

Grand Cup-Tie Story. By A. S. Hardy.

The Boys' Realm. 1^d

The Great Saturday Sports Paper.



THE RISE OF TYNEGATE

A Powerful New Football Story. By ANDREW GRAY.

my orders, and you know best whether you'll obey them or not."

"Of course we'll obey them!" said the voice of Martha tartly, at his elbow, and the imitation was so exact that Heriot started and Ross cackled derisively.

"So you're there, Mistress Vinegar!" he said. "I'm glad to see you for once. You can just unlock the door, and give the reverend gentleman a hand out."

"Do your own business, Mr. Ross!" snapped the supposed Martha. "I've enough to look after the lady here. And as you're sending Mr. Heriot into Brey, I'll be goin', too, and takin' this fine body along of me. You see?" Nellie sank her voice to a whisper, and bent forward confidentially—"the maister'd be none too pleased to find her sick and dying on his hands. Ye ken how he's kept their presence secret. And if that daft loon of a doctor's got to be called in, there'll be more than me and you will have to seek a new place."

"Ye auld magpie!" growled Ross angrily. "What do I want to listen to your chatter for with the east wind a-blowin' down me neck? Do what the de'il you've a mind. It's none of my affair what ye do with your ladies. Get the door open and your parson out, and let me go to me bed."

"I'll magpie you, my mon, when the maister's back!" was "Martha's" sour retort. "Do you think I'm greetin' over you and your lazy-bones and your bed-covetousness? And p'raps you'll be expectin' me to carry the lady across the yard? If ye dinna get that cart to the door in less than two minutes I'll gie the maister not a moment's peace till he finds a new keeper for his lodge!"

"Lord save us! What's all the clatter about, woman?" said Ross, in a mollified tone. "Wasn't it meself that was just thinkin' of bringin' the cart round and givin' you a hand to help the lady in?"

"She dinna need any help of yours," replied "the housekeeper," "so stir yourself to get the cart round while I get some rugs, or the poor body'll perish with the cold."

Ross slouched off, muttering strange maledictions. Like all the rest of that household, he stood in no little dread of the venom-tongued Martha, whose sole passion was avarice, and therefore—as her master well knew—beyond the reach of any of their blandishments.

In the hall the three inside stood for a moment as if spellbound.

It seemed too good to be true. Yet here was their plan come home to them. Their escape lay sure before them, and had been won by nothing but Nellie's presence of mind and ready wit.

"It was splendid!" said Heriot, extending his hand impulsively, then drawing it back with a slight flush.

But the girl was too quick for him. She caught his hand in both her own, and her eyes met his in a glance of candid friendliness, though she was conscious that her cheeks had grown suddenly warm beneath the veil.

"You gave me the cue," she said, in a grateful tone. "Can you find me some rugs? It will not do to risk delay now."

But there was no suspicion in Ross's mind as he returned with the cart, and helped Heriot up in front beside the driver, while "Martha" passed up her charge into the seat beneath the big hood, and climbed in after her, drawing close the rugs.

In another minute the great gates rolled open, and they were driving slowly through into the starlit night and the wide expanse of snow-covered moor, beyond which the first faint grey-ness of dawn was already visible.

Then, as the gates clanged to behind them, and the driver whipped up his horse, the hands of mother and daughter drew together beneath the rugs.

"Free!" whispered Nellie, a thrill with exultation.

And, as if in answer, from far away in the white, dim distance, there came the muffled hoot of a motor-horn, thrice repeated.

"I'm thinkin'," said the driver, turning round on his seat, "that yonder hooter's the maister. He's on the Carlisle road, for sure. And if I dinna drive too fast we're safe to meet him."

"And get a trouncing for wastin' your time and spyin' on him, ye loon!" was Nellie's quick retort, in Martha's tartest tone. "Whip up and go for all you can, mon!"

"Faith, an' you're right, mistress," said the driver, and with a stinging blow of the whip sent the horse bounding along the hard-frozen road.

