

THE RETURN OF NELSON LEE!

(See
Your
Editor's
Den.)

THE Boys' Herald 1d

A Healthy Paper for Manly Boys.

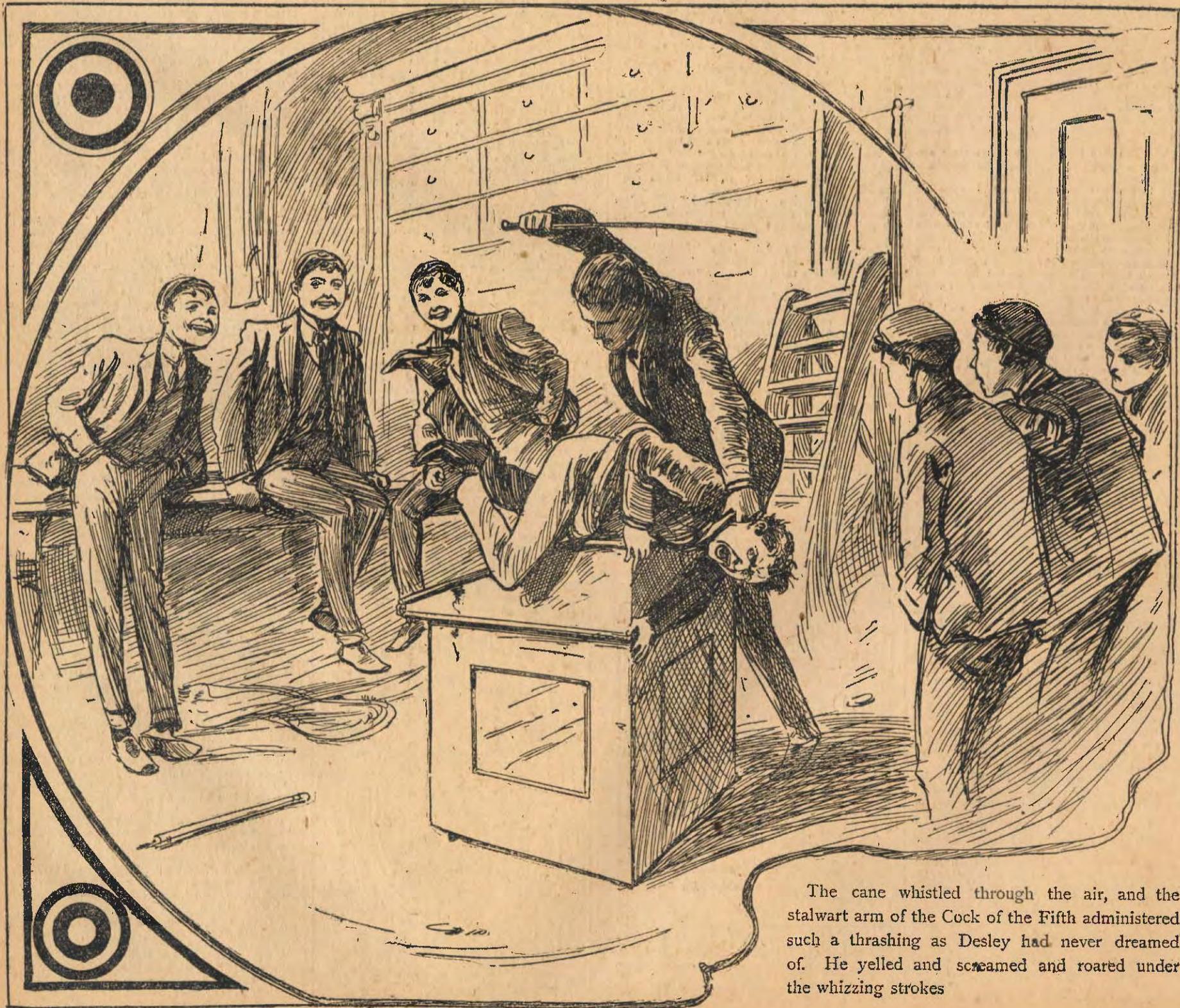
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EVERY THURSDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 10, 1906.

REDCASTLE AT ST. SIMEON'S.

A Grand Tale of School Life. By DAVID GOODWIN.



The cane whistled through the air, and the stalwart arm of the Cock of the Fifth administered such a thrashing as Desley had never dreamed of. He yelled and screamed and roared under the whizzing strokes

IN HONOUR BOUND



**A Specially-
 Written
 10,000-word
 Complete
 Story of
 School Life
 by
 A NEW
 AUTHOR.**

The 1st Chapter.

In a Terrible Scrape.

"HALLO! Why, what on earth's the matter, old chap?"

Arnold Fane, of the Upper Fifth, uttered the words in tones of the profoundest amazement, as he came into his cousin's study at Castlehurst.

Dallas Fane was seated at the table, upon which his elbows rested, and his face was buried in his hands, and through his fingers the tears were trickling.

He started at the sound of his cousin's voice, and looked up guiltily, a crimson flush spreading over his tear-stained cheeks.

"You—you startled me, Arnold," he stammered.

Arnold took a quick step forward, an expression of deep concern upon his handsome, frank face, and laid his hand on the youngster's shoulder. He always regarded Dallas as a youngster, though the lad was really less than a year younger than himself. But Dallas was a boy of a weak and yielding nature, who instinctively looked to one stronger than himself for support, while to Arnold, a splendid athlete and the finest footballer at Castlehurst, the role of protector came naturally.

"What's the matter, Dallas?" Arnold asked, kindly enough. "I've noticed for some time that you've seemed a bit off colour. What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," said Dallas hesitatingly; "I'm all right. I was only feeling a bit run down, that's all."

"Come, old chap, you had better confide in me," said Arnold cheerily. "I shall be able to help you."

"You can't; nobody can help me!" said the boy miserably.

"Well, I can try, anyhow."

"Hallo, Fane, where have you got to?" a voice called in the corridor.

And O'Neil, the captain of Castlehurst, put his head in at the open door.

"Come on, you two."

"All right; get along," said Arnold. "We'll catch you up."

The captain nodded and disappeared. Dallas had turned away so that O'Neil should not see his face. Now he looked uneasily at his cousin.

