the Boys' Realing Stables, (see Your Editor's Chat.)

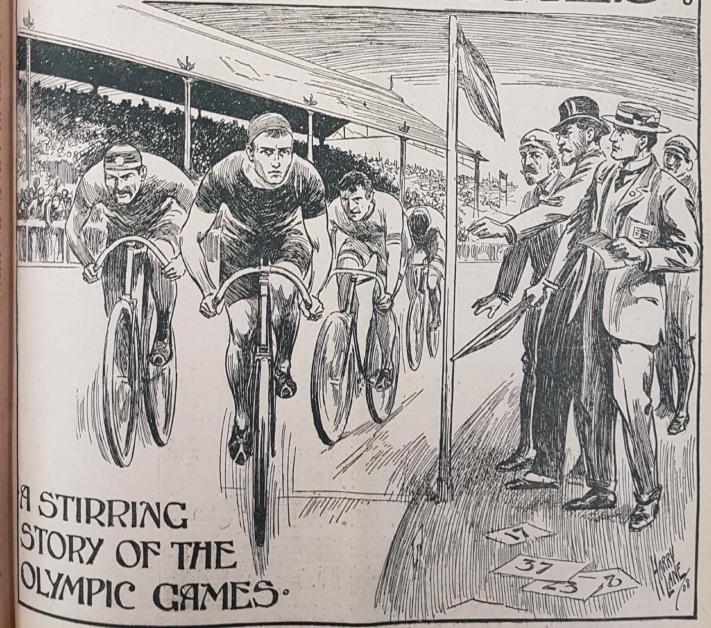
of Sport and Adventure.

Vol. VII.]

EVERY SATURDAY-ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1908.

WON BY INCHIES!





THE 1st CHAPTER

GROUP of small boys were in deep and carnest conversation outside the gates of Parchester College.

**Yes," said one of them, a short, stout lad named Evans, "I think I've done the trick pretty neatly. I doubt if he'll run thirty yards."

trick pretty neatly. I doubt it he it rub "rub "yards."

"But suppose he twigs it before the race?"

"I don't think he will. The paper'll keep over it till he begins to run, and I ve got the colour of that just right. He'd have to squint pretty hard to twig it."

"Suppose he finds out who's done it?" said a pale, thin-faced boy named Taylor.

"Then, I guess we must look out for squalls."

"You must," said Taylor significantly.

"Don't forget it was your idea," retorted Exans. "Anyhow, we're all in it together, and robody's going to peach."

"Rather not," agreed the others, in chorus. And now to explain what the trick was that they had been preparing, and for whose benefit—or the reverse—they had laid their plot.

the process of the reverse—they had laid their plot.

It was May 1st, and on that day at Parchester College there was an annual hundred yards race for the championship of the school, and for the temporary possession of a silver challenge cup, given by an old boy who was a celebrated runner—in fact, an amateur champion. The winner, besides having his name engraved on the cup, received a handsome silver medal as a memento of his proves, and, needless to say, there was keen competition among the swiftest runners to obtain the eveted trophies.

It was now May 1st, and the race was to be run immediately after morning school at twelve o'clock, on the long asphalt drive in front of the college.

The issue was generally thought to be between two boys, both nearly seventeen years of age, named Rawson and Herries. The former was the biggest tully in the school, the terror of all the junior boys, and generally unpopular. The latter was as much liked as Rawson was hated; and, naturally, most of the colleginas hoped he would win.

The small boys standing at the gate had made un their minds that he should, and Taylor

hated; and, naturally, most of the collegians hoped he would win.

The small boys standing at the gate had made up their minds that he should, and Taylor had thought of a means of making it nearly certain that Rawson should lose, in any case. It was a simple scheme. The race being run on the hard asphalt, running-shoes were useless; the competitors ran in canvas shoes with rubber soles. On part of the soles of Rawson's shoes Evans had surreptitiously smeared a thin layer of cobbler's wax, just where the ball of the foot would press the ground in running, and over the cobbler's wax he had placed paper, coloured like the rest of the sole. The paper would prevent the wax sticking to the ground till it was worn off, which would be impossible to run very fast.

The boys trooped out of school soon after the stroke of twelve in a great state of excitement as to the coming contest.