Nellie and her mother, their arms locked now about each other, leaned forward, straining their eyes to the white road unwinding far below them. In another four minutes they would pass the junction of their own road to Brey, and be safe, if they got there first. But would they? And was it sure that the car, whose faint whirr could now be heard through the frosty stillness of the night, was indeed Carfax's? It was a race—a race for liberty and more than life.

(Another thrilling, long instalment of this splendid yarn will appear next week.)

ARTHUR REDFERN'S VOW.

A Rollicking Tale of School Life. By CHARLES HAMILTON.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

ARTHUR REDFERN, a Sixth-Former and a prefect at St. Dolly's School.

SIDNEY REDFERN, or "Redfern minor," Arthur's brother. A bright, fun-loving lad. St. Dolly's is divided into two educational sections—Modern and Classical. Sidney is a Classical, and firm chums with SKELTON and BROWN, of the Fourth. A deadly feud exists between the Classics and the Moderns, the latter being led by

TAFFY MORGAN, VERNON, and RAKE of the Fourth. RANSOME, a Sixth-Former. A slacker and a good-for-nothing, who, exercising a strong influence over Arthur Redfern, gets the prefect mixed up with a betting gang. Thanks to his younger brother, Arthur gets clear of this unsavoury crowd, and promises Sidney that he will have nothing further to do with Ransome's shady transactions. Ransome, resenting this, vows vengeance, and seeks to draw other St. Dollyites under his wing.

The opening of a new term finds the school captainship vacant, and Arthur Redfern and another lad named Knowles are proposed for election. Additional interest is added to the election by the fact that Arthur is a Classical and Knowles a Modern.

Ransome, though a Classical himself, intends voting for Knowles, the Modern candidate, and endeavours to persuade other Classics to do likewise; but with no great success, thanks to Redfern minor and Skelton. The day of the election comes, and, despite Ransome's efforts, Arthur Redfern heads the poll, and becomes the new captain of St. Dolly's.

Knowles, chagrined at his defeat, is an easy prey for Ransome, who lures him into his clutches, and encourages him to set at naught Arthur Redfern's authority.

Knowles and Ransome invade Redfern minor's study, and find more trouble than they bargain for. In the scuffle which ensues Knowles drops a five-pound note, which Sidney does not discover till after the two Sixth-Formers have departed. Not knowing who it belongs to, he takes it to Ransome. That worthy, who at the time is in need of money, succumbs to the temptation, and claims the note as his own, though he knows very well that it belongs to Knowles.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

A Surprise for the Classics.

"MY only hat!" Redfern minor uttered the ejaculation.

He was passing through the hall when the sight of a crowd of juniors round the notice-board drew his attention in that direction. He strolled up to join the group, wondering which of the various papers pinned on the board was exciting so much interest among the Lower Form fellows.

And then he ejaculated. Among the various notices on the board was one that could only have been written by a junior. It was in a big, sprawling hand, which Redfern minor recognised at once as Taffy's.

There was nothing surprising in the leader of the Modern juniors putting up a notice on the board. But the notice itself!

Redfern looked at it, and ejaculated, and rubbed his eyes, and looked again.

He could scarcely believe it.

There were Modern juniors chuckling round the notice-board, and Classics with amazed faces and dismayed looks.

For the notice ran as follows:

"NOTICE!"

"On Saturday afternoon the St. Dolly's Rink will be opened. The undersigned have decided to introduce roller-skating to St. Dolly's, and as a preliminary an exhibition of roller-skating will be given by Modern juniors. The gym. will be used as a rink from three o'clock to four on Saturday afternoon. (Signed)

"D. MORGAN.
"H. VERNON.
"H. RAKE."

No wonder Redfern minor could scarcely believe his eyes.

The great rinking wheeze, which had been thought out by the Classical juniors and kept so dark—the great surprise they had been preparing for their rivals—everything was known, apparently, to Taffy Morgan, and the Moderns had calmly appropriated the idea!

It was a staggering blow.

How did Taffy know?

