

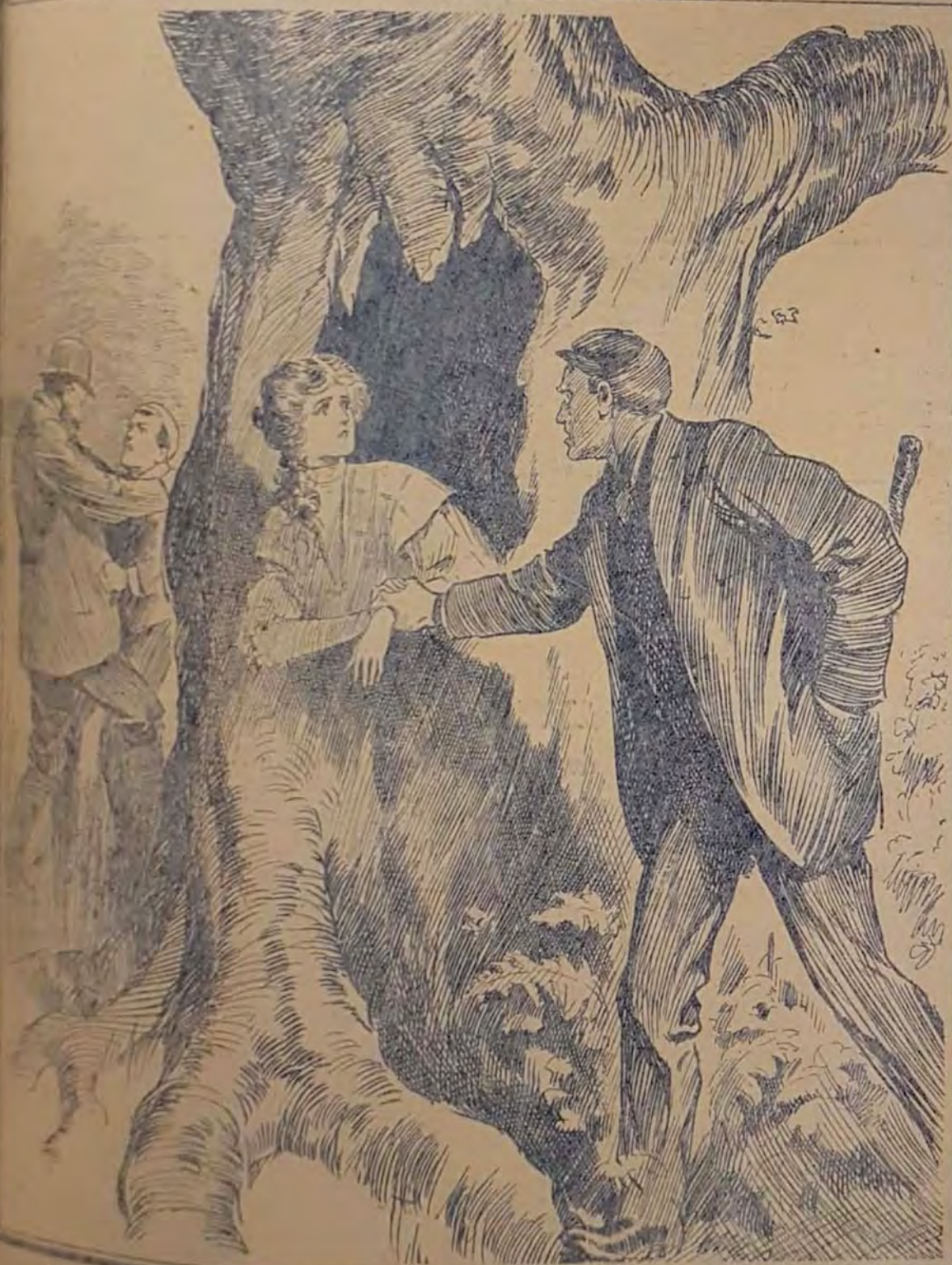
STORIES FOR ONE AND ALL.

PLUCK

GRAND SCHOOL TALE.

1^d

NEW DETECTIVE STORY.



AN EXCITING SCENE ON PRINGLE ISLAND.

NO. 200. NEW SERIES.

boy had shown his quality already more than once during the brief time he had been at St. Winifred's. The juniors expected to see a first-class encounter, and they came to see to the sight. There were others besides Fourth-Formers there. Many of the Sixth, the new Higher Form, had come in, as well as fellows in the Remora and the Third, to see the combat.

