable to Eastshire within five minutes, an' first choice for England by the end of the year. But Rome wasn't built in a day, lad."

Nothing that his father could say was of any effect in the way of checking Billy's enthusiasm, though. And, though John Redwell spoke truly when he said that he would rather have his boy devote himself to the study of cricket as a career, the good grocer was proud of Billy's prowess. The lad really was more than ordinary promise, and he was in hand by Dick Worth, the famous Eastshire batsman, who had been born and bred and still made his home at Thorpewell, was distinctly class, both as batsman and bowler, at fifteen. He had outgrown his strength a bit, though, and was only now beginning to fill out beneath the

highest scorers nor the most successful bowler, he was singled out by the critics as the likeliest youngster, of all the eighteen who played, to develop.

Mr. Sower, the county captain, had told him after the game that he committed intended to keep their eye upon him, and that whenever a vacancy occurred he would be given a chance of showing what he could do.

But the season had gone on, and as it changed Eastshire had been able to put pretty much the same team into the field right through May, June, and July, and well on into August. They now had only four or five county matches left to play. But at last one of the regular bowlers had dropped out, with a badly-damaged foot; and Mr. Sower, consulting Dick Worth as to who could best be brought in to fill his place, was reminded by the veteran of his half-forgotten promises to Billy Redwell.

And then the wro who himself caused the lad such acute joy had been sent to the hospital.

"Let's see, it's the Northwester match on Monday, isn't it, Billy?" asked George Langstone. "Pretty stiff send-off for you, boy! I can imagine jammer jobs than harin' to bowl to MacKenzie an' Wildersley an' Boudwin an' the rest of them on such wickets as we've been harin' lately, an' you'll have 'em look out when you go in to bat. But Ben don't send you back pretty quickly. You're never quite at your best after a left-hander, you know."

"Oh, I don't suppose they're really playin' me for my haddin'," said Billy. "I don't expect to go in higher than eight, or, perhaps, seven."

John Redwell winked at Mr. Langstone. "If I were you, you'd be in higher than eleven. If you fix your mind on that, you won't stand so much chance of being disappointed."

At the close of a morning's work, down the wide road that ran in front of John Redwell's shop, and Mr. Langstone and Billy both started to the door to watch the car pass.

A big, green Darracq was, travelling at a high rate of speed.

"There goes one of your future colleagues in the county team, then, Billy," remarked George Langstone.

"That's why," he thought, that was Mr. Wriethly, of Charlford Grange?"

"And of the Eastshire county team?"

"Are you sure, sir? I always imagined that the county cricketer was this gentleman's brother."

"You're wrong, Billy. He hasn't any brother."

"But this is the man who's mad about balloons, isn't it?"

"I fancy he doesn't call it quite that; but he is an expert balloonist. They say that, though he has twenty thousand a year to play with, there are only three things that he can do for—ballooning, motoring, an' county cricket. And no one is quite sure which comes first with him. But he doesn't fish or shoot; he doesn't dance or play bridge; an' they say he's a woman-hater—won't even have a female servant at Charlford."

"Yes; I've heard that. But I never thought he was the same man as the cricketer Wriethly."

"Ah, you don't read the personal parts in the newspapers, Billy?"

"No! I don't read anything except the cricket scores," replied the lad simply. "Just the scores, an' the matches. I can't stand all the long-winded accounts."

"Well, if you'll get into your flannels, we might go down to the ground together," remarked Mr. Langstone, who was himself wearing flannels and a blazer. "You'll be the first for a little while, an' you'll be able to see how many times I can send the future Eastshire champion's middle stump flyin'!"

Billy ran on.

"No go, John! You'll never keep that boy out of the cricket-field. He was born for it. I believe he'll make a rare good all-rounder."

"He isn't just what I'd call a good all-rounder man at my trade," said Billy's father. "But, though his heart isn't in it, an' he's a good lad, when all's said, he's got his first chance now, an' we shall soon see what he makes of it."

"I can't be a top-notch cricketer, the greensward, or else he's to come back to the shop! Better to be an indifferently cricketer, an' a first-rate cricketer. There's more in a livin' in it, you know."

"But Billy isn't goin' to be a third-rater," answered George Langstone confidently.

THE 2ND CHAPTER.

His 2nd chapter.

"YES, that's Dick Worth's awan," remarked Sower the veteran captain of the Eastshire team, to long

Lawrence Threfall, seer of many centuries. They stood together at the pavilion gate; and Billy had just passed them on his way to the professional dressing-room.

"Well, old man, Dick's awan has a habit of not turnin' out geese, unlike those of some other people I've known," answered the crack, "an' that's the best judge of a cricketer I know. An' you say yourself that this youngster shaped uncommonly well in this colts' match."

