



1. Arthur Jobson was scated at a table, with books and papers before him. 2. Arthur Jobson could not speak. His head was drooping; his whole attitude one of dejection and despair, and he dared not raise his eyes from the ground.

THE 1st CHAPTER.

Captain and Secretary.

DON'T believe it!"

Jack Russell, captain of the Ferndale Fliers, flashed out the words. His hand was cienched, and he seemed in ablow as hasty, and Luke Barnard started back.

But Ted Burrows, Jacking at the second in the sec

back.
But Ted Burrows, Jack's chum, and one of
the fastest forwards in the Ferndale Football
Club, laid a restraining hand on his captain's

Clab, lad a resonant.

"Steady on, Jack!"
Jack dropped his hand to his side. He gave
Ted Burrows a short ned, as if to assure him
that he would not forget himself again, and
then fixed his eyes on Barnard.

"I don't helieve it," he said, calmly now.
"You say my cousin, Arthur Jobson, was on
the Longley Racecourse, chumming up with a
bookmaker, and lost a great deal of
money—"

possmacr, and lost a great deal of money—"

"Yes, I said so," said Luke Barnard, with a sneet, "and I stick to it."

"Did you see him?"

"I'm not in the habit of going to the races," said Barnard, in the same sneering tone. "I should not be likely to see him there."

"Then how do you know?"

"He was seen by somebody who knew him, and who told me. If you're particular to blow, it was my uncle, whom you know goes in for that sort of thing. He knows that doben is our secretary and treasurer, and he thought he'd mention it to me, and I could five you a hint. But as you take it like "I couldn't he expected to take it is not the same of the

addisavantage.

Ather will be here in a few minutes,"
and stortly, "You shall repeat to him will
be here in a few minutes,"
you have said to one, and we'll see. For recount would do what you have said. The
Barrand shruweed his choulders again in

Barnar mistake."

Harnard shrugged his shoulders again in a say the shoulders again in a say the shoulders again in a say the say the

glance at Barnard, put his hand on Arthur's shoulder.

There was not much similarity between the cousins as they stood side by side. Jack was medium size, sturdy, well-built, with an open, frank face, and honest blue eyes. Arthur Jobson was slightly taller, slimmer, and though well put together, nothing like his cousin's form. His face was fair, his eyes light blue, and not altogether steady in their glance.

light blue, and not altogether steady in their glance.

"Anything wrong?" he asked, looking round.

"Nothing," said Jack quietly, "only Barnard has something to say to you."

"Well, go on, Luke!"

"It's hardly fair to put it like that," said Barnard, "but I don't mind. My uncle says that you were betting on the Longley Race-course last Thursday—"
Barnard did not need to finish.

Arthur Jobson gave a violent start, and turned deadly pale. Jack's hand was jerked from his shoulder. Jobson looked from one to another with an almost terrified expression in his eyes.

A slow sneer crept over Barnard's face.
Jack turned red.

"Speak up, Arthur!" he exclaimed. "Tell us it it's not true!"

Arthur Jobson stammered for a minute.

"Well, what if it is true?" he exclaimed at last. "Why shouldn't I pay a visit to a race-course, to see what the place was like, if I choose."

Jack drew a deep breath of relief.

course, to see what the place was hee, it a choose?"

Jack drew a deep breath of relief.

"I told you so!" he exclaimed. "I knew he never went there to bet."

"Didn't you bet, Jobson?" asked Barnard maliciously.

Jobson changed colour again.
"Suppose I did, why shouldn't I do as I like with my own money?"

"Oh, if the club doesn't mind, I don't!" said Barnard. "I consider it disgraceful to have a betting fellow in the club. I consider it dangerous to have a treasurer who frequents racecourses. But I'm nobody, of course."

quents racecourses. But I'm nobody, of course—""
"Shut up!" said Ted Burrows, seeing the glean in Jack's eyes, and Barnard, seeing it too, thought he had better do so.
Jack turned with a look of deep distress to wards his cousin.
"Arthur, this can't be true. You didn't—"
"I tell you I just made a few bets, for the novelty of the thing," said Jobson, with a sullen look.

sulien look.
"You're not in the habit of—"
"Who says I am?"
"Nobody, but—"
"I'm not going to be catechised. It's my own business. If you don't want me for club secretary, I'll resign. I don't care!"
"It's nothing of that sort" said Look.

secretary, I'll resign. I don't care!"