Redfern felt a tap on the shoulder, and he turned round dazedly, to find his chums, Skelton and Brown, looking at him.

"What do you think of that?" asked Skelton.

"I—I can't understand it."

"They've got on to the wheeze," said Brown III. bitterly. "Some ass has been jawing, I suppose."

"I don't think so."

"Well, they've got on to it somehow. And—and they've collared the idea!"

"Boned the wheeze!" said Skelton.

"How on earth did they do it?" ejaculated Redfern.

"I—I never expected this, even of Taffy. They've got on to the wheeze, and they've obtained permission to use the gym. as a rink, just as we were going to. And they're giving their show first."

"The cheek of it!"

"We're done!" said Skelton. "Done brown!"

"Looks like it."

"But—but have they got the skates?" said Redfern.

"This may be only a bit of bluff, after all. They can't have taken our skates—they don't know where we keep them."

"Trust Taffy to find out when he's once got on to the wheeze," said Skelton gloomily.

"Let's go and see."

The three juniors ran upstairs at once to the top box-room. They reached it in a few minutes, and Redfern ran to the trunk in which the roller-skates were kept locked up when the Classics were not using them for practice.

"It's all right!" he gasped. "It's still locked."

Skelton looked doubtful.

"Easy enough to get a key to a lock like that if they once knew what was in the trunk," he remarked.

"Well, I'm jolly soon see!"

Redfern groped in his pocket for the key of the trunk, and soon unlocked it. He threw the lid back.

"Great pip!"

The trunk was empty!

The roller-skates were gone!

Twenty pairs of roller-skates had reposed there when last Redfern minor had looked into the trunk, and now it was empty.

There could be no further doubt on the subject. The Modern juniors had not only borrowed the idea, but they had borrowed the skates as well.

The Classical skates were to be used to give the Classical show—by the Moderns! It was as clean a sweep as the Moderns could have made.

The Classical chums stared at one another helplessly.

"My only hat!" said Redfern.

"It's rotten!"

"We're done!"

"They've got our skates!" said Skelton wildly.

"Why, it was only last evening we were practising with them, too! They must have taken them last night, and then they shoved up the notice on the board this morning—and the show's to come off this afternoon! Why, we've got no chance!"

"Let's go and see Taffy."

"Good! We can scalp those rotters, any way!"

And the chums of the Fourth rushed downstairs again.

It was Saturday, and morning school was over. The juniors had had their dinner, and there remained only an interval of an hour before the rinking exhibition commenced. Taffy & Co. had not given any information away till almost the last moment.

Redfern kicked open the door of Taffy's study, and the Classical chums strode in. Taffy and Rake and Vernon were there, but they had evidently expected a visit from the Classical leaders, for several other juniors were in the study with them.

Taffy looked up with a genial grin as the Classical chums came in.

"Hallo!" he said affably. "Seen the notice?"

"Yes!" said Redfern wrathfully.

"Good! Are you coming to see the show?"

"Well, you cheeky ass!"

"All are invited," said Taffy blandly.

"Classicals will be expected to wash and put on clean collars, that's all."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chorled the Modern juniors in the study.

"You—you worm—"

"We're thinking of introducing roller-skating into St. Dolly's, you see," said Taffy. "It's catching on everywhere now, you know, and we thought it would be a ripping idea to have it here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you burglar!" roared Skelton. "It was our wheeze—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Moderns.

"We thought of it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You've boned our idea—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You've got our skates—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Moderns rocked with laughter—all excepting Taffy. He maintained an expression of mild surprise.

"Anybody know what these chaps are talking about?" he asked.

"Look here, you Modern worm—"

"We thought of the wheeze," said Taffy.

"It was finding an old skating key knocking about that really put it into our heads. Then we happened to find a set of roller-skates locked up in an old trunk in the box-room—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Moderns.

"They're our skates!" shrieked Brown.

"Oh, rats!"