Fisher was stripped for the fray, his jacket and waistcoat off, and his braces tied round his waist, his sleeves rolled up, and the gloves on his hands. He was looking as determined as a bulldog, and it was evident to all present that he did not regard the contest lightly, though he would have been glad to have them think so.

"Hello, Locke, have you found that kid?" he asked, looking round as the new arrivals crowded in.

"Yes, here he is."

"Are you ready, Lawrence?"

"I shall be in a jiffy," said Clive, beginning to take off his jacket.

"Get a second?"

"Yes, Pye."

"I'm his second," said Pye, taking Clive's jacket. "As captain of the Fourth—"

"Oh, don't give us that old gag again, Pye!"

"As captain of the Fourth—"

"Choose it!"

"Make a ring!" said Locke. "We've got to have this out in proper style. I'm Fisher's second, so we shall want somebody else for timekeeper and referee."

"An Upper Form fellow would be best," said Pye.

"I'll keep time, if you like," said a well-known voice; and Kendal, the captain of the Fifth, who had just come in with Keene, pushed forward.

The Fourth-Formers looked doubtfully at their old enemy.

"Rows are off," said Kendal, with a grin. "I'll keep time for you, and ref. the boxing-match in the proper style. Go ahead!"

"Oh, all right!" said Fisher. "I suppose you can behave yourself for a little while if we let you stay here?"

Kendal grinned.

"I'll manage this thing for you," he said. "Three-minute rounds, and one-minute rests; usual style. Are you ready, kids?"

"I am," said Fisher.

"And I," said Clive, as he put on the gloves.

"Good! Then toe the line."

The adversaries advanced and faced one another. Kendal took out a big silver watch. Clive held out his hand, and Fisher took it. There was nothing mean about Fisher. He shook hands with Clive before the contest began in the most whole-hearted way.

"Time!"

And there was an eager crowding of the juniors about the ring to see the combat start. They were disappointed with the beginning. Both the combatants were cautious, and neither evidently intended to give himself away. The first round commenced with cautious sparring, and after two minutes of it the Fourth Form began to giggle.

"Buck up!"

"Get a move on!"

"Is this the rest cure?"

"Yah! Go it!"

Such were the remarks of the irreverent Fourth, and Fisher flushed red as he heard them. Clive Lawrence took no notice of them whatever. In fact, he did not appear to hear them. At all events, he did not heed them. He remained as cool as an iceberg, thinking only of the matter in hand, which was the way to win.

But Fisher was growing excited, and he pushed the fight harder. The juniors cheered him as he rushed in, attacking hotly. There was something going on at last. But Fisher paid heavily for his rashness.

Clive retreated a little before his heavy attack, and then made a feint, and Fisher, in his haste, fell blindly into the trap, and the next moment Clive came through his guard, and his right clumped home on Fisher's chin like a lump of iron.

Fisher gave a gasp and staggered back, and in the same moment Clive's left smote upon his nose, and he staggered further. And it would have been a fall, but at that moment Kendal called time, and Locke caught his principal and helped him away.

The new boy had had decidedly the best of the first round, and there were many admiring remarks made among the spectators. Pye patted him almost affectionately on the shoulder.

"My dear kid, you know how to box!" he remarked. "I know I do," said Clive coolly. "I have been through this sort of thing before, you see, and with tougher nuts to crack than Fisher is."

Pye laughed.