"It's nothing of that sort," said Jack pacifically. "Don't think we mean that. But you must know that the club's reputation is worth something. If you went to the races just to see them, and fell under the influence of some rascal, it wouldn't be a nice thing, but it could be passed over. If you were in the habit of it—"I'm not going to have me."

natification in the state of th

"I don't want to do that," said Barnard.
"I don't want to do that," said Barnard.
"Then let the matter alone, and mind your
own business," said Jobson; and he strode to
the door red with anger.
"Where are you going, Arthur? We want

you!" I'm not fit for business now, after that!

"I'm not nt for pusiness now, after that! You can wait."
And Arthur Jobson flung out of the room, Jack, Ted, and Luke Barnard looked at one another, hardly knowing what to say or do. They heard the street door close with some violence.
Arthur Jobson strede away from the house,

still burning with anger. But ere he had gone a dozen paces his mood changed. The hot sill burning with anger. But ere he had gone a dozen paces his mood changed. The hot colour died out of his face, and a wretched paller tock its place, and a dumb misery grew in the place of the rage in his eyes. It is hasty pace slackened, and his head drooped, and muttered words fell miserably from his lips. "What shall I do?"

THE 2nd CHAPTER. A Guilty Conscience

AGUITY Conscience,

ACK RUSSELL looked worried as he walked down Ferndale High Street. It was Saturday afternoon, and the young captain of the Fliers had left the office where he was employed in good time to get home before the afternoon's match. The young footballer's face was usually bright and sunny, but just now there was a cloud upon it, which ha did not seem able to dispel.

The Ferndale Fliers were playing that afternoon what was the most important match of the season to them. Highfield F.C. were the most powerful opponents they ever met, and upon the victory or defeat of the afternoon depended, to a large extent, Ferndale's position in the local league. All through the week Jack's thoughts had been on the match—expetting, of course, when he was at work. Jack Russell was not the kind of fellow to neglect his work in thinking of sports. But the match meant a great deal of anxious thought for the young captain, and now a new anxiety had been added.

He was uneasy about his cousin.
Once before Arthur Jobson had shown a

neglect his work in thinking of spouss. Low-match meant a great deal of anxious thought for the young captain, and now a new anxiety had been added.

He was uneasy about his cousin.

Once before Arthur Jobson had shown a disposition to drift into shady ways, but Jack's influence had brought him back to a more manly course. His interest in football was keen, and Jack did all he could to keep it so. But the incident at the committee meeting aroused Jack's old fears again. Arthur had said nothing to him of the visit to the races though the cousins, who were both orphans, lived in the same diggings. The concealment pointed to the truth of Luke Barnard's hints, that Jobson was in the habit of betting. A weak-natured fellow under such influence was about the last person in the world to be trusted with the club's money. It was terrible to think for a moment that Arthur could possibly touch money that was not his own. But when temptation is strong, a nature must be strong to resist it; and Arthur Jobson's nature was weak-weak and selfish, though he had his good points. Jack Russell was worried.

He was thinking of Arthur, when he suddenly caught sight of Jobson himself, talking with a man of about thirty at the corner of the street. Jack knew the latter at once; it was Mr. Sunderland, upon whose land the Yennale football ground was situated. Mr. Sunderland took a friendly interest in local junior football, and he let the ground at a very moderate rent. Jack glanced at the two, wondering what their apparently deeply carnest talk was about.

Arthur Jobson was pale and worried-looking, and Mr. Sunderland looked angry. As Jack came along, the landowner said something in a very decided tone to Jobson, and without waiting for a reply, walked rapidly away.

Jobson stood still, looking after him, as if rooled to the spot. Jack Russell tapped him on the shoulder.

"What was about."

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"What is the trouble, Arthur?" he asked. "Mr. Sunderland looked quite angry when he left yeu."

"Did he?" said Jobson. "I didn't notice."

"Did he?" said Jobson. "I didn't notice."

"Did he?" said Jobson. "I didn't noti

speak about his private concerns to the secre-tary of a junior football club; and besides, Jobson's uncertain eye and quivering lip betrayed that it was an untruth. Jack's heart sank. Why should Jobson lie to him? What did this mystery mean?

"I must be off," said Arthur abruptly.
"You are playing this afternoon;"
"Yes, I told you so vesterday,"
"You don't look well," said Jack. "If you like, I'll put Barnard in your place in the centre-half. and play another fellow for him left. He. "Arthur Lab."

centre-half, and play another fellow for him left. Ile——"

Arthur Jobson gave a sneering laugh.