"I can't come, Arnold. I don't feel up to footer now."

"Better come, old fellow. Nothing like footer to cure one of moping," said Arnold.

"But first tell me what your trouble is, and I'll see if I can get you out of it."

"I'll tell you, but you can't help me," the boy said desperately. "I owe George Gadd, the bookmaker, seven pounds, and he won't give me after to-day to pay it."

Arnold Fane stared at his cousin in blank astonishment.

"Dallas!"

"Yes; I knew you'd be shocked," said Dallas recklessly. "Well, you made me tell you. Not that it makes much difference. All Castlehurst will know it soon, and—and I shall be kicked out!"

And the boy broke off with a sob.

It took Arnold Fane some moments to realise the situation.

It was no new thing for Dallas to get into a scrape, and for Arnold to get him out of it. He had expected to hear that the present trouble was only some boyish difficulty. He had never dreamed of anything like this. A stern look came into his handsome face.

"You've been betting, Dallas, and with that man whom the doctor warned us all to avoid, and to have nothing to do with."

A fresh sob was the only answer. The boy looked so miserable, almost feminine in his weakness and contrition, that Arnold's brief anger melted away.

"I didn't look for anything of this sort, Dallas," he went on. "I never thought you would; but there, it's no good reproaching you. I'll see what can be done. But now, come along to the footer. No good missing that, anyway."

"I'll be ready in a minute, Arnold." As the two boys left the schoolhouse, Arnold's face wore a deeper shade of care than Dallas Fane's. The younger lad was so used to relying upon his cousin, that half his trouble seemed gone now that he had told Arnold. Arnold had the problem to face, and of what he was to do he had not, as yet, the faintest idea.

The 2nd Chapter.

The House Match—An Unlucky Meeting.

ARNOLD FANE was one of the keenest footballers at Castlehurst, and his face generally wore its most cheerful expression when he was playing the great game. But now half his keenness seemed to be gone.

The Schoolhouse was playing Lawrence's, and both Arnold and Dallas were in the Schoolhouse side. Dallas was a pretty good player, but Arnold was usually a tower of strength to his side, and O'Neil was quick to note his falling off.

When the first half ended, with Lawrence's House two up, the captain tackled Arnold upon the subject.

"What's the matter with you, Fane? Why don't you play up?"

"I'm beastly sorry, O'Neil," said Arnold, with real remorse. "I don't feel up to my usual form. But I'll buck up, old fellow!"

"Anything the matter?" asked O'Neil, looking at him. "You were looking down in the mouth when you came out."

"Oh, no; I'm all right!" said Arnold. "Only a bit off colour. But we'll beat them yet!"

Lawrence's House played up boldly in the second half, anticipating an easy victory, for they had seen that the best man on the Schoolhouse side seemed to have lost all his sting. But as the game went on they saw that they had, counted their chickens too soon. O'Neil's remonstrance had had its effect, and Arnold, resolutely banishing all worrying reflections from his mind, played up like an International. The enemy could do nothing with him, and again and again he came through their defence in the finest style. Twice he sent in shots that ought to have been goals, one rebounding from the post, one being saved by the goalie by the skin of his teeth, so to speak. It was from a pass by Arnold that O'Neil scored the

first goal for the Schoolhouse, and within five minutes of that, Arnold himself drove the leather into the net, and equalised.

"That's better!" chuckled O'Neil, as they lined up again. "Play up, old man!"

And Arnold did play up. By this time he had succeeded in forgetting all about Dallas's scrape, and lived only in the game. He had his "shooting-boots" on with a vengeance. In the last ten minutes of the match he twice sent in a shot that beat the goalkeeper, and when the final whistle went the Schoolhouse had won by 4 to 2.

The cheers of his friends rang pleasantly in Arnold's ears as he walked off the field. But the sight of Dallas's anxious face in the dressing-room brought back the worry he had for the time dismissed from his mind.

What was to be done?

It was a horrible difficulty. If Dallas Fane's dealings with Gadd came to the ears of the doctor, the boy would be expelled, there was not the slightest doubt about that. There had already been some unpleasantness, owing to a Sixth fellow getting mixed up with a betting set in Thornley, and the Head had specially warned the Castlehurst fellows to give Gadd and his set a wide berth. That direct disobedience would tell heavily against Dallas, as well as his actual transactions with Gadd. Arnold decided at once that the secret must be kept.

He blamed Dallas, true, but he was loyal to his cousin, and to some extent he blamed himself for not keeping a sharper eye upon the lad. He said to himself that, once Dallas was out of this fix, he should never have a chance of getting into another. But how to get him out of this one, that was the worry.

"I shall have to see the scoundrel," Arnold decided finally. "The brute must have his money, I suppose; but he will have to give us time. Dallas is no good to deal with him. I shall have to take the matter in hand."

He lost no time in telling his cousin his decision. Dallas heard it with evident relief. It was plain that he shrank from the meeting with the bookmaker.

"But what can you do, Arnold?" he said hopelessly. "Gadd says that if he doesn't have the money to-night he will come up to the school."

"Let him!" said Arnold, gritting his teeth. "Let him show his nose at Castlehurst, if he dare! He won't do that, Dallas. But he will have to be kept quiet somehow, and I will go and see what I can do. But how on earth did you come to owe him such a sum of money?"

"I don't know," groaned the boy—"I don't know. He said the horse was sure to win, and—"

"I understand. It was an out-and-out swindle, of course. What did you expect, you silly little duffer, when you got dealing with such a man?" growled Arnold. "Have you given him anything in writing?"

"Yes; he made me give him a written acknowledgment of the debt. Now he threatens to show it to the doctor."

"You little ass! Where were you going to meet him?"

"At Hedge's stile," quavered Dallas. "But I say, Arnold, you'll have to hurry now, or he'll be waiting."

"Let him wait!" growled Arnold. "Well, I'll be off. Keep your pecker up, young one."

And Arnold started off with his springy strides, and in ten minutes was at the place of rendezvous, a lonely stile shadowed by big trees, clothed in their spring green. As he came up the lane he saw a figure standing

there—a short, squat figure, that he knew at once. Mr. George Gadd was waiting.