All save the competitors and a few others made straight for the drive, and lined up on

TWO More New Additions to

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"The said course in the said spirite in the said spir

BULLY of PARCHESTER.

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"He's done! Rawson's beaten!" cried t

several.

The surprise of the onlookers, save only the little gang of plotters, was intense.

Meanwhile, Herries was yards in front, and as Rawson stumbled, the other three runners rushed: past him.

A stride or two more, and Rawson's right shoe came off—stuck to the track. He fell forward on his hands and knees, and was out of the race, while several of the boys ran to his assistance.

the race, while several of the boys ran to his assistance.

Meanwhile, the race was over, and Herries had won comfortably. Loud cheers proclaimed him the champion of the college as he triumphantly breasted the tape.

He had not noticed what had befallen his chief rival, but now, as he learnt that Rawson had fallen, he hurried back to the group that was thronging round his rival.

"It's cobbler's 'wax-cobbler's wax!' he heard. "Someone's stuck it on his shoes!"

"Some of the kids he's so fond of bullying, I expect." put in another voice. "But he wouldn't have won in any case."

Herries elbowed his way through the group to where Rawson stood, holding a shoe in his hand.

hand.
"Sportsmanlike way to win, I don't think," he said, as he caught sight of Herries.
"What do you mean?"
"What I say."
"Do you mean to insinuate I knew of this?"
"Well, you're the chap who gains by it, anyway."

way."

You judge other people by yourself," said

Herries, with dignity. "But you don't suppose
I'll take the race, do you? We'll run again—

I'll take the race, do you? We'll run again-to-morrow."

Before Rawson could reply, Herries strode off to the master who acted as starter. Hurriedly telling him what had happened, he asked that the race might be re-run.

"Quite right, Herries," said Mr. Hes. "I think you can beat him, but he ought to have a fair chance."

He had, the next day, after twelve.

And although Rawson managed to poach a yard at the start, Herries gradually wore him down, and won by a full two yards, amid cheering even louder than that of the previous day.

day.

But Rawson had no intention of letting the matter end with his defeat. He was determined to find out who had played the trick upon him, and to take ful! vengeance on his enemies.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

A Bully's Downfall.

Builty's Downfall.

E found it no easy matter to detect the delinquents. None of the plotters was likely to sneak wilfully, though the fellinquents. None of the plotters was likely to sneak wilfully, though the fellinquents. Taylor was not above turning the become necessary. Novertheless, Rawen argued with himself, it must have been some of argued with himself, it must have been some of the lower boys, and if he thrashed the lot of them, as occasion offered, he would necessarily include the right ones.

So never a day went by without his, on some pretext or another, inflicting pain on one or more of the youngsters, and many were the kicks and cuffs and arm-twistings he administered during the period immediately following after the race for the challenge cup.

Evans, in particular, suffered, for he made

no secret of his dislike for Rawson, as well as of his admiration for Herries, who was the bully's particular aversion. Taylor, on the other hand, curried favour with him as far as possible, and so avoided punishment.

One day Evans and two or three of his chums were strolling across the cricket ground at the back of the college, when Rawson, coming out of a class room, wherein he had been detained late for some delinquency or other, spotted them. He was in a bad humour as a result of his slight punishment, and wanted an outlet for his aggrieved feelings. Happening to have, a fives ball in his pocket, he took careful aim at the smaller boys, and hurled it at them.

It whizzed by Evans's ear, between him and a

at the smaller boys, and hursed it at them.

It whizzed by Evans's ear, between him and a boy named Wilson.

"Thank you, ball!" he yelled.

Evans, looking round, saw who had thrown the missing them.

Evans, looking round, saw who had thrown the missile.

"It's Rawson!" he said. "Let's cut off!"

"Thank you, ball!" shouted Rawson again.
"Fetch it, you young hounds!"
"I sha'n't!" said Evans determinedly.
"Let him fetch it himself!"
"Let him fetch it himself!"

"Let him fetch it himself!"

And, followed by Wilson and the others, he turned rapidly off in another direction.

"You cheeky young beggars!" cried Rawson, at once starting after them at full speed.