"So he did; an' if he turns out all that Dick thinks him, we ought to be able to give him a regular place next season, even with Downes back. I'm hanged if I can see how we're to go on playin' Wriethly much longer. He's lost all the little firsts, an' even as a batsman; him! scored double figures since the Broadlandshire match in June. He's taken to droppin catches—three in the last game, an' two of them regular stufers. An' he seems right off his bowlin'. His length's bad, an' all the devil's gone out of it."

"Can't help that. A man with more pride would have offered to follow down an amateur an' a big subscriber to the club's funds don't justify him in keepin' a better man out of the team."

"Am, then, a sort of applause broke forth as they talked, and no one was within hearing."

"I wouldn't like to take on the job of tellin' Wriethly he's to stand down, Harry," remarked Threfall thoughtfully. "I never have got on well with that colt, but I think that that makes me think that he's—well, just a little, you know."

"Well, I've thought that myself occasionally. He does look a bit wild when his bowlin' gets peased, doesn't he? One of the Wessex man got on very well with him, but I don't think that that's a fair test."

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28 runs. He begged for "just one more over," but Sower suggested that someone else had better try; and MacKenzie hit three or four and a 3 off it.

"You'd better take the next over from this end, Dick," said the captain to Worth. "Redwell, you go on at the pavilion end."

It was Draper whom Billy displaced; and Draper was not sorry to have a rest. MacKenzie took fresh guard and faced Billy, those keen, resolute eyes of his fixed on the bowler's hand.

A new bowler often meets with success in his first few matches in which his actual merits would not enable him. There is something disconcerting about the unknown. MacKenzie was one of the last men in England to be disconcerted by any bowler, however; and it cannot be said that Billy beat him. But Billy got his wicket all the same. The second ball of the over was driven with terrific force over the bowler's head—scarcely a chance, save to a Trumble or a Sindilar. Billy jumped like a Springfielded jack, broke its force with his right hand, and caught it cleverly with both hands as his feet touched turf again, while sounds of mingled admiration and disappointment were trembling on the lips of the spectators.

And then a sort of applause broke forth. It was plucky of him to have jumped for it at all, great to have stopped it, wonderful that he should have actually made the catch!

Sower, said MacKenzie, as he passed the Eastshire captain, "that was a fine catch of our men. I'd play him all through next season, if he never made a run or took a wicket. Fielding like that is worth encouraging."

And the veteran nodded, for he was of the same mind.

The Northwester innings lasted all day, and Billy's analysis at the end of it was nothing phenomenal. He had got Boudwin caught in the first over, and cleared his bowlin' next figures read—19 overs, 82 runs, 5 wickets. In cold print it looked poor; actually it represented some very good work; and if the lad was not satisfied with it, he was not a cricketer, for better judges than he were pleased with him.

"They tell me you live at Thorpewell," said Mr. Wriethly, in his queer, abrupt way.

"My road home lies through there. Care to go with me?"

Billy knew that Dick Worth always stayed in Holford while a county match was in progress, so that he could not hope for his older cousin's company home at night. He had had a four-mile walk after reaching Holford Station, unless he chanced to get a lift. He had a bicycle, but it was a high-powered motor-car, and the offer was a tempting one.

"Thank you, sir," he said; "I'd like it very much."

Billy had already changed into his ordinary garb, as had the amateur, who had been on his way from the pavilion to the gate when running poor, stepped out of the players' quarters.

"What did you think of the game?" asked Wriethly, as they walked quickly together down the asphalted path behind the seats that ringed the pitch.

"'Fraid they've made too many for us, sir."

"You're right, lad. We've made what you call Didn't you think that Sower took me off much too soon?"

"I was just getting a length, and I don't like to get going for MacKenzie in my next over."

Billy was silent. What could he say to a trial, and he was in for a run in four more overs, and yet believed that he had just been getting a length, and that his captain ought to have kept him on!

But the silence did not matter. Gilbert Wriethly was so often up with agonies, that as long as one listened to him he never doubted but that that agreed.

For Billy, he would not talk much after the big Darracq had started, for once outside the town he had to sit at a positively break-neck pace, and he had taken all the Northern boys the ropers hard at work, all seemed to flash past in the brilliant light of the sun, now low down in the west.

Billy, with the recklessness of youth, enjoyed it all most thoroughly, but more than once he missed the passing car as it crossed the bridge. Wriethly had been fined for furious driving, or, if not, why not?

That was a sort of triumphal home-coming for Billy. He had taken all the Northern boys shire wickets, he could hardly have travelled home in greater state. Even the geese, that usually were in the way of his progress, were well Common, seemed to recognise him, and to be surprised, he thought; but not so surprised as his father was, when the Darracq came down the hill, and he saw it in front of the shop, and Billy jumped out with "Good-night, and thank you very much, sir!" and

In the county colts' match at the beginning of the season, though he had been neither the

ONE PENNY.

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