Gadd looked up at Arnold's footsteps, and then, with an impatient gesture, resumed his cigar. It was not the boy he expected. But Arnold stopped, facing the bookmaker, and the man looked at him again.

"You are Mr. Gadd?"

"That's my name," said the bookmaker, civilly. "Young gentleman from the college, I presume? You want to have a little bit on—"

"I don't want to have any business dealings with you at all," said Arnold coldly. "I've come to see about my cousin, Dallas Fane."

"Why can't he come himself?"

"Because he's put the matter in my hands. I understand that he owes you some money?"

"Yes; and you had better understand, too, that it's got to be paid," said the bookmaker, with an unpleasant sneer. He had taken Arnold's measure, and seen that there was nothing to be made out of him in a professional way, and his civility dropped from him like a cloak. "Have you got the tin, young shaver?"

"I have no money, and I do not believe you expect to get such a sum as seven pounds from a Fifth Form boy, at all events not all at once," said Arnold. "You must know that he cannot command such a sum."

"I don't care where he gets it from. Let 'im borrow it. Anyway, it's owing to me, and I'm going to 'ave it, or show 'im up."

"If that is your decision, you can do your worst at once, for it's quite impossible to raise the money," said Arnold quietly. "But if you will listen to reason, I will see that you are paid. That will suit you better than ruining my cousin, for you must know that if you make the matter public, you will not get one penny."

"Maybe. Wot are you offering me?" asked the bookmaker discontentedly.

"A sovereign in a few days' time, and the rest as soon as I can raise it," said Arnold, not without an inward sigh as he thought of the self-denial he would have to practise to keep his promise. "That's the best I can do."

The bookmaker burst into a raucous laugh. "Why, you cheeky rat, do you think I collect my winnings on the instalment plan?" he sneered. "I want my money. If I don't get it, it will be some satisfaction to give the kid a showing-up. The young swindler!"

"You low hound!" Arnold said, between his teeth. "You dare to call him so? You, who got a foolish boy into your clutches, and played upon his folly. You thief!"

"Thief? am I?" The man's coarse face was brick-red with rage. Taking a swift step forward, he struck at the flushed, indignant face of the Castlehurst lad.

The next moment a right-hander between the eyes sent him crashing against the stile. He clutched at it, and stood there, staring stupidly.

"Keep your dirty hands to yourself!" said Arnold passionately. "By Jove, for two pins I'd give you the biggest hiding you ever had in your life!"

"Lemme alone!" gasped Mr. Gadd. "You young ruffian! Lemme alone!"

Arnold calmed down. The man was not worth his anger, and he realised that he had made matters worse instead of better. The momentary satisfaction might have to be dearly paid for. The bookmaker's glance was evil.

"You'd better get along," he snarled, "and tell young Fane that if I don't have my money he can look out for squalls. Tell him I don't deal with no deputies, and if he wants to ask favours he'll have to ask 'em himself. And, by James, I'll make you pay for this!"

"Then you refuse to accept my offer?"

"Yes, I does."

Arnold turned away without another word. "Hallo, Fane!"

It was O'Neil. He was coming down the lane towards the village. He stared from Arnold to the bookmaker, and back again, in amazement.

Arnold bit his lip with annoyance. It was the worst of ill-luck that O'Neil should happen to meet him just then. He would naturally draw his own conclusions, and Arnold could not explain. The bookmaker took in the situation, and grinned evilly.

"Good-night!" he said familiarly. "See you again!"

And he slouched off down the lane. His words had the intended impression upon the captain of Castlehurst. O'Neil's face grew very stern.

"I'm sorry to see this, Fane," he said. "What do you mean?" asked Arnold miserably. He could not explain without betraying Dallas, and that he could never do.

"I mean your meeting with that sharper, after the doctor's express warning on the subject. I never thought of it."

"I can't explain, O'Neil, but you're mistaken. This is the first time I have met him, and—"

"Then I hope it will be the last," said the captain. "If you were a junior it would be my duty to report the matter to the doctor. I can take the word of an Upper Fifth fellow, at all events. You won't see him again?"

"You're quite mistaken, O'Neil," said Arnold desperately. "I didn't see Gadd to bet with him, or anything of that kind."

"I know you're a fellow of your word, Fane," said the Sixth Former. "Will you tell me what you met him for?"

Arnold was silent.

"I can't explain, but I give you my word that what I said just now is true."

"Very well," replied O'Neil. "Will you promise not to repeat the meeting?"

"Yes," said Arnold, with a heavy heart.

The captain nodded shortly, and passed on, leaving Arnold Fane alone, probably at that moment the most miserable boy at Castlehurst.



Arnold centred to O'Neil, who dribbled the ball right up to the Town goal and sent it in. It came out again, only to meet Fane's head and to pop into the net before the goalie could even clutch at it.

The 3rd Chapter.

Dallas Fane's Despair.

DALLAS FANE was waiting in his study for Arnold's return. He looked up eagerly when his cousin came in.

But Arnold's expression was not reassuring. "How has it gone?" the boy asked, with a quivering of the lip. "Will he give us time?" "He says he won't," replied Arnold, with a frown. "But I think he lies. He dare not show his face here; he knows we would make it hot for him. He might write to the doctor. But if he did he would have to say good-bye to his money. I really don't think you have anything to fear at present, Dallas, and I think he'll come to listen to reason before long."

"Tell me just what happened," said Dallas. "Somewhat reluctantly, Arnold did so. 'You—you hit him!'" gasped Dallas. "You must have been mad! He will never forgive that. You have ruined me!"

Arnold set his lips. "Will you take my advice, youngster?" "What is it?" "Go to the doctor and make a clean breast of it and throw yourself upon his mercy. I think that if he knew all the circumstances—if I explained to him—"

"You want to get me expelled," said the boy shrilly. "I dare you to tell him! I spoke to you in confidence. If you betray me you're a—"

"That will do," said Arnold curtly. "I don't think you know what you're saying. I admit I haven't made much of the affair so far, but I want to help you. I don't believe the brute will carry out his threat, for a moment."

"He will. You don't know him. It's you who have ruined me, if he does," said Dallas. "You ought to have kept your temper. Why did you make me agree to your going? He will have no mercy now!"