They began to run, but without much chance of escape, for the bully, as we know, was fleet of foot, and very soon he had the hindmost, Wilson, by the collar. Whereupon the others stopped also.

"So you refuse to fag, do you?" Rawson began, twisting Wilson's collar, so that the boy could hardly breathe. "We'll see about that. Now, you Evans, fetch that ball! Quick, d'ye we was the start of the start o

"What did you chuck it at us for?" demanded Evans surlily. "You might have jolly well hurt one of us."
That was true, for a fives ball is a pretty hard object.
"I'll jolly well hurt the lot of you before I've done!" answered Rawson, still half choking the wriggling Wilson. "Now, will you fetch it?"

But the spirit of rebellion was rising in Evans's breast. Ho was a sturdy and plucky boy, and he had with him, in Wilson and Travers, two allies who would not fail to back him up.

Travers, two allies who would not fail to back him up.

"No. I won't!" he said defantly.

Rawson let Wilson go, and dashed at him in a blind fury. But, quick as thought, Evans dodged under his arm, with the result that he nearly fell forward on to his face. Before he could recover himself, Evans had sprung at him, and, hitting with all his might, caught him a sharp blow behind the ear.

"Come on, you chaps," he cried at the same time; "we've stood enough of his bullying! Let's go for him!"

Rawson stood amazed. Never in the whole course of his bullying career had such a thing happened to him. What is more, he did not like the look of things at all. Singly, one after the other, he could have thrashed his adversaries with ease, but a simultaneous attack by three or four of them was quite a different matter.

vovvovovovovovovovo

also, but missed, and then when to joined in.

It was hot and had we will be a large with the was hot assailants a wet by whose small assailants a wet by whose small assailants a weight to the large with a large with the was he wainly tried to defend himself and blows.

But already they recognised has a large with the way of the

them freely.

"He's nearly done!" said Lisa And they did.
And they did.
Not till, give him a lesson this time.
"Wo'll give him a lesson this time."
Not till, builded and some the time there of the their enemy, whom they fould they case, and almost weeping, to their enemy, whom they fould they case, and almost weeping, to their enemy, whom they fould they case, and almost weeping, to their enemy, whom they fould they can as Evans knew, that was not hely for that. And unpopular thought most of the school fellows, he was to hely for that. And unpopular thought most of the school fellows, he was to hely for that. And unpopular thought most of the school fellows, he was to hely for the most of the school fellows, he was to hely for the most of the school fellows, he was to hely the law into their own hands.

So it turned out.
That evening, Evans and his the were summoned into the Fifth Fore there to explain, first their refus! Rawson's ball, secondly their hose in assaulting and battering one dy. It was quite a formal trial, is were the prisoners, Rawson the passing the head of the Fifth the judge in were the prisoners, Rawson the passing the head of the Fifth the judge in was, who would defend the scause!

Herries said he would.

"I wouldn't stick up for kids we cheeky as a rule." he said; "but how Rawson's always been built; think they did quite right."

There were several others present this view, so Evans and the me feel hopeful. They might get do, if not—well, the prospect of a "Inhiding" was not a pleasantone.

Rawson gave anything but a traff of the affair. Having inaderetally hill have been built at a bird, he said, all four hilding—was put to the vote. In hilding—was put to the vote. In the prospect of the said, all four hilding—was put to the vote. In the prospect of the cover, and it was the truce one. Showed a badly-bruised shim is we sh

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

the riew of giving a thorough trial to his but Unfortunately, however, it was not unfortunately and, though he took a wicket with his and, though he took a wicket with his ability he met with no further success, and but he met with no further success, and but he met with no further success, and said punished by several of the rival bats.

hat experied with the trouble to follow the boy matter.

Had be taken the trouble to follow the boy matter.

Had be taken the trouble to follow the boy matter than the sessence he would, perhaps, have been rather sessence for this young a corner of the buildings, went straight ound a corner of the buildings, went straight ound a form to Rayson, who was waiting for him.

All right, he said: "he's going there."