"He always thought he'd like my place, and could do better than I could in it." he said. "He has a fancy for it, that's all. Now you're backing him up."

Jack bit his lip.
"Nothing of the sort. If you're fit to play, I shall be glad to have you."

Well, I'm quite fit."

Arthur Jobson nodded shortly and walked away. Jack walked on more slowly, with the gloom intensified in his frank, haudsone face. That there was something wrong with his cousin could hardly be doubted now. Jack hald his dinner with Ted Burrows that afternoon, and they called at Jobson's diggings for him to go down to the ground.

Jack entered the little sitting-room which he shared with his cousin.

Arthur Jobson was seated at a table, with books and papers before him, his head leaning on his hand, his whole attitude one of misery and dejection. At the sound of footsteps he started up, and with a flush in his face thrust his papers into a drawer and locked it.

"Is it time?" he said confusedly. "I—I had forgotten."

Jack did not reply; his heart was too heavy. In silence the three young fellows made their

Jack did not reply; his heart was too heavy. In silence the three young fellows made their way down to the football ground, where they found the rest of the club, as well as a crowd of Ferndale folk who had come to see the match.

THE 3rd CHAPTER. Forbidden to Play

ACK RUSSELL, troubled as he was in his mind about his cousin, brightened up as soon as he was on the ground. On the footer field there was no time to think about anything but football, and he banished every consideration from his mind but the success of the game. Ferndale Fliers were looking in good trim, with the solitary exception of Arthur Jobson, who was pale and procecupied. The Highfield fellows were in good form, too. Their capitain, Yorke, was a young engineer, and a fine fellow, and well known to Jack Russell. They were friendly rivals for league honours. The Highfielders were early on the ground, and they had come determined to win. Round the grouad, outside the lines, a goodly

The Highhelders were early on the ground, and they had come determined to win.

Round the ground, outside the lines, a goodly crowd had gathered to see the game. It was only junior football, but the Fliers and the Highhelders could always be depended upon to put up some really good play. Close upon two hundred people were looking on, prepared to cheer good play on either side.

The young footballers changed, and a fine set they looked as they came out into the field, Highfield in red shirts, the home team in blue and white. The two captains tossed for choice of goal. As they did so, there was a murmur in the part of the crowd nearest the gate giving access to the field from the road.

Jack was too busy to notice it, but Arthur Jobson seemed to have his nerves on edge, and to be watching for something unusual to occur! Is glance had several times gone towards the gate, and once or twice he had opened his lips to speak to Jack, and had closed them gain.

for it. But what did he bring a with him for!

To give the signal to start the game way out of the question. The referee stood silent, to the question. The referee stood silent, to the proposal of the question of the proposal of the question of the proposal of the propo

mean?
Steadily the landowner advanced to the very centre of the field, between the opnosing teams, the state of the field between the opnosing teams, the state of the field between the opnosing teams, the state of the field between the field between the state of the field between the field between the marzed footballers as they crowded forward. He held up his hand, signing back the manual footballers as they crowded forward. Jack Russell footballers as they crowded forward. Mr. Sunderland looked at him sternly. "You know perfectly well what it means, Russell," he said. "I am sorry to have to interfere at such a moment, but you have known for some time what to expect." "I, sir! What do you mean, I knew what to expect! Even now I do not know why you are here, or what your object is."

Mr. Sunderland gave him a searching flance.

tion;" anything about its financial posi-"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jack in-dignantly. "What's wrong with our position? When we fail to pay your rent it will be time for you to criticise that."

The gentleman smiled sarcastically.

"Then your secretary has not acquainted you with the true state of affairs. You are nearest hat no rent has been paid me for the second of the second has been paid me for a thunderbolt falling at his feet could not have amazed Jack Russell more.

He looked for a moment as if his head were turning round.

"The fold not paid for!" he gasped, at last.

"The fold not paid for!" he gasped, at last.

"The fold most paid you for it every week regularly."

regularly."
"Jobson has done nothing of the kind," said
Mr. Sunderland, coldly and incisively. "He
has made excue after excue, saying that the
subscriptions have not been paid up, and so
forth, until I thought it high time that if the
members could not pay their subscriptions the
dlub slouid be dissolved."

members could not pay their subscriptions the club-hould be dissolved."