"Oh, get to bed!" said Arnold, less amiably than was his wont. "You're upset. We'll talk it over to-morrow."

And he left the study. Dallas Fane remained alone, sitting with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, staring fixedly before him with a white, miserable face.

His nature, like most weak ones, was passionate, capable of sudden gusts of anger. At that moment he felt that he almost hated Arnold. Arnold had so often helped him out of scrapes that he had come to depend upon him, and this failure was therefore all the more disturbing. He felt as if Arnold had failed in his trust. Now he had only himself to rely upon, and he had neither strength nor courage. He dared not face the future.

He hated Gadd, he hated Arnold, he hated himself. He almost wished for death as he sat there, thinking and thinking. But one thought forced itself clearly through the confusion of his mind.

He must see Gadd. He must beg for time, and stave off the inevitable by promising—anything, so long as he could save himself from immediate exposure. Something might turn up. Something must turn up.

He would have to break bounds after lights out. There was no help for it. He knew that he would find Gadd at the Pig and Whistle in Thornley. As a matter of fact, it would not be the first time he had made such an expedition.

He was careful to conceal his intention from Arnold. He knew that his cousin would have opposed it. He waited impatiently for bedtime.

When the Lower Fifth went to their dormitory, Dallas Fane lay awake, staring with miserable eyes into the darkness, until the School House was all silent.

Then he stole from his bed, dressed himself hastily, and went with a stealthy tread down the stairs. There was a little window he had used on previous occasions when he had stolen out of school, and to this he made his way. He dropped silently outside, and closed the window behind him. A few moments more and he had scolded the wall, and was speeding down the lane towards Thornley.

It was a sharp, frosty night; but he did not feel the cold. In twenty minutes he was tapping at a lighted window at the back of the Pig and Whistle, where he had sometimes tapped before—but with very different feelings. The way of the transgressor had been pleasant at first, but now he was finding it very hard.

There was a stir in the room, and in a minute or so the window was opened, and the coarse face of the bookmaker looked out. He was smoking a cigar, which he removed as he saw the boy's anxious face.

"So it's you," he said grimly.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Gadd," said Dallas nervously.

"Can I come in?"

"No need for that. Just hand the money over, and that will do."

"I—I haven't got it?"

"Then what have you come for?" said Gadd with an oath.

Dallas trembled. "Oh, please let me explain!" he gasped, as the bookmaker made a pretence of closing the window. "I haven't got the money, but—"

"But you can get it?" asked Gadd.

"N—no, not just now, but next term—"

faltered Dallas.

"Look here, young shaver," said Gadd impressively, "I've been easy with yer. I've waited and waited. When you won yer 'nd your money, and you can't deny it. You won ten bob of me, and I paid up like a genelman. Now it's your turn. Where's my money?"

"I—I can't pay just yet— My cousin told you—"

An ugly look came over Mr. Gadd's face. "Your cousin is a lot too free with his fists, young 'un. I might have been easier with you, but now I won't, and all along of him."

"I didn't think he would treat you so," gasped Dallas. "It was wrong of him; I've told him so. I—I hate him. I am sorry."

The bookmaker appeared to relent. "I'll tell you wot I'll do," he said. "I'll give you till Saturday. Bring me the money then, and you can have your paper back. But, fail me agin, and on Monday mornin' sharp up I comes to intervoe the doctor. We'll see if he'll see honest man swindled." Now, cut along with you. Mind—Saturday."

And the window closed with a snap. Again and again Dallas tapped, hoping to induce the bookmaker to listen to some further appeal, but the window did not open. At last he gave it up in despair, and stole away, wretched and dispirited.

Within, Mr. Gadd sipped his brandy-and-water and grinned over his cigar.

"If he ain't got any money, there's them up at the school that 'as," he muttered. "I fancy he'll bring it along all right."

Dallas Fane returned to the school in a mood of dark despair.

He had staved off the evil day, but only till the end of the week. He had no more prospect of raising seven pounds on Saturday than of raising seven hundred. There was nobody of whom he could borrow such a sum.

"It's no good," he muttered, "I might as well not have gone. I can't beg, borrow, or steal seven pounds by Saturday." He started a little and repeated the word "steal" with a shudder. A new thought had come into his mind; a thought that made what little colour there was in his cheeks fade away, and a hunted look came into his eyes. "Oh, I'm in an awful hole!" he groaned. "What shall I do? Arnold can't help me; he's only made matters worse. What shall I do?"

He reached the school and re-entered the way he had left it. He fastened the little window and stole up the stairs.

"Who is that? Who is there?"

A door had opened behind him. Dallas gave a gasp of dismay and bolted along the corridor. Mr. Levett, the housemaster, was standing in his doorway, with a lighted candle in his hand, peering out.

Dallas knew who it was, but he dared not look back. In a few seconds he was in the Fifth dormitory and, crouching under his bed-clothes, his heart beat like a hammer.

He listened in an agony of apprehension for the sound of footsteps, but Mr. Levett was not investigating. There was no sound, and gradually his alarm subsided. But it was hours later when he fell asleep, with tears wet upon his cheeks.

The 4th Chapter.

The Football Match.

THERE was something of a flutter in the schoolhouse the next morning. Mr. Levett had not forgotten the episode of the night. The inquiry as to who had been out of his bed at midnight was searching, but the matter was not cleared up.

"It is perfectly clear to me," the housemaster said to O'Neil, "that some boy broke bounds last night, and I happened to hear him returning. I am determined to find out the culprit and make an example of him!"

"I'll do my best, sir," said O'Neil.

But all who were questioned stoutly denied having broken bounds. The Lower Fifth protested their innocence as one man, or rather boy; and, as Mr. Levett had caught only a fleeting glimpse of the culprit, and in the dark,

man's body, but not of a fireman's. Firemen are men without nerves, without fear and without feeling. There is a rush to where the helmets are kept, and in the twinkling of an eye the men, in full uniform, are at their posts on the engine.

The watchman pulls the lever which opens the doors, the harness suspended from the roof is quickly adjusted on the impatient horses, and in a few moments the plunging animals are galloping their hardest towards the scene of the outbreak.