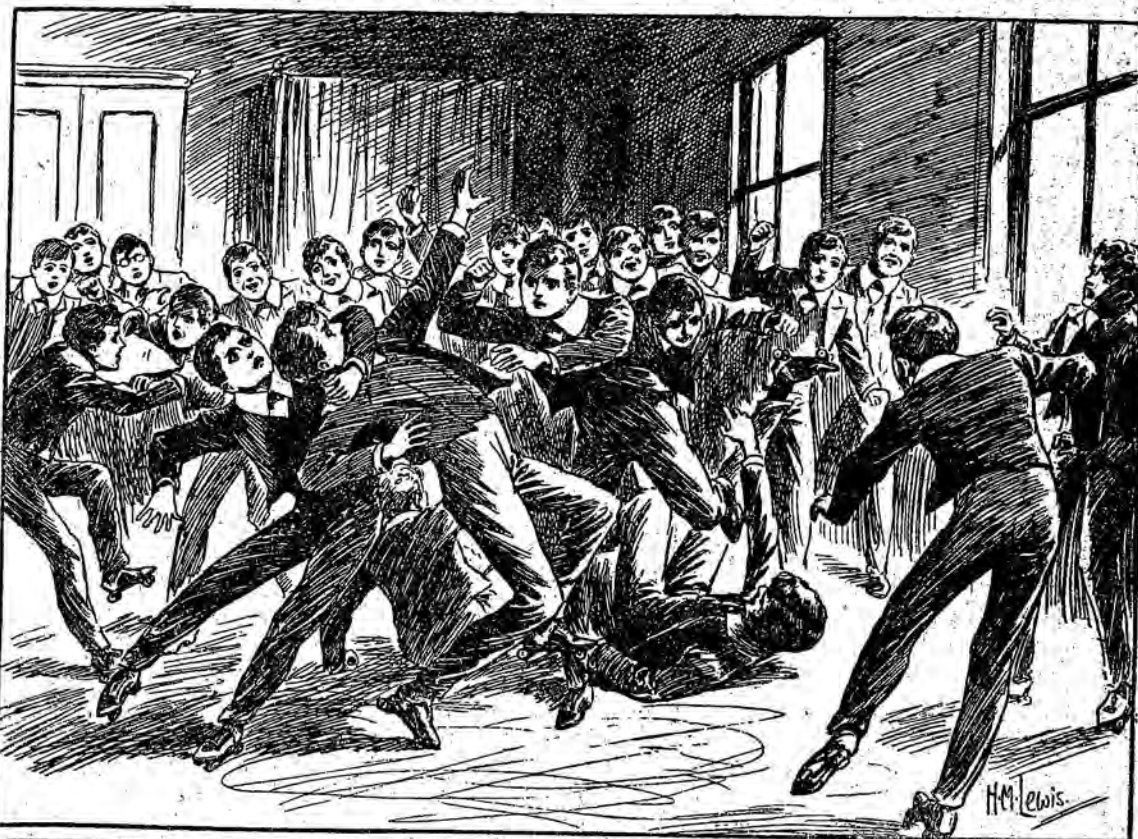
"You—you—you worm—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, if you can prove your ownership, you shall have the skates back after the show," said Taffy. "We're giving it this afternoon, you know, in the gym."

"You Modern sweep, we'll jolly well wreck it! We'll—"

(Continued on the next page.)



Right among the roller-skaters came the vengeful juniors, sending them reeling and staggering right and left. The Classics were turning the tables on their Modern rivals in no half-hearted way.

A Real Lever Simulation
GOLD WATCH
FREE will be given to all clever readers of this paper who count the circles correctly; but you must comply with our condition and show the Watch to your friends. Send your answer, together with stamp, that we may send you result. **UNIVERSAL TEADING CO.** (Dept. 42, Glenhelm Road, London, N.)

"Now, don't lose your little temper! You Classical chaps can't expect to keep your end up with us, you know—"

"Why, you—you—"
Words failed the Classical chums.
With one accord they rushed at Taffy. They collared him and dragged him off his chair.