Thanks! 'replied Rawson. "Here's your uppence. Now, cut away, and don't come uppence. Now, cut away, and don't come

The boy departed, and Rawson, keeping a sutions look out as he went follows The boy departed, and Rawson, keeping a catious look-out as he went, followed Herries revards the library. He saw his rival pass through the big gateway, and heard him mounting the stone steps, and finally go into the library itself, which was on the first floor. Quick-as thought, he sprang up the steps, and quite without the knowledge of the unappeting Herries, closed and locked the door whim.

and quite without apecing Herries, closed and locked the uoon apecing Herries, closed and locked the uoon a him. Then he quietly descended, and after a fance round the empty square, made his way a the cricket ground. Everybody was there they this time, the precincts of the college itself hing, apparently, quite deserted.

To return to Herries.

On entering the library, a huge and handsme chamber with a vaulted roof and auditioned windows, he made straight for a ross at the far end, which was reserved for he maters use, where he naturally expected a find Dr. Hargreave.

No one was there; but, after all, he had

n ma pr. nargreave.

No one was there; but, after all, he had ome at once on receiving the message, and rehaps the doctor was coming soon, and neath him to wait. He hoped it would not be or long, though, as he wanted to have a little ractic at one of the nets before the match kera.

He took up a book, and tried to read. But is mind was too full of the cricket match, ad be soon tossed the volume away. Glancas up at the clock, he saw it was already a warfer to sleven, and the game was to begin a sleven sharp. He wished the doctor would larry up.

seven marp. He wished and Herries mry up.
Slowly the clock-hands moved, and Herries free standard maxious. He seed be late, and though his reason would an adequate one, still, to be late on so important an occasion would be distinctly annoyate.

Eleven struck, and still there was no sign the headmaster. It was too bad of him, strip thought. He need not have kept him He forgotten all about it!" cjaculated the so its country to the structure of the struc

a length, to it seemed. Anyhow, Herries could wait longer, not even for the headmaster. What sulf layes and all the rest think of his not ming up to time? When the would wait no longer. It was past wen, and the match had doubtless begun. The had wen the toss? he wondered. If

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Exford, then his side was probably fielding, and they would have had to find a substitute for him. Probably Rawson. The thought spurred him to action. He crossed to the library door, and turned the handle.

Good heavens, it was locked!

And yet he had heard no one come. What could have happened? No doubt, while he was in the masters' recess, Dr. Hargreave had come, and, not seeing him, had locked the door and gone away again. What awful luck!

He was still, indeed, quite unsuspicious of any treachery in the matter.

What was to be done? He was a prisoner, that was certain. He rushed to the nearest window, opened it, and looked out. It was, at least, twenty feet above the ground. He did not funk the drop exactly, but he realised that from such a height, on to hard flagstones, it was dangerous.

Putting his head out of the window, he

was dangerous.

Putting his head out of the window, he shouted lustily.

No one came. Not a soul was about. Everyone, of course, was on the cricket ground.

However, there was nothing for it, apparently, but to wait and call out at intervals. Someone might hear him.

Meanwhile, the clock sped on. A quarter-past, half-past, a quarter to, and the boom of twelve, and still not an answer to his cries. The drop—yes, that was the only chance. He looked in vain for a friendly pipe down which to climb. There wasn't one in reach of

claimed the fall of yet another wicket. Eighty-four for eight.

He was just in time to save the situation, if he could.

There was no time for explanations then.
"Shove on your pads—quick!" cried Hayes.
You're in now!" You're in now!"
"What about me, then?" queried an angry

voice

It was Rawson, padded and gloved, ready to take his turn with the bat, as Herries's substi-

take his turn with the bat, as Herries's substitute.

"Sha'n't want you, now," said Hayes curtly. Rawson's face became demoniac with anger. So, after all, he had plotted for nothing. Once more his rival had supplanted him. He flung his bat into a corner, tore off his pads, and hurried furiously from the ground.

Had he stayed to see what happened he would have been angrier still, if possible. For, despite his late arrival, and the shock of the drop from the library window. Herries batted his best Getting most of the bowling, he hit finely to all parts of the ground, and when the innings closed, an hour later, the total had reached 156, and he was not out with 43 to his credit.

Parchester's chance of winning was quite good again. As a matter of fact, Parchester won, and the first to congratulate Herries on his prowess was Dr. Hargreave.