Dangers of the Road.

Driving in the City is at all times a nerve-tiring occupation, but to tear along at a gallop through the busy streets is the work of an expert. The driver must be cool, calm, and collected. He must know nothing about nerves, if he is to fulfil his duties as he should. As may well be expected accidents do occur fairly frequently as the engines go careering madly through the crowded thoroughfares. A few weeks

ago, as the writer was making his way home from his daily toil, he was the witness of an unfortunate accident to a fire-engine.

The engine had come by way of Tudor Street from the Whitefriars station, had entered New Bridge Street, crossed Ludgate Circus, and continued its way at full speed along Farringdon Street. It was turning off into Long Lane when a butcher's carrier cart came out of the meat market at a goodly speed. There was nothing for it but for the driver to haul on the ribbons with all his might, to avert a collision, the man in the cart doing the same. But alas! nothing could stop that onward dash! The horses swerved and with a crash the engine dashed clean on the pavement and so into a lamp-post, one of the horses striking it with his skull. The crew of the engine were tumbled off in confusion and the horse's brains were dashed out.

On another occasion while driving to a Bishops-gate fire the driver, a fireman named Mayhead, lost control of the horses, with the result that

there was no possibility of identifying him. The Upper Fifth were just as eager in maintaining their innocence, and no one could throw any light on the matter.

But there was an uncomfortable suspicion in the captain's mind. He had, as it seemed to him, interrupted a talk between the bookmaker and Arnold Fane the day before. Was it possible that Fane had left the school to see the betting man again?

He had always known Fane as an honest and candid fellow, and he never suspected him of the meanness of telling a lie. But he could not deny that it looked suspicious, and, after some cogitation, he resolved to speak plainly to Arnold.

"You don't know anything about it, then, Fane?" he said, looking Arnold full in the eyes. "You have no suspicion whom it might be?"

Arnold could not help colouring. He had a suspicion; or rather, he was almost certain that the culprit was Dallas. But he could not tell the captain of Castlehurst so.

"I don't think I ought to answer that question, O'Neil," he said slowly. "A fellow may have a suspicion, but—"

"I think you ought to tell me if you know," interrupted the captain crisply. "This is a serious matter, as you are well aware."

"I know it is, but I can only say that I don't know who the fellow was," said Arnold. "It would not be fair to utter a suspicion."

"Just as you like," said O'Neil shortly, "but I had better tell you plainly, Fane, that you are going on in a way that may end very unpleasantly for you. We have always been good friends, and so I'll give you a word of advice. Take care that you don't find yourself compelled to leave Castlehurst one of these days."

And the captain strode away, leaving Arnold crimson and dumb.

It was not in the best humour that Arnold sought his cousin after morning school. But he found Dallas in a sulky and defiant mood.

"You were out last night, Dallas?" he said abruptly.

"You've no right to suppose so," snapped the other. "Anyway, it's got nothing to do with you."

"O'Neil has got an idea into his head that it was I, since he saw me talking to that beast of a bookmaker."

"I can't help it. I didn't want you to go. You've done me more harm than good!"

"I did my best," said Arnold mildly.

"Well, you've done me no good, and I'm sorry I let you interfere in the matter at all."

Arnold seemed to gulp something down as he turned away. There was truth in what Dallas said, but such a reproach did not come with good grace from him. It was clear that he was no longer in his cousin's confidence; if Dallas had met Gadd the previous night, he had no intention of telling Arnold what had passed.

After that Dallas seemed to avoid his cousin. Arnold wondered what arrangement he had come to with Gadd, but Dallas was evidently determined to tell him nothing. As for seeing Gadd again, his promise to O'Neil prevented Arnold from doing that.

Although he was still uneasy on his cousin's account, the matter was to some extent driven from Arnold's mind during the next few days. On Saturday the college team was playing Thornley town, and Arnold was wanted in the forward line. The side was busy at practice, and, when study did not claim him, Arnold was engrossed by football.

The Thornley match was a somewhat important one at Castlehurst. The locals had beaten them at the last meeting, and the collegians had had to endure a good deal of chaff and crowing since, which had had the effect of putting their back up and making them determined to wipe up the ground with the Thornley men on this occasion. Arnold entered into the thing with heart and soul, resolved to leave no stone unturned to uphold the college colours.

On Saturday he was in splendid fighting form, and the rest of the team looked very fit. He was looking very cheerful when he met Dallas.

"You're coming to see the match?" he said. "It will be a good one. I fancy we shall beat the townies hollow."

"I hope you will," said Dallas. "I'm not coming."

Arnold looked at him. The boy's face was flushed, but it was not a healthy colour. His eyes would not meet Arnold's. The elder lad felt a strong misgiving.

"Have you heard from that brute Gadd again, chappy?" he asked, lowering his voice.

Dallas shook his head impatiently. "No. Why should you think so?"

"You look terribly out of sorts."

"I've got a bit of a headache. Don't worry about me. I may run down to see the finish of the match. I hope you'll have good luck."

And Dallas left his cousin abruptly. Arnold looked worried. He felt sure that there was something wrong with Dallas; but what could he do? He could not force his confidence. O'Neil's voice calling to him interrupted his dejected meditations. He tried to dismiss the matter from his mind, and partly succeeded. But there was still a shade upon his frank face when he joined his comrades in the dressing-room to change for the contest.

But when the opposing sides streamed out into the field Arnold resolutely banished every thought but of football. He had his duty to do to his school, and that outweighed everything else. It was certain to be a hard-fought match, and every collegian was wanted to play his best. And when the whistle went, and O'Neil kicked off against the wind, Arnold threw himself into the game with ardour.

The Thornley men were a strong team, most of them older than the college lads. But on the school side the play was finer, the combination more effective. Soon after the kick-off the school forwards broke through the defence and came up the field gallantly, passing the ball from one to another like clockwork. Arnold sent in a tearing shot, which the goalie barely saved, dropping it among the town backs. Before they could clear, O'Neil rushed in and robbed them of the ball, and it was in the net in a twinkling.

A loud cheer from the Castlehurst crowd greeted this performance.