"Ow!" roared Taffy. "Rescue!"
The crowd of Moderns closed instantly upon the three Classics.

Redfern, Skelton, and Brown were seized at once, and one after another, struggling desperately against the odds, they were hurled forth from the study.

Then the door was slammed after them.
Within the study the Moderns roared with laughter. Outside, in the passage, three dusty and dishevelled juniors picked themselves up and looked at one another ruefully.

"Well," said Redfern minor at last, "this is a go!"

And Skelton and Brown disconsolately agreed that it was.

The Rinkers.

ARTHUR REDFERN stopped in the hall to look at the notice-board. He smiled as he read the announcement there in Taffy's sprawling hand. And the crowd of juniors round the board, seeing the captain of the school smile, chuckled gleefully. Redfern major's smile was taken as a proof that the thing was really funny.

Arthur knew something of his minor's plans with regard to the St. Dolly's rink, and he saw at once that the Moderns had discovered the scheme and forestalled the Classics. It really looked as if Redfern minor was "done" this time. Arthur had just finished reading the Modern notice, when Knowles came up to the board with a paper in his hand. Knowles's face was gloomy and troubled.

Arthur glanced at him.
"Anything wrong?" he asked, impelled to ask the question, though he had hardly been on speaking terms with the Modern prefect of late.

Knowles nodded shortly.
"Yes; I've lost a banknote."

"Pffew!"
"It was a fiver, and I don't know where I dropped it. I suppose I must have dropped it somewhere. I've hunted all over my study. I can't think where it's gone."

"How long have you missed it?"
"I only missed it to-day, but I saw it for the last time yesterday, just before that row in your minor's study."

Arthur's face grew very grave.
"Then surely it ought to have been found by this time, Knowles!"

"I should think so."
Knowles pinned the paper on the board. It was a brief announcement of the fact that a five-pound note had been lost somewhere in the House, or the grounds, and that the finder should take it to Knowles, of the Sixth.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Ransome, looking at the notice over Arthur's shoulder. "What's that?"

"Lost a fiver," said Knowles briefly.
"Great Scott! Where—and when?"
"Yesterday—somewhere. Dropped it, I suppose."

Ransome looked thoughtful.
"It might have fallen out of your pocket when you had that tussle in young Redfern's study," he remarked.

"Yes, I shouldn't wonder."
"In that case the juniors would have found it, I should think," said Arthur Redfern, with a glance at Knowles.

"Well, it would be a good idea to ask them."

"I will," said Knowles.
The Modern prefect walked towards Redfern minor's study. Arthur followed him, and Ransome stood looking after them, with a peculiar glitter in his eyes.

His face was a little pale.
"If Ben Bolt wins," he muttered—"if he wins, it will be all right. If he loses—"

Ransome shrugged his shoulders and walked slowly away. He stopped to speak to Phipps, the house-porter, in the passage.

"If a telegram comes for me, Phipps, you'll see that I have it at once," he said. "It's important."

"Yes, sir," said Phipps.

And Ransome went to his study.
He sat down there, and took up a book. In a couple of minutes he threw the book aside, and lighted a cigarette. The cigarette went out, and he grunted and threw it into the grate.

Then he thrust his hands deep into his pockets and started pacing the room.

At intervals he paused at the window to glance out towards the gates of St. Dolly's, in search of the familiar uniform of the telegraph-boy.

Then his uneasy pacing went on as before.
Meanwhile, Knowles and Arthur Redfern reached the study in the Fourth-Form passage. They found it empty. There was no sign of Redfern, Skelton, or Brown.

Arthur glanced in, and shook his head.

"They're not here," he said.
"Later will do," said Knowles. "After all, if they've found the note, they'll see the notice on the board, and will know whom it belongs to, I suppose."

"I suppose so."

Knowles looked at him quickly.

"You don't think I'd suspect your minor

of keeping the note, do you, Redfern?" he exclaimed abruptly.

"I hope not," said Arthur, his brow clearing. "But—to speak plainly, that's what Ransome meant."