"You told me
of the same medicine I
to a laugh.
Kendal mockingly. "I'm
inclined to toss me
the gauntlet, you know."
said Kendal mockingly.
Clive Lawrence quietly.
"If you haven't, I should be
the to say. If you worry
and you take your face away. It worries
a bit myself!" exclaimed Kendal.
much nerve for a junior. Collar
the ground with you!"
said Kendal loftily. "We
talking to infants. It would be humiliat-
Come along!"
two Fifth-Formers walked arm-in-arm.
a hard, green apple from his
and hurled it with deadly aim. Kendal's
forward over his eyes.
the Fourth-Formers.
the Fifth turned round with a glare. The
with laughter, and some of them applied their
to their noses in the most irritating man-
the odds were too great for Kendal to think of
and he righted his hat and walked on.
"are you ready? If
leave it till after tea—"
shake his head.
If Fisher's ready, I'm ready, too. We'll
and make it up, whichever is licked."
a good idea. Come along to the gym., then.
waiting for you there."
the middle of the Fourth-Formers, Clive Lawrence
to the gymnasium of St. Winifred's. Pye
the door.
a second, Lawrence," he remarked. "Have
about that yet?"
said Clive.
I'll set for you if you like."
said Pye. "I shall be glad."
said, but what I hope you'll lick Fisher. You
day be the clerk to call himself captain of the
Fourth-Formers.
said Pye promptly.
going to be, though, so I let Fisher swagger
captain of the Fourth. After all, what
I don't mind."
said Pye, "so
of him, if he gets a good licking," said Pye, "so
in my list, of course; but this is not really a
know, it's just a little friendly contest with the
any mistake about that," grinned Pye.
here just at stake, and he's going in to win,
keep your eyes open, and fight your level
to be knocked into a cocked hat.
his position as leader of the Fourth
I shan't be licked if I can help it,"
into the gymnasium.
The news of the coming fight had spread
the whole of the Fourth
into the gym. to see it. Fisher was
a fighting-man, and the new

"Well, you'll pull out ahead, in my opinion," he said. "And I fancy Fishy is beginning to think so himself, too." A doubt of his ultimate success was indeed creeping into Fisher's mind, though he strove to dismiss it. He remonstrated Clive's prowess in the train coming down to St. Winifred's, and realised that he had caught a tartar. But Fisher had plenty of pluck, and was as determined as a bulldog. He meant to go on.

Locke mopped his heated face with a wet sponge. Locke was looking serious. He naturally wanted his principal to pull off the victory, but he had strong doubts about it. The claims had made up their little difference of opinion, and Locke was backing up his leader for all he was worth. At the same time, he had a feeling that a boy like Clive Lawrence would make a better leader for the Fourth than Fisher made. There was no doubt that the Fifth Form had, as a rule, got the better of the little encounters which enlivened existence at St. Winifred's, and that Clive Lawrence had made a change in that respect already. But Locke was too considerate towards his friend to utter the thoughts that were in his mind.

"I believe I got rather the worst of that little bit," Fisher remarked diffidently.

Locke could not help grinning.

"Yes, I believe you did, Fishy," he said.

"Of course, it was a fluke."

"Of course!" assented Locke. But there was something

in his tone that made his chuckle look at him very sharply.

"Perhaps you think that the new kid can lick me, Locke?" said Fisher, in his most aggressive manner.

"Time!" called out Kendal; and Locke was saved from the difficulty of answering that direct question.

"Go in and win, old chap!" was all he said.

"Of course I shall!" growled Fisher.

The adversaries took the line again. Fisher was much more cautious this time, and did not allow the impatient urgings of the spectators to hurry him into rashness, as in the first round. Clive Lawrence played the same game as before, seeking to draw his enemy on; but Fisher was not to be drawn.

Then they came out a little stronger, and began attacking. Fisher's eyes gleamed; he thought that he had the new boy now. But he was terribly mistaken. It was the new boy who had him.

Fisher retreated a little, to draw Clive on, and Clive came on willingly enough. But Fisher's feints were all seen through, his tempting openings were passed over unregarded, and every blow he put in was stopped. And Clive feinted skillfully, and Fisher rushed in—

to his doom, for his defence was broken, and he

played fast and furious, and went down with a bump like a sack of flour.

He lay there dazed, and the crowd of boys at his side, evidently intending to be on his feet and side to him, was not in a state to go on.

"One, two, three, four," counted Kendal.

There was a buzzing of deep-drawn breaths, and the crowd of boys at his side, evidently intending to be on his feet and side to him, was not in a state to go on.

"Five, six, seven, eight," counted Kendal.

The buzz died into a breathless silence, and the crowd of boys at his side, evidently intending to be on his feet and side to him, was not in a state to go on.

"Nine," counted Kendal.

The buzz died into a breathless silence, and the crowd of boys at his side, evidently intending to be on his feet and side to him, was not in a state to go on.

"Ten!" said Kendal, and stopped his count.

Fisher made a feeble movement, but it



Next Saturday's two long complete stories: "Speech Day," a splendid tale of Sports and Co., by H. Clarke Hook; and "Johnny Diamond's Profession," a story of the sea, by Lewis Hockley. Please order your copy of "Pluck" in advance. Price One Penny.

Note Contents of Next Week's Issue.

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