The Townies looked dogged, and when play was resumed they pressed the school players hard, and, after a long and varying struggle in midfield, succeeded in besieging the school goal. There the defence was obstinate, but the attack was resolute, and finally the ball was played behind by a school back. A Town forward took the corner kick, dropping the ball fairly at the feet of the Thornley captain, who sent it in with a fine shot that gave the school custodian no earthly chance.

At half-time the score was one all. After the interval, as the school team came out into the field again, Arnold saw his cousin's face in the crowd. He started as he saw it. The strange feverish flush was still upon it, and it sent a chill to Arnold's heart, he scarcely knew why. But he had not time to think about it. The side lined up, and the whistle went.

This time the wind was in favour of the school, and they soon showed that they knew how to make the best of that advantage. Their attacks were incessant and well sustained, and ere long they were swarming round the Town goal. Shots rained in upon the unlucky goalie, who was soon bewildered, and then the leather found the net.

Yet again, within ten minutes, another goal was taken by the foot of Arnold Fane. Then the Town bucked up with a vengeance, and rushed the school defence and slammed the ball in. But it was their last effort. With the keen wind behind them the school came down the field, passing from foot to foot. Again and again it went into touch; but the Townies could not gain a foot of ground, and presently Arnold centred to O'Neil, who dribbled the ball right up to the Town goal and sent it in. It came out again from a vigorous fist, only to meet Arnold Fane's head and to pop into the net before the goalie could even clutch at it.

Phip went the whistle, and there was a roar of cheering from the school. Castlehurst had beaten their old enemies by four goals to two.

The 5th Chapter.

Terrible News.

WHEN Arnold Fane came out of the dressing-room his first thought was to seek Dallas. He was delayed for some time by a number of Upper Fifth fellows, who insisted upon giving him an ovation. He escaped from them as soon as he could, and looked for his cousin. But Dallas Fane seemed to have disappeared.

Somebody said that he had seen him going towards the village after the match was over, and in that direction Arnold went. He was anxious and perturbed. He met Dallas in the high-street of Thornley, coming from the direction of the Pig and Whistle. The boy gave a quick look round as he saw Arnold, as if he would have tried to avoid him. But there was no chance of that, and so he came on doggedly.

"You have been to see Gadd?" asked Arnold.

"Suppose I have," muttered Dallas. "What do you want to come spying on me for?"

"I am anxious about you, old chap," said Arnold, taking no notice of the taunt, though it made him wince. "This thing is making you ill. You look as if you were in for a fever or something."

(Continued on the next page.)

Fighting the Flames.

The Story of our Fire Brigade Heroes.

No. 3—Off to a Fire!

Fire! Fire! Fire!

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-ling-ling-ling-a-ling! Ting! Ting!" goes the bell.

Immediately all is excitement and bustle in the fire station. From all quarters firemen come running, and the horses of their own accord trot out from the stables and place themselves in readiness to be harnessed to the engine. Down a brass pole, which extends right from the top to the bottom of the building firemen slide at break-neck speed, alighting at the bottom with a jerk sufficient to rattle every bone in an ordinary

they both bolted at frightful speed and threw him from his seat. Mayhead was killed, and a number of the other firemen were injured.

At this time of the year, when fogs are thick and frequent, it is no easy job to drive swiftly and accurately, and much difficulty is frequently experienced in reaching the scene of a conflagration. One of the members of the Brigade recently told the writer of a rather amusing incident.

The heroes belonged to a City station, and had been summoned to a fire. But, owing to a thick fog, they lost all knowledge of their whereabouts. Suddenly through the haze a light showed dimly, and the driver pulled up his horses. Then one of his comrades descended and made his way towards the light to find out where they were. Imagine their dismay when they found they had reached Hackney Fire Station. The men stationed there laughed uproariously, and even now, the incident causes those concerned a great deal of chaff.

(Another article next Thursday.)

"Oh, rats!" said Dallas uneasily. "I'm all right. And there's no need to worry any more over that affair. Gadd is all right."
 "I don't understand," said Arnold, puzzled. "What has happened?"
 "I mean, he's given me my paper back, and he's not going to press me for the money. He—he isn't a bad sort, and—there's nothing to worry about now." The boy's lips were dry, and the hectic flush was still in his cheeks. His eyes avoided Arnold's persistently. "I'd—I'd rather you didn't mention the thing again, Arnold."

Arnold Fane nodded, and they walked back to Castlehurst in silence. Dallas soon left him; he wanted to be alone. He shut himself up in his study, and sank into a chair with a ghastly face. "I've done it now," he muttered. "Oh, what a mad fool I've been! But I had to pay him—I had to pay him. And no one will know."

Arnold only half believed Dallas's assurance that the trouble was over. He could not understand such conduct on the part of Gadd, who had seemed to him no better than a blackmailing scoundrel. But it did not occur to him that Dallas might have paid the bookmaker. Where was he to get the money from?

During the early part of the evening Arnold was busy in his study, and he did not hear the strange rumour that was creeping through the schoolhouse, and was discussed by the boys with bated breath and awestruck faces. But presently, when he came out into the common-room, he saw at once that something was amiss.

"What's up, Miller?" he asked, looking round at the serious faces.
 "Haven't you heard?"
 "No."

"I don't know whether it's true. But I saw Mr. Levett go over to the Principal's house looking as if the sky had fallen. I fancy there's something in it."

"Well, what is it, you ass?" said Arnold irritably.
 "There's been some money taken from Mr. Levett's desk."

"Money taken! You don't mean stolen?"
 "Yes, I do."

Arnold's face was a study for a minute. Miller looked at him curiously.
 "You don't know anything about it, Fane?"
 "I! What should I know?"
 "Oh, nothing!"

A good many others besides Miller were looking at Arnold. He pulled himself together. The horrible suspicion was in his mind that this was the explanation of Dallas's visit to the Pig and Whistle, of his saying that the bookmaker would trouble him no more.

O'Neil came into the room, and looked round, and then walked up to Arnold.
 "Mr. Levett wants to see you, Fane," he said coldly.

"Very well."
 Arnold walked beside the captain of Castlehurst to the house-master's room. The boys watched him go, and broke into a buzz of talk behind him. His ears burned.

The house-master was looking very worried when the two boys entered his study. O'Neil closed the door. Mr. Levett coughed awkwardly.