Then our hero learnt the truth. He had been tricked, treacherously tricked, by an enemy. There was no doubt as to who that enemy was.

Rawson that a revival of the practice might be

Hawson that a revival of the practice might be agreeable in the twentieth century, and he determined that Master Evans should be ducked in the well, like the youngsters of old.

Hubbard thought the idea a capital one. It did not occur to him that there was any very serious risk, He and Rawson were quite strong enough to lower and raise the weight of a boy like Evans. That the rope might break never occurred to him.

occurred to him.

In any case, the kid deserved a lesson, and he should have one.

"Evans," said Taylor, one afternoon, "Hub bard wants you down by the woodsheds."

Taylor did not think it necessary to mention that Rawson was waiting there, too. He was afraid Evans might not go, if he did.

"What for?" asked Evans.
"Help him mend a bat, or something," answered Taylor untruthfully. "I'm to go, too. Come along!"

Not suspecting treachery.

Not suspecting treachery, Evans went, and, on reaching the sheds, found Hubbard waiting

on reaching the success to the same of the sarrival.

"Come on," he said, turning the corner of the building to the side where the well was.

As they rounded this, Evans caught sight of Rawson, and, at once fearing a trap, began to

As they rounded this, Evans caught signt of Rawson, and, at once fearing a trap, began to run.

But he was soon caught, and only got his arms twisted by Hubbard for his pains. Then Rawson' grabbed him, too; and, despite his wild struggles, he was dragged towards the well head. He was now genuinely alarmed, and yelled lustily, till Rawson's hand closed his mouth roughly.

Then, while Hubbard held him, Taylor, at Rawson's bidding, wound a long piece of string tightly round his legs, keeping them close together.

"We must leave his arms free; he'll want them to hold the rope with," said Rawson.

There was a big wooden bucket, to which the well-rope was attached, and on the bottom of this there was a big wooden bucket, to which the well-rope was attached, and on the bottom of this there was just room for Evans's feet, which were now forced into it. Evans again shouted loudly for help.

This time his crics were heard. Suddenly there appeared round the corner of the shed three boys, who gazed in wonder at the scene before them. They were Hayes, the captain of the eleven, Wilkins, and Herries.

"What the dickens are you up to?" demanded Hayes, as Evans, realising that he was saved, got out of the bucket as well as he could.

"They were going to duck me," he said, gasping.

"Well," said Rawson doggedly, "he deserves, the captals of the bucket has well as he could.

gasping.
"Well," said Rawson doggedly, "he deserves
it. He's the kid who put that wax on my shoes,

"Well," said Rawson doggedly, he deserves, it. He's the kid who put that wax on my shoes, and—"
"I see, and you thought a ducking would do him good? Well, it's not a bad idea—only I don't think he's the chap who ought to be ducked."
"What do you mean?" asked Rawson.
"What I say. I believe in a ducking—for the right chap."
Hayes spoke quite seriously, and Rawson didn't like the look of things at all.
"I've had enough of this rot," he said sullenly. "I'm off!"
"Not so fast," said Hayes. "Just catch hold of him, will you, Herries?"
Herries's arms were round him in an instant, and he was held in an iron grip.
"Now, that cord!" said Hayes. "I'll hold his legs while you run it round, Wilkins."
A minute later Rawson was trussed and standing in the bucket, as Evans had been just previously.
In vain he howled, and in vain he called upon Hubbard for help. The latter was only watching for an opportunity to escape.

In vain he howled, and in vain no can't watchIlubbard for help. The latter was only watching for an opportunity to escape.

The bucket was pushed to the well edge, and
Herries and Wilkins each held, on opposite
sides, a handle of the pulley.

"You'd better hold tight," said Hayes.

"Lower about three feet or so," he added, as
Rawson tried to grasp him instead of the rope.

"A little none."

He disengaged Rawson's grip, which now inMe disengaged Rawson's grip, which now in-

"A little more."

He disengaged Rawson's grip, which now instinctively sought the rope. And then came the final order: "Lower away!"

stinctively soughe use serifical order:

"Lower away!"
Down, down Rawson went, yelling lustily, till, with a splash, he went souse into the slimy water. His cries were merged into a gurgle.