"The subscriptions are all paid up, to the last "The subscriptions are all paid up, to the last "The subscriptions are paid up all the dissolved the subscriptions are paid up all the subscriptions are not established to subscriptions are not subscriptions. It is believed him; but now "—a very significant to excruse for not paring the cut of the field. I believed him; but now "—a very significant to excrete for his costs into Mr. Sundefland's voice—"now it looks to me as if there were some even less reditable cause for the arrears of payment. Among yourselves. I do not desire to interfere. Among yourselves. I do not desire to interfere. Are you prepared to pay now!". It surgically the subscription is the face of the costs with almost angular in the face of the costs with almost angular in the face of the costs with almost angular in the face of the costs with almost angular in the face of the costs with almost angular in the face of the costs with almost angular in the face of the costs with almost angular in the face of the costs of the cost of the c

fiercely.

Barnard bit his lip, and was silent.

Silent, too, was Arthur Jobson; he could not speak. His head was drooping; his whole attitude one of dejection and despair, and he dared not raise his eyes from the ground.

Jack touched him on the arm, but he did not

move or speak.

move or speak.

"Arthur, can't you say anything!"

A low groan broke from Arthur Jobson—a Sound so charged with milesy that even the Sound so charged with milesy that even the dealer of the second of the week of the Market Sound Sound

on the wretched youth, and a spot of crimeon was burning in the centre of each of his pale that the property of the control of the pale of

all events."

"I do not feel inclined to pay twice, anyway," said Luke Barnard. "If Jobson has spent our money let him replace it."

Jack did not reply to the faunt. Ho kept his has the second of th

"Do you doubt it now?" exclaimed Mr. Sun-derland sharply.

"No, I suppose not," said Jack miserably,
"The money is owed to you, and we will post
i-or, rather, I will pay it. I can save it out
of my salary. But we have no money here."
"I have received promises enough from
Jobeon," said Mr. Sunderland.
"Oh, hang it?" broke out Ted Burrows.
"Oh, hang it?" broke out Ted Burrows.
"Oh, hang to take his word, and you know
and you do not have a suppose to take his word, and you know

it!"

It was an injudicious speech. Mr. Sunderland was already angrs, and he did not reliable in the state of the state of

e footballers looked at each other in utter

The footballers looked at each other in utter dismay. Some of the Highfielders growled. They had come some distance for the match, and it was not pleasant to have made their journey for nothing.

nothing and it was made their journey for mothing and it was made their journey for Mr. Sunderland frowned. He was not an unkind man, but he was very much annoyed, and he could be very obstract. A frank appeal in the first place would probably have moved him, determined to carry it through the was as hard as a rock now.

"Take year choice!" he exclaimed harshly. "In washing and the was a washing and the was a state of the washing and the wash

"I am waiting!"
"We cannot pay," said Jack quietly. "I have told you that we have no money here, sir. I have enough in the post-office savings-bank, but I cannot get at it now, as you know."
"Shame!" shouted the Highfielders. "Get

"Shame!" shoutd the Highfielders. "Get off the ground!"
"Kick him off!"
"Kick him off!"
Mr. Sunderland's eyes flashed, and he cast a defiant glanes round. The policeman gave the footballers a warning look as some of them presed forward.

pressed forward.
"It will be my duty to prevent any violence,

lectbalers a warning look as eome of them
"It will be my duty to prevent any violence,
gentlemen," he said.
Jack Russell held up his hand.
"Keep hack, you fellows! It's no good
"Keep hack, you fellows! It's no good
"Keep hack, you fellows! It's no good
"There was a loud murraur.
"I'm sorry about you fellows! with that's no
matter. We cannot play!.
"I'm sorry about you fellows," said jack
"I'm sorry about you fellows that you more.
You cent the match against us, as far as that
goes. We're coine, Mr. Sunderland, hander lambly; but
the did not care to suddenly change his mind.
The quiet dignity with which the Ferndale captent in faced the situation had impressed him.
I'm land can be suited in the proof of the said in faced the situation had impressed him.
I'm can de langed into their everyday clothe,
tent, and changed into their
and Mr. Sunderland was neady mobbed as he
all all walls taken up they presence of the
all and the proof of the tent with a ging
Jack shook his head.
"I'm go aloo, Ted. I want to see Arhur,
and I-l want to think, Heaven help us! I
dack smiled bettery.

Burrows paused.

Burrows paused. Jack smiled bitterly.

That he has embezzled the money? There and be any doubt. He has as good as adcannot be any doubt. He has mitted it."
"It's horrible, Jack! I can't say how sorry
"The committee

mitted it."