"Fane, you have perhaps heard what has happened?"
 "They are saying that a theft has been committed, sir," said Arnold steadily. He was cool again now.

"That is correct. Some money has been taken from my desk—a five-pound note and two sovereigns. I discovered the loss about an hour ago. The lock of my desk had been snapped open. No, Fane, I am going to speak very plainly to you. Do you know anything about this occurrence?"

"What should I know?" said Arnold quietly.
 "I have told Mr. Levett, as in duty bound, of certain circumstances that have occurred lately," said O'Neil in a cutting voice, his eyes on Arnold's face. "I am sorry to think ill of you, Fane; but, unless you can explain about your dealings with that hound of a bookmaker—"

"I have had no dealings with him. The time you saw me speaking to him was the first and last meeting I ever had with him."

"Will you tell Mr. Levett why you met him?"
 "I cannot."

"Why not?" said the house-master sternly.
 "If your motives were innocent, why can you not acquaint me with them?"

"I can't, sir—I can't explain, but—"
 "No explanation is needed, as a matter of fact," the house-master broke in icily. "It is pretty clear why you met the bookmaker. I myself have noticed of late that you have seemed troubled, as if you had something on your mind. Will you deny that that is the case, and that it is in connection with the bookmaker?"

Arnold was silent.
 "Under the circumstances," said Mr. Levett, "you cannot be surprised if suspicion should arise that you are connected with this robbery."

Arnold started as if he had been stung.
 "You don't think I could be a thief, do you, sir?" he asked, in a low, strained voice.

"I am sorry to think such a thing. But the facts are plain. The money was taken by some boy belonging to my house. Suspicion falls upon the one who is known to have had dealings with a betting man, as a matter of course. You do not deny that you have had something on your mind of late, and in connection with this man Gadd. What can you expect me to infer, sir?" asked the house-master warmly.

Arnold did not speak. With one word he could have cleared himself; but to speak that word was to betray Dallas. It was no far-fetched consideration that restrained him. What Dallas had told him, he had told him in confidence, relying naturally upon his honour. Of course, Arnold had never foreseen anything

like this. None the less, he was in honour bound to keep the secret.

The house-master waited for some moments to give him a chance to speak. As he did not do so, Mr. Levett resumed in a harsher and sterner tone.

"The doctor has left this matter in my hands, Fane. For the honour of the schoolhouse, and of Castlehurst generally, I should like to avoid a scandal. I also realise that you have been the dupe of a cunning and unscrupulous man, and more sinned against than sinning. I am willing to believe that you yielded to a sudden temptation. If you confess freely, I will deal as gently as I can with you, though I can hold out no hope that you will be allowed to remain at Castlehurst. What have you to say?"

"I did not take the money."
 "You have nothing to tell me?"
 "Nothing."

"You cannot offer any explanation of the suspicious circumstances against you?"
 "No, sir. I can't explain, but on my honour I knew nothing of the theft until Miller told me of it ten minutes ago."

"I am sorry that I cannot believe you," said the house-master coldly. "There is only one possible conclusion to be drawn from the facts, and that is, that you are guilty. I shall acquaint the doctor with my conviction upon that point. You may go."

Arnold went, with a heart like lead. A quarter of an hour later he was called into the presence of the principal. To the doctor's questions he could only reply as he had replied to Mr. Levett's.

"Very well, Fane," said the doctor coldly. "You may go. On Monday you will be publicly expelled from Castlehurst."

Arnold Fane went away like one in the grip of a nightmare. Expelled from Castlehurst! The words rang in his ears with a strange unreality. But his sentence was real enough. He was to go; to go forth branded—and for another's sin!

But all the time he was trembling under Arnold's steady gaze. Even at that moment, suffering as he was from the boy's black ingratitude, Arnold had not lost his old feelings towards him, and he was concerned by Dallas's look. The wretched lad seemed to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and Arnold did not wonder at it.

"After all," he said, half to himself, "I can stand it better than you can. But when you're tempted to run crooked in the future, kid, think of me, and keep straight for my sake."

That was all he said. He turned away, and Dallas stared after him, and then rushed to his room, and flung himself upon the bed in an agony of tears. The boy was half crazed with misery and remorse. He had never dreamed that suspicion would fall upon Arnold. But now that it had so fallen, he had not the moral courage to do what was right. The fatal weakness of character which had in the first place led him into this scrape, now kept him from facing the consequences of his foolish and wicked action. He would have done anything to save Arnold—anything but confess that he himself was the culprit.

Monday came, and Arnold rose with a heavy heart, but nerved for the terrible ordeal he was to endure. Nobody spoke to him. Some looked sad, and some sneered, but all turned away from him as from a leper. He began to feel that the sooner he was away from Castlehurst the better, much as he loved the old school.

On Monday Castlehurst was treated to an unexpected sight; that of George Gadd, the bookmaker, ascending the steps of the principal's house. The bookmaker was not looking quite easy in his mind. He shuffled into the doctor's study, and looked more uneasy still under the cold grey eyes of the schoolmaster.

"I have asked you to call, Mr. Gadd," said the doctor, with icy civility, "to put to you a question. Did you receive any money from a Castlehurst lad on Saturday? It will be

better for you to be frank, as, unless the money is discovered, the matter will be placed in the hands of the police."

Mr. Gadd looked extremely uncomfortable. He was not on the best of terms with the police.
 "Yes, I did," he said sulkily. "It was paid to me to settle a debt of honour. If it wasn't honestly come by I didn't know nothing about that. I'm a honest man—"

"Exactly. From whom did you receive that money?"
 "A young chap named Fane."

Honest as Mr. Gadd declared himself to be, he had no scruples about betraying his dupe, when it was a question of getting himself out of trouble.

"There are two boys of that name at Castlehurst," said the doctor. "Tell me whether you mean Arnold Fane?"

There was a shifty look in the bookmaker's eyes. He was keen enough to know that, if there had been a confession he would not have been required there. Exactly how much the doctor knew he was not aware, but he thought it safe to deal a treacherous blow at the boy he hated. If necessary, he could afterwards pretend to have made a mistake about the Christian name.