"Surely not."
"If the note has been found, it's curious that it has not been returned," said Arthur. "A junior would naturally take it to his Form-master."

"Yes, it's curious. But I know jolly well that if Redfern minor found it, he would restore it to its owner," said Knowles. "Hang it! You can't think I'd suspect a chap of being a thief, because I'm on—well, bad terms with his major. I can't think that Ransome was intending that, either."

Arthur nodded shortly and walked away.
His brow was troubled. Where was the banknote? It was careless of Knowles to have lost it; but surely someone must have found it by this time. Why, then, had nothing been said upon the matter?

Arthur looked round for his minor. But Redfern was not to be found. As a matter of fact, Sidney Redfern was very busy at that moment.

The triumph of the Moderns was not likely to be taken "lying down" by the Classical juniors. Redfern & Co. were busy. As the time drew near for the rinking to commence in the gym, the Moderns poured into the building, and the Classics gathered there, too. There were no roller-skates for the Classics; but they all looked as if they meant business of some sort.

"The bounders!" said Redfern minor, as he watched Taffy and Rake and Vernon unfastening parcels containing skates. "Look at them! Our skates!"

"Our wheeze!" growled Skelton.

"Our idea entirely!" said Brown.

"And now they're going to have a ripping time," said Benson. "That's because we've got such jolly good leaders."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Well, what I say is—"

"No need for you to say anything!" said Redfern crisply. "I'll do the talking. I—"

"Look here—"

"Oh, ring off! Look here, you kids, we're not going to take this grinning. As soon as those asses are on skates, we're going to rush them!"

"Good!" said a dozen voices.

"They can't have had much practice, at all events, and they'll be as clumsy as a lot of geese on skates."

"Yes, rather!"

"We shall knock them into a cocked hat, collar the skates, kick them out of the gym, and carry out the rinking scheme as originally arranged."

"Bravo!"

"Good egg!"

"You fellows stand ready!" said Redfern minor.

"What ho!"

And the Classical juniors watched the Moderns with keen, warlike eyes. But Taffy was not quite so trusting as Redfern gave him credit for.

While the Modern juniors were putting on their skates two prefects entered the gym, and nodded to Taffy, and strolled up and down chatting. The Classics glared at them.

"What on earth do those duffers want here at this very particular moment?" grunted Skelton.

Redfern snorted.

"Oh, that's Taffy's little game!"

"What is?"

"He's got those blessed prefects to stand by while the skating goes on, so that there can't be a disturbance."

"My hat!"

The Classics bristled with wrath. There was no doubt that Taffy had done them all along the line. It was impossible to rush the Moderns, and collar the skates, while a couple of prefects were strolling about the gym, to keep order.

Taffy had outgeneralled the Classics in every way.

With glum brows the Classical juniors watched the Moderns put on their skates, and commence rinking on the smooth floor of the gym.

Some of them could skate well, and some couldn't, and all of them enjoyed it, whether they could skate or not.

A crowd of fellows strolled into the gym, to watch them, and the gloomy looks of the Classical juniors evoked much merriment.

Redfern was pink with wrath. He felt that he was called upon to do something to retrieve the honour of the Classical side; but while the prefects were there there was nothing to be done.

"Hang it!" muttered Skelton. "Let's get out. If I see these Modern worms grinning much longer, I shall go for them, prefects or no prefects!"

"Hold on, Skelton!"

"Oh, let's get out!"

"I've thought of a dodge," said Redfern minor, with a gleam in his eyes. "If we could get those blessed prefects outside the gym, we could shut the door and lock it, and decline to hear 'em if they wanted to come in."

"Yes; but—"

"Well, listen!"

Redfern minor whispered rapidly, and Skelton and Brown chuckled. The other Classics put their heads together to hear the scheme, and there was a general grin.

Benson and Fatty Spratt strolled out of the gym.

The Moderns were skating now in full swing, some of them tumbling over, some staggering about drunkenly, and others gliding to and fro with graceful motion. Suddenly there was a wild yelling from the outside of the building.