"It's horrible, Jack! I can't say how sorry I am."

"It's horrible, Jack! I can't say how sorry I am."

"I know you are, old fellow. The committee had better meet this evening, and ece what is to a groan. "Most of the people on the ground auspect what was on; and, of course, the Highlight of the say of th

THE 4th CHAPTER, The Shadow of Disgrace—A Frien Need—"Goal."

Need.—"Cont."

A tap came on Jack's shoulder as walled along, buried in thought, pressin on the looked round. A control to the state of the looked round, a control to the state of the looked round, a control to the state of the looked round, a received to the looked round, and the looked round round

ting on the races—at all events, you said you did not believe me. Was I right?"
Jack Russell nodded.
"Yes," he caid quietly, "you were right. I was wrong. I did not believe you, and I was wrong. I admit it, and I owe you an apology.

was wrong. I did not believe you, and I was reong. I admit it, and I owe you an apology. I Lake Barnard was taken aback. He had expected hot and angry words from Jack Russell, and he was prepared to roply in and made him feel uneary. He had been spurred on by a jealousy of Arthur, and an and made him feel uneary. He had been spurred on by a jealousy of Arthur, and and made him feel uneary. He had been spurred on by a jealousy of Arthur, and and had been spurred on by a jealousy of Arthur, and and had been spurred on by a jealousy of Arthur, and and made him feel unear the special spe

"I mean that I shall resign the captaincy of Ferndale Fliers, after—after this. I hope you or Ted Burrows will take my place. That's

"Tread Burrows will take my place. That's all."

"Russell, I've been a rotten cad," broke out a mine standard to a chance of additional treatment of the standard to a chance of the control of the standard to a chance of the control of the standard to a chance of the control of the standard to a chance of the control of the standard to a chance of the control of the standard to th

Barnard grasped it warmly.

"But you sha'n't leave the Fliers," he said, as they parted.

as they parted.

Barnard stood besistaing some minutes, and then he set off at a rapid walk, but the direction he took led him towards the house of Mr. Sunderland.

Jack's brow was moody as he reached his quarters. He wanted to see Arthur, to think dreaded the interview. He pushed open the door of the little sitting room. The room was was the same state of the Frendale Football Chab when seed that the seed that the seed that the seed that he se

was shaken by slow, heavy sobs. He did not hear Jack enter.
Jack's heart was heavy as he came towards his cousin. He caught a glimpse of the letter Arthur had written:
"Dear Jack," I am going, and you will never see me again. Try to lorgive me—"
There were tear-blots on the written lines. Jack touched his cousin on the shoulder.
Arthur!

never see me again. 1ry to torgive me—
There were tear-hols on the written lines.

"Arthur!"
Jobson started to his feet with a cry.

"Jack! Oh, I did not mean to see you
"Jack paned his arm yound the unhappy lad's shoulder and drew him to the seat again.

"Arthur was shivering convulsively."

"The bookmakers had it." "groaned Arthur."

"The was ship to the ship

The Boys' Realm

only by Arthur's convolving transport of the control of the contro

"He tells me that you have decided he the club, Russell."
"I must, sir. I stand by my own
has done wrong, of course; and the facting very decently in letting him 62, a
shall not desert him."
Mr. Sunderland grasped the boyl
warmly.

shall not desert him."

Mr. Sunderland grasped to boy to Mr. Sunderland grasped to boy to Mr. Sunderland grasped to boy to Mr. Sunderland grasped to the sunderland grasped to the sunderland grasped to the sunderland to the sunde

captain of the Ferndare rootsul take agreed?"

An example of the Ferndare roots and the same and will need another lesson like tail.

ck was right; Arthur Joben do
another lesson. The misey
experience, and his narrow e
paying a severe penalty for his k
been a warning to him that he

eanwhile, the Ferndale footballen

forgot.

Meanwhile, the Ferndale footballer as going abead.

Meanwhile, the Ferndale footballer as going abead.

We will be the service of th

it home. And uses a went.

"Goal! Hurrah!"
Ferndale Fliers had beaten Higheid higgoals to one. Mr. Sundrland chost warmly by the hand as the players one with the field.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "And a nor "Splendid!" he exclaimed.

petition."

And Mr. Sunderland's words proved photic. Ferndalo Fliers passed from the success, and in their many victors those who had witnessed that strass on the Ferndale field ceased to remain club seands.

(Next week "KING OF THE ROAD." a fac and by HENRY ST. JOHN, commences.) Don't Miss It!