"Yes, that was 'im," he assented. "Do you mean to say as 'e stole the money?"
 "I mean to say nothing. Good-morning!"
 Mr. Gadd was glad to go. The doctor had not asked for the money to be returned, after all, and the bookmaker was considerably relieved in his mind. After the man's departure, Arnold was called into the doctor's study.

"I have questioned Gadd," said the doctor. "He informs me that the money was paid him by you on Saturday, Fane."

"Who is that?" The door had opened behind him. Dallas gave a gasp of dismay and bolted along the corridor. Mr. Levett, the housemaster, stood in the passage with a lighted candle in his hand.

The 6th Chapter.
Condemned.

THE next day was the blackest in Arnold Fane's young life. He kept in his own quarters mostly, for when he encountered one of his Form-fellows, it was only to be cut most unmercifully. He was sent to the most rigid Coventry, and in all Castlehurst there was not one fellow who would be seen speaking to the suspected thief.

Not one! For Dallas Fane followed the lead of the rest. Arnold started and smiled bitterly when he saw his cousin turn away to avoid him in the quadrangle. Never was he more strongly tempted to speak out than at that moment. He could hardly believe that Dallas meant to let him be expelled. Yet as the time passed on, that conviction was forced into his mind. He determined to make at least one appeal to his cousin, and on Sunday evening he found an opportunity of speaking to him alone.

"Are you going to do nothing about this, Dallas?" he asked quietly.
 "About what?" asked the other, his features twitching nervously.

"You know very well that it is not I who ought to be expelled," replied Arnold scornfully.
 "I can't help it. Who stole the money if you didn't?"

Arnold stared at him blankly.
 "I don't think there's much doubt on that point," he said.

"You'd better tell Mr. Levett so," said Dallas defiantly, and half hysterically. "But I warn you that if you tell any lies about me I shall deny them, so there."

But all the time he was trembling under Arnold's steady gaze. Even at that moment, suffering as he was from the boy's black ingratitude, Arnold had not lost his old feelings towards him, and he was concerned by Dallas's look. The wretched lad seemed to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and Arnold did not wonder at it.

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The 7th Chapter.
Light at Last!

FOR many days Dallas Fane lay in the school infirmary, unconscious of his surroundings, but babbling continually of the trouble that had reduced him to his present pitiful state. When he came to himself at last, he was so thin and white and weak that the sternest of masters might have taken pity on him. He soon realised that the truth was out, and he ceased to regret it. He felt that anything was better than the torture he had endured.

But the doctor had carefully considered the matter, and he was not hard. He had come so near to committing an act of terrible injustice towards Arnold, that he hesitated to punish Dallas as he might otherwise have done. He realised that the boy had not been quite himself when he did what he had done, and that he had suffered severely for it. He also had to consider that, unless Dallas were eased in his mind his recovery might be retarded. Upon the whole, therefore, he decided to temper justice with mercy, and the unfortunate boy was pardoned.

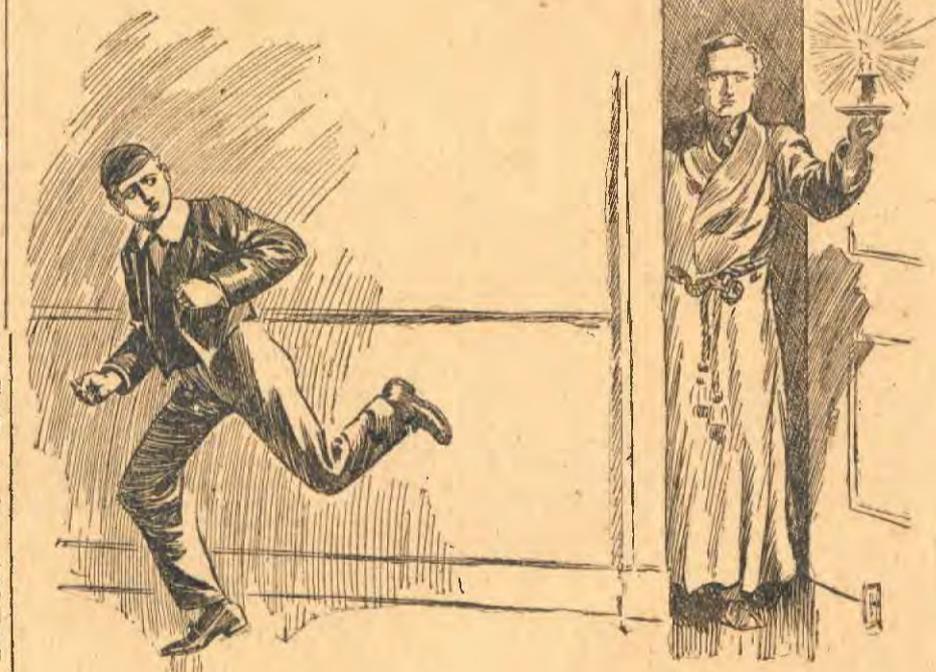
The law could not touch Mr. George Gadd, but he did not escape scot-free. For Arnold Fane paid him a visit in Thornley, and offered him the alternative of a fair fight or a sound thrashing. Mr. Gadd was not anxious for either, but Arnold was inflexible, and, after the stalwart Castlehurst fellow had done with him, the bookmaker crawled away feeling as if life was not worth living.

The "Coventry" to which Arnold had been subjected was of brief duration. O'Neil was the first to shake him by the hand and ask his pardon. Willing enough was Arnold to let bygones be bygones. He was more popular than ever at Castlehurst, for all knew now how he had been willing to suffer disgrace for honour's sake.

Dallas Fane was pardoned; but when he left Castlehurst at the end of the term he did not return. But the lesson he had received was not lost upon him. He had found the way of the transgressor too hard to ever wish to follow it again. Arnold is still at Castlehurst; and when O'Neil leaves he is pretty certain to become captain of the school.

THE END.

(THE BOYS' HERALD is now making a special feature of its long, complete stories, and in its next week will be found one from the pen of the clever author of our recent serial, "The Three Detectives." This is a specially long yarn of Army Life, entitled "SECOND TO NONE," and it is a very thrilling story indeed. To avoid disappointment order your copy in advance.)



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