Three or four times he was well ducked, and then, by a strong effort on the part of his three tormentors, he was hauled up again—a pitiable object, dripping and muddy, and ornamented copiously with green slime.

The string was cut from his legs, and he was left to make the best of his way to college; for his friend Hubbard as well as Taylor had already disappeared.

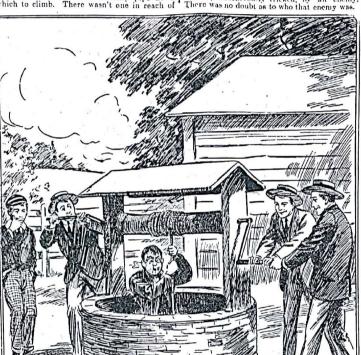
Luckily, the weather was warm, and the ducking brought with it no ill-effects, except that he got greatly chaffed and ragged as a consequence for some time alterwards.

He made no further attempts, for that term, at any rate, to molest any of our friends, and, as it happened, he did not return to the college after the holidays. But he still cherishes a deep vengeance against Evans, Hayes, and Herries, and, doubtless, if ever he is afforded an opportunity, he will not be above wreaking it. But their paths in life will probably be so divergent that the opportunity is not likely to be forthcoming. Besides, time, let us bope, may soften his heart, and his failure to gain his own ends at Parchester College become, as the years roll by, little more than a vague, if unpleasant, memory.

THE END.

(More splendid complete warns will appear in

(More splendid complete varus will appear in next week's BOYS' REALM.)



Three or four times Rawson was well ducked, and then, by a strong effort on the part of his three tormentors, he was hauled up again—a pitiable object, dripping and muddy, and ornamented copiously with green slime.

- -

any of the windows. No; the drop it must be, unless he was to stay in the library at least another hour and a half, when the boys would be coming collegewards for dinner.

There was no means of lessening the descent. No friendly bell-rope he could use; no sheet he could twist into a rope. No; it was the drop, and only the drop. And, supposing he broke his leg, or sprained his ankle? No cricket for him, then! But, still, he must risk it, for the college's sake, as well as his own. He was counted on to make runs; he might be too late to have the chance. He made up his mind to drop. Climbing carefully out of the window, feet first, he clung to the middle bar and the stone ledge. Below all was smooth; there was nothing to grasp.

Then, toes down, knees slightly bent, to avoid jar as much as possible, he let go.

Bump!

Bump!
He tottered backwards as his toes reached as flagstones, and fell, finally, straight on his

Was he hurt?

No! Thank Heaven, no! Shaken, naturally, a little, but cound in wind and limb. Shaking himself together, he hurried off to the crisiset ground at the double. The board caught his ground at the double. The board caught his eye as he reached it, and he saw that his own eye as he reached it, and he saw that his own eye as he reached it, and he saw that his own 10. What a score! Not enough to win by half. And as he arrived, out of breath, at the pavilion, the shouts of the Extoyl boys pro-

THE 4th CHAPTER.

Turning the Tables.

T was Taylor who finally told Rawson the truth about the cobbler's wax episode. He had quarrelled with Evans, who had asked him to fight in consequence; an offer which he declined. He got chipped a lot owing to his refusal, for he was quite as big as Evans, and in consequence vowed vengeance. He soon made an opportunity to let Rawson know the truth.

Rawson discussed the matter with his friend Hubbard, and got the latter to promise his assistance in reading the checky kid, as he called Evans, a severe lesson.

Evans was quite unsuspicious of the fate awaiting him, for Taylor still pretended to be friendly, and Rawson made no difference in his usual conduct. But he had worked out a simple usual conduct, But he had worked out a simple usual. In a far corner of the playground, behind

Evans.

In a far corner of the playground, behind some sheds used for storing lumber, was an old well. It was about twenty feet from the ground to the water surface, and the water itself, black and slimy, was perhaps six to eight

itself, black and simy, was permaps six decays, feet deep.

There was a tradition in the college that in former days, when bullying, as at most of the public schools, was very rampant, the big boys used, for anusement, to duck the smaller ones in this well, till one day a fatal accident happened, and the practice was stopped. Whether this story was true or not, it occurred to

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