"Help—help! Oh! Help!"

It was Fatty Spratt's voice. Benson's was heard in response:

"I'll pulverise you! I'll smash you!"

"Ow! Help! Ow!"

The two prefects who were keeping order in the gym, looked round. The cries outside redoubled in violence, and the prefects stepped to the door and looked out. Fierce exclamations rang from the combatants round the corner of the building.

The prefects hurried out of the gym. Redfern minor was close to the door. In a twinkling it was shut behind the two seniors, and Redfern minor had locked it and taken out the key.

The Classics exchanged a glance of triumph.

"It's done!" muttered Redfern minor.

"Good!"

"Hurrah!"

"Now for the Modern worms!"

There was a loud knock at the door, and the handle was tried.

"Open this door!"

It was Arthur Redfern's voice. Skelton and Brown looked dismayed.

"It's your major, Reddy."

"Can't be helped. I'm deaf this afternoon," said Sidney.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rap, rap!

"Sidney, I want to speak to you, if you are there!"

Redfern minor hesitated a moment. But half a dozen Classics dragged him away from the door.

"He can speak to you presently," said Brown. "Now, to business!"

"What ho!"

"Down with the Mods!"

"Sock it to 'em!"

"Come on, then!"

And the Classics rushed to the attack.

"That settles it."

The Classics wasted no more time in words. They proceeded, quickly and effectively, to carry out Redfern minor's instructions.

Taffy, struggling desperately but unavailingly, was bound first. His wrists were secured with a knotted handkerchief, and then his ankles with his own necktie. Then he was helpless.

He was rolled to the wall, and placed there in a sitting position, wriggling like an eel in vain attempts to get free, and that left Redfern minor at liberty to deal with the other Moderns.

He went from one to another, while the Classics held them pinned down, and secured them as he had secured Taffy.

The crowd of fellows, of all Forms but the Fourth, looked on with shrieks of laughter. The knocking at the door had ceased, the prefects apparently having given it up as a bad job.

Taffy & Co., and all the Moderns, were seated along the wall like a row of trussed turkeys in a market, and their skates were taken off.

Under the fire of fierce glares from the Moderns, the Classical juniors put the skates on. Redfern minor was the first to glide out into the rink. The others followed him, one after another.

The practice the Classics had had in the secrecy of the top box-room had stood them in good stead, and there were few of them who could not skate really well.

Taffy & Co. watched them in black wrath.

"The beasts!" said Taffy. "They've done us!"

"Just what I was going to say," groaned Rake.

"By Jove, I feel awfully comfy, chappies!" mumbled Vernon. "It would be a good idea to make it pax, and get out of this fix."

Taffy snorted.

"Rats!"

"Yes, but—"

"Rats! We won't give in!"

"But—"

"Boosh!"

"Just what I was going to say."

Swish, swish, swish! went the roller-skates on the level floor of the gym.

The Classics were enjoying themselves in their turn.

And, in addition to the joys of roller-skating, and of giving a really good exhibition to an interested audience, was the exhilaration of a triumph over their old rivals.

"Go it!" said Redfern minor. "This is ripping!"

And Skelton and Brown said:

"What ho!"

Redfern, Skelton, and Brown were certainly the best of the roller-skaters. They glided backwards and forwards, they skated together, arm in arm, winding and turning, and then singly, dancing and keeping time on their skates to a tune they whistled as they went. And a loud cheer came from the onlookers.

"By George," exclaimed Taffy, interested, in spite of himself, "that's jolly good! Reddy is a marvel!"

"Just what I was going to say," said Rake.

"Oh, let's make it pax!" said Vernon.

"Make it pax, and we can look on with a little more comfort. It's worth seeing, too."

"All right."

And pax it was made accordingly, and the Modern juniors were released. But the skating went on gaily till the time allotted for the rinking exhibition was over, and the Classical juniors one and all agreed that they had seldom had so good a time in their lives.

(Another rattling long instalment next week.)